





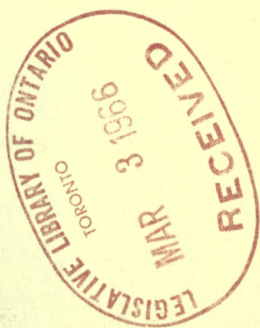
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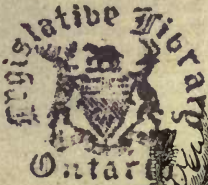


MAGAZINE.

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VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1817—MARCH, 1818.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.

1818.



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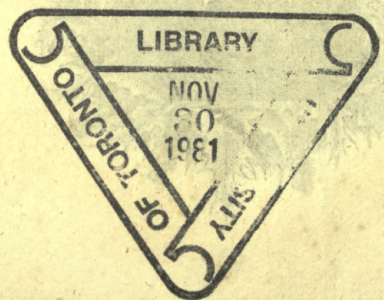
MAGAZINE

VOL. II

OCTOBER 1817—MARCH 1818



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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD EDINBURGH

Oliver & Boyd, Printers, Edinburgh.

JOHN MURRAY, LONDON

1818

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1817.

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## EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO 17, PRINCE'S STREET,  
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## NOTICE FROM THE EDITOR.

SEVERAL interesting articles intended for insertion in this Number have, owing to the press of matter, been necessarily delayed; and among others, Reviews of Kirkton's Memoirs, Hazlitt's Shakespeare, Stirling Heads, and the Lament of Tasso;—the Case of the Deaf Mute; Prospectus of a Work intended to give a correct View of the State of Education in Scotland, with some Remarks, and a Specimen of the Mode in which the Work will be executed, by the Rev. Andrew Thomson, A.M. Minister of St George's Church, Edinburgh; Sketches of Foreign Scenery, &c. They will probably appear in our next.

In place of a formal Prospectus, we now lay before our Readers the titles of some of the articles which we have either already received, or which are in preparation by our numerous Correspondents, among whom we are happy to announce almost all the distinguished Contributors to the late Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.

A series of Essays on the Pulpit Eloquence of Scotland, No I.; being a parallel between Mr Alison and Dr Chalmers.

A series of Essays, entitled "Baroniana;" being disquisitions concerning the Origin and Early History of Scottish Families.

Regular Intelligence from the Scientific Circles of Paris, by a distinguished Member of the Institute.

Letter to Walter Scott, Esq. from Mr William Laidlaw, on an interesting Agricultural Subject.

Defence of Drummond of Hawthornden, against an attack in Gifford's Life of Ben Jonson.

On the Life and Writings of Isaac Walton, and his friend Bishop Ken.

Strictures on the Latinity of Dr Gregory.

On the Sports and Games of the Crimea.

"Bibliopola Detectus," being an account of the Tricks, Squabbles, and Schemes of Booksellers.

Notices of Reprints of curious Old Books, No I. Dekker's Gull's Horn Book.

The Knight Errants, No I.

Some Account of the Life and Unpublished Poems of John Finlay, Author of the Vale of Ellerslie.

A series of Essays on the Greek Drama, containing New Translations both of the Dialogue and Chorusses. By the writer of the Analytical Essays on the Early English Dramatic Poets.

A series of Essays on the French Theatre, by the same Gentleman, and on a similar plan.

A series of Essays on the Italian Theatre, containing numerous Translations of Compositions that have never before appeared in English; by the same Gentleman.

An Essay on Romance, prefatory to the Lives of the most eminent Troubadours.

An Account of all the great Public Schools in England, Eton, Winchester, Harrow, Rugby, Christ's Hospital, St Paul's, &c.: to be followed by a more full account than has yet been laid before the Public, of the English Universities; and the subject to be concluded by a series of Essays on Education, containing a complete discussion of the comparative merits of the English and Scottish Systems.

Specimens of Translation from Spanish Poetry, written during the Peninsular War.

Dialogues over a Punch-bowl, No I. II. III. IV.

Historical and Critical Essay on Blue Stockings.

On the Ancient Modes of Interment and Incrementation.

Answer to the Question, "Why is the Church of Scotland illiterate?"

On the Latin Poems of Petrarch and Boccaccio.

On Marino and his Poetry, considered in relation with the Writings of Guarini.

On the Infancy and Youth of Shakespeare.

Remarks on Dunlop's History of Fiction, and an Essay on the Prose Romances.

Essays on the Writings of Lope de Vega and Calderon, with Specimens.



View of the Age of Hadrian.  
Translations from the Minor Greek Poets.

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On the Egotism of the Lake Poets, more especially of Wordsworth.

A Friendly Remonstrance with John Wilson, Esq. on some of the Principles of Poetic Composition adopted by him in his "City of the Plague."

Life of Zachary Boyd, with some extracts from his Works published and unpublished.

Memoir of the Literary Life of John Pinkerton.

On the Marriage-Law of Scotland.

On the Genius of Baxter.

Extraordinary Anecdotes of a Convict.

A Complete Guide through the Lakes of England.

Specimens of Oxford Prize Poetry, with Critical Remarks.

An Essay on Marine Poetry.

On Academical Abuses. Addressed to John Young, Esq. Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.

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A series of Essays on the more obscure, but meritorious Modern Poets.

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On the Cockney School of Poetry, No II. III.

Accounts of various living Scottish Versifiers in the lower Ranks of Society, with Specimens; No I.

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Essays on the Genius of the living Artists of Scotland. No I. Allan.

Three Essays,—on the English, Scotch, and Irish Characters.

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On Public Opinion regarding Literature.

On what Coleridge calls the "Reading Public."

Ought not Poets to be the best Critics on Poetry?

Is Superstition necessarily pernicious?

On Capital Punishment.

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On the absurd Belief that the Study of the Mathematics strengthens the Power of Moral Reasoning.

On Military Genius, and the Education of a Soldier.

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Essays on British Zoology, No I. II. III.

On the Old Maids of the Greeks, and the Mysogynaical Apophthegms of Greek Authors.

Comparison between Ancient and Modern Eloquence, in a series of Essays.

Two Letters to W. E. Leach, Esq. of the British Museum.

On the Modern Method of manufacturing Encyclopædias, addressed to Macvey Napier, Esq.

On "Translation," by Madame de Stael, her last Work, and never published in this Country.

Notices of William Cleland, the Covenanter.

A Dissertation on the "Periodical Criticism" of Great Britain, translated from the German of Schlegel.

Curious Notices of Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.

Remarks on the Melody of certain old Scots Airs.

On the Character of Sappho.

Account of the Life and Poems of Chiabrera.

On Lyrical Poetry. No I. Of the Hebrews.

Remarks on the mean Qualifications of all the English Lexicographers, and on the Etymological Genius of J. H. Tooke.

On the Study of Anglo-Saxon.

On the fashionable Dances of Scotland about the time of Queen Mary.

"Vitruvius Iratus," addressed to the Magistrates of Edinburgh.

MS. Tractate on Elves and Brownies, with Notes.

Duke Hamilton's Ghost, or the Underminer countermined, a Poem, dated 1659.

Account of some remarkable Trials omitted by Lord Fountainhall.

Remarkable Interview between Francis Jeffrey and William Wordsworth; a Dream.

On the Taste of Burger in altering our old Scotch and English Ballads.

On a proposed New Poetical Version of the Psalms.

On Byron's Imitation of the Lake School.

Remarks on the Religion of the Edinburgh Review.  
 On Literary and Critical Pretenders.  
 A Peep into the Parliament-house.  
 On old Scottish Proverbs on the Marriage State.  
 On old Scotch Songs and Ballads on the same subject.  
 Original Letters of King Charles II.  
 Essays on the Living Poets of Britain. No I. Crabbe—in our January Number.  
 Dialogues between the Dead and the Living, viz.  
 I. Duke of Marlborough and Duke

of Wellington.—II. Kant and Coleridge.—III. Milton and Wordsworth.—IV. Goldsmith and Crabbe.—V. Sterne and Mackenzie.—VI. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon.—VII. Cataline and Brougham.—VIII. Dennis and Jeffrey.—IX. Pope and Dr Thomas Brown.—X. Thersites and Leigh Hunt.—XI. Palladio and Bailie Johnstone.—XII. Plato and Forsyth.—XIII. Aristotle and Francis Maximus M'Nab.—XIV. Adam Smith and James Grahame, Esq. Advocate.  
 A series of Letters from Lord Reays' Country.

THE Public will observe, from the above List of Articles, that we intend our Magazine to be a Depository of Miscellaneous Information and Discussion. We shall admit every Communication of Merit, whatever may be the opinion of the writer, on Literature, Poetry, Philosophy, Statistics, Politics, Manners, and Human Life. Our own opinions, and those of our regular Correspondents, will be found uniformly consistent—but we invite all intelligent persons who choose it, to lay their ideas before the world in our Publication; and we only reserve to ourselves the right of commenting upon what we do not approve. No Anonymous Communication, either in Prose or Verse, however great its merit, will be received or noticed. But every Contributor to our Work may depend upon the most inviolable secrecy; and all Letters, addressed to us, will meet with a prompt and decisive Reply.

EDITOR.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* The communication of Lupus is not admissible. D. B.'s Archæological Notices are rather heavy. We are obliged to our worthy Correspondent M. for his History of "Bowed David," but all the anecdotes of that personage are incredibly stupid, so let his bones rest in peace. When G.'s communications on Natural History are not *anonymous*, they will be attended to. Cornelius Webb will observe that we have availed ourselves of his Letter. We have received an interesting Note, inclosing a beautiful little Poem, from Mr Hector Macneil, the celebrated author of Will and Jean, and need not say how highly we value his communication. Mrs Grant's (of Laggan) beautiful Verses were unfortunately received after our last sheet had gone to press, but they will appear in our next. The beautiful Verses on Mungo Park will be inserted. Also, "Edith and Nora," and "The Earthquake." "O were my Love, &c." is pretty, though not very original, but it will find a corner. Duck-lane, a Town Eclogue, by Leigh Hunt—and the Innocent Incest, by the same gentleman, are under consideration; their gross indecency must however be washed out. If we have been imposed upon by some wit, these compositions will not be inserted. Mr James Thomson, private secretary for the charities of the Dukes of York and Kent, is, we are afraid, a very bad Poet, nor can the Critical Opinions of the Princes of the Blood Royal be allowed to influence ours. Some Remarks on an interesting little volume, "Evening Hours," may perhaps appear. If not, the author of that work has our best wishes. Reason has been given for our declining to notice various other Communications.

Our present Number, owing to accidental circumstances, contains a sheet more than was intended.

†† Our next Number will be published in Edinburgh on the 20th of November, and in London on the 1st of December.

# BLACKWOOD'S

# EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER 1817.

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SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE "BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA" OF S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.—1817.

WHEN a man looks back on his past existence, and endeavours to recall the incidents, events, thoughts, feelings, and passions of which it was composed, he sees something like a glimmering land of dreams, peopled with phantasms and realities undistinguishably confused and intermingled—here illuminated with dazzling splendour, there dim with melancholy mists,—or it may be shrouded in impenetrable darkness. To bring, visibly and distinctly before our memory, on the one hand, all our hours of mirth and joy, and hope and exultation,—and, on the other, all our perplexities, and fears and sorrows, and despair and agony,—(and who has been so uniformly wretched as not to have been often blest?—who so uniformly blest as not to have been often wretched?)—would be as impossible as to awaken, into separate remembrance, all the changes and varieties which the seasons brought over the material world,—every gleam of sunshine that beautified the Spring,—every cloud and tempest that deformed the Winter. In truth, were this power and domination over the past given unto us, and were we able to read the history of our lives all faithfully and perspicuously recorded on the tablets of the inner spirit,—those beings, whose existence had been most filled with important events and with energetic passions, would be the most averse to such overwhelming survey—would recoil from trains of thought which formerly agitated and disturbed, and led them, as

it were, in triumph beneath the yoke of misery or happiness. The soul may be repelled from the contemplation of the past as much by the brightness and magnificence of scenes that shifted across the glorious drama of youth, as by the storms that scattered the fair array into disfigured fragments; and the melancholy that breathes from vanished delight is, perhaps, in its utmost intensity, as unendurable as the wretchedness left by the visitation of calamity. There are spots of sunshine sleeping on the fields of past existence too beautiful, as there are caves among its precipices too darksome, to be looked on by the eyes of memory; and to carry on an image borrowed from the analogy between the moral and physical world, the soul may turn away in sickness from the untroubled silence of a resplendent Lake, no less than from the haunted gloom of the thundering Cataract. It is from such thoughts, and dreams, and reveries, as these, that all men feel how terrible it would be to live over again their agonies and their transports; that the happiest would fear to do so as much as the most miserable; and that to look back to our cradle seems scarcely less awful than to look forward to the grave.

But if this unwillingness to bring before our souls, in distinct array, the more solemn and important events of our lives, be a natural and perhaps a wise feeling, how much more averse must every reflecting man be to the ransacking of his inmost spirit for all its hidden emotions and passions, to the tearing away that shroud which oblivion may have kindly flung over his vices and his follies, or that fine

and delicate veil which Christian humility draws over his virtues and acts of benevolence. To scrutinize and dissect the character of others is an idle and unprofitable task; and the most skilful anatomist will often be forced to withhold his hand when he unexpectedly meets with something he does not understand—some conformation of the character of his patient which is not explicable on his theory of human nature. To become operators on our own shrinking spirits is something worse; for by probing the wounds of the soul, what can ensue but callousness or irritability. And it may be remarked, that those persons who have busied themselves most with inquiries into the causes, and motives, and impulses of their actions, have exhibited, in their conduct, the most lamentable contrast to their theory, and have seemed blinder in their knowledge than others in their ignorance.

It will not be supposed that any thing we have now said in any way bears against the most important duty of self-examination. Many causes there are existing, both in the best and the worst parts of our nature, which must render nugatory and deceitful any continued diary of what passes through the human soul; and no such confessions could, we humbly conceive, be of use either to ourselves or to the world. But there are hours of solemn inquiry in which the soul reposes on itself; the true confessional is not the bar of the public, but it is the altar of religion; there is a Being before whom we may humble ourselves without being debased; and there are feelings for which human language has no expression, and which, in the silence of solitude and of nature, are known only unto the Eternal.

The objections, however, which might thus be urged against the writing and publishing accounts of all our feelings,—all the changes of our moral constitution,—do not seem to apply with equal force to the narration of our mere speculative opinions. Their rise, progress, changes, and maturity, may be pretty accurately ascertained; and as the advance to truth is generally step by step, there seems to be no great difficulty in recording the leading causes that have formed the body of our opinions, and created,

modified, and coloured our intellectual character. Yet this work would be alike useless to ourselves and others, unless pursued with a true magnanimity. It requires, that we should stand aloof from ourselves, and look down, as from an eminence, on our souls toiling up the hill of knowledge;—that we should faithfully record all the assistance we received from guides or brother pilgrims;—that we should mark the limit of our utmost ascent, and, without exaggeration, state the value of our acquisitions. When we consider how many temptations there are even here to delude ourselves, and by a seeming air of truth and candour to impose upon others, it will be allowed, that, instead of composing memoirs of himself, a man of genius and talent would be far better employed in generalizing the observations and experiences of his life, and giving them to the world in the form of philosophic reflections, applicable not to himself alone, but to the universal mind of Man.

What good to mankind has ever flowed from the confessions of Rousseau, or the autobiographical sketch of Hume? From the first we rise with a confused and miserable sense of weakness and of power—of lofty aspirations and degrading appetencies—of pride swelling into blasphemy, and humiliation pitifully grovelling in the dust—of purity of spirit soaring on the wings of imagination, and grossness of instinct brutally wallowing in “Epicurus’ styte,”—of lofty contempt for the opinion of mankind, yet the most slavish subjection to their most fatal prejudices—of a sublime piety towards God, and a wild violation of his holiest laws. From the other we rise with feelings of sincere compassion for the ignorance of the most enlightened. All the prominent features of Hume’s character were invisible to his own eyes; and in that meagre sketch which has been so much admired, what is there to instruct, to rouse, or to elevate—what light thrown over the duties of this life or the hopes of that to come? We wish to speak with tenderness of a man whose moral character was respectable, and whose talents were of the first order. But most deeply injurious to every thing lofty and high-toned in human Virtue, to every thing cheering, and consoling, and sublime in that Faith which

sheds over this Earth a reflection of the heavens, is that memoir of a worldly-wise Man; in which he seems to contemplate with indifference the extinction of his own immortal soul, and jibes and jokes on the dim and awful verge of Eternity.

We hope that our readers will forgive these very imperfect reflections on a subject of deep interest, and accompany us now on our examination of Mr Coleridge's "Literary Life," the very singular work which caused our ideas to run in that channel. It does not contain an account of his opinions and literary exploits alone, but lays open, not unfrequently, the character of the Man as well as of the Author; and we are compelled to think, that while it strengthens every argument against the composition of such Memoirs, it does, without benefitting the cause either of virtue, knowledge, or religion, exhibit many mournful sacrifices of personal dignity, after which it seems impossible that Mr Coleridge can be greatly respected either by the Public or himself.

Considered merely in a literary point of view, the work is most execrable. He rambles from one subject to another in the most wayward and capricious manner; either from indolence, or ignorance, or weakness, he has never in one single instance finished a discussion; and while he darkens what was dark before into tenfold obscurity, he so treats the most ordinary common-places as to give them the air of mysteries, till we no longer know the faces of our old acquaintances beneath their cowl and hood, but witness plain flesh and blood matters of fact miraculously converted into a troop of phantoms. That he is a man of genius is certain; but he is not a man of a strong intellect nor of powerful talents. He has a great deal of fancy and imagination, but little or no real feeling, and certainly no judgment. He cannot form to himself any harmonious landscape such as it exists in nature, but beautified by the serene light of the imagination. He cannot conceive simple and majestic groupes of human figures and characters acting on the theatre of real existence. But his pictures of nature are fine only as imaging the dreaminess, and obscurity, and confusion of distempered sleep; while all his agents pass before our eyes like shadows, and only impress

and affect us with a phantasmagorial splendour.

It is impossible to read many pages of this work without thinking that Mr Coleridge conceives himself to be a far greater man than the Public is likely to admit; and we wish to waken him from what seems to us a most ludicrous delusion. He seems to believe that every tongue is wagging in his praise—that every ear is open to imbibe the oracular breathings of his inspiration. Even when he would fain convince us that his soul is wholly occupied with some other illustrious character, he breaks out into laudatory exclamations concerning himself; no sound is so sweet to him as that of his own voice; the ground is hallowed on which his footsteps tread; and there seems to him something more than human in his very shadow. He will read no books that other people read; his scorn is as misplaced and extravagant as his admiration; opinions that seem to tally with his own wild ravings are holy and inspired; and, unless agreeable to his creed, the wisdom of ages is folly; and wits, whom the world worship, dwarfed when they approach his venerable side. His admiration of nature or of man, we had almost said his religious feelings towards his God, are all narrowed, weakened, and corrupted, and poisoned by inveterate and diseased egotism; and instead of his mind reflecting the beauty and glory of nature, he seems to consider the mighty universe itself as nothing better than a mirror in which, with a grinning and idiot self-complacency, he may contemplate the Physiognomy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Though he has yet done nothing in any one department of human knowledge, yet he speaks of his theories, and plans, and views, and discoveries, as if he had produced some memorable revolution in Science. He at all times connects his own name in Poetry with Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Milton; in politics with Burke, and Fox, and Pitt; in metaphysics with Locke, and Hartley, and Berkely, and Kant—feeling himself not only to be the worthy compeer of those illustrious Spirits, but to unite, in his own mighty intellect, all the glorious powers and faculties by which they were separately distinguished, as if his soul were endowed with all human power, and was

the depository of the aggregate, or rather the essence of all human knowledge. So deplorable a delusion as this, has only been equalled by that of Joanna Southcote, who mistook a complaint in the bowels for the divine afflatus; and believed herself about to give birth to the regenerator of the world, when sick unto death of an incurable and loathsome disease.

The truth is, that Mr Coleridge is but an obscure name in English literature. In London he is well known in literary society, and justly admired for his extraordinary loquacity: he has his own little circle of devoted worshippers, and he mistakes their foolish babbling for the voice of the world. His name, too, has been often foisted into Reviews, and accordingly is known to many who never saw any of his works. In Scotland few know or care any thing about him; and perhaps no man who has spoken and written so much, and occasionally with so much genius and ability, ever made so little impression on the public mind. Few people know how to spell or pronounce his name; and were he to drop from the clouds among any given number of well informed and intelligent men north of the Tweed, he would find it impossible to make any intelligible communication respecting himself; for of him and his writings there would prevail only a perplexing dream, or the most untroubled ignorance. We cannot see in what the state of literature would have been different, had he been cut off in childhood, or had he never been born; for except a few wild and fanciful ballads, he has produced nothing worthy remembrance. Yet, insignificant as he assuredly is, he cannot put pen to paper without a feeling that millions of eyes are fixed upon him; and he scatters his Sibylline Leaves around him, with as majestic an air as if a crowd of enthusiastic admirers were rushing forward to grasp the divine promulgations, instead of their being, as in fact they are, coldly received by the accidental passenger, like a lying lottery puff or a quack advertisement.

This most miserable arrogance seems, in the present age, confined almost exclusively to the original members of the Lake School, and is, we think, worthy of especial notice, as one of the leading features of their character. It would be difficult to defend it either

in Southey or Wordsworth; but in Coleridge it is altogether ridiculous. Southey has undoubtedly written four noble Poems—Thalaba, Madoc, Kehama, and Roderick; and if the Poets of this age are admitted, by the voice of posterity, to take their places by the side of the Mighty of former times in the Temple of Immortality, he will be one of that sacred company. Wordsworth, too, with all his manifold errors and defects, has, we think, won to himself a great name, and, in point of originality, will be considered as second to no man of this age. They are entitled to think highly of themselves, in comparison with their most highly gifted contemporaries; and therefore, though their arrogance may be offensive, as it often is, it is seldom or ever utterly ridiculous. But Mr Coleridge stands on much lower ground, and will be known to future times only as a man who overrated and abused his talents—who saw glimpses of that glory which he could not grasp—who presumptuously came forward to officiate as High-Priest at mysteries beyond his ken—and who carried himself as if he had been familiarly admitted into the Penetralia of Nature, when in truth he kept perpetually stumbling at the very Threshold.

This absurd self-elevation forms a striking contrast with the dignified department of all the other great living Poets. Throughout all the works of Scott, the most original-minded man of this generation of Poets, scarcely a single allusion is made to himself; and then it is with a truly delightful simplicity, as if he were not aware of his immeasurable superiority to the ordinary run of mankind. From the rude songs of our forefathers he has created a kind of Poetry, which at once brought over the dull scenes of this our unimaginative life all the pomp, and glory, and magnificence of a chivalrous age. He speaks to us like some ancient Bard awakened from his tomb, and singing of visions not revealed in dreams, but contemplated in all the freshness and splendour of reality. Since he sung his bold, and wild, and romantic lays, a more religious solemnity breathes from our mouldering Abbeys, and a sterner grandeur frowns over our time-shattered Castles. He has peopled our hills with Heroes, even as Ossian peopled them; and

like a presiding spirit, his Image haunts the magnificent cliffs of our Lakes and Seas. And if he be, as every heart feels, the author of those noble Prose Works that continue to flash upon the world, to him exclusively belongs the glory of wedding Fiction and History in delighted union, and of embodying in imperishable records the manners, character, soul, and spirit of Caledonia; so that, if all her annals were lost, her memory would in those Tales be immortal. His truly is a name that comes to the heart of every Briton with a start of exultation, whether it be heard in the hum of cities or in the solitude of nature. What has Campbell ever obtruded on the Public of his private history? Yet his is a name that will be hallowed for ever in the souls of pure, and aspiring, and devout youth; and to those lofty contemplations in which Poetry lends its aid to Religion, his immortal Muse will impart a more enthusiastic glow, while it blends in one majestic hymn all the noblest feelings which can spring from earth, with all the most glorious hopes that come from the silence of eternity. Byron indeed speaks of himself often, but his is like the voice of an angel heard crying in the storm or the whirlwind; and we listen with a kind of mysterious dread to the tones of a Being whom we scarcely believe to be kindred to ourselves, while he sounds the depths of our nature, and illuminates them with the lightnings of his genius. And finally, who more gracefully unostentatious than Moore, a Poet who has shed delight, and joy, and rapture, and exultation, through the spirit of an enthusiastic People, and whose name is associated in his native Land with every thing noble and glorious in the cause of Patriotism and Liberty. We could easily add to the illustrious list; but suffice it to say, that our Poets do in general bear their faculties meekly and manfully, trusting to their conscious powers, and the susceptibility of generous and enlightened natures, not yet extinct in Britain, whatever Mr Coleridge may think; for certain it is, that a host of worshippers will crowd into the Temple, when the Priest is inspired, and the flame he kindles is from Heaven.

Such has been the character of great Poets in all countries and in all times. Fame is dear to them as their vital ex-

istence—but they love it not with the perplexity of fear, but the calmness of certain possession. They know that the debt which nature owes them must be paid, and they hold in surety thereof the universal passions of mankind. So Milton felt and spoke of himself, with an air of grandeur, and the voice as of an Archangel, distinctly hearing in his soul the music of after generations, and the thunder of his mighty name rolling through the darkness of futurity. So divine Shakespeare felt and spoke; he cared not for the mere acclamations of his subjects; in all the gentleness of his heavenly spirit he felt himself to be their prophet and their king, and knew,

“When all the breathers of this world are dead,  
That he entombed in men’s eyes would lie.”

Indeed, who that knows any thing of Poetry could for a moment suppose it otherwise? What ever made a great Poet but the inspiration of delight and love in himself, and an empassioned desire to communicate them to the wide spirit of kindred existence? Poetry, like Religion, must be free from all grovelling feelings; and above all, from jealousy, envy, and uncharitableness. And the true Poet, like the Preacher of the true religion, will seek to win unto himself and his Faith, a belief whose foundation is in the depths of love, and whose pillars are the noblest passions of humanity.

It would seem that in truly great souls all feeling of self-importance, in its narrower sense, must be incompatible with the consciousness of a mighty achievement. The idea of the mere faculty or power is absorbed as it were in the idea of the work performed. That work stands out in its glory from the mind of its Creator; and in the contemplation of it, he forgets that he himself was the cause of its existence, or feels only a dim but sublime association between himself and the object of his admiration; and when he does think of himself in conjunction with others, he feels towards the scoffer only a pitying sorrow for his blindness—being assured, that though at all times there will be weakness, and ignorance, and worthlessness, which can hold no communion with him or with his thoughts, so will there be at all times the pure, the noble, and the pious, whose delight it

will be to love, to admire, and to imitate; and that never, at any point of time, past, present, or to come, can a true Poet be defrauded of his just fame.

But we need not speak of Poets alone (though we have done so at present to expose the miserable pretensions of Mr Coleridge), but look through all the bright ranks of men distinguished by mental power, in whatever department of human science. It is our faith, that without moral there can be no intellectual grandeur; and surely the self-conceit and arrogance which we have been exposing, are altogether incompatible with lofty feelings and majestic principles. It is the Dwarf alone who endeavours to strut himself into the height of the surrounding company; but the man of princely stature seems unconscious of the strength in which nevertheless he rejoices, and only sees his superiority in the gaze of admiration which he commands. Look at the most inventive spirits of this country,—those whose intellects have achieved the most memorable triumphs. Take, for example, Leslie in physical science, and what airs of majesty does he ever assume? What is Samuel Coleridge compared to such a man? What is an ingenious and fanciful versifier to him who has, like a magician, gained command over the very elements of nature,—who has realized the fictions of Poetry,—and to whom Frost and Fire are ministering and obedient spirits? But of this enough.—It is a position that doubtless might require some modification, but in the main, it is and must be true, that real Greatness, whether in Intellect, Genius, or Virtue, is dignified and unostentatious; and that no potent spirit ever whimpered over the blindness of the age to his merits, and, like Mr Coleridge, or a child blubbering for the moon, with clamorous outcries implored and imprecated reputation.

The very first sentence of this Literary Biography shews how incompetent Mr Coleridge is for the task he has undertaken.

“It has been my lot to have had my name introduced both in conversation and in print, more frequently than I find it easy to explain; whether I consider the fewness, unimportance, and limited circulation of my writings, or the retirement and distance in which I have lived, both from the literary and political world.”

Now, it is obvious, that if his writings be few, and unimportant, and unknown, Mr Coleridge can have no reason for composing his Literary Biography. Yet in singular contradiction to himself—

“If,” says he, at page 217, vol. i. “the compositions which I have made public, and that too in a form the most certain of an extensive circulation, though the least flattering to an author’s self-love, had been published in books, they would have filled a respectable number of volumes.”

He then adds,

“Seldom have I written that in a day, the acquisition or investigation of which had not cost me the precious labour of a month!”

He then bursts out into this magnificent exclamation,

“Would that the criterion of a scholar’s ability were the number and moral value of the truths which he has been the means of throwing into general circulation!”

And he sums up all by declaring,

“By what I have effected am I to be judged by my fellow men.”

The truth is, that Mr Coleridge has lived, as much as any man of his time, in literary and political society, and that he has sought every opportunity of keeping himself in the eye of the public, as restlessly as any charlatan who ever exhibited on the stage. To use his own words, “In 1794, when I had barely passed the verge of manhood, I published a small volume of juvenile poems.” These poems, by dint of puffing, reached a third edition; and though Mr Coleridge pretends now to think but little of them, it is amusing to see how vehemently he defends them against criticism, and how pompously he speaks of such paltry trifles. “They were marked by an ease and simplicity which I have studied, perhaps with inferior success, to bestow on my later compositions.” But he afterwards repents of this sneer at his later compositions, and tells us, that they have nearly reached his standard of perfection! Indeed, his vanity extends farther back than his juvenile poems; and he says, “For a school boy, I was above par in English versification, and had already produced two or three compositions, which I may venture to say, without reference to my age, were somewhat above mediocrity.” Happily he has preserved one of those wonderful productions of his precocious boyhood, and our readers will judge for themselves what a clever child it was.



“ Underneath a huge oak-tree,  
 There was of swine a huge company ;  
 That grunted as they crunch'd the mast,  
 For that was ripe and fell full fast.  
 Then they trotted away for the wind grew  
 high,  
 One acorn they left and no more might you  
 spy.”

It is a common remark, that wonderful children seldom perform the promises of their youth, and undoubtedly this fine effusion has not been followed in Mr Coleridge's riper years by works of proportionate merit.

We see, then, that our author came very early into public notice ; and from that time to this, he has not allowed one year to pass without endeavouring to extend his notoriety. His poems were soon followed (they may have been preceded) by a tragedy, entitled, the “ Fall of Robespierre,” a meagre performance, but one which, from the nature of the subject, attracted considerable attention. He also wrote a whole book, utterly incomprehensible to Mr Southey, we are sure, in that Poet's Joan of Arc ; and became as celebrated for his metaphysical absurdities, as his friend had become for the bright promise of genius exhibited by that unequal, but spirited poem. He next published a Series of political essays, entitled, the “ Watchman,” and “ Conciones ad Populum.” He next started up, fresh from the schools of Germany, as the principal writer in the Morning Post, a *strong opposition paper*. He then published various outrageous political poems, some of them of a gross personal nature. He afterwards assisted Mr Wordsworth in planning his Lyrical Ballads ; and contributing several poems to that collection, he shared in the notoriety of the Lake School. He next published a mysterious periodical work, “ The Friend,” in which he declared it was his intention to settle at once, and for ever, the principles of morality, religion, taste, manners, and the fine arts, but which died of a galloping consumption in the twenty-eighth week of its age. He then published the tragedy of “ Remorse,” which dragged out a miserable existence of twenty nights, on the boards of Drury-Lane, and then expired for ever, like the oil of the orchestral lamps. He then forsook the stage for the pulpit, and, by particular desire of his congregation, published two “ Lay Sermons.” He then walked in broad day-light into the shop of Mr

Murray, Albemarle Street, London, with two ladies hanging on each arm, Geraldine and Christabel,—a bold step for a person at all desirous of a good reputation, and most of the trade have looked shy at him since that exhibition. Since that time, however, he has contrived means of giving to the world a collected edition of all his poems, and advanced to the front of the stage with a thick octavo in each hand, all about himself and other Incomprehensibilities. We had forgot that he was likewise a contributor to Mr Southey's *Omniana*, where the Editor of the Edinburgh Review is politely denominated an “ ass,” and then became himself a writer in the said Review. And to sum up “ the strange eventful history” of this modest, and obscure, and retired person, we must mention, that in his youth he held forth in a vast number of Unitarian chapels—preached his way through Bristol, and “ Brummagem,” and Manchester, in a “ blue coat and white waistcoat ;” and in after years, when he was not so much afraid of “ the scarlet woman,” did, in a full suit of sables, lecture on Poesy, to “ crowded, and, need I add, highly respectable audiences,” at the Royal Institution. After this slight and imperfect outline of his poetical, oratorical, metaphysical, political, and theological exploits, our readers will judge, when they hear him talking of “ his retirement and distance from the literary and political world,” what are his talents for autobiography, and how far he has penetrated into the mysterious non-entities of his own character.

Mr Coleridge has written copiously on the Association of Ideas, but his own do not seem to be connected either by time, place, cause and effect, resemblance, or contrast, and accordingly it is no easy matter to follow him through all the vagaries of his Literary Life. We are told,

“ At school I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master. \* \* \*

I learnt from him that Poetry, even that of the loftiest and wildest odes, had a logic of its own as severe as that of science. \* \* \*

\* \* Lute, harp, and lyre ; muse, muses, and inspirations ; Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene ; were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming, ‘ Harp ? Harp ? Lyre ? Pen and Ink ! Boy you mean ! Muse ! boy ! Muse ! your Nurse's daughter you mean !

*Picrian Spring! O Aye! the cloister Pump!* \* \* \* \* \* Our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage."

With the then head-master of the grammar-school, Christ Hospital, we were not personally acquainted; but we cannot help thinking that he has been singularly unfortunate in his Eulogist. He seems to have gone out of his province, and far out of his depth, when he attempted to teach boys the profoundest principles of Poetry. But we must also add, that we cannot credit this account of him; for this doctrine of poetry being at all times logical, is that of which Wordsworth and Coleridge take so much credit to themselves for the discovery; and verily it is one too wilfully absurd and extravagant to have entered into the head of an honest man, whose time must have been wholly occupied with the instruction of children. Indeed Mr Coleridge's own poetical practices render this story incredible; for, during many years of his authorship, his diction was wholly at variance with such a rule, and the strain of his poetry as illogical as can be well imagined. When Mr Bowyer prohibited his pupils from using, in their themes, the above-mentioned names, he did, we humbly submit, prohibit them from using the best means of purifying their taste and exalting their imagination. Nothing could be so graceful, nothing so natural, as classical allusions, in the exercises of young minds, when first admitted to the fountains of Greek and Latin Poetry; and the Teacher who could seek to dissuade their ingenuous souls from such delightful dreams, by coarse, vulgar, and indecent ribaldry, instead of deserving the name of "sensible," must have been a low-minded vulgar fellow, fitter for the Porter than the Master of such an Establishment. But the truth probably is, that all this is a fiction of Mr Coleridge, whose wit is at all times most execrable and disgusting. Whatever the merits of his Master were, Mr Coleridge, even from his own account, seems to have derived little benefit from his instruction, and for the "inestimable advantage," of which he speaks, we look in vain through this Narrative. In spite of so excellent a teacher, we find Master Coleridge,

"Even before my fifteenth year, bewildered in metaphysics and in theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History and particular facts lost all interest in my mind. Poetry itself, yea novels and romances, became insipid to me. This preposterous pursuit was beyond doubt injurious, both to my natural powers and to the progress of my education."

This deplorable condition of mind continued "even unto my seventeenth year." And now our readers must prepare themselves for a mighty and wonderful change, wrought, all on a sudden, on the moral and intellectual character of this metaphysical Greenhorn. "*Mr Bowles' Sonnets, twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto volume (a most important circumstance!) were put into my hand!*" To those sonnets, next to the Schoolmaster's lectures on Poetry, Mr Coleridge attributes the strength, vigour, and extension, of his own very original Genius.

"By those works, year after year, I was enthusiastically delighted and inspired. My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal with which I labor'd to make prose-lytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could make to those who had in any way won my regard. My obligations to Mr Bowles were indeed important, and for radical good!"

There must be some grievous natural defect in that mind which, even at the age of seventeen, could act so insanely; and we cannot but think, that no real and healthy sensibility could have exaggerated to itself so grossly the merits of Bowles' Sonnets. They are undoubtedly most beautiful, and we willingly pay our tribute of admiration to the genius of the amiable writer; but they neither did nor could produce any such effects as are here described, except upon a mind singularly weak and helpless. We must, however, take the fact as we find it; and Mr Coleridge's first step, after his worship of Bowles, was to see distinctly into the defects and deficiencies of Pope (a writer whom Bowles most especially admires, and has edited), and through all the false diction and borrowed plumage of Gray!\* But

\* There is something very offensive in the high and contemptuous tone which

here Mr Coleridge drops the subject of Poetry for the present, and proceeds to other important matters.

Wordsworth and Coleridge assume, when speaking of this great Poet. They employ his immortal works as a text-book, from which they quote imaginary violations of logic and sound sense, and examples of vicious poetic diction. Mr Coleridge informs us that Wordsworth "couched him," and that, from the moment of the operation, his eyes were startled with the deformities of the "Bard" and the "Elegy in the Country Church-yard!" Such despicable fooleries are perhaps beneath notice; but we must not allow the feathers of a Bird of Paradise to be pecked at by such a Daw as Coleridge.

"Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes,  
Youth at the Prow, and Pleasure at the Helm!

Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects its evening Prey." GRAY'S *Bard*.

On this beautiful and sublime passage Mr Coleridge has not one word of admiration to bestow, but tells us with a sneer (for what reason we know not), that "realm" and "sway" are rhymes dearly purchased. He then says, "that it depended wholly in the compositor's putting or not putting a *small capital*, both in this and in many other passages of the same Poet, whether the words should be personifications or mere abstracts." This vile absurdity is followed by a direct charge of Plagiarism from Shakespeare.

"How like a younker or a prodigal  
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like a prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,  
Torn, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!" SHAKESPEARE.

Now we put it to our readers to decide between us and the Critic. We maintain that here there is no plagiarism nor imitation. Both Poets speak of a Ship, and there all likeness ends. As well might Falconer be accused of imitation in his glorious description of a vessel in full sail leaving harbour—or Scott, in his animated picture of Bruce's galley beating through the Sound of Mull—or Byron, in his magnificent sketch of the Corsair's war-ship—or Wordsworth, in his fine simile of a vessel "that hath the plain of Ocean for her own domain"—or Wilson, in his vision of the moonlight vessel sailing to the Isle of Palms—or the Etrick Shepherd, in his wild dream of the Abbot's pinnace buried in the breakers of Staffa—or Mr Coleridge himself, in his

We regret that Mr Coleridge has passed over without notice all the years which he spent "in the happy quiet of ever-honoured Jesus College, Cambridge." That must have been the most important period of his life, and was surely more worthy of record than the metaphysical dreams or the poetical extravagancies of his boyhood. He tells us, that he was sent to the University "an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and a tolerable Hebraist;" and there might have been something rousing and elevating to young minds of genius and power, in his picture of himself, pursuits, visions, and attainments, during the bright and glorious morning of life, when he inhabited a dwelling of surpassing magnificence, guarded, and hallowed, and sublimed by the Shadows of the Mighty. We should wish to know what progress he

spectre-ship in the "Ancient Mariner." For, in the first place, Shakespeare describes his ship by likening it to *something else*, namely, a *prodigal*; and upon that moral meaning depends the whole beauty of the passage. Of this there is nothing in Gray. Secondly, Shakespeare does not speak of any ship in particular, *but generally*. The beauty of the passage in Gray depends on its being *prophetic of a particular misfortune*, namely, the drowning of young Prince Henry. Thirdly, in Shakespeare, the vessel "puts from her native bay;" and upon that circumstance the whole description depends. In Gray we only behold her majestically sailing in the open sea. Fourthly, in Shakespeare "she returns;" but in Gray she is the prey of the evening whirlwind. Fifthly, in Shakespeare she returns "with over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails." In Gray she is sunk into the deep, "with all her bravery on." Sixthly, in Gray we behold a joyous company on her deck, "Youth at her prow, and Pleasure at her helm;" but in Shakespeare we never think of her deck at all. Seventhly, in Shakespeare she is a "skarfed bark;" in Gray, a "gilded vessel." Eighthly, Shakespeare has, in the whole description, studiously employed the most plain, homely, familiar, and even unpoetical diction, and thereby produced the desired effect. Gray has laboured his description with all the resources of consummate art, and it is eminently distinguished for pomp, splendour, and magnificence. Lastly, except articles, prepositions, and conjunctions, there is not a *single word common to the two passages*; so that they may indeed with propriety be quoted, to shew how *differently* the same object can appear to different poetical minds; but Mr Coleridge "has been couched," and Mr Wordsworth having performed the operation unskilfully, the patient is blind.

made there in his own favourite studies; what place he occupied, or supposed he occupied, among his numerous contemporaries of talent; how much he was inspired by the genius of the place; how far he "pierced the caves of old Philosophy," or sounded the depths of the Physical Sciences.\* All this unfortunately is omitted, and he hurries on to details often trifling and unimportant, sometimes low, vile, and vulgar, and, what is worse, occasionally inconsistent with any feeling of personal dignity and self-respect.

After leaving College, instead of betaking himself to some respectable calling, Mr Coleridge, with his characteristic modesty, determined to set on foot a periodical work called "The Watchman," that through it "all might know the truth." The price of this very useful article was "four-pence." Off he set on a tour to the north to procure subscribers, "preaching in most of the great towns as a hireless Volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the Woman of Babylon might be seen on me." In preaching, his object was to shew that our Saviour was the real son of Joseph, and that the Crucifixion was a matter of small importance. Mr Coleridge is now a most zealous member of the Church of England—devoutly believes every iota in the thirty-nine articles, and that the Christian Religion is only to be found in its purity in the homilies and liturgy of that Church. Yet, on looking back to his Unitarian zeal, he exclaims,

"O, never can I remember those days with either shame or regret! For I was

\* The fact is, that Mr Coleridge made no figure at the University. He never could master the simplest elements of the mathematics. Yet in all his metaphysical, and indeed many of his critical writings, there is an ostentatious display of a familiar and profound knowledge of the principles of that science. This is dishonest quackery; for Mr Coleridge knows that he could not, if taken by surprise, demonstrate any one proposition in the first book of Euclid. His classical knowledge was found at the University to be equally superficial. He gained a prize there for a Greek Ode, which for ever blasted his character as a scholar; all the rules of that language being therein perpetually violated. We were once present in a literary company, where Porson offered to shew in it, to a gentleman who was praising this Ode, 134 examples of bad Greek.

most sincere, most disinterested! Wealth, rank, life itself, then seem'd cheap to me, compared with the interests of truth, and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity! for in the expansion of my enthusiasm I did not think of myself at all!"

This is delectable. What does he mean by saying that life seem'd cheap? What danger could there be in the performance of his exploits, except that of being committed as a Vagrant? What indeed could rank appear to a person thus voluntarily degraded? Or who would expect vanity to be conscious of its own loathsomeness? During this tour he seems to have been constantly exposed to the insults of the vile and the vulgar, and to have associated with persons whose company must have been most odious to a Gentleman. Greasy Tallow-chandlers, and pursey Woollen-draperies, and grim-featured dealers in Hard-ware, were his associates at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, and Sheffield; and among them the light of truth was to be shed from its cloudy tabernacle in Mr Coleridge's Pericranium. At the house of a "Brummagem Patriot" he appears to have got dead drunk with strong ale and tobacco, and in that pitiable condition he was exposed to his disciples, lying upon a sofa, "with my face like a wall that is white-washing, deathly pale, and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead." Some one having said, "Have you seen a paper to-day, Mr Coleridge?" the wretched man replied, with all the staring stupidity of his lamentable condition, "Sir! I am far from convinced that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers, or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." This witticism quite enchanted his enlightened auditors, and they prolonged their festivities to an "early hour next morning." Having returned to London with a thousand subscribers on his list, the "Watchman" appeared in all his glory; but, alas! not on the day fixed for the first burst of his effulgence; which foolish delay incensed many of his subscribers. The Watchman, on his second appearance, spoke blasphemously, and made indecent applications of Scriptural language; then, instead of abusing Government and Aristocrats, as Mr Coleridge had pledged himself to his constituents to

do, he attacked his own Party; so that in seven weeks, before the shoes were old in which he travelled to Sheffield, the Watchman went the way of all flesh, and his remains were scattered "through sundry old iron shops," where for one penny could be purchased each precious relic. To crown all, "his London Publisher was a —;" and Mr Coleridge very narrowly escaped being thrown into jail for this his heroic attempt to shed over the manufacturing towns the illumination of knowledge. We refrain from making any comments on this deplorable story.

This Philosopher, and Theologian, and Patriot, now retired to a village in Somersetshire, and, after having sought to enlighten the whole world, discovered that he himself was in utter darkness.

"Doubts rushed in, broke upon me from the fountains of the great deep, and fell from the windows of heaven. The fontal truths of natural Religion, and the book of Revelation, alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my Ark touched upon Ararat, and rested. My head was with Spinoza, though my heart was with Paul and John."

At this time, "by a gracious Providence, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr Josiah and Mr Thomas Wedgwood enabled me to finish my education in Germany." All this is very well; but what Mr Coleridge learnt in Germany we know not, and seek in vain to discover through these volumes. He tells us that the Antijacobin wits accused him of abandoning his wife and children, and implicated in that charge his friends Mr Robert Southey and Mr Charles Lamb. This was very unjust; for Mr Southey is, and always was, a most exemplary Family-man, and Mr Lamb, we believe, is still a Bachelor. But Mr Coleridge assumes a higher tone than the nature of the case demands or justifies, and his language is not quite explicit. A man who abandons his wife and children is undoubtedly both a wicked and pernicious member of society; and Mr Coleridge ought not to deal in general and vague terms of indignation, but boldly affirm, if he dare, that the charge was false then, and would be false now, if repeated against himself. Be this as it may, Mr Coleridge has never received any apology from those

by whom he was insulted and accused of disgraceful crime; and yet has he, with a humility most unmanly, joined their ranks, and become one of their most slavish Sycophants.

On his return from Germany, he became the principal writer of the political and literary departments of the *Morning Post*. This, though unquestionably a useful, respectable, and laborious employment, does not appear to us at all sublime; but Mr Coleridge thinks otherwise—compares himself, the Writer of the leading Article, to Edmund Burke—and, for the effect which his writings produced on Britain, refers us to the pages of the *Morning Chronicle*. In this situation, he tells us that "he wasted the prime and manhood of his intellect," but "added nothing to his reputation or fortune, the industry of the week supplying the necessities of the week." Yet the effects of his labours were wonderful and glorious. He seems to think that he was the cause of the late War; and that, in consequence of his Essays in the *Morning Post*, he was, during his subsequent residence in Italy, the specified object of Bonaparte's resentment. Of this he was warned by Baron Von Humboldt and Cardinal Fesch; and he was saved from arrest by a Noble Benedictine, and the "gracious connivance of that good old man the Pope!" We know of no parallel to such insane vanity as this, but the case of the celebrated John Dennis, who, when walking one day on the sea-beach, imagined a large ship sailing by to have been sent by Ministry to capture him; and who, on another occasion, waited on the Duke of Marlborough, when the congress for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, to entreat his interest with the plenipotentiaries, that they should not consent to his being given up. The Duke replied, that he had not got himself excepted in the articles of peace, yet he could not help thinking that he had done the French almost as much damage as even Mr Dennis.

We have no room here to expose, as it deserves to be exposed, the multitudinous political inconsistency of Mr Coleridge, but we beg leave to state one single fact: He abhorred, hated, and despised Mr Pitt,—and he now loves and reveres his memory. By far the most spirited and powerful of his poetical writings, is the War Ec-

logue, Slaughter, Fire, and Famine; and in that composition he loads the Minister with imprecations and curses, long, loud, and deep. But afterwards, when he has thought it prudent to change his Principles, he denies that he ever felt any indignation towards Mr Pitt; and with the most unblushing falsehood declares, that at the very moment his muse was consigning him to infamy, death, and damnation, he would "have interposed his body between him and danger." We believe that all good men, of all parties, regard Mr Coleridge with pity and contempt.

Of the latter days of his literary life, Mr Coleridge gives us no satisfactory account. The whole of the second volume is interspersed with mysterious inuendoes. He complains of the loss of all his friends, not by death, but estrangement. He tries to account for the enmity of the world to him, a harmless and humane man, who wishes well to all created things, and "of his wondering finds no end." He upbraids himself with indolence, procrastination, neglect of his worldly concerns, and all other bad habits,—and then, with incredible inconsistency, vaunts loudly of his successful efforts in the cause of Literature, Philosophy, Morality, and Religion. Above all, he weeps and wails over the malignity of Reviewers, who have persecuted him almost from his very cradle, and seem resolved to bark him into the grave. He is haunted by the Image of a Reviewer wherever he goes. They "push him from his stool," and by his bedside they cry, "Sleep no more." They may abuse whomsoever they think fit, save himself and Mr Wordsworth. All others are fair game—and he chuckles to see them brought down. But his sacred person must be inviolate, and rudely to touch it, is not high treason, it is impiety. Yet his "ever-honoured friend, the laurel-honouring Laureate," is a Reviewer—his friend Mr Thomas Moore is a Reviewer—his friend Dr Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta, was the Editor of a Review—almost every friend he ever had is a Reviewer;—and to crown all, he himself is a Reviewer. Every person who laughs at his silly Poems—and his incomprehensible metaphysics, is malignant—in which case, there can be little benevolence in this world; and while Mr Francis Jeffrey is alive

and merry, there can be no happiness here below for Mr Samuel Coleridge.

And here we come to speak of a matter, which, though somewhat of a personal and private nature, is well deserving of mention in a Review of Mr Coleridge's Literary Life, for sincerity is the first of virtues, and without it no man can be respectable or useful. He has, in this Work, accused Mr Jeffrey of meanness—hypocrisy—falsehood—and breach of hospitality. That gentleman is able to defend himself—and his defence is no business of ours. But we now tell Mr Coleridge, that instead of humbling his Adversary, he has heaped upon his own head the ashes of disgrace—and with his own blundering hands, so stained his character as a man of honour and high principles, that the mark can never be effaced. All the most offensive attacks on the writings of Wordsworth and Southey, had been made by Mr Jeffrey before his visit to Keswick. Yet, does Coleridge receive him with open arms, according to his own account—listen, well-pleased, to all his compliments—talk to him for hours on his Literary Projects—dine with him as his guest at an Inn—tell him that he knew Mr Wordsworth would be most happy to see him—and in all respects behave to him with a politeness bordering on servility. And after all this, merely because his own vile verses were crumpled up like so much waste paper, by the grasp of a powerful hand in the Edinburgh Review, he accuses Mr Jeffrey of abusing hospitality which he never received, and forgets, that instead of being the Host, he himself was the smiling and obsequious Guest of the man he pretends to have despised. With all this miserable forgetfulness of dignity and self-respect, he mounts the high horse, from which he instantly is tumbled into the dirt; and in his angry ravings collects together all the foul trash of literary gossip to fling at his adversary, but which is blown stifling back upon himself with odium and infamy. But let him call to mind his own conduct, and talk not of Mr Jeffrey. Many witnesses are yet living of his own egotism and malignity; and often has he heaped upon his "beloved Friend, the laurel-honouring Laureate," epithets of contempt, and pity, and disgust, though now it

may suit his paltry purposes to worship and idolize. Of Mr Southey we at all times think, and shall speak, with respect and admiration; but his open adversaries are, like Mr Jeffrey, less formidable than his unprincipled Friends. When Greek and Trojan meet on the plain, there is an interest in the combat; but it is hateful and painful to think, that a hero should be wounded behind his back, and by a poisoned stiletto in the hand of a false Friend.\*

The concluding chapter of this Biography is perhaps the most pitiful of the whole, and contains a most surprising mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous.

"Strange," says he, "as the delusion may appear, yet it is most true, that three years ago I did not know or believe that I had an enemy in the world; and now even my strongest consolations of gratitude are mingled with fear, and I reproach myself for

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\* In the *Examiner* of April 6th, 1817, there is a letter, signed "Vindex," from which the following extract is taken.

"The author of the 'Friend' is troubled at times and seasons with a treacherous memory; but perhaps he may remember a visit to Bristol. He may remember—I allude to no confidential whisperings—no unguarded private moments,—but to facts of open and ostentatious notoriety—He may remember, *publicly*, before several strangers, and in the midst of a public library, turning into the most merciless ridicule 'the dear Friend' whom he now calls Southey the Philologist, 'Southey the Historian,' Southey the Poet of Thalaba, the Madoc, and the Roderic. Mr Coleridge recited an Ode of his dear Friend, in the hearing of these persons, with a tone and manner of the most contemptuous burlesque, and accused him of having stolen from Wordsworth images which he knew not how to use. Does he remember, that he also took down 'the Joan of Arc,' and recited, in the same ridiculous tone (I do not mean his usual tone, but one which he meant should be ridiculous) more than a page of the poem, with the ironical comment, 'This, gentlemen, is Poetry?' Does he remember that he then recited, by way of contrast, some forty lines of his own contribution to the same poem, in his usual bombastic manner? and that after this disgusting display of egotism and malignity, he observed, 'Poor fellow, he may be a Reviewer, but Heaven bless the man if he thinks himself a Poet?'

'Absentem qui rodit amicum  
Hic niger est: hunc tu Romane caveto.'

VINDEX."

being too often disposed to ask,—Have I one friend?"

We are thus prepared for the narration of some grievous cruelty, or ingratitude, or malice,—some violation of his peace, or robbery of his reputation; but our readers will start when they are informed, that this melancholy lament is occasioned solely by the cruel treatment which his poem of Christabel received from the Edinburgh Review and other periodical Journals! It was, he tells us, universally admired in manuscript—he recited it many hundred times to men, women, and children, and always with an electrical effect—it was bepraised by most of the great Poets of the day—and for twenty years he was urged to give it to the world. But alas! no sooner had the Lady Christabel "come out," than all the rules of good-breeding and politeness were broken through, and the loud laugh of scorn and ridicule from every quarter assailed the ears of the fantastic Hoyden. But let Mr Coleridge be consoled. Mr Scott and Lord Byron are good-natured enough to admire Christabel, and the Public have not forgotten that his Lordship handed her Ladyship upon the stage. It is indeed most strange, that Mr Coleridge is not satisfied with the praise of those he admires,—but pines away for the commendation of those he contemns.

Having brought down his literary life to the great epoch of the publication of Christabel, he there stops short; and that the world may compare him as he appears at that era to his former self, when "he set sail from Yarmouth on the morning of the 10th September 1798, in the Hamburg Packet," he has republished, from his periodical work the "Friend," seventy pages of Satyrane's Letters. As a specimen of his wit in 1798, our readers may take the following:—

"We were all on the deck, but in a short time I observed marks of dismay. The Lady retired to the cabin in some confusion; and many of the faces round me assumed a very doleful and frog-coloured appearance; and within an hour the number of those on deck was lessened by one half. I was giddy, but not sick; and the giddiness soon went away, but left a feverishness and want of appetite, which I attributed, in great measure, to the "*scœva nephritis*" of the bilge-water; and it was certainly not decreased by the exportations from the cabin. However, I was well enough to join

the able-bodied passengers, one of whom observed, not inaptly, that Momus might have discovered an easier way to see a man's inside than by placing a window in his breast. He needed only have taken a salt-water trip in a packet-boat. I am inclined to believe, that a packet is far superior to a stage-coach as a means of making men open out to each other !”

The importance of his observations during the voyage may be estimated by this one :—

“ At four o'clock I observed a wild duck swimming on the waves, a single solitary wild duck ! It is not easy to conceive how interesting a thing it looked in that round objectless desert of waters !”

At the house of Klopstock, brother of the Poet, he saw a portrait of Lessing, which he thus describes to the Public. “ His eyes were uncommonly like mine ! if any thing, rather larger and more prominent ! But the lower part of his face ! and his nose —O what an exquisite expression of elegance and sensibility !” He then gives a long account of his interview with Klopstock the Poet, in which he makes that great man talk in a very silly, weak, and ignorant manner. Mr Coleridge not only sets him right in all his opinions on English literature, but also is kind enough to correct, in a very authoritative and dictatorial tone, his erroneous views of the characteristic merits and defects of the most celebrated German Writers. He has indeed the ball in his own hands throughout the whole game ; and Klopstock, who, he says, “ was seventy-four years old, with legs enormously swollen,” is beaten to a standstill. We are likewise presented with an account of a conversation which his friend W. held with the German Poet, in which the author of the *Messiah* makes a still more paltry figure. We can conceive nothing more odious and brutal, than two young ignorant lads from Cambridge forcing themselves upon the retirement of this illustrious old man, and, instead of listening with love, admiration, and reverence, to his sentiments and opinions, insolently obtruding upon him their own crude and mistaken fancies,—contradicting imperiously every thing he advances,—taking leave of him with a consciousness of their own superiority,—and, finally, talking of him and his genius in terms of indifference bordering on contempt. This Mr W. had the folly and the insolence to say

to Klopstock, who was enthusiastically praising the Oberon of Wieland, that he never could see the smallest beauty in any part of that Poem.

We must now conclude our account of this “ unaccountable ” production. It has not been in our power to enter into any discussion with Mr Coleridge on the various subjects of Poetry and Philosophy, which he has, we think, vainly endeavoured to elucidate. But we shall, on a future occasion, meet him on his own favourite ground. No less than 182 pages of the second volume are dedicated to the poetry of Mr Wordsworth. He has endeavoured to define poetry—to explain the philosophy of metre—to settle the boundaries of poetic diction—and to show, finally, “ what it is probable Mr Wordsworth meant to say in his dissertation prefixed to his *Lyrical Ballads*.” As Mr Coleridge has not only studied the laws of poetical composition, but is a Poet of considerable powers, there are, in this part of his Book, many acute, ingenious, and even sensible observations and remarks ; but he never knows when to have done,—explains what requires no explanation,—often leaves untouched the very difficulty he starts,—and when he has poured before us a glimpse of light upon the shapeless form of some dark conception, he seems to take a wilful pleasure in its immediate extinction, and leads “ us floundering on, and quite astray,” through the deepening shadows of interminable night.

One instance there is of magnificent promise, and laughable non-performance, unequalled in the annals of literary History. Mr Coleridge informs us, that he and Mr Wordsworth (he is not certain which is entitled to the glory of the first discovery) have found out the difference between Fancy and Imagination. This discovery, it is prophesied, will have an incalculable influence on the progress of all the Fine Arts. He has written a long chapter purposely to prepare our minds for the great discussion. The audience is assembled—the curtain is drawn up—and there, in his gown, cap, and wig, is sitting Professor Coleridge. In comes a servant with a letter ; the Professor gets up, and, with a solemn voice, reads it to the audience.—It is from an enlightened Friend ; and its object is to shew, in no very courteous



terms either to the Professor or his Spectators, that he may lecture, but that nobody will understand him. He accordingly makes his bow, and the curtain falls; but the worst of the joke is, that the Professor pockets the admittance-money,—for what reason, his outwitted audience are left, the best way they can, to “fancy or imagine.”

But the greatest piece of Quackery in the Book is his pretended account of the Metaphysical System of Kant, of which he knows less than nothing. He will not allow that there is a single word of truth in any of the French Expositions of that celebrated System, nor yet in any of our British Reviews. We do not wish to speak of what we do not understand, and therefore say nothing of Mr Coleridge's Metaphysics. But we beg leave to lay before our readers the following Thesis, for the amusement of a leisure hour.

“This principium commune essendi et cognoscendi, as subsisting in a WILL, or primary ACT of self-duplication, is the mediate or indirect principle of every science; but it is the mediate and direct principle of the ultimate science alone, i. e. of transcendental philosophy alone. For it must be remembered, that all these Theses refer solely to one of the two Polar Sciences, namely, to that which commences with and rigidly confines itself within the subjective, leaving the objective (as far as it is exclusively objective) to natural philosophy, which is its opposite pole. In its very idea, therefore, as a systematic knowledge of our collective KNOWING (*scientia scientiæ*), it involves the necessity of some one highest principle of knowing, as at once the source and the accompanying form in all particular acts of intellect and perception. This, it has been shown, can be found only in the act and evolution of self-consciousness. We are not investigating an absolute principium essendi; for then, I admit, many valid objections might be started against our theory; but an absolute principium cognoscendi. The result of both the sciences, or their equatorial point, would be the principle of a total and undivided philosophy, as for prudential reasons, I have chosen to anticipate in the Scholium to Thesis VI. and the note subjoined.”

We cannot take leave of Mr Coleridge, without expressing our indignation at the gross injustice, and, we fear, envious persecution of his Criticism on Mr Maturin's “*Bertram*.” He has thought it worth his while to analyse and criticise that Tragedy in a diatribe of fifty pages. He contends evidently

against his own conviction, that it is utterly destitute of poetical and dramatic merit, and disgraceful, not to Mr Maturin alone, but to the audiences who admired it when acted, and the reading Public, who admired it no less when printed. There is more malignity, and envy, and jealousy, and misrepresentation, and bad wit, in this Critical Essay, than in all the Reviews now existing, from the *Edinburgh* down to the *Lady's Magazine*. Mr Coleridge ought to have behaved otherwise to an ingenious man like Mr Maturin, struggling into reputation, and against narrow circumstances. He speaks with sufficient feeling of his own pecuniary embarrassments, and of the evil which Reviewers have done to his worldly concerns—but all his feeling is for himself, and he has done all in his power to pluck and blast the laurels of a man of decided Poetical Genius. This is not the behaviour which one Poet ought to shew to another; and if Mr Coleridge saw faults and defects in *Bertram*, he should have exposed them in a dignified manner, giving all due praise, at the same time, to the vigour, and even originality of that celebrated Drama. Mr Coleridge knows that “*Bertram*” has become a stock play at the London Theatres, while his own “*Remorse*” is for ever withdrawn. Has this stung him? Far be it from us to impute mean motives to any man. But there is a bitterness—an anger—a scorn—we had almost said, a savage and revengeful fierceness in the tone of Mr Coleridge, when speaking of Mr Maturin, which it is, we confess, impossible to explain, and which, we fear, proceeds (perhaps unknown to his metaphysical self) from private pique and hostility, occasioned by superior merit and greater success. As a proof that our opinion is at least plausible, we quote Mr Coleridge's description of *Bertram*.

“*This superfetation of blasphemy upon nonsense—this felo de se and thief captain—this loathsome and leprous confluence of robbery, adultery, murder, and cowardly assassination—this monster, whose best deed is, the having saved his betters from the degradation of hanging him, by turning Jack Ketch to himself.*”

What a wretched contrast does Mr Coleridge here afford to Mr Walter Scott. That gentleman, it is known, encouraged Mr Maturin, before he was

known to the public, by his advice and commendation; and along with Lord Byron, was the principal means of bringing "Bertram" on the stage. Such conduct was worthy of the "Mighty Minstrel," and consistent with that true nobility of mind by which he is characterized, and which makes him rejoice in the glory of contemporary genius. Mr Coleridge speaks with delight of the success of his own Tragedy—of his enlightened audience, and the smiling faces of those he recollected to have attended his Lectures on Poetry at the Royal Institution. How does he account for the same audience admiring Bertram? Let him either henceforth blush for his own fame, or admit Mr Maturin's claims to a like distinction.\*

We have done. We have felt it our duty to speak with severity of this book and its author—and we have given our readers ample opportunities to judge of the justice of our strictures. We have not been speaking in the cause of Literature only, but, we conceive, in the cause of Morality and Religion. For it is not fitting that He should be held up as an example to the rising generation (but, on the contrary, it is most fitting that he should be exposed as a most dangerous model), who has alternately embraced, defended, and thrown aside all systems of Philosophy—and all creeds of Religion,—who seems to have no power of retaining an opinion,—no trust in the principles which he defends,—but who fluctuates from theory to theory, according as he is impelled by vanity, envy, or diseased desire of change,—and who, while he would subvert and scatter into dust those structures of knowledge, reared by the wise men of this and other generations, has nothing to erect in their room but the baseless and air-built fabrics of a dreaming Imagination.

CURIOUS METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA OBSERVED IN ARGYLLSHIRE.

MR EDITOR,

THE meteorological phenomenon described in a paper read before the

\* We may here make mention of an admirable essay on this Drama, read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, by Mr

Wernerian Society, and given in the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, No V. p. 471, though it may have been singular in the neighbourhood of Leadhills, is not a solitary instance of the same appearance; and if you think it worthy of notice, I shall transcribe from my note-book its occurrence to me on two different occasions.

Having resided for several years in the West Highlands, my profession often obliged me to be on horseback in the night as well as during the day. From the western situation of that country, in the immediate vicinity of the Atlantic Ocean, the climate is generally moist and variable, occasioned by the prevailing winds, which, for the greater part of the year, blow from that quarter, and carry along with them immense volumes of clouds collected over that immeasurable expanse of water, which, being attracted by the great altitude of the mountains, are broken upon their summits, and pour down their torrents on the surrounding country;—of this description was the 6th of October 1799. I mounted my horse in the morning, to encounter—what I often had done before—a long ride with a wet skin. Along with the rain there was its usual accompaniment, a breeze of wind, which continued till dusk, when it became calm. The rain also gradually abated, and at last disappeared, but left in its place a dense, humid vapour, so that at the distance of a few yards no object was visible. The night became dark and dreary, but I continued my journey.

In passing along a road that leads by the margin of an extensive moss, and not far from a considerable river which intersects a great plain, I was surprised, and I confess startled, by the sudden illumination of my horse's whole mane and ears, which rapidly appeared as if thickly covered with burning sulphur, or ignited phosphorus, and partially spread over the breast of my great coat, and edge of my hat.

Having never before seen any thing of the kind, I believed that I was enveloped by an electric cloud, and felt considerable alarm lest an explosion

Mr Kenzie, the illustrious Author of the Man of Feeling. The knowledge that high praise was bestowed on him by such a man, may well comfort Mr Maturin under the mean abuses of an envious Rival.

of it should prove fatal. I drew my whip along the horse's mane, which produced a degree of scintillation, but did not dissipate the fiery fluid, a great quantity of which adhered to the whip. This lumination continued about four minutes, without increase or diminution, and went off in an instant, and did not frighten, nor seem to incommode, my horse.

The next opportunity I had of observing this phenomenon, was at the distance of some years, on the 14th of February 1813. The day had been very boisterous, with frequent showers of rain and hail. I was on horseback late in the evening, attended by a servant, also mounted. We required to ford a large river, which, to the reproach of the district in which it is situated, is the only one without a bridge, on the great line of road from the Mull of Kintyre through the West Highlands, and as far north as Johnny Groat's House.

This river is often so much swelled by floods as to be rendered impassable; and these floods frequently effect such changes in its course, as to make the fords intricate and hazardous for travellers. On this occasion all these dangers seemed evident; and just as we had arrived at the brink of the stream, and were considering by which track we should attempt to cross it, a black heavy cloud, accompanied with a violent blast of wind, and a severe shower of hail, came in our faces, and we were instantly in the dark. As we could not now see an inch before us, we were forced to stand still, on a wide open plain, where no shelter was near, and turning our backs to the storm, in shivering expectation awaited its blowing over.

We had not however halted long, when our attention was carried from the storm by the appearance of the manes and ears of our horses, which were quickly covered with the brilliant coruscation I had formerly witnessed, and which now remained longer than before. The servant, who was a native of Ayrshire, having never seen the like, was much surprised and terrified.

There was no thunder nor lightning observed within many miles of the places where these phenomena appeared, nor had there been any for several previous months; yet we cannot doubt that they must have been produced by

the electric state of the atmosphere, the moisture of which, at those times, prevented explosion; but which readily emitted the surcharged fluid when it came in contact with any substance to which it would adhere; and this is particularly remarkable with regard to the strong pair of horses. It may be observed, that on both occasions the horses were white, a colour, it has been noticed in the 66th volume of the *Philos. Transac.*, by which the electric fluid is peculiarly attracted, when it happens to strike an animal; a satisfactory instance of which lately took place, and consists with my knowledge.

On a small island off Lochearn, in Argyllshire, one of the most picturesque and beautiful lakes in Britain, a poor man had erected a cottage for his family, and at the back of it a hut for his cow. During a thunder storm in autumn 1810, the lightning penetrated the roof and wall of this cottage, made its way through the cow-house, and split a huge piece of rock that stood behind. The lightning had killed the cow, but a black calf that stood close to her was not touched. Upon examining the cow, the colour of which was brown, and streaked with white on the sides, it was found that the electric fluid had run along the white portions only of the skin, the hair of which was completely destroyed, while that of a different colour remained sound, and was not even singed.

Before concluding this subject, it may be noticed, that the above described luminous appearances of the horses' manes were observed on the borders of two very extensive mosses, in both of which there are at all seasons large collections of stagnant water; but whether these luminations can be attributed to the same cause as that of the well-known *Ignes Fatui*, so often seen near sink swamps, it may be difficult to determine. Though the vapours arising from marshy ground, and decayed animal and vegetable matter, are said to possess, along with their property of inflammability, that of mobility also, we can assign no other probable cause for the wonderful, and often fantastical appearances of such vapours, than that of occasional combination with electrical fluid, to which they have a strong affinity, and which pervades all the operations of nature.

Sept. 24, 1817.

DICALDON.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR  
SCORESBY, JUN. M.W. S. &c. TO PRO-  
FESSOR JAMESON.

Whitby, 27th Aug. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

THAT man is born to disappointment, and that where he indulges the highest expectations he is frequently deceived, are truths which I doubt not but you, my dear sir, may be disposed to admit. At least I assure myself, you will feel a sympathy in the disappointment I now allude to, the particulars of which I am about to communicate.

Last year, you will recollect, I made an experiment on the impregnation of wood with sea-water, when submitted to vast pressure, by being immersed some thousands of feet deep in the sea, the result of which was interesting. From this experiment, and two others subsequently made, I perceived, that small blocks of wood, sent down to the depth of 720 feet, became a little impregnated with water, but were still buoyant in this fluid; that similar masses of oak, fir, beech, &c. after being sunk to the depth of 4000 feet, became heavier than sea-water, but that the fir speedily regained some of its buoyancy, so that it floated in fresh water; that at the depth of 4566 feet, lignum vitæ, hickery, elm, beech, mahogany, and fir wood, as well as bone, each became more or less impregnated with water, so that they all sunk in salt water, and having been kept constantly immersed, yet remain of greater specific gravity than the water of the sea. From the observable ratio of increase of specific gravity, obtained by wood subjected to an increase of pressure, I imagined that a still higher pressure would produce a still greater effect, and that the proportion of weight, gained by certain descriptions of wood sent down by a line, might be made use of to ascertain the depth. To prove this point, I wished to try the effect of pressure at the depth of a mile or a mile and a half. I therefore prepared for the experiment by providing blocks of wood of different shapes, dimensions, and qualities, and other substances, to the amount of twenty articles. In this assortment I had blocks of fir, oak, and hickery, in cubes, parallelipoids, and wedges of different weights. The wedges and parallelipoids, each, contained two cu-

bic inches, and the cubes eight; from which I expected to find whether the shape or dimension of the wood had any effect in encouraging or hindering the entrance of the sea-water. A counterpart of each substance, corresponding in size, shape, and weight, were in readiness to be immersed in a tub of water during the time the principal pieces were under water, that the clear effect of the impregnation might be ascertained. Besides the above interesting object, I had in view other matters also—the temperature of the sea at a depth scarcely before sounded was to be ascertained—the water of the greatest depth to which the apparatus was sent, to be brought up, and its specific gravity and constituents examined—two tin vessels (sent by Mr Adie), intended for trying the depth and mean specific gravity of the water passed through in the descent, to be proved—the nature of the current to be examined—and by means of a frame of wire-gauze stretched across the upper valve of the marine diver, it was converted into a trap for insects and small fishes; and whatever animals might enter by the lower valve in its descent, were expected to be brought up by it.

With these various objects in view, I procured all the lead lines I could meet with, and having a favourable opportunity on the 28th of June, I moved the ship to a field of ice, fixed the whole apparatus, consisting of the marine diver, a Six's thermometer, Mr Adie's tin vessels, the specimens of wood, bones, jet metals, &c. and allowed them to sink to the perpendicular depth of 720 feet without meeting with the bottom. The end of the line resting in a boat, was, after an interval of two hours, taken on board the ship, and by a slow and steady motion, we proceeded to draw it in. We had taken about 300 yards on board, when, to my excessive mortification, the line *gave way*, slipped through the grasp of a man who held it at the time, and disappeared in a moment! Thus an experiment in which I placed such sanguine expectations, was blasted—an experiment which I intended as a finishing one, proved so indeed by another and reverse process. The apparatus I set a high value upon, being the only one of the kind in *existence*. The original was presented me by Sir Joseph Banks, and contrived at his re-

quest by Messrs Cavendish and Gilpin, both of whom, it is remarkable, died before it was completed. It was of wood. But the first time it was sent to the depth of 300 fathoms, the wood swelled, opened, and became leaky, and the plate glass illuminators rent through the middle, whereby it was rendered useless. I therefore made a model of a similar instrument, got it cast in brass. It was well finished, and was a beautiful apparatus: it was provided with Six's thermometer, and the valves of the original instrument. I cannot say whether the failure of the experiment, or the loss of the instrument, gave me the most concern. The line which broke was the thickest, and apparently the strongest of the whole series in use. A small portion, however, scarcely two inches in length, proved to have been injured by accidental moisture, and was rotten. Had it been as good as it appeared, it would have supported thrice the weight. The strain on the line certainly exceeded what I had calculated. The rope being thoroughly wetted, became nearly half as heavy in water as it was before in air. Thus terminates my experiments on the temperature of the sea at great depth.

I fear I shall have wearied you with this elaborate account of my mishap.

On account of the singular openness of the Greenland seas, I have twice (during my last voyage) penetrated to the longitude of  $10^{\circ}$  W. when the weather was foggy, and once to  $10\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  W. when the weather was clear; on which last occasion (July 29-30) the coast of West Greenland, rarely before seen by any British Navigator, was in sight. According to our best, and indeed only authorities, the Dutch, the east coast of W. Greenland is laid down in longitude  $4^{\circ}$  or  $5^{\circ}$  W. from Greenwich, in the latitude of  $75^{\circ}$  to  $76\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; its situation, by the Dutch, is very erroneous. I had good sight of the chronometer in  $5\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ ,  $7\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , and  $9^{\circ}$  33 W. immediately previous to each of the occasions in which we penetrated so far as  $10^{\circ}$  and  $10\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  W. Hence I am assured, that the land lies further to the westward than  $11^{\circ}$  W. in each parallel of latitude between  $74^{\circ}$  and  $76^{\circ}$  N. It is probably as far west as  $14-15^{\circ}$  in the parallel of  $74^{\circ}$ , which I saw it. The ice in this situation was mostly muddy, and black with dirt on the edges,

as it had recently rubbed against the shore. We were sixteen days navigating between the meridians of  $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  and  $10^{\circ}$  W. without even being able to see four miles for fog; and frequently the mist was so thick for forty-eight hours together, that we could not see objects at the distance of a hundred yards. At these times, when we had light winds, we sometimes groped as it were through the ice for a few hours in the day, but generally moved in the evening, and in fresh winds. It was in longitude  $4^{\circ}$  44 W. that I lost my marine diver and apparatus.—I am, my dear sir, your most obedient servant,

WM SCORESBY, jun.

ANALYTICAL ESSAYS ON THE EARLY  
ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

No II.

*Edward II.*—MARLOW.\*

[We have been promised, by a gentleman distinguished for his knowledge of old English Literature, a series of Essays on the early Dramatists. The first essay of the series (on the "Faustus" of Marlow) appeared in the fourth Number of the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, and they will be regularly continued in this publication.]

THIS, we think, is decidedly the best of all Marlow's plays, and is entitled to rank with the finest historical

\* Christopher Marlow was born in the reign of Edward VI., and, according to Oldys, educated at Bennet College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1587. His parentage is unknown, and also the reasons which induced him to leave the University—to abandon the destination for which he seems, from the nature of his education, to have been intended—and to try his fortune on the stage. Langbaine says, generally, that "he trod the stage with applause;" but it does not appear that he was greatly distinguished as an actor. Few men have received such lofty encomiums from contemporary Wits; and high as his poetical powers unquestionably were, they seem to have been somewhat over-rated. Ben Jonson, in his lines to the memory of Shakespeare, speaks of Marlow's "*mighty line*," an expression which Schlegel, the celebrated German critic, thinks altogether unapplicable. Ben Jonson held rather singular critical opinions on many subjects; and certainly the epithet "*mighty*" cannot, with peculiar propriety, be applied to the character either of his thought or ex-

dramas in our language. In "Faustus" there undoubtedly are many splendid passages,—not a few distinguished for grace, elegance, and beau-

pression. But Schlegel seems to have a very slight acquaintance with Marlow's writings, and is not aware of that energy and depth of passion to be found in his Dramas. Mr Gifford, in his admirable edition of Ben Jonson, alluding to this expression, says,—“Marlow has many lines which have not hitherto been surpassed. His two parts of Tamburlaine, though simple in plot, and naked in artifice, have yet some rude attempts at consistency of character, and many passages of masculine vigour and lofty poetry. Even the bombastic lines which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Pistol are followed by others in the same scene, and even in the same speech, which the great Poet himself might have fathered without disgrace to his superior powers.”—Heywood calls him “the best of Poets;” and Meres, in his second part of “*Wits' Commonwealth*,” names him with Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Daniel, and others, “for having mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested, in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments, the English tongue.” Carew, the Cornish antiquary, in his “*Excellencies of the English Tongue*,” also places him along with Shakespeare:—“Would you read Catullus? take Shakespeare's and Marlow's fragments.” Here he probably alludes to Marlow's translations of Ovid's Epistles, and to that most beautiful and romantic pastoral ballad, “The passionate Shepherd to his Love,” which, with Sir Walter Raleigh's admirable reply, may be seen in “*Walton's Complete Angler*.” It is stated by Steevens, in the first volume of his Shakespeare, (p. 94) that Marlow's translations from Ovid were commanded, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, to be burned at Stationers' Hall. This fact is also stated in the *Censura Litteraria* of Sir Egerton Brydges, who says, that the translations were strongly tainted with the licentious obscenity of the original; but he quotes a passage almost free from that charge. Indeed it may here be remarked, that Marlow's plays give less offence on that score than the works of any of his contemporaries, or even of his great successors. He seems at all times to have been hated by the Clergy. Bishop Tanner, in his “*Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*,” acknowledges his great poetical genius, calling him “*Poeta paucis inferior*,” but he adds, “*Atheista et Blasphemus horrendus*.” Tanner, however, borrows every thing from Wood, and Wood seems not only to have disliked Marlow, but is a most prejudiced person against all the poetical tribe, and is fond of repeating a favourite opinion, that all poets are men of licentious lives, and dangerous here-

ty,—and some invested with a dark and gloomy magnificence. That drama also exhibits a powerful dominion over the passions, and no limited in-

sies. In his “*Censure of Poets*,” Drayton pays Marlow this fine compliment:—

“Next Marlow, bathed in the Thespian Springs,  
Had on him those brave sublunary things  
That your first Poets had; his raptures were  
All air and fire, which made his verses clear.  
For that fine madness still he did retain,  
Which rightly should possess a Poet's brain.”

George Peele, in “*The Honour of the Garter*,” says, that he was

“Fit to write passions for the souls below,  
If any wretched souls in passion speak.”

Nash, speaking of Hero and Leander, says, “Of whom divine Musæus sung, and a diviner muse than he, Kit Marlow.” In this he alludes to Marlow's translation of Hero and Leander, which, with a translation of the first book of Lucan, was published in quarto in 1600, though it must also have been published before that year. For of all the Panegyrists of Marlow, the most extravagant and hyperbolic is Henry Petowe, who, in 1598, published the second part of Hero and Leander. He says—

“What mortal soul with Marlow might contend?  
Whose silver-charming tongue moved such delight,  
That men would shun their sleep in still dark night  
To meditate upon his golden lines!

But Marlow, still-admired Marlow's gone  
To dwell with beauty in Elysium!  
There ever live the Prince of Poetry,” &c.

Poor Marlow's death was most unfortunate, and such as gave his enemies an opportunity of abusing, and most probably of calumniating, his memory. The following is Anthony Wood's curious account of the dramatist's wretched end. “This Marlowe giving too large a swing to his own wit, and suffering his lust to have the full reins, fell to that outrage and extremity (as Jodelle, a French tragic poet did), being an Epicure and an Atheist, that he denied God and his Son Christ; and not only in word blasphemed the Trinity, but also, as it was credibly reported, wrote diverse discourses against it, affirming our Saviour to be a Deceiver, and Moses to be a Conjuror, —(honest Anthony himself was no conjuror, as Dr Berkenhout well remarks in his *Historia Litteraria*)—the Holy Bible also to contain only vain and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy. But see the end of this person, which was noted by all, especially the Precisians. For, so it fell out, that he being deeply in love with a

sight into those glimmering regions of the soul inhabited by phantoms. But it is a composition in which the Poet has dispensed with all the best

certain woman, had for his rival a *bawdy serving-man*, one rather fit to be a pimp than an *ingenious amoretto*, as Marlow conceived himself to be. Whereupon Marlow, taking it to be a high affront, rushed in upon him to stab him with his dagger. But the serving-man being very quick, so avoided the stroke, that withal catching hold of Marlow's wrist, he stabbed his own dagger into his own head, in such sort, that notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be brought, he shortly after died of his wound, before the year 1593." Dr Berkenhout is pleased to call this a ridiculous story, by which, we presume, he means to discredit it. But Marlow's tragical death is mentioned by many contemporary writers. The author of the "Return from Parnassus" says,

"Marlow was happy in his buskin'd muse,  
Alas! unhappy in his life and end."

And George Peele, already quoted (Honour of the Garter), says,

"*unhappy in thy end!*

Marlow! the Muses' darling for thy verse."

Berkenhout disbelieves the story altogether, because he says, that Anthony Wood has borrowed it from a foolish book, "Beard's Theatre of God's Judgment." But this is a mistake; for Anthony only quotes Beard as his authority for asserting that Marlow wrote against the Trinity and the Divinity of our Saviour. That miserable man, Robert Green, in his "Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance," seems to allude to Marlow when he says—"Wonder not, for with thee will I first begin, *thou famous gracer of tragedians*, that Green, (who hath said, *with thee*, like the fool in his heart, there is no God)—why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the Giver? Thy brother in this *diabolical atheism* is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at; but, as he begun in craft, lived in fear, and ended in despair; and wilt thou, *my friend*, be his *disciple*? Look unto me, by him persuaded into that subtlety, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage."—This language of Green must, however, be taken with great allowance, for it is spoken almost on his death-bed, and with a sorely-troubled conscience. And though all this may be true, as it respects himself, it is not fair to convict Marlow on the evidence of a dying Sinner. It is known that Marlow was grievously offended at the publication of this passage, which is not likely to have been the case had he been the open and avowed atheist there represented. Warton says, "that his scepticism, whatever it might

rules of the dramatic art, and in which he often seems to have had pleasure in violating the principles of ordinary language. The whole strain of the sentiment, the feeling, and the passion, though not absolutely out of nature, is at all times on its very verge; the tragical interest does not force itself upon us, but requires almost to be won by a mental effort; and to support our sympathies there must be a perpetual play of the Imagination. The present drama, though it perhaps contains less poetry, is written with more uniform propriety; and the mind is never startled by the sudden introduction of vulgarity and meanness among the more stately and dignified passions and personages of Tragedy. The subject, too, is a fine one: the dethronement and death of majesty;—sin in high places—swift and ruinous decay of pride glorying in the weakness of earthly pomp;—vice, folly, guilt, and retribution. The tide of human affairs keeps constantly flowing on before us, till it carries down into death and oblivion, the robes, and the diadem, and the person of anointed royalty. A crowd of impassioned beings, all toiling for the things of this world, and all agitated and disturbed by passions that bear so fearful a disproportion to the objects that awaken them, are kept constantly passing to and fro; and the catastrophe leaves the mind in that state of sub-

be, was construed by the prejudiced and peevish Puritans into absolute atheism." Most assuredly the charge is vague and indefinite; and probably Mr Lamb has taken a right view of this subject, when he says, that "he loved to dally with interdicted subjects, and busied himself with speculations which are the rottenest part of the fruit that fell from the Tree of Knowledge." As to the morality or immorality of his character, we are almost entirely in the dark. Doubtless he met with a tragical death under suspicious circumstances. But the nature of that quarrel is by no means certain; for in Vaughan's "Golden Grove," which preceded "Beard's Theatre of God's Judgments," Marlow's antagonist is called Ingram; and Aubry says that he was Ben Jonson—a most flagrant falsehood. But all this shows, that little is known about the matter. At the worst, his fate by no means proves him to have been a bad man, and it is to his honour, that his sentiments are pure, and his principles lofty, in all his dramatic writings.

lime acquiescence, with which, in real life, we behold the visitations of Providence.

The play opens with a soliloquy of Gaveston, newly returned from France, and elated with the favour of the King. There ensues a short conversation between him and three poor travellers, in which is very shortly and vividly exhibited all the vile insolence of upstart pride and polluted worthlessness. We are thus, at the very commencement, and without any laborious description, made acquainted with the character of the Favourite. He then breaks out into the following exclamation, which has been often admired for its poetical beauties, and which, as Hurd observes in his Dialogues, gives a fine picture of the entertainments of the times. It also shows the accomplishments of the Man who was to be the ruin of his King.

“ I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,  
Musicians, that with touching of a string,  
May draw the pliant King which way I  
please.

Music and poetry are his delight ;  
Therefore I'll have Italian plays by night,  
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing  
shows ;

And in the day when he shall walk abroad,  
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad ;  
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,  
Shall, with their goat-feet, dance the antic  
hay.

Sometimes a lovely boy, in Dian's shape,  
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,  
Crowns of pearl about his naked arms,  
And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,  
Shall bathe him in a spring ; and then,  
hard by,

One like Acteon peeping through the grove,  
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,  
And, running in the likeness of a hart,  
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem  
to die.

Such things as these best please his Majesty.

The scenes that follow are of very considerable merit, exhibiting the deplorable weakness, the infatuated fondness, and the regal obstinacy of Edward,—the fawning servility, the greedy and aspiring insolence of the Favourite,—and the high-spirited indignation, the towering pride, and the unawed ferocity of the Nobles. The character of young Mortimer is sketched with great animation ; and his language and deportment are distinguished from those of the other Barons by a bolder contempt of the royal presence, arising from an ambition that has a loftier aim—no less than

the regency of the kingdom and the person of the Queen. Indeed it is impossible to read this play without feeling that Shakespeare was indebted to Marlow for the original idea of Hotspur.

Edward is now forced by his Nobles, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who threatens him with the wrath of the See of Rome, to subscribe to the exile of Gaveston ; and that our pity and contempt for him may be carried to the utmost, Marlow describes the agony of mind endured at parting from his Minion, which, however, finally vents itself in an imprecation of some energy.

“ Why should a King be subject to a Priest ?  
Proud Rome ! that holdest such imperial  
grooms,

For these thy superstitious taper-lights  
Wherewith thy Antichristian churches  
blaze,

I'll fire thy crased buildings, and enforce  
Thy papal Towers to kiss the lowly ground !  
With slaughter'd Priests may Tyber's chan-  
nel swell,

And raise higher with their sepul-  
chres !”

The Queen is here introduced ; and we think that her character and conduct are drawn with great skill and power. At first, she is truly and faithfully attached to her Husband—overlooks his follies and extravagancies—pardons his neglect and his insults,—and endeavours, by humble submission or gentle remonstrance, to win him back to his former affection. Her grief is unmingled with indignation ; and her feelings towards Mortimer do not exceed those of dignified gratitude. But at last, with the extinction of her love, there ensues the loss of honour and humanity ; and having burst the bonds which united her to her worthless Husband, she delivers herself up, wholly and without reserve, to the love of Mortimer, and becomes an associate in all his guilty ambition ; and finally, is privy to the murder of the miserable King. Her grief for the loss of Edward's affection is thus beautifully expressed :

“ O miserable and distressed Queen !  
Would, when I left sweet France, and was  
embarked,

That charming Circe, walking on the waves,  
Had changed my shape, or at the marriage-  
day

The cup of Hymen had been full of poison ;  
Or with those arms that twined about my  
neck,



I had been stifled, and not lived to see  
The King my lord thus to abandon me!"

Gaveston, who had been expelled the kingdom, is recalled—the nobles and the Queen intending to have him cut off. Edward, with blind infatuation, pursues the same system of ruinous favouritism; and the nobles are on the eve of rebellion. Young Mortimer thus speaks to his uncle:

"Uncle! his wanton humour grieves not me;  
But this I scorn, that one so basely born  
Should by his Sovereign's favour grow so pert,  
And riot with the treasure of the Realm.  
While Soldiers mutiny for want of pay,  
He wears a Lord's revenue on his back,  
And Midas-like, he jets it in the court  
With base outlandish cullions at his heels,  
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such  
show,

As if that Proteus, God of Shapes, appeared.  
I have not seen a dapper-Jack so brisk;  
He wears a short Italian-hooded cloak,  
Loaded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap  
A jewel of more value than the Crown.  
While others walk below, the King and He,  
From out a window, laugh at such as we,  
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.  
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient."

The same fiery spirit forces himself, with Lancaster, into the presence of the King, and this parley ensues:

*Edw.* "Shall I be haunted thus?"

*Mort.* Nay! now you are here alone, I'll speak my mind.

*Lan.* And so will I—and then, my Lord! farewell!

*Mort.* The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,

And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,  
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and make thee weak;  
The murmuring commons, overstretched,  
break——

*Lan.* Look for rebellion! look to be deposed!

Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,  
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.  
The wild Oneye, with swarms of Irish  
Kernes,

Live uncontrolled within the English Pale.  
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,  
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.

*Mort.* The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,

While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.  
*Lan.* What foreign Prince sends thee  
Ambassadors?

*Mort.* Who loves thee, but a sort of flat-terers?

*Lan.* Thy gentle Queen, sole sister to Valois,

Complains, that thou hast left her all forlorn.

*Mort.* Thy court is naked, being bereft of those

That make a king seem glorious to the world;

I mean the Peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:

Libels are cast against thee in the street;  
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

*Lan.* The Northern Borderers seeing their houses burnt,

Their wives and children slain, run up and down,

Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

*Mort.* When wert thou in the field with banner spread?

But once: and then thy soldiers marched like players,

With garish robes, not armour; and thyself, Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,  
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,  
Where womens' favours hung like labels down.

*Lan.* And therefore came it, that the fleeing Scots,

To England's high disgrace, have made this jig;

*Maids of England, sore may you mourn  
For your lemmons you have lost at Bannockburn,"* &c.

At length Gaveston is beheaded by the Earl of Warwick, and war declared between the king and the nobles. Edward, who has hitherto been an object of pity and contempt alone, redeems himself to a certain degree in this emergency, by the exhibition of a warlike spirit, and "shews, that in his eyes is set, some spark of the Plantagenet."

"*Edw.* By Earth! the common Mother of us all!

By Heaven! and all the moving Orbs thereof!  
By this right hand! and by my Father's sword!

And all the honours 'longing to my crown!  
I will have heads and lives for him, as many  
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.  
Traucherous Warwick! traiterous Mortimer!  
If I be England's King—in lakes of gore  
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,  
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,

And stain my Royal Standard with the same,  
That so my bloody colours may suggest  
Remembrance of revenge immortally."

The place of Gaveston has been supplied by Spenser, who, along with his father, support the cause of the King. This Spenser had formerly drawn his own character thus, in a conversation with his friend Baldock.

"*Spen.* Then Baldock! you must cast the scholar off,

And learn to court it like a gentleman.

'Tis not a black coat and a little band,  
A velvet-cap'd cloak, faced before with serge  
And smelling to a nose-gay all the day,  
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,  
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,  
Or making low legs to a nobleman,

Or looking downward, with your eye-lids  
close,  
And saying, *truly, an't may please your  
honour,*

Can get you any favour with great men :  
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,  
And now and then stab, as occasion serves."

The King's party are victorious—the rebel leaders, except Kent and young Mortimer, who escape to France and join the Queen there, are executed, and Edward relapses into his former mode of life. The Queen, Mortimer, and their party, return with increased power to England, and the King's army being overthrown, he himself becomes a houseless fugitive. And now the tragical part of the Drama begins, and is sustained throughout with prodigious power. We have seen Edward in all the pomp and splendour of his abused royalty, and now he is brought before us a miserable spectacle of degradation and fear, not only shorn of his regal beams, but driven down into the most abject helplessness of humanity.

"Enter Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spenser, and Baldock.

*Ab.* Have you no doubt, my lord ; have you no fear.

As silent and as careful we will be,  
To keep your royal person safe with us,  
Free from suspect and fell invasion  
Of such as have your Majesty in chace,  
Yourself, and those your chosen company,  
As danger of this stormy time requires.

*Edw.* Father ! thy face should harbour  
no deceit.

O hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,  
Pierced deeply with a sense of my distress,  
Could not but take compassion on my state.  
Stately and proud in riches and in train  
Whilom I was ; powerful and full of pomp.  
But what is he, whom rule and empire  
Have not in life or death made miserable ?  
Come Spenser—come Baldock—sit down by  
me—

Make trial now of that philosophy,  
That in our famous nurseries of arts  
Thou suck'st from Plato and from Aristotle.  
Father ! this life contemplative is Heaven !  
O that I might this life in quiet lead !  
But we, alas ! are chased ; and you, my  
friends,

Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.  
Yet, gentle Monks, for treason, gold, or fec,  
Do you betray us and our company !

*Monk.* Your Grace may sit secure, if none  
but we wot of your abode.

*Spn.* Not one alive—but shrewdly I sus-  
pect

A gloomy fellow in a mead below.  
He gave a long look after us, my Lord,  
And all the land I know is up in arms,  
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.

*Bal.* We were embarked for Ireland—  
wretched we !

With awkward winds and by sore tempests  
driven,

To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear  
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

*Edw.* Mortimer ! who talks of Mortimer !  
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer ?  
That bloody man !—good father ! on thy lap  
Lay I this head, laden with meikle care.  
O might I never ope these eyes again !  
Never again lift up this drooping head !  
O never more ! lift up this dying heart !

*Spn.* Look up—my Lord !—Baldock,  
this drowsiness

Betides no good ; even here we are betrayed !"

The Earl of Leicester and Rice-ap-Howel enter, and the King is taken prisoner. Our readers will pardon us for asking them to reflect a moment on the exquisite beauty of this scene. All contempt and dislike of the wretched King are gone from our hearts ;—we forget that his own vices and follies have driven him to such misery, or if we faintly remember it, the remembrance gives a more melancholy, a more mournful shade to our compassion ;—we see the purer and brighter qualities of his human nature expanding themselves in the cold air of sorrow, once blighted in the sunshine of joy ;—it is affecting to hear *him* at last moralizing on the miseries of rule and empire, who has so thoughtlessly rendered himself an example of them ;—we hope that he may at last be suffered to enjoy that quiet so new and so delightful to his soul ;—we share in all his cold trembling starts of fear and terror—we gaze with a solemn and forgiving pity on his hoary head, bowed down by agony and sleep on the knees of the holy man ;—we even sympathise with the superstitious dread of his attendants, who consider his sudden slumber as a forewarning of calamity, and we feel chilled, as if we ourselves were struck by the hand of danger, when he awakes in the grasp of his enemies and his murderers.

Edward is now imprisoned in Killingworth Castle, and the Bishop of Winchester enters to receive from him his abdicated crown. What follows is worthy of Shakespeare.

"Leicester ! if gentle words might comfort  
me,

Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows ;  
For kind and loving hast thou always been.  
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,  
But not of kings. The forest deer being  
struck,

Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds ;

But when th' imperial Lion's flesh is gored,  
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,  
And highly scorning that the lowly earth  
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the  
air.

And so it fares with me, whose dauntless  
mind

Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb;  
And that unnatural Queen, false Isabel,  
Who thus hath pent and mew'd me in a  
prison.

For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,  
As with the wings of rancour and disdain  
Full oft 'am I soaring up to high Heaven,  
To plain me to the Gods against them both.  
But when I call to mind I am a King,  
Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs  
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.

But what are kings when regiment is gone,  
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?  
My Nobles rule—I bear the name of King!  
I wear the Crown, but am controul'd by  
them,

By Mortimer, and my unconstant Queen,  
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy,  
*While I am lodged within this cave of care,  
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends  
To company my heart with sad laments  
That bleeds within me for this shame and  
change.*

But tell me, must I now resign my Crown  
To make usurping Mortimer a King.

*Win.* Your Grace mistakes; it is for  
England's good  
And princely Edward's right we crave the  
Crown.

*Edw.* No! 'tis for Mortimer, not Ed-  
ward's head;

But if proud Mortimer do wear this Crown,  
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!  
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,  
Engirt the temples of his hateful head,  
So shall not England's vines be perished,  
But Edward's name survive, tho' Edward dies.

*Lei.* My Lord! why waste you thus the  
time away?

They stay your answer; will you yield the  
Crown?

*Edw.* Here, take my Crown! the life of  
Edward too!

Two Kings in England cannot reign at once.  
—But stay awhile, let me be King till night,  
That I may gaze upon this glittering Crown;  
So shall my eyes receive their last content,  
My head the latest honour due to it,  
And jointly both yield up their blessed right.  
Continue ever, thou celestial sun!

Let never silent night possess this clime!  
Stand still ye watches of the element!

All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,  
That Edward may be still fair England's  
king!

—But day's bright beam doth vanish fast  
away,

And needs I must resign my wicked Crown.  
—See, monsters, see! I'll wear my Crown  
again!

What? fear you not the fury of your King?  
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led!

They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,  
But seek to make a new elected King,  
Which fills my mind with strange despair-  
ing thoughts;

Which thoughts are martyred with endless  
torments,

And in this torment comfort find I none,  
But that I find the Crown upon my head,  
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

*Trusty.* My Lord! the Parliament must  
have present news,

And therefore say—*will you resign or no?*

*Edw.* I'll not resign—but whilst I live  
be King.

O would I might! but Heaven and Earth  
conspire

To make me miserable: here, receive my  
Crown!

Receive it—no, these innocent hands of mine  
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime!

He of you all that most desires my blood,  
And will be called the Murtherer of a King,  
Take it. What, are you moved? pity you  
me?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,  
And Isabel, whose eyes being turned to steel,  
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.

Yet stay—for rather than I will look on  
them!

—Here! here!—Now sweet God of Heaven!  
Make me despise this transitory pomp,

And sit forever enthronized in Heaven!  
Come, Death! and with thy fingers close  
my eyes,

Or, if I live, let me forget myself.

*Enter Berkely.*

*Ber.* My Lord!

*Edw.* Call me not—*Lord!*

Away, out of my sight—ah! pardon me!  
Grief makes me lunatic," &c.

Alas! poor Edward's fit of philoso-  
phy at the monastery was but of short  
duration! He has thus gone through  
the agonies of abdication—but direr  
agonies await him,—pains more in-  
tense than can spring from the de-  
struction of mere outward possessions,  
born in the soul, when pierced even  
unto its inmost core by the sting of its  
own shrieking helplessness,—and not  
confined to the soul alone, but sent  
thrilling through the blood, and heap-  
ed and weighed down upon the flesh  
in every possible form of hideousness,  
—cold, hunger, thirst, and want of  
sleep, endured in the darkness of foul  
and imprisoned solitude.

In the midst of the miseries of the  
King, Marlow has suddenly brought  
forward the Queen and her Paramour,  
in all the glory of their high estate.  
The effect is electrical. The relent-  
less Mortimer dooms him to death,  
but commands his creatures, Gurney  
and Matrevis, first to bear down his  
body and soul by famine, and nightly

travel from place to place. The Queen approves of these savage orders, and, with a callous hypocrisy, which seems almost beyond the capabilities of human wickedness,

“The She-Wolf of France with unrelenting fangs  
That tears the bowels of her mangled mate,”  
says to the messengers at parting :

“Whether goes this letter, to my Lord the King?

Commend me humbly to his Majesty,  
And tell him, that I labour all in vain,  
To ease his grief and work his liberty,  
And bear him this, as witness of my love.”

Meanwhile the King is in the hands of his tormentors.

“*Enter Matrevis and Gurney, with the King.*

*Mat.* My Lord, be not pensive, we are your friends ;

Men are ordained to live in misery,  
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our lives.

*Edward.* Friends ! whither must unhappy Edward go ?

Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest ?  
Must I be vexed like the nightly Bird,  
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls ?

When will the fury of his mind assuage ?  
When will his heart be satisfied with blood ?

If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,

And give my heart to Isabel and him,—  
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

*Gur.* Not so, my Liege ! the Queen hath given this charge,

To keep your grace in safety.  
Your passions make your choler to increase.

*Edw.* This usage makes my misery increase.

But can my air of life continue long,  
When all my senses are annoyed with stench ?

Within a dungeon England's King is kept,  
Where I am starved for want of sustenance.

My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,  
That almost rend the closet of my heart ;

Thus lives old Edward, not relieved of any,  
And so must die, though pitied by many.

O water ! gentle Friends, to cool my thirst,  
And clear my body from foul excrements.

*Mat.* Here's channel-water, as our charge is given.

Sit down ; for we'll be barbers to your Grace.

*Edw.* Traitors, away ! what, will you murder me,

Or choke your Sovereign with puddle water ?

*Gur.* No : but wash your face and shave your beard,

Lest you be known, and so rescued.

*Mat.* Why strive you thus ? your labour is in vain.

*Edw.* The Wren may strive against the Lion's strength,

But all in vain : so vainly do I strive  
To seek for mercy at a Tyrant's hand.

(*They wash him with puddle water, and shave his beard away.*)

Immortal Powers ! that know the painful cares

That wait upon my poor distressed soul !  
O level all your looks upon these daring men,

That wrong their Liege and Sovereign,  
England's King.

O Gaveston ! it is for thee that I am wronged ;  
For me both Thou and both the Spencers died !

And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.

The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain,  
Wish well to mine !—then tush ! for them

I die.”

An assassin is at last sent to murder the King, who thus describes his qualifications with manifest satisfaction :

“*Lightborn.* You shall not need to give instructions ;

'Tis not the first time I have killed a man.  
I learned in Naples how to poison flowers ;

To strangle with a lawn thrust through the throat ;

To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point ;  
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill

And blow a little powder in his ears ;  
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver

down ;

But yet I have a braver way than these.

*Mort.* What's that !

*Light.* Nay, none shall know my tricks.

*Mort.* I care not how it is, so it be not spy'd.

Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis ;  
At every ten-mile-end thou hast a horse ;

Take this—away—and never see me more !”

Gurney and Matrevis are conversing about the King when the assassin arrives with his commission.

“*Mat.* Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,

Being in a vault up to the knees in water,  
To which the channels of the castle run ;

From whence a damp continually ariseth  
That were enough to poison any man,

Much more a king brought up so tenderly.

*Gur.* And so do I, Matrevis ; yesternight  
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,

And I was almost stifled with the savour. ]

*Mat.* He hath a body able to endure  
More than we can inflict ; and therefore now

Let us assail his mind another while.

*Gur.* Send for him out thence and I'll anger him.”

The murder is now arranged, and the dreadful mode of its perpetration ; and the assassin is admitted into the miserable dungeon of his victim.

*Edw.* Who's there ? what light is that ?  
wherefore comest thou ?

*Light.* To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

*Edw.* Small comfort finds poor Edward  
in thy looks.

Villain ! I know thou com'st to murder me.

*Light.* To murder you! my most gracious Lord!  
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.  
The Queen sent me to see how you were used,  
For she relents at this your misery;  
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears

To see a King in this most piteous state.

*Edw.* Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,  
Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,  
Yet will it melt e'er I have done my tale.  
This dungeon, where they keep me, is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the Castle falls.

*Light.* O Villains!

*Edw.* And there, in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water—being a King!

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,  
My mind's distermper'd, and my body's numbed;

And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.  
Oh! would my blood drop out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tatter'd robes!  
Tell Isabel, the Queen, I look'd not thus,  
When, for her sake, I ran at tilt in France,  
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.

*Light.* O speak no more, my Lord! this breaks my heart!

Lie on this bed and rest yourself awhile.

*Edw.* These looks of thine can harbour nought but death!

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand,  
And let me see the stroke before it comes,  
That even then, when I shall lose my life,  
My mind may be more stedfast on my God!

*Light.* What means your Highness to mistrust me thus?

*Edw.* What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

*Light.* These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a King's.

*Edw.* Forgive my thought, for having such a thought!

One jewel have I left, receive thou this!

Still fear I—and I know not what's the cause,  
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh! if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,  
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!

Know, that I am a king! oh! at that name  
I feel a hell of grief! where is my crown?  
Gone! gone! and I remain!

*Light.* You're overwatch'd, my Lord! lie down and rest!

*Edw.* But that grief keeps me waking—I should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eye-lids closed!

Now, as I speak, they fall; and yet with fear  
Open again!—Oh! wherefore sitt'st Thou here?

*Light.* If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my Lord!

*Edw.* No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me

Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

*Light.* He sleeps!

*Edw.* (*In sleep.*) O let me not die! O stay! O stay awhile!

*Light.* How now, my Lord?

*Edw.* Something still buzzeth in mine ears!

And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake.

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus,

And therefore tell me, wherefore art Thou come?

*Light.* To rid thee of thy life."

He is then murdered in the midst of fearful cries; and the assassin, during savage exultation over his crime, is stabbed by Gurney, who rushes in, and his carcass cast into the Castle-moat.

We do not fear to say that this Drama will stand a comparison even with Shakespeare's Richard II. There undoubtedly are some glorious emanations and flashings of Shakespeare's soul in Richard that could burst from no other shrine; but not even Shakespeare himself could have drawn a picture of more pitiable suffering than what Marlow has given us in the concluding scenes of his Edward. He has not painted the *fallen Monarch* alone, but he has wearied, wasted, and withered away the body and the soul of the *Man*, by ceaseless, foul, and agonizing penance. Having first reduced the king to the level of the man, he has then reduced the man to the condition of the brute, and brought his victim through every imaginable agony, down from the glory of the throne to the filth of the dungeon. He seems unable to satiate his own spirit with dreams of hideous degradation; and the darkness, and dampness, and solitude of a cell, is not an imprisonment equal to his imagination of cruelty; but he has thrust the sufferer into noisome stench and begrimeing mire, that he may lose the very form of a human creature, and become as it were incorporated with the foulness, and loathsomeness, and putridity of the rotten earth. And when this tormented skeleton is to breath no more, his miseries are terminated by a death of unimagined

horror, so that our last dream of the dungeon is filled with the outcries and shrieks of madness.

Such a Catastrophe is too pitiable; and accordingly Marlow has mitigated its severity by the noble conclusion of the Drama. The young Edward, as yet a beardless Boy, seems on a sudden inspired by a divine impulse to avenge his Father's murder; the guilty but remorseless Queen is led to prison, and Mortimer is beheaded; and thus the soul turns from the melancholy remembrance of degradation and misery to the august spectacle of righteous retribution and princely virtue.\*

H. M.

\* We cannot but consider it a flattering distinction, that our account of the "Tragical History of Dr Faustus" has attracted the notice of the eloquent Critic on "Manfred" in the Edinburgh Review; and that he has thought it incumbent on him to express his dissent from a supposed opinion of ours, that Lord Byron borrowed the plan and general character of his noble Poem from that singular and extraordinary Drama. None can estimate Lord Byron's originality higher than we do; and we think, that if our readers will take the trouble of referring to our Paper on "Faustus," they will not agree with the Edinburgh Reviewer in supposing that we accused Byron of plagiarism from Marlow. We merely stated, that there was a general resemblance in the subjects, and that, therefore, independently of its great intrinsic merits, Marlow's Tragedy possessed an extraordinary present interest. One passage of great force and energy we quoted as equal, in our opinion, to any thing of a similar strain in "Manfred,"—a passage in which the miseries of hell are described as consisting in the tormented consciences of the wicked. Though we supposed it not improbable that Lord Byron might have read this passage, we never insinuated that he had imitated, much less borrowed it; but we said that there was in it much of a congenial power, and no small portion of that terrific gloom in which his Lordship's Poetry is so often majestically shrouded. That "Faustus" is, as a composition, very inferior to Manfred, we perfectly agree with the Reviewer; for the wavering character of the German magician will not bear comparison for a moment with that of the Princely Wanderer of the Alps; and the mixed, rambling, headlong, and reckless manner of Marlow, in that Play, must not be put into competition with the sustained dignity of Byron. In the concluding sentences of our Paper, where we say that Lord Byron has been surpassed both in variety and depth of pas-

ACCOUNT OF THE ATTEMPT OF FRANCIS EARL OF BOTHWELL UPON THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE, IN 1591.

MR EDITOR,

THE following is a contemporary account of the desperate attempt of Francis Earl of Bothwell, upon the Palace of Holyroodhouse, in the year 1591, for the purpose of seizing the person of James the Sixth; being the contents of an Original Letter, indorsed in an Old Hand, "Letter of News about the Erl of Bothwell's Plot."

It is the fullest Narrative of the event hitherto published, and, independently of correcting its date, pointedly alludes to some other particulars, which are, perhaps, not susceptible of easy explanation. J. R.

"Upon monday, ye 3 of Januar, suld bein ane justing befor the Quenis Grace in ye Linkes. The Chancellare \* suld bein the ane partie yairof, for this zuill hes bein extraordinare he banketting in ye Abbey. Quhairof ye erll bothwell ande his complices being forsein dar not yam selvis in leith. The day became foul, and swa yat purpose in the first beginning was disapointit. Ye nixt nicht at evin, he entret in ye Abbey be ye duikis stables at fyve hours at evin, and remanet in ye lang stabill quhill neir

sion, we did not allude to Marlow alone, but to the great body of the Old English Dramatists. And though this opinion may by many be held *erroneous*, it will not, we are sure, be thought *absurd* by those well acquainted with the transcendant excellence of those immortal Writers. We beg to advise our readers, that they cannot better prepare their minds for the study of the old English Drama, than by a careful perusal of an Essay in the Edinburgh Review on "Ford's Works,"—in which the spirit and character of the great Writers of the Elizabethan Age are described with all the philosophical eloquence of a Schlegel, united with that grace and vivacity peculiar to the ingenious Essayist. This, we believe, is the Essay which roused the blind and blundering wrath of Coleridge, and which, after speaking with unqualified contempt of the critical disquisitions in the Review, he rather unluckily asserts was borrowed from a letter of his to the Editor. It appears, however, that only two sentences in that famous letter had any reference to that subject; and they who know *how little* Mr Coleridge can expand into 150 pages, will imagine *how much* he was likely to compress into half-a-dozen lines.

\* Maitland.

eight hours, leving without ye horse and fourtie men; within entret threcoir, of quhom ye principales ar, the erll himself, the Erll Murray, Schir William Keith, ane sone of lochlevinnes, William Stewart Constable, Maister Jhone Colvin, etc.

“The laird of Spott was this tym in the Kingis house, and immediatlie afoir yair kything, in the duikes chalmer, quha eftir yair cry crying a bothweill Justice Justice, ran to ye zett and tuik ye keyis fra bog portar, and tuik out his twa servantis captives but culd not get ye laird of Cumbadge quha was kept in ane uther chalmer, all his leggis with ye buittis dong in crosche, swa it is thocht yat Spot hes not bein of long forsein heirot, bot throw the unworthie mis-using his servantis hes latlie run headlonge yarto.

“In the tym of ye crying the Chancellor being sowpit was gangand in ye end of ye galrie befor his hall, quhilk is devidit be ane perpan, and sudditie ran up to the Chalmer with his servantis, casting down in ye narrow turnpek fayer beddis, and at unknawin flaugueris with muskattis repowsit ye persewaris, slew ane Scott, and schot ane uther in ye buttokis with ane schott, it is said yat Wauchop laird of Nathrie is schott throw ye bodie.

“In this tym, ze ken his chalmer is devidit fra ye duikis chalmer be ane burden weran, the Chancellor earnestlie lukis throw to ye duik, craving yat he nicht be receavit in his chalmer, or yat ye duik wold cum in to him, quha refusit, answering it war better for yaimie baith to keip yaire awin lodgingis. With the samin cry, they of ye kingis house ware warnit quha tuik up the King and the Quein in to ye tour, and caest to ye Yrn Zett. The persewaris seeing yai culd not haue entrie to ye Chancellor, purposit to entir into ye king be ye quenis chalmer, and with hammers, brak up hir durr to have ye king in yair power.

“Thus they continew quhill neir ten hours, and yareeftir begin to retryr be ye durr yat leidit in to ye kirk, these quha were sett to keip ye laird burlie, and uther quha kennit nocht ye way, being eight in number war tain, and, upon Weddnesday, eftir preiching, hangit, all simple servantis, matho colvin, ane sone of heckie Stewartis in paislay, ane gentleman of the messe, and utheris.

“The King with his domestiques tuik inquisitione of thir eight yain depositions. Quhile yai war at ye inquisitione, the lorde Montrose, and lorde Maxwelle cum down, and war haldin at ye durr; quhilk was market, and reportet be him quha was present, and sawit this, and siclyk worket a mislyking of the Nobiltie. Sua sone as thir reportis war spred, The Erliss of Anguse quha wes in tentalloune, and Mortoune quha wes in lochlevin, cumis to ye toun, and court, and sic is the wisdom of the Chancellor, war receavit be ye king with gud countenance.”

CURIOUS FACTS RELATIVE TO THE  
ABDICATION OF QUEEN MARY, COM-  
MUNICATED BY J. R. ESQ.

MR EDITOR,

THE publicity which has been bestowed upon every thing connected with the History of Queen Mary, may serve as an apology for adducing the following notice of what occurred at a critical and interesting period of her life.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, English Ambassador to Scotland in the year 1367, intimates to Queen Elizabeth, in a Letter dated at Edinburgh upon the 25th of July of that year, that, after certain conferences among the confederate Lords upon the 23d, the deposition of Mary, then a prisoner at Lochleven, had been finally resolved.\*

He, at the same time, informs her, that,

“The Lord Lindsay departed this Morning (the 24th)† from this Town, accompanied with Robert Melvill. He carrieth with him three Instruments to be signed by the Queen. The one containing her consent to have her son crowned, and to relinquish the Government of the Realm. The other is a Commission of Regency of the Realm, to be granted to the Earl of Murray during the King's minority. The third is a like Commission, to be granted to certain of the Nobility and others for the Government of the Realm during the King's Minority, in case the Earl of Murray will not accept the Regency alone.”

By an entry in the Privy Council Register, we learn, that upon the 25th, Lord Lindsay returned to Edinburgh, having accomplished the object of his mission.‡ The Queen signed upon the 24th the three Instruments mentioned above; and these, though their warrant be no longer preserved, professing to have been regularly sealed upon that day, are engrossed at full length in the Acts of Parliament of the year.

So stands the matter as narrated by Historians, founded upon public record and official correspondence.

I, not very long ago, happened to meet with an original Notorial Protocoll of a James Nicholson, whether the same

\* Original Letter in the Cott. Liby.  
“Calig. C. I.” ap. Keith, Hist. p. 424.

† He writes upon the 24th, though his Letter is dated upon the 25th.

‡ Keith, Hist. p. 434, where the minute of Privy Council is inserted. The precise hour of the day when the Council met, or when Lindsay appeared, is not specified.

who, in the above year, was appointed Comptroller of the Thirds of Benefices,\* a character of some notoriety in his day, I cannot precisely determine. It is, however, evidently the production of the 16th century, and is authenticated by his attestation throughout, as well as by that of the Director of Chancery. Between the exterior binding and the backs of the leaves, where it had been pretty effectually concealed, there appeared a thinly folded scrap of paper, which proved to be a minute of a protest, taken at the request of parties by Nicholson, acting in his professional capacity, in the view of being afterwards extended. Of this document, which fills a single sheet, and is besides evinced by the water mark to be of corresponding antiquity with the protocoll, the following is an accurate transcript:

“Upone the xxv day of July anno etc. LXXVII., hora tertia post meridiem, presentibus Richardo Carmichaell de edderm, Niniano lamby,† patricio Cranston, Henrico Sinclair.

My lord lyndesy requyrit thomas sinclair to seall thir three writtingis efre following contenit in yis writtinge,

‘Regina,

Keipare of our privy seill, It is our will and we charge ze, It is our will and we charge ze‡ that, incontinent efre the sight heirof, ze put our prive seill to our thre lettres underwritten, subscrivit wyt oure hand ane of yame beirande dimmissioun, and renunciatioun of the governmente of our realme, in favouris of our maist deir sone; Ane uyer makande our breder James erle of murray Regent to our saide sone, during his minoritie; And the third, in cause of our saide brudris deceise, or quhill he cum wytin our realme, etc. Makande James duke of chasteautarault, Mathow erle of lennox, Archibalde erle of ergile, Johne erle of athole, James erle of Mortoune, alexandre erle of Glencarne, and Johne erle of Mar,—And, in cause of the said James erle of murrayis refusing of acceptatioun of the saide office singularlie upone him, makande him, & yame Regentis to oure said sone; as the saidis lettres at lenth beris, kepande yir presentis for ze warrande, subscrivit wyt our hande at lochlevin, the XXIIII day of Julii, and of oure

\* Records of Assumption of Thirds of Benefices, unprinted Acts of Sederunt, &c.

† This Ninian Lamby was a Burgess of Edinburgh; he is a witness to a discharge in the year 1557, entered in a Protocol of a John Robertson.

‡ This repetition, as well as other things in the deed, indicate the precipitancy of its execution.

Regne the xxv zeire, sic subscribitur Marie R.—And, in name, and behalfe of the Remanent lordis foursaidis, Requyrit Thomas Sinclair to seall the saidis lettres, and offerit him the said warrande. Quha onswerit yat sa lang as the quenis majeste is in warde, he walde seall na sic lettres that are exteordinare, And yereafter the saide lorde preissit him yerto, *And tuke fra him the privy seill, and wyt company of folkis, compellit him to seill the same,* Quilk ye saide thomas protestit wes agains his will ‘vi maiori,’ to ye quhilkis he culd not resist. Ande the saide Lord tuke instrumentis yat he offerit to him the lettre for his warrande.”

We are thus furnished with a contemporary copy of a missing document—the warrant of Mary for her own abdication. The privy seal, then “de facto,” was not appended to the three instruments until late in the 26th of July. A curious instance is afforded of the resolute manner in which Lyndsay, styled by Robertson “the Zealot” of his party, hurried on the accomplishment of their measures, at a crisis of considerable difficulty. And additional proof of the hazard, and perhaps unpopularity, of the enterprise, may be discoverable in this marked opposition of a public officer,\* who might not be altogether uninfluenced by the national feelings of the moment, asserted to have undergone a change favourable to the interests of the Queen.

The above circumstance, though unnoticed by any historian, is, as will be seen by the extract which follows, alluded to in the supplication presented to the *Queen’s* Parliament, upon the 12th of June, in the year 1571, inserted in Bannatyne’s MS. Journal in the Advocates’ Library.

“It is not to be past over in silence, in what manner the privie seale was appendit to that Letter (the Royal Letter of Demission) *how it violentlie, and be force [was] reft out of the Keperis’ handis as may appear be authentick documentis, sua as hir Maiestis subscription was purchased by force, so was the Seill extorted be force.*”

Without, however, what has been premised, the fact resting merely upon ex parte statement, might have been discredited, if not utterly disbelieved.

J. R.

\* Thomas Sinclair, we are informed by the Register of the Privy Seal, filled the situation of deputy of that seal from the year 1555 to the year 1574, when he was succeeded by a Henry Sinclair, probably the same who figures as one of the witnesses to the protest.



P. S.—The order for the proclamation of the marriage between Darnley and Queen Mary is still extant in the “Buik of the Kirk of the Canagait,” one of the oldest and most curious registers of the kind that is extant.

“The 21 of July anno domini 1565.

“The quihlk day Johne Brand Mynister presentit to ye kirk ane writing-written be ye Justice Clerk hand desyryng ye kirk of ye cannogait, ande Minister yareof to proclame harie duk of Albaynye Erle of Roise on ye one parte, And Marie be ye grace of god quene of Scottis, Soverane, on ye uyer part. The quilk ye kirk ordainis ye Mynister to do, wyt Invocatione of ye name of God.”

ON THE OPTICAL PROPERTIES OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL, AND THE METHOD OF COMMUNICATING THEM TO WAX AND OTHER SUBSTANCES.

By DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D. F.R.S.  
*Lond. and Edin.*

MOTHER-OF-PEARL is a well-known substance, obtained principally from the shell of the Pearl Oyster; and from the facility with which it can be cut and polished, it has been long employed for a variety of useful and ornamental purposes. Every person must have observed the fine play of the prismatic colours to which mother-of-pearl owes its value as an ornamental substance, &c. and the ever varying succession of fresh tints which may be developed, either by changing the inclination of the plate, or the direction of the light in which it is placed. The nature and origin of these colours have never been investigated: they have been carelessly ascribed to the laminated structure of the shell, and have been regarded as a fine proof of the Newtonian Theory of the colours of natural bodies.

I. *On the Optical Properties of Mother-of-pearl.*

In order to observe all the properties which we propose to describe in this paper, we must select a piece of regularly formed mother-of-pearl, which is known by the uniformity of its white colour in day-light, resembling somewhat the pearl itself, and scarcely exhibiting any of the prismatic tints. This regularity of structure is not often to be met with in the ordinary pieces of mother-of-pearl, nor is it indispensably necessary for the mere exhibition

of some of its most remarkable properties; but in order to understand the nature and origin of the colours, the experiments must be repeated with pieces that are regularly formed.

If we take a plate of regularly formed mother-of-pearl, having its two opposite surfaces ground perfectly flat (but not polished), either upon a blue stone, or upon a plate of glass, with the powder of schistus, and if, with the eye placed close to the plate, we view in it, by reflection, a candle standing at the distance of a few feet, we shall observe a dull and imperfect image, free from all prismatic colours. This image is formed upon the ordinary principles of reflection, and is faint and undefined, owing to the imperfect reflecting power of the ground surface. On one side of this imperfect image will be seen a brighter image, glowing with the prismatic colours, and separated to as great a degree as the colours formed by one of the angles of a common equilateral prism of flint glass.

If the plate is now turned round in its own plane, the observer continuing to see the image, the prismatic image will follow the motion of the plate, and perform a complete revolution about the common image, the blue rays always keeping nearest the common image, and the red rays farthest from it. Let the plane be now placed in such a position, that the prismatic image is in the plane of reflection, and between the common image and the observer, and let the image of the candle be viewed at various angles of incidence. It will then be found, that the angular distance of the prismatic image from the common image gradually increases as the candle is viewed more obliquely, the distance being  $2^{\circ} 7'$ , when the candle is seen almost perpendicularly in the plate, and  $9^{\circ} 14'$ , when it is seen at the greatest obliquity. This angular distance varies with more rapidity when the plate is turned round  $180^{\circ}$ , so as to place the common image between the prismatic image and the observer; but in this case, we cannot observe the angle much beyond  $60^{\circ}$  where it amounts to  $4^{\circ} 30'$ .

On the outside of the prismatic image will be observed a mass of coloured light, nearly at the same distance beyond the prismatic image that the prismatic image is from the common image. These three images are always in the

same straight line; but the angular distance of the mass of coloured light varies according to a law different from that of the prismatic image. At great angles of obliquity, this mass of light has a beautiful crimson colour; at an angle of about  $37^\circ$  it becomes green, and at less angles it acquires a yellow hue, approaching to white, and becomes very luminous. The colours of this mass of light become more brilliant when the plate of mother-of-pearl is polished, and have an origin essentially different from the colours of the prismatic image.

Hitherto we have considered the phenomena only in the case where the surface has merely that slight degree of polish which accompanies smooth grinding. If a greater degree of polish, however, is communicated to the plate, the common image becomes more brilliant, and a new prismatic image starts up, diametrically opposite to the first prismatic image, and at the same distance from the common image. This second prismatic image resembles in every respect the first, and follows the same law by a variation of the angle of incidence. Its brilliancy increases with the polish of the surface, and when this polish is very high, the second prismatic image is nearly as bright as the first, which has its brilliancy a little impaired by polishing. This second image is never accompanied, like the first, by a mass of coloured light. If the polish of the surface is removed by grinding, the second prismatic image vanishes, and the first resumes its primitive brilliancy.

When the preceding experiments are repeated on the opposite surface of the plate of mother-of-pearl, the same phenomena are observed, but in a reverse order, the first prismatic image and the mass of coloured light being now seen on the opposite side of the plate.

In examining the light transmitted through the mother-of-pearl, we shall perceive phenomena analogous to those which have been described. A coloured image will be seen on each side of the common image, having the same angular distance from it as those seen by reflection, and resembling them in every particular, the blue light being nearest the common image, and the red light farthest from it. These two images, however, are generally fainter than those seen by reflection:

When the second prismatic image is extinguished, by removing the polish, it is then the most brilliant when seen by transmission; and, in general, the image which is brightest by reflection is faintest by transmission, and *vice versa*.

In pieces of mother-of-pearl that are irregularly formed, the common reflected image is encircled by a number of irregular prismatic images at different distances from it.

## II. On the Communication of the Colours of Mother-of-pearl to other Substances.

THE phenomena which we have now described must be allowed to be very singular, and contrary to all our notions of the action of surfaces upon light; and had it not been for the accidental circumstance which led to the discovery of their communicability, it is probable that philosophers would have remained satisfied with ascribing them to reflection from differently inclined planes near the surface of the shell.

In measuring the angular distances of the prismatic image from the common image seen by reflection, I had occasion to fix the mother-of-pearl to a goniometer by means of a cement made of rosin and bees-wax. Upon removing it from the cement when in a hard state, by making it spring off by insinuating the edge of a knife, the plate of mother-of-pearl left a clean impression of its own surface; and I was surprised to observe, that the cement had actually received the property of producing the colours which were exhibited by the mother-of-pearl. This unexpected phenomenon was at first attributed by myself, and by several gentlemen who saw the experiments, to a very thin film of mother-of-pearl detached from the plate, and left upon the cement; but subsequent experiments convinced me that this was a mistake, and that the mother-of-pearl really communicated to the cement the properties which it possessed.

The best method of making this experiment is to employ black sealing-wax, and to take the impression from the mother-of-pearl when the wax is rendered as fluid as possible by heat. The mother-of-pearl should be fixed to a handle like a seal, and its surface

should be carefully deprived of any greasy substance that might accidentally be adhering to it.

The properties of mother-of-pearl may also be communicated in this way to balsam-of-tolu, gum-arabic, gold-leaf placed upon wax, tinfoil, the fusible metal composed of bismuth and mercury, and to lead, by hard pressure or the blow of a hammer. When the impression is first made upon the fusible metal, the play of colours is singularly fine; but the metallic surface soon loses its polish, and the colours gradually decay.

In order to show that in these cases no part of the mother-of-pearl is left on the surface, I plunged a piece of wax, after it had received the impression, into nitric acid, which would have instantly destroyed the carbonate of lime, of which the mother-of-pearl is chiefly composed, but it had no effect either in destroying or diminishing the colorific property of the surface. In soft cements, made of bees-wax and rosin, the slightest degree of heat destroys the superficial configuration, by which the colour is produced. In sealing-wax, gum-arabic, and realgar, a much greater heat is necessary to destroy it; but in tinfoil and lead, its destruction can only be effected by the temperature at which they cease to become solid.

If we now examine the prismatic images reflected from the wax which has received the impression from an unpolished piece of mother-of-pearl, we shall find, that the single prismatic image which is thus produced is on the right hand side of the common image, whereas it is on the left hand side of the common image in the mother-of-pearl itself.

At different angles of incidence, the two coloured images, formed by the wax, follow the same laws as those produced by the mother-of-pearl; but the mass of green and crimson light never appears: It is therefore caused by some internal structure, which cannot be communicated to other bodies.

When an impression is taken from the fracture of mother-of-pearl, its faculty of producing colour is also communicated. In imparting to gum-arabic and balsam-of-tolu the superficial configuration of mother-of-pearl, we are enabled, on account of their transparency, to observe the changes induced upon the transmitted light.

The extraordinary images formed by reflection were both visible—the primary one being remarkably brilliant, and the secondary one scarcely perceptible; but when the light was transmitted through the gum, the primary image was nearly extinct, while the secondary one was unusually brilliant and highly-coloured, far surpassing in splendour those which are formed by transmission through the mother-of-pearl itself. When both the surfaces of gum-arabic are impressed with mother-of-pearl, four images are seen. The colours seen by transmission are more brilliant in the gum than in the balsam, as the latter has the greatest reflective power; but the coloured images produced by reflection do not seem to have suffered a greater dispersion when they are formed by the metals than when they are formed by cements.

When the impression is taken from a pearl, the wax receives a character similar to that which is possessed by the pearl. The image reflected from the surface of the pearl is enveloped in a quantity of unformed light, arising from a cause which will afterwards be explained; and the very same white nebulosity is reflected from the wax.

(To be continued.)

## LETTER

TO THE LORD HIGH CONSTABLE,

From MR DINMONT.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship will be very concerned to hear of the death of your old tenant Maggie Scott; she has been long on your estate; and although the rent she paid was but small, yet every body had a respect for her from her great age and former character, for she was in her 78th year when she died; and has, as your Lordship may remember my telling you, been in a very weakly condition for many years past; she was always drivelling and repeating what other people said to her as observations of her own, and was grown very ignorant of every thing passing in the world. But as I remembered her once a very entertaining woman, and had a love for the stories she used to tell about the 45,

and so forth, I always continued to pay her a visit now and then, and see how her affairs were going on. Indeed, there were few months that I did not see her, although I am sure her talk was very wearisome. Her daughter, that has been out of the country, was sent for when her end was supposed to be near, for the old body was quite sensible of her state, and knew she could not last above a month or two, and indeed gave directions about her funeral; and desired to be interred in her old blue gown in which she had been married. She was buried in the church-yard, in the same grave with old Maggie Reekie, her cousin; and the principal mourner was one Hughie, who had lived in her house for some time, and was supposed to be privately married to her. The old woman's character suffered greatly at one time in consequence of her connexion with this man,—but dead dogs are all good. Some old people of the parish lament the mistress; such as old Adam, he that was once the principal lawyer of these parts, Mrs P., also, long Bob the witty writer in South-side, who is supposed to have been familiar with her in her youth; he wears a crape on his hat ever since. Your Lordship's principal tenant, Frank, took no concern in the matter, and would not even allow the old woman a single drop of wine from his cellar, to keep soul and body together. Notice was taken of her death in a very indifferent discourse preached by a dominie from the Border, who has paid great attention to her daughter since she came; as also, surly James Horn in Rosaside. These two had a farm held at will from a laird over the glen, but he turned them out, being incapable. Both of them are much with her, but people say she will not marry either of them, although I hear it whispered she is thicker than she should be with both; as also with some others, particularly Hughie (which shocks every body that reflects on the footing he was on with her mother). Indeed, if all be true that is said, there is scarcely a shabby sort of fellow in the country-side but what she draws up with. She is said to keep company with cheeping Charlie; but this must be mere reports. In the mean time she has dropt her mother's name, and passes by the name of Reekie, which

she thinks more genteel, in consequence of some bit heritage to which it is not certain whether she have much title. I take the liberty of writing your Lordship these few lines, merely to put your Lordship on your guard against granting this ill-behaved young woman any renewal of the tack, which I hear expires in two years. At least, your Lordship should insist on her parting with the Dominie and James Horn, which are a disgrace to any respectable person to be seen with, and to see if she cannot get herself married upon some decent young man of your Lordship's tenantry, who will endeavour to improve the farm, which seems to be as yet in the same old-fashioned state that the old woman had always been used to. Your Lordship will see that I have no motive in all this but merely your Lordship's interest, and a regard for the family; with kind compliments to Mr Fyfe and Mr Shaw, and all inquiring friends, I remain, till death, your Lordship's obedient servant, and friend at command,

DANDIE DINMONT.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF ANIMAL  
MAGNETISM IN GERMANY.

MR EDITOR,

THE first section of the work on Animal Magnetism, to which I have referred in the Sixth Number of the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, after some general reflections on Animal Magnetism, and on the organic ether, by Professor Eschenmayer, contains an account of a remarkable prophecy of the death of an eminent person, by two somnambulists, which was fulfilled in the end of October 1816. Professor Eschenmayer, who communicates this account, pledges himself for its truth, having himself received the particulars of it from persons of the highest rank and respectability. The names of all the witnesses, and of the person whose death is prophesied, are given in initials; but it is declared, that any one desirous of more particular information respecting them may without difficulty obtain it.

Mademoiselle W. (a celebrated somnambulist mentioned in Hufeland's Journal, in an account given by the court physician, Klein) prophesied in 1812, on the 12th of July, in the

presence of the court physician, K1—, and three other persons of distinction, that S. M. would die in the year 1816, between the 18th and 20th of April, in an uncommon manner. The somnambulist at the same time enjoined all present to preserve the strictest silence, as the smallest indiscretion would subject her and them to very unpleasant consequences: she, in particular, would be regarded as insane. Mademoiselle W. had often said, that none of her prophecies ought to be regarded as positive, till she had confirmed them in her next crisis. On this account her divinations were always made the subject of inquiry during the succeeding paroxysm. Accordingly, when the question regarding the fulfilment of this prediction was put to her, in a crisis, the date of which has been forgotten, she replied, that the year of the death was determined, but that she might have erred in the month. This prophecy was imparted but to a few friends. The period of its fulfilment was very distant, and other circumstances required silence. Professor Eschenmayer had heard of it as a *dark saying*; but at that time he had no belief in such gifts of divination, and no desire to make more minute inquiries. Three years after this, a second somnambulist predicted the same event; and not only was the year and the month foretold, but also the day of the death pointedly fixed. It was in April 1816 that the Professor heard from a friend the particular details of both the first and second predictions; but he could give no credit to such extraordinary phenomena. He had indeed written a treatise upon Animal Magnetism, and endeavoured therein to explain, upon physical principles, the universal appearances of the soul, which seem to render us independent of time and space; but such a power of divination, which, without acknowledging the influence of a higher world, appears incomprehensible, exceeded his belief.

On the 17th of April 1816, Kr—, a somnambulist magnetised by Dr N. prophesied, in presence of the court physician, K1—, Dr N. and Professor L—t, that S. M. would die in that year, in the month of October. Many important bets were lost and won on this subject; but how exactly every thing came to pass in the end of October 1816, those who are acquainted with the event do not require to be

told. In the first prophecy it is particularly mentioned, that Mademoiselle W. said to Dr K1—, that he should be sent for before the death; and this in reality took place.

“This is the fact,” says Eschenmayer, “and nothing but the fact;—let they who please exercise upon it their cold scepticism or their amusing ridicule. They are both alike unworthy of regard, and I meet them with the motto from Hufeland and Stieglitz,

‘Factum infectum fieri nequit.’

This one resource still remains: It was all Chance. Miserable evasion!”

The third communication in this section of the Archives is by Professor Nasse, and contains an account of a case which, in the Professor’s opinion, points out a relation of the Animal Magnetism hitherto unobserved. It is entitled, “The Dependence which a dying Person who has been magnetised has on the Magnetiser.”

Professor Nasse was called to the assistance of the wife of Mr Zimmermann in Bielefeld, who was dying of consumption. All the usual remedies had been tried in vain, and Dr Nasse proposed animal magnetism.

Zimmermann, who was sincerely attached to his wife, undertook the manipulation himself. At first it had the usual effect of producing sleep, and a few incoherent words were uttered during the crisis; but after it had been continued twenty-four days, the patient shewed no symptoms of amendment.

At the commencement, the Magnetism had made her more cheerful; but now she became very peevish and suspicious; and her husband confessed candidly to Dr Nasse, that he doubted much that the change in his wife’s temper and behaviour *had made him lose the lively interest he had at first felt for her recovery*. As there were evident proofs of *mutual dislike*, Dr Nasse thought it advisable that Zimmermann should give up the manipulation; but there was no one the Doctor knew, who was sufficiently interested in the patient to carry it on. She continued to grow worse every day, and her strength was quite exhausted. About a week after the discontinuance of the Animal Magnetism, the hour of death approached; but there occurred at the same time this remarkable phenomenon, *that the patient could not die*. Dr Nasse had

often sat beside the dying, watching the eventful moment of death; but he had never witnessed so tedious a departure as in this patient. For two days life and death struggled together. Often she lay surrounded by her friends, pale and breathless, and life, to all appearance, entirely extinguished; when suddenly she would open her eyes, look up, breathe more strongly, and seem again recalled to existence. This happened so repeatedly, that Dr Nasse, who at first had considered it as perhaps depending on the state of the lungs of the patient, became more attentive and anxious to find out the cause of so singular a circumstance. To his astonishment, he discovered that the sudden recall to life never failed to take place every time the patient's husband entered the room; and as soon as he left it, she again sank down pale and exhausted. This was so remarkable, that it did not escape her husband's observation, and he was very desirous to renew the magnetical operations. But Dr Nasse thought it improper to continue it to the very brink of the grave; and therefore Mr Zimmermann, yielding to the arguments and persuasions of Dr Nasse, quitted the room for a considerable time, and permitted his wife to depart in peace.

The communication which precedes this, by Nasse, is an account, by Dr Tritschler of Carnstadt, of a boy of thirteen years of age, cured in an astonishing manner by Animal Magnetism. But as this case is given at great length, I shall reserve the abridgement of it for your next Number. In the mean time, I leave your readers to make their own comments, on the short specimens of magnetical prophecy and physic, which have now been given.

G.

## ON THE COCKNEY SCHOOL OF POETRY.

## No I.

Our talk shall be (a theme we never tire on)  
Of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton,  
Byron,

(Our England's Dante)—Wordsworth—  
HUNT, and KEATS,

The Muses' son of promise; and of what  
feats

He yet may do.

CORNELIUS WEBB.

WHILE the whole critical world is  
occupied with balancing the merits,

whether in theory or in execution, of what is commonly called THE LAKE SCHOOL, it is strange that no one seems to think it at all necessary to say a single word about another new school of poetry which has of late sprung up among us. This school has not, I believe, as yet received any name; but if I may be permitted to have the honour of christening it, it may henceforth be referred to by the designation of THE COCKNEY SCHOOL. Its chief Doctor and Professor is Mr Leigh Hunt, a man certainly of some talents, of extravagant pretensions both in wit, poetry, and politics, and withal of exquisitely bad taste, and extremely vulgar modes of thinking and manners in all respects. He is a man of little education. He knows absolutely nothing of Greek, almost nothing of Latin, and his knowledge of Italian literature is confined to a few of the most popular of Petrarch's sonnets, and an imperfect acquaintance with Ariosto, through the medium of Mr Hoole. As to the French poets, he dismisses them in the mass as a set of prim, precise, unnatural pretenders. The truth is, he is in a state of happy ignorance about them and all that they have done. He has never read *Zaïre* nor *Phèdre*. To those great German poets who have illuminated the last fifty years with a splendour to which this country has, for a long time, seen nothing comparable, Mr Hunt is an absolute stranger. Of Spanish books he has read *Don Quixote* (in the translation of Motteux), and some poems of Lope de Vega in the imitations of my Lord Holland. Of all the great critical writers, either of ancient or of modern times, he is utterly ignorant, excepting only Mr Jeffrey among ourselves.

With this stock of knowledge, Mr Hunt presumes to become the founder of a new school of poetry, and throws away entirely the chance which he might have had of gaining some true poetical fame, had he been less lofty in his pretensions. The story of Rimini is not wholly undeserving of praise. It possesses some tolerable passages, which are all quoted in the Edinburgh Reviewer's account of the poem, and not one of which is quoted in the very illiberal attack upon it in the Quarterly. But such is the wretched taste in which the greater part of the work is executed, that most certainly no

man who reads it once will ever be able to prevail upon himself to read it again. One feels the same disgust at the idea of opening Rimini, that impresses itself on the mind of a man of fashion, when he is invited to enter, for a second time, the gilded drawing-room of a little mincing boarding-school mistress, who would fain have an *At Home* in her house. Every thing is pretence, affectation, finery, and gaudiness. The beaux are attorneys' apprentices, with chapeau bras and Linerick gloves—fiddlers, harp teachers, and clerks of genius: the belles are faded fan-twinkling spinsters, prurient vulgar misses from school, and enormous citizens' wives. The company are entertained with lukewarm negus, and the sounds of a paltry piano forte.

All the great poets of our country have been men of some rank in society, and there is no vulgarity in any of their writings; but Mr Hunt cannot utter a dedication, or even a note, without betraying the *Shibboleth* of low birth and low habits. He is the ideal of a Cockney Poet. He raves perpetually about "green fields," "jauntystreams," and "o'er-arching leafiness," exactly as a Cheap-side shop-keeper does about the beauties of his box on the Camberwell road. Mr Hunt is altogether unacquainted with the face of nature in her magnificent scenes; he has never seen any mountain higher than Highgate-hill, nor reclined by any stream more pastoral than the Serpentine River. But he is determined to be a poet eminently rural, and he rings the changes—till one is sick of him, on the beauties of the different "high views" which he has taken of God and nature, in the course of some Sunday dinner parties, at which he has assisted in the neighbourhood of London. His books are indeed not known in the country; his fame as a poet (and I might almost say, as a politician too) is entirely confined to the young attorneys and embryo-barristers about town. In the opinion of these competent judges, London is the world—and Hunt is a Homer.

Mr Hunt is not disqualified by his ignorance and vulgarity alone, for being the founder of a respectable sect in poetry. He labours under the burden of a sin more deadly than either of these. The two great elements of all dignified poetry, religious feeling,

and patriotic feeling, have no place in his writings. His religion is a poor tame dilution of the blasphemies of the *Encyclopædie*—his patriotism a crude, vague, ineffectual, and sour Jacobinism. His works exhibit no reverence either for God or man; neither altar nor throne have any dignity in his eyes. He speaks well of nobody but two or three great dead poets, and in so speaking of them he does well; but, alas! Mr Hunt is no conjurer *τιχνην ἢ λαθραῖαν*. He pretends, indeed, to be an admirer of Spenser and Chaucer, but what he praises in them is never what is most deserving of praise—it is only that which he humbly conceives, bears some resemblance to the more perfect productions of Mr Leigh Hunt; and we can always discover, in the midst of his most violent ravings about the Court of Elizabeth, and the days of Sir Philip Sidney, and the Fairy Queen—that the real objects of his admiration—are the Coterie of Hampstead and the Editor of the Examiner. When he talks about chivalry and King Arthur, he is always thinking of himself, and "a small party of friends, who meet once a-week at a Round Table, to discuss the merits of a leg of mutton, and of the subjects upon which we are to write."—Mr Leigh Hunt's ideas concerning the sublime, and concerning his own powers, bear a considerable resemblance to those of his friend Bottom, the weaver, on the same subjects; "I will roar, that it shall do any man's heart good to hear me."—"I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale."

The poetry of Mr Hunt is such as might be expected from the personal character and habits of its author. As a vulgar man is perpetually labouring to be genteel—in like manner, the poetry of this man is always on the stretch to be grand. He has been allowed to look for a moment from the antichamber into the saloon, and mistaken the waving of feathers and the painted floor for the *sine qua non's* of elegant society. He would fain be always tripping and waltzing, and is sorry that he cannot be allowed to walk about in the morning with yellow breeches and flesh-coloured silk stockings. He sticks an artificial rosebud into his button hole in the midst of winter. He wears no neckcloth, and cuts his hair in imitation of the Prints of Petrarch. In his verses

he is always desirous of being airy, graceful, easy, courtly, and ITALIAN. If he had the smallest acquaintance with the great demi-gods of Italian poetry, he could never fancy that the style in which he writes, bears any, even the most remote resemblance to the severe and simple manner of Dante—the tender stillness of the lover of Laura—or the sprightly and good-natured unconscious elegance of the inimitable Ariosto. He has gone into a strange delusion about himself, and is just as absurd in supposing that he resembles the Italian Poets as a greater Quack still (Mr Coleridge) is, in imagining that he is a Philosopher after the manner of Kant or Mendelshon—and that “the eye of Lessing bears a remarkable likeness to MINE,” i. e. the eye of Mr Samuel Coleridge.\*

The extreme moral depravity of the Cockney School is another thing which is for ever thrusting itself upon the public attention, and convincing every man of sense who looks into their productions, that they who sport such sentiments can never be great poets. How could any man of high original genius ever stoop publicly, at the present day, to dip his fingers in the least of those glittering and rancid obscenities which float on the surface of Mr Hunt's Hippocrene? His poetry resembles that of a man who has kept company with kept-mistresses. His muse talks indelicately like a tea-sipping milliner girl. Some excuse for her there might have been, had she been hurried away by imagination or passion; but with her, indecency seems a disease, she appears to speak unclean things from perfect inanition. Surely they who are connected with Mr Hunt by the tender relations of society, have good reason to complain that his muse should have been so prostituted. In Rimini a deadly wound is aimed at the dearest confidences of domestic bliss. The author has voluntarily chosen—a subject not of simple seduction alone—one in which his mind seems absolutely to gloat over all the details of adultery and incest.

The unhealthy and jaundiced medium through which the Founder of

the Cockney School views every thing like moral truth, is apparent, not only from his obscenity, but also from his want of respect for all that numerous class of plain upright men, and unpretending women, in which the real worth and excellence of human society consists. Every man is, according to Mr Hunt, a dull potato-eating blockhead—of no greater value to God or man than any ox or dray-horse—who is not an admirer of Voltaire's *romans*, a worshipper of Lord Holland and Mr Haydon, and a quoter of John Bunce and Chaucer's Flower and Leaf. Every woman is useful only as a breeding machine, unless she is fond of reading Launcelot of the Lake, in an antique summer-house.

How such an indelicate writer as Mr Hunt can pretend to be an admirer of Mr Wordsworth, is to us a thing altogether inexplicable. One great charm of Wordsworth's noble compositions consists in the dignified purity of thought, and the patriarchal simplicity of feeling, with which they are throughout penetrated and imbued. We can conceive a vicious man admiring with distant awe the spectacle of virtue and purity; but if he does so sincerely, he must also do so with the profoundest feeling of the error of his own ways, and the resolution to amend them. His admiration must be humble and silent, not pert and loquacious. Mr Hunt praises the purity of Wordsworth as if he himself were pure, his dignity as if he also were dignified. He is always like the ball of Dung in the fable, pleasing himself, and amusing bye-standers with his “*nos poma natamus.*” For the person who writes *Rimini*, to admire the Excursion, is just as impossible as it would be for a Chinese polisher of cherry-stones, or gilder of tea-cups, to burst into tears at the sight of the Theseus or the Torso.

The Founder of the Cockney School would fain claim poetical kindred with Lord Byron and Thomas Moore. Such a connexion would be as unsuitable for them as for William Wordsworth. The days of Mr Moore's follies are long since over; and, as he is a thorough gentleman, he must necessarily entertain the greatest contempt for such an under-bred person as Mr Leigh Hunt. But Lord Byron! How must the haughty spirit of

\* Mr Wordsworth (meaning, we presume, to pay Mr Coleridge a compliment,) makes him look very absurdly,

“A noticeable man, with large grey eyes.”



Lara and Harold contemn the subalterna sneaking of our modern tuft-hunter. The insult which he offered to Lord Byron in the dedication of Rimini,—in which he, a paltry cockney newspaper scribbler, had the assurance to address one of the most nobly-born of English Patricians, and one of the first geniuses whom the world ever produced, as “My dear Byron,” although it may have been forgotten and despised by the illustrious person whom it most nearly concerned,—excited a feeling of utter loathing and disgust in the public mind, which will always be remembered whenever the name of Leigh Hunt is mentioned. We dare say Mr Hunt has some fine dreams about the true nobility being the nobility of talent, and flatters himself, that with those who acknowledge only that sort of rank, he himself passes for being the *peer* of Byron. He is sadly mistaken. He is as completely a Plebeian in his mind as he is in his rank and station in society. To that highest and unalienable nobility which the great Roman satirist styles “*sola atque unica*,” we fear his pretensions would be equally unavailing.

The shallow and impotent pretensions, tenets, and attempts, of this man,—and the success with which his influence seems to be extending itself among a pretty numerous, though certainly a very paltry and pitiful, set of readers,—have for the last two or three years been considered by us with the most sickening aversion. The very culpable manner in which his chief poem was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* (we believe it is no secret, at his own impatient and feverish request, by his partner in the Round Table), was matter of concern to more readers than ourselves. The masterly pen which inflicted such signal chastisement on the early licentiousness of Moore, should not have been idle on that occasion. Mr Jeffrey does ill when he delegates his important functions into such hands as those of Mr Hazlitt. It was chiefly in consequence of that gentleman's allowing Leigh Hunt to pass unpunished through a scene of slaughter, which his execution might so highly have graced, that we came to the resolution of laying before our readers a series of essays on the *Cock-*

*ney School*—of which here terminates the first. Z.

STRICTURES ON AN ARTICLE IN NO. LVI. OF THE *EDINBURGH REVIEW*, ENTITLED, “PRESENT STATE OF WEST INDIA AFFAIRS.”

THE lead which has been taken by the *Edinburgh Review* in all discussions connected with colonial matters, has given an authority to its dogmas in every question of colonial policy, to which, on more accurate investigation, it will be found by no means entitled. Instead of dispassionate inquiry into the real merits of any case, it uniformly advocates whatever appears hostile to the views of those who, from their local knowledge, are most conversant with colonial affairs, and attempts to stigmatize them with every odious epithet that can be conceived. This is so contrary to the true spirit which ought to influence discussions on which the happiness of so many depends, that it is a paramount duty in every individual, however humble his attainments, to counteract such mischievous and injurious proceedings, by boldly proclaiming whatever facts he may possess. This duty is rendered still more cogent when that individual is a decided abolitionist both in principle and practice; who wishes for the attainment of all the good that the most enthusiastic disciple of the African Institution can anticipate, but who will not compromise truth and integrity. This general impression has been fully confirmed by an article in the 56th Number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which professes to be a critique of a medical work by Dr Williamson; but which in fact is, as is too often the case in that Journal, a summary of the peculiar tenets of the Reviewer, in which little notice is taken of the work itself, except to pervert the statements and reasonings of the author. The examination which it is now proposed to make must consist of two parts.

First, A brief analysis of the general principles adopted by the Reviewer; and

Second, An inquiry into the use made of Dr Williamson's Observations.

In both of these a few general and

critical remarks will necessarily be interspersed.

The Reviewer opens his attack on the colonists (for such his essay is undoubtedly to be considered) by apologizing for not having appeared on the field for nearly two years. His reasons are curious, and we here present them, that they may be fairly understood.

“The West Indians and their antagonists had entered at large into the conflict. The passions of men on either side were kindled; the one party warm in defence of their supposed interests and fancied rights; the other in behalf of the highest interests of justice and the inalienable rights of human nature. The press teemed with almost daily publications, in every shape, and of all sizes—it is scarcely necessary to add, of various merits, both critical and moral—from the calmest and most convincing vindication of truth, and of character wantonly assailed, to the coarsest ribaldry, and the dullest misrepresentation. Parliamentary discussion soon followed; and, an accidental riot in a small district of one of the Islands being heard of about the same time, the alarm was industriously spread, that the abolitionists, the English *Amis des Noirs*, were spreading the devastation of Negro insurrection over the English settlements, which their predecessors in France had established in St Domingo. The mass of materials which we should have had to wade through, might have justified our delaying the continuation of the subject, until a little time had rendered so minute a review of it unnecessary. But we were still more powerfully withheld, by a wish that the clouds raised by the animosities of the moment should pass away, and leave the facts of the case to appear, as we knew they soon must, in their true colours and just proportions.”

The three first paragraphs are remarkably accurate, if read in the way which their twofold meaning admits—but we doubt much if the Reviewer's version would accord with ours. The next paragraph being more distinct, is more open to being canvassed; and here we first throw down the gauntlet. We deny the assertion in toto, that the colonists, or the advocates of the colonists, who have appeared in the contest, have ever advanced, “that the abolitionists, the English *Amis des Noirs*, were spreading the devastation of negro insurrection over the English settlements, which their predecessors in France had established in St Domingo.” But they have asserted, and they can prove their assertions, that

INTERESTED AND FANATICAL INDI-

VIDUALS, unprovided\* with sufficient information, and possibly influenced by more sordid motives, do threaten the security of the British West India Colonies, by preaching *Jacobinism* to the slaves, and by publishing falsehoods in Britain respecting the views and wishes of the colonial proprietors. Among the abolitionists there are numbers of enlightened liberal men, whose efforts are worthy of the great cause in which they are enlisted—but these are rarely practically acquainted with the colonies, and are consequently open to the misrepresentations of the sordid, who wish to turn their honourable exertions to an attainment of selfish ends. Such men as Wilberforce,† Sharpe, Pitt, and Fox, can on-

\* The deplorable ignorance of facts connected with the colonies is well illustrated by the following example, derived from a work by one of the most violent members of the African Institution. He has, however, in his favour, the fact that he has never been in the West Indies, and therefore must have obtained his information from some individual who delighted in misrepresentation. “The arrangements of society, says Brougham, support the distinction” (that of complexion), and confer signal privileges on its favoured possessors. Hence, a general sense of equality among all the whites, from the great planter down to the lowest mechanic who lives by his employment. When a blacksmith arrives at a plantation to shoe the horses, he approaches his employer, takes him by the hand; performs his work in the stable; returns to the parlour; and thinks himself insulted, if the honour of his company is not requested to dinner or coffee.” Brougham's Colonial Policy of the European Powers. Book I. p. 76. vol. I. This may possess much merit, but it unfortunately is quite untrue.

† Of Mr Wilberforce's motives, talents, and disposition, no man can think more favourably than the writer of these observations, nor is there any one who values more his great and persevering labours in the cause of humanity; but it is impossible to be blind to the fact, that Mr W. must derive all that he knows on the subject of the colonies from others, and frequently his information is bad. Had this not been the case, his candid and upright mind would have shrunk from the assertions which he made in his place in the House of Commons, on the 10th June 1816, on the Barbadoes revolt.

“‘The condition,’ said he, ‘of the negro population in that island was such as might account for the insurrection. In that island there were few resident proprietors; and there might be a class of people that did

ly have been influenced by the purest motives. To these even their opponents must pay the homage of respect. Widely different, however, are the sentiments excited by the contemplation of gross ignorance and misrepresentation. The Reviewer declares, that the period is arrived at which the topics of West Indian affairs may be resumed, though he does not condescend to assign his reasons. Possibly he abstains from so doing, lest it should be supposed

not so much consult the feelings or comforts of the slaves as in our other colonies, and they pressed upon the rights of that degraded race with a weight which they felt intolerable—so that impatience under suffering, rather than hopes from revolt, *might be supposed to stimulate them to the conduct they pursued.* *It might be suspected,* adds a well-informed, though harsh Commentator, that this *might be* accusation was delivered either from ignorance, prejudice, or a cold blooded vindication of rebellion. When the assertion was made, it was no doubt calculated that it *might be* answered, but, before it could officially be so, a long time must elapse; and, in the mean time, the poison took effect, and became rooted in the minds of the unwary. Where Mr Wilberforce obtained this information I know not, and he himself dare not, or cannot disclose. In Barbadoes, it is perfectly notorious to any thing but prejudice or wickedness of the most obstinate kind, that there are more resident, and not only resident but independent, proprietors, than in half, if not the whole, of the British Charibbean Islands. Generation succeeding generation of proprietors there live among their slaves, and look upon them as children. ‘The exertions of the gentlemen of this country,’ say the official documents transmitted by the order of Government (and by them laid on the table of the House of Commons, July 12th, 1815, in presence of Mr Wilberforce), ‘in the education of their children in England, is highly honourable; and the number sent to Oxford and Cambridge, on a due consideration of the expense and the pressure of the times, greatly exceeds what might have been expected.’ The number of whites is to the negroes as one to four, while, in most other colonies, it is not one to thirty. The number of properties destroyed or injured, where the proprietors were resident, is four to one of the absentees. The negro population of Barbadoes has also been annually on the increase from natural means, arising from the equality of sexes and few African negroes.” See p. 170, 171, *Edinburgh Review* and *West Indies*, by Colonist.

The statements contained in this extract are undeniably true.

that he did so “on compulsion.” Before going farther, it is proper to enter a general protest against the style of the Reviewer, who uniformly assumes, that *every argument* used by *every advocate* of the colonists is sanctioned by *every member* of the colonial body. This we declare not to be the fact; and we will even go so far as to assert, that many of the disgraceful absurdities published from the time of Bisset to the present day, apparently in favour of the views of the colonists, have not even received the sanction of a large majority of colonial proprietors. Indeed we strongly suspect, that many of these singularly absurd productions must have been *written, published, and circulated*, by the decided enemies of the colonists. We enter this protest chiefly because the Reviewer boldly asserts, that “the first great argument used by the *planters* was, the incompetence of the British Parliament to legislate for the internal affairs of the colonies,” (p. 841). That this has been urged by *some planters*, is undoubtedly the case; but it has been far from being the argument of all. The transcendent power of the Imperial Parliament is known to all,—and the question is not one of power, but of policy. Great Britain has the power, because she has the physical strength; but it would be difficult to prove, that, because she does possess this power, *she ought* to interfere in the most delicate relations that subsist in society. It is not here necessary to discuss the footing on which colonies ought to stand to their parent state. The question is diffuse, and might lead to an endless controversy. Experience, however, has shown, that if colonies, possessing strength, be not considered integral parts of the parent state, and allowed a share in the representation which determines their fate, a separation is inevitable. The great example of the United States must satisfy every true Whig, which, it is to be presumed, the Reviewer must be. It is perfectly true, that the West Indian colonies do not possess the power of physical resistance; but they are *constitutionally* entitled to lay their grievances at the foot of the throne, and to urge, in every possible form, their objections to an interference which, if persisted in, can have but one result—the entire annihilation of

the British West Indian colonies. This is all that they have hitherto done; and it is to be hoped that the Reviewer would not wish to deny to his countrymen, holding colonial property, the privileges which he would advocate for himself.

The Reviewer, with much labour, after battling with some straw arguments of his own creation on the incompetency of the British Parliament, proceeds to show, that the non-interference of the British Parliament in the proposed Registry Bill arose from various concurrent causes, which may have had their influence, but which did not act altogether, in the way which he represents. The real truth appears to be, that the British Government becoming sensible of the impropriety of leading the slaves to fancy that their interests are diametrically opposed to those of their masters, and also of the necessity of cementing the bonds of union between these two classes, determined on allowing the suggestions of the abolitionists to be conveyed to the colonial parliaments, who, by their adoption of them, have given a triumphant refutation of the charge, that they are disinclined to ameliorate the condition of the slaves. The Registry Bill, as it first appeared, was a libel on the whole of the colonies. It implied, that *all* had been concerned in an act previously declared to be felonious by the parent state. This has been most satisfactorily disproved. Was it to be wondered at, that men of character should repel such a charge? Or that they should oppose the progress of a bill which was apparently made only to stigmatize them? The colonial parliaments zealously opposed the progress of the general enactment by the British Parliament; but, whenever they were left to themselves, they have done all that could be wished. Jamaica, Barbadoes, Demerary, Berbice, and many of the smaller colonies, have passed registry bills, which have received the approbation of the most enlightened of the abolitionists; and it is more than probable that their example will be followed by every other colony.

The next Session of Parliament will probably prove, that parliamentary proceedings will not be instituted on slight grounds, even though unworthy attempts to clamour should be resort-

ed to. That Parliament has the right is incontestible; but we deny that prudence requires them to interfere between the slave and his master, except in cases where the conduct of the latter appears to be grossly iniquitous. Let the former once feel that there is a higher power than that immediately over him—let him fancy himself ill used—and all subordination will cease. Let him, on the other hand, be satisfied that his best and dearest interests are identified with those of his proprietor, and that to him he is to look for protection, safety, and comfort, and the happiest effects may be anticipated. Obedience and confidence must be consequent with their corresponding benefits. Numberless are the estates on which such confidence has been established—the master knows that he can depend on his people; they, on the other hand, know that they can depend on their master. On such estates, punishment, beyond confinement, is scarcely heard of. It is a notorious fact, that the physical strength of the negroes far exceeds that of the white and coloured population of the colonies, and that a knowledge of that superiority alone is necessary to stimulate them to rebellion. Of this the insurrection in Barbadoes is abundantly illustrative, though the Reviewer affects to treat it as a “meal mob.” But of this hereafter.—The history of the West Indies, like that of India, shews the effect of opinion. Let the spell be once broken, and the power of the few must cease. In expressing this sentiment, it is far from our wish to oppose any practical good that can be proposed for the slaves, on the contrary, we should be its warmest advocates. We do not object to Registry Bills in the colonies, because they may guard against crime, but we object to their being enacted by the British Parliament, as well as to the incessant attacks made by some Members of the African Institution against every man who happens to be possessed of colonial property. We object not to that which is good, but to that which is practically bad.

It is not our intention here to enter into any discussions of the history of the alarms with which the Reviewer has favoured the public. Party politics are too much intermingled with

them. But we feel it necessary to say a few words on the Barbadoes insurrection, which the Reviewer admits to have had a "somewhat better foundation in fact" than other alarms, because "some outrages were committed by the slaves, and a number of lives were lost." *Edin. Review*, No 56. p. 348. The remainder of this passage is too remarkable to be passed over; we therefore extract it at length before making any comments:

"But this occurrence, unhappily not very rare, or of any very alarming importance in a slave colony, probably of no greater relative magnitude than a meal mob in this country, was described as the beginning of a negro war—a massacre of the whites—a second St Domingo. It was imputed to notions of emancipation received from the language and measures of the abolition party; and, more especially, it was connected with the expectation of a registry act being passed, which the slaves, it was boldly asserted, had been taught to believe had their liberty for its object. We need not weary our readers with exposing the falsehood of these stories. A single fact puts them down,—but a fact which could not, from the nature of the thing, be known at the time of the discussion. Nothing further was ever heard of this negro rebellion. Now, had the stories propagated respecting it been true, it is in the highest degree unlikely that any measures pursued by the Government at home should have been able to quell it so entirely; but, at all events, something must have happened during the three or four months which elapsed between the insurrection breaking out and the arrival in Barbadoes of the parliamentary address and the royal proclamation, to which the West Indians are, by the course of their argument, compelled to ascribe the restoration of tranquillity."

That our readers may judge how far this insurrection resembled a meal mob, and whence it arose, we shall extract a full account of the mischief done, and the character which the insurrection in Barbadoes assumed, from a valuable though ill-digested compilation of facts, the accuracy of which can be abundantly proved.

"The insurrection, which took place on the evening of Sunday, the 14th of April, was only a portion of the intended mischief. The general rising had been planned to take place on the night of the 17th following. Bridgetown was to have been set on fire in ten different places at once, and the whole city, with all the shipping (to which they calculated the more helpless individuals of their victims would retire for refuge), was to be consumed. Every building, dwelling,

or cultivated field, throughout the island, was to have been laid in ashes. Under the most dreadful oaths, cemented by tasting human blood, they bound themselves to massacre all the white men and the white male children, and to reserve the white females for the more horrid fate of gratifying their lust. All the free coloured population were to be reduced to slavery, and compelled to work for their new masters. Their future emperor had built his throne midst human carnage. On smoking ruins he was to be crowned; and the two daughters of Mr Brathwaite were destined for his companions at pleasure, with the rank of princesses of the blood. On a standard, taken with him, was inscribed 'Liberty and white wives.' Some were inscribed with the name of Wilberforce; others had in one place the figure of a white man hanging by the neck—in another the figure of a white woman kneeling, and imploring mercy from a black man—and in a third the figures of a black crowned, with a white woman beside him. The impetuosity and intemperance, however, of their chief, who styled himself 'Franklin Pitt Washington,' rendered the plan (which would otherwise have been generally successful) in a great degree abortive, by commencing in a drunken frenzy his operations on the Sunday night, before his associates were aware. The insurgents stood the first fire from the regular troops, but fled upon the second volley. They conceived, that if the troops did not join them, they would at least not fire upon them, as the *Prince Regent and Parliament*, they said, were on their side. At one time they approached near the capital, and the report ran that they had actually entered it. Terror and dismay overspread the city, and the situation of the white females became peculiarly distressing. Their refuge was the shipping in the bay, on board of which they immediately fled. By the morning of Tuesday, the insurgents were dispersed, but not till three parishes were laid waste. From sixty to eighty estates were either destroyed, or very much injured. Two thousand hhds. of sugar ready for shipping were destroyed. Many hundreds of acres of canes were burnt down. The buildings were destroyed, and above 1000 slaves, it is calculated, have lost their lives. The loss of property is perhaps half a million sterling. The fatal Register Bill was the cause which more immediately urged them on, as they had been taught to believe by the more knowing and designing, that the King of Great Britain had made them all free, but that their masters refused to obey his orders. These orders, they were told, were in the possession of Sir James Leith, the commander of the forces, who was to emancipate them all, not only from slavery but from labour."

We have no doubt that every candid man, on reading the preceding,

which is substantially true in all its parts, will see the erroneousness of the Reviewer's reasonings, the latter part of which are an odd compound of assertion and syllogism. Because the insurrection in Barbadoes was repressed by the activity of Colonel Codd of the 60th regiment, and by the decisive proclamation published by the commander-in-chief, *immediately* on his return to the island, the Reviewer infers that there is no danger of negro rebellion, and that the restoration of tranquillity is not to be ascribed to the parliamentary address, &c. The natural progress of the business was, as it would be stated by a candid mind, that the rebellion (for such it was) was suppressed with an energy that appalled the conspirators. Sir James Leith's declaration of the views of the British Government deprived them of all apology for their expectation of approaching freedom; and while matters were nearly settled, the royal proclamation, founded on the address of parliament, arrived, and convinced these poor misguided people that their hopes were vain, that their passions had been acted on by interested individuals, and that their best stay was in their own masters, whose interests were the same as their own.

The Reviewer contends, that "the conduct of the West Indian Body themselves, not only in the mother country, but in the colonial assemblies, clearly evinces, both that there is *no such ground of apprehension, and that they themselves know there is none.*" This is the mere reasoning of a pleader—of a pleader too who cares not by what means he gains his object, provided that it be secured. The West Indians may, in some instances, have been indiscreet in discussing the questions of the abolition and the registry bill before their slaves; but the discussions on the latter point, into which they have been forced, both in the British and colonial Parliaments, have been owing to the intemperance of some of its advocates. The important object of abolition has been obtained; the next duty of the abolitionists was to see that the law did not become a dead letter. If the African Institution act from an honest desire to guard against evil, they would suggest to the British Government all the schemes which might be recommended to the

colonial legislatures, which would much more cheerfully meet such suggestions, than submit to charges made against them without even the means of defence. If, however, its object be to excite clamour without regard to consequences, they will pursue the same system which has already raised the standard of revolt. They will oblige the colonists to vindicate themselves: they will thus lead the negroes to a knowledge of what they may do; and when desolation shall mark our once happy and flourishing possessions, they will then learn how far their conduct has been consistent with their duty as men or as Christians.

Before we conclude our comments on the general observations made by the Reviewer, we may remark, that his proposal of establishing "a duplicate registry for all the colonies in London," cannot be objected to by the planters, unless it be made a source of expense to them, which they ought not to bear. The statutory provision would require much consideration, and if resorted to, it should be made applicable to every possible contingency, otherwise it might be converted into an engine of gross oppression,—which might suit the inclinations of some West India consignees, but can never promote the ends of justice and humanity.

The looseness of the statements made by the Reviewer, has necessarily introduced a certain want of connexion in the preceding remarks, which can only be obviated by a general summary, which, together with the second part of these observations, must be postponed for the present.

In the order proposed, we should now proceed to ascertain the use made of Dr Williamson's Work by the Reviewer, in furtherance of his general statements. The testimony of this gentleman he considers valuable, "in support of the positions maintained by the abolitionists, more especially as regards the treatment of the slaves, notwithstanding the enforcement of the abolition laws, and the large professions of the West India body." We shall endeavour to determine, by a comparison of the Reviewer's statement with Dr Williamson himself, how far the former is entitled to the reputation of candour and fair dealing; but this we shall defer doing to the next Number.

## ELEGY BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

[WE return our best thanks to the ETTRICK SHEPHERD for the following very beautiful lines, and will, at all times, be happy to receive his communications. He would be conferring upon us a signal favour, were he occasionally to enrich our Work with a few of his exquisite Songs; for, in our opinion, he is, in that department, little, if at all inferior to Burns himself. Why does not the Author of "Kilmeny" show what might be made of a regular Pastoral Poem? There a delightful field lies open to his genius, peopled not with human life alone, but also with the aerial creatures whom he loves, and has described better than any other modern poet. We may quote the words of another Scottish bard.

"Sweet voices! circling all the cloudy tops  
Of the green mountains, and from mossy  
caves

Piping at midnight! like the little wren  
At times heard singing from some ruin'd  
wall,

Now like a burst of choral instruments  
Filling with bliss the blue arch of the  
heavens,

Music fit for the stars! There is he seen,  
The green-robed Harper, sitting on the  
cairn

Where sleeps some Chief of Old—or on the  
turf

Of the lone sheep-fold, where the lambs are  
lying

All round as calm as snow,—or the grey  
stone

Which the hawk, waking from his slumber,  
leaves

To that sudden Fairy! And there the Fairy  
plays,

And sings his wild low tunes unto the soul  
Of some night-wandering man—oftenest to  
Him

Who found in youth a Harp among the  
hills,

Dropt by the Elfin-people, and while the  
moon

Entranced hangs o'er still St Mary's Loch,  
Harps by that charmed water, so that the  
Swan

Comes floating onwards through the water-  
lilies,

A dreamlike creature listening to a dream;  
And the Queen of the Fairies, rising  
silently

Through the pure mist, stands at the Shep-  
herd's feet,

And half forgets her own green paradise,  
Far in the bosom of the Hill,—so wild!

So sweet! so sad! flows forth that Shep-  
herd's Lay!" WILSON.

Such a recommendation as this from the  
pen of a kindred writer, ought, we feel, to

weigh more with Mr Hogg than any thing  
we could say to him, and we hope that he  
will tune his harp to the themes thus wildly  
alluded to, in which, both by his habits  
and his native genius, he cannot fail to excel. EDITOR.]

## ELEGY.

FAIR was thy blossom, tender flower,  
That opened like the rose in May,  
Though nursed beneath the chilly shower  
Of fell regret for love's decay!

How oft thy mother heaved the sigh  
O'er wreathes of honour early shorn,  
Before thy sweet and guiltless eye  
Had opened on the dawn of morn!

How oft above thy lowly bed,  
When all in silence slumbered low,  
The fond and filial tear was shed,  
Thou child of love, of shame, and woe!

Her wronged, but gentle bosom burned  
With joy thy opening bloom to see,  
The only breast that o'er thee yearned,  
The only heart that cared for thee.

Oft her young eye, with tear-drops bright,  
Pleaded with Heaven for her sweet child,  
When faded dreams of past delight  
O'er recollection wandered wild.

Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower,  
Fair as the softest wreath of spring,  
When late I saw thee seek the bower  
In peace thy morning hymn to sing!

Thy little feet across the lawn  
Scarce from the primrose pressed the dew,  
I thought the Spirit of the dawn  
Before me to the greenwood flew.

Even then the shaft was on the wing,  
Thy spotless soul from earth to sever;  
A tear of pity wet the string  
That twang'd and sealed thy doom forever.

I saw thee late the emblem fair  
Of beauty, innocence, and truth,  
Start tiptoe on the verge of air,  
'Twixt childhood and unstable youth:

But now I see thee stretched at rest,  
To break that rest shall wake no morrow;  
Pale as the grave-flower on thy breast!  
Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow.

May thy long sleep be sound and sweet,  
Thy visions fraught with bliss to be;  
And long the daisy, emblem meet,  
Shall shed its earliest tear o'er thee.

J. HOGG.

## MEDICAL REPORT OF EDINBURGH.

THE weather, in the first part of June, and during the greater part of September, has been warm and dry. During the rest of the summer, much rain has fallen; but, although, from the Meteorological Reports, the temperature does not appear to have been higher, there has been more sun, and the weather has felt warmer than during the same period of last year. A considerable diminution has accordingly taken place since our last Report,\* in the number of catarrhs, rheumatic complaints, and the diseases which are usually produced by exposure to cold. The weather may be considered as having been favourable for the production of complaints of the bowels; and these have been of frequent occurrence during the summer, among all classes of the community. A bilious diarrhoea coming on suddenly, and continuing for a few days, has been the most frequent form of attack; but this has been occasionally accompanied with bilious vomiting, and severe pain of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes, after the purging had continued for some time, slight dysenteric symptoms have supervened. In general, the exhibition of mild laxatives, with diluents, has been sufficient for the cure; but when the pain or straining have been severe, great relief has been obtained by alternating these with moderate doses of opium.

Scarlet fever has become rather more frequent, and various instances of its occurrence, in different parts of the town, have come under our observation. The disease has occasionally passed through different individuals of families, but it cannot be said to be epidemic. In three instances in which it has appeared in families, where there were several children liable to receive the infection, we have seen it prevented from spreading, by confining the individual attacked to one room, and preventing intercourse with those who had not undergone the disease, for ten days after the fever had abated; although the separation did not take place till the eruption had been out at least for a day, and in one instance for two days.

\* See Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, No IV.

During the summer, the contagious fever, alluded to in our former Report, has been less generally prevalent, but many cases of it have come under our observation, among the poor in certain districts of the town,\* and in a few instances, as must always happen from the intercourse which necessarily subsists between the different classes of the community, we have seen the disease in the families of the richer inhabitants. There is some reason to apprehend, also, unless measures be taken to prevent it, that the number of cases of fever may increase, as is usual when the cold weather shall have set in, and when the population shall have become more dense, as it always does at the beginning of winter. Happily, however, this fever is not in general violent or dangerous. The mortality from it has been exceedingly small; indeed no case has come under our observation, during the summer, in which death has been the consequence of the disease.

The following instances, which have fallen under our notice, shew the manner in which the progressive communication of the disease goes on, and the extent to which it proceeds, even within narrow limits, and from individual cases:—

In February 1816, a family, consisting of a man and his wife, and four children, came to a lodging-house in Hastie's Close, Grassmarket, from Glasgow, where they had been exposed to the contagion of fever. Almost immediately after their arrival, the man and woman were successively attacked with fever; and, after remaining a few days, were conveyed to the Infirmary. During their absence their four children were seized with the fever, and before they had recovered, a neighbouring woman who attended them during their illness, and afterwards two other women who came to lodge in the same house, were attacked. The disease then extended itself to the story above, the inhabitants of which, a man and wife, and their four children, all took it. So that in the course of about seven weeks, the fever, from

\* In the practice of the New Town Dispensary, seventy-seven cases of fever, apparently contagious, occurred from June 1st to September 1st. See Report of New Town Dispensary, in the Medical and Surgical Journal for October 1817.



this origin, had communicated itself to fifteen individuals in this small tenement, consisting only of three rooms. Another lodging-house, equally crowded and dirty, within a few yards of this, remained perfectly free from fever. The proprietor of the rooms in which the fever had been, had them cleaned and whitewashed, and the furniture purified; after which, they were let to other families, who have continued perfectly free from the disease. It was not ascertained whether the contagion extended itself from this source to any other part of the town.

2. About the end of February 1817, a young woman, who had been visiting a friend lying ill of a fever, was seized, in a house containing six persons, in the garret story of a large and populous *land* in Skinner's Close. She was removed to the Infirmary about a week after she was taken ill, but not before she had infected her father, who died of the disease, and one of her sisters, by whom the fever was communicated to two others of the family (the mother only escaping), and to eight out of ten other individuals inhabiting the same floor. About the same time that the disease appeared in the second family in the garret story, a girl was taken ill in the next story, and seven out of sixteen inhabitants of this flat were successively attacked, of whom five were removed to the Infirmary. On the story beneath, only two were affected, and the disease did not spread further. In the garret story, the rooms were crowded and ill aired; and from the constant intercourse with each other, the inhabitants were much exposed to the contagion; and it will be observed, that of sixteen persons inhabiting this flat, only three escaped the fever. In the other flats, the fever did not spread so extensively, which may be explained, partly by the people having been persuaded, by the time it arrived at them, to send a considerable proportion of the sick to the Infirmary, and to keep up a ventilation of the rooms, and partly by the circumstance of the condition of the inhabitants of these flats being better, and their rooms larger, and more commodious than those of their neighbours in the garrets. No fewer, however, than twenty-two inhabitants of this building were infected from one individual, besides two others, residing in other parts of the town, who caught the fe-

ver by communicating with those sick in this house. Twelve of the infected were carried to the Infirmary, and there can be no doubt that this had a material effect in checking the progress of the fever; but several of these were not removed till the disease had considerably advanced. The poverty and distress of the people, aggravated as these were by the illness pervading their families, and by the fatigue undergone by those who remained free from actual sickness, rendered it impossible, in this and the following instance, to accomplish the desirable cleaning and purification; and there was reason to think, that the infected clothes and furniture had as much share in propagating the disease, as any effluvia from the bodies of those affected with it.

3. In May 1817, a girl, who had lately been discharged from Bridewell fell ill of fever when living with her father in the second floor of a miserably dirty and crowded common stair in Bell's Wynd. After remaining some days she was taken to the Infirmary. Her father was taken ill immediately after; but as he died in a few days, without having been seen by any medical man, it is impossible to say whether his disease was fever. There are three other rooms, each containing an entire family, on the same floor with that on which the disease thus began. In the course of a fortnight the fever had broken out in each of these rooms, and it successively affected three individuals in each,—in all ten, perhaps eleven, persons out of fifteen who resided on this flat. It then appeared in a family of nine persons, who inhabit the ground-floor of the house, every one of whom, except the father, went through the disease. Before the middle of June, it had also appeared in the third floor of the house, and has since that time affected four out of five persons residing in one room, and one out of these residing in another, on that floor.

Besides attacking in this manner, within three months, twenty-three individuals in this one stair, the disease has now extended itself to eleven other families in the same wynd, most of whom have certainly had intercourse with the sick, and all of whom may be supposed to have been exposed to the contagion, either by going into the houses, or by meeting the conval-

escent patients in the narrow wynd; and in this manner it has affected twenty-three more individuals in this small district, besides two others who were fully exposed to the contagion in Bell's Wynd, but who fell sick in their own residences in distant parts of the town, whence they might have diffused the contagion in a similar manner, if they had not been prevailed on to go to the Infirmary at a very early period of the disease.

In this manner it has been distinctly ascertained, that fifteen cases of fever in one instance, twenty-four in another, and forty-eight in a third, have proceeded from single individuals affected with the disease.

In Bell's Wynd the fever still continues to prevail in several houses; and it is consistent with our knowledge, that it at present exists in families among the poor in different parts of the town.

These three instances, which we have adduced, sufficiently illustrate the certainty with which fever spreads among those who are exposed to its contagion, in circumstances favourable to its communication, and show the probability there is of its extending itself, from the sources of infection which at present exist, unless some means be taken to check its progress. From these instances, also, the ease with which a contagious fever may be prevented and checked in its progress, may be readily understood. For according to the principles that regulate the communication of infection, which we have shortly stated in our former Report, if the three patients with whom the disease, in these three instances, originated, had been removed into the Infirmary by the fourth day of their respective illnesses, the fever would probably have extended no farther. Even if they had remained at home so long as to infect the persons in attendance on them, and the clothes, &c. in which they had lain,—yet if the former had been removed immediately on their seizure, and the latter had been cleansed and purified, the progress of the disease would equally have been stopped.

As these principles have been deduced from numerous and accurate observations made on the same disease, generally in a much more malignant form than that in which it has lately prevailed in Edinburgh, it may

fairly be said that this truth is experimentally known. And there is likewise ample experience in the history of other large towns, of the application of these principles to the prevention of fever.—We shall select the following examples:—

The first well-regulated fever-wards, accompanied with regulations to prevent the diffusion of contagion among the poor, were established in Chester in the year 1784; and, in 1796, Dr Haygarth, to whom we are indebted for much accurate and original information with regard to contagion, wrote concerning them as follows:—"During the war, Chester has been unusually exposed to the danger of putrid infectious fevers. Many new-raised regiments coming from Ireland, with numerous recruits taken out of jails, remained in Chester a few weeks after their voyage. Great numbers of these soldiers, and their women, were ill of putrid fevers, and were immediately received into the fever-wards of our infirmary. If such contagious patients had been distributed in the small public houses and poor lodging houses through the city, the consequences to many of our inhabitants must have been dreadful. By taking out of a house the first person who sickens of a fever, we preserve the rest of the family from infection, together with an indefinite number of their neighbours, who would otherwise catch the infection. At this very time, when the inhabitants of Manchester and many other places are afflicted with a fatal contagious epidemic, only two patients are in our fever-wards, both convalescent; and the apothecary to the Infirmary, who attends the out-poor of the whole city, informs me, that he has not now a single fever-patient under his care."\*

The success of the Manchester House of Recovery, which was established in imitation of the Chester fever-wards, may be judged of from the following documents.

The number of patients ill of fever in the streets in the neighbourhood of the House of Recovery in Manchester, to which the benefits of that institution were in the first instance confined, from September 1793 to May 1796, was 1256, giving more than

\* Haygarth's letter to Dr Percival.

an average of 400 in the year; those in the same district, from July 1796 till July 1797, a period commencing two months after the establishment of the House of Recovery, were only twenty-six; and of these, in the last four months, from March to July 1797, there was only one. The limits of the Manchester House of Recovery were afterwards "extended, without distinction, not only to all Manchester, but also to all its neighbourhood for three miles round; and yet, with all this enlarged scope of benevolence, and with the admission of every fever-patient to be found in these extensive limits, the number of patients in the House of Recovery was, in August 1798, nineteen,—and in October 1799, eleven."\*

The change which has taken place in London, in regard to the prevalence of contagious fever, since the commencement of the Institution for the Cure and Prevention of Contagious Fever in 1801, is still more striking. It was then estimated, that the number of persons affected with fever in London exceed 40,000 annually, the yearly average of deaths, from infectious fevers, having been 3188. At present contagious fever is hardly known in the practice of any of the London Hospitals or Dispensaries; and the number of patients affected with it in the House of Recovery, which takes in from the whole town, is seldom more than five or six.†

We have been induced to enter again thus fully into this subject, because we are convinced, that if measures for preventing the spreading of contagion in Edinburgh were judiciously and promptly employed, they would not only have the effect of checking the farther progress of fever, but in all probability of removing it entirely from the town.

In order to effect this, it seems necessary that,

1st, Means should be used to obtain, either through the medical profession, or through the neighbours, early intelligence of the existence of

contagious fever in any part of the town.

2d, That, on the existence of contagious fever among the poor being ascertained, every inducement should be held out to those affected with it to remove to the Infirmary at an early period of the disease.

3d, That funds be provided to clean the infected bed-clothes, and to purify and white-wash the houses, or to reward those among the poor who may do this satisfactorily themselves.

4th, That bedding and clothes be provided to supply the place of those which it becomes necessary to clean or to destroy; or in the case of children being affected with the disease, or it being otherwise impossible to remove the patients to the Infirmary, to lend for the use of the sick, in order to prevent one very frequent source of the contagion—the healthy lying with the diseased.

And 5th, That provision be made for proper visitation of the infected houses, in order to see that the diseased are promptly separated from the healthy, and that the purifying of the houses and bed-clothes is sufficiently accomplished,—a part of the system in which the aid of the medical gentlemen of the town, which there is every reason to believe might be readily obtained, would be of essential use.

We are happy to be able state, that some of the members of the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick have taken this subject into their consideration, with the active benevolence for which they are distinguished, they have zealously entered into a plan for preventing the spreading of contagious fever in Edinburgh. The organized system which this society has long possessed for the regular visitation of the sick poor,—the accurate and minute knowledge of their state which this must afford,—and the influence, over the minds of the poor, which this constant intercourse, and the beneficent occupation in the relief of their distresses must necessarily give them,—in a peculiar manner qualify those connected with this society for conducting this undertaking; and it is to be hoped, that the liberality of the public will not fail to enable them to render effective their exertions to accomplish it. The expense re-

\* Reports of Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, vol. 1st, p. 98, and vol 2d, p. 224.

† See Remarks on the Necessity and Means of suppressing Contagious Fever, &c. by Dr Stanger.—Also Bateman's Reports of the Carey Street Dispensary.—*Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*.

cessary to fulfil the different parts of the plan must necessarily be considerable, particularly at the outset,—but there seems every reason to believe, that the more wealthy inhabitants of Edinburgh will be fully disposed to contribute a sum sufficient to carry it into effect, when it is considered, that it will not only relieve and prevent much misery among the poor, but that it will do much to secure the families of the rich themselves from the risk of the contagion of fever, and probably, by diminishing the prevalence of the fever, will ultimately tend to relieve the funds of the other charities established in Edinburgh for the relief of the poor when afflicted with disease.

A.—T.

Edinburgh, October 1st, 1817.

ACCOUNT OF A MANUSCRIPT OF BISHOP  
LESLEY'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,  
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARL  
OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE ;

By THOMAS M'CRIE, D. D.

Communicated by THOMAS THOMSON,  
Esquire, Advocate.

Edinburgh, Sept. 22, 1817.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you the MS. belonging to the Earl of Leven and Melville, which you were so obliging as to communicate to me. On the first inspection, I was disposed to think that it might be a compilation made up from Bishop Lesley's History of Scotland, with additions and alterations, similar to some works which I had seen, composed during that barren period of Scottish literature, the latter part of the 17th century. But on examining it narrowly, I was soon convinced that it was the composition of the bishop himself. I need not remind you that, besides his History in Latin, Lesley wrote, in his vernacular language, a History of Scotland, from the accession of James II. to the return of Queen Mary from France; as he informs us in the dedication of the second part of his printed History, and in his *Parænesis ad Nobilitatem Populumque Scoticum*.\*

\* It was finished in 1570, as we learn from his dedication to Queen Mary of the three

You know also that copies of this are preserved in the Libraries of England.\* I am satisfied that Lord Leven's MS. is a copy of the same work.

There is just that agreement between it and the printed History, as to facts—the selection of these—the order in which they are arranged—and the opinion given on them, and on the characters introduced, which one would expect to find on the supposition of their being the work of one author. While at the same time

last books of his History, dated, “Romæ ix. Kl. Januarii 1577.”—“Res gestas posteriorum nostrorum Regum, &c.”—“Seven years ago, when I was ambassador at the court of England, I presented to your Majesty the history of our later kings (not before treated) written in our own language. That the leisure which I have since enjoyed might not be altogether unprofitable to the commonwealth, I have employed it, not only in turning into Latin what I had hastily composed in the Scottish language, but also in compendizing the whole of our preceding history in one volume, for the greater convenience of my countrymen.”—To the same purpose he says, in his *Parænesis*, “Quæ omnia ut Maria Serenissima Scotorum Regina, &c.”—“Both by word and writing I had often exhorted Mary, queen of Scots, carefully to peruse the history of her ancestors. And to assist her in prosecuting this study, I presented to her Majesty, while I acted as her ambassador in England, that portion of our history which had not been treated by any of our writers, extending from James II. to our times, composed in the Scottish language and not yet printed. Many, both foreigners and countrymen of my own, knowing this, urged me to translate what I had written into Latin, and to prefix to it an abridgement of the preceding part of our history, which had been executed by John Major faithfully indeed, but harshly; and by Hector Boece with great elegance, but, as they complained, in too diffuse a style. In compliance with their request, I have greatly abridged our early annals; and for the use of foreigners I have translated into Latin what was formerly intelligible only by the queen and the natives of Scotland.”

\* “John Lesly Bishop of Ross his History of Scotland from the year 1436 to the year 1561.” Catal. Libr. MSS. Oxon. Tom. i. Num. 1498.—“History of Scotland from 1436 to 1561 by John Leslie Bishop of Ross.” Ib. tom. ii. Num. 4217.—The following article is so generally described, that it is impossible to form a judgment of it from the catalogue. “John Lesley Bishop of Ross's History of Scotland and Scotiae Chronicon per Joannem Forden.” Ib. tom. ii. Numb. 5291.

those diversities are found in them which were to be looked for in works, which, though the production of the same individual, and on the same subject, were yet composed by him in different languages, and at different periods. In compiling the Latin History, the author has sometimes abridged, and at other times enlarged, the narrative which he had given in the Scottish. Facts which he had introduced into the latter he has omitted in the former; and the contrary. Nor has he in both uniformly presented the same facts in exactly the same light, and accompanied with the same reflections.

It is evident to me (although it would take time to state the reasons of my opinion) that the MS. has not been translated or taken from the History in Latin. And this agrees with the statement of the bishop, who says, that he composed the latter part of his work first in his native tongue. Phrases which might at first view appear to favour a different conclusion, are easily accounted for upon another principle. For example, the expression, "appearing in *proper person*," would naturally occur to one who, like Lesley, was conversant with the technical language of ecclesiastical courts; and upon examination I found, that wherever it occurs, the author, in the corresponding places of his Latin work, has not used the words, "in *propria persona*," but a more classical phrase.

The MS. answers to the account which the bishop has given of his Scottish work, as to the period of our national history which it embraces. Only, from the loose state in which it has been allowed to remain, some parts of it have fallen aside or been lost. It wants, apparently, two leaves at the beginning, including nearly all the account of transactions from the year 1436 to 1440. Here and there also a leaf is a-missing in the body of the MS. And it goes no farther than the death of the Queen Regent. It is probable, however, that it wants very few leaves at the end; for I am inclined to think, that the account of the disputes between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Divines, and of the designs of the Earl of Murray against the Queen, his sister, with which the Latin work closes, was not contained in the Scottish. This may be

ascertained by an inspection of the other existing copies of the work.

I will not say that you must be struck with the inferiority of the MS. to the Latin History of Lesley, in the qualities of style. For you are well acquainted with the fact, that the learned of that age wrote with greater correctness and elegance in Latin than in their native language. At the same time, I do not think that the bishop's Scottish style is more uncultivated or more incorrect than that of many of his contemporaries.

You are a better judge than I of the age of the MS. It is evidently a transcript of an older one; for blanks occur in it, owing, there is every reason for thinking, to the transcriber's not being able to decipher particular words. The latter part of it has been copied by a different hand from the former, and is less correctly executed. I should suppose that the first part was written towards the close of the sixteenth century.

Upon the whole, I consider this as a curious literary relic, and of considerable value. It was originally written as a continuation of Bellen-den's Translation of Boethius, and would form an appropriate accompaniment to that work, should it be reprinted. If such a design should be carried into execution, it might not perhaps be difficult to complete a series of chronicles of Scotland, in the vernacular language, from the earliest period of our history, down to, at least, the union of the crowns. Even although nothing of this kind should be attempted, it would be desirable to have the copies of this work which are in England inspected and collated. Indeed it is rather a matter of surprise that this has not been already done, and that a work which the author thought worthy of being presented to a princess whom he served so zealously, and which he seems to have bequeathed as a legacy to his countrymen (*Scotis solum nostris loquebatur Scotice*), should have been so little attended to as to be almost unknown.

Along with this I send you a few notes and references, which I took in going through the MS. They may be of some use in abridging your labour, if you shall think it proper to compare it with the printed history, to satisfy yourself how far they agree, and wherein they differ.

It will gratify me much if this account shall give any degree of satisfaction to one whose friendly aid has been of such great utility to me in the course of my historical inquiries.—I am, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,  
 THO. M'CRIE.  
 T. Thomson, Esq.

EXTRACTS FROM BISHOP LESLEY'S  
 MS. HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

The MS. begins with with the following account of the execution of William, the sixth Earl of Douglas.

“ During all the tyme of thair trubles, Williame erle of Douglas, following his fatheris tred, wold not obey the governoris authoritie, nor yet assist the chancellor in any his enterprises, qlk moved thame both to seik revenge of him. And to the effect thay micht the better get thair intent execut Immediatelic eftir this concord, the governor and chancellor caused warne all the nobles of the realme to come to ane counsell to be haldin in Edinburgh castell, quhair Williame Erle of Douglas come amangis the rest, and entred into the castell, and eftir he was set down to the burd wth the governor, chancellor, and vtheris noblemen present, The meit was sudantie removed, and ane bullis heid presented, quhilk in thay daies wes ane signe of executione.\* And in continent the said erle David his broder, and malcolme fleming of cumernauld, wer heidit before the castell yet of edinburgh. Thaireftir the estate of the realme become moir quiet nor of befoir. And succedit to him James douglas barone of abircorne, his fader brodir, quha was ane man of gryit stature and verrey factt, and Levit onely bot the space of three yeiris: all his tyme he preissit to nathing bot to life quietlic. The said erle Williame had bot ane sister quha was callit the fair maidin of galloway, and was mareit on william

\* “ The bull's head was in those days a token of death, say our historians; but how it hath come in use so to be taken, and signify, neither do they nor any else tell us; neither is it to be found, that I remember, any where in history, save in this one place; neither can we conceive what affinity it can have therewith, unless to exprobrate grossness, according to the French and our own reproaching dull and gross wits, by calling him Calves-head (*tête de Veau*), but not Bull's-head.” Hume's (of Godscroft) History of Douglas and Angus, vol. i. p. 283.

The same author states, that the popular execration of this deed was handed down by the following lines:

“ Edinburgh Castle, Town, and Tower,  
 God grant thou sink for sin;  
 And that even for the black Dinner  
 Earl Douglas got therein.”

douglas sone to James last erle before his deceis, that the heretage micht remane together *becaus his fader succedit to the erle-dome of douglas be tailze. And she to vigtown, balvany, annerduill and ormond by lyne.*”\* Comp. Leslæus de Rebus Gestis Scotorum, p. 284, edit. 1675, 4to.

The following is the account of the battle of Arbroath, fought in 1445, between the Earl of Crawford and the Ogilvies.

“ In the next winter following, the erle of craufurd (solicited be ye erle of douglas) tuick ane gryit pray of guidis furt of the landis in fife pertaining to the bishop of saint-andros called James kennedy sister sone to king James the first, and lykwise he purposeit to haif spulzeit the abbay of arbroth, pertaining to the said bischop. And for defence thair of the ogiluyes of angus covenit to the abbay, quhair it chanced the erle of huntley in his journey returnig north from court, *as the vse of hospitalitie of the Abbaies was in theis dayis,*† to be ludgit, accūpaneit wth his ordiner household servantis only, and sum barronis wth him, quhen suddantie the erle of craufurd and the ogilvies joynit in battell. qlk was verrey crewellie fochin on boith the sydis, and the erle of craufurd was slayne and mony barronis of angus, sic as Robert maxvell laird of telyn W<sup>m</sup> gardin of Burrowfield, Sr Johne oliphant of abirdagy. And of the erle of huntleis cūpany war slayne Johne forbes of petsligo and alexander barclay of gartullie. And in the hail about the nombre of fyve hundrey<sup>t</sup> men. The M<sup>r</sup> of craufurd tuick the laird of arley presoner quha was pricipall of the ogiluyis at that tyme, and the erle of huntlie eskapit. This field was strickin the 23 day [in the Latin it is the 13] of Januar 1445. *Thaireftir this M<sup>r</sup> of craufurd succedit to his fader, and was called erle beirdy,*‡ quha was a verrey awful and rigorus man to all the barronis and gentlemen of the cutrey and keist down mony of thair houses in angus, quha wald nocht assist to him, quhair of *sindrie remains yit on biggit agane in this our dayis.*” Comp. De Rebus Gestis, &c. p. 286.

Under the year 1447, the MS. contains an account of the eldest daughter

\* Where the variations from the Latin history are short, they are printed in Italics.

† In the Latin work the hospitality of the Abbeys is passed over, and the gratitude of Scotsmen to those who entertain them is celebrated. “ Nam Scoti eo sunt in hospites officio et humanitate ut illius partes apud quem diversantur, aut ante cibum concoctum proxime diversati sunt, manu sanguineque tueantur.”

‡ See Hume's (of Godscroft) History of Douglas and Angus, vol. i. p. 312. Edin. 1743.

of James I. which is omitted by the author in his Latin work.

“The saide Lady Margaret was mariet w<sup>th</sup> ye dolphin of fraunce before ye deceis of the king her fadir in ye town of towr in ye year of god 1436, and being honorable interteneit w<sup>th</sup> her husband and king charles ye sevint his father. She sent for twa of hir sisteris to cum in fraunce to remane w<sup>th</sup> hir quhill thay shold haue bene honorable mariet. And quhen thay war cū to flanders in thair Jorney, Thay war thair advertesed that the quene thair modir was deceisid in Scotland and madame the dophins wif thair sister was deceisid also in the toun of chailons in champagny, quhais body was erdit in the cathedral kirk thairof, bot quhou sone Levis the elevint her husband com to be king after ye deceise of his fadir, he causit transport her body to the kirk and abbay of Laon of thours in poytow. alwaies the said twa young ladies war convoyeit to the king of france quhair thay war honorable receivit and interteit, quhill thay war boeth mariet, the ane vpon ye duke of Britanye and the vther vpon ye duke of Austriche.”

That part of the MS. which contains the history from 1455 to the death of James II. is wanting. In his printed history, the author has wisely omitted the verses, which the MS. says, were written on the “doun casting” of the Castles of Roxburgh and Wark:

“Quadringentis decies sex mille sub ānis,  
Roxburt wark solo precipitata lego.”

Under the year 1474, the MS. states the following fact, not contained in the printed history.

“In the same Parliament it was thought expedient that the king suld send cōmissionie to his fadir ye king of Denmark to mak and bind confideratioun and allyance w<sup>th</sup> ye Emperour. exceptand thair first allyance, quhilk wes treatit schortelie thaireftir and thair seallis intercheged thairvpon betwix the empirour and Scotland.”

Under the year 1481, an Act of Parliament is engrossed in the MS. in which the three estates, after narrating the injuries received from England, promise to stand by their sovereign (James III.) in defence of his most nobill persoun, &c.\*

After the account of the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, the following paragraph is added in the MS.

“The King & Quene all the rest of this year (1503) past throch the principalle townes in ye south partis of ye realme and

abby placeis quhair gryit Interteynment wes maid to yame and sindrie gudely propynels and giftis was giffin to the quene in tokin of bleithnes. for ye vse obseruit in Scotland was at yat tyme as it was mony yeiris befor, That the king the quene & thair trayn Traivailit for ye maist part of ye year throch ye Realme, and loged in ye Abbay placeis, or w<sup>th</sup> ye bishops and prelats quhair thay war weille Intertayneit certane dayis and at thair departing the bishop or abbot master of ye place gave ane purse to the king and ane vther to the quene w<sup>th</sup> certane quantitie of gold contenit thairintill qlk extendit yeirly to ane gryit sowm.”

The letter sent by James IV. to Henry VIII. before engaging in the unfortunate expedition which issued in the defeat of the Scots at Flodden Field, is inserted at large in the MS. The printed history gives merely a summary of its contents.

The Bishop, in his printed History (pp. 378-9, edit. ut sup.), has passed a very high eulogium upon Gawin Douglas's Translation of the Æneid. The MS. speaks of it in more moderate terms, in noticing the death of its author.

“Maister Gawin dowglas bischop of Dunkeild, hering of this extremite begun be ye duik, for feir fled into ingland and remanit in London in ye place of ye sawoy, quhair he deceisid, & is buryit in ye kirk yairof he wes ane Learned man and ane guid poet translait ye xii buicks of ye æneads of virgill in Scottis metir almost ansring in verses to ye Latine, and made ye palice of hono<sup>r</sup>. w<sup>th</sup> dyuers vyers notable werks in o<sup>r</sup> scottis Language qlks ar extant in thir o<sup>r</sup> dayis.”

The following character of Boece's History of Scotland, which occurs in the MS. under 1630, may be compared with the tribute which Lesley has paid to that historian in his printed work pp. 413-4.

“In thir daies a singlare wele learned Clark called hector Boetius doctour in Theologie and principalle of the vniuersite of aberdene a man of gryit erudicione in all ye liberral sciences wreit ye hole historie of Scotland in ye Latin tongue from the beginninge yrof to ye death of king James the first in ye year of ye natuute of Christ I<sup>m</sup> xxxvi in so eloquent stile so truelie and diligently collected yat none of all ye wreitaries at yat tyme wreit better as ye wark it self bearis record, qlk wes eftiruat translated in ye scottishe Language be Mr Johne ballanden and recited to ye greit furderance and comoune weill of ye hole natione.”

There is a chasm in the MS. including the history from the year 1539 to 1543. The attentive reader of Lesley's History must have observed, that he

\* Printed in the *Black Acts*, and in the *Acts of the Parls. of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 138.

embraces every opportunity of speaking to the commendation of the House of Huntly. After mentioning the generosity of the Earl in relieving the prisoners taken at the battle of Pinkie, the MS. records an anecdote description of the attachment borne to that nobleman by his followers.

“ And heir is worthie to be remembered the gret favo<sup>r</sup>. qlk ane certane of the said erlis friendis and gentill men to the number of ane hundreth or thairby bure towart him the time of his extremitie, and wald on no wyis leave him quha perceaving ye hoil army of Scotland to have gevin backis [at Pinkie] and gret slauchter maid on euerie pairt be ye Inglismen in the chase, and ye said erle being on fuit charged w<sup>t</sup> ane weichtie stand of harnes, quhairw<sup>t</sup> he had travelled so far on fuit yat he had no breath, and theairfoir gawe frome him his heid pece for fear that he should haif bene w<sup>t</sup> ye hatt yrof discomfite. Quhilk moued one of his trustie gentill men called dauid dumber to giue him his owin steill bonet qlk he pat on the erlis heid for his sauftey and remaned him self bairheidit. but suddentlie the said dauid for laik of the samin wes slayne be the straik of ane masse apoun the heid. The rest faucht stoutlie for sauftie of ye erle and slew syndrie of the Inglismen quha first did assailye thame, bot in ye end ye most pairt of theme all wer slayne, in the erlis presence be quhais defence his lyf wes saufeit, or ellis he had gone the same way throw ye gret furie and rage qlk pntlie was vsed be ye inglismen.”

The Scottish work is often more minute than the Latin in detailing the skirmishes and sieges during the warfare which followed the battle of Pinkie. For example, the defeat of the English in Fife by the Laird of Weems, which is referred to in p. 472 of the printed History, is very circumstantially described in the MS.

In relating the journey of the Queen Dowager to France, in 1551, the MS. gives an account of a conspiracy to poison the young Queen of Scots, which is not mentioned in the printed work, nor, as far as I recollect, in any of our histories.

“ Quhill ye quene Regent was in france thair was ane treasonable practise devised & interprised to be execut for poysoning of the quene of scotland in france. qlk was tryed fur<sup>t</sup> and reveled be ane scottisman callit James hendersoun at that tyme resident in England be quhais advertismet the princepall *auch* (author?) callit stewart being ane *archear* (archer?) of ye king of france gred quha had takin upon *land* (hand) to execut ye same was aprehendit in ye towne of blaisse in france and estir dyvers tor-

mentis was hangit and quarterit for ye same.”

To this may be added the following notice respecting a learned native of Scotland.

“ During the tyme that ye Quene douarier and Lordis *Thair came ane ye nobillite of scotlande was in france*\* doctour phisitiene callit ramsay scottisman fur<sup>t</sup> of turing in pyedmount to france being of gret aige and guid lerninge and experience quha seruit all the nobill men of scotland and thair hoill cumpanye w<sup>t</sup> sic things as was necessar for yame frelie apoun his awin charges moved onely for ye zeill he bure toward his cuntry swa that he wald not suffer yame to cum onder ye cuir and medicine of strangers, in case thay my<sup>t</sup> haif hapinit in sum onrecoverabill incovenient ather be euill drogges or onlermed mixto<sup>r</sup>. yairof as hapinit to ye nobill men quha come to the mariage of the quene in france in the fiftie aught yeiris of god thairefur.”

There is a marked difference between the manner in which the Protestant opinions are spoken of in the Latin and in the Scottish work. We are at no loss to perceive that the author of the MS. is attached to the Roman Catholic religion; but he preserves far greater moderation on this topic in it than he has done in his printed history. To account for this, it is perhaps sufficient to recollect, that the former was written in Scotland or in England, whereas the latter was composed and printed at Rome, and dedicated to the Sovereign Pontiff. This circumstance may also serve, in part, to account for the different way in which the author has expressed himself in the two works, respecting the death of Queen Mary of England and the succession of Elizabeth. In the printed history, after recording the deaths of great men, and the prodigies which prognosticated “the overthrow of every monument of religion in both kingdoms, by the audacity and fury of the heretics,” the Bishop says, “On the 15th of the calends of December, Mary Queen of England, a woman adorned with every virtue, and every way worthy to be admitted to divine bliss upon leaving this world, rendered her soul to God, to her great advantage, but to the unspeakable loss of the church. Upon this, Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII. by Anne

\* The transcriber has here repeated some words and transposed others. The sentence should run thus: “During the tyme that the Quene Douarier and Lords of Scotlande was in France, thair came ane,” &c.



Boleyn, assumed the government; and having induced many good men to believe that she was friendly to the Catholic religion, was consecrated with oil, and with the other ceremonies of the church, by the hands of Catholic bishops. But soon after, contrary to what was expected by many, she used every effort to overthrow the Catholic religion, and to establish the monstrous Luthero-Calvinian doctrine," &c. In the MS. the Bishop describes the same events in the following terms:

"About ye middis of the monethe of November Marie quene of England partlie throuche gret maloncalie for the lose of calice and partlie thro' cōsumptione of seiknes endit hir lyf the xvij day of the same monethe and in hir place ane *beutifull* & verteous princes Lady Elizabeth was proclaimed quene of Inglande quha Jvyses ye same to thir daies."

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REMARKS ON THE REVIEW OF MR STEWART'S DISSERTATION IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

If the writings of Mr Stewart be really entitled to the *kind* of approbation which is usually bestowed upon them in this part of the world, as being not merely the best metaphysical works of the present day, but almost the only works in which the true object of the Philosophy of the Human Mind is distinctly and accurately laid down, and the method of attaining it steadily and systematically pursued,—it may seem like doubting of the ultimate prevalence of truth over error, to betray any anxiety in regard to their fate, or to undertake their defence against any attacks to which they may be exposed.

The observations which follow, on some of the reasonings contained in the Review of his last work in the Quarterly Review, are not, however, stated with the hope either of strengthening his philosophy, or of converting his antagonists, but merely with the view of taking off, in some degree, the impression which so elaborate, and in some respects able an article, may have made on that portion of the public whom inclination or business prevent from taking more than a cursory view of metaphysical controversies.

The animadversions on Mr Stewart's writings, contained in the Re-

view, are made with so much courtesy, and accompanied with so many expressions of respect for his talents, and good will towards himself, as call for a similar return on the part of any one who attempts their defence; and in this respect at least, the following observations will not, I hope, be thought unworthy of a disciple of one who represents "unconquerable candour" as essential to true philosophy.

I beg leave, in the first place, to say two words on the objection so often brought against the Philosophy of the Mind; and which, though not urged in the article under consideration, is discussed at some length in a former article, to which reference is made,—that it is of little or no practical utility. According to Mr Stewart's principles, the present would not seem to be an age in which this question can be brought to the test of experience. The minds of men are too much occupied with active concerns, and accustomed to strong interests;—metaphysicians are too busy in settling the foundations of their science, and defining its appropriate objects; erroneous ideas, on the last subject, have still too strong a hold of the public mind; metaphysical controversies, of no practical use, are in consequence too frequent; and the mode of inquiry, and kind of knowledge, in regard to the mind, on which Mr Stewart rests his hopes of the ultimate usefulness of the study, are too rare, to allow us the means of judging with confidence on the subject.

But I think it may be farther observed, on this point, that as the moving spring of philosophical inquiry is not the desire of happiness, but the principle of curiosity, so the first object of philosophy is not *power*, but *knowledge*. Every part of the works of nature, which it is in the power of the human understanding to explore, is an object of curiosity to the mind; and when it finds itself unable to gratify this desire, then the limits of the understanding themselves become an object of equal interest. In pursuing these objects, it is not to be expected, and it is surely still less to be wished, that the mind will ultimately be restrained by any consideration whatever, save only the consciousness of its own imperfection.

The interest which has in all ages been taken, not indeed by the bulk of

mankind, but by thoughtful and contemplative men, in the Philosophy of the Mind, is at once a proof of the existence of a strong curiosity upon this subject, and a pledge for the disposition of future generations in regard to it; and whoever has really been instrumental, either in fixing the limits, or in extending the range, of this department of science, however much his labours may be obscured by the clouds of ancient prejudice, or neglected amid the splendour of passing events, acts under the assurance that the value of these labours will be duly appreciated by after ages, when the progress of time and of knowledge shall have brought them into view. The sublime sentiment of Kepler,—I may well be an age without a reader, since God Almighty has been six thousand years without an observer like me—was uttered by almost the only individual of the human race who could utter it without unpardonable presumption; but enough of the spirit which dictated those words remains, to animate, in all time to come, the exertions of those philosophers who outstrip their contemporaries, and leave their fame to posterity.

The first and heaviest charge which is brought against Mr Stewart, in the article in question, relates to the “errors which are conceived to be mixed up in his very conception of the proper aim of metaphysical philosophy.” In proof of this, we are referred, first, to a former article in the same Review,—and next, to a subsequent passage in the same article. In the Review of the 2d Volume of Mr Stewart’s Elements, there are many objections stated to particular doctrines contained in that work; but the only arguments which can be considered as directed against the object, and the method of his philosophy in general, are contained between p. 287 and p. 291 of the 12th Volume of the Review, and these I shall now consider.\*

“In any inquiry into the Natural History of the Human Understanding,” it is said, “it is plain that two paths present

\* In order to abridge this article as much as possible, I quote only those sentences from the Review which seem to me to contain the substance of the arguments; but as I refer to the places where the arguments are contained at length, it is in the power of the reader to judge whether in any point I have misunderstood them.

themselves to our choice; Either we may consider the mind as it is in itself, or as it is in the objects about which it is conversant. The first may be termed, the method by inquiry into the *subjects* of our consciousness; the latter, the method by inquiry into the *objects* of it. In the one case, to use the phraseology of Mr Stewart, our aim is, to ascertain the ‘simple and uncompounded faculties, or the simple and uncompounded principles,’ of which the mind consists; in the other case, it is to ascertain the nature, the certainty, and the limits of the knowledge which it possesses. As the object of our inquiry, in the first of these instances, is real existence, it would seem at first sight to be a proper subject for experimental or inductive reasoning. In the other instance, however, the *immediate* end which we propose to ourselves is not real existence, but abstract truth; and accordingly it is evident that our investigations in this direction must be carried on, not by observation of *facts*, but by tracing the various *relations* in which all the objects of human knowledge stand to us and to each other. In both cases, real existence may be considered as the basis of our reasoning, but in other respects they are extremely different; in the one, our inquiry *terminates* with the establishment of a fact, whereas it is precisely at this point that it *commences* in the other. For example, when we have ascertained that all persons possess the notions of solidity, extension, motion, and so forth, the object of philosophy is so far accomplished, according to Mr Stewart; but according to Mr Locke, the existence of these notions is taken for granted, and the *nature* of them, the *origin* of them, and so forth, is the point at which metaphysical philosophy would here begin. Which of these views may be the more correct, is another question; our aim at present is to shew, that the idea of applying the inductive logic to this science depends entirely upon a particular theory as to the proper objects of it.”

I have quoted this paragraph entire, because, after all the attention I have been able to bestow on it, I am not satisfied that I understand the nature of the distinction here stated between the *subjects* and the *objects* of our consciousness. By the former term, I conclude, from some subsequent passages, that we are to understand the powers or faculties which have been ascribed to the mind. But the precise meaning of the term, Objects of Consciousness, I do not comprehend; and the difficulty is much increased by the account given in another passage, of the “objects about which the understanding is conversant,” which term appears to be used as synonymous with the other.

“ It is obvious that these are not like the objects of sense: they cannot be put, like pieces of gold, into a crucible: *whether they be ideas, or notions, or conceptions, or abstractions* (it matters not by what name we call them), it is plain they are not subjects susceptible of experiment; and whatever knowledge we may hereafter arrive at, concerning the various metaphysical peculiarities and relations by which they are distinguished from each other, must be acquired, most assuredly, by general reasoning, and not, as Mr Stewart supposes, by inductive analysis.”

It is here plain, that by this term the Reviewer means ideas, or notions, or conceptions, or abstractions, but in no case objects of sense.

Now it must be remembered, that the Reviewer has expressly renounced the Ideal Theory, according to which, “ ideas in the mind are the *objects of our thoughts* in every operation of the understanding.” “ This theory,” he says, in the same article, p. 293, “ it is the great praise of Dr Reid to have most ably and most successfully refuted.” He must therefore, one should think, assent to the observations in the following passages from Reid, which contain nearly the whole substance of his doctrine on this subject.

“ When I imagine a lion or an elephant, the lion or elephant is the *object* imagined. The *act* of the mind, in conceiving that object, is the *notion*, or *conception*, or *imagination* of the object. If, besides the object, and the act of the mind about it, there be something called the idea of the object, I know not what it is.” Essays, p. 183. “ In perception, in remembrance, and in conception or imagination, I distinguish three things—the mind that operates, the operation of the mind, and the object of that operation. That the object perceived is one thing, and the perception of that object another, I am as certain as I can be of any thing. The same may be said of conception, of remembrance, of love and hatred, desire and aversion. In all these, the act of the mind about its object is one thing, the object is another thing. There must be an object, real or imaginary, distinct from the operation of the mind about it. Now if in these operations the idea be a fourth thing, different from the three I have mentioned, I know not what it is, nor have been able to learn from all that has been written about ideas. And if the doctrine of philosophers about ideas confounds any two of these things which I have mentioned as distinct; if, for example, it confounds the object perceived with the perception of that object, such doctrine is altogether repugnant to all that I am able to discover of the operations of my own mind; and it is repugnant to the common sense of

mankind, expressed in the structure of all languages.” Ibid. p. 184.

If the Reviewer assent to these remarks, there is a manifest inconsistency in his speaking of notions, or conceptions, or abstractions, as “ objects about which the mind is conversant.” And whether he assent to them or not, if the remarks be true, as I think they are, there is a manifest absurdity in such language; and this error obviously infects almost all his subsequent reasoning.

It is not my object, however, to examine the kind of metaphysics which this writer would substitute for the philosophy of Mr Stewart, but merely the grounds on which he would reject that philosophy, and “ follow up the study of the mind by some other organ than that which he proposes.”

I. He tells us, in the *first* place, that “ as the mind is not conscious of its own existence, so neither is it conscious of those separate and independent faculties with which it is considered as being endowed;” that we cannot infer, from our internal feelings, the *separate existence* of those particular attributes, in the same manner that we infer the existence of some thinking substance in general; that whether the mental operations be performed by the distinct agency of various simple and uncompounded faculties, or whether it be only one indivisible and homogeneous power, operating merely on different objects, “ this is a point on which Consciousness is able to afford no information whatever.”

On this passage I would observe, *first*, that it obviously proceeds on a misconception in regard to the meaning of the term, *Faculties of the Mind*. When it is said that the mind possesses the faculties of Memory, Judgment, or Volition, all that is meant is, that, under certain circumstances, it remembers, judges, or wills. The words apply, not to distinct existences in the mind, but to distinct *modes* in which the mind acts on different occasions.

“ By the operations of the mind,” says Reid, “ we understand every *mode of thinking* of which we are conscious.”

And again:

“ The words Power and Faculty, often used in speaking of the mind, need little explication. Every operation supposes a power in the being that operates; for to

suppose any thing to operate which has no power to operate, is absurd. But there is no absurdity in supposing a being to have the power to operate, when it does not operate. Thus I may have the power to walk when I sit, or to speak when I am silent. Every operation, therefore, implies power, but the power does not imply the operation." Essays, p. 14.

When Mr Stewart uses the term "simple and uncompounded faculties," his language, like almost all the language that can be used in speaking of the mind, is metaphorical; but he is careful here, as in many other parts of his writings, to "vary from time to time the metaphors he employs, so as to prevent any one of them from acquiring an undue ascendant over the others, either in his own mind or those of his readers." And he accordingly observes, in the very next sentence, "These faculties and principles are the laws of our constitution."

But, *secondly*, in fulfilling the objects which Mr Stewart proposes to himself, in "ascertaining the laws of our constitution, so far as they can be discovered by attention to the subjects of our consciousness, and afterwards applying these laws as principles for the synthetical explanation of the more complicated phenomena of the understanding," it is surely quite immaterial, whether the "thinking substance," which acts according to these laws, be considered as one indivisible and homogeneous power, or as composed of various independent powers, provided only that the laws themselves are uniform. All that is obtained in generalizing the properties of matter, is merely a knowledge of the general laws, according to which that unknown thing which we call matter exhibits certain phenomena to our senses; and all that is obtained in generalizing the operations of mind is, in like manner, only a knowledge of the general laws, according to which the unknown thing which we call mind exhibits phenomena to our consciousness. Whether the unknown substance in either case be indivisible and homogeneous, or consist of various separate existences, is a question which we have no means of deciding; but the decision of which, either way, cannot affect the validity of the laws according to which it is found that the phenomena are exhibited. It is, in fact, one of those questions concerning the nature of the mind, on which

Mr Stewart set out with observing, "that they are as widely and obviously different from the view which I propose to take of the human mind in the following work, as the reveries of Berkeley concerning the non-existence of the material world are from the conclusions of Newton and his followers." Elements, Introduction.

It is *next* stated by the Reviewer, with regard to Mr Stewart's method of Philosophy,

"Should we be curious to know why the same property in the sun occasions so many dissimilar effects as we are daily witnesses to, it would surely be in vain, like the schoolmen of old, to institute inquiries into the nature and essence of heat, considered as *it is in itself*; all that we can learn of it, is from the specific differences which we may observe among the objects themselves on which heat is seen to operate. It is precisely the same in the case of mind; if we should be desirous of investigating the nature of our understanding, and of our intellectual operations, it is not to them that analogy would direct our attention, but solely to the *objects* about which they are conversant."

And again;

"In the same manner, as all that Philosophy can teach us concerning heat is from the objects which it acts upon, so all that it can teach us concerning the human understanding, is from the *objects* about which it is conversant."

The word *objects*, as formerly noticed, is obscure; and investigating the nature of our understanding is *not* the end of the Philosophy of the Mind; but making allowance for these inaccuracies, the only meaning that I can annex to this passage is so far from being any argument against the application of induction to the science of mind, that it refers to the very circumstance,—the relative nature of our notions of mind, as well as of matter, —on which the necessity of employing that mode of inquiry depends. If we knew the nature of the mind, we might be able to deduce from that, by general reasoning, the laws according to which it acts; and our ignorance of its nature is the very reason why we must have recourse to another mode of inquiry. To take the illustration that is offered, what is it that makes heat a proper subject for inductive inquiry? Is it not the circumstance, that it is the unknown cause of known effects? What is it, in fact, that makes the material world, in general, a proper subject for inductive inquiry? Is it

not the circumstance, that we are fitted by nature for perceiving the properties of matter, by observing the occasions on which these properties affect our senses, and are yet kept in ignorance of its essential nature? And are we not in like manner capable of acquiring the knowledge of the faculties of our minds, by reflecting on the occasions on which we are conscious of exercising them, and yet ignorant of any thing farther concerning the mind, than its merely being that which thinks and feels. To what, in fact, but to an acknowledgment of this similarity, does the foregoing passage amount?

It is true, that it is not strictly correct language, to speak of being conscious of mental faculties, such as Perception or Memory, because we are conscious only of perceiving or remembering individual things. But from this we are entitled to conclude, 1st, That there is a mind which perceives and remembers; and, 2dly, That it possesses the powers of perception and memory; just as we are entitled to conclude from seeing extended and coloured objects, 1st, That there is matter which is extended and coloured; and, 2dly, That it possesses the properties of extension and colour. And if we are to give up the inductive science of mind, because we are conscious only of individual acts of thought, we may as well reject the Newtonian explanation of the phenomena of the heavens, because the law of gravitation, and the first law of motion, were made known to us by observations, not upon themselves, but upon individual objects of sense.

What should we think of an inquirer in physics, who should object to the Theory of Gravitation, that when a stone falls to the ground, and when it is thrown from the hand, he cannot observe it taking on any different actions; and that the only distinction he is able to observe, consists in the simple fact of its having moved from the same point, first in one direction, and then in another. And when we find this writer objecting to the inductive science of mind, after stating a case in which various faculties are exerted, that "the mind is altogether unconscious, in these different cases, of putting forth different exertions;" and that "the only distinction which it is able to observe, among all these

various operations, consists in the simple fact of its having considered a particular object under different relations," are we not forcibly reminded of the sentence which Mr Stewart has himself passed on "the objections which have been stated by some writers of the present age, to the conclusions of those metaphysicians who have attempted to apply the method of induction to the science of mind;" that they "are perfectly similar to the change which was at first brought against the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation, as being a revival of the occult qualities of the Aristotelians."

When, therefore, it is *farther* stated by the Reviewer, that no proof is given of the real existence of the many simple and uncompounded faculties which the human understanding is supposed to possess; and that "upon the objects of our consciousness, we are able to reflect as much, and as long as we please; but as for the subjects of them, we confess that they have eluded our search;" it is only necessary, in answer to this observation, in the *first* place, to repeat, that it appears from a passage formerly quoted, that among objects of consciousness, or objects about which the mind is conversant, this writer enumerates "ideas, notions, conceptions, and abstractions," which, in the language of Mr Stewart, are not *objects* of thought but *acts* of thought, and therefore proofs of the existence of the powers by which the mind performs these acts; and, 2dly, To advert to the misconception already noticed, in regard to the meaning of the term mental power or faculty. According to the explanation of this term, quoted from Reid, the simple circumstance of a man's being conscious that he can remember, judge, or will, is not only a sufficient proof of his possessing the powers of memory, judgment, and volition; but the only proof which the nature of the subject allows us to require.

II. I have thus examined, in detail, the arguments brought against what is here called "The Particular Theory, on which the idea of applying the inductive logic to the science of mind depends;" but it seems to me, that there is a much shorter way of settling this question. It seems to me, that it is too late in the day to assert, that "either the study of the mind must be abandoned, or it must be followed

up by some other organ of investigation than that which Mr Stewart proposes." Nobody who reads the works of Dr Reid and Mr Stewart with attention, can deny, that a great number of facts regarding the mind are contained in them, and many general laws laid down and illustrated, to which particular facts, occurring to the consciousness of any individual, may be referred. Some of these are the results of their own reflexion; others are taken from the writings of former philosophers, and verified by this test. Of the phenomena made known to us, by reflexion on the operations of our own minds, therefore, a collection *has been* made, and to a certain degree generalized. This collection of facts, our knowledge of which rests on the evidence of consciousness, has received the name of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. If any one supposes that he can give information on the subject of the mind resting on other evidence, and obtained in a different manner, it is for him, first to establish the authority of the evidence on which he proceeds; and next, to communicate his knowledge. Whether there is any probability of this being done, and of a body of information concerning the mind, differing *in kind* from that contained in the works of Reid and Stewart, being collected or not, is a question which it would be quite superfluous to discuss here; because, if it were done to-morrow, it would not in the slightest degree affect either the validity or the importance of the generalizations contained in their writings.

The only passage, in the article immediately under consideration, in which the author delivers his opinion at any length, in regard to the object of the philosophy of the mind in general, is that at page 62, where he is discussing the merits of Des Cartes. His opinions, as delivered in this passage, I shall now proceed to consider, separating them, however, as much as possible, from the discussion regarding Des Cartes, with which they are connected in the Review. They are professedly opposed to the philosophy of Reid, to which he says, by way of preface to them, he doubts if the name of true philosophy can be applied; and as they are the only opinions stated in this article to which the author can be supposed to refer, when he promises to give his reasons for thinking that Mr

Stewart has mistaken the aim of metaphysical philosophy, it seems obvious, that they are directed likewise against his writings.

"The business of Natural History," he says, "is to record particular facts; and the business of philosophy, it is now well understood, is simply to explain them by others more general. Accordingly, in the same manner as the proper object of that part of the science of mind, which is usually called *moral philosophy*, is to ascertain the general principles upon which our particular *feelings* depend, so it is the business of what is called *logic* (taking the word in the comprehensive sense in which it was used by the ancients) to give a similar account of our *opinions*. When metaphysicians shall have accomplished this, so as to give a satisfactory explanation of the nature and degree of *evidence* which naturally belong to these last, according to the different circumstances connected with the respective sources from which our various opinions proceed, they will have fulfilled every thing which they ought to engage themselves to perform."

On this passage I would observe, *first*, that it appears to me to be in direct contradiction to the passage in the former article in the same Review, on which I have been commenting, and with which, according to the expressions used in the former part of the present article (p. 40), it would appear that it was intended to co-operate, in order to show that "errors are mixed up in the very conceptions which Mr Stewart has formed of the proper aim of Metaphysical Philosophy." The business of Natural History, it is said, is to record facts, the business of Philosophy is to explain particular facts by others more general; *accordingly*, the business of Moral Philosophy, in its strictest sense, is to ascertain the general principles on which our feelings depend; and the business of Logic, in its widest sense, is to ascertain those on which our particular opinions depend. It seems to me impossible to conceive how these objects are to be attained, except by the method of induction; and the reference which is made, of Moral Philosophy and Logic, to Philosophy in general, of which they are branches, and the mention made of Natural History, as furnishing the materials of philosophy, seem to place it beyond a doubt that the meaning of the author is, that particular feelings and opinions are to be referred to general principles in the science of mind; *accordingly* as particular facts in natural history are referred to laws in

philosophy,—that is, by the method of induction. How is this to be reconciled to the opinion already quoted from the former Review, where it is defended at considerable length,—“That the idea of applying the inductive logic to this science, depends entirely upon a particular theory, in regard to the proper objects of it;”—and that “either the study of the mind should be abandoned altogether, or we must follow it up by some other organ of investigation than that which Mr Stewart proposes?”

Secondly, I would remark, in regard to this passage, its great similarity to the account given by Mr Stewart himself, and adhered to in all his speculations, of the object of the science of mind. There are, indeed, many phenomena of which we are conscious in ourselves, and to which Mr Stewart has directed his attention, which it would be very difficult to comprehend under the heads of “feelings and opinions,” unless one or both of these terms are to be used in a much wider sense than is usual, either in common life, or in the language of philosophy. But in the limited sphere to which this author would seem disposed to confine his researches concerning the mind, the objects which he proposes to accomplish are very exactly, as far as I can understand them, the same as Mr Stewart has in view. I do not recollect any passages, in which Mr Stewart has explained the object of his inquiries regarding the mind, more concisely than in the following.

“Upon a slight attention to the operations of our own minds, they appear to be so complicated, and so infinitely diversified, that it seems to be impossible to reduce them to any general laws. In consequence, however, of a more accurate examination, the prospect clears up; and the phenomena, which appeared at first to be too various for our comprehension, are found to be the result of a comparatively small number of simple and uncompounded faculties, or of simple and uncompounded principles of action. These faculties and principles are the general laws of our constitution, and hold the same place in the philosophy of mind, that the general laws we investigate in physics hold in that branch of science. In both cases, the laws which nature has established are to be investigated only by an examination of facts, and in both cases, a knowledge of these laws leads to an explanation of an infinite number of phenomena.\* In all our inquiries, whether they re-

late to matter or mind, the business of philosophy is confined to a reference of particular facts to others more general; and our most successful researches must always terminate in the discovery of some law of nature, of which no explanation can be given.”†

I ought to apologise for quoting passages, taken almost at random, and the substance of which must be so perfectly familiar to all who have any recollection either of the writings or the lectures of Mr Stewart. I do so, however, merely to institute a comparison between them and the passage just quoted from the Review. The similarity of opinion (excepting only in the circumstance of Mr Stewart's view of the subject comprehending more particulars than the Reviewer's) is such as to render it, in my opinion, exceedingly difficult to conceive what it is that can have induced this author to think, that he understands, and that Mr Stewart does not understand, the “aim of Metaphysical Philosophy.”

The substance of the observations which immediately follow the passage last quoted from the Review, seems to be contained in the following sentence:

“If it be asked, how do we know that there is an earth and heaven,—that we have eyes and ears,—that two and two make four,—and that the whole is greater than its part? it belongs to the province of the metaphysician to furnish the information that is required; but if the inquiry be continued, and it be asked, according to Des Cartes, but how do we know that neither our reason nor our senses deceive us? he may, we think, very fairly reply, that these are questions which he is not called upon to answer, and that those who interrogate him concerning them have misunderstood the real object of the science which he professes.”

The author seems here to have forgotten, that the belief we repose in the evidences of reason and of our senses, is a part of our mental constitution; and although, in investigating this, and all other parts of our constitution, we must arrive at ultimate facts of which we can give no account, yet there is no reason why the inquiry should be *in limine* abandoned. He has himself just declared it to be a part of the object of metaphysicians “to give a satisfactory explanation of the nature and degree of evidence

\* Elements,—Introduction, p. 10.

† Outlines, p. 8.

which naturally belong to our opinions, according to the different circumstances connected with the respective sources from which our various opinions proceed." To accomplish this object, by an analysis of what is here called, somewhat vaguely, the evidence of our reason and our senses,—to which Mr Stewart has given the name of Fundamental Laws of Human Belief,—and by stating the proper application of these, was a great part of the design of Dr Reid in all his works, and of Mr Stewart in his later works; but it is the great praise of these authors to have confined themselves strictly, in this undertaking, to an accurate examination, and distinct statement, of the facts, and to have kept constantly in view the impossibility of adding to the authority of these laws, by any effort of human reasoning.

"Now that the controversy about the explanation given by the ideal theory of the phenomena of perception," says Mr Stewart, "is brought to a conclusion (as I think all men of candour must confess it to have been by Dr Reid), it will be found that his doctrine on the subject throws no light whatever on what was generally understood to be the great object of our inquiry; I mean on the mode of communication between the mind and the material world; and in truth, amounts only to a precise description of the fact, stripped of all hypothesis, and stated in such a manner as to give us a distinct view of the insurmountable limits which Nature has, in this instance, prescribed to our curiosity."\*

This kind of contribution to the science of mind is, however, held very cheap by the Reviewer, who "cannot but think it to be an imputation on the good sense of any man of mature age, ever to have been really and seriously bewildered by such insipid speculations," as doubts concerning the "evidence of our senses and of our reason." He then enlarges on the pernicious effects of such questions being "promulgated from authority, as questions of great importance to determine in morals and philosophy, and debated as such, with seriousness and gravity, by men who are well known to be really zealous for truth." His observations on this point are not directed, by name, against any author except Des Cartes, but they will no doubt be considered by many general readers as equally applicable to the writings of Reid and Stewart,—so

great a part of which is well known to be devoted to subjects intimately connected with the "evidence of our senses and our reason." To such readers, it may be of importance to remark, that those observations do not at all apply to these writings. When men have a clear "view of the insurmountable limits which nature has presented to our curiosity," and yet wish to overstep these, it is useless to reason with them, and Mr Stewart would dismiss them as he does those who, after the grounds of the conclusion of our personal identity are explained to them, still hesitate about trusting to it.

"If any one should bring himself by this and other scholastic subtleties to conclude, that he has no interest in making provision for to-morrow, because personality is not a permanent but a transient thing, I can think of no argument to convince him of his error."

But before the time of Reid and Stewart, men *had not* a clear view of those limits, and what is yet more material, they were bewildered by doctrines which were sanctioned by the greatest names in philosophy, and which yet led to conclusions at once directly adverse to the evidence of our senses and our reason, and unfavourable to religion and morality. If we are *asked* simply, how do we know that neither our senses nor our reason deceive us? the answer should consist in a reference to the fundamental principles of reasoning, and to the laws of our constitution; and the question, thus stated, although it should not be passed over in silence in any account of the human mind, need not form any very considerable part of such of an account. But if we are *told positively*, that our reason and our senses *do* deceive us, it becomes us to consider well the grounds both of that assertion and of our own belief, "so as to give a satisfactory explanation of the nature and degree of evidence which naturally belongs to our opinions."

The bold spirit of inquiry into these subjects which Des Cartes inculcated, much as it has been blamed by the Reviewer, could not have led to much troublesome discussion, if its influence had not been combined with that of ideal theory, descending from an earlier age. As it is, it has led to the overthrow of that theory, and to a luminous exposition of the fundamen-

\* Elements, Introduction, p. 45.



tal laws of human belief. The accomplishment of these objects was obviously essential to the farther progress of the philosophy of the mind, at the time that Reid began to write; and, if they have been accomplished, as it is professed that they have, in the writings of Reid and Stewart, we have every reason to hope, that when these shall have become more generally and more thoroughly understood, we shall hear little more of "the doubts and difficulties that are still supposed to hang over the questions to which we are now alluding." The truth of the estimate, which Mr Stewart has himself formed of the value of that part of his labour which consists of the correction of the errors of others, will then be felt and acknowledged.

"I would not be understood to magnify, beyond their just value, the inquiries in which we have been now engaged, or those which are immediately to follow. *Their utility is altogether accidental*, arising, not from the positive accession they bring to our stock of scientific truths, but from the pernicious tendency of the doctrines to which they are opposed. On this occasion, therefore, I am perfectly willing to acquiesce in the estimate formed by Mr Tucker of the limited importance of metaphysical studies, however much I may be inclined to dispute the universality of its application to all the different branches of the intellectual philosophy. Indeed I shall esteem myself fortunate (considering the magnitude of the errors which I have been attempting to correct) if I shall be found to have merited, in any degree, the praise of that humble usefulness which he has so beautifully described in the following words:

"The science of abstruse learning, when completely attained, is like Achilles's spear, that healed the wounds it had made before. It casts no additional light on the paths of life, but disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them; it advances not the traveller one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered."\*

I have now considered the only passages, in these two articles of the Review, which seem to have an immediate reference to the "errors mixed up in Mr Stewart's conception of metaphysical philosophy;" and, if the foregoing observations upon them be just, it will appear that this charge is rested, in the former article, on erroneous grounds; in the present article, on inconclusive grounds; and, in the

two, on grounds that are inconsistent with each other.

(To be continued.)

VINDICATION OF MR WORDSWORTH'S  
LETTER TO MR GRAY, ON A NEW  
EDITION OF BURNS.

MR EDITOR,

I BEG leave to make a few remarks on a Paper which appeared in the Third Number of the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine, respecting Mr Wordsworth's Letter to Mr Gray, on the best mode of composing a memoir of the life of Robert Burns. Had the writer of that Paper confined himself to the question under discussion, I should not have thought it necessary to oppose his opinions, however erroneous they may be; but as he has endeavoured to represent Mr Wordsworth's feelings and motives in an odious and contemptible light, and has shewn greater anxiety to vituperate that truly great Man than to vindicate the character of Burns, I shall, in a few words, expose the weakness and the malignity of this anonymous Calumniator. It is, indeed, of small importance to the interests of Poetry, what such a person may happen to think or say of Mr Wordsworth's *genius*; for it can be with the weakest of the weak alone that the mere unsupported opinion of an unknown scribbler can have any weight: but there is some danger, lest his bold and seemingly sincere asseverations of the unworthiness of Mr Wordsworth's *moral dispositions*, as exhibited in this discussion, may seduce the unwary and unsuspecting mind into the belief that that gentleman has been actuated by paltry feelings, in place of a noble, enthusiastic, and disinterested regard for the cause of Truth. It is but too obvious, that the heart of the "Observer" is full of spite and rancour towards Mr Wordsworth; and, to gratify these pitiful and despicable feelings, he has not scrupled to give a false colouring to the little truth he accidentally may have spoken,—to misrepresent every fact he has touched upon,—and, when such paltry artifices failed, to make assertions which he at the time must have known were gross violations of veracity.

Before venturing to attack the "Letter" itself, the Observer "has

\* Phil. Essays, p 50.

cleared his way a little" by some preliminary remarks, the minute and captious nature of which, even if they had been true, must have prejudiced every candid mind against him, as they too clearly prove his anxiety to attach blame to Mr Wordsworth, and the miserable satisfaction he enjoys in any imaginary triumph over that distinguished Person. He says,

"In the first place, we conceive that Mr Wordsworth has made a slight mistake, in saying that Gilbert Burns has done him the honour of requesting his advice. This does not appear to have been the case. The request was made by Mr Gray, and not by Mr Burns, who, we have good reason to know, was scarcely aware of Mr Wordsworth's existence, had never read a single line of his Poetry, and had formed no idea, good, bad, or indifferent, of his character."

All this is an audacious falsehood. Mr Gilbert Burns requested Mr Gray to learn the sentiments of Mr Wordsworth respecting the subject in question. Mr Gray accordingly wrote to Mr Wordsworth, and the published "Letter" was his valuable reply. It is of no importance whether Mr Gilbert Burns be or be not familiar with Mr Wordsworth's Poetry. A man of his intelligence must know, that Mr Wordsworth is a person of great talents and great virtues, and has long occupied a high station in English literature; and the fact is, that he was not only desirous of knowing the Poet's sentiments, but that, when communicated to him, they were received with pleasure and gratitude.

The Observer then says,

"In the second place, it appears that this 'Letter' was originally a private communication to Mr Gray, and it is a pity that it did not remain so; for we think that there is *great indelicacy, vanity, and presumption*, in thus coming forward with printed and published advice to a man who most assuredly stands in no need of it, but who is infinitely better acquainted with all the bearings of the subject than his officious and egotistical adviser."

Your readers will judge for themselves with regard to Mr Wordsworth's *indelicacy*, from the following sentences in the beginning of his most admirable Letter.

"From the respect which I have long felt for the character of the person who has thus honoured me, and from the gratitude which, as a lover of poetry, I owe to the genius of his departed relative, I should most gladly comply with this wish, if I could hope that any suggestions of mine would be of service to the cause. But really I feel it

is a thing of much delicacy to give advice upon this occasion, as it appears to me, mainly, not a question of opinion or of taste, but a matter of conscience. Mr Gilbert Burns knows, if any man living does, what his brother was," &c.

It appears, therefore, that Mr Wordsworth was respectfully requested by Mr Gilbert Burns, through the medium of a common friend, to give his opinion on the best mode of conducting the defence of the injured reputation of Robert Burns; and that he complied with that request, by writing a letter, full of sentiments of respect and delicacy towards Mr Gilbert Burns—of love, delight, and admiration, towards his illustrious brother; and for this the Observer accuses him of vanity, indelicacy, and presumption!

The Observer "wishes, in the third place, to ask Mr Wordsworth who advised the publication of his Letter?" To this impertinent question I have to reply (and as all his questions are impertinent, I shall not on that account allow him to escape without an answer), Mr Wordsworth himself, Mr Gray, and every other person whose feelings were interested in the publication. Will the Observer tell what false or injudicious friend advised the publication of his "Observations?" Or was it his own malignity alone?

The Observer says,

"In the fourth place, it is natural to ask, what peculiarly fits Mr Wordsworth to give advice on this subject? He has never lived in Scotland,—he knows nothing about Burns,—he very imperfectly understands the language in which Burns writes,—he has not even read those publications which are supposed to be unjust to his memory," &c.

Here we have assertion without proof, and the crafty confusion of things totally opposite in their nature. Suppose Mr Wordsworth does but imperfectly understand the Scottish dialect, is that to prevent him from forming a just opinion of the moral character of Burns? The opinion he offers is not so much concerning Burns as a Poet, as a Man; and this opinion he might have been qualified to give, had Burns written in a foreign language. But the truth is, that though there may be some peculiar idioms, of which the full beauty or vigour can be felt by a native alone, the general spirit and soul of the Scottish dialect is perfectly understood by Mr Wordsworth.

And here it may be noticed, that the Observer seems to forget that he himself is an Englishman; and therefore, if there be any sense in his objection, that he commits the same error as the Poet, and to a much more offensive extent. Mr Wordsworth, however, has frequently been in Scotland,—has studied, with love and respect, the character of her peasantry,—has conversed repeatedly with persons who knew Burns,—is familiar with all his writings,—and has meditated long and deeply on his most interesting character. It is demanding too much of Mr Wordsworth, that he shall have read all the publications unjust to the memory of Burns; but that he has read the passages which he attacks is certain, for they are quoted in his "Letter."

The Observer says, "in the fifth place, what could have kept Mr Wordsworth silent for twenty years?" Mark this man's gross inconsistency. He first abuses Mr Wordsworth for the indelicacy and presumption of having given an opinion when it was asked, and then abuses him for not having given it when it was not asked. But Mr Wordsworth did not keep silent for twenty years; for in his very earliest production, his "Walks through Swisserland," he quotes Burns' writings, when in England they were comparatively little known. He afterwards addressed a poem to his sons; and in another composition he thus finely denominates Burns,

"Him who walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough upon the mountain-side."

A man would have his hands full of employment, who tried to expose all the errors and absurdities which he saw prevailing in the world; and Mr Wordsworth has done his duty, in coming forward to vindicate the character of a brother Poet, soon as he was furnished with a good opportunity.

I have thus, as concisely as possible, refuted every syllable that the Observer has uttered in his preliminary remarks, and beg leave to call the attention of your readers to the baseness of thus endeavouring, in an underhand way, to prejudice the public mind against a Man, no less admirable for the purity and sanctity of his life, than the originality and splendour of his genius.

The Observer then comes to the Letter itself, and after having read Mr Wordsworth a lecture on candour, delicacy, and impartiality, sets himself forthwith to every kind of misrepresentation, impertinence, and falsehood. He first calls "the advice to Gilbert Burns dull, trite, and absurd," and says, that in Mr Wordsworth's case, "vanity, self-conceit, arrogance, and presumption, finally undermine the intellect, and can reduce a tolerably strong understanding to the very lowest level." This wretched sarcasm shall be rebutted by one quotation from Mr Wordsworth's Letter:

"The general obligation upon which I have insisted, is especially binding upon those who undertake the biography of authors. Assuredly, there is no cause why the lives of that class of men should be pried into with the same diligent curiosity, and laid open with the same disregard of reserve, which may sometimes be expedient in composing the history of men who have borne an active part in the world. Such thorough knowledge of the good and bad qualities of these latter, as can only be obtained by a scrutiny of their private lives, conduces to explain, not only their own public conduct; but that of those with whom they have acted. Nothing of this applies to authors, considered merely as authors. Our business is with their books,—to understand and to enjoy them. And, of poets more especially, it is true—that, if their works be good, they contain within themselves all that is necessary to their being comprehended and relished. It should seem that the ancients thought in this manner; for of the eminent Greek and Roman poets, few and scanty memorials were, I believe, ever prepared, and fewer still are preserved. It is delightful to read what, in the happy exercise of his own genius, Horace chooses to communicate of himself and his friends; but I confess I am not so much a lover of knowledge, independent of its quality, as to make it likely that it would much rejoice me, were I to hear that records of the Sabine poet and his contemporaries, composed upon the Boswellian plan, had been unearthed among the ruins of Herculaneum. You will interpret what I am writing, *liberally*. With respect to the light which such a discovery might throw upon Roman manners, there would be reasons to desire it; but I should dread to disfigure the beautiful ideal of the memories of those illustrious persons with incongruous features, and to sully the imaginative purity of their classical works with gross and trivial recollections. The least weighty objection to heterogeneous details, is that they are mainly superfluous, and therefore an incumbrance.

But you will perhaps accuse me of refin-

ing too much; and it is, I own, comparatively of little importance, while we are engaged in reading the Iliad, the Eneid, the tragedies of Othello and King Lear, whether the authors of these poems were good or bad men; whether they lived happily or miserably. Should a thought of the kind cross our minds, there would be no doubt, if irresistible external evidence did not decide the question unfavourably, that men of such transcendent genius were both good and happy; and if, unfortunately, it had been on record that they were otherwise, sympathy with the fate of their fictitious personages would banish the unwelcome truth whenever it obtruded itself, so that it would but slightly disturb our pleasure. Far otherwise is it with that class of poets, the principal charm of whose writings depends upon the familiar knowledge which they convey of the personal feelings of their authors. This is eminently the case with the effusions of Burns;—in the small quantity of narrative that he has given, he himself bears no inconsiderable part; and he has produced no drama. Neither the subjects of his poems, nor his manner of handling them, allow us long to forget their author. On the basis of his human character he has reared a poetic one, which, with more or less distinctness, presents itself to view in almost every part of his earlier, and, in my estimation, his most valuable verses. This poetic fabric, dug out of the quarry of genuine humanity, is airy and spiritual;—and though the materials, in some parts, are coarse, and the disposition is often fantastic and irregular, yet the whole is agreeable and strikingly attractive. Plague, then, upon your remorseless hunters after matter of fact (who, after all, rank among the blindest of human beings) when they would convince you that the foundations of this admirable edifice are hollow, and that its frame is unsound! Granting that all which has been raked up to the prejudice of Burns were literally true; and that it added, which it does not, to our better understanding of human nature and human life (for that genius is not incompatible with vice, and that vice leads to misery—the more acute from the sensibilities, which are the elements of genius—we needed not those communications to inform us) how poor would have been the compensation for the deduction made, by this extrinsic knowledge, from the intrinsic efficacy of his poetry—to please and to instruct!"

There is a strain of philosophical thought and philosophical feeling in this fine passage, utterly above the comprehension and the sympathy of the Observer; and, I am sure that all your readers, whatever may be their opinions of Mr Wordsworth's poetry, will peruse such sentiments with a true admiration of the soul from which

they flowed, and a full conviction that such a man can utter nothing derogatory to Burns, or unworthy of his own dignified character.

The second charge brought against Mr Wordsworth is, that after holding the opinion "that Burns was not addicted to dissipation,—that he was a most exemplary family-man,—and that all stories to the contrary are exaggerations, fabrications, and falsehoods," he has elsewhere maintained an opinion diametrically opposite, "and expressed, in miserable doggerel, what Dr Currie has said in elegant prose."

Mr Wordsworth, throughout his whole Letter, so far from maintaining any such opinion as is here falsely attributed to him, laments, with a lofty and compassionate forgiveness, the errors and failings of the great Scottish Poet. That Burns was occasionally betrayed by the vehemence of his passions—by the burning energy of his character—into reprehensible conduct, is admitted and bewailed; but it is the bitterness of tone with which his Biographers and Critics have spoken of his frailties,—and the cruel, unnatural, unphilosophical, inhuman, and unchristian exposure of all his most secret thoughts, feelings, and actions, that Mr Wordsworth reprobates with a noble flow of impassioned eloquence,—an exposure to which it would not be fitting that the purest and most spotless of human Beings should ever be subjected. The "Poem addressed to the Sons of Burns," which the Observer calls "miserable doggerel," has, I know, appeared in a very different light to some of the best Poets of this age. The Observer needs to be informed, that it was not Mr Wordsworth's business, on such an occasion, to indulge in high poetical reveries; but that, impressed with a mournful recollection of the evils and sorrows to which a highly-gifted Being had through life been exposed by the impetuosity of his passions, and even by some of the most admirable qualities of his fervid mind, a good and a wise man had only to address himself with solemn earnestness and affectionate forewarning to the youthful sons of the mighty dead, and to point to his grave, as at once breathing the most awful dissuasion from vice, and the noblest encouragement to virtue.

The third charge which the Ob-

server brings against Mr Wordsworth is, that he "has made a most *furiosus* and most *unfair* attack upon Dr Currie's Life of Burns." Here, again, I shall let Mr Wordsworth speak for himself.

"I well remember the acute sorrow with which, by my own fire-side, I first perused Dr Currie's Narrative, and some of the Letters, particularly of those composed in the latter part of the poet's life. If my pity for Burns was extreme, this pity did not preclude a strong indignation, of which he was not the object. If, said I, it were in the power of a biographer to relate the truth, the *whole* truth, and nothing *but* the truth, the friends and surviving kindred of the deceased, for the sake of general benefit to mankind, might endure that such heart-rending communication should be made to the world. But in no case is this possible; and, in the present, the opportunities of directly acquiring other than superficial knowledge have been most scanty; for the writer has barely seen the person who is the subject of his tale; nor did his avocations allow him to take the pains necessary for ascertaining what portion of the information conveyed to him was authentic. So much for facts and actions; and to what purpose relate them even were they true, if the narrative cannot be heard without extreme pain; unless they are placed in such a light, and brought forward in such order, that they shall explain their own laws, and leave the reader in as little uncertainty as the mysteries of our nature will allow, respecting the spirit from which they derived their existence, and which governed the agent? But hear on this pathetic and awful subject, the poet himself, pleading for those who have transgressed!

'One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving *why* they do it,  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis *he* alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord—its various tone,  
Each spring, its various bias.

Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's *resisted*.'

How happened it that the recollection of this affecting passage did not check so *amiable a man as Dr Currie*, while he was revealing to the world the infirmities of its author?"

Your readers will judge whether there be any thing *furiosus* or *unfair* in this passage, which is the strongest against Dr Currie in the whole Letter. I for myself have no scruple in saying, that my opinion does not exactly coincide with that of Mr Wordsworth, on the merits of Dr Currie's Edition of

Burns. I am strongly inclined to think, that from the Letters of Burns, &c. all arranged chronologically, as they are in that Edition, a candid and thoughtful reader may perceive the steps by which Burns was led to form habits of life not altogether defensible, and may trace his sorrows, anxieties, trials, temptations, and resistance, as far as it is possible for one man to judge of the feelings and conduct of another. But, though in this one point I differ from Mr Wordsworth, I perfectly agree with him in thinking, and I feel confident, that every reflecting mind will be of the same opinion, *first*, That Dr Currie, incautiously and rashly applied expressions to the moral conduct of Burns, which are altogether unjustified by any thing contained in his Letters or his History;\* and, *secondly*, That much more has been laid open to the Public concerning the Private Life of Burns, than was consistent either with the justice due to the dead, or the delicacy due to the living. It is upon this ground that Mr Wordsworth stands triumphant; and I conceive he has done an important service to Literature, by his eloquent and original exposition of the Philosophy of Biography.

It ought to be borne in mind, that it is not Dr Currie alone who has spoken injuriously of Burns' character. A whole host of paltry scribblers have trampled irreverently over his ashes, and by a culpable expression of that excellent man, sought to justify their own malignant aspersions. It is on this account that Mr Wordsworth has thought it his duty to reprehend Dr Currie's errors, which he has done with great tenderness and moderation. It is perfectly true (as Mr Wordsworth remarks), that *the difference of their social conditions* caused Dr Currie, unknown to himself, to speak of Burns with an indelicate freedom, and an air of superiority. He felt that Burns was a *Poet*, but he also knew that he had been a *ploughman*. Had he been on the same level with himself *in rank*, and had his surviving relations been *gentlefolks*, he would never have dared to enter into so detailed an exposition of his habits and qualities, nor indeed

\* The assertion, for example, that during the latter part of his life, Burns was perpetually "under the influence of alcohol,"—a most pedantic mode of uttering an untruth.

would such an idea have entered into his mind. Without doubt, most of the foolish and unmeaning anecdotes of Burns, on which the charge of immorality or dissipation is founded, are either the fictions or the gross exaggerations of vulgar minds, eager to claim an acquaintance with the wonderful Man, or, what is worse, they are the revealed secrets of those unguarded hours, from which, who shall dare to say that he has always been free, and which, nearly harmless in themselves, become objects of blame, only when bruited abroad with all the vile accompaniments of misrepresentation, detraction, and scandal. But as it is the doom of genius, to be exposed to such evils, so also is it the power and privilege of genius, finally to triumph over them with a perfect triumph.

The Observer's fourth charge against Mr Wordsworth is, that he has penned "a Philippic against the Edinburgh Review;" and this Philippic is said to be "so low and vulgar," that it must not be permitted to sully the immaculate pages of the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine. The Observer's tender and trembling sensibility is quite shocked with Mr Wordsworth's rudeness and want of punctilio towards Mr Jeffrey. He tries to sooth that ingenious gentleman's supposed irritation, by the most fulsome and extravagant flattery; and informs the world, that, "as an intellectual being, he is in all respects immeasurably superior to Mr Wordsworth." The world have ample opportunities of forming their judgment of this matter, and probably the Observer's mere assertion will have small weight on the decision. But he is woefully ignorant of the character of these gentlemen, if he imagines that any thing he can say will elevate the one or depress the other, or that his observations can meet with any other feeling than the contempt of both. Mr Jeffrey has long been, in Criticism and Poetry, the antagonist of Mr Wordsworth; he has, in the opinion of that gentleman, treated his productions uncandidly, unfairly, and ignorantly; and, accordingly, Mr Wordsworth, both in his Letter, and in the notes to the collected Edition of his Works, has told him, in plain terms, that he despises him as a Critic, and all his Criticism. The Poet will have his adherents, and the Critic will have his—but all men who respect boldness,

independence, and the freedom of conscientious power, will, whatever be their opinion on the merits of the controversy, admire and applaud the fearless defiance thus thrown out to the adversary, and contrast it with the sneaking baseness of this anonymous calumniator, who, with a peculiar refinement of cowardice, seems equally afraid to acknowledge the praises he heaps on his friend, and the abuses he scatters upon his enemy.

But, in the fifth place, the Observer goes a step farther, and declares his belief that Mr Wordsworth is wholly indifferent to the character of Burns, and that he has written the whole of his long Letter to Mr Gray out of pure spite to Mr Jeffrey! I shall not insult your readers by exposing the folly of this malignant insinuation; but as I fear I have already exceeded my limits, I must beg leave to say a very few words respecting those passages in the Edinburgh Review, which has called forth Mr Wordsworth's just reprehension.

The Observer has quoted a pretty long passage from the Edinburgh Review, to show that Mr Wordsworth had unjustly accused Mr Jeffrey of depreciating Burns; but, with his usual stupidity or duplicity, he talks of the Reviewer's opinion of Burns' *genius*, as if it were of his *moral character*. But about the genius of Burns there is no controversy. The passages of which Mr Wordsworth speaks indignantly are the following:

*"The leading vice of Burns' character, and the cardinal deformity of all his productions, was his contempt, or affectation of contempt, for prudence, decency, and regularity, and his admiration of thoughtlessness, oddity, and vehement sensibility; his belief, in short, in the dispensing power of genius and social feeling in all matters of morality and common sense;"* adding, that these vices and erroneous notions "have communicated to a great part of his productions a character of immorality at once contemptible and hateful."

Now, every impartial person must allow that this charge against Burns is so general, sweeping, and comprehensive, as to be most untrue and most unjust. Burns, it is true, in many of his letters, which for the most part seem to me very unnatural, inflated, and bombastical, though often beautified by touches of spirit, nature, and pathos, indulged himself in a sort of rant about independence and so forth, till

it became a habit, and a very offensive one; but this bad taste is rarely to be found in his Poetry, and generally speaking, it occurs in those letters addressed to persons who, from their ignorance and low feelings, were likely to enjoy such rhodomantade, and to encourage it. When he writes with all his heart and all his soul, and obeys the impulses of his own noble nature, the strain of his moral feelings is simple, pure,—even sublime. And when it is considered how great a proportion of his Poetry is of this character,—how beautifully he has painted the manners, feelings, and domestic enjoyments of the Peasantry of Scotland,—with what an affectionate enthusiasm the name of Burns is uttered daily and hourly throughout the cottages of a thousand vallies,—it may well excite a stronger feeling than surprise, to hear a man of talents and virtues like Mr Jeffrey assert, “that a great part of his productions have a character of immorality at once contemptible and hateful.”

But, even allowing for a moment that these faults attach to the writings of Burns to a far greater extent than I believe they do, it was most rash and unadvised to say that the leading vice of Burns' character was a contempt for prudence, decency, and regularity. At all events, so grievous a charge ought to have been accompanied with a free and joyful admission of his many great virtues. This does not appear to have been the case; and though, therefore, the article in question contains much good criticism both on the Letters and the Poetry of Burns, I think that Mr Jeffrey has been so unrestrained in the expressions of his dislike and aversion to what may have been reprehensible, and so chary of his admiration and delight in all that was noble in the character of that illustrious man, as to have rendered his account of him not only imperfect and unsatisfactory, but erroneous and unjust.

Of Burns' character as a man, it yet remains for some mind of power to speak as it ought to be spoken of. To me it seems that he was a sublime Being. While yet a Boy,—before his very sinews were knit, we behold in him the prop and the pillar of his Father's house. We see him not walking only on the mountain-tops, breathing in the inspiration of nature, as other great Poets have by the benign indulgence

of Providence been allowed in their youth to walk,—but we see him laden with incessant toil,—I might almost say, working the work of a slave. He arose with the lark, but it was not to the life of the lark, a day of song and of rapture in the happy brightness of the sky. Severe and painful duties assailed him and enveloped him: the fields and the hills were first known to his soul as the scenes of bodily labour and endurance, and the very clouds of heaven agitated him with the hopes and fears connected even with the bare means of existence. But “chill Penury repress not his noble rage,”—Freedom sprung out of slavery,—Glory out of gloom,—Light out of darkness. Like an Alpine flower, he grew in beauty and in grace, amid the hail, the snow, and the tempest. Like a storm-loving bird, he “beat up against the wind.” As Wordsworth himself says finely of young Clifford, there was “Among the shepherd grooms no mate For Him, a child of strength and state.”

When the day closed in upon him, “and the weary cotter to his cottage went,” he sat not down in dim despondency by the smoke of his lowly hearth. He sat there like a Spirit or a God—in a sublime contentment inspired by the inward power of genius and of virtue. His Father's gray hairs blessed him, and now that human duties were nobly performed, came the hour of his triumph. His Country's genius appeared before him, and bound the holly round his head,—not the Phantom of a mere heated Fancy, but the living Genius who had watched over him from his cradle, who loved her mountains and her vallies more dearly for his sake, and from whose kindled eyes there shot into his heart the assurance of immortal fame.

There is no need to shrink from the contemplation of his manhood, or of his death. He did not *talk* only of independence—if ever man did, he *practised* it. We hear of the munificence of the rich, and we praise them: but what is it to the life-giving generosity of Robert Burns? It fell like dew from heaven upon the hoary temples of his Parents—he was a noble Friend to a noble Brother—and though neglected by the Great, whose mean existence he has immortalized, there is, to my mind, something delightful in that very neglect, for it leaves Burns unpatronized and unpensioned,—his body

possessed in equal freedom with his soul, and standing aloof from the worldlings, none daring to impeach his integrity, nor to tear one leaf from that oaken branch which Independence bound round his forehead, among the immortal laurels of Genius.

Burns is in his grave,—but let no good man ever behold that splendid monument which now rightly covers his ashes, without feeling, in a profound trance of love, pity, and veneration, that his errors and his frailties were but as passing clouds that sometimes marred the beauty of his radiant soul,—that all the primal duties of human life were gloriously performed “by the poor inhabitant below,”—and that if the Ghosts of the dead were permitted to join in the affectionate devotion of the living, that the Father of Burns would, with his aged Mother, and his Widow, and his Sons, and his Brother, kneel beside his grave, and bathe it with the tears of love, gratitude, and nature.

Such are some of the feelings which rise up in my mind when I think of that great Man; and if there be any truth in them, it is not to be wondered at that Mr Wordsworth, himself a Poet, should be indignant with any Person who has spoken slightly or severely of such a Being. At the same time, Mr Wordsworth is more indignant with, and less inclined to make allowance for Mr Jeffrey than I am, and than what seems to me reasonable. I conceive that Mr Jeffrey, having in his recollection some of those offences of Burns against good taste and feeling before alluded to, wrote of them with the severity they deserved, but that, in the warmth and zeal of composition, he came to view them as of more frequent occurrence than they really are, and thus to consider as a cardinal vice of Burns' character what was only an acquired habit. I see no reason to believe that he was actuated by any other motive than a regard for morality and virtue; nor is it credible, on any supposition, that he strove purposely to depreciate the character of Burns. All his critical writings are distinguished by a pure and high moral feeling; and it is to be regretted that in this case he has looked only at the darker side of the picture, and blamed too severely what was reprehensible, without at all eulogising what was truly sublime. But though Mr Jeffrey may in this way be excused, no excuse should be offered

for the criticism itself; and I willingly deliver up the offensive passages to the full tempest of Mr Wordsworth's indignation.

In addressing to you these remarks, I have no other object than the defence of truth, and I therefore must say, that while I sympathize with all the noble and exalted sentiments contained in Mr Wordsworth's Letter, as they respect Burns and the Biography of Poets and literary Men, I cannot by any means admire his efforts at wit and sarcasm, which seem to me very clumsy and ineffectual; and when he calls Mr Jeffrey “an infatuated slanderer,” he certainly transgresses the limits of a righteous anger, and affords some shadow of pretence to such poor creatures as the Observer, when they accuse him of undue irritation towards that gentleman.

There is here no call upon me to deviate into any discussion on the merits or demerits of Mr Jeffrey as a Critic. He probably would care as little for my opinion as I do for his; yet it is right that all liberal-minded men should, to a certain degree, respect each others opinions. I therefore declare it to be my conviction, in direct opposition to that of Mr Wordsworth, that Mr Jeffrey is the best Professional Critic\* we now have, and that, so far from shewing gross incapacity when writing of works of original genius, that he has never, in one instance, withheld the praise of originality when it was due. Of Mr Wordsworth himself he has uniformly written in terms of far loftier commendation than any other contemporary Critic, and has placed him at all times in the first rank of Genius. It is true that he has committed innumerable mistakes, and occasionally exhibited a very perplexing ignorance, both when discussing the general question of Poetry in reference to Mr Wordsworth's system, and when analysing individual poems and passages; but of many of the most striking and most admirable qualities of Mr Wordsworth's poetical character, he has shewn an acute and fine discernment, and poured himself out in praise of them

\* Our readers will find, in an early Number, the character of this celebrated Person discussed by Schlegel. His Essay on the Periodical Criticism of England has been translated for us by one well qualified for the task. EDITOR.



with the most unrestrained and glowing enthusiasm. Those unmeaning sarcasms fitting the lively and ingenious turn of his mind, accustomed in his profession to a mode of thinking and feeling not very congenial with the simple and stately emotions of Poetry, can have no influence upon spirits capable and worthy of enjoying such Poems as the Lyrical Ballads, and such a Poem as the Excursion,—while they may afford a suitable amusement to those pert and presuming persons, or those dull and obtuse ones, with whom genius holds no alliance, and to whom she can speak no intelligible language; but it is surely pleasanter to see such small folk contentedly swallowing the dole dealt out to them, in a moment of sprightliness, by a facetious Critic, than to see them laying their unprivileged hands on the viands of that Table which Wordsworth has spread for the rich and wealthy men in the Land of Intellect.

It should, however, be held in mind by Mr Wordsworth's admirers, among whom are to be found every living Poet of any eminence, that, with all the fearlessness of original genius, he has burst and cast away the bonds which were worn very contentedly by many great Writers. Mr Wordsworth is a man of too much original power not to have very often written ill; and it is incredible that, mid all his gigantic efforts to establish a system (even allowing that system to be a right one), he has never violated the principles of taste or reason. He has brought about a *revolution* in Poetry; and a revolution can no more be brought about in Poetry than in the Constitution, without the destruction or injury of many excellent and time-hallowed establishments. I have no doubt that, when all the rubbish is removed, and free and open space given to behold the structures which Mr Wordsworth has reared, in all the grandeur of their proportions, that Posterity will hail him as a regenerator and a creator. But meanwhile some allowance must be made for them who, however ignorantly, adhere to their ancient idols; and for my own part, I can bear all manner of silly nonsense to be spoken about Wordsworth with the most unmoved tranquillity. I know that if he has often written ill, Milton

and Shakespeare have done so before him. Johnson has said that we cannot read many pages of Shakespeare, "without contempt and indignation;" and Hume says, that the same divine Poet cannot, for two pages together, "preserve a reasonable propriety." The same critic says, that at least a third of Paradise Lost is "almost wholly devoid of harmony and elegance—nay, of all vigour of imagination." Now, neither Samuel Johnson nor David Hume were dunces. Let us therefore believe that neither is Mr Francis Jeffrey a dunce,—and let Mr Wordsworth be contented with sharing the fate of Milton and Shakespeare.

But in a subject of this nature, why should we dwell on any disagreeable or painful altercations between men of Power. Here there is a noble prospect, without any drawback or alloy, to delight our souls and our imagination. A Poet distinguished for the originality of his genius,—for his profound knowledge of the human heart,—for his spiritual insight into all the grandeur and magnificence of the external world,—for a strain of the most serene, undisturbed, and lofty morality, within whose control no mind can come without being elevated, purified, and enlightened,—for a Religion partaking at once of all the solemnity of faith, and all the enthusiasm of poetry,—and, to crown all with a perfect consummation, a Poet who has realized, in a life of sublime solitude, the visions that have blessed the dreams of his inspiration,—He comes forward with a countenance and a voice worthy of himself and the Being of whom he speaks,—and vindicates, from the confused admiration, or the vulgar reproaches of ordinary minds, a Bard who is the pride of his native Land, and a glory to human nature,—while he speaks of his failings with such reverential pity—of his virtues with such noble praise, that we see Burns standing before us in all his weakness and all his strength,—the same warm-hearted, affectionate, headstrong, fervid, impassioned, imprudent, erring, independent, noble, high-minded, and inspired Man, that won or commanded every soul, and whose voice, omnipotent in life, speaks with a yet more overpowering sound from the silence of the grave.

ROB ROY.

## VERSES

By WALTER PATERSON.

MR EDITOR,

THE two following little pieces are the composition of Mr Walter Paterson, author of the Legend of Iona, a beautiful though neglected Poem, of which I should wish to see some notice taken in your review department.\* He is now abroad; but I can venture to send you these elegant trifles without his express permission.

C. C.

## LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

I CANNOT stain this snowy leaf  
Without a sigh of pensive grief,  
As, musing on my days gone by,  
And those that still before me lie,  
I read a mournful emblem here  
That few could read without a tear!  
For as my musing eyes I cast  
Upon the pages that are past,  
I search them all, but search in vain,  
To find a page without a stain!  
But what has been is not to be:  
The happy Future yet is free;  
Far as my forward eye can go,  
The future still is white as snow,  
So free from stains, so free from cares,  
The tainted Past it half repairs!  
It is a goodly sight! but oh!  
Too well within my heart I know,  
That this fair Future, at the last,  
Shall be itself the tainted Past.

## A THOUGHT.

O COULD we step into the Grave,  
And lift the coffin-lid,  
And look upon the greedy worms  
That eat away the dead!  
It well might change the reddest cheek  
Into a lily-white;  
And freeze the warmest blood to look  
Upon so sad a sight!  
Yet still it were a sadder sight,  
If in that lump of clay  
There were a sense to feel the worms  
So busy with their prey.  
O pity then the living heart;—  
The lump of living clay,  
On whom the canker-worms of care  
For ever, ever prey!

[As the whole world is now anxiously expecting the appearance of ROB ROY, and his history is nevertheless known to but few, we are happy to present our readers with some account of that extraordinary character, drawn up by a Gentleman long resident in that quarter of the Highlands where many of Rob's exploits were performed. All the anecdotes contained in this article are traditional, and it is believed authentic. It cannot but be interesting to peruse a narrative of those plain facts on which the "MIGHTY UNKNOWN" has doubtless erected a glorious superstructure. EDITOR.]

MEMOIR OF ROB ROY MACGREGOR,  
AND SOME BRANCHES OF HIS FAMILY.

The Eagle he was Lord above,  
But Rob was Lord below.

WORDSWORTH.

THOUGH the natives of the Highlands of Scotland had long contemned and resisted the laws of the kingdom, and lived in a state of proud and turbulent independence, the cruelty and injustice which dictated the proscription of the Clan Macgregor, can only be regarded as a wretched picture of that government, and that age, which could sanction an act of such barbarity.

This clan occupied the romantic wilds, and, at that period, the almost inaccessible valleys of Balquhiddar, and the Trosachs, comprehending a portion of the counties of Argyll, Perth, Dumbarton, and Stirling, and appropriately denominated the country of the Macgregors. The stupendous and rugged aspect of their mountains, and the deep retirement of their woods, secured them from the sudden intrusions of other marauding bands, as well as from the immediate cognizance of the law; and though they were not more addicted to depredatory war than the other clans of the Highlands, their unsettled and disorderly habits rendered them the terror of surrounding countries, and, from a supposititious circumstance, drew upon them the vengeance of the State. It was their misfortune to possess an inheritance situated betwixt the countries of two mighty chieftains, each of whom was jealous of their growing importance, and eager for an occasion whereby to deprive them of their lands, and exterminate themselves; and to the influence of the chiefs, Montrose and Argyll, with a

\* We shall, in due time, attend to this recommendation. EDITOR.

weak and credulous monarch, is to be attributed the dreadful severities which long visited this devoted clan.

The peculiar constitution of clanship formed a bond of union, which no privation could tear asunder, nor contention overcome. The obstinate solidity of this compact produced those fierce and desultory forays which so often emerged from the mountains, and spread dismay and misery among the individuals of hostile tribes, from whom various tributes were extorted, or humiliating concessions required.

The Clan Gregor, during this state of irregularity, had become a formidable sept in prosecuting all the evils which arose from feudal manners and hereditary antipathies; and from their local situation on the confines of the Highlands, were more closely approximated to the vigilance and infliction of the border military, or the opposition of their southern neighbours.

Among those regions, in former ages, the benefits of agriculture were almost unknown to the inhabitants, who chiefly lived upon animal food; but of this they were often deprived by the rigour of winter, so that the mutual spoliation of cattle became a regular system, especially during the period of the Michaelmas moon, and in some parts was essential to their preservation. The Macgregors pursued this plan in common with other tribes, though not under more aggravating cruelties. But, from their border station, and the dread with which they were always regarded, they readily levied the arbitrary tax of *black-mail*, extorted as the price of their own lenity, and under the promise of protecting those who paid it from the depredations of other plundering parties, from whom they also engaged to recover whatever booty was carried away. This species of warfare was eventually more destructive than the open contests of armies, and led to that rancorous hostility, and those petty feuds, so disgraceful to the times.

The event which occasioned the merciless decree of *fire and sword* against the Clan Gregor, is so well known that it need not here be narrated. Not only were this race to be rooted out, but their very name was forbidden. They were indiscriminately pursued and massacred wherever they were found, until, by incessant persecution, and subdued by the num-

ber of their enemies, they were ultimately driven to despair, and sought refuge among the mountainous parts of Perth and Argyll, inhabiting the dismal cavities of rocks, and the sombre recesses of forests. Even in this state of misery they were not allowed to exist. They were discovered in their fastnesses, and the Earl of Argyll, with determined butchery, hunted down the fugitives through moors and woods, till scarcely any other than their children remained alive.

Such general and destructive slaughter appeared, for some time thereafter, to have sated the sanguinary propensity of that nobleman, and a relaxation of oppression seemed to promise the Macgregors a state of tranquillity to which they had long been strangers; but it was only a short lived gleam of hope. Some conciliatory overtures on the part of the Campbells flattered these prospects, and one of them, the Laird of Achnabreck, took a friendly charge of the chief of the Clan Gregor, a young man of promising parts. They paid a visit to Argyll in his castle of Inveraray, where Macgregor was received with apparent kindness; but after retiring to his bed-chamber at night, he was treacherously laid hold of and carried out of the house. The first object which presented itself to Achnabreck in the morning, was the body of his young friend Macgregor hanging on a tree opposite his window. Filled with grief and horror at so base a breach of hospitality, he instantly quitted the mansion, determined on revenge, which he soon had an opportunity of satisfying, by running Argyll through the body.

But those barbarities, so wantonly followed up, were not calculated to restrain the impetuous spirit of a valiant clan, and the descendants of those murdered people ceased not to remember and to avenge their sufferings.

Amidst the calamities of his race, arose Robert Macgregor, Celtically named Roy (red), from his complexion and colour of hair, and as a distinctive appellation among his kindred, a practice which is still followed throughout the Highlands. He was the second son of Donald Macgregor of the family of Glengyle, a lieutenant-colonel in the king's service, by a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon, and consequently a gentleman from birth. He

received an education at that time considered liberal, at least suitable to the sphere of life in which he was to appear. Of strong natural parts, he acquired the necessary but rude accomplishments of the age; and with a degree of native hardihood, favoured by a robust and muscular frame, he wielded the broad-sword with such irresistible dexterity, as few or none of his countrymen could equal. Yet he was possessed of complacent manners when unruffled by opposition, but he was daring and resolute when danger appeared: and he became no less remarkable for his knowledge of human nature than for the boldness of his achievements.

It was customary in those days, as it is at present, for gentlemen of property, as well as their tenantry, to deal in the trade of grazing and selling of cattle. This business appears to have been carried on by Rob Roy Macgregor to a considerable extent, so that in early life he was not conspicuous for any dashing exploit. Upon his succession to his estate, however, new objects were presented to him, and having laid claim to the authority, with which he was now invested, over some faithful vassals, he readily commanded their unlimited services in the prosecution of his views,—in repelling his foes, or in exacting the tax of *black-mail*, which he began to raise over the neighbouring countries. This tributary impost had long been suffered to prevail in the Highlands; and though lawless, and generally oppressive, the usage of many ages had sanctioned the practice, so that it was considered neither unjust nor dishonourable; and from its beneficial effects in securing the forbearance and protection of those to whom it was paid, it was usually submitted to as an indispensable measure, and consisted of money, meal, or cattle, according to agreement. The practice too of carrying off the cattle of other clans was still common in those countries; and the followers of Rob Roy were no less guilty of these habits, when necessity, or the unfriendly disposition of other tribes occasioned dispute; but these predatory excursions were usually undertaken against the Lowland Borderers, whom they regarded as a people of another nation, different in manners as in language; and what was not the least motive of attack, they were also

more opulent, and less inclined to war.

Whether the exploits of Rob Roy Macgregor, some of which had become notorious, and the fame he acquired as a cunning and enterprising genius, had rendered him more to be conciliated and courted as a friend, than to be considered and held as an enemy with the family of Argyll, the former scourge of his clan; or whether the chief of that house,—the second duke of the name, from a conviction of the cruelties and injustice which his ancestors had exercised over the Macgregors, had experienced any reasonable compunction, is not certainly known; but it is unquestionable, that this nobleman not only relaxed from all severities against that people, but became attached in the most friendly manner to Rob.

The harsh enactment of the legislature during the reign of James VI. which declared the suppression and prohibition of their name, still hung over the Macgregors, having been renewed by succeeding monarchs; and though Rob Roy had all along despised such authority, he was at last prevailed upon, with reluctance, to adopt some other appellation, so that he might appear, in one instance at least, to acquiesce in the law. He accordingly, from the amicable terms upon which he stood with the Duke of Argyll, now his avowed patron, assumed, by his permission, the name of Campbell, and relinquished that of Macgregor, though in the country, and among his clan, he was acknowledged by no other. He was, consequently, in a writ dated in 1703, denominated Robert Campbell of Inversnait, his paternal inheritance.

This property extended for some miles along the eastern border of Loch Lomond; but, from pecuniary embarrassment, it fell into the hands of the first Duke of Montrose. In his cattle-dealing Rob Roy had a partner in whom he placed unbounded confidence; but this person, having on one occasion been intrusted with a considerable sum of money, made a sudden elopement, which so shattered Rob's trading concerns, that he was under the necessity of selling his lands to the Duke of Montrose, but conditionally, that they should again revert to himself, providing he could return to the Duke the sum he had promised to

pay for them. Montrose had paid a great part, but not the whole, of the price agreed upon. Some years having elapsed, Rob Roy found his finances improved, and, wishing to get back his estate, offered to restore the Duke the sum he had advanced; but upon some equivocal pretence he would not receive it, and, from Rob's dissolute character, an adjudication of the lands was easily obtained, which deprived him of any future claim. Considering this transaction as unjust on the part of Montrose and his factor, Graham of Orchil, Rob watched his opportunity to make reprisal, the only remaining means in his power, and a future occasion gave him the success he desired. This factor, when collecting his rents, was attended, as a matter of compliment, by several gentlemen of the vicinity, who dined with him. Among those who were present at this time was Rob Roy; but before he came he placed twenty of his men in a wood close by, to wait a fixed signal, and went himself to the house with his piper playing before him. This was at the inn of Chapel-Aroch in Aberfoil. The factor had no suspicion of Rob's purpose, as he laid down his claymore to indicate peace, and partook of the entertainment, during which his piper played some wild pibrochs, the boisterous accompaniment which used to give a zest to every Highland feast.

Rob, in the meantime, observed the factor's motions, and saw that he deposited the money in a portmanteau which lay in the room. Dinner was no sooner over than he ordered his piper to strike up a new tune; and in a few minutes Rob's men surrounded the house;—six of them entered with drawn swords—when Rob, laying hold of his own, desired the factor to deliver him the money which he had collected, and which he said was his due. Resistance was useless; the money was given up, and Rob granted a receipt for it. But as he conceived that the factor was accessory to the infringement of the contract that deprived him of his estate, he resolved to punish him. Accordingly he had him conveyed and placed in an island near the west end of Loch Ketturrin, now rendered conspicuous as the supposed residence of the fair *Ellen, the Lady of the Lake*.

“————— the shore around;  
’Twas all so close with copsewood bound,  
Nor track nor pathway might declare  
That human foot frequented there,—  
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.”

In this island was Orchil confined for some weeks; and, when set at liberty, was admonished by Rob Roy no more to collect the rents of that country, which he meant in future to do himself, maintaining, that as the lands originally belonged to the Macgregors, who lost them by attainder, such alienation was an unnatural and illegal deprivation of the right of succeeding generations; and, from this conviction, he was the constant enemy of the Grahams, the Murrays, and the Drummonds, who then claimed, and still inherit, those extensive domains.

Among other coercive measures, which from time to time were adopted to suppress the practices of the Macgregors, was that of planting a garrison in their country at Inver-snaid, upon the spot from whence Rob Roy took his title. The immoderate bounds to which the rigorous decrees of government had been carried, not only by its immediate instrument the military, but also by the other clans who surrounded the Macgregors, drove them to such desperation that they held the laws in contempt, as they were wholly precluded from their benefit,—so that nothing appeared too hazardous nor too flagrant for them to perform. This fortress had been set down some time before any sally from it had given annoyance to Macgregor; and though the number of soldiers which it generally contained were no great obstruction in his estimation, yet they were a sort of check upon those small parties which he some seasons sent forth. He therefore determined to intimidate the garrison, or to make the military abandon it. He had previously mentioned his plan, and secured the connivance of a woman of his own clan who served in the fort. Having supplied her with a quantity of Highland whisky, of which the English soldiery were very fond, she contrived, on an appointed night, to intoxicate the sentinel; and while he lay overcome by the potent dose, she opened the gate, when Rob Roy and his men, who were on the watch, rushed in with loads of combustibles,

and set the garrison on fire in different places, and it was with difficulty that the inmates escaped with their lives. Though Rob was suspected to be the incendiary, there was no immediate proof, and the damage was quietly repaired.

The steady adherence of the Highlanders to the expatriated house of Stuart, was so well known, and so much dreaded by every prince who succeeded them on the British throne, that a watchful eye was constantly kept over their motions, and they were constrained to hold all their communings, which related to the affairs of the exiles, in the most secret and clandestine manner.

Some time subsequent to the unsuccessful attempt of the Highland clans under Dundee, at Killierankie, a great meeting of chieftains took place in Breadalbane, under pretence of hunting the deer, but in reality for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of each other respecting the Stuart cause. Opinions were unanimous; and a bond of faith and mutual support, previously written, was signed. By the negligence of a chieftain to whom this bond was intrusted, it fell into the hands of Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, then at Fort-William, who, from his connexion with many whose names were appended, did not immediately disclose the contents; but from the deserved odium which was attached to that person, from having commanded the party who perpetrated the infamous massacre of Glencoe, he was justly despised and execrated even by his nearest friends; and when it was known that a man of such inhuman feelings held this bond, those who signed it were seriously alarmed, and various plans were suggested for recovering it. Rob Roy Macgregor, who was at this clan meeting, had also affixed his name; but on his own account he was indifferent, as he regarded neither king nor government. He was, however, urged by several chiefs, particularly his patron, to exert himself, and if possible to recover the bond. With this view, he went to Fort-William in disguise, not with his usual number of attendants, and getting access to Captain Campbell, who was a near relation of his own, he discovered that, out of revenge for the contemptuous manner in which

the chieftains now treated the captain, he had put the bond into the possession of the governor of the garrison, who was resolved to forward it to the Privy Council; and Rob learning by accident the day on which it was to be sent, took his leave, and went home. The despatch which contained the bond was made up by Governor Hill, and sent from Fort-William, escorted by an ensign's command, which in those countries always accompanied the messages of government. On the third day's march, Rob, and fifty of his men, met this party in Glendochart, and ordering them to halt, demanded their despatches. The officer refused; but Rob told him, that he would either have their lives and the despatches together, or the despatches alone. The ferocious looks and appearance of Rob and his men bespoke no irresolution. The packet was given up; and Rob having taken out the bond he wanted, he begged the officer would excuse the delay he had occasioned, and wishing him a good journey, left the military to proceed unmolested. By this manœuvre many chieftains kept on their heads, and the forfeiture of many estates was prevented.

The most inveterate enemy that Rob Roy had to guard against, was the Earl of Athol, who had long harassed his clan, and whose machinations were even more alarming than the denunciation of the law. Rob had no doubt given cause for this enmity, for he had frequently ravaged the district of Athol, carried away cattle, and put every man to the sword who attempted resistance; and all this, he said, was to retaliate upon the cruelties formerly committed upon his ancestors. But he had once nearly paid for his temerity. The Earl having sent a party of horse, they unexpectedly came upon him, and seized him in his own house of Monachaltuarach, situated in Balquhiddar. He was placed on horseback, to be conveyed to Stirling Castle; but in going down a steep defile, he leaped off, ran up a wooded hill, where the horsemen could not follow, and escaped. Athol, on another occasion, sent twenty men from Glenalmond, to lay hold of Macgregor. He saw them approaching, and did not shun them, though he was alone. His uncommon size and strength, the fierceness of his countenance, and the posture of de-

fence in which he placed himself, intimidated them so much, that they durst not go near him. He told them, that he knew what they wanted, but if they did not quietly depart, none of them should return. He desired them to tell their master, that if he sent any more of his pigmy race to disturb him, he would hang them up to feed the eagles.

Fuds, and violent conflicts of clans, still continued prevalent, with all the animosity which marked the rude character of the times; and a contest having arisen betwixt the Earls of Athol and Perth, Rob Roy was requested to take part with the latter: and though Perth was no favourite with him, he readily agreed to give his assistance, as he would undertake any thing to distress Athol. Having assembled sixty of his men, he marched to Drummond Castle with seven pipers playing. The Atholmen were already on the banks of the Earn, and the Drummonds and Macgregors marched to attack them; but they no sooner recognised the Macgregors, whom they considered as demons, than they fled from the field, and were pursued to the precincts of their own country.

Although Rob Roy Macgregor, from his great personal prowess, and the dauntless energy of his mind, which, in the most trying and difficult emergencies, never forsook him, was the dread of every country where his name was known, the urbanity and kindness of his manners to his inferiors, gained him the good will and services of his whole clan, who were always ready to submit to any privation, or to undergo any hardship to protect him from the multitude of enemies who sought his destruction; and one or two, among many instances of their attachment, may here be mentioned:—A debt, to a pretty large amount, which he had long owed to a person in the Lowlands, could never be recovered, because no one would undertake to execute diligence against him. At length a messenger at Edinburgh appeared, who pledged himself, that with six men, he would go through the whole Highlands, and would apprehend Rob Roy, or any man of his name. The fellow was stout and resolute. He was offered a handsome sum, if he would bring Rob Roy Macgregor to the jail of Stirling, and was allowed men of his own choice. He

accordingly equipped himself and his men, with swords, sticks, and every thing fitted for the expedition; and having arrived at the only public house then in Balquhiddar, he inquired the way to Rob's house. This party were at once known to be strangers, and the landlord coming to learn their business, he sent notice of it to his good friend Rob, and advised them not to go farther, lest they might come to repent of their folly; but the advice was disregarded, and they went forward. The party waited at some distance from the house, and the messenger himself went to reconnoitre.

Having announced himself as a stranger who had lost his way, he was politely shewn by Rob into a large room, where—

“—All around, the walls to grace,  
Hung trophies of the fight or chace;  
A target there, a bugle here,  
A battle axe, a hunting spear,  
And broad-swords, bows and arrows store,  
With the tusked trophies of the boar,”

which astonished him so much, that he felt as if he had got into a cavern of the infernal regions; but when the room door was shut, and he saw hanging behind it a stuffed figure of a man, intentionally placed there, his terror increased to such a degree, that he screamed out, and asked if it was a dead man? To which Rob coolly answered, that it was a rascal of a messenger who had come to the house the night before; that he had killed him, and had not got time to have him buried. Fear now wholly overcame the messenger, and he could scarcely articulate a benediction for his soul, when he fainted and fell upon the floor. Four of Rob's men carried him out of the house, and, in order to complete the joke, and at the same time to restore the man to life, they took him to the river just by, and tossed him in, allowing him to get out the best way he could himself. His companions, in the mean time, seeing all that happened, and supposing he had been killed, took to their heels; but the whole glen having now been alarmed, met the fugitives in every direction, and gave every one of them such a complete ducking, that they had reason all their lives to remember the lake and river of Balquhiddar.

These people were no sooner out of the hands of the Macgregors, than they made a speedy retreat to Stirling,

not taking time on the road to dry their clothes, lest a repetition of their treatment should take place; and upon their arrival there, they represented the usage they had received, with exaggerated accounts of the assassinations and cruelties of the Macgregors, magnifying their own wonderful escape, and prowess in having killed several of the clan, so that the story was reported to the commander of the castle, who ordered a company of soldiers to march into the Highlands, to lay hold of Rob Roy Macgregor. A party of Macgregors, who were returning with some booty which they had acquired along the banks of the Forth, descried the military on their way to Callander, and, suspecting their intention, hastened to acquaint Rob Roy of what they saw. In a few hours the whole country was warned of the approaching danger, and guards were placed at different stations to give notice of the movements of the soldiers. All the men within several miles were prepared to repel this invasion, in case it was to lay waste the country, which had often been done before; but the military had no other orders than to seize Rob Roy, who considered it more prudent to take refuge in the hills, than openly to give the military battle, when they meant no other hostility.

After a fruitless search for many days, the soldiers, unaccustomed to the fatigue of climbing mountains, and scrambling over rocks, and through woods, took shelter at night in an empty house, which they furnished with heath for beds; and the Macgregors, unwilling that they should leave their country without some lasting remembrance of them, set fire to the house, which speedily dislodged the soldiers. In the confusion, many of them were hurt, a number lost their arms, and one man was killed by the accidental discharge of a musket. The military party, thus thrown into confusion, broke down by fatigue, and almost famished for want of provisions, which they could not procure, withdrew from the country of the Macgregors, happy that they had escaped so well.

The tribute of *black mail*, already noticed, extended, under Rob Roy's system, to all classes of people, to inferior proprietors, and to every description of tenantry; but the more powerful chieftains, though they at times considered Rob as an useful

auxiliary, and though their property was often subjected to spoliation, would seldom consent to that compulsory regulation, as being too degrading to that consequence which they were anxious to maintain. Rob did certainly, as occasion required, exact what he conceived to be his due in this way, with some severity; but he often received the tax as a voluntary oblation. Of this last description was an annual payment made to him by Campbell of Abruchil; but this proprietor having omitted to pay Rob for some years, he at last went to his castle with an armed party, to demand the arrears due to him. Having knocked at the gate, leaving his men at some distance, he desired a conversation with the laird; but he was told that several great men were at dinner with him, and that no stranger could be admitted. "Then tell him," said he, "that Rob Roy Macgregor is at his door, and must see him, if the king should be dining with him." The porter returned, and told Rob that his master knew nothing of such a person, and desired him to depart. Rob immediately applied to his mouth a large horn that hung by his side, from which there issued a sound that appalled the castle guard, shook the building to its base, and astonished Abruchil and his guests, who quickly left the dining-table. In an instant Rob's men were by his side, and he ordered them to drive away all the cattle they found on the land; but the laird came hastily to the gate, apologised for the rudeness of the porter to his good friend Rob Roy Macgregor, took him into the castle, paid him his demand, and they parted good friends.

(To be continued.)

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#### THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

MR EDITOR,

UNLESS early associations mislead me in my judgment of the merits of the following little Poem, I think that you will be glad to give it a place in your Magazine. It was written, a good many years ago, at Winchester College, by a Youth, who afterwards distinguished himself greatly at Oxford, and to me it seems to possess much of that easy and unambitious vivacity and sprightliness which distinguish the lighter effusions of the great wits of Queen Anne's time. N.



## THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

THE fatal Morn arrives, and, oh !  
 To School the blubb'ring Youth must go,  
 Before the Muses' hallow'd shrine,  
 Each joy domestic to resign,  
 No more as erst, at break of day  
 To brush the early dews away,  
 But in ideal range to fly  
 Thro' fancied fields of Poetry :  
 Now gives Mamma her last caressing,  
 And fond Papa bestows his blessing ;  
 Their soft endearments scarcely o'er,  
 The chaise drives rattling from the door.

In gay description could I shine,  
 Or were thy numbers, Homer, mine,  
 Then should my Muse harmonious show  
 How fast they journey'd, or how slow ;  
 How from the east Aurora rose,  
 With fingers red, and redder nose ;  
 Or, at the purple dawn's approach,  
 Rose Phæbus in his painted coach ;  
 But, to be brief, we'll rest content,  
 With only saying—off he went.

So when, from out the Grecian fire  
 Of old, Æneas bore his sire,  
 The hero left with many a tear  
 Those plains, by Mem'ry made more dear,  
 And still in absence would his mind,  
 Recall the joys it left behind,  
 Still bless those happier days, ere Greece  
 O'return'd the gentle reign of peace,  
 When Heav'n propitious smil'd on Priam,  
 —Sed diverticulo in viam—  
 Our Youth the joys of home forgot,  
 Now grows contented with his lot ;  
 On Virgil's sweets can dwell with pleasure,  
 With Tully pass his hours of leisure ;  
 In verses play with skill his part,  
 Nay—say the Iliad all by heart.  
 Oft will he launch aloud in praise  
 Of earlier Greece's happier days,  
 When Kings liv'd peaceful in a cottage,  
 When children fed on sooty pottage,  
 Tho' now a-days they'll play their parts  
 As well on syllabubs and tarts,  
 When ev'ry hero was as tall  
 As Gog and Magog in Guildhall ;  
 And by their prowess he can guess,  
 The Romans surely were no less.  
 He's not (if authors rightly tell us),  
 One of those harum-scarum fellows,  
 Who seek, and know no other pleasure,  
 Than that of eating and of leisure ;  
 Who think the beauties of a classic,  
 Enough to make a very ass sick ;  
 Who know no joys beyond the chace,  
 No recreation but a race ;  
 By him far nobler joys are found  
 In Tully's arguments profound ;  
 No dainties please him like the sweets  
 Of Homer's compound epithets.  
 At length on Isis' banks he views,  
 The walls belov'd by ev'ry Muse,  
 Those walls where gen'rous souls pursue  
 The arduous prize to Virtue due,  
 And school-men from the world withdrawn,  
 Dispute o'er sausages and brawn ;

But here, alas ! the ruthless train  
 Of studies new perplex his brain ;  
 He now of nothing talks but Statics,  
 Geometry, and Mathematics,  
 Crosses the Asinorum Pous,  
 Solves the Parallelepepidons,  
 Explains the rays of light by prisms,  
 And arguments by syllogisms,  
 And night and day his mem'ry crams  
 Brimful of parallelograms ;  
 By A's and B's exact defines  
 The wond'rous miracles of lines ;  
 Ask you their names ? I might as soon  
 Reckon the people in the Moon.  
 Had I an hundred brazen tongues,  
 An hundred sturdy carters' lungs,  
 An hundred mouths to tell them o'er,  
 'Twould take a century or more :  
 Talk of a flow'r of various dyes,  
 He'll prove you must not trust your eyes ;  
 For what to us seems black or white,  
 Is only diff'rent rays of light ;  
 And tho' some untaught writers tell,  
 That men had once the pow'r to smell,  
 Our modern scholar plainly shews,  
 'Tis but a tickling in the nose :  
 By solid proofs he can assure ye,  
 Non dari vacuum naturæ—  
 As well by demonstration shew,  
 Quod nihil fit ex nihilo—  
 That when Earth's convex face you tread,  
 Your feet move slower than your head ;  
 Solve any knotty point with ease,  
 And prove the Moon is not green cheese.

But fast the rolling years glide on,  
 And life's far better half is gone ;  
 He soon to other thoughts aspires,  
 Accepts a living, and retires,  
 And soon immur'd in pars'nage neat  
 Enjoys his peaceable retreat.  
 As necessary to our story,  
 You'll ask was he a Whig or Tory ?  
 But in this weighty point indeed  
 Historians are not all agreed ;  
 However, to avoid all pother,  
 We'll grant he was or one or t'other ;  
 Although perhaps he wisely chose,  
 That side whence most preferment rose.  
 He now directs his eager search  
 Thro' ev'ry æra of the church ;  
 With cambric band, and double chin  
 Exhorts his flock to flee from sin ;  
 Bids them all evil ways eschew,  
 And always pay their tythes when due ;  
 Declares all sublunary joys  
 Are visions and delusive toys ;  
 Bids worth neglected rear its head,  
 And fills the sinner's soul with dread ;  
 Whilst gaping rustics hear with wonder,  
 His length of words and voice of thunder !

Long time his flock beheld him shine,  
 A zealot and a wise Divine,  
 Until, as ebbing life retires,  
 A dean'ry crowns his last desires :  
 Behold him now devoid of care,  
 Snug seated in his elbow chair !  
 He cracks his jokes, he eats his fill,  
 On Sunday preaches,—if he will.

Solves doubts, as fast as others start 'em,  
By arguments secundum artem ;  
Now puzzles o'er in warm debate,  
Each weighty point of Church and State,  
Or tells o'er, in facetious strain,  
The pranks of early Youth again ;  
Recalls to Mem'ry School Disasters,  
Unfinished Tasks, and angry Masters.

As erst to him, O ! heav'nly Maid,  
Learning to me impart thy aid ;  
Oh ! teach my feet like his to stray  
Along Preferment's flow'ry way ;  
And if thy hallowed Shrine before,  
I e'er thy ready aid implore,  
Make me, O ! Sphere-descended Queen,  
A Bishop, or at least—a Dean. S.

ALARMING INCREASE OF DEPRAVITY  
AMONG ANIMALS.

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

THE hackneyed lines of the satirist which we have selected for our motto, contain a truth which, however melancholy, is so generally admitted, that, aiming at some novelty in our communications to the public, we would have disclaimed even to quote or allude to them, had the human species alone been concerned ; but, on the contrary, would have left lamentations over the gradual deterioration of mankind to those “ slipper'd pantaloons” whom time has spared to bear unwearied testimony to the virtues of former times and the degeneracy of the present. Accordingly, our present anecdotes will neither be found to refer to the Parliamentary Reports upon Mendicity,—nor to appeal to the learned magistrate, Mr Colquhoun's Essay on the Police of the Metropolis, who classes his offenders with as much regularity as a botanist his specimens,—nor to invoke the genius of Mr Owen, to devise an impracticable remedy for an incurable disease. These are all matters with which the public ear has been crammed even to satiety ; and it was only upon discovering that the ulcer was extending itself more widely than even our worst fears had anticipated, that we thought of calling the attention of the public to some very novel phenomena, from which it appears, that the moral deterioration so generally lamented has not confined itself within the bounds of humanity, but is fast extending its influence to the lower orders of creation.

It is no longer the vile biped man alone, whose crimes against society, and depredations on the property of others, furnish food (in the absence of sieges, battles, and other more specious and magnificent exercises of violence) for the diurnal penman, and the peruser of his lucubrations ; but our very dogs and horses infringe the eighth commandment, and commit felony beyond the benefit of clergy. There are two melancholy instances of depravity in the newspapers of this month, which we meant to have transferred to our Chronicle of Remarkable Events, but thought them far too important to be passed over without a commentary.

“ *Shadwell Office.*—A man named Sargent, constable of St George's in the East, made a complaint before the sitting Magistrates against a horse for stealing hay. The constable said, that the horse came regularly every night to the coach-stands in St George's, and ate his bellyful, and would then gallop away. He defied the whole of the parish officers to apprehend him ; for, if they attempted to go near him while he was eating, he would up with his heels and kick at them, or run at them, and if they did not go out of the way he would bite them : he therefore thought it best to state the case to the Magistrates.

“ One of the Magistrates. ‘ Well, Mr Constable, if you should be annoyed again by this body in the execution of your duty, you may apprehend him, if you can, and bring him before us to answer your complaints.’ ”

“ *Hatton Garden.*—A Canine Robber.—Mrs Knight and another lady gave information of being robbed by a dog in the following singular manner : She stated, that as she and her sister were returning about six o'clock in the preceding evening from St Pancras Church towards Battle Bridge, a hairy dog, resembling a drover's or shepherd's dog, unaccompanied by any person, jumped suddenly up from the road side, and laying hold of the ridicule she had in her hand with his teeth, forcibly snatched it from her, and crossing off the road, made his escape. Her ridicule contained a pound note, a sovereign, eighteen shillings in silver, a silver thimble, a pair of silver spectacles, and several other articles. The constable stated, that a dog answering the same description attacked a poor woman on Saturday near the

Veterinary College, and robbed her of a bundle, containing two shirts, some handkerchiefs, and some other things, with which he ran away; and that the poor woman was so frightened, it had nearly cost her her life. There were several other charges made against the same dog, which is supposed to have been trained up to the business, and that his master must be at some place not far distant. The officers undertook to be on the alert to apprehend this depredator, or else to shoot him."

We repeat our lamentation. These are indeed melancholy instances of depravity in the lower orders! Here we find not only the dog, the natural protector of our property, commencing depredations upon it, but even the horse—the Houyhnhnm himself—totally degenerating from his natural innocence of character, and conducting himself like an absolute yahoo.

A stern moralist may indeed observe, that something of this kind might have been anticipated from the dog: his alliance with those nightly robbers, the fox and the wolf, prepared us for suspicion; and his loyalty to his chief, like that of an ancient Highlander or Borderer, has been always deemed consistent with a certain negligence of the strict rules of property. Gilbertfield, that "Imp of fame," as he was christened by Burns, has already acknowledged and apologised for a degree of laxity of morals in this particular. See the Last Dying Words of Bonny Heck, a famous Greyhound in the shire of Fife.

"Now Honesty was ay my Drift,  
An innocent and harmless Shift,  
A Kaill-pot-lid gently to lift,  
or Amry-Sneck.  
Shame fa the Chafts, dare call that Thift,  
quo' bonny Heck."

But whatever suspicions may have fallen on the dog, the conduct of the horse, until this unfortunate and public disclosure, had left his character untainted even by suspicion; nor could it possibly have been supposed that he could have wanted a halter for any other service than that of tying him to his stall. There might be, perhaps, here and there, a Highland pony (by the way, we had one of that kind ourselves), who could too well understand the mode of opening a country stable door, and pull the bobbin till the latch came up, with the intelligence of Red Riding-hood herself; nay, who had

even become so well acquainted with the more complicated mechanism of the lock of the corn chest, that it was not found advisable to leave the key in it. But as late antiquaries of the Gothic race seem disposed to question the title of the Mountain Celt to the name of Man, we may well deny the title of his stump'd, shaggy, dwarfish Pony, to be called Horse. At any rate, these acts of petty larceny, on the part of the dog or horse, can never be compared with the acts of street robbery imputed to the ill-advised quadrupeds whose misconduct has given occasion to this article.

It frequently happens, however, that a glance at the annals of past ages diminishes our estimate of the atrocity of the present, and consoles those too nervous moralists who are shocked at the increased depravity of our own times. Without, therefore, attempting any plea for the padding attempts of the dog, or the arts of *stouthrief* and *sorning* committed by the horse in question, and that upon the pittance of hay belonging to a stand of hackney coachmen, in which he might therefore have been compared to a robber of the poors' box. Without, we repeat, having the least intention of advocating so frail a cause, we proceed to report a few facts which have come to our knowledge, and may serve to shew that, after all, such instances of felony are not without example in the animal kingdom. Indeed a proverb current in the border counties, which says, "some will hund their dog whare they dar'na gang themsel," seems to indicate, that although there were varieties of the canine species that might give themselves to discover and catch the encroaching thieves of a different tribe, yet there were others who assisted their masters in the same trade, and even excelled them in boldness and address; this perhaps may be elucidated in the sequel.

The first instance we shall refer to, occurred in the celebrated case of Murdieston and Millar, whose trial proved fatal to the bipeds accused, and (as has generally been averred) to their four-footed aider and abettor. Although we are uncertain, at this distance of time, whether it was Lord Braxfield or Monboddo, who was said to have passed sentence upon them; yet thus far we know to be the fact, that the late Lord Melville, while at the

Scottish bar, was Advocate Depute upon the occasion.

Murdieston occupied a farm on the north bank of the Tweed, and nearly opposite the ancient baronial castle of Traquair; Millar, the other "Minion of the Moon," lived with him as his shepherd; and they laboured in their vocation of sheep-stealing for years, with unsuspected diligence and perseverance. While returning home with their stolen droves, they avoided, even in the night, the roads along the banks of the river, or those that descend to the valley through the adjoining glens. They chose rather to come along the ridge of mountains that separate the small river of Leithen from the Tweed. But even here there was sometimes danger, for the shepherds occasionally visit their flocks even before day; and often when Millar had driven his prey from a distance, and while he was yet miles from home, and the *weather-gleam* of the eastern hills began to be tinged with the brightening dawn, he has left them to the charge of his dog, and descended himself to the banks of the Leithen, off his way, that he might not be seen connected with their company. Yarrow, although between three and four miles from his master, would continue, with care and silence, to bring the sheep onward to the ground belonging to Murdieston's farm, where his master's appearance could be neither a matter of question nor surprise.

Adjoining to the thatched farmhouse was one of those old square towers, or peel houses, whose picturesque ruins were then seen ornamenting the course of the river, as they had been placed alternately along the north and south bank, generally from three to six hundred yards from it—sometimes on the shin, and sometimes in the hollow, of a hill. In the vault of this tower, it was the practice of these men to conceal the sheep they had recently stolen; and while the rest of their people were absent on Sunday at the Church, they used to employ themselves in cancelling with their knives the earmarks, and impressing with a hot-iron a large O upon the face, that covered both sides of the animal's nose, for the purpose of obliterating the *brand* of the true owner. While his

accomplices were so busied, Yarrow kept watch in the open air, and gave notice, without fail, by his barking, of the approach of those who were not of the *fancy*.

That he might vary the scene of his depredations, Millar had one night crossed the Tweed, and betaken himself to a wild farm among the mountains of Selkirkshire; and as the shepherds have wonderfully minute knowledge of localities, he found no difficulty in collecting part of a flock and bringing away what number he judged convenient. Sheep are very loth to descend a hill in the night time, and more so to cross a river. Millar, to keep as clear as possible of the haunts of men, on his return, brought his drove over the shoulder of Wallace's hill, opposite, and intended to swim them across a pool in the river Tweed. But his prey being taken from the most remote part of the farm, happened to be mostly old ewes (of all kinds of sheep the most stubborn in their propensities); and all the exertions of a very active man, intimately acquainted with the habits of the animals, and assisted by the most sagacious dog probably ever known, were found inadequate to overcome the reluctance of the sheep to take the river. Millar continued to exert himself until the dawn of the morning warned him that any further effort was inconsistent with his habitual caution. Still he was unwilling to relinquish his booty, since, could he only get the sheep across the river, he was within little more than a quarter of a mile from the old tower. He therefore left the future conduct of the enterprise, as he had often done before, to Yarrow—crossed the river himself, and went home, encouraging the dog by his voice, while he was yet not too distant, so as to risk being heard by some early riser. The trust-worthy dog paused not, nor slackened his exertions—the work was now all his own;—such had been his efforts, as he furiously and desperately drove in first one flank of the drove and then another, that two of the ewes were forced from the bank into the river, and were drowned, as they could not regain their situations for the pressure of their companions—but he was finally unsuccessful—for he, too, knew the danger of being seen in the broad light of the morning driving sheep "where sheep shou'd na

be." The ewes were observed, in the course of the ensuing day, wending their weary way homeward, and half covered with a new keel, with which Millar had himself marked them, in a small sheep-fold, in a lonely place on his way. Millar himself was astonished at the stubbornness of the sheep, and the persevering energy of his dog. And he told the story to a respectable sheep-farmer in prison, while under sentence of death.

Murdieston and Millar suffered death, and Yarrow was generally supposed to have suffered the same fate. Nay, his dying speech was cried through the streets of Edinburgh, along with that of his master. But as we have heard of a person unexpectedly reprieved, who had the pleasure of purchasing his own last speech, it is certain that Yarrow had an opportunity to have done the same, if he had possessed such a taste, or means to indulge it. This celebrated dog was purchased by a sheep-farmer in the neighbourhood, but did not take kindly to honest courses, and his master having apparently no work of a different capacity, in which, to engage him, he was remarked to show rather less sagacity than the ordinary shepherd's dog.

The case of Millar, although curious, is not singular. A young gentleman of fortune and fashion, lately residing as a visitor in Edinburgh, was the master of a beautiful and accomplished spaniel bitch, which, in its way, was as much an adept in irregular appropriation as Yarrow himself, and had in all probability been, like him, educated to steal for the benefit of his master. It was some time ere his new master, who had bought the animal from a person who dealt in selling dogs, became aware of this irregularity of morals, and he was astonished and teased by the animal bringing home articles which he had picked up in an irregular manner. But when he perceived that the spaniel proceeded upon system, he used to amuse his friends by causing her to give proofs of her sagacity in the Spartan art of privately stealing, putting, of course, the shop-keepers where he meant she should exercise her faculty, on guard as to the issue.

The process was curious, and excites some surprise at the pains which must have been bestowed to qualify the ani-

mal for these practices. So soon as the master entered a shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of recognizing or acknowledging any connexion with him, but lounged about with an indolent, disengaged, and independent sort of manner, as if she had come into the shop of her own accord. In the course of looking over some wares, his master indicated, by a touch on the parcel and a look towards the spaniel, that which he desired she should appropriate, and then left the shop. The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following his master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or lie by the fire, or watch the counter, until she observed the attention of the people of the shop withdrawn from the prize which she wished to secure. Whenever she saw an opportunity of doing so unobserved, she never failed to jump upon the counter with her fore feet, possess herself of the gloves, or whatever else had been pointed out to her, and escape from the shop to join her master. It is easy to conceive for what purposes this animal's sagacity had been thus perverted, but it would be difficult to form a probable guess at the particular method of training her to this mode of peculation.

We knew well a gentleman, in the profession of the law (to which his worth and honour rendered him an ornament), who used to give an account of an embarrassing accident which befell him on a journey to London, and which may serve as a corollary to our tale of the spaniel. In this gentlemen's youth (probably between the 1750 and 1760), the journey betwixt Edinburgh and London was usually performed on horseback. The traveller might either ride post, or, if willing to travel more economically, he bought a horse, and sold him at the end of his journey. The gentleman of whom we speak, who was a good judge of horses as well as a good horseman, had chosen the latter mode of travelling, and had sold the horse on which he rode from Scotland, so soon as he arrived in London. With a view to his return, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse the evening before he set out northwards. About dusk a handsome horse was offered to him at so cheap a rate, that he was led to suspect the animal to be unsound: as he could, however, dis-

cover no blemish, and as the seller, eager (for reasons well known to himself) to conclude a hasty bargain, readily abated even his first moderate demand, our traveller became the purchaser of a horse, in which his skill could discern no blemish, at a very cheap rate.

On the next morning he set out on his journey. His horse had excellent paces; and the first few miles, while the road was well frequented, our traveller spent in congratulating himself on his good fortune. On Finchley Common, and at a place where the road run down one slight ascent and up another, the traveller met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody within sight; and the horse, by his manœuvre, plainly intimated what had been the profession of his first master. Instead of passing the one-horse chaise, he laid his counter close up to it, and stopt it, having no doubt that his rider would take so fair an opportunity of exercising his vocation. The clergyman, under the same mistake, produced his purse unasked, and assured the inoffensive and surprised horseman, that it was unnecessary to draw his pistol. The traveller rallied his horse, with apologies to the venerable member of the Church whom he had unwillingly affrighted, and pursued his journey. The horse next made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the windows of which a blunderbuss was levelled, with denunciations of death and destruction to our countryman, though *sackless*, as he expressed it, of all offence in deed or word. In a word—after his life had been once or twice endangered by the suspicions to which his horse's conduct gave rise, and his liberty as often threatened by peace-officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as the notorious highwayman who had formerly ridden the horse in question, he found himself obliged to part with the inauspicious animal for a mere trifle; and to purchase, at a pretty dear rate, a horse of less external figure and action, but of better moral habits.

Thus have we in some measure paralleled the remarkable circumstances which seemed at first so startling to credibility. We sincerely hope, however, that these symptoms of flagrant immorality will not extend themselves among the lower tribes of

creation. We are now on our guard, and may suspect malice prepense in other instances. All remember the dog of Islington and his master.—

The dog and man at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad and bit the man.

The case of a fall from a horse has been generally imputed to chance-medley; but if the modern Houyhnhnms so far degenerate from those of Captain Gulliver, may we not justly find a bill for murder on the same *species facti*? If these things are to proceed unchecked, we may hear of a cow picking a milkmaid's pockets, or of a horse stopping the mail-coach instead of stopping with it. We still hope, however, better things of the quadrupeds of this realm; and trust, that animals, which have hitherto in the article of theft been more sinned against than sinners, will not take generally to these practices, of which they have as yet only been the passive subjects.

*Tweedside, 30th Sept.*

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#### THE HONOURABLE HENRY ERSKINE.

[THE following eloquent, elegant, most feeling, and characteristic sketch of the late Honourable Henry Erskine is from the pen of Mr Jeffrey. It has appeared in the Edinburgh Newspapers, but so beautiful a composition well deserves to be embodied in a less perishable publication. EDITOR.]

THE HONOURABLE HENRY ERSKINE died, at his seat of Ammondell, Linlithgowshire, on the 8th October, in the 71st year of his age; he was second son of the late Henry David Earl of Buchan.

Mr Erskine was called to the Scottish bar, of which he was long the brightest ornament, in the year 1768, and was for several years Dean of the Faculty of Advocates: he was twice appointed Lord Advocate, in 1782 and in 1806, under the Rockingham and the Grenville administrations. During the years 1806 and 1807, he sat in Parliament for the Dunbar and Dumfries districts of boroughs.

In his long and splendid career at the bar, Mr Erskine was distinguished not only by the peculiar brilliancy of his wit, and the gracefulness, ease, and vivacity of his eloquence, but by

the still rarer power of keeping those seducing qualities in perfect subordination to his judgment. By their assistance he could not only make the most repulsive subjects agreeable, but the most abstruse, easy and intelligible. In his profession, indeed, all his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in his reasonings. To himself it seemed always as if they were recommended rather for their use than their beauty. And unquestionably they often enabled him to state a fine argument, or a nice distinction, not only in a more striking and pleasing way, but actually with greater precision than could have been attained by the severer forms of reasoning.

In this extraordinary talent, as well as in the charming facility of his eloquence, and the constant radiance of good humour and gaiety which encircled his manner in debate, he had no rival in his own times, and has yet had no successor.—That part of eloquence is now mute,—that honour in abeyance.

As a politician, he was eminently distinguished for the two great virtues of inflexible steadiness to his principles, and invariable gentleness and urbanity in his manner of asserting them. Such, indeed, was the habitual sweetness of his temper, and the fascination of his manners, that though placed by his rank and talent in the obnoxious station of a leader of opposition at a period when political animosities were carried to a lamentable height, no individual, it is believed, was ever known to speak or to think of him with any thing approaching to personal hostility. In return, it may be said, with equal correctness, that though baffled in some of his pursuits, and not quite handsomely disappointed of some of the honours to which his claim was universally admitted, he never allowed the slightest shade of discontent to rest upon his mind, nor the least drop of bitterness to mingle with his blood. He was so utterly incapable of rancour, that even the rancorous felt that he ought not to be made its victim.

He possessed, in an eminent degree, that deep sense of revealed religion, and that zealous attachment to the Presbyterian establishment, which had long been hereditary in his family. His habits were always strictly moral

and temperate, and in the latter part of his life even abstemious. Though the life and the ornament of every society into which he entered, he was always most happy and most delightful at home, where the buoyancy of his spirits and the kindness of his heart found all that they required of exercise or enjoyment; and though without taste for expensive pleasures in his own person, he was ever most indulgent and munificent to his children, and a liberal benefactor to all who depended on his bounty.

He finally retired from the exercise of that profession, the highest honours of which he had at least *deserved*, about the year 1812, and spent the remainder of his days in domestic retirement at that beautiful villa which had been formed by his own taste, and in the improvement and adornment of which he found his latest occupation. Passing, then, at once from all the bustle and excitement of a public life to a scene of comparative inactivity, he never felt one moment of ennui or dejection, but retained unimpaired, till within a day or two of his death, not only all his intellectual activity and social affections, but, when not under the immediate affliction of a painful and incurable disease, all that gaiety of spirit, and all that playful and kindly sympathy with innocent enjoyment, which made him the idol of the young, and the object of cordial attachment and unenvying admiration to his friends of all ages.

MR EDITOR,

I COPIED the poems I now send you from an Album in a gentleman's house near Killarney, where I paid a visit some summers ago. They were inscribed there by a stranger, whose name even was unknown to the master of the family, and from the singularity of that circumstance, more perhaps than from any intrinsic merit, they may find a place in your Miscellany, where it is possible they may again meet the eye of the anonymous author.

R. S.

LINES WRITTEN ON OAK ISLAND,  
KILLARNEY.

FAR in the heart of Island-solitude  
Our Tent was pitched, beneath a Grove of  
Oaks.

A scene more solemn never Hermit chose  
 For penitence and prayer; nor pensive Bard  
 Wept over, dreaming of his dying hour  
 And the happy stillness of a sylvan grave.  
 That ancient wood was breathless as a Tomb,  
 Save when the Stockdove in his central haunt  
 Awakening suddenly a loud deep song,  
 Startled the silence, ev'n as with a peal  
 Of faint and far-off Thunder. From the door  
 Of our lone Tent, thus wildly-canopied,  
 Down to the Lake-side gently sloped a bank,  
 Like the heaved bosom of thesea-green wave;  
 Where the pure waters of a crescent Bay  
 Kiss'd with a murmuring joy the fragrant  
 heath,

Impurpled with its bloom. On either side,  
 As emulous of that refulgent Bank,  
 Hills brightly-girdled with arbutus-groves  
 Rose up to Heaven; yet bowed their lofty heads  
 In homage to that Mountain\* where the Bird  
 Of Jove abides. Right in the front he spread  
 His Cliffs, his Caverns, and his streamy Glens,  
 Flinging an air of wild sublimity  
 O'er Beauty's quiet home! Yet, not exiled  
 Was that fair Spirit from the home she lov'd.  
 Her sweet smile trembled on the o'ershadow'd  
 wave

Even at the mountain's foot; like dew it lay  
 On the relenting sternness of the Rocks;  
 The black and sullen entrances of Caves  
 Dropp'd wild-flowers at her bidding; e'er it  
 reach'd

Her ear, the tumult of the Cataract  
 Was pleasant music; but her perfect bliss  
 Came from the clear blue sky, and from the  
 clouds

That slept eternal in their depth of rest.

I closed mine eye, that undisturbed by sense  
 Of outward objects, I might gaze and gaze  
 On that transcendant landscape, as it lay  
 Dreamily imaged in my happy soul.  
 But all seem'd wavering as the restless Sea,  
 Or the white morning-mist. Soon darkness  
 veiled

The far-withdrawing Vision, and a blank  
 Like blindness or decay of memory  
 Brooded where all those glorious things had  
 shone.

Up started Fancy from her dreamless sleep!  
 For lo! the loveliest of all earthly Lakes  
 (And let me breathe thy name so beautiful,  
 Winander!) lay before me, in the light  
 Of the sweet Harvest-moon. She, gracious  
 Queen,

Hung motionless above the liquid vale,  
 To her as dear as her own native Heaven!  
 The cliffs that tower round that romantic shore  
 Seem'd jealous of her love, and gave their  
 breasts

To meet her tender smiles: each shaded Bay,  
 Bright with the image of its guardian Star,  
 To catch one glimpse seem'd opening its fair  
 trees;

Delighting in her mild and placid eye  
 The whispering Islands softly hymn'd her  
 praise:

Gladly had all the Woods revealed their depths  
 To the Spirit glimmering on their topmost  
 boughs;

And the far Mountains that by day appear  
 So stern and frowning, by her power subdued,  
 Flung down their mighty bulks into repose  
 Like Genii by enchantment lulled asleep!

Then, as if wafted on an Angel's wing,  
 Wondering I found myself beneath the shade  
 Of my own Sycamore, that from its heart  
 Did sing a mournful and pathetic strain,  
 Gladsome withal! a strain that lowly breath'd  
 "Welcome O Wanderer! welcome to thy  
 Home!"

A light was in my Cottage—I beheld  
 A shadow move across it—then I heard  
 A soft step gently stealing thro' the gloom!  
 Long was the silence that enchained our souls!  
 For by his own sweet Fire, a Husband sat  
 Oncemore! satgazing on his first-born Child,  
 Who on his sinless Mother's happy breast  
 An emblem seem'd of Innocence in Heaven!

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT DURING A  
 STORM ON THE UPPER LAKE OF KIL-  
 LARNEY.

A MAD disturbance reigns among the moun-  
 tains!

Silence would seem to be destroyed forever;  
 To foamy floods are turn'd the playful foun-  
 tains,

And, rushing headlong, rocks in thunder  
 sever!

My spirit wanders in delirious fever:  
 Sound, sight, and touch, are in confusion  
 hurled;

The wildered soul is lost in vain endeavour  
 To grasp the image of the vanished world!  
 It is a dreadful storm! my heart is bowed  
 By the strange tumult that torments the sky,  
 While thoughts of doubtful Past, from roll-  
 ing cloud,

Mingle with gleams ne'er caught from Me-  
 mory.

Methinks at this hour I could wish to die,  
 Convuls'd by Nature's painful Majesty!

WRITTEN DURING A GLOOM ON THE  
 UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

WHEN last thy horrors blacken'd on my sight,  
 Thou fiendish Spirit of this wild abode!

In ghastly grandeur and tempestuous night,  
 Thou sat'st enthron'd like Desolation's God.  
 The vanquish'd stars withdrew their trem-  
 bling light,

And storm-born spectres sailed along the  
 gloom,

While Thou! exulting in thy midnight  
 might,

Wert heard in thunder over Nature's Tomb.  
 But hush'd are now thy melancholy waves,  
 No rock comes crashing down thy mountain-  
 tract,

A fearful silence broods above thy waves,  
 And chains like frost each far-seen Cataract!  
 For one short hour thou liest on yonder steep,  
 A Giant frowning through perturbed sleep.

\* Eagle-mountain.



WRITTEN ON THE TOP OF MANGERTON,  
KILLARNEY.

IN toiling up a mountain's lengthening steep,  
With rocks all horrid, or smooth pastures bare,  
When the Sun's splendour rules, and breezes sleep,

And sultry stillness fills the glittering air,  
With what quick joyance does the bosom leap,  
When by a line of livelier green betrayed,  
With soft glide stealing to the shelter'd glade,  
The eye delighted sees a fountain fair!  
The stream's cold influence through each languid vein

Sends renovated life,—old dreams revive,—  
An airy pleasure dances in the brain,—  
And the glad Spirit feels itself alive.  
To the clear Summit then we seem to fly,  
And breathless view Earth, Ocean, Air, and Sky!

TRANSLATION FROM AN ANCIENT  
CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT.

{THE present age seems destined to witness the recovery of many admirable pieces of writing, which had been supposed to be lost for ever. The Eruditi of Milan are not the only persons who have to boast of being the instruments of these resuscitations. We have been favoured with the following translation of a Chaldee MS. which is preserved in the great Library of Paris (Salle 2d, No 53, B.A.M.M.), by a gentleman whose attainments in Oriental Learning are well known to the public. It is said that the celebrated Silvester De Sacy is at present occupied with a publication of the original. It will be prefaced by an Inquiry into the Age when it was written, and the name of the writer.]

#### CHAPTER I.

1 AND I saw in my dream, and behold one like the messenger of a King came toward me from the east, and he took me up and carried me into the midst of the great city that looketh toward the north and toward the east, and ruleth over every people, and kindred, and tongue, that handle the pen of the writer.

2 And he said unto me, Take heed what thou seest, for great things shall come of it,—the moving of a straw shall be as the whirlwind, and the shaking of a reed as the great tempest.

3 And I looked, and behold a man clothed in plain apparel stood in the door of his house: and I saw his name, and the number of his name; and his name was as it had been the colour of ebony, and his number was the number of a maiden, when the days of the years of her virginity have expired.

4 And I turned mine eyes, and behold two beasts came from the land of the borders of the South; and when I saw them I wondered with great admiration.

5 The one beast was like unto a lamb, and the other like unto a bear; and they had wings on their heads; their faces also were like the faces of men, the joints of their legs like the polished cedars of Lebanon, and their feet like the feet of horses preparing to go forth to battle: and they arose and they came onward over the face of the earth, and they touched not the ground as they went.

6 And they came unto the man who was clothed in plain apparel, and stood in the door of his house.

7 And they said unto him, Give us of thy wealth, that we may eat and live, and thou shalt enjoy the fruits of our labours for a time, times, or half a time.

8 And he answered and said unto them, What will you unto me whereunto I may employ you?

9 And the one said, I will teach the people of thy land to till and to sow; to reap the harvest and gather the sheaves into the barn; to feed their flocks, and enrich themselves with the wool.

10 And the other said, I will teach the children of thy people to know and discern betwixt right and wrong, the good and the evil, and in all things that relate to learning, and knowledge, and understanding.

11 And they proffered unto him a Book; and they said unto him, Take thou this, and give us a piece of money, that we may eat and drink that our souls may live.

12 And we will put words into the Book that shall astonish the children of thy people; and it shall be a light unto thy feet, and a lamp unto thy path; it shall also bring bread to thy household, and a portion to thy maidens.

13 And the man hearkened to their voice, and he took the Book and gave them a piece of money, and they went away rejoicing in heart. And I heard a great noise, as if it had been the noise of many chariots, and of horsemen horsing upon their horses.

14 But after many days they put no words into the Book, and the man was astonished and waxed wroth, and he said unto them, What is this that you

have done unto me, and how shall I answer those to whom I am engaged? And they said, What is this unto us? see thou to that.

15 And the man wist not what for to do; and he called together the friends of his youth, and all those whose heart was as his heart, and he entreated them, and they put words into the Book, and it went forth abroad, and all the world wondered after the Book, and after the two beasts that had put such amazing words into the Book.

16 ¶ Now in those days, there lived also a man who was crafty in counsel, and cunning in all manner of working:

17 And I beheld the man, and he was comely and well-favoured, and he had a notable horn in his forehead wherewith he ruled the nations.

18 And I saw the horn, that it had eyes, and a mouth speaking great things, and it magnified itself even to the Prince of the Host, and it cast down the truth to the ground, and it grew and prospered.

19 And when this man saw the Book, and beheld the things that were in the Book, he was troubled in spirit, and much cast down.

20 And he said unto himself, Why stand I idle here, and why do I not bestir myself? Lo! this Book shall become a devouring sword in the hand of mine adversary, and with it will he root up or loosen the horn that is in my forehead, and the hope of my gains shall perish from the face of the earth.

21 And he hated the Book, and the two beasts that had put words into the Book, for he judged according to the reports of men; nevertheless, the man was crafty in counsel, and more cunning than his fellows.

22 And he said unto the two beasts, Come ye and put your trust under the shadow of my wings, and we will destroy the man whose name is as ebony, and his Book.

23 And I will tear it in pieces, and cast it out like dung upon the face of the earth.

24 And we will tread him down as the dust of the streets, and trample him under our feet; and we will break him to pieces, and grind him to powder, and cast him into the brook Kedron.

25 And I will make of you a great name; and I will place you next to the horn that is in my forehead, and it shall be a shelter to you in the day of

great adversity; and it shall defend you from the horn of the unicorn, and from the might of the Bulls of Bashan.

26 And you shall be watchers and a guard unto it from the emmet and the spider, and the toad after his kind.

27 And from the mole that walketh in darkness, and from the blow-fly after his kind, and the canker-worm after his kind, and the maggot after his kind.

28 And by these means you shall wax very great, for the things that are low shall be exalted.

29 And the two beasts gave ear unto him; and they came over unto him, and bowed down before him with their faces to the earth.

30 ¶ But when the tidings of these things came to the man who was clothed in plain apparel, he was sore dismayed, and his countenance fell.

31 And it repented him that he had taken the Book, or sent it forth abroad: and he said, I have been sore deceived and betrayed; but I will of myself yield up the Book, and burn it with fire, and give its ashes to the winds of heaven.

32 But certain that were there present said unto him, Why art thou dismayed? and why is thy countenance fallen? Go to now; gird up thy loins like a man, and call unto thee thy friends, and the men of thine household, and thou shalt behold and see that they that are for thee are more and mightier than those that be against thee.

33 And when the man whose name was as ebony, and whose number was the number of a maiden when the days of the years of her virginity have expired, heard this saying, he turned about;

34 And he took from under his girdle a gem of curious workmanship of silver, made by the hand of a cunning artificer, and overlaid within with pure gold; and he took from thence something in colour like unto the dust of the earth, or the ashes that remain of a furnace, and he snuffed it up like the east wind, and returned the gem again into its place.

35 Whereupon he opened his mouth, and he said unto them, As thou hast spoken, so shall it be done.

36 Woe unto all them that take part with the man who is crafty in counsel, and with the two beasts!

37 For I will arise and increase my strength, and come upon them like the locust of the desert, to abolish and overwhelm, and to destroy, and to pass over.

38 So he called together the wise men of the city, both from the Old City and from the city which is on this side of the valley, even the New City, which looketh towards the north; and the wise men came.

39 And, lo! there stood before him an aged man, whose hair was white as snow, and in whose hand there was a mirror, wherein passed to and fro the images of the ancient days.

40 And he said, Behold, I am stricken in years, mine eyes are dim. What will ye that I do unto you? Seek ye them that are young.

41 And all the young men that were there lifted up their voice and said; We have sat at thy feet all the days of the years which we have lived upon the earth; and that which we know is thine, and our learning is thine; and as thou sayest, even so will we do.

42 And he said unto them, Do ye what is meet in this thing, and let not our friend be discomfited, neither let the man which is crafty rejoice, nor the two beasts.

43 And when he had said this, he arose and went away; and all the young men arose up, and humbled themselves before him when he went away.

44 Then spake the man clothed in plain apparel to the great magician who dwelleth in the old fastness, hard by the river Jordan, which is by the Border. And the magician opened his mouth, and said, Lo! my heart wisheth thy good, and let the thing prosper which is in thy hands to do it.

45 But thou seest that my hands are full of working, and my labour is great. For lo I have to feed all the people of my land, and none knoweth whence his food cometh, but each man openeth his mouth, and my hand filleth it with pleasant things.

46 Moreover, thine adversary also is of my familiars.

47 The land is before thee, draw thou up thy hosts for the battle in the place of Princes, over against thine adversary, which hath his station near the mount of the Proclamation; quit ye as men, and let favour be shewn unto him which is most valiant.

48 Yet be thou silent, peradventure will I help thee some little.

49 So he made request also unto a wise man which had come out of Joppa, where the ships are, one that had sojourned in far countries, whose wisdom is great above all the children of the east, one which teacheth the sons of the honourable men, and speaketh wonderful things in the schools of the learned men.

50 One which speaketh of trees and of beasts, and of fowl and of creeping things, and of fishes, from the great Leviathan that is in the deep sea even unto the small muscle which dwelleth in the shell of the rock,

51 Moreover, of all manner of precious stones, and of the ancient mountains, and of the moving of the great waters.

52 One which had been led before the Chief Priests, and lauded of them for smiting a worshipper of Fire in the land, which being interpreted, signifieth bread.

53 And he said, Behold, here is a round stone, set thou that in a ring, and put the ring upon thy finger, and behold while the ring is upon thy finger, thou shalt have no fear of the man which is crafty, neither of the two beasts.

54 Then the man spake to a wise man which had a light in his hand and a crown of pearls upon his head, and he said, Behold I will brew a sharp poison for the man which is crafty and his two beasts. Wait ye till I come. So he arose also and went his way.

55 Also to a wise young man, which is learned in the law, even as his father was learned, and who lifteth up his voice in the courts of the treasury of our Lord the King, with his fellow, who is one of the sons of the Prophets.

56 He spake also to a learned man who sendeth all the King's messengers to the four corners of the great city, each man clothed in scarlet, and bearing a bundle of letters, touching the affairs of men, in his right hand.

57 He spake also unto a sweet singer, who is cunning to play upon all stringed instruments, who weareth a charm upon his bosom, even a stone, whereon is engraved ancient writing. And he framed songs, and waxed very wroth against the horn which is in the forehead of the man which is crafty.

58 Also to one who had been a

physician in his youth, and who had dwelt with the keeper of the gates of the wise men.

59 But he was now a dealer in wine and oil, and in the fishes which are taken in the nets of the people of the west.

60 Also in strong drink.

61 Then sent he for one cunning in sharp instruments and edged tools, even in razors; but he had taken unto himself a wife, and could not come.

62 But behold, while they were yet speaking, they heard a voice of one screeching at the gate, and the voice was a sharp voice, even like the voice of the unclean bird which buildeth its nest in the corner of the temple, and defileth the holy places.

63 But they opened not the door, neither answered they a word to the voice of its screaming. So the unclean thing flew away, neither could they find any trace of its going.

64 And there was a silence in the assembly. And behold, when they began to speak, they were too many, neither could the man know what was the meaning of their counsel, for they spake together, and the voice of their speaking was mingled.

65 So the man was sore perplexed, and he wist not what for to do.

## CHAP. II.

1 Now, behold, as soon as they were gone, he sat down in his inner chamber, which looketh toward the street of Oman, and the road of Gabriel, as thou goest up into the land of Ambrose, and the man leaned with his face upon his hand.

2 And while he was yet musing, there stood before him a man clothed in dark garments, having a veil upon his head; and there was a rod in his hand.

3 And he said, Arise, let not thine heart be discouraged, neither let it be afraid.

4 Behold, if thou wilt listen unto me, I will deliver thee out of all thy distresses, neither shall any be able to touch a hair of thy head.

5 And when the man heard the voice of his speaking, behold there was in his voice courage, and in his counsel boldness. And he said unto him, Do thou as it seemeth unto thee; as thou sayest even so will I do.

6 And the man who had come in

answered and said, Behold I will call mighty creatures which will comfort thee, and destroy the power of thy adversary, and will devour the two beasts.

7 So he gave unto the man in plain apparel a tablet, containing the names of those upon whom he should call. And when he called they came; and whomsoever he asked he came.

8 And the man with the veil stood by, but there was a cloud about him, neither could they which came see him, nor tell who it was that compelled their coming.

9 And they came in the likeness of living things, but I knew not who they were which came.

10 And the first which came was after the likeness of the beautiful leopard, from the valley of the palm trees, whose going forth was comely as the grey-hound, and his eyes like the lightning of fiery flame.

11 And the second was the lynx that lurketh behind the white cottage on the mountains.

12 There came also, from a far country, the scorpion, which delighteth to sting the faces of men, that he might sting sorely the countenance of the man which is crafty, and of the two beasts.

13 Also the great wild boar from the forest of Lebanon, and he roused up his spirit, and I saw him whetting his dreadful tusks for the battle.

14 And the griffin came with a roll of the names of those whose blood had been shed between his teeth: and I saw him standing over the body of one that had been buried long in the grave, defending it from all men; and behold there were none which durst come near him.

15 Also the black eagle of the desert, whose cry is as the sound of an unknown tongue, which flieth over the ruins of the ancient cities, and hath his dwelling among the tombs of the wise men.

16 Also the stork which buildeth upon the house-top, and devoureth all manner of unclean things, and all beetles, and all manner of flies, and much worms.

17 And the hyæna that escheweth the light, and cometh forth at the evening tide to raise up and gnaw the bones of the dead, and is as a riddle unto the vain man.

18 And the beagle and the slow-hound after their kind, and all the

beasts of the field, more than could be numbered, they were so many.

19 ¶ And when they were all gathered together, the man which was clothed in plain apparel looked round about, and his heart was right merry when he saw the mighty creatures which had come in unto him, and heard the tumult of their voices, and the noise of the flapping of their wings.

20 And he lifted up his voice, and shouted with a great shout, and said, Behold, I am increased greatly, and I will do terrible things to the man who is crafty and to his two beasts.

21 And he sent away a swift messenger for a physician, which healeth all manner of bruises, and wounds, and putrifying sores, lest that he should go for to heal up the wounds of the man which is crafty, or of his two beasts.

22 (Now this physician was a mild man, neither was there any gall within him, yet he went not.)

### CHAP. III.

1 And while these things were yet doing, I heard a great rushing, and the sound as of a mighty wind: and I looked over the valley into the old city, and there was a tumult over against the mount of Proclamation.

2 For when tidings of these things came to the man which was crafty, his heart died within him, and he waxed sore afraid.

3 And he said unto himself, What is this? Behold, mine adversary is very mighty, neither can I go forth to fight him: for whom have I saved myself only, and my two beasts?

4 And while he was yet speaking, the two beasts stood before him.

5 And the beast which was like unto a bear said, Behold, it is yet harvest, and how can I leave my corn which is in the fields? If I go forth to make war upon the man whose name is as ebony, the Philistines will come into my farm, and carry away all the full sheaves which are ready.

6 And the beast which was like unto a lamb answered and said, Lo! my legs are weary, and the Egyptians which were wont for to carry me are clean gone; and wherewithal shall I go forth to make war upon the man whose name is as ebony?

7 Nevertheless will I put a sweet song against him into thy Book.

8 But the man which was crafty answered and said, Unprofitable generation! ye have given unto me a horn which is empty, and a horse which hath no feet. If ye go not forth to fight with mine adversary, deliver me up the meat which I have given unto you, and the penny which ye have of me, that I may hire others who will fight with the man whose name is as ebony.

9 And the beasts spake not at all, neither answered they him one word.

10 But as they sat before him, the beast which was like unto a bear took courage; and he opened his mouth and said,

11 O man, thou hast fed me heretofore, and whatever entereth within my lips is thine. Why now should we fall out about this thing?

12 Call unto thee thy counsellors, the spirits, and the wise men, and the magicians, if haply they may advise thee touching the man whose name is as ebony, and the creatures which are within his gates. Whatsoever they say, that shall be done.

13 Yet the man was not pleased, neither was his countenance lightened: nevertheless, he did even as the beast said.

14 So he called unto him a familiar spirit, unto whom he had sold himself.

15 But the spirit was a wicked spirit and a cruel: so he answered and said, Lo, have not I put great might into the horn which is in thy forehead? What more said I ever that I would do unto thee? Thy soul is in my hands: do as thou listest in this thing.

16 But the man entreated him sorely, yet he listened not: for he had great fear of the vision of the man who was clothed in dark garments, and who had a veil upon his head;

17 (For he was of the seed of those which have command over the devils.)

18 And while the beasts were yet looking, lo, he was not;

19 For even in the twinkling of an eye he was present in the courts of the palace, to tempt the souls of the chief priests, and the scribes, and all those which administer the law for the king, and to deliver some malefactors which he loved out of their hand.

20 ¶ Then the man called with a loud voice on some other spirits, in whom he put his trust.

21 And the first was a cunning spirit, which hath his dwelling in the secret places of the earth, and hath command over the snow and the hail, and is as a pestilence unto the poor man: for when he is hungry he lifteth up the lid of his meal-garnel, to take out meal, and lo! it is full of strong ice.

22 And the second was a little blind spirit, which hath a number upon his forehead; and he walketh to and fro continually, and is the chief of the heathen which are the worshippers of fire. He also is of the seed of the prophets, and ministered in the temple while he was yet young; but he went out, and became one of the scoffers.

23 But when these spirits heard the words of the man, and perceived his trouble, they gave no ear unto his outcry, neither listened they to the voice of his supplication.

24 And they laughed at the man with a loud laughter, and said unto him, Lo, shall we leave our digging into the bowels of the earth, or our ice, or our fire, with which we deceive the nations, and come down to be as it were servants unto thee and these two beasts, which are lame beasts, and unprofitable? Go to, man; seek thou them which are of thy fellows.

25 And they vanished from his sight: and he heard the voice of their laughter, both he and his two beasts.

26 ¶ But when the spirits were gone he said unto himself, I will arise and go unto a magician which is of my friends: of a surety he will devise some remedy, and free me out of all my distresses.

27 So he arose and came unto that great magician which hath his dwelling in the old fastness hard by the river Jordan, which is by the Border.

28 And the magician opened his mouth and said, Lo, my heart wisheth thy good, and let the thing prosper which is in thy hands to do it:

29 But thou seest that my hands are full of working, and my labour is great. For lo, I have to feed all the people of my land, and none knoweth whence his food cometh; but each man openeth his mouth, and my hand filleth it with pleasant things.

30 Moreover, thine adversary also is of my familiars.

31 The land is before thee: draw

thou up thine hosts for the battle on the mount of Proclamation, and defy boldly thine enemy, which hath his camp in the place of Princes; quit ye as men, and let favour be shewn unto him which is most valiant.

32 Yet be thou silent: peradventure will I help thee some little.

33 But the man which is crafty saw that the magician loved him not. For he knew him of old, and they had had many dealings; and he perceived that he would not assist him in the day of his adversity.

34 So he turned about, and went out of his fastness. And he shook the dust from his feet, and said, Behold, I have given this magician much money, yet see now, he hath utterly deserted me. Verily, my fine gold hath perished.

35 But when he had come back unto his house, he found the two beasts which were yet there; and behold the beasts were gabbling together, and making much noise. And when he looked in, behold yet another beast; and they were all gabbling together.

36 Now the other beast was a beast which he loved not. A beast of burden which he had in his courts to hew wood and carry water, and to do all manner of unclean things. His face was like unto the face of an ape, and he chattered continually, and his nether parts were uncomely. Nevertheless his thighs were hairy, and the hair was as the shining of a satten raiment, and he skipped with the branch of a tree in his hand, and he chewed a snail between his teeth.

37 Then said the man, Verily this beast is altogether unprofitable, and whatsoever I have given him to do, that hath he spoiled: he is a sinful thing, and speaketh abominably, his doings are impure, and all people are astonished that he abideth so long within my gates.

38 But if thou lookest upon him and observest his ways, behold he was born of his mother before yet the months were fulfilled, and the substance of a living thing is not in him, and his bones are like the potsherd which is broken against any stone.

39 Therefore my heart pitieth him, and I wish not that he be utterly famished; and I give unto him a little bread and wine that his soul may not

faint; and I send him messages unto the towns and villages which are round about; and I give him such work as is meet for him.

40 But if we go forth to the battle, let him not go with us.

41 For behold the griffin hath heretofore wounded him, and the scorpion hath stung him sorely in the hips and the thighs, and also in the face.

42 Moreover the eagle of heaven also is his dread, and he is terrified for the flapping of his huge wings, and for his cry, which is like the voice of an unknown tongue, also his talons, which are sharper than any two edged sword.

43 And if it cometh to pass that he see them in the battle, he will not stand, but surely turn back and flee.

44 Therefore let us not take him with us, lest he be for an ensample unto the simple ones.

45 And while he was yet speaking, Behold, he heard a knocking upon the stair as if yet another beast had been coming:

46 And lo it was even so.

47 And another beast came in, whose disease was the murrain, who had eyes yet saw not, and whose laughter was like the laughter of them whose life is hidden, and which know not what they do.

48 And I heard a voice cry, Alas! alas! even as if it were Heu! heu!

49 Now the man was sick at heart when he perceived that he was there with the four beasts, and he said, Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the weight of beasts which presseth sore upon me?

50 Then the four beasts waxed very wroth, and they all began for to cry out against the man which is crafty.

51 And he said, O race of beasts, be ye still, and keep silence until I consider what shall be done in this thing.

52 And while he spake, it seemed as if he trembled and were afraid of the four beasts and of the staves wherewith they skipped.

#### CHAP. IV.

1 But while he was yet trembling, lo, there came in one which was his familiar friend from his youth upwards, who keepeth the Books of the scribes, and is hired to expound things which

he knoweth not, and collecteth together the remnants of the wise men.

2 And he opened his mouth and said, Lo, I have come even this hour from the camp of thine enemy, and I have spoken with the man whose name is as ebony.

3 And while I was speaking with him kindly, lo, some of the creatures which are within his gates took notice of me, and they warned him. So he put no faith nor trust in me.

4 But take thou good heed to thyself, for they that are against thee are mighty, and I have seen their numbers.

5 Now when the man heard this, he waxed yet more fearful.

6 Then came there unto his chamber another of his friends, one whose nose is like the beak of a bird of prey, whose mouth is foul, and his teeth reach from the right ear even unto the left, and he said, For why art thou so cast down? be of good cheer, behold I have an old breast plate which I will put on and go forth with thee unto the battle.

7 And further, he began to speak of the north, and the great men of the north, even the giants, and the painted folk, but they stopped him, for of his speaking there is no end.

8 Then came there into his chamber a lean man, which hath his dwelling by the great pool to the north of the New City;

9 Which had been of the familiars of the man in plain apparel while they were yet youths, before he had been tempted of the man which is crafty.

10 Whose name had gone abroad among the nations on many books, even as his father's name had gone abroad.

11 One which delighteth in trees, and fruits, and flowers; the palm-tree and the olive, the pomegranate and the vine, the fig and the date, the tulip and the lily.

12 Which had sojourned in far lands, gathering herbs for the chief physician.

13 And he had a rotten melon on his head, after the fashion of an helmet.

14 And the man which is crafty began to take courage when his friends were gathered unto him, and he took his trumpet with boldness, and began to blow for them over which he had power.

15 But of them which listened to him, their limbs were weak, and their

swords blunt, and the strings of their bows were moist.

16 Nevertheless, he made an assembly of them over against the mount of Proclamation: and these are the names of his host, and the number of his banners, whom he marshalled by the mount of Proclamation the day that he went forth to make war upon the man whose name is as ebony.

17 Now behold the four beasts were in the first band, yet they trembled and desired not to be in the front of the host.

18 And in the second band was one which teacheth in the schools of the young men, and he was clad in a gray garment whereof one half his wife had weaved.

19 Also, Samuel, a vain young man, and a simple, which sitteth in the King's Courts, and is a tool without edge in the hands of the oppressor.

20 Also, John, the brother of James, which is a man of low stature, and giveth out merry things, and is a lover of fables from his youth up.

21 Also, James, the young man which cometh out of the west country,—which feareth God, and hateth all manner of usury; who babbleth of many things, and nibbleth the shoe-latchets of the mighty; one which darkeneth counsel with the multiplying of vain words:

22 To whose sayings no man taketh heed.

23 And in the third band was a grave man, even George, the chief of the synagogue, a principal man, yea, the leader of the doctors, whose beard reacheth down unto his girdle;

24 And one David, which dwelleth at the corner as thou goest up to the place of the old prison-house, which talketh touching all manner of pictures and graven images; and he came with a feather on his head.

25 And Andrew the chief physician, and Andrew his son, who is a smooth man, and one which handleth all wind instruments, and boweth himself down continually before the horn which is in the forehead of the man which is crafty, and worshippeth it.

26 With James the baker of sweet breads, which weareth a green mantle, which inhabiteth the dwelling of the nobles, and delighteth in the tongue of the strange man.

27 And Peter who raileth at his master.

28 And in the fourth band I saw the face of Samuel, which is a mason, who is clothed in gorgeous apparel, and his face was as the face of the moon shining in the north-west.

29 The number of his bands was four; and in the first band there were the four beasts,

30 And in the second band there were nine men of war, and in the third six, and in the fourth ten.

31 The number of the bands was four: and the number of them which were in the bands was twenty and nine: and the man which was crafty commanded them.

32 And the screaming bird sat upon his shoulder.

33 And there followed him many women which know not their right hand from the left, also some cattle.

34 And John the brother of Francis, and the man which offered Consolation to the man which is crafty.

35 Also seven young men, whereof no man could tell by what name they were called.

36 But when I saw them all gathered together, I said unto myself, Of a truth the man which is crafty hath many in his host, yet think I that scarcely will these be found sufficient against them which are in the gates of the man who is clothed in plain apparel.

37 And I thought of the vision of the man which was clothed in dark garments, and of the leopard, and the lynx, and the scorpion, and the eagle, and the great boar of Lebanon, and the griffin;

38 The stork, and the hyæna, and the beagle, and all the mighty creatures which are within the gates of the man in plain apparel.

39 Verily, the man which is crafty shall be defeated, and there shall not escape one to tell of his overthrow.

40 And while I was yet speaking, the hosts drew near, and the city was moved; and my spirit failed within me, and I was sore afraid, and I turned to escape away.

41 And he that was like unto the messenger of a king, said unto me, Cry. And I said, What shall I cry? for the day of vengeance is come upon all those that ruled the nations with a rod of iron.

42 And I fled into an inner chamber to hide myself, and I heard a great tumult, but I wist not what it was.



## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT Down, in Perthshire, it was lately observed, that common Flour Paste has the effect of rendering cast iron quite soft, and similar to plumbago. Dr Thomson supposes, that the acid developed by the sourness of the Paste, produces this remarkable effect; and he informs us, that muriate of magnesia produces a similar effect.

In the numerous experiments which have lately been made on the strength of Iron Cables, it has been observed, that a very great degree of heat was generated at the time of fracture. It is said, however, that this effect is not constantly produced. The generation of the heat appears to arise from the lateral contraction of the iron, in consequence of the longitudinal force. The fibres or particles of the iron must necessarily approach each other in a lateral direction, and therefore the same effect is produced as in the sudden condensation of iron, or the condensation produced by the blows of a hammer.

M. Guichardier, hat-maker in Paris, has substituted with success, the hair of the sea otter and the common otter, in place of the hair of the castor, which has long been becoming scarce.

We understand that M. Simonde de Sismondi, the celebrated author of the History of the Italian Republics, has written the article *Political Economy*, and other articles, for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, conducted by Dr Brewster.

M. de Sismondi is at present occupied in correcting the press of the five last volumes of his great work on the History of the Italian Republics.

*Chlorine*.—Dr Ure of Glasgow has lately finished a very elaborate series of experiments on the controversial subject of chlorine. Their principal object was to ascertain whether water, or its elements, existed in and could be extracted from muriate of ammonia. He has perfectly succeeded in obtaining water from the dry and recently sublimed salt, by methods quite unexceptionable. The vapour of such muriate of ammonia being transmitted through laminæ of pure silver, copper, and iron, ignited in glass tubes, water and hydrogen were copiously evolved, while the pure metals were converted into metallic muriates. This fact is decisive, in the Doctor's opinion, of the great chemical controversy relative to chlorine and muriatic acid, and seems clearly to establish the former theory of Berthollet and Lavoisier, in opposition to that more lately advanced by Sir H. Davy with such apparent cogency of argument as to have led almost all the chemists of Europe to embrace his opinion. The details of the experiments have been communicated some time since to a distinguished member of the Royal Society, and will be speedily laid before the

public. This decomposition of the salt by the metals, at an elevated temperature, is analogous to the decomposition of potash in ignited gun-barrels, by Gay-Lussac and Thenard.

*Safety Lamp*.—Sir Humphry Davy has made a further discovery in regard to combustion, which will prove a very great improvement to his safety lamp. He thus describes it in a letter to the Rev. J. Hodgson of Heworth:—"I have succeeded in producing a light perfectly safe and economical, which is *most brilliant* in atmospheres in which the flame of the safety-lamp is extinguished, and which burns in every mixture of carburetted hydrogen gas that is respirable. It consists of a slender metallic tissue of platinum, which is hung in the top of the interior of the common lamp of wire gauze, or in that of the twilled lamp. It costs from 6d. to 1s., and is imperishable. This tissue, when the common lamp is introduced into an explosive atmosphere, becomes red hot, and continues to burn the gas in contact with it as long as the air is respirable; when the atmosphere again becomes explosive, the *flame* is relighted. I can now burn any inflammable vapour, either with or without flame, at pleasure, and make the wire consume it either with red or white heat. I was led to this result by discovering slow combustions without flame, and at last I found a metal which made these harmless combustions visible."

Dr Remnant of Plymouth has published a remedy for the bite of a mad dog, which, he says, has been proved by the first medical men of the age, and has stood the test for the last thirty years, though perhaps but partially known in England, if at all. It was discovered in Germany; and in Dr R's travels through, and stay in that country, (which was some years) he was frequently a witness of its success on dogs, and other animals that had been bitten by mad dogs. He never saw it tried upon the human species, but was credibly informed by professional gentlemen of the highest respectability, who had tried it upon man with the same success, that it never failed as a preventive. It has always been administered as soon as possible after the animal had been bitten. The recipe is as follows—"When a dog or other animal is bitten by a mad dog, let the following be given him as soon as possible—brass filings, one dram, with white bean meal (calavanceries), in milk or milk broth, well stirred together. The beans are to be burnt brown like coffee, and ground in a coffee-mill, or if finely bruised will do." The same quantity is sufficient for the human subject, and no repetition is necessary, as one dose has by experience been always proved an effectual preventive.

A life boat, upon an entire new principle, has been completed by Messrs Dodds and Shotton, boat-builders, Sunderland, under the direction of John Davidson, Esq. of Bishopwearmouth. She draws only 10 or 11 inches of water when her crew is on board, not more than 2 feet 10 inches when filled with water, and is capable of carrying with safety 50 persons. An experiment was tried a few days ago to prove her buoyant properties. In the presence of numerous spectators she was immersed in the sea from off the pier, and, unassisted, ridded herself of the cargo of water in less than 40 seconds, by means of apertures through the bottom. No cork is used in her construction.

Count Sickening determines that the strength of Swedish and British iron is to each other as follows:—British iron, 348·88; Swedish iron, 549·25.

M. Theodore de Saussure has published the result of a number of experiments to determine the relative proportion of carbonic acid in the atmosphere during summer and winter. His method was to fill a large glass globe with the air to be examined, and to put into it a quantity of barytes water. The carbonic acid in the air was determined by the quantity of carbonate of barytes formed.—In winter 10,000 parts of air in volume gave a mean of 4·79 parts of carbonic acid gas in 10,000 measures of air. In summer 10,000 measures of air gave a mean of 7·13 parts of carbonic acid gas in 10,000 measures of air.

M. Dorion has pointed out a very simple mode of clarifying the syrup of the sugar-cane: he merely throws into the boiling juice a certain quantity of the bark of the *pyramidal ash* in powder.

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## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

### LONDON.

We have just seen the Fifth Edition of Dr Thomson's System of Chemistry. It is in four large volumes octavo, and is therefore more condensed than the former Edition. The whole of this admirable Work is in a manner re-written, and the arrangement is in many respects greatly improved. This distinguished Chemist very properly regrets the new nomenclatural innovations of Berzelius, Gay-Lussac, and Davy; and where new discoveries have called for new terms, these he has formed according to the laws laid down by Lavoisier and his associates. Every new chemical fact is accurately detailed, and all the general chemical views worthy of notice are explained with wonderful clearness and conciseness. Indeed we have no hesitation in affirming, that this Edition of Dr Thomson's celebrated Work is the best arranged, and the most complete and Philosophical Chemical System ever published in Great Britain; and that in the acuteness of its general views—its originality and extent of information—and accuracy of detail, it far exceeds the most celebrated Chemical Systems of France, Germany, and Sweden. The French elementary and systematic works have always been considered as the best in Europe.

The Lovers of Poetry will rejoice to hear, that Lord Byron's fertile muse has produced a fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. It has just been received in London, and is expected to appear next month.

The Characteristic Sketch, by Professor Engel, entitled, "Laurence Stark, or the Hamburgh Merchant," and declared by some of the German Critics to be the most perfect Novel in their language, is, we learn, about to appear in an English translation, with an Outline of the Life of its Author.

In the press, *Travels through Denmark, Sweden, and Lapland; with a Description of the City of St Petersburg, during the Tyranny of the Emperor Paul*. By E. D. Clarke, L. L. D.; being the third and last Part of the author's Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa; handsomely printed in 4to, with numerous engravings of Views, Maps, &c.

Speedily will be published, a General View of the Domestic and Foreign Possessions of the Crown; the Laws, Commerce, Revenues, Offices, and other Establishments, Military as well as Civil. By John Adolphus, F. S. A. (author of "the History of England, from the Accession of King George III. to the Conclusion of Peace in the Year 1783"), 4 vols 8vo.

In the press, *Narrative of a Residence in Japan, in the years 1811, 1812, and 1813, with Observations on the Country and People of Japan, by Captain H. Golownin of the Russian Navy*.

Dr Turton is printing, in a portable form, a Conchological Dictionary of the British Islands.

Mr C. Feist will soon publish the *Wreath of Solitude* and other Poems, in 1 vol.

A Reply will speedily be published to the Rev. Mr Matthias's Inquiry into the Doctrines of the Reformation, or a convincing and conclusive Confutation of Calvinism.

A Narrative is printing of Discoveries in Africa, by Mr Burkhardt. He has for some years been travelling in the countries south of Egypt, in the disguise of an Arab, and by the name of *Shekh Ibrahim*, under the auspices of the African Association. He is still, it is said, prosecuting his discoveries, and entertains sanguine hopes of being able to reach Tombuctoo, from the east, and proceed from that city to the western coast.

This would perfect the geography of northern Africa.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption is printing by George Henning, M.D. of Bridgewater.

The City of Refuge, a Poem, in four Books, by Mr Thomas Quin, is in the press.

Mr Beauford, M.A. of Dublin, is preparing for the press, a New Theory of Magnetism, especially the phenomena which relate to the variation of the Magnetic Needle, deduced from observation, and demonstrated on true philosophical and mathematical principles. In the investigation, magnetism in general is ascribed to the effect of caloric on the globe of the earth. In magnetism, at least as far as it affects the needle (the author says), there are four magnetic poles near the terrestrial poles; which magnetic poles, in each class, have a rotation from east to west, proceeding from the effect of the perturbing powers of the sun and moon, in the difference between the centripetal and centrifugal forces. The revolution of the northern magnetic poles round

the earth's axis and poles is complete in 1073 years, and that of the southern in 864 years. The northern affirmative magnetic pole has this year (1817), at the time of the vernal equinox, lat.  $71^{\circ} 24' N.$ , lon.  $83^{\circ} W.$ ; the negative pole, lat.  $82^{\circ} 12' N.$ , lon.  $114^{\circ} 19' E.$  The southern affirmative magnetic pole has lat.  $65^{\circ} 56' S.$ , lon.  $156^{\circ} 58' E.$ ; the negative, lat.  $76^{\circ} 46' S.$ , lon.  $264^{\circ} 26' E.$  from Greenwich. And the places of the mean or operative pole derived from the effect of the four other poles, and to which the needle tends—northern lat.  $73^{\circ} 36' N.$ , lon.  $84^{\circ} 54' W.$ ; southern lat.  $68^{\circ} 45' S.$ , lon.  $145^{\circ} 30' E.$  From the effects and places of these mean operative poles proceed the various phenomena of the magnetic needle; as the variation, dip, position, nutation, rotation, and secular variation.

Speedily will be published, the History of Elsmere and Rosa, an Episode; the merry matter by John Mathers; the grave by a solid Gentleman. In 2 vols 12mo.

In the press, the Quakers, a Tale, by Eliza Lester, 12mo.

## EDINBURGH.

In the press, Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Insanity; with an Account of the Numbers and Condition of Insane Persons in Great Britain and Ireland, and Remarks on the Law relative to the unhappy Objects of that Disease. By Andrew Halliday, M.D. Edinburgh.

The Form of Process before the Court of Session, New Jury Court, and Commission of Teinds. By James Ivory, Esq. Advocate. Vol. II.

The Form of Process in the Jury Court. By John Russell, Esq. Writer to the Signet, one of the Clerks of the Court, 8vo.

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Anatomy of the Skeleton; by John Gordon, M.D. F.R.S.E. Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, and the Institutes of Medicine. One vol. 8vo.

Outlines of a Course of Lectures on the Physiology of the Skeleton; by John Gordon, M.D. F.R.S.E. Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, and the Institutes of Medicine. One vol. 8o.

The Sin and Danger of being Lovers of Pleasure, more than Lovers of God; considered and illustrated in two Discourses; by the Rev. Andrew Thomson, A.M. Minister of St George's Church, Edinburgh. One vol. 18mo.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### LONDON.

#### AGRICULTURE.

A Review, and Complete Abstract, of the Reports to the Board of Agriculture from the several Departments of England; by Mr Marshall, 5 vols 8vo. £3, 3s.

#### ARCHITECTURE.

An attempt to discriminate the Styles of English Architecture, from the Conquest to the Reformation; preceded by a Sketch of the Grecian and Roman orders, with notices of nearly five hundred English buildings; by Thomas Rickman, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan; by J. Watkins, L.L.D. Part II. 4to. £1, 11s. 6d.

Memoirs of the last Months of the Life of Mr Thomas Vaughan, late of Pentonville, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Part IV. T. Keys' Catalogue of New and Second Hand Books, on sale, at 53, Coleman Street, London. Consisting of French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Russian, Dutch, &c. Greek and Latin Classics, with French and English Translations; also Dictionaries, Grammars, and Elementary Books, in all Languages.

#### CHEMISTRY.

System of Chemistry; by Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. &c. A new edition, entirely recomposed, 4 vols 8vo. £3.

## EDUCATION.

Sacred History, in Familiar Dialogues, for the Instruction of Youth: to which is added, the History of the Jews from the time of Nehemiah to the destruction of Jerusalem; by Miss H. Neale, 2 vols 12mo. 10s.

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The Dauphin Virgil, with Dr. Carey's Clavis Metrico-Virgiliana prefixed.

A Lexicon of the Primitive Words of the Greek Language, inclusive of several leading derivatives, upon a new plan of arrangement; by the Rev. John Booth, 8vo. 9s.

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Thirty Etched Outlines, from the Elgin Marbles; in one quarto volume, with a letter-press introduction; by W. Sharp, artist. 21s.

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Historical Sketches of the South of India; in an attempt to trace the history of Mysoor, from the origin of the Hindoo government of that state, to the extinction of the Mahomedan dynasty in 1799; founded chiefly on Indian authorities, collected by the author while officiating for several years as political resident at the court of Mysoor; by Mark Wilks, colonel, vols 2 and 3, 4to. £4, 4s.

## GEOLOGY.

Transactions of the Geological Society, vol. 4, part II. with numerous maps and plates, 4to. £3, 3s.

A complete View of the Geology of England and Wales, in a picturesque elevation and section; by W. Smith. 7s.

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Authentic Memoirs of the Revolution in France, and of the Sufferings of the Royal Family, deduced principally from Accounts by Eye-witnesses; with engravings, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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Results of an Investigation respecting Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, including Researches in the Levant concerning the Plague; by Charles M'Lean, M.D. vol. 1. 8vo. 15s.

## MISCELLANIES.

The Journal of Science and the Arts, edited at the Royal Institution. Number VII. 7s. 6d.

The Official Navy List for October 1817. 1s. 6d.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## Europe.

## RUSSIA.

*Petersburgh, August 15.*—Our Gazette contains an article dated Voronetz, July 9, which says that in the environs of the city of Bobro an immense quantity of worms was discovered upon a sandy soil. These worms gnawed and destroyed all the vegetation upon the surface to an extent of nearly 200 acres. Their number increased like locusts. Every means was attempted to destroy them, but without success; at length a solemn procession was made, and holy water sprinkled. The next day a cloud of ravens and other birds arrived, who eat all the worms up in three days.

*August 16.*—The Emperor is to quit this capital on the 1st September. His absence will be from fifteen to sixteen months. His Majesty will first proceed to Witepsk, inspect the troops forming part of the corps d'armée of General Barclay de Tolly, and arrive at Moscow in November. Here he will remain till June, when he will proceed to visit the southern provinces of his empire. He will go to Astracan, to the Crimea, and inspect the troops of General Benningsen; then pass into Germany, to assist at the assembly fixed in 1815 by the Allied Sovereigns, and which will be held at Frankfort on the Mayne, or at Aix-la-Chapelle. After this, he will visit Warsaw, and from thence return to Petersburg.

*August 29.*—Since the greatest part of Poland has formed a distinct kingdom under the rule of the Emperor, we cannot overlook the favourable changes which have been operated in that state. There have been established not only schools for sciences, but also a great number of elementary ones and seminaries, which are already on a very good footing. The method of Pestalozzi is followed in some parts of Poland; but that of Lancaster seems better suited to the country, and the Emperor has already sent for, in order to establish him at Warsaw, one of the young Russians who have been studying this method in England at the expense of the government.

## GERMANY.

*Vienna, August 28.*—Several days ago news was received here that as the reigning Prince of Stahremberg, who has been for some time at Efferding, his principal estate, situate below Lintz on the Danube, was standing in a balcony of his castle, which was under repair, and not completely finished, it gave way; besides many bruises, his legs were broken in several places.

It is said that a captain and an innkeeper

have just discovered another gold mine. It is near Brunnow in Moravia, on an estate belonging to Count D'Illeshazy. Report states it to be the richest mine that has hitherto been discovered.

The Ex-King of Rome is, it is now said, destined, when he becomes of age, to enter into holy orders, and to be appointed Archbishop Primate of Ratisbon, and Arch-Chancellor of the German empire. The reversion of his principality of Parma, it will be recollected, was lately settled upon the Ex-Queen of Etruria.

*Frankfort (on the Oder), September 1.*—There have been successively published in Prussian Holland ordinances of the greatest importance, relative to the commerce and agriculture of that kingdom. These ordinances tend, in particular, to afford a full and entire liberty for industry to develop itself. It is said also, that when the Emperor Alexander shall arrive at Warsaw, to remain there several months, he intends to examine minutely every thing which may contribute to the amelioration of the Poles. The number of colonists has considerably augmented of late. Agriculture is becoming more and more flourishing.

## HAMBURGH.

*Gallant Exploit.—Hamburgh, August 14.*—A letter from the brave Captain Schaumann, of the Russian ship *Industry*, dated Lisbon, on the 17th ult. contains the following interesting details of the capture and recapture of his vessel:—"The Algerine pirate brig of 22 guns had hoisted the English flag: he summoned the captain, in good English, on the 3d of July, at noon, near Cape Finisterre, to come on board. The latter, not thinking it could be an Algerine cruiser, proceeded in his boat towards her; and it was only when he came very near that he saw the crew lying flat on the deck, all which he thought very strange. Having got on board, he exhibited his papers; but he was told they were of no use, unless he had a Turkish passport. His vessel and cargo were declared a fair prize; and eleven men, armed with muskets, pistols, and sabres, took possession of the ship, while five of her crew, including the pilot, two Russians, and the adopted son of the captain, were carried on board the pirate vessel. These persons are now in slavery. As soon as the pirates had taken the vessel and shut up the captain and remainder of the crew in the fore-hold, the hatch of which was guarded by one of them with a naked sabre, they steered for Algiers, and passed Oporto on the 4th of July. In the meantime, Captain Schaumann engaged his peo-

ple to undertake, at the hazard of their lives, the recovery of their vessel. They accordingly forced their way up the hatchway on the 5th, and attacked the Turkish crew with the greatest intrepidity. After a battle, which lasted an hour, they succeeded in killing the whole eleven, and threw the bodies into the sea. In this unequal contest, Captain Schaumann was severely wounded on the head, in the back, and in the hand. His five sailors came off tolerably well. Scarcely had they congratulated each other on their victory, when another corsair hove in sight, but happily they escaped this new danger, and entered the harbour of Lisbon in safety on the 7th."

September 12.—Oluf Ocken, commanding the Hamburg ship *Leonora*, who has made 40 voyages to Greenland, states, that he was this year on the coast of that country, at midnight, on the 4th of June, in latitude 79, and saw the estimated longitude of 22. 55'. W. from Greenwich. He observed the land farther to the N. and stretching from S. to N.E., there were two high mountains on it. The coast was nearly clear of ice, but a fog arising prevented his exploring it.

#### PRUSSIA.

Breslaw, August 26.—A part of the inhabitants here belonging to the first class of the landwehr, who were now to be enrolled in it, refused, from a mistaken view of the subject, to take the oath prescribed in the time appointed, and thus caused a delay in administering the oath to those who were willing to take it, which induced some of the ill-disposed to prevail on some of the willing to refuse the oath: a second time being appointed, the oath was taken by a small number, but refused by the greater part in consequence of these instigations; some who took the oath were even ill-treated by a number of those who refused the maintenance of the law of civil order; and the safety of the well-disposed made it necessary to remove those who had shown these evil dispositions, to prevent further mischievous effects. This circumstance was embraced by some hundred wretches on the morning of the 23d, to commit riotous excesses, though the tumult was soon quelled by the energetic measures of the military and civil authorities; the rioters, however, had time to commit excesses on several public edifices. Several of them have been arrested and delivered to the Supreme Council of Justice of the province, to be tried and punished; all the honest inhabitants have expressed their sense of the affair; the burghesses have pronounced, by the organ of their magistrates, and the city deputies as their representatives, their honourable sentiments, by declaring, "that they will immediately expel from among them (repaying the sum paid for the freedom of the city) all such as shall persist in refusing to obey the law respecting the landwehr."

The official notice respecting the arrest of Colonel Massenbach, stating that he had proposed to the Prussian Government to purchase MSS. for a large sum, threatening to publish them in case of refusal, gives the editor of our Gazette occasion to say, "that he has learned from authority, that Colonel Massenbach had entered into negotiations with a London bookseller for the sale of the manuscript in question, and that after the bookseller had offered him a considerable sum, he demanded the same sum of the Prussian Government." Whether Colonel Von Massenbach suffers innocently time will show. But he is unable to defend himself against the single accusation, that he offered to sell the suppression of certain MSS.; nothing can ever clear his name from this stain, and the list of upright, disinterested friends of their country, in whom our times were so rich, is poorer by one—"Vir integer vita seclerisque purus."—*Frankfort Gazette, Sept. 13.*

#### SWITZERLAND.

*Melting of the Snow on the Alps.*—Those who sleep beneath the olive and the vine, on the slope of Vesuvius or *Ætna*, for a while may forget the furnaces that are boiling below; the calm of their delicious climate leads them to forget the past, and to think little of the future; but the period is fast coming round when their lovely dwellings are covered with the "blackness of darkness, and nothing is left them but despair." The interesting valleys that diverge from the Alps, after half a century has passed away, have been visited by misery in another shape. Although they daily see, as it were, destruction asleep upon their mountains, and they know not how soon he may be aroused, yet neither their traditions, nor the marks of former devastations, warn them to remove their dwellings from his fatal path; and the lapse of a few harmless seasons seems to render the glaciers as abiding as the granite on which they repose. The Tyrol and Switzerland have experienced, from a sudden increase of temperature, a calamity more dreadful than an eruption of fire. A warm south wind had continued to blow for three days (before the 27th ult.); the dismayed inhabitants witnessed the snows on their mountains vanishing; every succeeding morning they saw new signs of the coming desolation—spots of black in the hitherto perpetual white;—strange rocks began to shew their portentous visages, and throw their unknown shadows across the surrounding snow;—and new torrents, pouring down the green hollows of the mountains, startled the beholders, who thought from their whiteness the snow itself was descending.

In the Tyrol, the Inn and the Lyll suddenly rose higher than in 1769, sweeping away bridges, trees, and houses, in their course.

It is asserted, in accounts from Lausanne,

that the country is destroyed between Ratz and the Lake of Constance. In one night, between the 27th and 28th, the Rhine rose above all embankments, tore them down, and, spreading itself over the plains, ruined the finest harvest that had been promised for years. Haag and Salez in Werdenberg, Drepoltzen, Schuiter, and Wianau in the Rhinthal, are under water. The valleys, all the way to Bernang, present to the view an immense lake, and boats are plying over places where water was never seen before.

These beautiful countries, inhabited by a highly interesting people, have suffered, within these twenty years, every dreadful national calamity in succession. Involved in the vortex of the French Revolution,—torn by intestine broils, their usual watchfulness,—their wonted energy was destroyed,—and when the French themselves entered the passes of the mountains, they found no resistance. They rapidly desolated the country, and glutted themselves with blood and brutal licentiousness; a long reign of tyranny has since been the hard fate of Switzerland, who felt it no doubt as the lion did the kick of the ass.

As freedom returned to them, the laws of nature seemed unhinged and one season their harvest was blasted by unwonted cold, the next, a supernatural heat has melted their everlasting snows; and when they looked with hope to returning plenty, the resistless deluge has swept it from before their eyes. Thousands of them have fled to foreign countries, and the following two pitiful instances tend to shew the additional misery they are every where meeting with:

*Boston, July 4, 1817.*—The rage of emigration from Europe to this country prevails to such a degree, that every ship which arrives is crowded with emigrants, who, on their arrival, are half starved. Among those last arrived, the most are Swiss, Wirtembergers, and Palatines. Last week there arrived here four ships from Holland, with 3250 Swiss on board from the Cantons of Basle and Zurich, who were in the most wretched condition.

*Lausanne, Sept. 16.*—One hundred and six of our fellow countrymen are now in the Tagus, off Lisbon, dreadfully destitute. These unfortunate individuals embarked in Holland for the United States of America, having paid a part of their passage. They did not discover, till it was too late, that the small brig in which they were crowded was short of provisions and water. The Captain put into Plymouth harbour, under the pretext of obtaining an additional supply, and demanded a farther advance of money from the passengers; he spent this sum, again put to sea, and they arrived at Lisbon without any means of continuing their voyage. In this situation, these unfortunate emigrants, punished too late for their want of foresight, solicited the charity of some Swiss residents at Lisbon. A collec-

tion was made, which produced 100 louis, but this was not found sufficient to provide for conveying them to their destination, and their prospects are most lamentable.

#### FRANCE.

The most important intelligence from Paris, during the last month, relates to a great change in what we may call the Ministry of France; and, without doubt, the King has now found himself under the necessity of committing his government to the care of those, whatever may be their real principles, who have hitherto shewn more anxiety for a free constitution than for the legitimate claims of his family.

The general election of Deputies followed; and we have seen France present herself before us (for we hardly can include the rest of Europe among the spectators, they not being connoisseurs) under the interest and excitement of a popular election. She rather, perhaps, bears her new faculties awkwardly, like a child during the first walking month; but, nevertheless, the spectacle is extremely gratifying, when we recollect the striking contrast it makes with the carelessness and apathy of the country when led by the iron hand of Napoleon.

*Paris, August 30.*—The Count de Ruppini set off this morning at three o'clock.

Numerous English continue to arrive in France. They write from Boulogne, that the number of English families established in that city and its environs, to pass the summer season, amounts to about 1500.

Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, Minister of War under Bonaparte, has returned to active service within these few days, and to the favour of the King. He is one of the subscribers of the famous address to the Chamber of Representatives, published after the battle of Waterloo, in which we find the following passages:—"The Bourbons are rejected by the majority of the French nation; they offer no guarantee to the nation." He afterwards, however, disavowed the signature to this address. The wife of the Prince of Eckmuhl is the sister of the famous General Leclerc, and daughter of a good haberdasher of Pontoise.

Between the 19th and 27th ult. there entered Calais from Dover 23 packet boats, with 692 passengers; and there quitted Calais for Dover 28 packet boats, with 444 passengers.

Thursday, the 11th, the aeronaut Margat is to effect a nocturnal descent in an illuminated parachute, garnished with fire-works, the explosion of which is to take place during the descent.

The Journal de la Côte d'Or of the 17th instant, relates several dreadful accidents caused by the wolves who infest the woods of that department. Three young girls have been devoured by these animals; one in the forest of Chardenois, and the other two in the woods adjoining Mireceau and Pontallier-sur-Saone. At Bouze, near Be-



aune, a wolf furiously attacked six persons successively in the middle of the village, and wounded them all. A young man had the courage to seize it, calling at the same time for assistance, and the wolf was killed in his arms. Near Auxonne, two children, from 13 to 14 years of age, were also attacked by a wolf; one of them would have been killed, but for the courage of his little comrade, who never ceased beating the animal until he let go his hold.

*Paris, Sept. 22.*—The table of deaths and births drawn up by the twelve municipalities of Paris for the year 1816, presents the following results:—

The number of deaths in 1816 amounted to 19,801; in 1815, to 21,549; the difference, 1748 less in 1816. Of this number, 12,489 died at their own homes, viz.—of the male sex, 6176; of the female, 6313. In this class is comprehended, 278 bodies deposited at the Morgue, and 7312 who died in the military and civil hospitals, viz. of the male sex, 3683; of the female, 3629. The number of persons who died of the small-pox during the year 1816, was 150, viz.—of the male sex, 79; of the female, 71. The number in 1815 was 190, being 40 more than last year. The suicides during the year 1816, amounted to 188, viz.—122 men, 66 women. In 1815 they were only 175. The births in 1816, amounted in the whole, to 22,366, viz.—of the male sex, 11,584; of the female, 10,782. The number of deaths being 19,801, the births exceeded them by 2565. In 1816, there were 278 persons drowned, viz.—222 men, 56 women.

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SPAIN.

*Madrid, August 31.*—In the course of the months of October and November, there will sail from the port of Cadiz, two squadrons, with a certain number of transports, laden with troops and ammunition of all sorts, destined for our South American possessions. The first expedition that will sail is for Peru, whither it will convey four or five thousand men of all arms. The second will have on board 2000, and will be applied according to circumstances, and as military events may require. With respect to foreign auxiliary troops, which, it is said, were to join ours, in order to secure the pacification of the colonies, it now appears that there was no foundation for that rumour.

The insurgent privateers belonging to adventurers of every nation, swarm in all the seas, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canaries, and from there, even to the Straits of Gibraltar. No flag is secure from their depredations. Is not the whole of Europe interested in putting an end to the excesses of these pirates, who, more numerous than the Buccaneers and Corsairs of old, are also more dangerous? There is a talk of vigorous measures being pursued towards them; but the whole is uncertain at present.

The expedition which is preparing at Cadiz for Buenos Ayres will soon be completed, by taking a certain number of men from every corps in the army.

The following is an extract of a letter received from Captain Johnes, of the sloop *William*, by his owners in London, dated Cadiz, September 6, 1817:—

I am happy to inform you of my safe arrival here in three days, from Lisbon, but should have had a shorter passage, had it not been for the Spanish brig of war the *Volunteer*, of Cadiz, which did me a great deal of damage. As soon as she hailed me, she immediately opened a fire on me (being not more than from twenty to thirty yards distant) with great guns and small arms, which tore the mainsail very much, giving me no time to do any thing. At last I got out the boat, and went in her; and while going on board the brig, she kept up a continual fire of musketry for more than ten minutes. This hurt my feelings very much, expecting, when I came on board, to find my son, mate, and the two English passengers who were on board, shot, as I had no less than one twelve-pounder and eleven musket-shot through my mainsail, two through the foresail, one in the mainmast, and others through the bulwarks and bows. The jib-sheets, topmast-shrouds, gaff-top-sail-tie, and main-halyards, besides the boat's gripes, were shot away, but happily no one hurt.

The African Corsairs are again beginning to spread alarm throughout the Mediterranean by their depredations.

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America.

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UNITED STATES.

IT is only now in Spanish America where scenes of action are fitted to arouse our hopes or our fears,—and, from their distance, and the uncertainty thrown over the events there, the interest we feel is indeed much like that from a dramatic representation. The North Americans appear to be absorbed in contemplating the exertions of their new allies. Their own immediate concerns are forgotten—even the great journey of their President is hardly noticed—they even seem to look on the varying contest with such a steady gaze, that they see things double—nay, almost all of our information comes through their hands, and they multiply the original accounts like a philosopher propagating papyrus, by cutting them in pieces—they so mangle them before they let them go again, that we are never sure whether it is the head or the tail, or a wing, or a claw, that they think proper to send us.

*Philadelphia, August 9.*—It is scarcely conceivable what purpose it can answer to represent St Augustine, in Florida, as a position resembling Gibraltar. It is nothing more than a quadrangle, with regular bastions at the angles. Its principal strength consists in the excellence of the stone of

which it is composed, quarried in the adjacent island of Anastasia. The town, which does not contain more than 3000 persons, is also surrounded by a wall, which, with the houses, are of similar materials with the fort; but it is no way superior to Mobile, which General Wilkinson took with not more men than General M<sup>r</sup>Gregor commands. But an attack on St Augustine is not in the views of General M<sup>r</sup>Gregor. The importance of his present position, where vessels of any burden may find a harbour and a safe landing, and very soon a good market, cannot be desired to be exchanged for St Augustine, into the harbour of which no vessel can enter that draws more than eight feet.

Immense damage has been done in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, in New Jersey, &c. by what is termed a freschet, or sudden rising of the waters. In the lower part of Baltimore, the water rose eighteen or twenty feet, several lives were lost, and most of the bridges were broken down. We extract the following particulars on the subject:—

*Washington, August 11.*—The bridge on Ninth Street, and part of the upper bridge leading to George Town, were swept away, and the arch of the Tiber Bridge, on Pennsylvania Avenue, was burst, and nearly demolished by the force of the flood.

*Dreadful Inundation.—York (Penn.) August 11.*—The 9th of August 1817 will be a memorable day in the history of this place. The borough of York has had to bear heavy calamities on former occasions, but on Saturday last the angry flood arose, and swept along with it not only the houses and furniture of many of our citizens, but the lives of some were involved in the destruction.

*Boston, August 10.*—Captain Holmes, of the British sloop *Rainbow*, arrived at Norfolk, in a short passage from New Providence, says, it was reported at New Providence, that a ship bound to Jamaica had fallen in with a schooner which appeared to be in distress; the ship's boat was sent on board, when it was discovered that there was not a living creature on board the schooner, but the dead bodies of several men lay stretched on the deck; some of them inhumanly nailed to the deck by large spikes. The impression was, that the schooner had been plundered, and her crew murdered by pirates. The brig *Morgiana*, in which Mr Sheriff Hubbard shipped himself for Amelia Island, was, by the last accounts from New York, lying in Sandy Hook; and the Revenue cutter, and another United States' vessel of war, have gone to watch her movements, lest her intention should be to infringe the laws.

#### SOUTH AMERICA.

From Spanish America, as we have before stated, the accounts have hitherto been extremely confused and contradictory. We cannot but lament that the only country

in the new world where Humboldt found the sciences and the arts, estimated somewhat according to their real value, and pursued with the enthusiasm they merit,—where indeed knowledge was increasing with great rapidity,—and where the principal aim of the highly intelligent nobility was the amelioration and happiness of the people, should be experiencing the horrors of a protracted intestine war. But of their final success we can have but little doubt. The imbecile and foolish government of the mother country will be found at last to wage unequal war with the activity and talent always elicited in a struggle for freedom,—and had those brave men been awaiting, whom we ourselves trained to discipline and valour, when the good cause was their own, the contest would have been of comparatively short duration. And much we marvel, that the energies of those whom we taught at last to conquer under the banners of liberty, should be so employed. We collect for our readers a few of the latest and more interesting rumours.

Three vessels have already sailed within these few days from the river Thames for South America, with about 200 persons on board, principally military. They are the *Morgan Rattler* schooner, the *Chance* schooner, and another of the same tonnage.

*Auxiliary Army of Peru.*—Bulletin No. 22, gives a narrative of proceedings from May 1st to the 11th. A party of the republicans had penetrated into Potosi, and the royalists in that quarter, under General Jacón, had retreated to Arequipa. The main body of the royalists, under General Jose Laterna, evacuated Salta, May 5, having occupied it twenty days. Colonel Martin Gremes entered the town the same day.

*Chili.*—A letter from Don Juan Gregorio de Hexas to the Supreme Director of Chili, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, dated Concepcion, May 5, mentions, that he was attacked by an enemy's force of from 1300 to 1400 men, whom he repulsed with a loss of three pieces of artillery and a great quantity of arms and ammunition, 500 prisoners, and 100 killed.

*Port of Spain (Trinidad), August 9.*—The Patriots have at length taken Guayana. Augustura fell on the 17th of last month; and, on the 6th instant, four Spanish gunboats and two flecheras, which escaped, brought us the news of the fortresses of Old Guayana being all taken. They are still lying in the harbour. The taking of Guayana will open to us a great trade with that province, and all the interior in possession of the Patriots; and an army of 10,000 tried veterans will now carry the banners of freedom throughout all Venezuela, and plant them on the ruins of tyranny and the Inquisition. The Patriots have obtained possession of all the country laved by the gigantic stream of the Oronoko, and containing immense resources. The

crops of varinas tobacco, and of cocoa, have fallen into their hands, besides countless herds of cattle, horses, &c. All the property which the Capuchin friars have been squeezing out of the poor Indians of Guayana, for 150 years, has been forfeited for their treachery, and the Patriots now say, after the experience they have had of the friars, that they will never allow any wearers of the cowl to live among them.

Both places were starved out by a continued rigorous blockade, after Piar had destroyed Cerrute's army on the 17th April. Brion's fleet cut off latterly every chance of supply, and the Spaniards resolved to endeavour to force a passage with their armed vessels and get off. The greater part, if not all the large vessels, are said to have fallen into the hands of Brion's squadron; none have arrived here but the gun-boats and flecheras, as stated above, and this circumstance gives strong grounds to believe so. A ship, with the generals and their staff (and probably their plunder), was closely pursued, it is said, by some of Brion's vessels, when these gun-boats lost sight of them, and escaped through the creeks. In a few days we shall no doubt see the bulletin of the Patriots. The conquest of Guayana not only gives the Patriots possession of a fine country and great resources, but places that army into complete and quiet communication with the army of Paéz in Varinas, and on the Lower Apure, where he has made himself master of the important town of San Fernando.

*St Thomas, August 16.*—Hitherto the affairs of the Independents and Royalists have presented a picture of afflicting horrors, without any material result. This is not the case now; what is now passing on the contiguous Maine is likely to decide the future fate of that country. With the Royalist troops which arrived from Spain, Morillo landed on the island of Margarita. The inhabitants defend themselves in a furious manner—they know they have nothing to expect. The Royalists, it is said, have taken Pampatar and Fort St Anne, but the rest of the island is in the hands of the inhabitants, and they are determined to defend it inch by inch. They have concentrated their forces in Assumption, the most fortified place. The Royalists have

lost 800 men since they landed, up to the capture of Pampatar, and 400 in their attack on the north. If the one attacks with courage, the other defends himself with fury. Unfortunate will be the weakest, for certainly they will all be butchered.

*Patriot Head-quarters, Tucuman, May 23.*—Since the great events in Chili, the inhabitants of Jujui and Salta have done prodigies against the enemy, who advanced towards the latter place with 2000 strong. Nothing can exceed the energies of the brave inhabitants of this country; they are always at their posts, and harass the Royalists in every direction. The Spaniards who arrived from Europe, by their barbarous and cruel conduct, cause patriots to rise up out of their own partizans, who become the most zealous defenders of their native country, because they then act from principle and conviction. Our army here is now enjoying the advantages of good organization and discipline. The van-guard is commanded by Don Gregorio Araos de la Madrid, a youth of experienced courage, and on whom we place the greatest reliance. Haenke, the celebrated German mineralogist, lately died in the dungeons of the Spaniards, in consequence of what he had suffered. The Spanish General Serna has been compelled to retreat, and many of his people have fallen into our hands. They say that they belong to the constitution, and for no other will they fight; and if Ferdinand wishes honours, they add, he may come and gain them himself. One of our detachments lately marched to Tarija, where the enemy was entrenched. We defeated him, took the town, and obtained possession of his magazines and 450 muskets. The detachment has, besides, doubled its numbers, and forms a junction with several guerillas belonging to the interior. Since this junction, they have advanced as far as Siporo, only 12 leagues from Potosi, which, it was expected, would soon fall into the hands of the Patriots. In the rear of the enemy another army is forming, that will cut off his communications with Lima. Even from Cusco it is confidently thought a force will issue; for the brutality of the Spaniards has greatly favoured our cause every where. All the Americans who have served with them are disgusted, tired, and undeceived.

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## BRITISH CHRONICLE.

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### AUGUST.

As a fact, marking the extraordinary revival of the trade of Leith, no less than 480 vessels have already arrived this year with cargoes from foreign ports, being 261 more than last year at the same period.

A most extraordinary and unaccountable attempt was made about nine o'clock on

Monday evening, the 25th, to blow up a gentleman's gate in the neighbourhood of Rutherglen; a charged bomb shell had been buried under the gate, which burst with a tremendous noise. Luckily, however, although it took place at so early an hour, and near a public road, no person was hurt. The splinters were scattered to the distance

of several hundred yards; one of them damaged the frame of a window near the place, and another flying over the roofs of many houses, lodged in the earth at a great distance; a third had struck the trunk of a young tree and cut it almost half through. The report was dreadful; and, according to the statement of a servant who was alone in the kitchen of a house at some distance, the floor trembled before the report was heard.

#### SEPTEMBER.

1.—The materials of the old gaol of Edinburgh are to be sold on Friday, and it will be immediately taken down. This building was erected in 1561, but part of it is supposed to be older, as the east and west ends were erected at different times. It was originally destined for the accommodation of Parliament and the Courts of Justice, besides the confinement of debtors and criminals; but since 1640, when the Parliament-house was built, it has been used solely as a gaol.

Last week, the Scots Craig salmon fishings on the Tay were let by public roup at £1105 per annum. This rent is only about one half of what the same fishings formerly brought, when the stake nets were permitted to be used.

*British Linen Company.*—On Monday the 1st, at the Quarterly Meeting of the British Linen Company, a bonus of 25 per cent. and the annual dividend of 10 per cent. were declared, and very lately a bonus of £100,000 was given by the same Company.

*Ice Islands.*—The *Harting* of Liverpool, for Boston, which was spoken with at sea, saw, on the 13th ult. three large masses of ice, so far south as latitude 42—the longitude was 49.

*The Esquimaux.*—This singular person, whose dexterous achievements so much aroused the public curiosity about twelve months ago, has returned to Leith with Captain Newton. Upon revisiting his native country, he learned, with much sorrow, that his sister, thinking him dead, had died of a broken heart. During his residence at the island, the natives were continually flocking around him, and would sit for hours together listening with the greatest astonishment, while he would relate the wonders he had witnessed in this country. He proved of great utility during the ship's stay in the Straits; and among other desperate exploits he performed in his canoe, was the killing of a unicorn, the horn of which is now in the possession of the surgeon of the vessel.

*Edinburgh, 8th.*—*High Court of Justiciary.*—Yesterday came on before this Court, the trial of Bernard M'Ilvogue, Hugh M'Ilvogue, and Patrick M'Cristal, accused of the crimes of stouthrief, robbery, rape, and assault with intent to commit rape. The libel charges the pannels with breaking into the house of Robert Moris, farmer in Ever-

ton, in the vicinity of Greenock, on the 23d of March last, by forcing open one of the windows, of attacking the said Robert Moris, blindfolding him, and holding him by force on the ground, and stealing from the house some money, and a great quantity of wearing apparel, &c.—and of assaulting and attacking Janet Crawford, sister of Mrs Moris, and Mary Black, servant to Robert Moris, and committing violence on their persons. The pannels pleaded—*Not Guilty.*

The examination of witnesses continued till five o'clock. One of them, Bernard Hutton, or Hatton, an accomplice, who was admitted an evidence, was committed to prison for gross peravication.

Before pronouncing sentence, the Lord Justice Clerk addressed the unfortunate pannels. He said, their conduct was most atrocious and brutal, and he was well convinced that their accomplice was as guilty as any of them. That it was in vain for them to look for mercy—they could expect none; and although Hugh M'Ilvogue's case differed in some respects from his companions, yet he was to expect no mitigation of punishment. He conjured them to apply for mercy to God by repentance, and concluded by pronouncing sentence, ordaining them to be detained in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh till the 6th of October, and then to be transmitted from Sheriff to Sheriff, until lodged in the Tolbooth of Greenock, and on Friday, the 10th of October, to be executed in such place, in or near the town of Greenock, as the Sheriff-depute of Renfrewshire shall appoint.

They are all young men, natives of Ireland, and received their sentence with much unconcern.

Counsel for the Crown, the Solicitor-General and James A. Matonochie, Esq.—Agent, Mr Hugh Warrender. For the pannels, Robert Hunter and E. D. Sandford, Esq.—Agent, Mr Daniel Christie, S.S.C.

We have very singular pleasure in communicating to the public, the successful issue of the labours of our citizens, and their committee, for a renovated constitution of burgh Government. The Lord Advocate has acceded to the desires of the community, and has prepared his report accordingly for the Privy Council, who, it is confidently expected, will confirm his Lordship's recommendation, and will appoint the first day of October for a poll election, in terms of his Lordship's report. The honour to our burgh is very great, in having led the way to a free guild, and in now having succeeded in procuring a free council, of which at least the majority will be in the annual choice of the guildry, burgesses, and trades, which must naturally produce a rotation of office. We hope it will be a prelude to reform in other burghs, and stimulate them to that patriotism and perseverance which has here been crowned with complete success. The thanks of the community, and

all the corporations, are eminently due to the Lord Advocate.—*Montrose Review.*

*High Court of Justiciary.*—Janet Douglas was put to the bar, accused of theft, more particularly that species of theft called man-stealing, or plagium. The indictment states, that the pannel did, on the 12th day of May last, barbarously steal and carry away Margaret Reach, a child betwixt three and four years of age, the daughter of James Reach, mason, residing at King's Stables, Portsburgh; that the pannel was pursued immediately after, and on the 14th of said month, was apprehended at Halbeath Colliery, Fifeshire, with the child in her custody. The pannel pleaded—*Not Guilty.* No objection being stated to the relevancy of the indictment, it was remitted to a jury, which was chosen, and the trial proceeded.

James Reach, mason, King's Stables, said, that on Monday, the 12th of May, when he came home to dinner, his wife said his daughter was lost. She had been inquiring for her at the neighbours, but the child could not be found. That he went to the Police watch-house, Portsburgh, and also to the principal Police-office in town, and likewise employed the town crier to proclaim the loss of the child, but heard no tidings of her that night; that next morning he rose early and went to Whitehouse Toll, to Leith, and other places, but did not hear any thing of the child. He afterwards went on the Queensferry Road, and made inquiry at several places; that at Stockbridge Toll, heard of a woman and child coming there on the Monday, who asked for a drink of water; he made inquiry of a Miss Marshall, residing about a mile from Muttonhole, who informed him a woman had called there with a child, and she had given her a penny; that he went to Queensferry, but getting no satisfactory information, returned to Miss Marshall, who desired him to call at the gate of Braehead, where he would get some word about the child, which he did; and from the information he got there, was convinced it was his daughter; that he then crossed the Ferry, and went to Dunfermline, where he made every inquiry, but without success; he then went to different places, and returned again to Dunfermline, when a man said he thought he could give him some information about the child, and desired him to go to Halbeath colliery, which he did; that he found his daughter in a house, but the woman was out; that he got a warrant at Dunfermline for her apprehension, and then brought the pannel to Edinburgh; pannel was in custody of an officer from Dunfermline; halted at Miss Marshall's, and showed her the child; that when he found the child it was very fond of him, took him round the neck and kissed him.

Mrs Reach, wife of the preceding witness, said the child went out of the house on the 12th of May, about eleven o'clock, to go to one Logan's, a neighbour; made every

search to find the child, and so did her husband, but never saw her till the 15th, when he brought her home from Halbeath colliery; the child was quite happy when she came home.

Mrs Anderson, residing at Bell's Mills, said, that on the Monday after the town's sacrament, a woman with a child came to her house, and asked permission to take off her shoes and stockings; the woman called the child Jeannie, and said it would be three years old at harvest; saw the child in the sheriff's office when Mrs Reach claimed it; the pannel seemed kind to the child.

William Halliday, residing at Stockbridge toll-bar, remembers a woman and child coming to his house about Whitsunday, and asking for a drink of water, which having received, she passed on by the Ferry road, and saw the woman and child two days after, on their return; thinks the pannel the same woman.

Mrs Brown, residing at the gate of Braehead, said a woman and child came to the gate and asked to get leave to rest her; she opened the gate and let her in, when she laid down her bundle and the child, which she thought unwell; that she offered the child some broth, but it did not sup them, which the woman said was owing to turnips being in them; witness asked the woman if she had brought the child from town, she answered that she had brought it from the Cape of Good Hope; that the child looked very pitiful, and she lifted its bonnet to look at the child's face, but the woman forbade her, and said it would make her cry; the woman said the child was three years old on new-year's day; that the child cried mamma, which the pannel accounted for by saying, a woman kept the child at the Cape of Good Hope who she called mamma.

The declarations of the pannel were then read; she stated that she was a collier's bearer at Gilmerton, from which she was dismissed, and having no work, came to town, when a woman said to her if she had a child she would get employment at Halbeath; that this consideration induced her to steal the child, but she was kind to it, and meant to return it when she got employment.

John Robertson, William Brockie, and William M'Kinlay, coal-heavers at Gilmerton, said, the pannel wrought industriously for her bread; that she was obliged to leave Gilmerton for want of employment.

James Barnard, residing near Halbeath colliery, remembers a young woman and a child coming to his house, but could say nothing about them; does not know the pannel.

Mrs Barnard, wife of the preceding witness, said, the pannel and the child came to her house, and she thought her its mother, as she was very good to the child; they staid all night.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL for the

Crown, and Mr CATHCART for the pannel, severally addressed the jury. The LORD JUSTICE CLERK summed up the whole in an impartial address to the jury, who, without quitting the box, unanimously found the pannel *Guilty*.

The LORD JUSTICE CLERK (after hearing the opinions of Lords Pitmilly and Succoth) addressed the prisoner in a most impressive manner, in which he pointed out the enormity of the crime she had committed, and sentenced her to suffer the punishment of death, in this city, on Wednesday, the 15th day of October next.

The prisoner is a young woman, apparently about 20 years of age. The father of the child was in Court when the Lord Justice Clerk pronounced sentence, and seemed very much affected—indeed much more so than the pannel.

The Court next proceeded to the trial of Robert Reid, chimney-sweeper, accused of the murder of John Fraser, *alias* Thomson, who, having stuck fast in a vent in Albany Street Chapel, was by him and Joseph Rae pulled by the legs, by a rope fastened to them, until he died. The facts of this case were fully before our readers in the trial of Rae, the principal culprit, who was sentenced to 14 years' transportation. The pannel, Reid, pleaded *guilty* to the extent of culpable homicide, and to the facts stated in his declaration before the Sheriff.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL stated, that as the case of this pannel was not of so atrocious a nature as that of his associate Rae, he would restrict the libel to the charge of culpable homicide, and adduce no proof but the pannel's own judicial confession.

Mr HUNTER addressed the Court in mitigation of punishment. All that the pannel admitted was, that he pulled the rope, and the principal atrocity of the case lay in Rae fastening the iron crow to the rope twice; that the boy was alive after he had pulled the rope. The pannel is a man of humane habits, and very kind to the boys in his employment; and he humbly submitted to the Court, that this was a case in which a far more lenient sentence should be inflicted than in the case of Rae.

Their Lordships were of opinion, that there certainly was a marked difference betwixt the case of the pannel and that of Rae. The latter had been far more active; and a charge also lay against him, and which had been proved, of malice against the boy, and extreme cruelty and ill treatment on former occasions, amounting even to the atrocity of making him eat his own excrement.

The LORD JUSTICE CLERK, after a suitable admonition, sentenced the pannel to seven years transportation beyond seas.

Tuesday, John Jeffrey, or Jeffrey's, mate of the *Prince Edward* revenue cutter, was brought to the bar, accused of murder. The indictment charged him with landing a party of the crew of the *Prince Edward* on the island of Arran, on the 25th of March last,

in search of smuggled whisky, part of which they seized; that he commanded his party to fire upon the people, who assembled on that occasion, by which William M'Kinnon, Daniel, or Donald M'Kinnon, and Isobel Nicol, were mortally wounded, and died soon after. The pannel pleaded *Not guilty*.

It appeared, from the evidence, that the smugglers, joined by a large party of country people, had followed close upon Mr Jeffrey and his party; had evidently shewn that they were determined to retake the whisky, and actually made several attacks upon them. The Solicitor-General admitted that the jury must find the pannel not guilty, even of culpable homicide. Mr Jeffrey, one of the counsel for the prisoner, said, that after the clear, decided, and strong testimony in his favour by the whole of the evidence, and the cordial acquiescence of the Solicitor-General in their views of it, his counsel declined adducing any more evidence in his favour, as they thought it only trespassing upon the time of the Court to no purpose.

LORD JUSTICE CLERK.—I have no hesitation in saying, that the conduct of the learned gentleman, who has just now addressed you, on the part of the gentleman at the bar, meets my full and entire approbation. For, after the very fair, open, and candid manner in which his Majesty's Solicitor-General has disclaimed even a conception of any thing like guilt attachable to the prisoner under this indictment, but, on the contrary, having borne his testimony to his conduct upon this unfortunate occasion, it would be an useless waste of your time, and tending to throw distrust on the opinion you must have formed upon this case, to have detained you by any evidence in exculpation. I have no difficulty in stating to you, from the evidence disclosed, not only by the persons belonging to the revenue vessel, but from that drawn, some part of it with reluctance, from persons who took a considerable concern in the transaction, there is no ground for a verdict in terms of this indictment. Throughout this unfortunate day the conduct of the pannel was most distinguished for moderation, propriety, and determination to do the duty incumbent upon him by the office he held under Government for his country. Therefore, I have no doubt it is your duty, and will give you satisfaction, to find he is not guilty of the charge in the indictment.

The jury, without leaving the box, immediately returned an unanimous verdict of *Not guilty*.

LORD JUSTICE CLERK.—John Jeffrey, I have now the satisfaction of announcing to you, that after a full investigation of the whole circumstances as to your conduct upon the unfortunate day charged in the indictment, a most respectable jury of your country have pronounced you not guilty of the crime with which you are charged. After

that evidence, which has been publicly given in this Court, it is unnecessary for me to add, that the conduct which you exhibited on the occasion in question, was that which was to be expected of an officer who had filled an honourable situation in his Majesty's navy. I have only to say, that while you conduct yourself, as you appear to have hitherto always done, according to the same rules of humanity, propriety, and proper public spirit, there will be little probability of a similar charge being ever preferred against you in any criminal court.

Mr Jeffrey was immediately dismissed from the bar.

Counsel for the Crown.—The Solicitor-General, Samuel M'Cormick, and J. A. Maconochie, Esqs.—Agent, Mr Hugh Warrender.—For the pannel.—George Cranstoun, Francis Jeffrey, Alex. Wood, and John Hope, Esqs.—Agent, Mr W. H. Sands, W.S.

*Lancaster Assizes.—Friday, Sept. 5.*—This day W. Holden, and the three Ashcrofts, one of whom is the father, the other the brother, and the youngest the son, were tried for the murder of a Mrs Ramsden and Hannah Partington, the servants of Mr Littlewood of Pendleton, near Manchester. It was proved that they got into the house between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of April 26, and that, after robbing it, and carrying away some plate, linen, and a considerable quantity of bank notes and gold, they murdered (as it is supposed), with a butcher's cleaver and the kitchen poker, the unfortunate domestics above named. A murder of this kind seems unparalleled even in atrocity by the well known cases of Williamson and Marr. The robbery and murder were committed at mid-day, in a populous village, and within two miles of Manchester. The jury found them guilty without even retiring from their box; and the Lord Chief Baron Richards instantly pronounced sentence of execution for Monday. They loudly protested their innocence, and were taken from the bar making clamorous appeals to Heaven. The three Ashcrofts are creditable looking men, apparently much above the ordinary condition.

On Saturday a special jury was appointed at the Lancaster Assizes, to try the Blanketeers, as they were called, from Manchester. When the trial was called on, however, Mr TOPPING, the leading counsel for the Crown, rose and said, "That it was not his intention to offer any evidence against the defendants. At the time the charge was preferred, Manchester was much agitated; but tranquillity now prevailed throughout the county, and a new tone and order of things had arisen. That his Majesty's Government, therefore, never desirous to prosecute any of the King's subjects, but in cases where the public safety demanded it, thought it unnecessary to press any thing against the defendants under the present circumstances, and therefore he, Mr TOP-

PING, should offer no evidence." The defendants were accordingly acquitted.

*Inverness, Sept. 12.*—We were visited by another smart shock of an earthquake, about half-past three on Sunday morning. This is the fifth shock since August last year.

*Trial of a Life-Boat.*—On the 4th inst. Lieutenant E. Thrackston, R. N. exhibited, before a number of merchants and ship-owners of this city, the buoyant properties of his newly invented life-boat, which we are happy to say, exceeded the most sanguine expectations it previously entertained. The extreme length of the boat exhibited is 21 feet, beam 6 feet 6 inches, and is rowed with 10 oars, double backed. It is constructed with canvass, in lieu of plank (which possesses an advantage over plank, wants no butt-ends to be stoved in case of accident), and has cork bilge-floats, which may be applied as life buoys, to throw out in cases where men may be washed overboard from a wreck, with a large fender round the boat, and which, from its elasticity, is capable of repelling any violent concussion. Without having recourse to the precarious assistance of air-tubes, Mr Thrackston has succeeded in gaining so much upon the water-line, that the boat (by the introduction of eight valves) discharges herself down to the thwarts, a space of nine inches. She has a canvass cover, contrived in such a way as to possess the advantages of a deck, at the same time keeping the men dry, without being an incumbrance to their rowing. The keel is the last thing that goes on the boat, and is so contrived, by the stem and stern parts working together with the elasticity of the timbers, which are sawn out of a straight piece of oak, and moulded into form by steam, that it is conceived impossible that the boat can ever be stoved. She took on board 30 persons, when filled with water up to the valves, and had 28 standing on one gunwale, without the least danger of upsetting. Upon an emergency, 60 persons might be stowed within her. She rows well and light on the oars when thus filled, and turns with great rapidity in her length. Boats may be built on a similar construction to any shape; and from the light but very efficient materials of which they are composed, Lieut. Thrackston is convinced, from the experiments which he has made, that if generally adopted, they would be found fully to answer every common purpose of an appendage to a vessel, besides possessing the invaluable advantages of a life-boat.—*Bristol Observer.*

Some days ago, a subscription having been set on foot to release the debtors, when the criminal prisoners were to be removed to the new jail, it was soon successful; and on Tuesday the door of the old jail was thrown open, and every prisoner for debt liberated; so much for the generosity of our citizens, to whom no appeal for charity is ever made in vain. It is expected that a little balance may be left, which will be

applied to aid the families of the most distressed prisoners. Yesterday morning the workmen commenced their operations on this ancient fabric, which will now speedily disappear. The old city guard have of course been obliged to relinquish their quarters, somewhat like rooks, when their old firs have been sold by public roup, to supply the wants of the absent proprietor. At present they occupy the guard-room adjoining the Police Office.

Wilkie, our inimitable painter of native manners and character, is now on a tour in Scotland. He has lately visited the Highlands, for the purpose of being present at a Highland wedding, which is to form the subject of a picture bespoke by the Prince Regent. He would there find ample scope for his peculiar and extraordinary talent.

The select committee on the education of the lower orders in the metropolis, have agreed upon the following report:—

“Your committee have been prevented, by accidental circumstances, from making farther progress in the inquiry referred to them; but being impressed with a deep sense of the importance of the subject, they recommend that it should be taken up at an early period of the next session.

“Your committee having considered the information communicated to them during the last session, from various parts of the country, touching the state of education, and more particularly the misapplication of funds destined, by gift, bequest, or devise, to that purpose, are of opinion, that it would be expedient to extend the instructions under which they act, so as to embrace an inquiry into the education of the lower orders generally, throughout England and Wales.”

25.—We are happy to state, for the information and pleasure of our readers, that more than one million yards of cotton cloth were shipped on board the *Mars*, lately cleared out from the Clyde for St Thomas's. Most likely a great proportion of these goods will ultimately be destined for South America, as it greatly exceeds the quantity required for the consumption of the island of St Thomas's.

Of the revival of the spirit of the country, and the improving state of our manufactures, we have gratifying proofs in the following articles from Leeds, Lancaster, &c.

So great has been the sudden revival of trade, that several merchants here find it impossible to procure pelisse cloths, shawls, and stuff goods in general, for the execution of their orders. In woollen goods, generally, a considerable rise has taken place. We have sincere pride and pleasure in communicating these facts, for the gratification of the remotest districts, that they may participate with us in the exultation and interest we feel for every thing that indicates the returning prosperity and happiness of the country. The gloomy predictions of the timorous and discontented have

vanished. It is impossible to calculate the point of elevation to which the manufactures and commerce of the empire will be carried, by that renewed activity and vigour which have already set every willing hand to work. *Leeds Intelligencer.*

We hear with infinite pleasure of the almost universal revival of trade in all parts of the country. We are happy to say that the town of Bolton and its neighbourhood participate in the general revival; so much so, as to be enabled, some time ago, to allow 1s. per cut more for the work, and a farther advance is in contemplation.—*Lancaster Gazette.*

We are informed, that the iron trade in Staffordshire has so much revived, that all hands are in employ; and the demand for iron was so very great, that it is now £5 per ton higher than last May, and a farther advance expected to take place the next quarter day.

*Spitalfields.*—We are assured, and we feel great pleasure in so stating, that this place, which was the scene of more distress than any other in the metropolis, is now so actively employed, that there is hardly an adequate supply of silk for the workmen.

*Contrast.*—While we are applying to Parliament for laws prohibiting the exportation of cotton yarns, or laying an export duty thereon, the French Government are giving their spinners a bounty upon their yarns upon exportation. The law of the 10th September inst. gives the following bounty on cotton yarns per 100 killogrammes, about 220 lb. :—

|                     |           | fr. | c. |
|---------------------|-----------|-----|----|
| No 30, and under,   | Gray,     | 23  | 0  |
|                     | Bleached, | 20  | 50 |
|                     | Blue,     | 26  | 50 |
|                     | Red,      | 28  | 75 |
| No 31, and upwards, | Gray,     | 50  | 0  |
|                     | Bleached, | 53  | 0  |
|                     | Blue,     | 57  | 30 |
|                     | Red,      | 62  | 30 |

And by an ordinance of the same date, the French Government lowers the import duties on raw and thrown silks.

*Curious Discovery.*—On the farm of Easton, parish of Dunsyre, a tradition has been handed down from father to son, in a family, who, as shepherds, have resided in the place for many generations back, that a certain rude stone set up in the adjoining moor, marked the grave of one of the Covenanters, who, having been wounded at the battle fought at Pentland Hills, died of his wounds on his way home, and was buried by the great grandfather of the person from whom we have the tradition. Accordingly, a few days ago, several persons, desirous to ascertain the truth of this story, went to the place, and having dug about two feet below the surface, found the remains of a decayed skeleton. A medical gentleman who was on the spot could distinguish one of the thigh bones, which was almost entire in shape, though reduced nearly to the con-



sistence of the mossy soil which surrounded it. The scalp was found complete, covered with very long hair, of a whitish colour, nearly as fresh and strong as in life. Several fragments of clothes were also found, among which some leather buttons were plainly discernible.

In addition to the above, were found two silver coins, weighing about an ounce each, bearing the date of 1620, and having on one side the following inscription:—*BELG: FRI: MOARG: ERO: CONGOE*, with the following sentence on the other, "*Concordia res Parvæ Crescunt.*" From the state of the coins, there was reason to believe they had been sewed or tied up closely in some part of the wearer's clothes. It must be upwards of 138 years since the body of this poor Covenanter was committed to his lonely grave.

On the 21st ult. there came ashore between Staxigo and Wick, near the Boathaven, a whale measuring 66 feet 5 inches in length; he was first observed by the Buckley fishermen who were at the herring fishery, who immediately went up to him, and after attacking him with a sword and scythe, which made no impression on him, they got an axe, which they sunk in his head. After various attempts with boat-hooks, oars, &c. they succeeded in killing him. They were engaged in this operation nearly 25 hours. The carcass was claimed by Sir Benjamin Dunbar, as lord of the manor, and by the Provost of Wick, on the part of the Crown. Owing to this dispute, and the roughness of the weather, the sale could not take place before the Tuesday, and was advertised to take place at two o'clock. But early on the Tuesday morning, owing to a heavy gale of wind and a tremendous sea, which broke him to pieces, no sale could take place. The entrails, blubber, &c. were driven ashore, and great part of the carcass was floating near the spot where he was killed, and his tail, and about 14 feet of the carcass, were seen at sea.

The number of criminals tried at the different Circuit towns in Scotland has this year been uncommonly great. A number have received sentence of imprisonment; several are to be banished Scotland; others are outlawed for not appearing; and some difficult cases have been remitted for trial to the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh. No less than 13 persons (two of whom are females) are at present under sentence of death in Scotland, viz. three at Glasgow, four in Edinburgh (three of whom are to be executed at Greenock) four in Ayr, and two in Perth.

The original diamond ring of Mary Queen of Scots, upon which are engraved the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, *quartered*, and which was produced in evidence at the trial of the unfortunate Mary, as a proof of her pretensions to the Crown of England, was in the possession of the late Mr Blanchford, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, at

the time of his death. The history of this fatal ring is curious:—It descended from Mary to her grandson Charles I., who gave it, on the scaffold, to Archbishop Juxon, for his son Charles II., who in his troubles pawned it in Holland for £300, where it was bought by Governor Yale, and sold at his sale for £320, supposed for the Pretender. Afterwards it came into possession of the Earl of Isla, Duke of Argyll, and probably from him to the family of Mr Blanchford. At the late sale of his effects it was said to have been purchased for the Prince Regent.

A pike was lately caught by Pryse Pryse, Esq. in the lake at Buscot Park, Oxen, which measured three feet seven inches in length, and in girth one foot nine inches and a half, and weighed 30lb. after it was gutted. *This Leviathan of the Lake* was sent as a present to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

It was intended in October last year, to bring nine feet of water from Lochness, into the Caledonian Canal, in order to facilitate the conveyance of materials from Clachnaharry, towards building the locks at the west end; but on trial the banks were found to be leaky in many places, and the project was for the present abandoned; meantime a number of men were set to work in lining the bottom and sides with several feet of clay well wrought; this operation has been completed on eight feet high of the bank, and some weeks ago six feet water was admitted, and the barges and lighters are now conveying clay for finishing the remainder of the bank; a sloop, with 300 barrels of coal, has been dragged by a pair of horses from Clachnaharry to Lochness.

Christophe, the Chieftain of Hayti, is wisely providing for the future civilization and moral improvement of his country. He has appropriated an immense sum to the building and endowing a college, in which professors of every branch of learning and science are to be established and liberally rewarded. It is no small advantage to England, that they will be nearly all chosen from this country, and that we shall thus have an increased probability of standing upon a favourable footing with a Sovereign, whose friendship is highly beneficial to us in commercial respects. In the establishment of this college, as well as in some other matters, Christophe, we understand, has had the good sense to solicit the advice of Mr Wilberforce.

The following is an extract of a letter, addressed from the Horse-Guards, some time since, to the Colonels of the army, and which, although marked "*Confidential*," we can see no impropriety in giving to the public, recommending, as it does, a line of conduct so agreeable to humanity and judgment:—

The Commander-in-Chief is confident that the Officers of the Army are universally actuated by a spirit of justice, and im-

pressed with those sentiments of kindness and regard towards their men, which they on so many occasions have proved themselves to deserve; but his Royal Highness has reason to apprehend, that in many instances sufficient attention has not been paid to the PREVENTION OF CRIMES. The timely interference of the Officer, his personal intercourse and acquaintance with his men (which attention is sure to be repaid by the soldier's confidence and attachment), and, above all, his personal example, are the only efficacious means of preventing military offences; and the Commander-in-Chief has no hesitation in declaring, that the maintenance of strict discipline, *without severity of punishment*, and the support and encouragement of an ardent military spirit in a corps, without licentiousness, are the criteria by which his Royal Highness will be very much guided in forming an opinion of the talents, abilities, and merit of the Officers to whom the command of the different regiments and corps of the army are confided.

(Signed) H. CALVERT.

*Magistrates of Edinburgh.*—Tuesday, Sept. 30.—The Magistrates and Council walked in procession to the High Church, where an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Macknight, one of the ministers of the Old Church, from 2d Peter, chap. iii. verse 17.—“Beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your stedfastness.” After divine service, they returned to the Council-Chamber, and proceeded to the election of Magistrates for the ensuing year. The Council was filled up next day, and the government of the city vested in the following gentlemen:—

The Right Hon. Kincaid Mackenzie, Lord Provost. George White, Neil Ryrie, John Anderson, Robert Anderson, Esqs. Bailies. Alexander Henderson, Esq. Dean of Guild. John Manderson, Esq. Treasurer. William Arbuthnot, Esq. Old Provost. Arch. Mackinlay, Thomas Scott, Walter Brown, William Sibbald, Esqs. Old Bailies. Robert Johnston, Esq. Old Dean of Guild. John Waugh, Esq. Old Treasurer. William Pattison, Thomas Brown, William Dunlop, Esqs. Merchant Councillors. Messrs Thomas Miller, John James, Trades' Councillors. Messrs James Thomson, Conveener, James Bryce, John Laing, Alexander Lyall, James Anderson, James Denholm, Ordinary Council Deacons. Messrs John S. Simpson, Alexander Ritchie, Thomas Kennedy, David Tough, Arthur Knox, John Yule, Andrew Wilson, Andrew Lawrie, Extraordinary Council Deacons. Wm Pattison, Esq. Captain of Orange Colours.

In the afternoon an elegant entertainment

was given at Oman's by the Town-Council, at which the Earl of Glasgow, Lord Viscount Melville, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Advocate, Sir William Forbes, Sir John Hay, Sir William Rae, Sir John Marjoribanks, Sir Patrick Walker, Sir Gregory Way, Sir James Douglas, Major General Hope, Major-General T. Trotter, the Officers of the North British Staff, several other naval and military Officers, a number of bankers, merchants, and many of the most respectable inhabitants, were present.

The Provostship of Mr Arbuthnot has been singularly marked with numerous works, both of utility and ornament, in the city and its environs, some of which, it is true, were projected before he entered on the duties of the Chief Magistracy. Under his auspices, in times of peculiar distress, the city of Edinburgh was among the first places that adopted plans of improvement in the public walks, &c. which were carried into effect by a liberal subscription, thereby affording relief to many hundreds of the industrious in the working class of the community, otherwise totally destitute—while the astonishing spirit and extent of public and private undertakings have produced full employment to those connected with building. These works, when completed, will prove highly useful and ornamental, and consist, among others, of the following:—The Regent Bridge—new prison, road, walks, and shrubberies, on the Calton Hill—the County Hall—the revival of the works at the College—the new Merchants' Maiden Hospital, near the Meadows—the Cornmarket, west end of the Grassmarket—the improvements on the west side of the North Bridge, next Prince's Street—the Gas Light Company's works, on the north side of the Canongate—additional wet dock at Leith—commodious access to the markets from the New Town—the parapet and iron railing in Prince's Street, west of the Great Mound—a similar improvement at the Bank of Scotland—the laying down side pavement in the narrow streets of the Old Town—the removal of the gaol and other obstructions in the High Street—Mr Henderson's ornamental ground between the North Bridge and Trinity Hospital, before little better than a waste—and, though last, not less in the enumeration, those fine specimens of architecture, the two Episcopal Churches at the east and west ends of the New Town; the whole of which having been in progress at the same time, has given employment to immense numbers, (besides those engaged in works entirely of a private nature) and will render the last two years an important era in the city annals.

*ABSTRACT of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Years ending 10th October 1816, and 10th October 1817; distinguishing the Quarters. And also the Total Produce of the Consolidated Funds, and Annual Duties, and the War Taxes.*

|   | Quarters ending |                |               |                | Year ending    |               | Quarters ending |               |                |                | Year ending    |  |
|---|-----------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|-----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|--|
|   | Jan. 5, 1816.   | April 5, 1816. | July 5, 1816. | Oct. 10, 1816. | Oct. 10, 1816. | Jan. 5, 1817. | April 5, 1817.  | July 5, 1817. | Oct. 10, 1817. | Oct. 10, 1817. | Oct. 10, 1817. |  |
| Customs, . . . . .                        | 1,128,119       | 1,394,639      | 767,846       | 1,499,288      | 4,789,892      | 1,317,381     | 1,719,314       | 831,853       | 1,880,180      | 5,748,728      | 1,429,879      |  |
| Excise, . . . . .                         | 4,938,770       | 4,325,528      | 4,120,915     | 4,937,055      | 18,326,328     | 4,484,440     | 3,819,211       | 3,831,360     | 4,025,209      | 16,160,220     | 6,232,213      |  |
| Stamps, . . . . .                         | 1,516,378       | 1,520,536      | 1,500,414     | 1,487,447      | 6,024,775      | 1,461,324     | 1,492,611       | 1,589,615     | 1,688,663      | 6,349,000      | 1,349,000      |  |
| Post Office, . . . . .                    | 354,000         | 378,000        | 353,000       | 365,000        | 1,450,000      | 330,000       | 342,000         | 325,000       | 354,000        | 1,349,000      | 1,349,000      |  |
| Assessed Taxes, . . . . .                 | 2,521,343       | 2,207,659      | 2,207,659     | 2,142,270      | 6,170,181      | 2,134,484     | 868,104         | 2,216,806     | 782,602        | 6,001,996      | 6,001,996      |  |
| Land Taxes, . . . . .                     | 383,605         | 133,227        | 426,503       | 180,067        | 1,123,402      | 388,132       | 154,550         | 464,664       | 190,502        | 1,197,848      | 298,639        |  |
| Miscellaneous, . . . . .                  | 150,065         | 72,712         | 70,554        | 41,848         | 335,179        | 56,085        | 98,595          | 62,160        | 76,799         | 298,639        | 298,639        |  |
| Unappropriated War Duties, . . . . .      | ..              | ..             | ..            | ..             | ..             | 374,006       | 1,023,718       | 20,031        | 12,124         | ..             | ..             |  |
| Total Consolidated Fund, . . . . .        | 10,992,280      | 8,551,561      | 9,450,951     | 9,224,975      | 38,219,757     | 10,545,852    | 9,518,103       | 9,339,489     | 9,010,079      | 38,413,523     | 3,183,339      |  |
| ANNUAL DUTIES to pay off Bills, . . . . . | 583,081         | 39,143         | 524,691       | 958,540        | 2,105,455      | 870,827       | 192,982         | 877,760       | 1,241,770      | 3,183,339      | 3,183,339      |  |
| Customs, . . . . .                        | 344,520         | 7,654          | 90,732        | 98,641         | 541,347        | 337,097       | 13,279          | 83,727        | 124,684        | 558,787        | 558,787        |  |
| Excise, . . . . .                         | 16              | ..             | ..            | ..             | 16             | 4,016         | ..              | ..            | ..             | 4,016          | 4,016          |  |
| Pensions, &c. . . . .                     | ..              | ..             | ..            | ..             | ..             | ..            | ..              | ..            | ..             | ..             | ..             |  |
| Total Annual Duties, . . . . .            | 927,617         | 46,797         | 613,423       | 1,057,181      | 2,647,018      | 1,211,940     | 206,261         | 961,487       | 1,366,454      | 3,746,142      | 3,746,142      |  |
| Permanent and Annual Duties, . . . . .    | 11,919,897      | 8,598,348      | 10,066,374    | 10,282,156     | 40,866,775     | 11,757,792    | 9,724,364       | 10,300,976    | 10,376,533     | 42,159,665     | 42,159,665     |  |
| WAR TAXES.                                |                 |                |               |                |                |               |                 |               |                |                |                |  |
| Customs, . . . . .                        | 769,469         | 517,659        | 490,151       | 31             | 1,777,310      | 525           | 809,565         | 779,647       | 739,943        | 3,109,814      | 525            |  |
| Excise, . . . . .                         | 1,823,300       | 1,067,266      | 1,354,616     | 1,259,533      | 5,504,715      | 780,659       | 809,565         | 472,338       | 407,072        | 2,171,615      | 2,171,615      |  |
| Property, . . . . .                       | 2,096,684       | 4,861,027      | 2,071,776     | 2,960,576      | 11,990,063     | 1,292,205     | ..              | ..            | ..             | ..             | ..             |  |
| Total War Taxes, . . . . .                | 4,689,453       | 6,445,952      | 3,916,543     | 4,220,140      | 19,272,088     | 2,073,389     | 809,565         | 1,251,985     | 1,147,015      | 5,281,954      | 5,281,954      |  |
| Total Net Revenue, . . . . .              | 16,609,350      | 15,044,300     | 13,982,917    | 14,502,296     | 60,138,863     | 13,831,181    | 10,533,929      | 11,552,961    | 11,523,548     | 47,441,619     | 47,441,619     |  |

1817.]

The Irish and Portuguese Payments for the interest on their respective debts payable in England, are excluded from the above statement; and the War Taxes appropriated to the interest of Loans charged on them, are not included in the Consolidated Fund, but under the head of War Taxes, to the quarter ended 5th July 1816 inclusive; from which period certain War Duties of Customs, being made perpetual by Act 56 Geo. III. cap. 29, are included under the head of Consolidated Customs.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**COLONIAL PRODUCE.—Sugar.**—The market has been rather dull for the last two weeks, and the sales inconsiderable. Prices are, however, still maintained, and some holders even calculate on higher, owing to the present small stocks compared with those at the same period last year. The difference is 17,341 casks; the prices 11s. to 13s. higher. The Refined market is also languid, and prices have declined 2s. to 3s. *Molasses* 3s. higher. In Foreign Sugars no business doing. *Coffee.*—The demand has again slackened, owing in a great measure to the quotations from Amsterdam and Hamburgh being lower in proportion than the London market; but as no sales of importance have been brought forward, prices are still maintained. The Stock, compared with that at same time last year, is 2192 casks, and 31968 bags less. *Cotton.*—The market has been exceedingly dull during the last two weeks, and prices have rather declined; but as the manufacturers have been buying very sparingly, and as their stocks are known to be very low, they must soon come into the market; and the holders evince little disposition to lower their prices. The imports of last month, into London, Liverpool, and Glasgow, were 22,237 bags. *Tobacco.*—This article continues in very limited demand, without variation in prices. The imports into London last month, were 1591 hhds. Virginia, and 590 hhds. Maryland. The prices, compared with those of last year, are 1d. to 2d. per lb. lower. *Indigo* in considerable request, and prices advancing. *Rum.*—In this article there has been considerable business doing, principally for export; Leeward Islands, 2s. 8d. to 2s. 10d. Jamaica may be quoted a shade lower since our last.

**EUROPEAN PRODUCE.—Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.**—The demand continues steady, but owing to considerable arrivals, prices are giving way. *Oils.*—The lowest quotation of Greenland Oil is £46, and there is every reason to expect a farther advance. Southern Oils continue to advance; Linseed also may be stated a shade higher. *Irish Provisions.*—Prime Mess Beef in considerable demand for shipping. Pork has become very scarce, particularly the inferior qualities. Bacon without alteration. *British Manufactures* continue in steady demand, and prices generally may be stated on the advance.

## Weekly Prices of Stocks from 1st to 30th September 1817.

|                                | 3d.        | 10th.      | 17th.     | 24th.      |
|--------------------------------|------------|------------|-----------|------------|
| Bank stock, .....              | 280, 279½  | —          | —         | —          |
| 3 per cent. reduced.....       | 79½, 80½   | —          | —         | —          |
| 3 per cent. consols,.....      | 79¾, 79½   | 79½, 78½   | 79¾, 79½  | 80¼, 81½   |
| 4 per cent. consols,.....      | 98½, 98½   | —          | —         | —          |
| 5 per cent. navy ann. ....     | 105¾, 105¾ | 105¾, 105½ | 105¾, 106 | 106½, 106¾ |
| Imperial 3 per cent. ann. .... | 106½       | —          | —         | —          |
| India stock, .....             | 229½       | 229½       | —         | 234¾       |
| — bonds, .....                 | 105 pr.    | 54 pr.     | 103 pr.   | 75 pr.     |
| Exchequer bills, 3¼d. ....     | 24 pr.     | 21 pr.     | —         | 23 pr.     |
| Consols for acc. ....          | 80½, 79¾   | 79, 79½    | 80¼, 80¾  | 81½, 81¾   |
| American 3 per cent. ....      | —          | —          | —         | —          |
| — new loan, 6 p. cent. ....    | —          | —          | —         | —          |
| French 5 per cents. ....       | —          | —          | —         | —          |

**Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's**—Guernsey or Jersey, 15s. 9d. Cork, Dublin, or Belfast, 15s. 9d. to 20s. Hamburgh, 20s. to 30s. Madeira, 20s. to 25s. Jamaica, 40s. Greenland, out and home, 3½ guineas.

**Course of Exchange, Oct. 10.**—Amsterdam, 38 : 2 B. 2 Us. Antwerp, 11 : 15. 2 Us. Hamburgh, 35 : 2. 2½ Us. Paris, 24 : 60. 2 Us. Bordeaux, 24 : 60. Frankfort, 146 Ex. Madrid, 37 effect. Cadiz, 36¾ effect. Gibraltar, 32. Lisbon, 58. Genoa, 46½. Leghorn, 48½. Naples, 42. Rio Janeiro, 62. Dublin, 7¼ per cent. Cork, 8 per cent.

**Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.**—Portugal gold, in coin, £4. Foreign gold, in bars, £4. New doubloons, £4. New dollars, 5s. 2d. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 3d.

**Average Price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar,** computed from the returns made in the week ending the 8th day of October 1817, 58s. 8¾d.

PRICES CURRENT.—Oct. 10, 1817.

|                             | LEITH.       | GLASGOW.   | LIVERPOOL.  | LONDON.      | DUTIES.            |
|-----------------------------|--------------|------------|-------------|--------------|--------------------|
| SUGAR, Musc.                |              |            |             |              |                    |
| B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.     | 78 to —      | 80 to 84   | 75          | 81 81 to 82  | } £1 10 0          |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.    | 82 86        | 84 95      | 82          | 89 85        |                    |
| Fine and very fine, . .     | 88 96        | —          | 90          | 95 91        |                    |
| Refined, Doub. Loaves, .    | 155 165      | —          | —           | 152 163      |                    |
| Powder ditto, . . . . .     | 126 150      | —          | —           | 115 117      |                    |
| Single ditto, . . . . .     | 122 124      | 125 126    | 125         | 128 112      |                    |
| Small Lumps . . . . .       | 115 118      | 118 120    | 126         | 150 110      |                    |
| Large ditto, . . . . .      | 114 116      | 116 —      | 114         | 122 107      |                    |
| Crushed Lumps, . . . . .    | 70 72        | 69 71      | 72          | — 108        |                    |
| 114                         | —            | —          | —           | 114          |                    |
| MOLASSES, British, cwt.     | 40           | — 40       | — 40        | — —          | } 0 7 6½           |
| COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.      | —            | —          | —           | —            |                    |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.    | 86 93        | 87 93      | 82          | 88 85        | } per lb.          |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.    | 93 106       | 94 105     | 89          | 106 94       |                    |
| Dutch, Triage and very ord. | 72 82        | —          | 76          | 82 65        |                    |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.    | 86 92        | —          | 84          | 91 84        |                    |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.    | 92 104       | —          | 92          | 105 92       |                    |
| 100                         | —            | —          | —           | 100          |                    |
| St Domingo, . . . . .       | —            | 90         | 93          | 85           | } 0 0 9½           |
| PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.       | 8½ 9         | 9 9½       | 9½ 9½       | 9 9          |                    |
| SPIRITS,                    |              |            |             |              |                    |
| Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.    | 5s 6d 3s 8d  | 5s 6       | 3s 8        | 3s 2         | } 0 8 1½           |
| Brandy, . . . . .           | 7 6 7 9      | —          | —           | —            |                    |
| Geneva, . . . . .           | 3 10 4 0     | —          | —           | 3 10 4 0     |                    |
| Grain Whisky, . . . . .     | 7 0 7 3      | —          | —           | —            |                    |
| WINES,                      |              |            |             |              |                    |
| Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.   | 45 50        | —          | —           | —            | } (B.S.) 143 18 0  |
| Portugal Red, pipe.         | 38 45        | —          | —           | £32 40       |                    |
| Spanish White, butt.        | 30 46        | —          | —           | 32 45        | } (F.S.) 95 11 0   |
| Teneriffe, pipe.            | 50 35        | —          | —           | 18 20        |                    |
| Madeira, . . . . .          | 60 70        | —          | —           | 55 64        | } (B.S.) 96 13 0   |
| —                           | —            | —          | —           | —            |                    |
| LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.        | £8 0 £8 10   | 8 0 8 10   | 8 5 8 15    | 8 5 9 0      | } 0 9 1½           |
| Honduras, . . . . .         | 8 9          | 8 10       | 9 0 9 5     | 8 10 9 5     |                    |
| Campeachy, . . . . .        | 9 10         | 9 0 10 0   | 9 10 10 5   | 10           |                    |
| FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .      | 12 13        | 12 10 13 0 | 11 0 14 0   | 12 0 12 12   | } 1 4 6½           |
| Cuba, . . . . .             | 17           | —          | 17 0 17 15  | 14 10 16 0   |                    |
| INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.  | 9s 6d 11s 6d | 8 6 9 6    | 9 0 11 6    | —            | } 50c. a. 0 0 0 4½ |
| TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.   | 2 3 2 5      | —          | 2 3 2 4     | —            |                    |
| Ditto Oak, . . . . .        | 4 7 5 2      | —          | —           | —            | } 0 2 4½           |
| Christiansand (dut. paid)   | 2 4 2 5      | —          | —           | —            |                    |
| Honduras Mahogany           | 0 11 1 11    | 0 10 1 8   | 1 0 1 1     | —            | } 3 16 0           |
| St Domingo, ditto           | —            | 1 2 3 0    | 2 0 2 6     | —            |                    |
| TAR, American, . . . . .    | —            | —          | 16          | 17 13 0 16 0 | } (B.S.) 1 1 4½    |
| Archangel, . . . . .        | 19 20        | —          | 19          | 20           |                    |
| PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.    | 14           | —          | —           | 8 6          | } (B.S.) 1 8 6     |
| TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.     | 65 66        | 66         | 68          | 69 66 67     |                    |
| Home Melted, . . . . .      | 68           | —          | —           | —            | } (F.S.) 1 10 1    |
| HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.      | 43 44        | 43 44      | 45          | £43          |                    |
| Petersburgh Clean, . . .    | 42           | 41         | 42 44       | — 41 0 41 10 | } (B.S.) 0 9 1½    |
| FLAX,                       |              |            |             |              |                    |
| Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.    | 63           | —          | —           | 70           | } (B.S.) 0 0 4 3   |
| Dutch, . . . . .            | 50 120       | —          | —           | —            |                    |
| Irish, . . . . .            | 52 53        | —          | —           | —            | } (F.S.) 0 0 7 7/8 |
| MATS, Archangel, . . 100.   | 6 0 6 6      | —          | —           | 5 10         |                    |
| BRISTLES,                   |              |            |             |              |                    |
| Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.    | 16 10 0 17   | —          | —           | 12 13        | } (B.S.) 1 3 9     |
| ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .   | 63           | —          | —           | —            |                    |
| Montreal ditto . . . . .    | 64 66        | 60 62      | 62 65       | —            | } (F.S.) 1 4 11½   |
| Pot, . . . . .              | 30 52        | 45 46      | 47 51       | —            |                    |
| OIL, Whale, . . . . . tun.  | 44 45        | 43 46      | —           | 48 50        | } (B.S.) 0 3 11½   |
| Cod, . . . . .              | 155 (p. br.) | —          | Uncertain.  | 45 46        |                    |
| TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.  | 10 10½       | 10½        | 11 0 8 0 9  | 10 14½       | } 0 3 10           |
| Middling, . . . . .         | 9 9½         | 9½         | 10 0 5½ 0 6 | 7 7½         |                    |
| Inferior, . . . . .         | 8 8½         | 8 9        | 0 4½ 0 5    | —            |                    |
| COTTONS, Bowed Georg.       | —            | 1 8 1 10½  | 1 7½ 1 10½  | 1 8 1 10½    | } per 100 lbs.     |
| Sea Island, fine, . . . . . | —            | 2 8 2 10   | 2 6½ 2 8    | —            |                    |
| good, . . . . .             | —            | 2 5 2 7    | 2 4 2 6     | 2 3 2 6      |                    |
| middling, . . . . .         | —            | 2 3 2 5    | 1 11 2 3    | —            |                    |
| Demerara and Berbice, . .   | —            | 2 0 2 3    | 1 10 2 2    | 1 11½ 2 2    |                    |
| West India, . . . . .       | —            | 1 10 2 0   | 1 9 1 10    | 1 8 1 10     |                    |
| Pernambuco, . . . . .       | —            | 2 2 2 3    | 2 2½ 2 3    | 2 2½ —       |                    |
| Maranham, . . . . .         | —            | 2 1 2 2    | 2 1 2 2     | 2 1½ —       |                    |

LONDON, CORN EXCHANGE, OCTOBER 7.

THE New Wheat in yesterday's market was in rather good condition, and the prices realized were in consequence 4s. higher than those of the preceding week. In Foreign there was no advance, and little business doing, as the new English proved so dry. There appeared no occasion for the mixture of foreign or old, which is generally the case when new wheat is first used by the miller. There is still some inquiry for Rye to export, but the demand is not extensive. The New Barley brought to market continues to be of very indifferent quality: fine parcels are scarce, and fully support former prices. Both Old and New Oats, of good quality, are in great demand, and may be stated on the advance.

Two or three samples of New Beans have appeared at market; price 40s. to 43s. The supply of Pease being very inconsiderable, Gray advanced 2s. and Boilers 8s. per quarter. Rapeseed scarce, and the late prices fully supported.

London, Corn Exchange, Oct. 6.

|                            |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Foreign Wheat, 47 to 57    | Gray Pease, . . . 58 to 44 |
| Fine do. . . . . 94 to 102 | Fine do. . . . . — to 46   |
| English Wheat, 54 to 57    | Tick Beans, . . . 34 to 44 |
| Fine do. . . . . 80 to 94  | O'd do. . . . . 43 to 53   |
| Old do. . . . . 88 to 102  | Small do. . . . . 38 to 46 |
| Rye . . . . . 32 to 38     | Old do. . . . . 43 to 53   |
| Fine do. . . . . — to 48   | Feed Oats, . . . 14 to 16  |
| Barley, . . . . . 22 to 24 | Fine do. . . . . 18 to 26  |
| Fine do. . . . . — to 46   | Poland do. . . . 14 to 18  |
| New do. . . . . — to 50    | Fine do. . . . . 29 to 37  |
| Malt, . . . . . 60 to 65   | Potato do. . . . 34 to 40  |
| Fine do. . . . . 74 to 80  | Fine Flour, . . . 75 to 80 |
| Pease, boilers 56 to 58    | Seconds, . . . . 70 to 75  |
| Fine do. . . . . — to 60   |                            |

Seeds, &c.

|                             |                            |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Mustard, Brown, s. s.       | Ryegrass (Pace's) s. s.    |
| New, . . . . . 18 to 25     | —Common . . . . 12 to 32   |
| —White . . . . . 9 to 12    | Clover, English,           |
| Tares . . . . . 7 to 10     | —Red, . . . . . 45 to 100  |
| Turnip, White 14 to 16      | —White . . . . . 50 to 100 |
| —Red . . . . . 16 to 18     | Trefoil . . . . . 8 to 55  |
| —Yellow . . . . 10 to 14    | Rib grass . . . . 12 to 45 |
| Canary . . . . . 42 to 84   | Carraway, Eng. 46 to 50    |
| Hempseed . . . . 80 to 95   | —Foreign . . . . 0 to 0    |
| Linseed . . . . . 36 to 90  | Coriander . . . . 12 to 18 |
| Cinquefoil . . . . 26 to 44 |                            |
| Rapeseed, £44 to £49.       |                            |

Liverpool, Oct. 11.

|                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Wheat, s. d. s. d.             | Rice, p. cwt. s. d. s. d.      |
| per 70 lbs.                    | Flour, English,                |
| English . . . . . 10 0 to 13 6 | p. 280 lb. fine 0 0 to 0 0     |
| Scotch . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0    | —Seconds 0 0 to 0 0            |
| Welch . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0     | Irish p. 240 lb. 0 0 to 0 0    |
| Irish . . . . . 7 6 to 8 6     | Ameri. p. bl. 52 0 to 54 0     |
| Dantzic . . . . . 12 0 to 13 6 | — Sour do. 39 0 to 41 0        |
| Wisnar . . . . . 11 6 to 12 6  | Clover-seed, p. bush.          |
| American . 12 6 to 13 6        | — White . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0   |
| Barley, per 60 lbs.            | — Red . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0     |
| English . . . . . 5 0 to 6 0   | Oatmeal, per 240 lb.           |
| Scotch . . . . . 5 0 to 6 0    | English . . . . . 40 0 to 42 0 |
| Irish . . . . . 4 6 to 5 0     | Scotch . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0    |
| Malt p. 9 gls. 10 0 to 11 0    | Irish . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0     |
| Rye, per qr. 54 0 to 56 0      |                                |
| Oats, p. r 45 lb.              | Butter, Beef, &c.              |
| Eng. potato 4 0 to 4 6         | Butter, per cwt. s. s.         |
| —common 0 0 to 0 0             | Welsh potato 3 9 to 4 6        |
| Welsh potato 3 9 to 4 6        | Scotch . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0    |
| Scotch . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0    | Newly . . . . . 105 to 107     |
| Foreign . . . . . 3 0 to 4 0   | Drogheda . . . . 102           |
| Rapeseed, p. l. £42 to £46     | Waterford . . . . 100          |
| Flaxseed, p. hd.               | Cork, 5d . . . . . 88          |
| sowing . . . . . 0 to 0        | —New, 2d, pickled 94           |
| Beans, pr qr. s. d. s. d.      | Beef, p. tierce 95 to 100      |
| English . . . . . 50 0 to 58 0 | — p. barrel 60 to 63           |
| Foreign . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0   | Pork, p. brl. 98 to 102        |
| Irish . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0     | Bacon, per cwt.                |
| Peas, per quar.                | —Short middles 60 to 62        |
| —Boiling . . . . 50 0 to 56 0  | —Long do. . . . . 54 to 56     |

EDINBURGH.—OCTOBER 8.

|                   |                   |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease & Beans.    |
| 1st,.....56s. Od. | 1st,.....34s. 6d. | 1st,.....32s. Od. | 1st,.....31s. Od. |
| 2d,.....42s. Od.  | 2d,.....28s. Od.  | 2d,.....27s. Od.  | 2d,.....27s. Od.  |
| 3d,.....40s. Od.  | 3d,.....24s. Od.  | 3d,.....24s. Od.  | 3d,.....24s. Od.  |

There were 727 bolls of wheat at market, whereof 615 were sold.  
Average of wheat, £2 : 0 : 2 : 3-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, October 7.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) . . . . . 0 5d. to 0 7d. | Potatoes, (28 lb.) . . . . . 0 8d. to 0 0d. |
| Mutton, . . . . . 0 5d. to 0 7d.                | Butter, per lb. . . . . 1 6d. to 0 0d.      |
| Veal, . . . . . 0 8d. to 0 10d.                 | Eggs, per doz. . . . . 1 3d. to 0 0d.       |
| Pork, . . . . . 0 5d. to 0 6d.                  | Tallow, per stone, . . . . 7 9d. to 9 6d.   |
| Lamb, per quar. . . . . 1 6d. to 3 0d.          | Hides, . . . . . 6 0d. to 6 3d.             |
| Quarter Loaf, . . . . . 1 0d. to 1 1d.          | Calf Skins, per lb. . . . . 0 5d. to 0 8d.  |

HADDINGTON.—OCTOBER 10.

|                   |                   |                   |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| OLD.              |                   |                   |                   |                   |
| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease.            | Beans.            |
| 1st,.....40s. Od. | 1st,.....—s. Od   | 1st,.....29s. Od. | 1st,.....29s. Od. | 1st,.....29s. Od. |
| 2d,.....34s. Od.  | 2d,.....—s. Od.   | 2d,.....—s. Od.   | 2d,.....26s. Od.  | 2d,.....26s. Od.  |
| 3d,.....26s. Od.  | 3d,.....—s. Od.   | 3d,.....—s. Od.   | 3d,.....23s. Od.  | 3d,.....23s. Od.  |
| NEW.              |                   |                   |                   |                   |
| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease.            | Beans.            |
| 1st,.....48s. Od. | 1st,.....31s. Od. | 1st,.....31s. Od. | 1st,.....—s. Od.  | 1st,.....—s. Od.  |
| 2d,.....40s. Od.  | 2d,.....28s. Od.  | 2d,.....26s. Od.  | 2d,.....—s. Od.   | 2d,.....—s. Od.   |
| 3d,.....32s. Od.  | 3d,.....24s. Od.  | 3d,.....21s. Od.  | 3d,.....—s. Od.   | 3d,.....—s. Od.   |

There were 1357 bolls of wheat at market, whereof 1030 were sold.  
Average price, £1 : 15 : 10 : 1-12th.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 27th September 1817.

Wheat, 74s. 1d.—Rye, 43s. 6d.—Barley, 42s. 2d.—Oats, 28s. 11d.—Beans, 47s. 0d.—Pease, 42s. 11d.—Oatmeal, 37s. 9d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th September 1817.

Wheat, 68s. 8d.—Rye, 68s. 7d.—Barley, 44s. 2d.—Oats, 39s. 10d.—Beans, 56s. 6d.—Pease, 56s. 6d.—Oatmeal, 32s. 5d.—Beer or Big, 43s. 8d.

\* \* \* The Agricultural Report is unavoidably delayed till next month.

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 30th September 1817, extracted from the London Gazette.**

- Arnold, G. Abergavenny, grocer  
 Booth, J. and E. Caunce, Chorley, spirit-dealers  
 Booth, G. Bishopwearmouth, ship-owner  
 Bloomfield, J. Commercial Road, London, plumber and glazier  
 Body, W. Newhaven, Sussex, grocer  
 Bonsall, R. Broker Row, Southwark, builder  
 Bernouilli, J. and E. Jeffrey's Square, London, merchants  
 Bailey, W. Freiston-fen, Lincolnshire, farmer  
 Barker, J. Lane-end, Staffordshire, potter  
 Barnes, W. Blackheath, bavin-merchant  
 Cozens, W. Keasington, linen-draper  
 Chester, C. jun. Liverpool, auctioneer  
 Cooper, G. sen. Old Ford, Middlesex, dealer  
 Coffin, J. W. Plymouth Dock, merchant  
 Cartwright, G. Birmingham, dealer  
 Casson, J. Broadhagh, R. Ashworth, Midghall, and J. Ashworth, Broadhagh, Rochdale, flannel-manufacturers  
 Cowell, W. jun. Wigan, butcher  
 Cramp, J. Otford, Kent, miller  
 Dickenson, J. Dewsbury, linen-draper  
 Evans, E. Maesyrihu, Carmarthenshire, timber-merchant  
 Furnival, S. Liverpool, grocer  
 Field, J. Walcot, Somersetshire, professor of music  
 Gerales, S. C. Broad-street Buildings, London, merchant  
 Gray, B. J. Gray, R. Wilson, and J. Richardson, Liverpool, merchants  
 Gomershall, J. J. Crowther, E. Ryley, R. Campbell, and J. Ball, Huddersfield; and A. Ball, Halifax, merchants  
 Hurdis, R. Oxford, cordwainer  
 Houghton, H. Warton, Lancashire, dealer  
 Hoyles, T. Nottingham, hosier  
 Hensman, T. and W. Liverpool, merchants  
 Holroyd, S. Quick, Saddleworth, inn-keeper  
 Hughes, R. Hatton Garden, London, stable-keeper  
 Hazard, T. R. Liverpool, merchant  
 Hanham, W. Bath, cooper  
 Hix, W. Tydd St Mary's, Lincolnshire, wool-buyer  
 Jackson, W. and W. Kelly, Shipton Mallet, grocers  
 Irwin, T. Chatham, merchant  
 Jordan, W. Finch Lane, eating-house-keeper  
 Jervis, J. Woolwich, baker  
 Kneller, W. G. Stratford, Essex, chemist  
 Knapp, J. Talbot Court, Gracechurch Street, London, victualler  
 Landsell, J. jun. Bexhill, Sussex, farmer  
 Littlewood, J. East Greenwich, ropemaker  
 Lytepool, H. Chilthorne-Domer, butcher  
 Lockwood, G. Whitby, woollen-draper  
 Manderson, W. jun. Woolwich, dealer in glass  
 Mayne, E. G. High Street, Shadwell, grocer  
 Michell, R. Marazion, Cornwall, tailor  
 Mercer, W. Walton-le-Dale, Lancashire, lime-burner  
 Nash, J. Wotton-under-Edge, currier  
 Niven, R. Fallsforth, Lancashire, silk and calico printer  
 Perkins, J. Coventry, doctor of physic  
 Parker, W. Leeds, merchant  
 Pierce, W. Haybrook Pottery, Shropshire, potter  
 Parkes, B. Birmingham, wire-worker  
 Powell, R. Leeds, surgeon  
 Renton, M. Coventry Street, London, saddler and army accoutrement maker  
 Ranyard, J. Stickney, Lincolnshire, farmer  
 Reeks, J. Wimborne Minster, tanner  
 Rowntree, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, miller  
 Raffield, G. South Shields, ship-builder  
 Ridley, J. Wood Street, Cheapside, London, ostrich feather and fancy trimming manufacturer  
 Rawlins, J. Liverpool, merchant  
 Shaw, R. H. Liverpool, merchant  
 Stead, G. Aldermaubury, London, cheese-monger  
 Sandilands, Rev. R. Lower Grosvenor Place, London, clerk  
 Smith, J. London Road, London, grocer  
 Sissell, T. Jewin Street, London, tailor  
 Thomas, R. Plymouth Dock, wine and spirit merchant  
 Waterworth, J. Manchester, dealer  
 Waller, J. Manchester, hatter  
 Welchman, J. Bradford, Wilts, linen-draper  
 Walker, C. Brighthelmstone, stationer  
 Yeo, R. Bristol, hat-manufacturer  
 Zeegelar, F. Alverstoke, Southampton, victualler.

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th September 1817, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.**

- Campbell, Alexander, South Bridge Street, Edinburgh, merchant and haberdasher  
 Easton, John, Edinburgh, merchant  
 Harvey, Thomas, Glasgow, merchant  
 Hyslop, William, Maxwelltown, corn-merchant and miller  
 Johnston, James, Glasgow, tanner  
 Largie, James, Johnshaven, ship-owner and merchant  
 Middleton, William, Glasgow, merchant  
 Pringle, Andrew, Coldstream, merchant  
 Ross, John, Inverness, coal and wood merchant  
 Thomson, John, Newburgh, Fife, merchant  
 Tait, James, Newton-Stewart, merchant
- DIVIDENDS.
- Burnett, William, Leith, merchant; at the Trustees' Office, Parliament Square, Edinburgh, 10th October  
 Elder, William, Dalkeith, leather-merchant; by Andrew Gray, currier there, 22d January  
 Hyslop, Thomas, Penpont, merchant; by the Trustee, in the Sheriff-clerk's Office, Dumfries, 4th November  
 Provand, Walter, Glasgow, merchant; by William Carriek, accountant there, 25th October  
 Watt, Alexander, Aberdeen, merchant; by G. Mackenzie and Alexander Beatson, merchants there, 8th October.

**METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.**

A SLIGHT explanation will render the following abstract intelligible to our meteorological readers. The self-registering Thermometers, which mark the highest and lowest temperatures, are adjusted every morning at 10 o'clock, when of course the extremes for the preceding 24 hours are registered, as the extremes of the preceding day. The day is thus supposed to begin at 10 A. M. The first column of the abstract, then, contains the monthly averages of the daily extreme temperatures, and of the temperatures at 10 evening and morning, the means of the two first and the two last separately, and also of the whole four observations. This last is considered as the mean temperature for the month, and will be found, perhaps, to be as nearly so as any result hitherto obtained. From the observations of a series of years, we have found, that the mean of the daily extremes does not differ from the mean of 10 morning and evening, in the yearly average, more than a fraction of a degree; the mean of the whole, therefore, cannot be far from the actual mean temperature. The averages of the Barometer and Hygrometer require no explanation.

tion. It may be proper, however, to observe, that under the head of the latter is registered, what, as far as we know, has never been done in any meteorological record, we mean the *Point of Deposition*, or that temperature at which the atmosphere would be completely saturated with moisture, and would of course begin to deposit that moisture, in the form of dew or rain. This point is calculated by the formula given by Mr Anderson, in his very profound and philosophical article on Hygrometry, in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia; an article of which it has justly been observed, that "it has reduced into the form of a science a subject hitherto obscure and little understood." The mean point of deposition, according to Mr Anderson's theory, is about 6° below the mean temperature of the place, and coincides nearly with the mean of the minimum temperature. The abstract given below will enable our readers to verify or disprove this theory. The second column of the abstract contains the monthly extremes, which require no explanation.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

SEPTEMBER 1817.

| Means.                                 |          |  | Extremes.                               |          |  |
|--|----------|--|---|----------|--|
| THERMOMETER.                           |          |  | THERMOMETER.                            |          |  |
|  | Degrees. |  |   | Degrees. |  |
| Mean of greatest daily heat,           | 60.566   |  | Greatest heat, 3d day,                  | 69.000   |  |
| ..... cold,                            | 46.716   |  | Greatest cold, 29th,                    | 35.000   |  |
| ..... temperature, 10 A. M.            | 55.833   |  | Highest, 10 A. M. 3d,                   | 64.000   |  |
| ..... 10 P. M.                         | 50.583   |  | Lowest ditto, .. 30th,                  | 43.000   |  |
| ..... of daily extremes,               | 53.541   |  | Highest, 10 P. M. 16th,                 | 59.000   |  |
| ..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.            | 53.208   |  | Lowest ditto, .. 29th,                  | 41.000   |  |
| ..... 4 daily observations,            | 53.375   |  |   |          |  |
| BAROMETER.                             |          |  | BAROMETER.                              |          |  |
|  | Inches.  |  |   | Inches.  |  |
| Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 58)    | 29.801   |  | Highest, 10 A. M. 6th,                  | 30.090   |  |
| ..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 58)      | 29.785   |  | Lowest ditto, .. 26th,                  | 28.680   |  |
| ..... both, (temp. of mer. 58)         | 29.793   |  | Highest, 10 P. M. 14th,                 | 30.050   |  |
|  |          |  | Lowest ditto, .. 26th,                  | 28.490   |  |
| HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)                 |          |  | HYGROMETER.                             |          |  |
|  | Degrees. |  |   | Degrees. |  |
| Mean dryness, 10 A. M.                 | 19.466   |  | Highest, 10 A. M. 29th,                 | 35.000   |  |
| ..... 10 P. M.                         | 8.700    |  | Lowest ditto, .. 7th,                   | 10.000   |  |
| ..... of both,                         | 14.083   |  | Highest, 10 P. M. 5th,                  | 16.000   |  |
| Mean point of deposition (Fahr.)       | 47.600   |  | Lowest ditto, .. 7th,                   | 0.000    |  |
| Rain in inches,                        | 0.599    |  | Greatest rain in 24 hours, 3d,          | 0.414    |  |
| Evaporation in ditto,                  | 1.578    |  | Least ditto, .. 17th,                   | 0.004    |  |
| Fair days, or rain less than .01,      | 20       |  | Greatest mean daily evap. 26th to 30th, | 0.084    |  |
| Rainy days,                            | 10       |  | Least ditto, .. 6th to 10th,            | 0.038    |  |
| Wind from W. of meridian, including N. | 9        |  | Highest point of deposition, 16th,      | 56.000   |  |
| ..... E. of meridian, including S.     | 21       |  | Lowest ditto, .. 30th,                  | 28.000   |  |

General character of the month, dry, with gentle winds, and a good deal of sunshine.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at eight o'clock in the morning, and eight o'clock in the evening.

|         | Ther. | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. |                          |    | Ther. | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. |                          |
|---------|-------|--------|---------------|-------|--------------------------|----|-------|--------|---------------|-------|--------------------------|
| Sept. 1 | M.56  | 29.611 | M.61          | S.W.  | Fair.                    | 16 | M.60  | 29.807 | M.60          | S.    | Fair.                    |
|         | E.55  | .755   | E.59          |       |                          |    | E.62  | .879   | E.64          |       |                          |
| 2       | M.56  | .730   | M.56          | S.W.  | Fair.                    | 17 | M.62  | .879   | M.64          | Cble. | Fair.                    |
|         | E.56  | .766   | E.57          |       |                          |    | E.57  | .879   | E.63          |       |                          |
| 3       | M.60  | .575   | M.58          | S.W.  | Fair foren. rain aftern. | 18 | M.52  | .805   | M.59          | E.    | Fair.                    |
|         | E.61  | .606   | E.56          |       |                          |    | E.53  | .693   | E.58          |       |                          |
| 4       | M.56  | .694   | M.58          | S.W.  | Showers.                 | 19 | M.53  | .663   | M.56          | Cble. | Rain.                    |
|         | E.52  | .854   | E.59          |       |                          |    | E.57  | .714   | E.59          |       |                          |
| 5       | M.52  | .946   | M.58          | S.W.  | Fair.                    | 20 | M.55  | .816   | M.57          | Cble. | Rain.                    |
|         | E.51  | .854   | E.55          |       |                          |    | E.52  | .855   | E.56          |       |                          |
| 6       | M.55  | .686   | M.56          | S.W.  | Showers.                 | 21 | M.54  | .850   | M.56          | Cble. | Fair.                    |
|         | E.53  | .698   | E.58          |       |                          |    | E.53  | .850   | E.56          |       |                          |
| 7       | M.50  | .905   | M.58          | S.    | Showers.                 | 22 | M.51  | .773   | M.55          | N.E.  | Fair foren. rain aftern. |
|         | E.54  | .815   | E.59          |       |                          |    | E.52  | .781   | E.55          |       |                          |
| 8       | M.52  | .753   | M.57          | S.    | Fog.                     | 23 | M.50  | .765   | M.54          | N.E.  | Fair.                    |
|         | E.57  | .716   | E.50          |       |                          |    | E.50  | .787   | F.55          |       |                          |
| 9       | M.51  | .909   | M.58          | Cble. | Fair.                    | 24 | M.52  | .710   | M.57          | Cble. | Fair.                    |
|         | E.51  | .928   | E.57          |       |                          |    | E.54  | .466   | E.57          |       |                          |
| 10      | M.53  | .811   | M.58          | Cble. | Fair.                    | 25 | M.55  | .129   | M.56          | S.W.  | Showers.                 |
|         | E.57  | .778   | E.61          |       |                          |    | E.54  | 28.799 | E.56          |       |                          |
| 11      | M.58  | .778   | M.60          | S.    | Cloudy.                  | 26 | M.53  | .468   | M.56          | S.W.  | Fair.                    |
|         | E.58  | .736   | E.61          |       |                          |    | F.52  | .468   | E.55          |       |                          |
| 12      | M.50  | .475   | M.61          | S.E.  | Rain.                    | 27 | M.49  | .61    | M.54          | N.W.  | Fair.                    |
|         | E.50  | .454   | E.58          |       |                          |    | E.46  | .781   | E.51          |       |                          |
| 13      | M.49  | .740   | M.55          | W.    | Frost morn. showers ev.  | 28 | M.49  | 29.182 | M.55          | N.W.  | Fair.                    |
|         | E.54  | .807   | E.59          |       |                          |    | E.44  | .461   | E.50          |       |                          |
| 14      | M.47  | .842   | M.54          | Cble. | Fair.                    | 29 | M.44  | .564   | M.50          | N.W.  | Fair.                    |
|         | E.49  | .842   | E.57          |       |                          |    | E.42  | .813   | E.48          |       |                          |
| 15      | M.51  | .911   | M.55          | S.    | Fair.                    | 30 | M.57  | .813   | M.47          | W.    | Rain morn. snow on hill  |
|         | E.57  | .848   | E.60          |       |                          |    | E.40  | .758   | E.44          |       |                          |

Rain, inches 1.18.



## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

### I. CIVIL.

The Duke of Northumberland, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Northumberland.

Wm Wadd, Esq. of Park Place, St James's, Surgeon Extraordinary to the Prince Regent.

John Lord Somers, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Hereford, vice the Earl of Essex, resigned.

Earl Talbot to be a member of the Privy Council, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

H. Hobhouse, Esq. Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, vice J. Beckett, Esq.

George Maule, Esq. Solicitor to the Treasury, vice H. Hobhouse, Esq.

Benjamin Parkhurst, Esq. Comptroller of his Majesty's Customs at St John's, Antigua.

The Honourable Board of Excise, in Scotland, have appointed Mr James Chalmers to be their Solicitor in the High Court of Admiralty and Sheriff Court, in the room of Wm Scott, Esq. deceased.

#### *Members returned to Parliament.*

Wm Parnell, Esq. for the County of Wicklow, vice Right Hon. George Ponsonby, deceased.

Sir Christopher Cole for Glamorganshire, vice Benjamin Hall, Esq. deceased.

### II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Mr George Shepherd ordained Minister of the Mission of Fort-William.

Mr James Blythe ordained Minister of the Associate Congregation of Urr.

The Duke of Argyll has appointed, by mandate, the Rev. Robert Story to be assistant and successor to the Rev. George Drummond, D.D. Minister of Roseneath.

### III. MILITARY.

Brevet Major Peter Hodge, 29 F. to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army 21st June 1817.

Captain George Hillier, 74 F. to be Maj. in the Army do.

George Disbrowe, 1 F. G. to be Major in the Army do.

Charles Syngé, 20 Dr. to be Major in the Army do.

4 D.G. Mosely to be Cornet by purch. vice Beamish, prom. 29th August

7 Dr. Edward Hughes Ball to be Cornet by purch. vice Mytton, retires do.

10 Cornet Thomas Otway to be Lieutenant by purch. vice Jackson, 13 Dr. 21st do.

F. G. D'A. M. of Carmarthen, to be Cornet by purch. vice Otway do.

12 John Robbins to be Cornet by purch. vice Hawkesley, pro. do.

16 J. S. Smith to be Cornet by purch. vice Lloyd, prom. 14th do.

17 Regt. Serj. Maj. Jas B. Smith to be Adj. & Cor. vice Carey, dead 26th Sept. 1816

19 Lieut. F. Johnstone, from 6 Dr to be Cap. by pur. vice Rhodes, ret. 21st Aug. 1817

George Blair Hall to be Cornet by purch. vice Hall, 13 Dr. do.

24 Cornet E. A. D. Maxwell to be Lieut. vice R. J. Shaw, dead 29th Nov. 1816

2 F. Brevet Lt.-Col. J. F. de Burgh to be Major, vice Conolly, dead 12th July 1817

Lieut. Charles Boyd, from 63 F. to be Capt. vice De Burgh do.

17 Ensign Wm Despard to be Lieut. vice Poyntz, 69 F. 13th May 1816

Thomas Pooler to be Ensign, vice Mulkern, prom. 14th Aug. 1817

19 2d Lieut. F. Tydd, fm. 2 Cey. Regt. to be Ens. vice Thornton, dead 7th Sep. 1816

26 Robert Buyers to be Ensign by purch. vice Dupre, prom. 21st Aug. 1817

34 Thomas Butler to be Ensign by purch. vice Hay, prom. 28th do.

36 Henry Fothergill to be Ensign by purch. vice Gillam, 17 F. 21st do.

37 Lieut. Tho. Valiant, from 24 Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice Hicks, prom. do.

53 F. H. W. Coultman to be Ensign, vice G. Aufriere, prom. 1st Nov. 1816

60 Ensign C. H. Somerset to be Lieut. by purch. vice Bernard, can. 21st Aug. 1817

63 Ensign George Palmer to be Lieut. vice Boyd, prom. 2 F. 28th do.

— G. Gordon, fm. R. W. I. Rang. to be Ensign, vice Palmer do.

75 Henry Eyre to be Ensign by purch. vice Bigham, ret. do.

80 Lieut. Charles Dick to be Capt. vice Stoddard, dead 14th do.

Qua. Mast. Serj. Smyth to be Qua. Mast. vice Middleton, dead do.

95 Lieut. G. H. James to be Capt. by purch. vice Franklin, ret. 21st do.

Ensign Peter Forbes to be Lieut. by purch. vice James do.

100 Lieut. W. H. Stewart, from 11 Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice Minchin, ret. do.

2 W. I. R. Gent. Cadet Alex. J. M'Pherson to be Ensign, vice Gilchrist, supers. 14th do.

4 Ensign F. Burrell to be Lieut. vice Gordon, dead do.

F. A. Robinson to be Ensign, vice Burrell do.

R. Y. R. Ensign T. B. Fothergill to be Lieut. vice Leonard, dead do.

E. S. Dickson to be Ensign, vice Fothergill do.

R. W. I. R. Gent. Cadet J. D. M'Konachie, to be Ensign, vice Gordon, 63 F. 28th do.

1 Cey. R. 1st Lt. T. Wilkinson, fm. h. p. 4 Ceylon Regt. to be 1st Lieut. vice Hone, dead 25th Dec. 1815

R. M'Kenzie, fm. Javanese Corps, to be 2d Lieut. 7th Aug. 1816

2 2d Lieut. J. Hollowell to be 1st Lieut. 25th Jan. 1817

1st Lieut. W. Boyton to be Adj. vice Smyth, resigns Adj. only do.

Brevet Major John Prior, late of Portug. Army, to be Lieut.-Col. 4th Sept. 1817-

— Richard Carroll, late of Portug. Army, to be Lieut.-Col. do.

— T. W. Hewitt, late of Portug. Army, to be Lieut.-Col. do.

— Thomas St Clair, late of Portug. Army, to be Lieut.-Col. do.

— George William Paty, late of Portug. Army, to be Lieut.-Col. do.

— George Henry Zulke, late of Portug. Army, to be Lieut.-Col. do.

Capt. Edward Knight, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— William Chartres, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— Angus M'Donald, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— Frederick Watson, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— Edw. Brackenbury, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— Orlando Jones, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— Tho. Peacocke, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— Thomas O'Neil, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— Robert Ray, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

— James Johnstone, late of Portug. Army, to be Major do.

Lieut. C. J. de Franciosi, late of Portug. Army, to be Capt. do.

— C. C. Mitchell, from Roy. Art. to be Capt. do.

— Cha. Hodge, from h. p. 24 F. to be Capt. do.

1 L. Gds. Lt. J. Hall, fm. h. p. 13 D. to be Cornet and Sub-Lt. vice Finch, exchanged 4th Sept. 1817

3 D. Gds. Alex. Stuart to be Cornet by purch. vice Byrne, pro. do.

- 6 Dr. Gds. J. G. Evered to be Cornet by purch. vice Livius, 15 Dr. 11th do.
- 11 Dr. Cornet H. Orme to be Lieut. by purch. vice Stuart, pro. 100 F. 4th do.
- 14 Lieut. R. C. Hamond, fm. h. p. to be Lieut. by pur. vice Hall, exc. 5d do.  
— W. Wilton, fm. h. p. to be Lieut. by pur. vice Humphreys, exc. 4th do.
- 17 Cornet O. De Lancy to be Lieut. vice Greville, dead 16th Nov. 1816  
Ensign J. B. Nixon, fm. h. p. 1 F. to be Cornet, vice Le Lancy do.
- 18 A. Akers to be Cornet by purch. vice Farrer, ret. 4th Sept. 1817
- 20 Capt. E. Wildman, fm. h. p. 7 Dr. to be Capt. v. Richardson, ex. rec. diff. do.
- 24 Lieut. R. Jones, fm. h. p. 24 F. to be Lieut. vice Alsop, exch. 1st Jan.
- C. F. Gds. B. Broadhead to be Ensign and Lieut. by p. v. Kortright, pro. 95 F. 11th do.
- 3 F. Lieut. T. Evernden, fm. h. p. to be Lieut. vice Alment, exc. rec. diff. do.  
— W. Grant, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Eyre, exch. rec. diff. 4th do.
- 17 Maj. A. Beck, fm. 67 F. to be Maj. vice Fitz Simons, exch. 10th Jan.
- 21 Lt. W. J. Sutherland, fm. h. p. to be 1st Lt. v. Minter, exc. rec. diff. 4th Sep.  
Marcus Rainsford to be 2d Lieut. by p. vice Stretzell, ret. do.
- 26 Lt. T. W. Boyes, fm. h. p. to be Lieut. v. M'Calman, exc. rec. diff. do.  
Ens. E. J. Clayfield, fm. h. p. 71 F. to be Ens. v. Glennie, ex. rec. diff. do.
- 30 — C. Rumley, fm. 80 F. to be Ens. vice Liardet, exch. do.
- 33 Bt. Lieut. Col. C. W. Crookshanks, fm. h. p. 11 F. to be Major, vice Parkinson, exch. do.
- 34 Lieut. John Shaw, fm. h. p. to be Lieut. vice Harden, exc. rec. diff. do.
- 41 — J. Mompesson, fm. h. p. to be Lt. vice Smyth, ex. rec. diff. do.
- 43 — J. Finlay, fm. h. p. to be Lieut. vice Imlach, exc. rec. diff. do.
- 45 Ens. H. W. Lutyens, fm. h. p. 62 F. to be Ens. vice Dunlop, exc. rec. diff. do.
- 46 — T. Butler, fm. h. p. 34 F. to be Ens. vice Stedman, exch. do.
- 47 Major B. Molesworth, fm. h. p. to be Maj. v. Haynes, dead 27th Nov. 1816  
Lt. J. Pasley, fm. h. p. 76 F. to be Lt. v. Nangle, ex. rec. diff. 4th Sep. 1817
- 53 Cap. J. Kent, from R. B. to be Capt. vice Gregory, exch. 11th Sept.
- 56 Lt. G. Nesbitt, fm. h. p. to be Lt. vice Reid, exc. rec. diff. 4th do.
- 57 Capt. F. Young, fm. h. p. to be Capt. v. Jackson, ex. rec. diff. 12th do.  
— R. Heaviside, fm. h. p. 30 F. to be Cap. v. Marke, ex. rec. diff. 15th do.
- 58 Lt. C. Makepeace, fm. h. p. 54 F. to be Lt. v. Morton, exch. 4th do.
- 65 — W. D'Acree, fm. 24 F. to be Lieut. vice Hall, 69 F. 26th June 1815
- 66 — S. Scott, fm. 67 F. to be Lieut. vice Tolfrey, exch. 11th Sept. 1817
- 67 Bt. Lt. Col. G. Fitz Simons, fm. 17 F. to be Maj. vice Beck, ex. 20th Jan.
- 69 Lieut. W. Tedlie to be Capt. by p. vice Cuyler, pro. 69 F. 4th Sept.
- Ensign J. C. Pudner to be Lieut. by p. vice Tedlie, pro. 11th do.  
— J. Weir to be Lieut. by p. vice Mulligan, dead 24th Oct. 1816
- Lieut. C. Mitchell, fm. 66 F. to be Lt. by p. v. Rupton, dis 22d Jan. 1817
- 80 Ensign F. Liardet, from 30 F. to be Ens. vice Rumley, exch. 11th Sept.
- 84 — R. G. Daunt to be Lieut. vice Crossly, 25 Dr. 1st Jan. 1816  
— J. Brockman to be Lieut. vice Fordyce, dead 16th Sept.
- Alex. Scott to be Ens. v. Daunt 1st Jan.  
M. Smith to be Ensign, vice Brockman 16th Sept.
- 87 Lieut. G. Tolfrey, fm. 66 F. to be Lt. vice Scott, exch. 11th Sept. 1817
- 93 — W. Kortwright, fm. C. F. G. to be Capt. by p. vice Macleod, ret. do.
- 95 P. C. Marsh to be Ensign by purch. vice Forbes, prom. 4th do.
- Rifle Br. Capt. A. F. Gregory, fm. 53 F. to be Capt. vice Kent, exch. 11th Sept.
- R. Af. C. Ensign J. Ross to be Lieutenant, vice Dodd, dead do.  
Colin M'Kenzie to be Ens. vice Ross do.
- R.W.I.R. Gent. Cadet J. J. Grier to be Ens. vice Freer, dead do.
- Staff and Miscellaneous.*
- Staff Surg. Owen Lindsay, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces 14th Aug. 1817  
— Edward Dow, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces do.
- Hosp. Assist. John Squair, M.D. from h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces do.
- Wm Henry Burrell, M.D. from h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces do.
- Wm Rain, M.D. from h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces do.
- Bt. Lt. Col. Sir J. R. Colleton, Bt. fm. R. Staff C. to be Perm. Assist. Qu. Mast. Gen. and Major, vice Herries 4th Sept. 1817
- Lieut. M. Krum, fm. h. p. Roll's Regt. to be Sub- Insp. of Militia in the Ionian Islands, with the Rank of Captain in the Army 11th do.
- D. Macdowall, fm h. p. 52 F. do. do.
- J. M. Maitland, fm. 51 F. do. do.
- H. H. Farquharson, f. h. p. 10 F. do. do.
- W. Knox, fm. 87 F. do. do.
- H. Fitz Clarence, fm. 22 Dr. do. do.
- The Undermentioned Cadets of the East India Company's Service to have the Temporary Rank of 2d Lieut. while placed under the command of Lieut.-Col. Pasley at Chatham.
- Edward Smith 11th Sept. 1817  
Henry De Bude do.  
George Walter do.  
William Robert Fitz Gerald do.  
George Thomson do.  
Hosp. As. J. Alcock, fm. h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces, vice Black, dead 6th do.
- Exchanges.*
- Brev. Maj. Cameron, from 9 F. with Capt. Broughton, h. p.
- M' Dongall, from 85 F. with Captain Johnson, h. p.
- Capt. Gordon, from 6 F. with Capt. Ronald, h. p. 67 F.
- Oakes, from 1 Ceylon Regt. with Captain Bontain, 1 Lite Gds.
- Hay, from 34 F. with Capt. Sherer, h. p.
- Lieut. Wombwell, from 1 Life Gds. with Lieut. Still, h. p. 72 F.
- Knox, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Spence, h. p.
- Badham, from 35 F. with Lt. Brearey, h. p.
- Boileau, from Rifle Brigade, with Lieut. Uniacke, h. p. 90 F.
- Jackson, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Owen, h. p.
- Boyle, from 18 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Farquharson, h. p. 75 F.
- Layton, from 19th F. with Lieut. Hughes, 1 Ceylon Regt.
- Hughes, from 39 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Speirs, h. p.
- Bender, from 41 F. with Lt. Jeboult, h. p.
- West, from 58 F. with Lt. Nunn, h. p. 99 F.
- Egan, from 95 F. with Lt. Wood, h. p.
- Ensign Connolly, from 99 F. with Ensign Taylor, h. p. 104 F.
- Smyth, from 99 F. with Ensign Bradley, h. p. Nova Scotia Fenc.
- Assist. Surg. Radford, from 56 F. with Assist. Surg. Mackenzie, 65 F.
- O'Reilly, from Rifle Brig. with Assist. Surg. Proudfoot, h. p. 27 F.
- Vet. Surg. Dalwig, from 15 Dr. with Vet. Surg. Hogreve, h. p. 2 Dr. K. G. L.
- Resignations and Retirements.*
- Capt. Rhodes, 19 Dr.  
— Franklin, 95 F.  
— M'chein, 100 F.  
Cornet Myton, 7 Dr.  
Ensign Bigham, 75 F.
- Superseded.*
- Ensign Gilchrist, 2 West India Regt
- Appointment Cancelled.*
- Lieutenant Bernard, 60 F.
- Dismissed.*
- Lieutenant Ruxton, 69 F.

## Deaths.

|  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <i>Major General.</i><br>Churchill, of late Art. Div. and late Horse Gr. Gds.  | <i>Captains.</i><br>Cockburn, 59 F. 3d Sept. 17<br>Stoddart, 80 F.<br>Sir John M'Mahon, Bt. Cornwall Miners 12th Sept. 17 | Fitz Gerald, h. p. 32 F. June 17<br>Ogle, 33 F. 12th Sept.   |
| <i>Majors.</i><br>Grant, h. p. 3 F. G. late As. Ins. Gen. of Barr. 25th Aug. 17<br>Poynton, h. p. 29 F.<br>Haynes, 47 F. | <i>Lieutenants.</i><br>Moorhead, 22 Dr. 28th July 17<br>Ffennell, h. p. 11 F. Sept.                                       | <i>Ensign.</i><br>Geddes, 45 F. 18th Aug. 17<br><i>Paymaster.</i><br>Dalhunny, 45 F.<br><i>Miscellaneous.</i><br>Hos. As. G. Black 29th May 17<br>B. Brown 30th June |

## IV. NAVAL.

## Promotions.

| Names.  | Names.  | Names.  |
|---|---|---|
| <i>Commander.</i><br>John C. Hickman<br>James Couch | <i>Lieutenants.</i><br>John Williams<br>John Pook | Joseph Sykes<br>Johnstone Hume<br>Hon. Charles Abbott |

## Appointments.

Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth, Commander in Chief, Plymouth.—His Flag Lieutenant, J. S. W. Johnston.—Secretary, Joseph Grimes.

| Names.   | Ships.  | Names.  | Ships.   |
|--|---|---|--|
| <i>Captains.</i><br>Wm Hen. Shirreff<br>Hercules Robinson<br>Hon. P. B. Pellew<br>James Thomas Pasley<br>Charles Malcom  | Andromache<br>Favourite<br>Impregnable<br>Redpole<br>Sybille  | M. Carmichael<br>John Gaze<br>T. P. Lurchen<br>Wm Miller  | Glasgow<br>Impregnable<br>Redpole<br>Severn  |
| <i>Lieutenants.</i><br>Samuel Wheeler<br>R. W. Yates<br>Thomas Porter<br>Thomas Saumarez<br>Robert Gibbes<br>E. W. Gilbert<br>R. W. Innes<br>Henry Crease<br>William Daniell<br>J. S. W. Johnson, F. L.<br>Wm Rennie<br>J. James F. Newell<br>John Sisson<br>W. J. Purchas<br>H. B. Cock<br>Peter Salmund<br>Francis Braze | Alert<br>Andromache<br>Ditto<br>Ditto<br>Favourite<br>Glasgow<br>Ditto<br>Impregnable<br>Ditto<br>Ditto<br>Leander<br>Pandora<br>Redpole<br>Scamander<br>Severn<br>Sybille<br>Ditto | <i>Surgeons.</i><br>Wm Thompson<br>Charles Carpue<br>James Hall<br>Wm Stenhouse<br>David Jones<br>Robert Bruce<br>Wm Burn<br>Scott Brown<br><i>Assistant Surgeons.</i><br>Wm Bell<br>Joseph Steret<br>Morgan Sheahan<br>Joseph M'Lean<br>Joseph Gay<br>T. A. Miller | Andromache<br>Cherub<br>Favourite<br>Glasgow<br>Heron<br>Hydra<br>Opossum<br>Sybille |
| <i>Marines.</i><br>1st Lt. C. J. Stevens<br>2d Lts. G. R. Child<br>R. W. Pascoe  | Sybille<br>Andromache<br>Spencer  | <i>Chaplains.</i><br>John Taylor<br>Wm Henry Taylor<br>S. W. Roberts<br>J. B. Frowd<br>H. P. Beloe<br><i>Purifiers.</i><br>Samuel Hayden<br>Thomas Parry<br>Joseph A. Berryman<br>John Salter   | Albion<br>Andromache<br>Glasgow<br>Impregnable<br>Tiber                              |
| <i>Masters.</i><br>Edward Bransfield<br>Samuel Tuck<br>Richard Haines  | Andromache<br>Cherub<br>Falmouth  |   | Andromache<br>Favourite<br>Redpole<br>Sybille  |

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

Aug. 3. At Vienna, her Imperial Highness the Archduchess, consort of the Archduke Charles of Austria, a prince.—30. The lady of Col. Douglas, 97th regt, a son.

Sept. 1. At Dean Bank, Mrs Capt. Roy, a daughter.—2. At Upper Deal, the lady of Capt. Edward Boys, R. N. a son.—At Cockney, Northamptonshire, the lady of Sir G. Eyre, K. C. B. a daughter.—3. At Hillsborough, the Marchioness of Downshire, a daughter.—4. At London, the lady of J. C. Herries, Esq. a daughter.—5. At London, the lady of Admiral Sir J. Beresford, Bart. a daughter.—At Southampton, the wife of the Governor of Alderney, a son and heir.—7. At Exeter, the lady of

Lieut.-Colonel Ellice of the Inniskilling dragoons, a daughter.—At Sir Charles Coote's, Ballyfin, Lady Cremorne, a son and heir.—8. In George Street, Edinburgh, the lady of John Mansfield, Esq. a son.—9. At Westwood, the lady of Rear-admiral Otway, a daughter.—At Broom Hall, the Right Honourable the Countess of Elgin, a daughter.—10. In Queen Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Robert Abercromby, Esq. M. P. a daughter.—At Edinburgh, the lady of Major Graham, 88th regiment, a son.—11. At Armagh, the Countess of Castle Stewart, a daughter.—18. At Woodlands, Yorkshire, the lady of Sir Bellingham Graham, a daughter.—20. In Lower Brook Street, London, the lady of Sir Wil-

liam Duff Gordon, M. P. a daughter.—At London, the lady of the Hon. Alexander Murray, brother to the Earl of Dunmore, a son.—21. At Norwich, the lady of Capt. Kennedy Clark, royal dragoons, a son.—26. At Abbeyhill, Edinburgh, Lady Menzies of Menzies, a son.—At Manse of Pentcaitland, Mrs Makellar, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

Jan. 15. At Bombay, J. Denis de Vitre, collector of Bombay, &c. to Dorothea, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Moore, 56th regiment.

July 1. Hugo James, Esq. of Spanish Town, Jamaica, to Emily, daughter of S. Jackson, Esq. of Catherine Hall, Montego Bay.

Aug. 5. Frederick Johnston, Esq. only surviving grandson of the late General and Lady Cecilia Johnston, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Captain and Lady Elizabeth Halliday.—12. At Lambeth Church, William Sibbald, M. D. Surgeon to the Forces in the Isle of France, to Euphemia-Anna-Amelia Wright, only daughter of the late Dr John Wright of Oporto.—29. At Garstang, Thomas Butler Cole, Esq. of Kirkland Hall and Beaumont Cote, to Louisa, daughter of John Grimshawe, Esq. of Preston.

Sept. 2. At London, James Maxwell, Esq. of Kirkconnell, stewardry of Kirkcudbright, to Dorothy, only daughter of William Witham, Esq. of Gray's Inn.—3. Lieut. Edward Proudfoot Montagu, R. N. to Miss Eleanor Everard, second daughter of James Everard, Esq. Lowestoff.—4. At St George's, Bloomsbury, John Frederick Daniell, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Rule of Montague Place, Russell Square, London.—8. At London, John Turing Ferrier, Esq. eldest son of Alexander Ferrier, Esq. British Consul at Rotterdam, to Miss Adriana Jonas, only daughter and heiress of the late Hermanus Jonas, Esq. of the colony of Demerary.—At the chapel of the British ambassador in Paris, Robert Baxter, Esq. of Bombay, to Louisa Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John George Parkhurst, Esq. and the late dowager Lady Boynton.—At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Burton, to Miss Holland, niece of Col. E. Walker, Holland House, Newington.—At Edinburgh, James Ochterlony Lockhart Mure, Esq. of Livingston, to Miss Margaret Learmonth of Parkhall. At Annanhill, Robert Buchanan, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, daughter of the late William Dunlop, Esq. of Annanhill.—9. At Glasgow, John May, Esq. merchant, to Mary Lyon, eldest daughter of J. Alstoun, Esq. of Westertown.—10. At Wells, Joseph John Gurney, Esq. of Earham, Norfolk, to Jane, only daughter of the late John Birkbeck, Esq. of Lynn-Regis.—11. David Story, Esq. captain in the royal artillery, to Anne Elizabeth, second

daughter of George Cubitt, Esq. of Catfield, Norfolk.—At London, John Jones, Esq. eldest son of John Jones, Esq. of Llanarth Court, Monmouthshire, to Lady Harriet Plunkett, only daughter of the Earl of Fingal.—At Cockermouth, John L. Armitage, Esq. eldest son of Edward Armitage, Esq. of Farnley Hall, Yorkshire, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Henry Thompson, Esq. of Cheltenham.—12. At Enfield, G. H. Ward, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Dr William Saunders.—15. At Liverpool, the Rev. Peter Brotherston, minister of Dysart, to Miss Elizabeth Hurry, youngest daughter of the late John Hurry, Esq. of Liverpool.—At Campbells town, Alex. Downie, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Mary, only daughter of Alexander Buchanan, Esq. formerly of New York.—At Annfield, near Stirling, Mr William Galbraith, writer, Stirling, to Christian, daughter of Provost Littlejohn, Stirling.—At Wigton, John Black, Esq. writer, to Susan, youngest daughter of Dr Robert Couper.—At Alston, Andrew King, Esq. of Glasgow, to Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of the late William Hutchinson, Esq. of Louning House, near Alston.—16. At Edinburgh, Mr John Van Stavern, of Rotterdam, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Mr Robert Spalding.—22. At No 5, North Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, James Roscoe, Esq. of Liverpool, to Miss Jane M'Gibbon Douglas.—23. At Putney, Claud Neilson, Esq. son of Claud Neilson, Esq. of Arddarven, Dumbartonshire, to Renee, daughter of the late Chas. Clifton, Esq. of Demerary.—24. At Kildeeren Church, county of Tipperary, David Cowan, Esq. of the 93d Highlanders, to Sarah Anne, daughter of the late Colonel Campbell.—25. At St Augustine's Church, London, S. Usher, Esq. of Bristol, to Mrs Nairn, widow of the late Major Robert Nairn, of the Hon. East India Company's 6th regiment of cavalry.—29. At Ballogie, W. D. Lynch, Esq. of Great Russel Street, London, to Margaret, second daughter of Lewis Innes, Esq. of Balmacraig, Aberdeenshire.—At Langholm, Lieut. David Maxwell, Dumfries-shire Militia, to Miss Lawrie, daughter of the late Rev. Mr John Lawrie, Ewes.—30. At Glasgow, by the Rev. Wm Routledge, Robert Semple, Esq. of Demerary, to Adriana, daughter of Wm. Moore, Esq. of St Eustatia.—At Hermand, John Fullarton, Esq. advocate, to Miss Georgina Hay Macdowall, youngest daughter of the late James Macdowall, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.—At Birmingham, the Rev. James Carlyle, of the Scotch Church, Dublin, to Mary, daughter of Mr Thomas Beilby, Birmingham.

Lately—Sir Francis Ford, Bart. to Eliza, daughter of Henry Brady, Esq. of Limerick.—At London, Thomas Jones Howell, Esq. of Prinknagle Park, Gloucestershire, to Susanna Maria Macleod, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Hume, Esq. of Harris,

At Croydon, J. M'Dowall, Esq. of Meadow Place, Edinburgh, to Catherine Henrietta, third daughter of Lieut.-Col. Tudor.—At Dunino Manse, Fifeshire, Charles Rogers, Esq. Dundee, to Anne, daughter of the late John Cruickshanks, Esq. of the island of St Vincent.—At Bath, Richard Napier, Esq. son of the late Colonel Napier, to Mrs Staples, eldest daughter of the late Sir James Stewart of Fort Stewart.—At Kendal, Edward Dawson, Esq. of Aldcliff Hall, near Lancaster, to Anne, eldest daughter of Christopher Wilson, Esq. of Abbot Hall, Kendal.

## DEATHS.

Jan. 21. At his ironworks in Siberia, in his 76th year, Mr Hill, a native of Bristol.

July 27. At Teneriffe, aged 80, David Lockhart, Esq.

Aug. 9. At Wallerstein, of an apoplectic fit, the Princess Dowager of Ettingen-Ettingen, born Duchess of Wirtemberg.—In his 77th year, Leopold Fred. Francis, Duke of Dessau. To him Dessau owes its improvements, its Woerlitz, its Luisium, and its fine roads; but his attention was particularly directed to the system of education and schools. He employed Basedou, Campe, and Tillich, to realize his idea of the physical and moral education of man.—12. At Clifton, in the 70th year of his age, Eyles Irwin, Esq. formerly of the East India Company's civil service at Madras.—15. Walter Croker, Esq. of Corrabella, brother of J. Wilson Croker, Esq. Secretary of the Admiralty.—18. At Aberdeen, James Jamieson, Esq. late of the royal navy.—20. At Amsterdam, the Dowager Marchioness of Sligo. Her Ladyship was waiting the arrival of Sir William Scott in that city from Switzerland, in order to return with him to England. She was born Dec. 9, 1767, and was the youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late gallant Earl Howe.—23. The Hon. Mrs Hugo Meynell of Hoarcross, in the parish of Yoxall, Staffordshire, sister of the Marchioness of Hertford. This lady was taking an airing in her gig, when the horse unfortunately fell, and her Ladyship was thrown out. She died next morning from the injury received.—28. At Botley, Surrey, Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart.—In consequence of a fall from his horse, the Rev. Thomas Thoresby Whitaker, M. A. eldest son of the Rev. Dr Whitaker of Holme, vicar of Whalley, Lancashire.—29. At Clontarf, near Dublin, the Hon. R. H. Southwell, late of Castle Hamilton, county Cavan, and formerly Lieut.-Colonel of the 8th dragoons.—30. At Bristol, John Chalmers Rose, Esq. merchant, of that city.—31. At Plymouth Dock, in his 70th year, Sir John Thomas Duckworth, Bart, G. C. B. Admiral of the White Squadron, Commander-in-Chief on the Plymouth Station, and Member of Parliament for New Romney. Until the very day of his dissolution, he persisted in trans-

acting the affairs of his public duty in person, although his signature to his last despatches was scarcely legible. His zeal was unabated; and the gallant veteran may very justly be said to have fallen at his post. Sir John was one of five sons of the Rev. Henry Duckworth, Rector of Ferlmer, Bucks.—At her seat, Twickenham, the Viscountess Howe, aged 75, widow of William Lord Viscount Howe.

Sept. 1. At Kirkton Manse, near Hawick, the Rev. John Elliott, minister of that parish.—At Dublin, Mr Justice Osborne. His Lordship fell a victim to the fever which is now raging with such destructive fury throughout Ireland.—3. At his seat, Tonley, Aberdeenshire, in the 84th year of his age, James Byres, Esq. This gentleman had resided long at Rome, which he finally left in 1790.—At Bedford, the Rev. Charles Abbot, vicar of Oakley and Goldington.—At Dumfries, Miss Jane Laurie, sister of the late General Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelltown, Bart.—At Leeds, Mr John Urquhart, merchant, late of Glasgow.—4. At his house at Stokes, Stayley-wood, Cheshire, aged 74, the Rev. James Cooke, M. A. a gentleman well known for his many useful mechanical inventions.—At her son's house, Phoenix Park, Dublin, Alicia, wife of John Lefanu, Esq. and sister of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.—Near Musselburgh, John Wilson, Esq. late solicitor in London.—5. At Hemus Terrace, Chelsea, aged 79, Major Brereton Poynter. He entered his Majesty's service in the year 1755, and served with General Wolfe in America, and was in the memorable battle at Quebec.—6. At Sandwich, Richard Emerson, Esq. banker.—At Dumfries, Mrs Janet Paul, aged 80, wife of Mr Wm Taylor, watchmaker. She was the only surviving sister of the celebrated Paul Jones.—At Bellisle, Mrs Hamilton of Pinmore.—7. Lady Frances Pelham, third daughter of the Earl of Chichester.—8. At No 10, Southampton Row, London, John Elliot, Esq. aged 49, late of Gerard Street.—At London, aged 69, Mr John Carter, F. S. A. draftsman and architect, and eminently distinguished for his skill in ancient English architecture.—At Foulden House, James Wilkie, Esq. of Foulden, in his 72d year.—9. At Edinburgh, Forrest Dewar, Esq. surgeon.—11. At Maxwelltown House, Mrs Armstrong, widow of Wm Armstrong, M. D. St Kitt's, and daughter of Sir Chas. Erskine of Alva, Bart.—At London, Robt. Allan Crawford, Esq. eldest son of Robert Crawford, Esq. of Devonshire Square.—At Queensferry, James Carfrae, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.—12. Nathaniel Portlock, Esq. Post Captain in his Majesty's navy, and for the last nine months one of the captains in the Royal Naval Hospital at Greenwich.—Thomas Napier, Esq. of Randolph Hill. In passing along one of the locks of the canal near Falkirk, he unfortunately fell over and was drowned.—In

Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, Mr John Erck, in his 23d year, from loss of blood occasioned by the lancing of his gums.—At Bath, Sir John M'Mahon.—14. At Wanstraw, in Somersetshire, the Rev. Charles Goodwin Bethune.—At Esher, Mrs De Ponthieu, relict of the late Henry De Ponthieu, Esq.—At Windsor Castle, Mrs Rooke, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Rooke, and daughter of the late Ambrose Dawson, Esq. of Langcliff Hall.—At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Gordon, second daughter of John Gordon, Esq. W. S. Frederick Street.—15. At London, John Stanley, Esq. signer of the bills of Middlesex, and for upwards of 40 years clerk to three of the Judges of England.—At Arbroath, Wm Cruickshanks, Esq. late of the island of Jamaica.—16. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Sommers, his Majesty's glazier for Scotland, and the oldest deacon of the fourteen incorporated trades of the city of Edinburgh.—17. At Chatham, Elizabeth, the lady of Sir Robert Barlow, commissioner of his Majesty's dock-yard at that port.—At London, Robert Adamson, Esq. late of Oaksey, Wilts.—At George's Place, Leith Walk, Mr George Gibson, sen. merchant, Leith.—18. At Bayswater, Mrs Ansley, wife of Mr Alderman Ansley.—At Hornsey, Barbara, the eldest child of Thomas Moore, Esq.—19. At her house, Upper Grosvenor Square, London, Jane, relict of the late Colonel Conynghame, and sister of Lady Vernon.—At Dunfermline, in his 85th year, Adam Low, Esq. of Fordel.—20. At Learney, Aberdeenshire, Margaret Brebner, eldest unmarried daughter of Alexander Brebner, Esq. of Learney.—At Carlisle, Hugh James, M. D. son of the late Dr James, vicar of Arthuret, in the county of Cumberland.—21. At Inveresk House, Miss Margaret Mary Baird, daughter of Sir James Gardiner Baird of Saughtonhall, Bart.—At Stonehaven, in her 80th year, Mrs Mary Ross, widow of James Young, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Kincardineshire.—22. At Dundee, Captain Andrew M'Culloch, of the royal navy.—23. At London, Hugh Mackay, Esq. of St Martin's Lane, aged 80.—25. At Interlaken, Switzerland, Lord Melgund, eldest son of the Earl of Minto.—26. Mr William Haggerston, aged 26, third son of Thomas Haggerston, Esq. of Ellingham.—28. At Cheltenham, in the 72d year of his age, Thomas Bidwell, Esq. who, during the last 25 years of his life, had filled the office of Chief Clerk in the Department of Foreign Affairs.—At Jedburgh, Mrs Margaret Hardie, wife of William Rutherford, Esq. Sheriff-clerk of Roxburghshire, and daughter of the late Henry Hardie, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.—In George Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Alves, relict of Dr Alves of Shipland, Invernessshire.

*Latchy*—At Madrid, at the house of her sister Lady Whittingham, Barbara, the

wife of Bartholomew Frere, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of the Embassy at the Ottoman Porte. The marriage had been solemnized by proxy, according to the usual forms; but Mr Frere having been detained at Constantinople by the business of the embassy, during Sir Robert Liston's absence, he never had the happiness of seeing her since their union.—At Nassau, New Providence, Capt. Edward Rowley of his Majesty's ship *Sheerwater*, son of Sir W. Rowley, Bart. M. P. for the county of Suffolk.—At Letterkenny, in the county of Donnegal, of an infectious fever, caught in the discharge of his duty as Inspector-General of Stamp Duties, John H. Barclay, Esq.—At Leghorn, near Louth, Ireland, at the advanced age of 96, William Porteous, who enjoyed his faculties to the last. At his request, a favourite ass, which he had rode to Louth market upwards of 30 years, was shot, and buried at the same time.—At his house, Hanover Square, London, Sir James Earle, Knight, F. R. S. Master of the Royal College of Surgeons.—At Dunevely, Ireland, at an advanced age, the Rev. George Brydon, during 40 years presbyterian minister of the congregation of Kircubbin.—At Downpatrick, Ireland, of typhus fever, the Rev. Arthur Ford, protestant clergyman of that place.—At Epernon, the Marquis of Croixmère, in the 100th year of his age.—At Ballachroan, Inverness-shire, Mrs Captain Forbes Macdonell, second daughter of the late John M'Pherson, Esq. of Inverhall.—In Westmoreland, Sarah Hearn, aged 100 years and 7 months. Her husband, who had been married to her upwards of half a century, and is at the advanced age of 95, accompanied her remains to the grave.—At New York, Mr Holman, the celebrated tragedian, who so long performed with great applause at the London and other Theatres. He was a descendant of Sir John Holman, Bart. of Warkworth Castle, and was distinguished as a gentleman and a scholar. He went to America in 1812, since which time he has uninterruptedly pursued his histrionic career in that country. Mrs Holman, Miss Moore, and Mr Saunders of the same theatre, were struck dead by lightning. This dreadful calamity happened two days before the death of Mr Holman.—At Constantinople, Isaac Mossier, Esq. his Majesty's Consul-General in the Turkish dominions.—At Tunis, the celebrated archæologist Count Camillo Borgia. He had spent a considerable time in Africa; and, under the protection of the Dey of Tunis, was enabled to undertake excavations in search of antiquities, and to take the plans of two hundred and fifty half-ruined villages and towns. He had also obtained permission, by special favour, to copy, in the Dey's own library, three Arabic manuscripts, two of which are wholly unknown in Europe.

# BLACKWOOD'S

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ON THE PULPIT ELOQUENCE OF SCOTLAND.

No I.—*Chalmers.*

THERE is perhaps no triumph of human genius so instantaneous, so unrivalled, and so splendid, as that of the Preacher. It is more peculiar than that of the General, for he shares his glory with multitudes, and there is not one in all his army who would consent to give him the undivided praise. The eloquence of the Lawyer is corrupted by our knowledge that he has received a fee, and that of the Politician is fettered by the details of business, and the certainty of a reply. The Poet is the only one whose art can boast of producing an equal effect on the human passions; but then the days of solemn recitation and choral accompaniments have long since gone by, and the enthusiasm excited in a closet must always be inferior to that which is kindled in an assembly. The Dramatic Poet, indeed, who should be present at the representation of his own tragedy, must be supposed to have attained the summit of literary enjoyment. But even here the triumph is neither instantaneous nor entire. The Parisians, it is true, used to call for the poet when the curtain fell; and they crowned Voltaire with garlands, and carried him in procession about the stage. But all this was an after thought; and the first and most hearty of their acclamations fell to the share of Clermont and Le Kain.

The sacred preacher is elevated above his audience; he speaks as one having authority; and the honour, if honour there be, is entirely and indisputably his own. He is furnished, indeed, with no

inconsiderable advantage by the character of the scene, the audience, and the subject. The sanctity of the place, the very spectacle of a multitude assembled to unite in the worship of their Creator, is sufficient to still every unworthy passion, and to exclude every debasing thought. We are in the house of God, and we cannot enter it without having our attention carried away from the business, the amusements, the passions of the world, and fixed upon the great concerns of the nobler part of man—death, judgment, and eternity. We invoke the pity of a pure and compassionate Creator, in the merits of a divine, a gentle, a suffering, Redeemer. We look around us, and we see the old and the young, the rich, the poor, the noble, and the menial, all gathered together for one purpose, and confessing before the throne of God that they are equal in his sight, all children of Adam, all sinful dust and ashes. When we enter the church we have the same sense of our degraded condition and immortal destiny with which we walk over the graves. If we have the power of thought, we must be serious; if we have the feelings of men, we must be humble, kindly, and composed.

The preacher has no occasion to create a disposition in his hearers. They who are ever likely to listen, are already before him in all the calmness of reflection. The proud are humbled into the sense of human weakness; the lowest are partakers in the sublimest of contemplations. We come not as critics but as sinners—prepared to scrutinize, not the faults of the preacher's rhetoric, but the mazes, perplexities, and errors of our own

mysterious lives. Our predominant feelings are those of shame, sorrow, and awe; and we are there with the unsuspecting confidence and reposing simplicity of children, waiting to have our faith confirmed, our hopes exalted, and our love kindled, by the voice of the messenger of God. We stand drooping and silent among the gloomy columns and tombstones of the choir—it is his to open the gates of the sanctuary, and reveal the redoubled height and splendour of the aerial dome.

A portion of that reverence which we feel for our God, mingles insensibly with our ideas of those who have devoted themselves to his service. We think of the lowly, and affectionate, and cheering offices in which the minister spends his days. We see the man whose business it is to comfort the broken-hearted, and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted spirit,—who sits by the sick-bed of the Christian, and composes the fainting soul to meet without horror the agonies of death. We cannot look without love and admiration on the godlike devotion of that man who has forfeited all hopes of worldly preferment and worldly fame, and given his undivided strength to benevolence, which is its own reward, and piety, which holds its communion with the heavens, and looks for its recompence upon high. He is the type of all that is kind, and pure, and lovely, in our nature. He is the martyr of humanity. His watchings have been not for himself but for his brethren. If the veteran soldier be at all times entitled to respect, surely the gray hairs of the aged priest are worthy of a yet more melting veneration; and in these moments of silent contemplation, when our thoughts turn not on the comparative strength of human intellects, but on the more awful and eternal relations between God and man, we are willing to confess that he has chosen the better part,—that all other occupations are mean when compared with his,—and that the internal peace and conscientious heroism of a mind devoted to employments such as these, must in themselves be a treasure far beyond all the riches, power, and honour, to which other men attain.

It is perhaps from the very excellence of this preparation that the main difficulties of sacred eloquence arise.

Were our thoughts of a more ordinary cast, it would be more easy to elevate them: were our feelings less excited, the preacher might have it more in his power to mould them to his will. He has the delicate task of supporting enthusiasm, which is already great; and when the fire is in its brilliancy, it is scarcely possible to feed its flames without diminishing its lustre. It is, besides, of the nature of all powerful emotions, either to become stronger or to become weaker; there is no steadfastness in passion. The incantation must become more awful as it proceeds, and there is fear, when once the deep charm is upon us, that a single hasty word or unhallowed motion may dissolve the mystery. The least vulgarity of expression, the least meanness of thought, the least obtuseness of feeling, seems as out of place in the pulpit, as a profane jest would be on the scaffold or the death-bed. The more majestic the character of the preacher, the more painful would be to us the imperfections of the man. Our thoughts would begin to flow into another channel, and the meditations with which we departed, might be more earthly than those with which we came.

There are indeed some favoured spirits which are exempted from all such fear. The aged saint, whose soul is weaned from all the thoughts and vanities of the world, whose only book is his Bible, whose sole delight is in contemplation;—the innocent and unquestioning piety of childhood;—the tender and submissive sanctity of woman:—these may bid defiance to all the inabilities of the preacher. Their thoughts are so simple, their affections so lovely, their religion so habitual, that to destroy the tenor of their holy reflections and humble hopes would be to shake their existence to its centre, and convulse the very essence of their souls. Many, very many, such spirits are in every Christian land; it is their purity which redeems our nature from its reproach, and testifies that man was not originally made to be a sinner. They form the link between ordinary men and angels; their divine thoughts are the steps of that ladder which preserves unbroken the communication between earth and heaven. But with the young, the gay, the busy, the ambitious spirits of the earth, the case is widely differ-



ent. They have endeavoured to lay aside their usual thoughts, and they would fain be pious for a season; but the weight of worldly corruption hangs close about them, and their unwilling spirits are but too prone to sink back into the ordinary level of their desires. Their passions are strong, their pursuits industrious, their holiness a struggle, their religion a violence; and it requires all the art of a consummate master, to preserve alive that faint spark of devotion which has been kindled in their souls. To the truly devout and godly of his audience, and to the minister himself, a few simple ejaculations, a few heavenly breathings of confidence, a few words of unaffected tenderness, might be a sufficient homily. But the preacher must address, not the few, but the many; and it is this which renders it necessary that sacred eloquence should be an art.

Like every other great and dignified art—like painting, sculpture, or poetry, its most perfect performances appear, indeed, to be the work of inspiration or enchantment. Who ever represented to himself Raphael touching and retouching the divine lineaments of his Madonna? or Phidias shaping a rude mass of stone into the countenance of his Olympic Jove? or Milton seeking for rhymes in Lycidas, or balancing similes for the speeches of Satan? or who that quakes beneath the unfettered eloquence of Chalmers remembers that pages were blotted, and the midnight oil consumed in search of images which seem to be the easy suggestions of an overflowing fancy, or sentences which come upon his ear like the first and natural language of a commanding soul? Yet it is most true, that he who is the best preacher of the day is also the most laborious, and that it would be as impossible for a careless extemporer to utter a sermon like one of his, as it would be for a player of voluntaries to strike off the *dead march in Saul*, or a Neapolitan improvisatore to thunder out THE GIAOUR.

But if it be true that there is no art more difficult than that of the preacher, it is at least certain that no other theme contains so many elements of inspiration as that upon which he has chosen to dilate. We, indeed, are very seldom able to appreciate that to which we are accustomed. The

majesty of the Christian Religion is familiar to us;—its lofty images are ever before us;—its mysterious truths are revealed to us in our childhood;—the spirit of its tenderness is diffused over all our feelings, and the sublimity of its promises over all our hopes;—we may call ourselves what we will, but it is as impossible for us not to be Christians, as it is for us not to be men. The hardest infidel owes the boasted purity of his morality, and dignity of his conceptions, to those scriptures at which he scoffs, and that faith which he would undermine. The oracles of God were not uttered in vain; and they who are the most unconscious of their influence, cannot write a line in their disparagement, without bearing witness to their power. Voltaire, who spent a long life in wilful mockery of our religion, was not aware that the most noble of his productions is a mere cento from the Bible, and that it was only his intimacy with Isaiah which could ever have enabled his light spirit to dictate such a poem as *Zaire*. If we look back to the most splendid ages of Greece and Rome, and examine the writings of their profoundest philosophers and most elevated poets, we shall see no confidence in immortality,—no sense of deity,—no purity of affection,—no gentleness of love, which can sustain a comparison with what we may find in the treacherous writings of that scoffing Frenchman. In Homer we see a melancholy dread of dissolution, and an undisguised belief that the true happiness of man is inseparable from the possession of his senses,—in Æschylus, a dark and mysterious impression of fatality,—in Sophocles, a vague presentiment of retribution,—in Euripides, a restless and sophistical scepticism,—in Plato, mystic and undefinable aspirings,—in Cicero, doubts which would fain be satisfied,—in Lucan, contempt,—in Tacitus, despair. But if we turn to the book of any modern infidel, we shall find a morality, before which Socrates would have bowed himself like a child,—hopes which would have illuminated the gloomy dreams of Æschylus,—and faith which would have cheered and gladdened the majestic spirit of Plato.

Christianity is not only the fountain of all our hopes, she is also the guide of all our science, and the inspiration of all our art. The great fathers of

modern philosophy, Bacon, Newton, Locke, and Kant, were devout men, and all anxious to promote human science with a view to the glory of their God. The chissel of Michael Angelo exerted its noblest efforts on the revelation of Mount Sinai, and Raphael esteemed no subjects worthy of his pencil but the virgin majesty of Mary, or the kindnesses, the sufferings, and the glories, of his Redeemer. Christianity kindled the genius of De Castro, Fenelon, Klopstock, and Tasso; and the spirit of the Gospel was the muse of Milton. Mankind have become weaned from their old predilection for outward achievements, and devoted with ever increasing interest to subjects of internal feeling and spiritual import. Eternity has been revealed to us, and we are compelled to look on the present as a mere point of nothingness. We rest contented with no earthly conclusions; in all music, in all poetry, and in all philosophy, we require to have a glimpse beyond the grave. We are permitted to gaze on the great tragedy of human life, which has creation for its commencement,—angels and demons for its machinery,—the passions of men for its actors,—and judgment for its catastrophe;—and it is no wonder that we have lost our relish for all meaner dramas. Religion is the prevailing spirit of the age. The Messenger of God has weapons in his hand to which we are not disposed to offer any resistance; let him use them firmly but gently, and he shall make willing captives of us all.

The world has already seen many periods in which the paramount influence on the minds of men, has been that exerted by the ministers of our religion. Such was the age of Augustine, who turned the best arms of the Greeks against themselves, and by the profoundness of his reasonings, no less than by the vigour of his eloquence, demolished the cause of heathenism among the nations of the west. Such, too, in latter times, was the age of Bossuet, Pascal, and Massillon, who contended with successful mastery against the pernicious paradoxes of Des Cartes, and the incipient spirit of infidelity. Had France been so happy as to possess a series of worthy successors to these illustrious men, what miseries and degradations might she not have been spared? But no sooner were they

laid in their graves, than scepticism gained courage, and began to walk triumphantly abroad. Those stern and awful voices, which had stilled the babbling of the scoffer, and supported the shrinking courage of the feeble believer, were now mute, and the adversaries of our faith proceeded, unchecked, in their career. The champions of religion, themselves, became cold and faint-hearted; they could not brook the envious ridicule that was heaped upon their cause and upon themselves, and they gave up the strongest of their fastnesses, and laid aside the most celestial weapons of their armoury, in the vain hope of conciliating the favour or forbearance of a treacherous, insatiate, and exulting enemy. Every noble association was by degrees destroyed,—every pure and simple feeling debased,—every lofty principle eradicated,—and all the generous chivalry of France forgotten;—the consequences of irreligion have been written in characters of fear, in the corrupted heartlessness of domestic manners, and the most profligate and blood-stained of political revolutions.

We may thank other things than accident, that the ministers of religion in this country have not to contend with the same obstacles which meet their brethren in France. The habitual dispositions of the British people are not frivolous and unthinking, but sober, earnest, and devout. Our veneration for the institutions of our fathers has not been shaken by any convulsions of democracy,—our antique associations preserve all their force,—the throne and the altar are still viewed by us with unbroken affection, and we look back with pride and reverence to a long line of manly and pious ancestors. The spirit of religion is mingled with our earliest visions of innocent enjoyment; our first indelible impressions of maternal tenderness and fatherly concern are entwined with ideas of Christian meekness, charity, and love,—with the memory of simple prayers and the evening sacrifice of psalms. He among us that throws aside his Christianity, breaks in sunder the chords that should lie nearest to his heart, and infuses the coldness of indifference, or, it may be, the bitterness of remorse into that cup of solitary meditation which should overflow with intermingled melancholy, softness, and delight.—A spirit such as that of

Chalmers, would feel itself strangely out of place under the gilded canopy of a Parisian pulpit. But it is a compliment to our nation, that with us he is at home.

He is the symbol of directness and simplicity,—he unites his power of imagination, his profoundness of reason, his majesty of eloquence, with affections as uncorrupted, and feelings as tender, as dwell within the pure and angelic bosom of an infant. He has surveyed mankind in all their conditions,—he has scrutinized all the mazes of their passions and their guilt,—but he has done this from the holy pinnacle of the temple, and no spot of human vanity or presumption has been allowed to mingle itself with his soul. He has the art to make us listen to him with all the reverence which is due to a superior being, without taking away from the intimacy of that affection which binds us to natures like our own. We look up to him as to a father, or an elder brother, with an awe that is tempered with kindness, and an admiration that is stained by no lurking poison of envy. He produces at once the highest enjoyment in our intellect, and the most soothing calm within our hearts. We perceive, indeed, that he has the voice and the authority of a prophet, but we never forget that he has also the sympathies and fellow-feelings of a man.

We might take from him his reasonings, his philosophy, his genius, he would still be the most engaging of all orators, could he only retain that impassioned freedom which gives vent to the mild and heavenly feelings wherewith his bosom overflows. In this age of suspicion, mistrust, and mockery, most men are afraid of being ridiculed, should they unfold their inmost emotions, and retain, buried within the recesses of their hearts, nay, not unfrequently disguise, under an external veil of coldness and apathy, that genuine and melting tenderness, and that hallowed enthusiasm, which form in the eye of God, and wherever they are made manifest, in the opinion of all good men, the best counter-balance to that weight of infirmity and sin, whereof the great mass of every human character is composed. The error has not only gone abroad among the common walks of life, it has crept into the senate-house

and the sanctuary; it has banished all the fire of patriotism from the speeches of the statesman, and not a little of the fervency of devotion from the more solemn oratory of the priest. But Chalmers is too sensible of the dignity of his genius, to truckle to these base and chilling observances originally invented by the cold and calculating infidel, although adopted by not a few among the sincerest of his brethren. He knows that he is the messenger of God to man; he knows that he would be unfaithful to his master should he leave behind him the most piercing of his weapons when he goes forth into the battle. He will not consent to conceal that which is in itself noble, out of a regard to prejudices that are mean. His own heart and the gospel are both creations of his God, and, "being things so majestic," he will not "offer them the least shew of violence." He throws himself upon us with the fearless dignity of inspiration, and his voice awakens a sleeping echo in every human soul on which it comes. God has sent him there to speak truth in thunder, and he flings away from him, and tramples beneath his feet, all the worthless associations with which our hearts are bound to mere earthly things,—he holds his eyes fixed on the grandeur and magnificence of his mission; and as his soul rolls onward to the final accomplishment of the mighty end in view, the most common expressions seem to partake of the glory that agitates and disturbs his spirit.

When he commences the worship of his God, it ought to be acknowledged, that there is about him and around him an undescribable air of passionless constraint, that to the unthinking mind may appear like indifference or want of devotion. He reads the psalm with a tame and hurried monotony,—and even in the prayer which follows, we scarcely feel that we are in the presence of Chalmers. But in truth, this air of apathy is breathed from the struggling passions of his soul. Though the congregation know it not, he knows the awful, the sublime, the overpowering sanctities conceived within his spirit;—he seems almost afraid of trusting himself with a glimpse of those conceptions which he is soon about to scatter like lightning around him;—calm, still, and

unmoved, as his aspect looks in the time of prayer, the waves are even then rising within his soul; we seem to hear afar off, as in the tranquillity of noon, the voice of the coming tempest; and the silence of the house of God, whispering with the weak voice of the preacher, is, to those who have heard Chalmers at the height of his elevation, awful, as some scene of nature, when the very rustling of a leaf gives fore-warning of the thunder.

Ere we have heard many sentences of his sermon, we feel that we are in the presence of a great man. A charm is upon us—at once awful and delightful. We feel as if indeed born again,—as if in total forgetfulness of our own worthless individual selves, but belonging to a race of beings whose natures are imperfect, but whose destiny is glorious. Those old associations and impressions to which we have all our lives been accustomed, begin to start one by one into a new state of brightness and vigour. In every step of his progress, he seems to dissolve, by the touch of his magic wand, that stony sleep of lethargy in which some noble feeling of our nature had for a season been entranced. He gives us no new arguments, no new images, but he scatters the vivid rays of poetic splendour over those which, by the very frequency of repetition, have ceased to have any power either upon our reason or our fancy. We are lost in a vague maze of wonder, how it should happen that all these things seemed so trivial to us before,—how arguments so convincing should have appeared weak, or images so appalling should have passed tamely and dimly before our eyes. He has at last gained the undisputed mastery, and we yield up our spirits that he may do with them according to his will. Our souls are quickened with a more vigorous sense of life; our heart-strings vibrate with unknown intensity of emotion. He carries our enthusiasm along with him in flights, whose loftiness we should not have dared to imagine. He plunges us into depths of contrition, from which he only could teach us to emerge, and shakes us over yawning abysses of despair, where his hand alone could preserve us from the last precipice of ruin. He melts us with love, kindles us with hope, or darkens us with horror. We feel as if we were in the grasp of some commanding angel, borne through all

the untravelled fields of ether;—now wrapped in the black recesses of thunder, now gliding through fleecy clouds of gold and amber, now floating majestically through the free and azure expanses of the untroubled sky. The stars begin to gleam upon us with a warmer lustre, earth lies far below a dim and rolling orb, and our eyes begin to descry afar off the crystal battlements of heaven. We are willing to confess that we have never lived before, and would sacrifice ages of earthliness for one moment of a rapture so divine.

It arises not from the weakness, but the will, of Chalmers, that he very seldom keeps us long at the summit of this elevation. He seems to be insensible that the splendours which he has revealed to us are either new or dazzling. His genius regards the universe as its birthright, and he has no undue partiality for the richer and more magnificent regions of his domain. With the same overpowering sweep of mastery, he brings us at once from the heaven to the earth, and from the earth to the heaven, and, however majestic may have been his elevation, he has not the air of feeling any degradation from his descent. He compels us indeed to follow his footsteps into the basest tracks of mortality, and lays open the infirmities, the frailties, the errors, the vileness, of our nature, with the keen indignation of a Juvenal, no less willingly than he has already inflamed and purified our spirits with the angelic enthusiasm of a Milton. But there is diffused over the humblest of his representations a redeeming breath of Christian sublimity, a thousand times more ennobling than all the stern and unbending dignities of the Porch. He does not, like the philosophers of old, confine all grandeur to contemplation; he clothes with majesty the most common offices of life, and teaches that the meanest of his Christian hearers may exert, in the bosom of his family, and in the manly perseverance of painful labours, virtues more lofty and divine than were ever called up by the pure spirit of the Stagyrte, or ever floated among the mystical and foreboding dreams of Plato. These are the things which fill the walls of his church with crowds the most mingled, yet the most harmonious that were ever collected together for social enjoyment or social good. It is this

that makes the wise and the great come to have their souls fed like infants by the liberal hand of his genius, and makes the poor man and the ignorant steal from the precious moments of his week-day toil, that his spirit may be sustained and kindled by the inspiring voice of Chalmers. He is not the preacher of any one class; he is the common orator of man.

Were our hearts indeed as dead and as cold as monumental marble, they could not fail to sympathise with such a preacher. He has given up his soul to the full sway of his emotions, and he summons from the depths of a convulsed spirit things more awful, as well as more lovely, than could ever be dreamed of by the ordinary mind of man. We need only to look upon him, to see that his heart is bursting with the deluge of his zeal. His countenance glares with the feeling of unutterable things: his voice quivers, and his limbs tremble; and we perceive that he is in the agony of inspiration. It is in such an attitude of awful ecstasy that we represent to ourselves the Hebrew prophet, when "the heavens were opened, and he saw visions of God, being among the captives by the river of Chebar." It is to such a tone of solemn denunciation that earth shall listen, when "the angel shall come down, having great power, and crying mightily with a strong voice, Babylon the great is fallen!"

Sometimes, when listening to his prophetic voice, the soul feels all at once chained and bound down to the contemplation of some one grand picture which he has unfolded to our imagination. For a while we are lost as in a dream, and the scene before us fades away from our eyes. We suddenly awake from our reverie, and, lifting our gaze to the pulpit, there is the mighty preacher thundering before us: he seems to us, in his re-appearing effulgence, like a being sent from afar to comfort, to admonish, and to command; an Image of the dwellers in eternity seems there speaking to the children of time; and our hearts expand, as they thrill with the concentrated hopes of immortality. If we could suppose a human creature so miserable as to dread the extinction of the soul within him, let him listen unto Chalmers speaking of death and of the grave, and he will feel himself

prepared to pass through all the horrors of dissolution, as fearlessly as if on board a mighty ship, sailing in all her glory through some gulf of roaring darkness, into the azure bosom of everlasting calm.

While Chalmers is preaching, a sublime effect is created by the universal harmony of sentiment spread over a breathless congregation. All who come within the empire of his soul are raised to the same level. Now the young are solemn as the old; now the old are empassioned as the young: the most ignorant are suddenly enlightened, the most callous penetrated, the most haughty humbled, the most humble assured. All the artificial distinctions of society are lost and forgotten; he deals with the primary and eternal emotions of our nature; youth, beauty, health, riches, and worldly honours, are phantoms without a name. His utterance is of the secrets of the heart and the awfulness of judgment: our souls are stripped of their earthly garments, and we stand all alike wretched and sinful, but all alike resigned and hoping suppliants before the footstool of God, and beneath the gracious smile of a Redeemer. If we can spare a thought away from ourselves, let us but look around, and every breath is hushed, every cheek is pale, every eye is rivetted. In the midst of all that multitude his voice is heard, like a mighty river rolling through the breathless solitude of nature; nor are the lifeless rocks and trees rooted in more motionless repose, than the thousands sitting there in the awe-struck stillness of pervading devotion.

Truly the Sabbath-worship of our God is a sublime worship, when our souls are upheld in their aspirations heavenward by such a preacher. He teaches us to regard with still holier feelings that consecrated day; and we look forward with delight to the coming Sabbath, when our piety is to be again restored and strengthened. The stir of life is hushed in a great city: for one day the busy heart of man is at rest, and heaven is allowed its dominion over earth. The bells are tolling in the calm; a shoal of people flows on towards the house of God; and for a season no sound is in the city but the voice of the preacher or the singing of holy psalms. In that crowd there may be curiosity and idle

thoughts, nay, even dark passions and evil spirits: such is the doom of our humanity. But one hour of perfect freedom from vice, from meanness, and from folly, is now given unto all. All are admitted into a dream and a vision of glory; and who shall say what blessed effects may remain, long after the voice of the preacher is silent? Awakened devotion that has slept for years—generous and gentle emotions deadened by the world's law—the long-lost innocence of childhood—the tenderness of youthful affections—the enthusiasm of youthful piety—the recollection of prayers uttered on bended knees—of the voice of dead parents who blessed our infancy—all that softens, beautifies, and sublimates humanity, returns upon our hearts like a gale from Paradise, and in that mood they are open to the tidings of salvation. It is not a vain and delusive enthusiasm; it is not a sudden swelling of human exultation; but it is a conviction sent in peace and rapture through our souls, that the heavens are the abode of more than brotherly—more than fatherly, love;—that awful eyes are looking on us with pity and compassion;—that awful hands are stretched out to embrace us;—and that it is in the power of all to secure everlasting bliss, by the holy, devout, submissive acknowledgment and acceptance of the promise of redemption.

Let it not be said that such emotions must necessarily be transient. True, that they cannot continue in all their force. We are of this world, and its voice must be obeyed. But think not that the shower is dried up though it disappears. It falls upon the dry dust of our souls, and its influence is attested, at some future time, by flowers and verdure. Who is there so dull, so dead to the influence of ennobling thoughts, as not to love to recall the hours of passionate exaltation? The soul will revert to its triumphs; if waking cares will not permit, yet will we dream of them in our very sleep—sleeping or waking we are the children of Heaven—and our spirits are often, unconsciously to themselves, striving to be fitted and prepared for their future destiny.

In a great city especially, the influence of such a preacher as Chalmers defies calculation. The intelligent minds of well-educated men, relieved

from the laudable though often too engrossing pursuits of active life, turn with delight to the illumination of his wisdom. They feel themselves ennobled, after the honourable discharge of their worldly duties, by having their souls fixed on something more grand, and lofty, and magnificent. To such men the Sabbath is too often a day not of thought but of slumber—not of holy contemplation but of frivolous amusement. And, in good truth, it becomes us to think with indulgence of minds wearied and harassed, and worn out, by the incessant demands of a necessary occupation. It is not to be wondered at, if they should turn away from the dull moral discourse, or the mysterious doctrinal rhapsody, and come at last to neglect the holy service of the Sabbath, from finding it too often associated with wearisome dulness and incomprehensible obscurity. But over such minds eloquence, piety, knowledge, and genius are sure to gain a triumphant ascendancy. It is melancholy to reflect, that in great commercial cities, those minds which, by their cultivation and intelligence, and high moral integrity, are best fitted to receive religious impressions, are too often those in which religion has but a narrow and transitory dwelling; but we know that the voice of Chalmers has startled many such from their slumbers, and were there more preachers like him, we should behold the commercial spirit of this great country marked by nobler lineaments,—working with somewhat of a less intensity of devotion towards mere wealth and riches,—and scorning, on any occasion, to put self-interest, and the boundless desires of aggrandizement, in the scale, against the cause of truth, freedom, and religion.

We feel that we cannot retire from the contemplation of this great preacher, without allowing ourselves to utter a few words of delight over those sublime discourses which have connected the Christian religion with all the wonders of the modern astronomy. Imbued throughout with a spirit shed from the starry magnificence of infinitude, they are not to be praised as a mere work of human genius, but they are to be considered as a shining light reflected from the heavens. Scarcely ever do we think of the preacher at all—we feel as if reading an inspired book; we not only acknowledge the

great truths in our understanding, we rejoice over them in our hearts; and if at any time our imaginations falter, and lose sight of the glories rolling around us, even then we know that the things which are not seen are eternal, and faith hangs fearlessly over the darkness and mysteries of creation.

Chalmers has not here taken upon himself the useful but easy task of confuting uneducated, and ignorant, and blind-folded Deists, who, with callous hearts and obtuse heads, have walked unpurified among the sanctities of the Christian creed, and blundered along the very high road of the Christian history. Them has a Watson already overthrown, and bound their great captain, Paine, in the chains of a shameful captivity. But Chalmers comes forth clad in the shining panoply of science, and throws down the gauntlet of his defiance to the wise men of the earth, and them who trumpet forth their scepticism from the high places. They behold in him a man possessed of all their own lofty knowledge,—one “who has wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven,”—and who has neither wadded back to us the tidings of despair, nor despondency, nor doubt, but brought homeward, to our own earth, the assurance of immortality,—and has heard the voice of God and a Redeemer sounding in the music of the spheres, and spread like the “casing air” through all the illimitable fields of space and of eternity. He meets his mighty adversaries in the upper regions of the sky,—he is not to be perplexed, amazed, or confounded,—and if they do not acknowledge themselves overthrown, they are at least driven from the place of combat, and Chalmers is left in all the exultation of a righteous triumph.

It has, we know, been said by some, that Chalmers has, in these noble Discourses, all along combatted a phantom, and that those objections to the truth of Christianity have never been raised, which it is their object to overthrow. On this very account are his Discourses invaluable. The objections which he combats are not so much the clear, distinct, and decided averments of infidelity, as they are the confused, glimmering, and disturbing fears and apprehensions of noble souls bewildered among the boundless magnificence of the uni-

verse. Perhaps there is no mind of any strength, no soul of any nobility, that has not often, in the darkness and solitude of the night, been beset by some of those majestic terrors,—we may never have communicated them even to our dearest friends, for when they are gone they are unutterable—like the imagined shadows of ghosts they come and go silently and trackless—but an awe is left in the haunted mansions of the soul,—and, with all the deepest gratitude of a perturbed imagination, we listen to the holy and the lofty voice which scares away the unhallowed visitants, and once more fills the midnight stillness with dreams of a peaceful and heavenly happiness. What although, in the conversations of ordinary society, no such thoughts ever find expression? Low indeed, and unimpassioned, is the strain of feeling which man holds with man in the common intercourse of life. And how, amid the trivial talk of amusement, or the intelligent discussion of Affairs, or even the more dignified colloquy of philosophers, how could such emotions as we now speak of find utterance or sympathy? How can there be any conducting atmosphere by which such mysterious thoughts might be conveyed from soul to soul? But as there are fears, and doubts, and troubles, and agitating aspirations too awful to bear the garb of ordinary words,—so is there a Chalmers to meet them in all their dark array, and to turn them, during their hesitating allegiance, or their open rebellion, into the service, and beneath the banner, of our God and our Redeemer.

Most wildly has it been asserted by some, who appear to allow a paltry national jealousy, unworthy of the noble-mindedness of Englishmen, to take place of that high Christian triumph which the eloquence of such a man should produce, that there is a want of originality in Chalmers, and that he possesses little or no imagination. It is most true, that there is no novelty in the belief of a plurality of inhabited worlds—but there is originality, and something grander than originality, in the picture he has drawn of those imagined glories. Poets and rhapsodists, and self-named philosophers, have descanted on the same theme, but turn from Hervey and St Pierre to our preacher! Simple in the

midst of his enthusiasm—stately in the very tempest of passion—serene amid all the splendours that envelope him—scientific in the very ardours of devotion—he seems to walk his way, as upon wings, through magnificence familiar to his spirit. We think not of his imagination, for it is plumed by his science—we think not of his science, for it is kindled by his devotion; we scarcely think even of his devotion, for its influence is shed like a halo round our own expanding souls, and we feel as if his words were our own, and his glorious conceptions born within the sanctity of our own spirits. When we walk out alone beneath the silence of the starry heavens, are we not often bewildered in our solitary delight and astonishment? Do not our souls often return to earth with an undescribable sadness? And do we not sometimes mournfully feel as if our destiny was not with the eternal stars above our heads, but with the transitory flowers beneath our feet?—Chalmers rises up by our side, like an angel in a dream—he extends his hand towards the orbs above—he speaks of them and of their laws—and while he is speaking, they are no longer mere shining spots in the sky,—but they become instinct with spirit and with love,—and as each of those millions of worlds is sustained and beautified by the Almighty Being, though they might all be swept away from existence, nor leave to his eye a blank in Creation,—so do we feel assured, even amid the heavy consciousness of our own individual insignificance, that we are objects of his care, and that his gracious love will not let us utterly perish.

R. H.

ON THE OPTICAL PROPERTIES OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL, AND THE METHOD OF COMMUNICATING THEM TO WAX AND OTHER SUBSTANCES.

By DAVID BREWSTER, LL. D. F. R. S.  
Lond. and Edin.

(Concluded from p. 35.)

### III. On the Causes of the Communicable Colours of Mother-of-Pearl.

FROM a careful examination of the preceding facts, we must now be pre-

pared to infer, that all the peculiar phenomena of mother-of-pearl, as seen by reflected and transmitted light, have their origin in a particular configuration of its surface;—that the communication of these properties to other bodies is the necessary consequence of the communication of its superficial structure; and that none of the light which is concerned in the production of these phenomena has penetrated the surface of the mother-of-pearl.

In attempting to determine what this configuration of surface is, I anticipated no assistance from microscopical observations, as it was contrary to all our notions of the action of bodies upon light, to suppose that a plate of mother-of-pearl, having its surface, as finely smoothed, and as highly polished as the lenses of a telescope could exhibit to the human eye any superficial irregularities. This opinion, however, was erroneous. By the application of single microscopes, with very high magnifying powers, I have discovered, in almost every specimen of mother-of-pearl, a grooved structure upon its surface, which produces all the phenomena of communicable colours. This structure resembles, very closely, the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infant's finger, or the minute corrugations which are often seen on surfaces covered with varnish, or with oil paint.

When the mother-of-pearl has a regular structure, the grooves are always parallel; but when there is any irregularity of configuration, the direction of the grooves varies, and they are arranged in all possible forms, like the veins of agate, or like the lines on the coast of a map, by which the engraver marks a number of inlets and islands.

In some specimens, the spaces between the grooves are so wide, that they can be readily seen with a magnifying power of *six or eight* times, and sometimes they may be distinguished by the naked eye. At some parts of the surface, the distance between the grooves is so small, that more than 3000 may be counted in an inch; and in other parts they cannot be detected by any magnifying power which I have been able to apply. When the space between the grooves is large, a new groove often commences, and there is frequently a sudden change from



a space with a series of distant grooves to another space, with a series of very close ones. Similar appearances were seen in the structure of pearls. When the mother-of-pearl is scratched or indented, the bottom and sides of the scratches are grooved exactly like the parts that are polished. The grooved structure which has now been described, is distinctly seen in wax, gum-arabic, and the metals, after the superficial structure of the mother-of-pearl has been impressed upon them.

The direction of the grooves is, in every case, at right angles to the line joining the common image and the coloured image; and hence, in irregularly formed mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the coloured images appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image. In the real pearl, these coloured images are crowded into a small space round the common image, partly on account of the spherical form of the pearl; and the various hues are thus blended into a white unformed light, which gives to this substance its high value as an ornament.

Had the grooved structure of mother-of-pearl appeared only upon its external surface, or upon any internal surface exposed by fracture, the phenomena of the communicable colours would have disappeared when any artificial surface was substituted in place of the natural one. But the remarkable and most unaccountable circumstance in mother-of-pearl is, that if we grind down the natural surface with the finest powders, and polish it to the utmost degree of brilliancy, we shall find it impossible to grind out the grooved structure which appeared upon its natural surface. The substance of the mother-of-pearl disappears during the process of grinding, but the superficial depressions, as well as the superficial elevations, are worn away simultaneously, so that the grooved structure cannot be removed but by the entire destruction of its substance.

The colours of striated surfaces \*, first observed by Boyle, and those pro-

duced by small scratches upon polished substances, are analogous to the communicable colours of mother-of-pearl, and, like them, may be impressed upon wax and other soft substances; but the colours of the integuments of some of the coleopterous insects are not communicable, and are similar to the colours of thin plates.

Since a particular configuration of surface, independent of chemical composition and crystalline structure, is capable of producing the most brilliant colours, it is not improbable that the colours of natural bodies may be, in many cases, owing to the arrangement of their superficial particles, and that the change which these colours undergo by the action of light, heat, and atmospheric causes, may arise from a corresponding change in their superficial structure. I have endeavoured to communicate to wax the faculty of producing colours possessed by Labrador spar, the metallic oxides, and various other bodies; but, though I have not succeeded in this attempt, it by no means follows that the colour is not produced by the configuration of the surface. The structure may, in these cases, be so delicate that fluid wax cannot be forced into the grooves, and we have an approach to this delicacy of conformation in some specimens of mother-of-pearl, where the grooves cannot be seen by the most powerful microscopes.

#### IV. On the Incommunicable Colours of Mother-of-Pearl.

The mass of coloured light, which always accompanies the first or principal prismatic image, is not affected like the communicable colours, when the light is incident upon the mother-of-pearl, from a fluid of the same refractive power; and therefore it follows, that it has actually penetrated the surface of the mother-of-pearl, and suffered reflection from the minute laminae or plates of which it is composed. This class of colours is often highly brilliant, both when seen by reflection and transmission, but the reflected tints may be developed in a very beautiful manner, by grinding down to the thickness of the hundredth or two hundredth of an inch, particular pieces of mother-of-pearl, that are otherwise incapable of exhibiting them.

\* These colours are finely seen upon glass smoothly ground with Emery; upon smooth water-worn stones; upon wood and polished leather; and almost every substance whose surface is not highly polished.

V. *On the Polarising Structure of Mother-of-Pearl.*

Having seen, in the course of the preceding experiments, so many deviations from the ordinary laws of optics, I suspected that mother-of-pearl might exhibit similar anomalies in the polarisation of light. This conjecture was confirmed by the discovery of a remarkable property which has been found in no other substance.

When a ray of light is reflected at a particular angle from glass, or any other uncrystallized substance, a certain portion of the transmitted pencil is polarised in an opposite manner to the reflected pencil, like the two pencils formed by doubly refracting crystals; but, in mother-of-pearl, the transmitted pencil is always polarised in the very same manner as the reflecting pencil. This remarkable fact, which at first appeared to be an anomaly in polarisation, is now capable of the most satisfactory explanation upon the ordinary principles of double refraction.



THE LAMENT OF TASSO. BY LORD BYRON.\*

In a moment of dissatisfaction with himself, or during some melancholy mood, when his soul felt the worthlessness of fame and glory, Lord Byron told the world that his muse would for a long season shroud herself in solitude; and every true lover of genius lamented that her lofty music was to cease. But there was a tide in his spirit obeying the laws of its nature, and not to be controlled by any human will. When he said that he was to be silent, he looked perhaps into the inner regions of his soul, and saw there a dim, hard, and cheerless waste, like the sand of the sea-shore; but the ebbd waves of passion in due course returned, and the scene was restored to its former beauty and magnificence,—its foam, its splendours, and its thunder. The mind of a mighty Poet cannot submit even to chains of its own imposing: when it feels most enslaved, even then perhaps is it about to become most free; and one sudden flash may raise it from the darkness

of its despondency up to the pure air of untroubled confidence. It required therefore but small knowledge of human nature, to assure ourselves that the obligation under which Lord Byron had laid himself could not bind, and that the potent spirit within him would laugh to scorn whatever dared to curb the frenzy of its own inspirations.

It was not long, therefore, till He again came forth in his perfect strength, and exercised that dominion over our spirits which is truly a power too noble to be possessed without being wielded. Though all his Heroes are of one family, yet are they a noble band of Brothers, whose countenances, and whose souls are strongly distinguished by peculiar characteristics. Each personage, as he advances before us, reminds us of some other Being, whose looks, thoughts, words, and deeds, had troubled us by their wild and perturbed grandeur. But though all the same, yet are they all strangely different. We hail each successive Existence with a profounder sympathy; and we are lost in wonder, in fear, and in sorrow, at the infinitely varied struggles, the endless and agonizing modifications of the human Passions, as they drive along through every gate and avenue of the soul, darkening or brightening, elevating or laying prostrate.

From such agitating and terrific pictures, it is delightful to turn to those compositions in which Lord Byron has allowed his soul to sink down into gentler and more ordinary feelings. Many beautiful and pathetic strains have flowed from his heart, of which the tenderness is as touching as the grandeur of his nobler works is agitating and sublime. To those, indeed, who looked deeply into his Poetry, there never was at any time a want of pathos; but it was a pathos so subduing and so profound, that even the Poet himself seemed afraid of being delivered up unto it; nay, he seemed ashamed of being overcome by emotions which the gloomy pride of his intellect often vainly strove to scorn; and he dashed the weakness from his heart, and the tear from his eyes, like a man suddenly assailed by feelings which he wished to hide, and which, though true to his nature, were inconsistent with the character which that mysterious nature had been forced, as in self-defence, to assume.

\* 8vo, price 1s. 6d. Murray, London. 1817.

Such to us seems often to have been the case in his earlier Poems, even in the first and second Parts of *Childe Harold*. But there is one Poem in which he has almost wholly laid aside all remembrance of the darker and stormier passions; in which the tone of his spirit and his voice at once is changed, and where he who seemed to care only for agonies, and remorse, and despair, and death, and insanity, in all their most appalling forms, shews that he has a heart that can feed on the purest sympathies of our nature, and deliver itself up to the sorrows, the sadness, and the melancholy of humbler souls. The "*Prisoners of Chillon*" is a Poem over which infancy has shed its first mysterious tears for sorrows so alien to its own happy innocence,—over which the gentle, pure, and pious soul of Woman has brooded with ineffable, and yearning, and bursting tenderness of affection,—and over which old Age, almost loosened from this world, has bowed his hoary head in delighted approbation of that Fraternal Love, whose beauty and sublimity fling a radiance over the earth he is about to leave, and exhibit our fallen nature in near approximation to the glories of its ultimate destiny.

The little Poem from which (disclaiming all intention of a review) we are now about to enrich our pages with a few extracts, possesses much of the tenderness and pathos of the *Prisoners of Chillon*; and we feel assured, that our readers will be glad to have a few of the finest passages again brought before them. Lord Byron has not delivered himself unto any one wild and fearful vision of the imprisoned Tasso,—he has not dared to allow himself to rush forward with headlong passion into the horrors of his dungeon, and to describe, as he could fearfully have done, the conflict and agony of his uttermost despair,—but he shews us the Poet sitting in his Cell, and singing there—a low, melancholy, wailing lament, sometimes, indeed, bordering on utter wretchedness, but oftener partaking of a settled grief, occasionally subdued into mournful resignation, cheered by delightful remembrances, and elevated by the confident hope of an immortal Fame. His is the gathered grief of many years, over which his soul has brooded, till she has in some measure lost the power of misery; and this so-

liloquy is one which we can believe he might have uttered to himself any morning, or noon, or night, of his solitude, as he seemed to be half communing with his own heart, and half addressing the ear of that human nature from which he was shut out, but of which he felt the continual and abiding presence within his imagination.

The opening lines bring him before us at once, as if the door of the dungeon was thrown open.

“ Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear

And eagle-spirit of a Child of Song—  
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;  
Imputed madness, prisoned solitude,  
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,  
When the impatient thirst of light and air  
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,  
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous shade,  
Works through the throbbing eyeball to the  
brain

With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;  
And bare, at once, Captivity displayed,  
Stands scoffing through the never-opened  
gate,

Which nothing through its bars admits, save  
day

And tasteless food, which I have eat alone  
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone;  
And I can banquet like a beast of prey,  
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave  
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my  
grave.”

From this bitter complaint, how nobly the unconquered Bard rises into calm, and serene, and dignified exultation over the beauty of “that young creation, his soul's child,” the *Gierusalemme Liberata*.

“ All this hath somewhat worn me, and  
may wear,

But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;  
For I have battled with mine agony,  
And made me wings wherewith to overfly  
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,  
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;  
And revelled among men and things divine,  
And poured my spirit over Palestine,  
In honour of the sacred war for him,  
The God who was on earth and is in heaven,  
For he hath strengthened me in heart and  
limb.

That through this sufferance I might be  
forgiven,

I have employed my penance to record  
How Salem's shrine was won, and how  
adored.”

The exultation of conscious genius, however, dies away, and we behold the holy Bard “bound between Distraction and Disease,” no longer in an inspired mood, but sunk into the lowest prostration of human misery. There is something terrible in this transition from divine rapture to degraded agony

“ Above me, hark ! the long and maniac  
cry  
Of minds and bodies in captivity.  
And hark ! the lash and the increasing howl,  
And the half-inarticulate blasphemy !  
There be some here with worse than frenzy  
foul,  
Some who do still goad on the o'er-laboured  
mind,  
And dim the little light that's left behind  
With needless torture, as their tyrant will  
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill :  
With these and with their victims am I  
classed,  
'Mid sounds and sights like these long years  
have passed ;  
'Mid sights and sounds like these my life  
may close :  
So let it be—for then I shall repose.  
I have been patient, let me be so yet ;  
I had forgotten half I would forget,  
But it revives—oh ! would it were my lot  
To be forgetful as I am forgot !—  
Feel I not wroth with those who bademed well  
In this vast lazarus-house of many woes ?  
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought  
the mind ;  
Nor words a language, nor ev'n men man-  
kind ;  
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,  
And each is tortured in his separate hell—  
For we are crowded in our solitudes—  
Many, but each divided by the wall,  
Which echoes Madness in her babbling  
moods ;—  
While all can hear, none heed his neigh-  
bour's call—  
None ! save that One, the veriest wretch of  
all.”

This fearful picture is finely con-  
trasted with that which Tasso draws  
of himself in youth, when nature and  
meditation were forming his wild, ro-  
mantic, and impassioned genius. In-  
deed to us the great excellence of the  
“ Lament,” consists in the ebbing and  
flowing of the noble Prisoner's soul,—  
his feelings often come suddenly from  
afar off,—sometimes gentle airs are  
breathing, and then all at once arise  
the storms and tempest,—the gloom,  
though black as night while it endures,  
gives way to frequent bursts of radi-  
ance,—and when the wild strain is  
closed, our pity and commiseration are  
blended with a sustaining and elevat-  
ing sense of the grandeur and majesty  
of his character.

“ It is no marvel—from my very birth  
My soul was drunk with love, which did per-  
vade  
And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth ;  
Of objects all inanimate I made  
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,  
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,  
Where I did lay me down within the shade  
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted  
hours,

Though I was chid for wandering ; and the  
wise  
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and  
said,

Of such materials wretched men were made,  
And such a truant boy would end in woe,  
And that the only lesson was a blow ;  
And then they smote me, and I did not weep,  
But cursed them in my heart, and to my haunt  
Returned and wept alone, and dreamed again  
The visions which arise without a sleep.  
And with my years my soul began to pant  
With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain ;  
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,  
But undefined and wandering, till the day  
I found the thing I sought—and that was  
thee ;

And then I lost my being all to be  
Absorbed in thine—the world was past a  
way—

*Thou didst annihilate the earth to me !*

I loved all solitude—but little thought  
To spend I know not what of life, remote  
From all communion with existence, save  
The maniac and his tyrant ; had I been  
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen  
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave,  
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me  
rave ?

His profound and unconquerable  
love for Leonora, sustaining itself with-  
out hope throughout years of dark-  
ness and solitude, breathes a moral  
dignity over all his sentiments, and  
we feel the strength and power of his  
noble spirit in the unupbraiding de-  
votedness of his passion.

“ And yet my love without ambition grew ;  
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew  
A princess was no love-mate for a bard ;  
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was  
Sufficient to itself, its own reward ;  
And if my eyes revealed it, they, alas !  
Were punished by the silentness of thine,  
And yet I did not venture to repine.  
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,  
Worshipped at holy distance, and around  
Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly  
ground ;

Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love  
Had robed thee with a glory, and arrayed  
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismayed—  
Oh ! not dismayed—but awed, like One a-  
bove ;

And in that sweet severity there was  
A something which all softness did surpass—  
I know not how—thy genius mastered mine—  
My star stood still before thee :—if it were  
Presumptuous thus to love without design,  
That sad fatality hath cost me dear ;  
But thou are dearest still, and I should be  
Fit for this cell, which wrongs me, but for  
*thee.*”

The Lament closes, as it ought to  
do, with a strain of exultation, and  
we bid farewell to Tasso with elevat-  
ing music in our hearts.

UPON THE PROPER MANNER AND  
USEFULNESS OF TRANSLATIONS.By MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAËL  
HOLSTEIN.

[The following Essay was among the last productions of the late Madame de Staël. She made a present of her MS. to the Editors of an Italian Journal, who published it in their own language, and from whose pages I extract it.—“*Questo articolo, say they, e' della celebre Baronessa di Staël. La sua Gentilezza si e compiaciuta de farne dono ed onore alla Biblioteca nostra e noi, nel dare la traduzione del nobile suo discorso, intendiamo di far cosa grata ad ogni lettore, e di render publica la nostra riconoscenza.*”]

To translate from one language into another the excellent productions of human genius, is the greatest benefit which can be conferred on the world of letters; for perfect works are so few, and invention is so rare, that were every nation to content itself with its own products, there is no nation in Europe which would not deserve to be called poor. There is no commerce in which the risk is so small, and the profit so great, as in the commerce of thoughts.

In the age of the restoration of letters, both the learned and the poets agreed to make use of no language but the Latin, that so they might have the advantage of being universally understood without the necessity of translations: and undoubtedly this idea was a very excellent one, so far as the sciences were concerned, for solid information can very well be communicated without the graces of style. But even here the consequences were extremely hurtful to the interests of the great body of the people; for these could never derive any benefit from the scientific labours of their countrymen, since the accurate knowledge of the Latin tongue was at all times an accomplishment confined to the few. Moreover, the Latin language was very soon corrupted, in consequence of the uses to which it was thus applied; for the improvements of science were perpetually calling for the creation of new words, and the learned very soon found that the language of which they were making use was *dead* indeed, but not *ancient*. The poets, on the other hand, had a greater regard for diction; and the consequence of this was, that they very seldom dared to depart either from the words or the phrases of the ancient

poets. Italy gave birth to a race of new Romans, whose writings were in their own days considered as of equal merit with those of Virgil and Horace—such as Fracastorius, Politian, and Sannazarius. But now, if the fame of these authors be not entirely exhausted, their works at least have fallen into utter neglect, and are read only by the small number of the learned and the curious; so narrow and short-lived is that fame which is founded only on imitation. These Latin poets were translated into Italian by their countrymen, for it is at all times necessary that the language to which we are accustomed from our cradle, and of which we make use of in all the situations of active life, should be preferred by us to that which we are taught by masters, and meet with only in books.

I am well aware, that the best means to be independent of translations would be to acquire all the languages in which the great poets have written—Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, English, and German. But then what labour, what leisure, what assistance does this require! Who can hope that such erudition should ever become universal? and universal improvement must ever be the chief object of every one who is a well-wisher of mankind. I will say more:—even although one should have a very sufficient knowledge of foreign languages, when he takes up a good translation of a foreign poet into his own tongue, he will receive a pleasure yet more intimate and domestic than any which he has previously received from these writings, in the contemplation of those new colours and ornaments which his vernacular tongue is receiving, from the appropriation of beauties to which it had in former times been a stranger. When the men of letters of any country are observed to be all and often guilty of repeating the same thoughts, the same sentiments, and the same phrases, it is a clear sign that the soil is impoverished: the best method of enriching it is, to translate the illustrious poets of other nations.

In the work of translating, if we would have our labour to be really profitable to our countrymen, we shall above all things be careful to avoid the besetting sin of French translators—that of writing in such a man-

ner as to obliterate all traces of the origin of that which we translate. He who turned every thing he touched into gold was very soon reduced to starvation. Such a method of translation deprives intellect of the nourishment which it ought to receive; that which is imported from abroad still wears the features to which we are accustomed, and we have gained little by adding to the stock of our home productions. The error of the French translators admits indeed of many apologies; with them versification is difficult, and rhymes are rare; they have no variety of measures, no facilities of inversion. The poor poet is shut up within so narrow a circle, that he is perpetually under the necessity of recurring, if not to the same thoughts, at least to similar hemistichs. The structure of French verse assumes naturally a wearisome monotony; and if this fault may sometimes be avoided, that must always be in the free and unfettered exertions of original genius. In translations where every argument is pre-arranged, and every stroke of feeling has to be copied, there is no room for inspiration of a character so victorious and so sublime.

The French, accordingly, have scarcely any such thing as good poetical translations, except those of Virgil, by the Abbé de Lille. Our translators are indeed very excellent imitators; they transform whatever they meet with abroad into good French, with so much success, that no one would ever suspect their productions of being any thing else than the original writings of Frenchmen. We have, however, no poetical translation which is at once excellent in French, and stamped with the character of its origin; I believe that is impossible we shall ever have any such translations. If indeed we with reason admire the Virgil of De Lille, the reason of his unequalled success must be sought for in the resemblance which our language still preserves to the Latin, from which it is descended, and the felicity with which it can still imitate the pomp and majesty of its original. The modern languages, on the other hand, are all so different from ours, that we cannot imitate them closely without sacrificing the greater part of those graces which are peculiar to our own.

The English, who enjoy a much

greater liberty of versification as well as of inversion, might have easily become rich in translations at once exact and natural. But the great authors of their nation have been too proud to stoop to the fatigue of translation; and although Pope (the only exception) has formed two beautiful poems from the Iliad and the Odyssey, he has certainly retained not one point of that antique simplicity in which we feel the secret power and charm of the style of Homer.

It is not probable, that for three thousand years the world has never produced any poet of genius equal to that of Homer. But in the traditions, in the customs, in the opinions, in the whole appearance of the Homeric age, there is preserved a certain charm of primitive simplicity, which affords us an inexhaustible delight. In reading Homer we are carried back to the youth of man, to the beginning of ages, and our minds are perpetually agitated with a pleasing remembrance of the feelings and thoughts of our own early years; and this internal commotion, mingled as it is with the images of a golden age, renders it necessary that the most ancient should at all times be the most favourite of poets. If we remove from the Homeric composition this simplicity of an infant world, it loses that quality which is its most peculiar characteristic, and sinks more into a level with the productions of after-times.

It is a very favourite notion among the scholars of Germany, that the Homeric works were not composed by one individual,—that the Iliad and the Odyssey are a collection of many separate poems, in which Grecian genius had celebrated the capture of Troy, and the return of its conquerors. It appears to me that it is no very difficult matter to refute this opinion, and that the unity of the plan of the Iliad renders altogether absurd the supposition that that poem was composed at different times and by different persons. Why should the wrath of Achilles have been the perpetual theme of the poets? The incidents which occurred in the sequel,—above all, the capture of the city itself, which brought about the conclusion of the war—could scarcely have failed to be the subject of some of those *rhapsodies*, had these been the works of different authors, and to have form-

ed a part of any poem which was intended to be a compend of all that had been composed by the best of the Greek poets concerning the fate of Troy. To select one only out of so many remarkable events, and to arrange, in subordination to this, all the other accidents which fill up the Iliad, seems to be evidently the design of one master-spirit, who was not likely to intrust into other hands the execution of his plan. I mean not to enter into any regular dispute on this subject; to do that would require an erudition to which I make no pretensions: all I shall say is, that if any other poets contributed to the Iliad, they must have been of the same age with Homer himself. It would be easier to persuade me that it was composed by different hands under the direction of one chief, than that any spirit of an after age could have caught the true tone of times and manners so widely differing from his own.\*

But if the Germans have, on the one hand, done all in their power to deny the personal existence of Homer, they have in so far at least atoned for this insult, by the labours which they have bestowed on the Homeric writings. The translation of Voss is reputed by his countrymen to bear more resemblance to the original than any version which exists in any other language: He alone, say they, has made use of the Homeric measure, and his German hexameters follow word for word the hexameters of the Greek original. I am very willing to believe that such a method of translation may be the most effectual way of introducing the reader to a precise knowledge of the structure of the ancient poem; but I have great doubts whether a writer, capable of following such a plan in his translation, can be a likely person to transfuse into his native language that soul of poetry which can never be either taught by rules or acquired by study. His syllables may be the same in number with those of Homer,—but how can the harmony of his sounds be the same? The German poetry may indeed lose much of its natural sound by so strict a copying of the Greek, but it is altogether impos-

sible that it should ever represent the unrivalled music of that ancient verse, which was originally intended for the accompaniment of the lyre.

Among the modern languages of Europe, the Italian is certainly the best adapted for expressing all the varied sentiments and passions of the Greek Homer. It possesses not indeed the Homeric measure, but in truth nothing worthy of the name of hexameter verse can possibly exist in any modern language, for the whole system of modern versification is founded upon principles with which those of ancient versification have no connexion. Nevertheless the sound of the Italian language may certainly boast of a harmony which has no need of dactyls and spondees; and, in its grammatical construction, it is capable of all the flexibility of the Greek. In the blank verse of Italy, where the impediment of rhyme is absent, the flow of thought may be as free as in prose, and preserve at the same time all the grace and majesty of poetical measure.

Europe has undoubtedly no translation of Homer which approaches so near, both to the strength and the beauty of the original, as that of Monti. This writer has discovered the secret of uniting pomp with simplicity;—the most ordinary transactions of life are elevated to a poetical dignity, by the unaffected grace of his language;—the truth of his painting, and the facility of his style, enable him to bring before us the actions and the men of Homer, without depriving them of that heroic greatness which is the peculiar characteristic of their original age. No Italian will ever in time to come attempt to translate Homer, for it would be impossible to reconcile Italy to see Homer stript of the clothing in which Monti has invested him. To me it appears certain, that even in the other countries of Europe, such readers as are incapable of perusing Homer in his own language, will both know him best, and enjoy him most, by means of the Italian translation. It is impossible to translate a poet with the same accuracy with which an architect can copy a building; a poem, well translated, should resemble a fine piece of music repeated upon a different instrument. The harmony will lose little of its effect although the tones be different.

In my opinion, the best thing the

\* We hope very soon to lay before our readers a full account of the arguments on both sides of this Homeric controversy. The opinions, as well as the reasons of Madame de Stael, are just what might have been expected from a believer in Ossian. E.

Italians could do would be to translate with diligence the great modern poets of England and Germany;—their countrymen have great need to be shewn something new, for they are still satisfied with the use of the ancient mythology, and do not perceive how antiquated these fables appear since they have been altogether abandoned by the other nations of Europe. If the intellects of the Italians would not lie inactive, they should be often directing their attention to the other side of the Alps.—I do not wish them to assume foreign fashions, but they should at least know what these are. I do not wish that they should become imitators, but I am anxious that they should get rid of that system of ancient observances, which has been as injurious to their literature, as the set phrases of society among ourselves have been to the natural wit and ease of conversation. But if they might derive much advantage from all sort of poetical translations, there is no doubt that they might gain most of all by translations of dramas. Shakespeare, translated with the most exact resemblance by the masterly pen of Schlegel, has been represented on the theatres of Germany in the same manner that he would have been had he himself been born the countryman of Schiller. The Italians might easily procure as great a benefit for themselves, for the French tragedians approach as near to the Italian as Shakespeare does to the German mode of writing; nor is it possible to doubt as to the effect which *Athalie* would produce, were it represented on the beautiful theatre of Milan, and accompanied in its chorusses by the stupendous music of Italy. It may be objected to all this, that people go to the theatre in Italy, not to hear tragedies, but to see company. I know nothing so likely to darken the intellect of a nation, as the custom of listening for five hours a-day to such things as are called *the words* in an Italian opera. But when Casti composed his comic dramas, and when Metastasio adapted his noble and graceful sentiments to musical accompaniment, their countrymen made no complaint that their diversions were diminished. During the present reign of dulness which characterizes all the private and public assemblies of Italy, he who should succeed in uniting something of instruction with the popular amuse-

ments, would deserve to be called a benefactor of his country. He might perhaps infuse something of serious and thoughtful into Italian breasts, and rescue his nation from the reproach of doing nothing.

At the present time, in the Italian literature, there is one class of writers who do nothing but dig among the ashes of the dead in the hope of finding here and there a grain of gold;\* and another, of writers who have no other capital than a great confidence in the harmony of their language, and do every thing they can to exhaust the patience of their readers, by a repetition of fine sounds destitute of meaning, declamations, invocations, and exclamations, to which our hearts are always shut, because we can perceive that they do not proceed from the heart of those who utter them. Is it a thing beyond all hope, that a desire of being applauded on the stage shall ere long conduct Italian spirits to that which is the only source of invention—meditation,—and to that truth, in conceptions and in language, without which there can be no such thing as a good literature,—the want of which is sufficient to render useless all the other elements of which a good literature must be composed? The drama is a favourite amusement in Italy; it is to be hoped that it would not become less so were it to acquire a character of greater seriousness and usefulness. At the same time, I am very far from wishing to see banished from the Italian stage, that spirit of wit and mirth which once enlivened it. All good things ought to be on good terms with each other.

The taste of the Italians, in the arts, is simple and noble. Now, language is one of the fine arts, and ought to have the same qualities with the others. It is indeed an art of more intrinsic importance than any other to the essence of man; for we can do much better without pictures, statues, and monuments, than without those images and feelings to which pictures, statues, and monuments, are consecrated. The

\* Madame de Stael seems here to have had in her view a noble passage of Cowley: “Why call up ghosts? why idly stand To search, with vain divining wand, Among the dwellings of the dead, For treasures buried—— While yet the liberal earth doth hold So many virgin mines of undiscovered gold?”



Italians admire and love their own language in the highest degree ; they may well do so, for it has been ennobled by writers of the highest genius ; and the Italian nation has never had any glory or any pleasure except what has been derived from the exertions of its genius. An individual may indeed be disposed by nature to exert his intellect, but he requires a national stimulus to obey the voice of nature. To some this stimulus is furnished by war, to others by politics ; the Italians must look for all *their* distinction in arts and letters ; but for these they must long since have fallen into a lethargic sleep of obscurity, from which there could be no possibility of arousing them. T.

MEMOIR OF ROB ROY MACGREGOR,  
AND SOME BRANCHES OF HIS FAMILY.

(Continued from page 80.)

THE arbitrary and uncertain tenures, by which proprietors in the Highlands held their lands and supported their consequence, for many ages, had, even at this late period of their history, scarcely been subjected to any material amendment. Those laws formed for the protection of individual right, were in those regions but slightly regarded, as their distance from the seats of government seemed to place them beyond legal authority. Without, therefore, any reliance upon statutes to enforce justice or repress vice, the most powerful were the most successful in suppressing inferior chieftains, and grasping vast territories for themselves, which frivolous and unjust pretences were often considered sufficient for the purpose.

Against such acts of violence and iniquity, though overlooked by the indifference of government, did Rob Roy Macgregor manfully and openly draw his sword. He was the strenuous opponent of every deed of cruelty or breach of faith, especially if committed upon those under the pressure of misfortune ; the poor, the orphan, the widow, were those for whom he stood boldly forward, and was the avowed champion ; and lest his own resources might not be adequate to those charitable ends, he entered into agreement with different proprietors for their mutual defence ; and a contract, founded upon this reciprocal

basis, was entered into betwixt him and Buchanan of Arnprair, in 1693 ; and with the Campbells of Lashnell, Glenfalloch, Lashdochart, and Glenlyon, about the same time.

Contracts of *wadset*, as it was called, were then a common practice in the Highlands, and many small proprietors were swallowed up by superiors, from the undue advantage which was taken under the supposed obligations of those agreements. Many flagitious means were adopted to evade and disannul the redeemable privileges of the proprietor, and from the extraordinary authority which a superior claimed over his vassals during the feudal ages, it was scarcely possible for the inferior to resist his rapacity, or to defend his lawful heritage against such powerful odds.

Upon one of those redeemable bonds of *wadset* were the lands of Glengyle, when Rob Roy's nephew succeeded to them. A neighbouring chieftain of the Campbells had lent a sum of money on them, in this way, which, if not restored in ten years, the lands were to be the forfeiture, though the sum was not half their value. Rob, knowing that every advantage would be taken of the contract, gave his nephew the money, and he went to retire the bond. The period of redemption was exhausted to a few months ; and under pretence that the bond could not then be found, the money was refused. Rob, in the meantime, had been employed in some other affair, and the matter having lain over, the bond was allowed to expire. The holder of it sent a party to take possession of the estate in his name ; got himself infested on it in the common form ; and the owner, young Macgregor, was ordered to remove himself, his dependants, and cattle, in eight days. Rob would not suffer such treatment ; and having assembled his *gillies*, set out to make restitution. The nobleman whom he sought was then in Argyllshire, whither Rob proceeded ; but he met him travelling in Strathfillan, took him prisoner, and carried him to a small inn not far distant. He told his lordship, that he would not part with him until he produced the bond of Glengyle, and desired that he would instantly send for it to his castle. His Lordship knowing Rob's disposition, and apprehensive of personal injury, agreed to give it up when

he got home; but our hero put no trust in his promise, and he was forced to comply. Two trusty men, along with two of Rob's, were despatched, and at the end of two days returned with the bond. When it was delivered, his Lordship demanded his money; but Rob would pay none, telling him, that the sum was even too small a fine for the outrage he had attempted, and that he might be thankful if he escaped in a sound skin.

Prior to this transaction, and before Rob was noticed by them, the family of Argyll, like some other mighty chiefs, were desirous of reducing the puisne barons within their reach to servile dependence, and they seized upon the lands of those who did not hold them by subordinate charters. For this purpose, a knighted *clevè* of the family's was appointed, and among other small estates, which he had by this iniquitous rule annexed to the property of Argyll, was one situated in Glendochart. Rob sent his lads to Glenurchy to waylay this knight; whom, having secured, they conveyed him towards Tyndrum, where Rob met them. He reproached the knight with his injustice, and made him sign a letter, restoring the lands to the right owner; and when he had done this, he took him to St Fillan's Pool, near that place, and ducking him heartily, told him, that from the established virtues of that pool, a dip in it might improve the knight's honour, so that he would not again rob a poor man of his land.

To supply the wants of the poor with the means of the rich, was our hero's greatest delight, and an appeal to his generosity was never disregarded. On his way to meet Graham of Killearn,\* chamberlain of Montrose, as before stated: he gave a poor man money to pay three years' rent, of which he was deficient; and when the man afterwards offered to repay the loan, he would not receive it, as he said he had got it back that same day from Killearn. To a widow, who was also in arrears for the rent of her farm, he gave a receipt in name of Montrose, which was sustained, as that nobleman found it convenient sometimes to smooth Rob's hostility by overlooking moderate offences.

\* Formerly written—Graham of Orchil, by mistake.

On the estate of Perth, a clansman of Rob's occupied a farm on a regular lease; but the factor, Drummond of Blairdrummond, took occasion to break it, and the tenant was ordered to remove. Rob Roy, hearing the story, went to Drummond Castle to redress this grievance. On his arrival there, early on a morning, the first he met was Blairdrummond, in front of the house, and knocking him down, without speaking a word, walked on to the gate. Perth, who saw this from a window, immediately appeared, and, to soften Macgregor's asperity, gave him a cordial welcome. He told Perth, that he wanted no show of hospitality, he insisted only to get back the tack of which his namesake had been deprived, otherwise he would let loose his legions upon his property. Perth was threatened into compliance, the lease was restored, and Rob sat down quietly and breakfasted with the Earl.

The cause of provocation which Macgregor sustained from Montrose, by the alienation of his estate of Craighrostan, as formerly mentioned, was aggravated by the dastardly treatment given to his wife by Killearn, in his absence; and it is not surprising, that he did every thing in his power to annoy them. In the gentle punishment he gave the latter for his unmanly outrage, we must admire his forbearance; but the impression which those matters seem to have made on his mind, constantly kept alive that spirit of opposition with which he regarded them; and though he often had them in his power, he never intended to take personal revenge, preferring occasional retaliation on their property.

In his depredatory incursions, cattle and meal appear to have been the chief articles of his attention. He scarcely raised any grain on his own farms, and when he, or any of his people, or any poor person, were in want of meal, he went to a store which Montrose had at Moulin, ordered the quantity he required, gave the keeper a receipt for it, and made the tenants, with their horses, carry it to his house, or wherever else it was wanted.

The more deliberately to carry on those inroads, he and his men, for he never had less than twelve, casually occupied a cave at the base of Ben Lomond, on the banks of the lake. This recess has its entrance near the water's edge, among huge fragments of rock

broken from that stupendous mountain, and fantastically diversified by the interspersions of brushwood, heath, and wild plants, matured in the desert luxuriance of solitude.

But Rob, though generally favoured by fortunate incidents, could not always expect to get off with impunity; and after having many things in his own way, he at length pressed too hard on Montrose, that he was constrained to call out a number of his people, who, headed by a confidential Graham, and accompanied by some military, were sent forth to lay hold of Macgregor. Rob and his band chanced to be absent when the Grahams assailed his house; but they learned the course he had taken, and, by day-break next morning, arrived at Crinlarach, a public house in Strathfillan, where our hero and his men had taken quarters for the night—he in the house, and they in an adjoining barn. The Grahams did not wait to gain admission to the house, but broke open the door. Rob was instantly on his feet and accoutred. He levelled them, man by man, as they came to the door, until his own lads, roused by the noise, attacked the Grahams in the rear with such hard knocks, that they retreated to some distance, leaving behind them several of their party sorely wounded; and Rob, having fortified his men with a glass of whisky, ascended the hill towards Glenfallach. The Grahams, expecting to obtain some advantage over them, followed at a little distance, till Rob's men shot some of the military, and drowned one soldier in a mill-dam, when the Grahams thought proper to withdraw.

After this inglorious trial to overcome Macgregor, though with five times the number of men, Montrose ceased for a while to give him any obstruction, until Rob, now grown, if possible, more courageous than ever, made a descent into the plains, and swept away cattle, and every moveable article, from the country round Balfroon, and other parts; and this was commonly called, *the herriship of Kilrain*. This appears to have been the greatest misdemeanor of which he stood accused, as it attracted the notice of government; and the western volunteers were marched into the Highlands to curb the insolence of Rob Roy and his thievish clan, as they were denominated. These volunteers went to

Drymen, but finding their entertainment very bad, and the people disaffected, they lay upon their arms all the night, dreading the approach of the Macgregors, who were within a few miles of them, to the number of 500; but they were not molested, being allowed to depart in peace. Several parties of horse, however, were afterwards dispersed over the country to apprehend Rob, and a reward offered for his head, which obliged him for some months to take shelter in the woods, and in the cave at the side of Loch Lomond.

While under this concealment he was only attended by two men. One day, when travelling in a sequestered place along the side of Lochearn, they were unexpectedly met by seven horsemen, who demanded their names and what they were, to which they gave an evasive answer; but, from our hero's great stature and warlike dress, they had no doubt of his being the person they sought, and desired him to surrender. There was no time for reply, and they sprung up the hill, followed by the troopers. Rob rapidly mounted the higher ground, where neither the horses nor the fire of the riders could touch him; but his companions were not so lucky, as they were overtaken and killed; and being exasperated at this, he fired upon the troopers in return, and killed three of them and four of their horses, when they galloped away.

Having continued to wander from place to place, somewhat forlorn, though not broken in spirit, he became solicitous about the safety of his family, and had them privately removed to a remote situation at the head of Glenfine, among the mountains of Argyll. To this solitude some of his faithful adherents accompanied him, and soon erected habitations for their accommodation; which being finished, Macgregor waited on his protector, the Duke of Argyll, to inform him of what he had done.

From this place he and his people paid frequent visits to the lands of Montrose and Athol, from whom they abundantly supplied their wants. But when Montrose understood that Rob had an assylum from Argyll, he wrote to him, desiring that the outlaw might be removed from his castle, and given up to justice, and blaming Argyll for having given him any countenance.

Argyll replied, that the abode which Rob Roy occupied he had taken without leave, and that he supplied him only with wood for fire, and water for drink; and he believed, that with every thing else Rob would supply himself.

Having found this new retreat, though secure and distant, both inconvenient and uncomfortable, and their enemies having relaxed in their pursuit, they left the bleak hills of Argyll, and again took up their residence on the soil of their nativity.

The various assaults to which Rob Roy had been accessory upon the Earl of Athol and his numerous vassals, were not dictated by malice, or a wish for spoil, but continued as a chastisement for the contempt in which he was held by that nobleman, who did not respect his bravery, although he had often seen and dreaded its effects. Rob having shewn no inclination to desist from those practices, Athol resolved to correct him in person, as all former attempts to subdue him had failed, and with this bold intention he set forward to Balquhiddar. A large portion of that country then belonged to Athol; and when he arrived there, he summoned the attendance of his vassals; who very unwillingly accompanied him to Rob's house, as many of them were Macgregors, but dared not refuse their laird. Rob's mother having died in his house, preparations were going forward for the funeral, which was to take place that day; and on this occasion he could have dispensed with such unlooked for guests. He knew the purpose of their visit, and to escape seemed impossible; but, with strength of mind and quickness of thought, he buckled on his sword, and went out to meet the Earl. He saluted him very graciously, and said, that he was much obliged to his Lordship for having come, unasked, to his mother's funeral, which was a piece of friendship he did not expect; but Athol replied, that he did not come for that purpose, but to desire his company to Perth. Rob, however, declined the honour, as he could not leave his mother's funeral, but after doing that last duty to his parent, he would go if his Lordship insisted upon it. Athol said, the funeral could go on without him, and would not delay. A long remonstrance ensued; but the Earl was inexorable, and Rob, appar-

ently complying, went away amidst the cries and tears of his sisters and kindred. Their distress roused his soul to a pitch of irresistible desperation, and breaking from the party, several of whom he threw down, he drew his sword. Athol, when he saw him retreat, and his party intimidated by such resolution, drew a holster pistol and fired at him. Rob fell at the same instant, not by the ball, which never touched him, but by slipping a foot. One of his sisters, the lady of Glenfallach, a stout woman, seeing her brother fall, believed he was killed, and making a furious spring at Athol, seized him by the throat, and brought him from his horse to the ground. In a few minutes that nobleman would have been choked, as it defied the by-standers to unfix the lady's grasp, until Rob went to his relief, when he was in the agonies of suffocation.

Several of our hero's friends, who observed the suspicious haste of Athol and his party towards his house, dreading some evil design, speedily armed, and running to his assistance, were just arrived as Athol's eye-balls were beginning to revert into their sockets. Rob declared, that had the Earl been so polite as allow him to wait his mother's burial, he would have then gone along with him; but this being refused, he would now remain in spite of all his efforts; and the lady's embrace having much astonished the Earl, he was in no condition to renew his orders, so that he and his men departed as quickly as they could. Had they staid till the clan assembled to the exequies of the old woman, it is doubtful if either the chief or his companions had ever returned to taste Athol brose.

Though Rob Roy Macgregor was conscious how little the personal virtues of the Stewart family entitled them to support, he yet considered their right to the crown as hereditary, and consequently indefeasible; and from this conviction, he resolved that his exertions should be directed to their cause. When the clans, therefore, began to arm in favour of that house, in 1715, he also prepared the Clan Gregor for the contest, in concert with his nephew, Gregor Macgregor of Glengyle.

A large body of Macgregors were at this time collected, and became very

formidable. They marched into Monteth and Lennox, and disarmed all those whom they considered of opposite principles. Having secured all the boats on Loch Lomond, they took possession of an island in it, from whence they sent parties over the neighbouring countries to levy contributions, and extort such penalties as they judged proper. But serious apprehensions being entertained of their disposition for mischief, great crowds of military, lairds and their tenantry, assembled, and they were dislodged, and forced to join a camp of Highlanders from other quarters in Strathfillan, but not till after several struggles with the King's troops, different detachments of which they defeated.

The progress of the Earl of Mar with his army of disaffected Highlanders, greatly alarmed the government, and immediate orders were transmitted to Edinburgh, to secure such suspected persons as were thought inimical to the king, and among others, Rob Roy Macgregor was specially named. He, however, conducted himself with some caution on this occasion, and waited to observe the complexion of matters before he should proceed farther, as his friend Argyll had espoused the part of King George, a circumstance which greatly distressed him. In a state of considerable indecision, he proceeded to the Lowlands, and hovered about both armies prior to the battle of Sheriff-muir, without making any declaration or offer to join either; and upon that event he remained an inactive spectator. This unexpected conduct arose from two motives equally powerful,—a wish not to offend his patron, the Duke of Argyll, should he join the Earl of Mar,—and that he might not act contrary to his conscience, by joining Argyll against his expatriated king.

Though the undecided issue of this trial eventually brought about the dispersion of the Highland army, the Macgregors continued together; but unwilling to return home without some substantial display of conquest, they marched to Faulkland, and garrisoned the ancient palace of that place; where, without much ceremony, they exacted rigorous fines from the king's friends. Here they remained till Argyll arrived at Perth, when they retired to their own country with the spoils they had acquired; but they

continued in arms for several years thereafter, to the no small disturbance of their neighbours, in the pursuit of their usual compulsory habits.

Those daring practices seem to have been the reason why, in the subsequent act of indemnity, or free pardon, the Macgregors were excluded from mercy in these words:—"Excepting all persons of the name and clan of Macgregor, mentioned in an act of parliament made in Scotland in the first of the late king Charles I. instituted anent the Clan Macgregor, whatever name he or they may have, or do assume, or commonly pass under;" and consequently our hero's name appeared attainted, as "Robert Campbell, alias Macgregor, commonly called Robert Roy."

In raising the tax of *black-mail*, Rob Roy was in some measure sanctioned, if not by act of parliament, at least by statutes of local institution, as he was for some time a contractor for assisting the police of different districts in collecting duties somewhat similar to the other. These affairs of police were nearly the same, though not constituted under like regulations as the succeeding *black-watch*, the origin of the now gallant 42d regiment.

Rob, who was in a great degree thus supported, openly demanded his dues, and took strong measures to enforce payment—his attack on Garden Castle was of that description. The owner was absent when Rob went to claim his right, which had long been withheld on pretences not to be allowed. He, however, took possession of the fortress; and when the owner returned he was refused admittance, until he would pay the reward of protection: but he refused; and Rob having ascended the turrets with a child from the nursery, threatened to throw it over the walls, which speedily brought the laird, at the intercession of his lady, to an agreement, when our hero restored the keys of the castle and took his leave.

Whether Rob Roy had ever paid respect to religious duties, or what might have been the extent of his creed during the more prosperous part of his life, is not certain, though he was by birth a Protestant; but he was at one period reduced so low in his finances, that he left his farm, and lived in a small hut in a distant glen. In this humble abode, whether affect-

ed by remorse for his past irregular life, or whether he had seriously come to the persuasion, that he might overcome all his errors by the interposition of Catholic priests, from their declared power of absolving all species of sin, has not been transmitted to us; but Rob had taken the resolution of becoming a Roman Catholic, and he accordingly went to a Mr Alexander Drummond, an old priest of that faith, who resided at Drummond Castle. What the nature of Rob's confessions were, or the penance which his offences required, has been concealed; but if we may judge from the account he himself gave of his interview with this ecclesiastic,—“that the old man frequently groaned, crossed himself, and exacted a heavy remuneration,”—Rob's crimes must have been of difficult expiation:—“It was a convenient religion, however,” he used to say, “which for a little money could put asleep the conscience.”

But whatever amendment this apostacy from the tenets of his fathers might have effected on our hero's principles of morality, which were previously loose and unsettled, certain it is, that the restless and active temper of his mind did not long allow him to remain the quiet votary of his new faith; and a desperate foray into the north Highlands having been projected by his nephew, he was requested to take the command. Tired of inactive life, to which he had never been accustomed, and willing to do any thing to retrieve his decayed circumstances, he readily consented, and set out at the head of twenty men. It has been affirmed upon good authority, that these Macgregors, with other Highlanders, joined some Spaniards who landed on the north west coast in 1719, and were with them at the battle of Glensheil; and that Rob and his party afterwards plundered a Spanish ship, after being in possession of the English, which so enriched Rob that he again began farming, and returned to the braes of Balquhiddar.

For a considerable period after the reformation the establishment of Presbyterian clergy was very precarious, particularly in the Highland districts, where the Romish persuasion long struggled for predominance. Their settlement was often resisted by the parishioners, and their stipends being not paid, it being customary for the

lairds to fix the payment of them on their tenants, who were also made liable for any augmentation of stipend the incumbent might afterwards obtain. In the days of our hero, a Mr Ferguson had been appointed to the parish of Balquhiddar; but his introduction was opposed by the whole body of the people, and he would not be admitted until he promised not to apply for an increase of salary. Finding, however, that he could not live on so small a sum, he subsequently took the usual legal steps for procuring an addition; but Rob Roy put a speedy termination to the business. He got hold of the minister, forced him into a public-house near his own church, made him drink profusely of whisky, and caused him sign a paper renouncing every future claim of augmentation; but he gave, at the same time, his own obligation, binding himself to send the minister, every year, half a score of sheep and a fat cow, which, during his life, was regularly done.

In his trade of dealing in cattle, Rob Roy often required to travel to different parts of the Lowlands, and the last time he visited Edinburgh was to recover a debt due him by a person who was reputed opulent, but who had taken refuge in the sanctuary of the Abbey. There Rob went and saw his man; but the sacredness of the place did not protect him; and although he was a strong man, Macgregor laid hold of him, dragged him across the line of safety, and, having some officers of the law in waiting, gave over his charge to them, by which means he got his money.

The power which Macgregor possessed in his arms was very uncommon. It was scarcely possible to wrench any thing out of his hands, and he was known to seize a deer by the horns and hold him fast. His arms were long, almost to deformity, as when he stood erect he could touch his knee-pans with his fingers. Some of his neighbours might indeed say that he had long arms; but in all his private transactions he was honourable, and was much respected by the gentlemen of his country, with whom he constantly associated; and though it may appear that he did not, in his partial warfare, act in conformity to the nicest principles of justice, the greater number of his errors were yet venial, and, in his own estimation, the

fair and justifiable requital of injury which he or others had sustained.

With the family of Montrose he had been at enmity for more than thirty years; but he considered the hurt they had done him to be an inextinguishable offence, which he never forgave: but the animosity and rivalry which had existed betwixt Montrose and Argyll, was probably a strong incentive to instigate Rob to that course which he had so long pursued against the former, as there is much reason to believe that Argyll took Rob by the hand merely to make him an instrument of opposition to Montrose.

The fame of Rob Roy Macgregor had travelled far and over many countries. His achievements were every where extolled as the matchless deeds of unconquered Caledonia; and though his prowess could not be said at all times to have been displayed upon occasions strictly meritorious, yet the general tenor of his conduct was admired in his own country, as it accorded with an ancient *Gaelic* saying, which marked the well known character of the Highlander, that *he would not turn his back on a friend nor an enemy*: yet he neither boasted of his strength nor his courage, and he did not look on his past exploits with the pride of a victor, but with the honest exultation of having supported the valour of his clan, and opposed the devouring tide of oppression. Steady in these principles, he never wantonly took up a quarrel; and, from a consciousness of his own powers, he was unwilling to adopt personal contention; yet he was often challenged to single combat, which he never refused; but on the last two trials he was worsted, when he threw down his sword and vowed he would never take it up again, for then he was nearly blind, and his strength had suffered the decay of years.

At length, worn out with the laborious vicissitudes of a restless life, he sunk calmly to his end, at the farm of Inverlochrigbeg, among the braes of Balquhiddar, in 1740. His remains rest in the church-yard of that parish, with no other monument to mark his grave than a simple stone, on which some kindred spirit has carved a sword—the appropriate emblem of the man:—

“Clan-Alpine’s omen and her aid.”  
(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE  
STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS AFTER  
THE REBELLION OF FORTY-FIVE.

THE field of Culloden, and the scenes of cruelty which followed it, though fatal to the hopes of the Highlanders who enthusiastically espoused the cause of Charles, yet did not utterly crush their hardy and predatory disposition. The clansmen retired, it is true, to the rocky fastnesses of their highest glens,—they chewed the cud of bitter reflection,—and they mourned their cottages burned, and their wives and children massacred at dead of night, or arrested in melancholy flight by death amidst the snows of winter. But savage heroism was not altogether subdued within them by calamities such as these,—calamities calculated to bend less lofty souls to the very dust of subjection. With them the effect was like that produced by attempting to curb the mountain cataract,—they were divided into smaller and less important bodies,—and their power was no longer forcible in its united stream; but each individual portion seemed to gain a particular character and consequence of its own, by separation from the main body, where it had been undistinguished and unobserved. It was thus that, lurking in little parties, among pine clad precipices, in caverns known only to themselves, they now waged a minor warfare,—that which had the plundering of cattle for its object. But let us not look upon those men, driven as they were to desperation, as we do upon the wretched cow-stealers of the present day. That which is now considered as one of the basest of crimes, was then, in the eyes of the mountaineer, rather an honourable and chivalrous profession. Nothing was then more creditable than to be the leader of a daring band, to harry the low country of its live stock, and, above all, it was conceived to be perfectly fair to drive “Moray-land, where every gentleman had a right to take his prey.”\*

\* A great chieftain of the vale of Urquhart having had his cattle stolen by the vassals of another head of a clan to the westward, and having sent a messenger with a remonstrance, had his herds restored to him, and received a letter which still exists, containing the apology, that the fellows had mistaken his orders, which were to go to the land of Moray alone, “where every gentleman was entitled to take his prey.”

It was about this period, and (though it may surprise many) it was not much more than 50 years ago, that Mr R——l, a gentleman of the low country of Moray, was awakened early in a morning by the unpleasant intelligence, of the Highlanders having carried off the whole of his cattle from a distant hill, grazing in Brae Moray, a few miles above the junction of the rapid rivers Findhorn and Divie, and between both. He was an active man, so that, after a few questions put to the breathless messenger, he lost not a moment in summoning and arming several servants; and instead of taking the way to his farm, he struck at once across the country, in order to get as speedily as possible to a point, where the rocks and woods, hanging over the deep bed of the Findhorn, first begin to be crowned by steep and lofty mountains, receding in long and misty perspective. This was the grand pass into the boundless wastes frequented by the robbers; and here Mr R——l forded the river to its southern bank, and took his stand with his little party, well aware, that if he could not intercept his cattle here, he might abandon all farther search after them.

The spot chosen for the ambuscade was a beautiful range of scenery known by the name of the Streens. So deep is the hollow in many places, that some of the little cottages, with which its bottom is here and there sprinkled, have Gaelic appellations, implying, *that they never see the sun*. There were then no houses near them; but the party lay concealed amongst some huge fragments of rock, shivered, by the wedging ice of the previous winter, from the summit of a lofty crag, that hung half across the narrow holm where they stood. A little way farther down the river, the passage was contracted to a rude and scrambling foot-path, and behind them the glen was equally confined. Both extremities of the small amphitheatre were shaded by almost impenetrable thickets of birch, hazel, alder, and holly, whilst a few wild pines found a scanty subsistence for their roots, in midway air, on the face of the crags, and were twisted and writhed, for lack of nourishment, into a thousand fantastic and picturesque forms. The serene sun of a beautiful summer's day was declining, and half the narrow haugh

was, in broad and deep shadow, beautifully contrasted by the brilliant golden light that fell on the wooded bank on the other side of the river.

Such was the scene where Mr R——l posted his party; and they had not waited long, listening in the silence of the evening, when they heard the distant lowing of the cattle, and the wild shouts of the reavers, re-echoed as they approached by the surrounding rocks. The sound came nearer and nearer; and at last the crashing of the boughs announced the appearance of the more advanced part of the drove, and the animals began to issue slowly from amongst the tangled wood, or to rush violently forth, as the blows or shouts of their drivers were more or less impetuous. As they came out, they collected themselves into a group, and stood bellowing as if unwilling to proceed farther. In rear of the last of the herd, Mr R——l saw, bursting singly from different parts of the brake, a party of fourteen Highlanders, all in the full costume of the mountains, and armed with durk, pistols, and claymore, and two or three of them carrying antique fowling-pieces. Mr R——l's party consisted of not more than ten or eleven; but, telling them to be firm, he drew them forth from their ambuscade, and ranged them on the green turf. With some exclamations of surprise, the robbers, at the shrill whistle of their leader, rushed forwards, and ranged themselves in front of their spoil. Mr R——l and his party stood their ground with determination, whilst the robbers appeared to hold a council of war. At last their chief, a little athletic man, with long red hair curling over his shoulders, and with a pale and thin, but acute visage, advanced a little way before the rest. "Mr R——l," said he, in a loud voice, and speaking good English, though in a Highland accent,—“are you for peace or war?—if for war, look to yourself; if for peace and treaty, order your men to stand fast, and advance to meet me.”—“I will treat,” replied Mr R——l; ‘but can I trust to your keeping faith?’—“Trust to the honour of a gentleman!” rejoined the other with an imperious air. The respective parties were ordered to stand their ground; and the two leaders advanced about 70 or 80 paces each towards the middle



of the space, with their loaded guns cocked, and presented at each other. A certain sum was demanded for the restitution of the cattle: Mr R——l had not so much about him, but offered to give what money he had in his pocket—being a few pounds short of what the robber had asked. The bargain was concluded—the money paid—the guns uncocked and shouldered—and the two parties advanced to meet each other in perfect harmony. “And now, Mr R——l,” said the leader of the band, “you must look at your beasts, to see that none of them be a-wanting.” Mr R——l did so. ‘They are all here,’ said he, ‘but one small dun quey.’—“Make yourself easy about her,” replied the leader; “she shall be in your pasture before daylight to-morrow morning.” The treaty being thus concluded, the robbers proceeded up the glen, and were soon hid beneath its thick foliage; whilst Mr R——l’s people took charge of the cattle, and began to drive them homewards. The reaver was as good as his word;—next morning the dun quey was seen grazing with the herd. Nobody knew how she came there; but her jaded and dragged appearance bespoke the length and the nature of the night journey she had performed.

Not many days afterwards, Mr R——l happened to be on his hill-farm, when he saw a long string of cattle straggling up the opposite bank of the river Divie, evidently with the intention of crossing at a ford a little way above. There appeared nothing remarkable in this at first, that being a common country track. But the drovers and their herd had no sooner gained the western bank of the river, and begun to advance, than he recognised the same Highland party, and the same leader, from whom he had so lately recovered his own cattle. Some of Mr R——l’s men near him immediately told him that the cattle were Sir Robert Gordon’s, carried off from Gordonston, more than 20 miles distant, in the low country of Moray. Mr R——l, being in habits of friendship with Sir Robert, resolved that no such hostile and predatory act should be done to him, and above all facilitated by his permitting a passage for the robbers and their booty through his territory; and accordingly, being here in the midst of his own people,

he at once determined to arrest them. He hastily summoned the nearest of his dependents; and before the robbers came up with the stolen cattle, he had collected double their number of armed men. When the party came within hearing, Mr R——l hailed the leader, and told him, that he could not suffer the cattle of his friend Sir Robert to be thus harried, far less could he tamely permit them to be driven through his farm. He therefore told the robber, that if he offered to advance with his party, or to persist in driving the cattle one step farther, it should be at his peril; for that nothing but force should compel him to give them way. “Mr R——l,” said the leader, stepping before the rest, with a haughty air, “you stopped and recovered your own beasts, and nobody could blame you; but, sir, it is not like a gentleman, to offer to hinder me from taking the cattle of any other man,—nor is it just, nor have you any right to do so. You had better take care, therefore, what you do.” Mr R——l was determined. “Well, well, sir,” said the Highlander, frowning; “we cannot help it—you’re in your kingdom here, but, I warn you, take heed—you’ll rue this—look to yourself.” So saying, he called to his followers, who, abandoning the cattle with much ill will, took, along with him, the road to the hills, muttering, in Gaelic, dark and half-smothered threats and imprecations.

During the course of the ensuing winter, Mr R——l, who acted as factor for a nobleman of Moray, had occasion to be in Edinburgh. On his way home, he arrived late at night at the solitary inn of Dalnacaerdoch, situated, as every body knows, at the southern extremity of the road leading through the savage pass of Drumouachter; and having risen as early next morning as the lack of light at that season would permit him, he set out through the snow for the inn of Dalwhinnie. He was on horseback, and attended by a single servant. He had not proceeded far into the wild and rocky part of the pass, where high poles, painted black, erected along the edge of the road, serve as beacons to prevent the traveller from being engulfed in the snow-wreaths, when he descried a man, at several hundred yards’ distance, coming riding towards him. The man, as he approached,

appeared to be of a thin spare figure, which was hid in a long dark-brown greatcoat. He rode one of the loose-made garrons of the country, of a dirty mouse colour, having a bridle, or rather halter, made of small birch twigs twisted into a kind of rope, and no saddle; and, what at first rather alarmed Mr R——l, he carried in his hand, poised by its middle, a very long gun of that ancient description which gave our ancestors excellent hope of killing a wild duck half way across a lake a mile broad. No sooner did the man observe Mr R——l, than he pushed up his shying steed by repeated and ardent kicks; and when at last he succeeded in compelling him forward, to Mr R——l's no inconsiderable relief, he recognised in him—the landlord of Dalwhinnie. “Were you no to hae been at my house last night, Mr R——l?” he exclaimed, in a south-country tone, and without waiting for the ordinary preliminary salutations. ‘Yes,’ said Mr R——l, ‘I did so intend; but the road was so much heavier than I anticipated, that I was obliged to be contented with reaching Dalnacaerdoch, and that at a very late hour.’—“It was the mercy o’ Providence,” rejoined the landlord, “that you didna get forward; for if you had, you would hae been murdered.”—‘Murdered!’ exclaimed Mr R——l. “Yes, you would hae been murdered, as sure as ye are now sitting on your horse. In the dead o’ night, when we war a’ to our beds, we war alarmed by the sudden noise o’ horses in the yard, and the house was instantly filled by about twa dozen o’ armed Highlandmen wi’ blackit faces;—they lighted sticks o’ moss-fir i’ the kitchen, and cam to my bedside, brandishing their pistols and durks:—they demanded where Mr R——l slept? I protested what was true, that you war not only no i’ the house, but that I had never expeckit you;—they threatenit and swoore at me like deevils;—and then proceeded to search ilka hole and corner o’ the house and out-houses, looking even into places where it was impossible a cat would have concealed itsel’, and forcing me, half naked and near dead wi’ fear, along wi’ them. And when they could find neither you nor your horses, they set up a furious yell o’ disappointment, and in their rage war very near burnin the house, to mak

sure that ye werena concealed somewhere about it after a’. At length, however, their captain having silenced them, and moderated their fury, they became more quiet; and after takin some bread and cheese, and some whisky for themsels, and a pickle corn for their horses, for a’ which (I maun do them the justice to say) they paid me honestly,—they munted and rode awa’. Some o’ our herds say that their tracks i’ the snaw lay towards Loch Ericht; and if so, it’s likely that they’re darned in some o’ the queer hidy-holes about the rocks there, and will aiblins return whenever they suppose that they can do their deed, for they maun surely hae gude information. Therefore, Mr R——l, ye maun on nac account think o’ gaein on; but return to Blair, or Dunkeld—for I believe you’ll be safer there; and I’ll send ower into Moray for some o’ your ain fouk, weel armed, to convey ye through Drumouachter.”—Mr R——l was no coward, but he well knew the nature of the Highlanders he had to deal with. He and his servant were both armed with pistols, it was true; but what could two men do against two dozen, springing on them at unawares, or attacking them in their beds? He therefore, after some little consideration, deemed it most prudent to take the landlord’s advice; and accordingly, after thanking him for the zeal he had manifested for his safety,—whilst the other, looking round him with strong signs of apprehension, prayed to God that it might not have been noticed by any of the robbers or their spies,—they parted, and Mr R——l and his servant retraced their steps.

After nearly a week’s delay at Dunkeld, Mr R——l was enabled to renew his journey at the head of a well-armed party of between thirty and forty of his own people. They did not even see any show of opposition, until they got into the great Grampian pass between Dalnacaerdoch and Dalwhinnie. Then they observed that they were reconnoitred, from the hills above them, by a body of more than twenty armed mountaineers, who appeared to move along the ridges of the mountains,—their figures, clad in dark tartans, being more easily distinguished upon the brilliant whiteness of the snow. A species of hesitation seemed to mark all their movements,

which were directed in the same line with those of the party below. But Mr R——l and his escort marched on with a steady and resolute pace, keeping a sharp look out in all directions, and being perfectly prepared for any sudden attack. The robbers, however, either conscious of an inferiority of strength, or unwilling to shed the blood of any other person but that of Mr R——l, did not venture to assault so large a party; and after skirting the hills on their march for five or six miles, they seemed to abandon their enterprise, so that Mr R——l and his people, who continued to travel night and day, reached home in perfect safety.

REMARKS ON THE REVIEW OF MR STEWART'S DISSERTATION IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

(Concluded from page 65.)

I PASS over those criticisms on Mr Stewart's writings which turn entirely on matters of opinion and taste, about which, of course, every man must judge for himself,—and likewise some criticisms on minute points in philosophy, and shall only trespass farther on the reader's patience by some observations on the strictures contained in the Review, on Mr Stewart's account of Bacon and of Des Cartes.

There is so formal a statement in the Review, of the "very wide" difference of opinion between the author and Mr Stewart on the first of these subjects, that one is not a little surprised, on weighing all that is said, to find on what minute and comparatively trifling points the two are really at issue. There is no objection stated in this place, at least none distinctly explained, to the *philosophy which Mr Stewart calls Baconian*; but it is affirmed, that Bacon's own views of philosophy are not correctly represented by Mr Stewart. It is distinctly stated, that with regard to the services that Bacon has rendered to political and ethical science, the sentiments of the Reviewer "entirely coincide with Mr Stewart's;" and (what indeed it would have been hazardous to deny) that the logical rules laid down in the *Novum Organon* are "wise and salutary with reference to physics." But it is said that Bacon did not under-

stand, as Mr Stewart supposes that he did, the "limits, the laws, and resources, of the human understanding." Now it can hardly be denied, that one who for the first time laid down wise and salutary logical rules for the conduct of physical inquiries, must have had a tolerably clear idea of those limits, laws, and resources, as applicable to such inquiries. And if the proper method of inquiry in the science of mind and in physics be the same, as is maintained by Mr Stewart, and not denied in this place by the author of this article,—nay, as would seem to be his opinion also, from a passage already quoted,—the conclusion regarding Bacon's merits may safely be made general.

It is allowed in the Review, even in reference to the subjects of logic and metaphysics, that "there are many observations on the proper objects of philosophy, and on the resources and limits of the human understanding, scattered through Bacon's writings, which, taken separately, reflect great credit on his good sense." But then it is said, that "his philosophical views in general were loose, wavering, and erroneous," and that such observations "belong more properly to the practice than the theory of our knowledge."

This is hardly a fair statement of the case, even in the Reviewer's own view of it. The "scattered observations" to which the Reviewer here alludes are not merely practical. It is quite obvious, that the view of philosophy contained in the very first sentence of the *Novum Organon*, "*Homo naturæ minister et interpretæ*," &c. is a general view; and yet it is so far from being incorrect, that it would probably be quoted by Mr Stewart as a striking proof of Bacon's just apprehension of the laws and limits of the human understanding; and the same may be said of many other passages in his writings, which must be familiar to all who have studied under Mr Stewart. If, therefore, the Reviewer had made out, that certain parts of Bacon's writings contain erroneous general views of science and of the human mind, the proper conclusion would have been, not that *all* his general views on these subjects were erroneous, but that some of these were inconsistent with others.

I do not pretend to judge whether this last was really the fact with re-

gard to Bacon or not; but I am by no means satisfied with the proofs of the erroneousness of any of his general views, which are contained in the article under consideration. The extracts from Bacon's writings, intended as such, instead of shewing that he had "embraced an erroneous idea concerning the nature and object of science," seem to me, when taken along with the context, to do little more than illustrate Mr Stewart's own remark, that "in the extent and accuracy of his *physical knowledge* he was far inferior" even "to many of his predecessors."

Mr Stewart praises Bacon for having "stated his reflections and observations on the operations of his own understanding, and on the intellectual characters of others, in general, without the slightest reference to any physiological theory respecting their causes," excepting that "he assumes, on some occasions, the existence of animal spirits as the medium of communication between mind and body." To this the Reviewer replies, that in one passage in the 4th book *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, he recommends treating *physically* the origin of the faculties of the mind; by which he understands him to mean, inquiring into "the proper seat and habitation of each faculty of the soul in the body and its organs." But admitting this to be the meaning of Bacon, it is plain that he directs this inquiry to be carried on physically, as a branch of physiology; and indeed, in the very passage quoted in the Review, he assigns it its place in the *Doctrina de Fœdere*, as he calls it, or Exposition of the Laws of Union of Soul and Body. It is surely no proof of Bacon's having mistaken the aim of the science of mind, that he should have recommended this *collateral physiological inquiry*: and with respect to the inquiry itself, although the observations that have been since made have shewn that he entertained erroneous notions concerning it, as appears from his reference to the "opinion of Plato, which seats understanding in the brain, courage in the heart, and sensuality in the liver," yet I know of nothing which should have taught him, a priori, that they were erroneous. It is only by experiment and observation, that we know that a particular condition of the nervous system is the essential requisite for the development of the men-

tal phenomena; and it is still a question, to what parts of that system this particular condition must extend. In our own times it has been maintained, that particular mental faculties are connected with particular parts of the brain; and although this theory has been often and successfully opposed, as incongruous in its own parts, and as contrary to fact, yet I do not know that it has been regarded by any one as relating to a question which lies beyond the reach of the human faculties.

Again, Mr Stewart says, that Bacon has "uniformly passed over, with silent contempt, the scholastic questions concerning the nature and essence of mind, whether it be extended or unextended, have any relation to space or time," &c. To this the Reviewer answers, that in a passage immediately following one quoted by Mr Stewart himself, Bacon, when speaking of what he calls "*spiraculum*," which the Reviewer interprets "the sentient part of our nature," but which is in fact the rational part of our nature, alludes to the following inquiries: "Whether it be native or adventitious, *separable or inseparable*, mortal or immortal; and how far it be subject to the laws of matter:" and adds, that although questions of this kind may be "more diligently sifted in philosophy than they have been, yet in the end they must be turned over to religion." By the terms *separable or inseparable*, he says, Bacon meant, according to the language of the schools, extended or unextended. It is perhaps doubtful whether this was Bacon's meaning; but the question is certainly an absurd one, and attention to it might probably have induced Mr Stewart to qualify a little the sentence above quoted; but very little abatement of his praise would suffice, for Bacon has given his opinion pretty decisively of the whole set of questions in the very next sentence, *which the Reviewer has not quoted, although he has quoted the one before and the one after it*. In that sentence he observes, "*Cum leges cœli et terre sint propria subjecta philosophiæ, quomodo possit cognitio de substantia animæ rationalis ex philosophia peti et haberi?*" To any one who reads the whole paragraph (the third of the third chapter of the fourth book *De Augmentis*), it will be obvious, that the main object of Bacon in writing it (though he pro-

ceeded cautiously), was the rejection of such questions from philosophy; and therefore, that Mr Stewart's account of the matter is substantially correct.

Next, it is stated in the Review, that Bacon recommends inquiry into the *substance* of what he calls "the sensitive or produced soul," to which he allows a corporeal existence. But whoever reads the paragraph on this subject in Bacon (which immediately follows that last quoted), will at once see that this inquiry comes under the head of the *doctrine of animal spirits*, stated by Mr Stewart as an exception to the general correctness of Bacon's views.

The instances quoted by the Reviewer, in which Bacon yielded to the vulgar illusion in regard to "things working on the spirits of man by secret sympathy and antipathy," only prove that he was more cautious than was necessary (though not more than, consistently with his own principles and limited knowledge, he ought to have been) in applying to particular cases the general principle for the explanation of such phenomena, which *he himself pointed out to other inquirers*, "quatenus scilicet ipsa imaginatio animæ vel cogitatio perquam fixa, et veluti in fidem quandam exaltata, valeat ad immutandum corpus imaginantis."

As to the instances brought in refutation of the assertion, that Bacon understood, better than his contemporaries, the "limits, the laws, and resources of the human understanding," they seem to me to be wholly inconclusive. They are examples of the practical conclusions which Bacon expected to flow from the philosophy he recommended, and held out as inducements to the prosecution of it, but in pointing out which his ignorance of the details of physical science often led him into error. They are instances, accordingly, of Bacon recommending things to be attempted which are now believed to be impossible, but which are impossible, *not in consequence of the limits of the human understanding, but of the laws of external nature*. The instance on which the Reviewer seems most disposed to rest his argument is stated in the following words: "So little can Bacon be considered as having risen in any great degree above the age in which he lived, with respect

to his views as to the *proper aim of philosophy*, or the *proper limits of the human understanding*, that he even goes so far in his natural history as to give us *formal receipts* for the making of gold, and performing many other prodigies." This, to be sure, is a great error; but it is an error which proves, not that Bacon was not above his age in those views, but that he was below his age in physical knowledge, which Mr Stewart admits. Even at the present day, who can say that gold is an element? But if the discovery of its composition be yet reserved for some fortunate chemist, he need not flatter himself with the expectation that he will thereby either have altered the proper aim of philosophy, or enlarged the limits of the human understanding.

There may be passages in Bacon's writings, to prove that he did not understand the limits, laws, and resources of the human mind; but if there be, the Reviewer must have committed a double error, inasmuch as he must then both have stated, as proofs of that charge, what are not proofs, and omitted to state what are proofs.

Lastly, in proof of Bacon having entertained erroneous general views of philosophy, the Reviewer gives us a kind of abstract of the leading points of the fourth chapter of his third book *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, which is drawn up in such a manner as to communicate to one who has not read the original a very erroneous notion of the contents of that chapter.

He states, that Bacon divides Natural Philosophy into Metaphysics and Physics; that he divides Metaphysics into the Science of Formal and of Final Causes, and considers it as much superior, in point of dignity and importance, to Physics. But he omits to state, 1. That Bacon has expressly warned the reader, that he uses the term Metaphysics in a sense peculiar to himself, *and which includes the most important of the inquiries now referred to the head of Physics*. "Attendant homines, nos vocabulum metaphysicæ usurpare, sensu a recepto et vulgato discrepanti," &c.; and, 2. That under the name of the Science of Formal Causes, he here recommends the very inquiry into the general laws of nature on which the phenomena of the universe depend, the prosecution of which

has led to all the discoveries which have adorned the subsequent history of the physical sciences. The importance of some of the distinctions stated in this chapter may well be questioned; but that the *mode of inquiry* recommended in it is the same which Mr Stewart regards as the proof of Bacon's knowledge of the laws and limits of the understanding, will appear even from a single sentence, in which he sums up his objections to what had been previously done in the inquiries he recommends. "Radix mali hujus, ut et omnium, ea est: quod homines et prope nimis, et nimis longe, ab experientia et rebus particularibus, cogitationes suas divellere et abstrahere consueverunt, et suis meditationibus et argumentationibus se totos dedere." The Reviewer professes, indeed, not to understand the precise meaning which Bacon attaches to the term *formal cause*. I believe he will nowhere find it better explained than in the following passage from Mr Playfair's Preliminary Discourse. "The *form* of any quality in body is something convertible with that quality; that is, where it exists, the quality is present, and where the quality is present, the form must be so likewise. Thus, if transparency in bodies be the thing inquired after, the form of it is something that, wherever it is found, there is transparency; and *vice versa*, wherever there is transparency, that which we have called the form is likewise present. The form, then, differs in nothing from the cause, only we apply the word cause where it is event or change that is the effect. When the effect or result is a permanent quality, we speak of the form or essence." By the study of physical causes, Bacon means the observation of individual events uniformly succeeding each other in the order of time; by that of formal causes, the investigation of the general laws of nature on which these depend.

The reader can now understand the meaning of a sentence which the Reviewer quotes with much seeming complacency, in illustration of the extravagance of Bacon's views, but which he has not quoted entire. Bacon's words are, "Causæ Physicæ novis inventis, in *simili materia* lucem et animum probrant: At qui Formam aliquam novit, novit etiam ultimam possibilitatem superinducendi naturam illam in omnigenam materiam." In appli-

cation to the instance mentioned by Mr Playfair, the foregoing sentence might have been illustrated thus:—He who has once seen the making glass, knows how to form, at any time, a transparent substance of sand and alkali; but he who shall discover the general law on which transparency depends, will know the "ultimate possibility" of making all substances transparent; that is, he will know what change must be wrought upon all substances before they can become transparent. As to whether he can effect that change or not, that must of course, in every case, depend on the other laws of nature regarding it.

That Bacon's meaning was *not*, that the knowledge of a *form* must in every case lead to the power of bestowing that *form* on any species of matter, seems quite clear, from his not having used the simple expression, can superinduce, but the circuitous and guarded one, "knows the ultimate possibility of superinducing."

Bacon was sanguine of the effect of the mode of investigation in physics which he taught, in leading to useful discoveries. It was by holding out this expectation, that he sought to divert men of science from the vain and useless pursuits in which he found them engaged;—and although his limited knowledge of the details of physical science led him to some erroneous anticipations, yet when we compare his sublime views of the ultimate dominion of man over nature, with the new powers which we have acquired, and are daily acquiring, by following the light of his genius, instead of doubting whether he rose above the age in which he lived, we shall often be disposed to think that he has risen above our own.

Concerning the merits of the Cartesian philosophy, as well as of that of Bacon, the Reviewer makes a great parade of the difference of opinion between him and Mr Stewart, which however dwindles down to comparative insignificance when minutely examined. I have already stated, that the account given here of the writer's own views of the science of mind, so far as I can understand it, does not seem to militate at all against Mr Stewart's; and with respect to the merits of Des Cartes himself, the author and his Reviewer can hardly be said to be at issue, the former praising what the

latter does not blame, and the latter blaming what the former does not praise.

The censure of the Review upon Des Cartes is directed entirely against his doubts of the evidence of our senses and our reason. The degree of the censure is, I think, much greater than was necessary, because "the shadows by which the science of mind has been haunted ever since," and which the Reviewer supposes to have been conjured up entirely by those doubts, ought rather to be charged upon the ideal theory, which, according to the statement of Dr Reid, "led Des Cartes to think, that he ought not to trust to his senses without proof of their veracity," and, at all events, was the true parent of the scepticism of Berkeley and Hume; and likewise because, at least according to Reid, Des Cartes's complaints of the fallacies of sense were generally borrowed from more ancient philosophers. But it should be particularly remarked, that Mr Stewart is so far from approving of these doubts of Des Cartes, that he distinctly states, in various parts of his writings, that the evidence of consciousness, on which Des Cartes proceeded, "rests on the same foundation with every other kind of belief to which we are determined by the constitution of our nature." The Reviewer remarks on the absurdity of hoping "to show by reasoning the abstract credibility of our reason;" and to the same purpose Mr Stewart observes, in the very passage before us, "That a vicious circle is involved in every appeal to the intellectual powers, in proof of their own credibility;" and accordingly, he characterizes the preliminary steps of Des Cartes in philosophy as "extravagant and hopeless;" and expressly states, that "the glory of having pointed out to his successors the true method of studying the theory of mind, is almost all that can be claimed by Des Cartes in logical and metaphysical science."

Mr Stewart's praise of Des Cartes is founded on his "clear and precise idea of that operation of the understanding (distinguished afterwards in Locke's Essay by the name of Reflection), through the medium of which all our knowledge of mind is exclusively to be obtained,—of the essential subserviency of this power to every conclusion that can be formed with respect to the mental phenomena, and of the futility

of every theory which would attempt to explain them by metaphors borrowed from the material world." To this praise the Reviewer makes no distinct objection, but he throws out two observations on it, which I shall briefly consider.

1. He says, that "the peculiarity of Des Cartes's opinions on the subject of consciousness, consists in supposing that truth is not merely made known to us by means of consciousness, which would be a self-evident observation, but that it essentially, and *by definition*, depends on this last, in such a manner, as that whatever ideas we perceive with clearness and precision are necessarily true." This doctrine, the Reviewer adds, "approaches very nearly to what may be called the leading article in the philosophy of Dr Reid;" but, nevertheless, he thinks Mr Stewart is *precipitate in concluding that it is true*. Now, whether this doctrine be the peculiarity of Des Cartes's opinions on this subject or not, it certainly is not the circumstance which Mr Stewart considers as peculiar, and for which he praises him. And I beg leave to ask, in what part of the writings, either of Dr Reid or Mr Stewart, is this doctrine maintained to be true? or rather, to what doctrine of these writers is the proposition here stated, in language very different indeed from theirs, considered as equivalent?—What is here called "the leading article in the philosophy of Dr Reid," is, I presume, the confidence which he reposed in what he called principles of common sense, to which Mr Stewart has given the name of "fundamental laws of human belief;" and which he is at pains to distinguish by three tests (taken from the writings of Buffier);—1. That the propositions referred to them are universally believed; 2. That it is impossible for any disputant either to attack or defend them, except by propositions which are neither more manifest nor more certain than themselves; and 3. That their practical influence extends even to those individuals who affect to dispute their authority.\* If the Reviewer intends to question the correctness of this "leading article of Dr Reid's philosophy," he will have ample opportunities of so doing, when considering the subsequent part of Mr Stewart's work; but

\* See Stewart's Elements, vol 2. p. 79.

in the meantime, I have only to add, that when he mentions "a satisfactory explanation of the nature and degree of evidence which *naturally belongs* to our opinions, according to the different circumstances connected with the respective sources from which these proceed," as all that metaphysicians ought to engage themselves to perform, and when he speaks of the absurdity of hoping, "by reasoning, to show the abstract credibility of our reason," he has himself come fully as near the leading point of Reid's philosophy as ever Des Cartes did.

2. It is stated in the Review, that some of the ancient philosophers perceived, before Des Cartes, "that our idea of mind is not direct but relative," and therefore understood, although they did not formally maintain, that "nothing comprehensible by the imagination can be at all subservient to the knowledge of mind." But, without stopping to inquire whether the sentences to this effect quoted from Cicero really express the opinions of Des Cartes on this subject, in their full extent and practical application, it is surely unnecessary to observe, that it is one thing to make a just observation on a point in philosophy, and another to lay down a distinct and correct philosophical rule, and adhere to it systematically, in opposition to all theory, and in defiance of all authority. Mr Stewart has shown, even in modern times, and after the full development of the principle in question, "the strong bias of shallow reasoners to relapse into the same scholastic errors, on this subject, from which Des Cartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Reid, have so successfully laboured to emancipate the mind." The ancients not only did not lay it down formally as a first principle, that "nothing comprehensible by the imagination can be at all subservient to the knowledge of mind," but they have been much belied, if they did not attempt, in practice, to make many things, comprehensible only by the imagination, subservient to that knowledge. This sort of philosophy Des Cartes overthrew. In the simple but emphatic language of Dr Reid, "that reverence for hard words and dark notions, by which men's understanding had been strangled in early years, was now turned into contempt, and every thing doubted which was not clearly

and distinctly understood. This is the spirit of the Cartesian philosophy, and is a more important acquisition to mankind than any of its particular tenets; and for exerting this spirit so zealously, and spreading it so successfully, Des Cartes deserves immortal honour."

I cannot help inviting the attention of the reader to the striking contrast between the timid and querulous tone in which the Reviewer complains of the discredit "brought on the Science of Mind, by Des Cartes's rashness," and admonishes future writers not to "venture on similar experiments,"—and the liberal and manly manner in which Dr Reid, even when engaged in correcting the errors of that author, pays his willing tribute of admiration to the spirit and freedom of his philosophical inquiries.

On the defence which is made in the Review, against the attack contained in Mr Stewart's work on the English seats of learning, I should not have offered any comments, if that defence had not seemed to me to contain an error in point of logic, of which one who pretends to no knowledge of the facts may nevertheless be permitted to judge. Mr Stewart's accusation is simply, that antiquated, foolish, and erroneous doctrines in logic and metaphysics, are taught in these universities. To this it would be a perfectly fair answer to say, and prove by statements and reasonings, that the doctrines there taught are not foolish or erroneous, but wise and true. But when the Reviewer answers, that those institutions "are manifestly projected with a view to many other objects" than facilitating the progress of science, and rearing a succession of professors and philosophers, Mr Stewart may surely retort, Are they projected with a view to any objects, the attainment of which requires that folly and error should be taught in them? If they are not, then the argument remains in its full force, because those other objects may be pursued, and yet truth and wisdom be taught. If they are, then they are deserving of more severe reprobation than any that Mr Stewart has bestowed on them.

I shall conclude with an observation, which applies not only to this article but likewise to the former article in the Review, from which I have made some extracts. It is, that the phraseology which these writers have



employed in controverting some of Mr Stewart's doctrines, is so very different from his, as to occasion much embarrassment to one who wishes to form a judgment on the controversy. Thus, when they speak of "conceiving ideas in the imagination," of "perceiving ideas clearly," of conceptions and abstractions, as "the objects about which the mind is conversant," of dividing the phenomena of thought into "feelings and opinions," &c., they must be aware, that they use these terms in a sense very different from that in which they are employed by Mr Stewart. They must also be aware, that this author has been at great pains to fix upon precise and definite terms for the use of metaphysical writers. The adoption of his phraseology would have enabled their readers, most of whom must be supposed to be acquainted with Mr Stewart's writings, to judge much more easily than they now can of the accuracy of their reasonings; and was the simple and obvious way of preventing any verbal misconceptions and consequent useless controversy. If, indeed, they disapprove of his phraseology, they may well be excused for not having adopted it; but they can hardly be excused for not having stated their objections to it, and pointed out the circumstances in which it differs from their own. But if they think that a correct, uniform, and definite phraseology is not of the utmost importance in logic and metaphysics, then they maintain an opinion which is directly opposed to that of the greatest authorities on those subjects, and for which it was still more incumbent on them to assign their reasons.

A.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

*Scene—A Churchyard.*

O HUSH'D be our souls as this Burial-ground!  
 And let our feet without a sound  
 Glide o'er the mournful clay;  
 For lo! two radiant Creatures flitting  
 O'er the grave-stones! now moveless sitting  
 On a low funeral mound! 'Tis day!  
 And, but that ghosts where'er they rove  
 Do in their breathless beauty love  
 The cold, the wan, and the silent light  
 O'er the Church-yard, shed by the Queen  
 of Night,  
 Sure sister-shades were They!

—Of many 'tis the holy faith,  
 E'er from the dying frame  
 Departs the latest lingering breath,  
 Its earthly garb the same,  
 A shadowy Likeness still doth come,  
 A noiseless, pale-faced, beckoning Wraith  
 To call the Stranger home!  
 Or, are ye Angels! who from bliss,  
 With dewy fall, unto our earth  
 On wings of Paradise descend,  
 The grave of Innocence to kiss,  
 And tears of an immortal birth  
 With human tears to blend!  
 Aye! there they sit! like earthly Creatures  
 With softer, sadder, fainter features!  
 A Halo round each head;  
 Fair Things whose earthly course is o'er,  
 And who bring from some far-distant shore  
 The beauty that on earth they wore,  
 With the silence of the dead.

The dream of Ghost and Angel fades,  
 And I gaze upon two Orphan-Maids,  
 Frail Creatures, doom'd to die!  
 Spirits may be fair in their heavenly sleep,  
 But sure when mortal Beings weep  
 In tears a beauty lies more deep,  
 The glimmering of mortality!  
 Their aged Friend in slumber lies,  
 And hath closed for an hour the only eyes  
 That ever cheared their orphan-state,  
 At the hour of birth left desolate!  
 She sleeps! and now these Maids have come  
 With mournful hearts to this mournful  
 home,  
 Led here by a pensive train  
 Of thoughts still brooding on the dead!  
 For they have watched the breast of Pain  
 Till it moved not on its bed,  
 The lifeless lips together prest,  
 And many a ghostly body drest,  
 And framed the shroud for the corpse of bone  
 That lay unheeded and alone,  
 When all its Friends were dead and gone!

So they walk not to yon breezy mountain  
 To sit in the shade of its silvery fountain,  
 And 'mid that lofty air serene  
 Forget the dim and wailing scene  
 That spreads beneath their feet!  
 They walk not down yon fairy stream  
 Whose liquid lapses sweet,  
 Might wrap them in some happy dream  
 Of a pure, calm, far retreat,  
 As on that rivulet seems to flow,  
 Escaping from a world of Wo!  
 But this still realm is their delight,  
 And hither they refrain  
 Communion with the Dead to hold!  
 Peaceful, as at the fall of night,  
 Two little Lambkins gliding white  
 Return unto the gentle air  
 That sleeps within the Fold.  
 Or like two Birds to their lonely nest,  
 Or wearied waves to their bay of rest,  
 Or fleecy clouds, when their race is run,  
 That hang, in their own beauty blest,  
 'Mid the calm that sanctifies the west  
 Around the setting Sun.

Phantoms ! ye waken to mine eye  
 Sweet trains of earthly imagery !  
 Whate'er on Nature's breast is found  
 In loveliness without a sound,  
 That silent seems to soul and sense,  
 Emblem of perfect Innocence !  
 Two radiant dew-drops that repose  
 On mossy bank at Evening's close,  
 And happy in the gentle weather,  
 In beauty disappear together !  
 Two Flowers upon the lonesome moor,  
 When a dim day of storm is o'er,  
 Lifting up their yellow hair  
 To meet the balm of the slumbering air.  
 Two Sea-birds from the troubled ocean  
 Floating with a snowy motion,  
 In the absence of the gale  
 Over a sweet inland vale !  
 Two early-risen Stars that lie  
 Together on the Evening-sky,  
 And imperceptibly pursue  
 Their walk along the depths of blue.  
 —Sweet Beings ! on my dreams ye rise  
 With all your frail humanities !  
 Nor Earth below, nor Heaven above,  
 An image yields of Peace and Love,  
 So perfect as your pensive breath  
 That brings unsought a dream of death !  
 Each sigh more touching than the last,  
 Till Life's pathetic tune be past !

N.

ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS THEATRICAL  
 REPRESENTATION AT STRASBOURG.

*Strasbourg, 20th Sept. 1816.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I WROTE to you on the 28th ult. from Wasselonne, which is at present garrisoned by Austrian troops, of whose appearance and discipline I then gave you some account. I left that town on the 30th, and reached this the same evening, where I have remained ever since. Amongst the sights of this place there is a tolerable theatre, for the alternate representation of French and German plays, and I have seen several of the compositions of the most celebrated dramatists of either country got up in a very respectable style,—of these the chief favourites appear to be Moliere and Schiller, whose names adorn the drop-scene here in the same manner that those of Thomson and Home do the theatre of Edinburgh. A few nights ago, having finished the business of the day, I agreed to accompany an English lady and gentleman, who are here on their way to Switzerland, to witness the performance of a play.

Having taken our seats, I entered

into conversation with an officer who happened to be in the same box, and learned, with astonishment, that, instead of a tragedy or comedy, the night's entertainment was to consist of a representation, by the company of actors, of some of the principal events in the life of our Saviour. As it was some time from the hour of commencement, I indulged myself in conjectures on the probable nature of the exhibition I was about to behold. I recalled to mind the earliest accounts of the drama in Greece, Italy, France, England, and other countries. I remembered that dramatic amusements had been primarily considered as ceremonies of a religious nature; that tragedy, now matured by the experience of ages, owed its origin to the pious wish of barbarians to appease an offended Deity; that, in later times, the monks selected certain events from the Sacred Writings as the subjects of theatrical representation, which obtained the name of Miracles or Mysteries, and which, however objectionable they might now appear, were well calculated, at a time when reading and writing were confined almost entirely to the clergy, to convey to the audience, and impress deeply upon their minds, a knowledge of holy writ. I recollected, also, that so late as the time of James the First, a mystery was exhibited at Oxford before that monarch and his queen, in which Adam and Eve are said to have been represented on the stage in almost their primitive simplicity, without giving the smallest offence to the spectators,—the authority of the first book of the Pentateuch being then held sufficient to warrant the representation of any of the facts which that sacred volume contains.

While my mind was musing on subjects of this kind, the curtain drew up, and displayed, mid-way between the stage and ceiling, a young person representing an angel moving his wings with a gentle winnowing motion, and regarding, at the same time, with looks of benign complacency, a young woman, whose eyes were fixed on him with the most reverential awe,—all the while the harmonica, a most heavenly instrument, concealed from view, played a sacred tune, which added greatly to the delusion of the scene. You will scarcely, I think, require to be informed, that

this represented the annunciation, (*l'annonciation*) after the celebrated picture by Guido; at least if you had witnessed it with me, you who have seen that famous picture, would have instantly recognised a striking resemblance, and would have acknowledged the artist's inferiority in conveying to the mind the deepest feelings of religion. Scarcely had the slight murmur of approbation, or rather of delight and satisfaction, which followed the falling of the curtain, subsided, when it was again drawn up, disclosing the shepherds at the manger (*les pasteurs près la crèche*), after the great picture of Dominechino, the harmonica playing as in the former scene. The third scene, likewise accompanied by the same delightful instrument, was the adoration of the wise men (*les mages*), after the picture by Rembrandt. The next represented the miracle performed by our Saviour on the young man of Nain (*le jeune homme de Nain ressuscité*), by raising him to life from the bier on which he was carried out from the house of his widowed mother, after the picture by Leonardo da Vinci. The fifth and last scene of this first act was the appearance of Christ to two of his disciples at Emmaus (*les disciples à Emmaüs*), where, as he sat at meat, he discovered himself to them in the breaking of bread. Picture by Titian. These two last scenes were accompanied by the organ.

I had now a little time for reflecting on the strange and unexpected sight I had witnessed, and to reason on the propriety of representing the most sacred events, as a spectacle for idlers, —of laying before a promiscuous assemblage, and within the walls of an unsanctified house, such hallowed subjects, as the infancy, youth, and manhood of our Saviour personified by mere mortals, —and of bringing even his last agonies in so natural and painfully distinct a form before the senses, as to leave little or nothing to be filled up by the imagination. Such exhibitions in Scotland would not now be tolerated, nor would many Roman Catholics in Britain approve of dramas of this kind, although they undoubtedly would have less objection to them than those of the Presbyterian persuasion, as, from the pictures in their churches, they are more in the habit of seeing the sufferings of the

martyrs, and the passion of Christ, made, so far as canvass will permit of it, the objects of the external senses; and what I have now seen, is but going a step farther.

But whatever a man may think in his cooler moments on this point, I do solemnly assure you, that, during the representation, so striking is the effect produced on the beholder, that he is lost to the perception of every object around him, save the figures on the stage, who all bear so strong a resemblance to the best pictures we have of the sacred characters they personify, that no one who has taken even a common interest in painting, can possibly mistake any of the characters. How this strange resemblance is produced, I cannot learn; the likenesses are too striking to be occasioned merely by a minute attention to dress; it would be in vain to suppose them natural in groups of so great a magnitude; and there was not the slightest appearance of masks. The figures of our Saviour and of the Virgin were particularly admirable. The curling chesnut locks, the flowing beard, and aspect more than human of the man of sorrow, were beyond description. The Virgin was attired after the manner of Raphael's famous picture,\* which she closely resembled in every feature. It is this most remarkable circumstance, the strength of the likenesses, which, more than any other, excited my admiration and astonishment; without it, indeed, the whole exhibition would have been totally uninteresting.—But I must now hasten, if my paper will allow me, to finish the account of this sacred drama.

The first scene of the second act was the Lord's Supper (*la sainte cène*); the twelve at table, as in the picture by Guido; and the disciple whom Jesus loved leaning on his bosom. The next was the washing of feet (*le lavement des pieds*), in which our Saviour is represented on his knees before Simon Peter. Picture by Rubens. The scourging previous to the crucifixion (*la flagellation*) was the third scene of this act, and was accompanied by the voices of females singing in parts. This scene contained a great number of persons, as, besides Jesus, Pontius Pilate, the chief priests, and

\* The celebrated *Madonna di Bologna*, now at Dresden.

the executioner, with upraised hand, ready to strike, the remote part of the stage was covered with Roman soldiers and Jewish rabble. The arrangement of this scene had been taken, I thought, from the picture by Salvator Rosa. The crown of thorns (*la couronne d'épines*) was the fourth and concluding scene of this act. Picture by Spagnoletto. It represented Jesus arrayed in a magnificent robe of purple, and holding a reed in his right hand. He was in the midst of his persecutors, some of whom were kneeling in mockery before him. This scene, like the former, was accompanied by a plaintive song.

The drop scene now fell for the second time; and on being again raised, displayed the crucifixion (*le crucifiement*) in all its horrors. The persons introduced here, were the same as in the last scene, with the addition of the mother of Jesus, the two Marys, and the malefactors: but this most striking scene was very short, owing either to the painful nature of the subject, or to the inability of those on the cross, to bear a longer suspension by the arms and head. Picture by Rubens. The descent from the cross (*la descente de la croix*) was likewise a short scene, ending as soon as the body was received into the arms of Joseph of Arimathea. Picture by Raphael. Our Saviour's resurrection from the dead (*la résurrection*), with an accompaniment of a powerful organ, was the last scene. Picture by Annibal Caracci. Here the keepers appointed by the chief priests and Pharisees appear watching at the mouth of the sepulchre, the door of which is blocked up by a great stone; the angel of the Lord descends, rolls back the stone with apparently superhuman strength, and sits upon it: the keepers fall down senseless, Jesus rises from the dead, and while he is ascending towards heaven, the curtain drops. Thus ended this awful representation, the remembrance of which, from its striking character, heightened by the unexpected manner in which I witnessed it, can never be effaced from my memory.

On reflecting dispassionately on the propriety of dramatizing sacred events, I think it may safely be asserted, that, as far as the exhibition I have been endeavouring to describe went, that no harm was done, farther than that

certain remarkable occurrences were represented, without sufficient attention having been bestowed on the order of time in which they happened. The appearance of our Saviour, for instance, to the two disciples at Emmaus, which, you will observe, was represented as having taken place before the institution of the Lord's supper, when in fact that event did not occur till after his resurrection, might mislead many. It is an anachronism which can only be accounted for by saying, that after so striking a scene as that which represents the resurrection, with all its dreadful and grand accompaniments, the sound of the earthquake and the rolling away of the stone, the meeting at Emmaus would have appeared tame and destitute of stage effect. But the shortest and perhaps the best answer which can be given to this explanation is, that if there is any reason for not representing an occurrence in the order of time in which it actually happened, it had better be left out altogether.

In this representation, unlike the mysteries or miracles which were formerly acted in England, there was not a word spoken; and with exception of scenes fourth and fifth of the first act, and second and third of the last act, little or no motion. Each scene was a simple representation of a particular event in the history of our Saviour, accurately copied from a picture by some celebrated master. These masters, to the best of my ability, I have named to you: there may be some errors, but in general I think you will find me correct. I have also given you the French title of each scene as it took place. You cannot fail to have observed another circumstance in which this exhibition differed materially from the old miracle-plays represented in England; I allude to the omission of subjects requiring the introduction of those Persons in the Godhead, whose spiritual and unmixed nature (whatever may be thought of the introduction of other sacred characters) marks them out so strongly as improper subjects for personification. The devil also, who, as Mr Warton informs us, was the principal performer in the English mysteries, and whose duty it was to roar for the amusement of the audience, has here no part assigned him; and I confess, however much the mob might delight

in seeing him punished by the vice or harlequin of the piece (another absurd and useless character in the old mysteries), I think his absence good company. I am ever your affectionate friend,

B. S.

NEW GOLD COINAGE.

MR EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH we had not possessed complete and direct evidence as to the fact of the new gold coin being rapidly disappearing from circulation, the slightest attention to the circumstances under which it has been paid, would satisfy us that such must really be the case. A single *sovereign* weighs 5 dwts 3,274 grs, and consequently four *sovereigns* weigh 1 oz. 0 dwts 13,096 grs. But as one ounce of gold bullion, at present, sells in the market for 80s., it is obvious that the melters of the coin must secure a profit of about 13 grs of gold, or 2s. 2d., very nearly, on the fusion of every four *sovereigns*, or 6½d. on each. Now this is a state of things which appears to me to call loudly for attention. The nation has incurred a very large expense by the late coinage, and surely it must be held as the acmé of folly to persist in issuing the coin, when it must be immediately melted down. To attempt, however, to prevent its fusion, by any legal enactments, would be absurd. A reduction of the price of bullion is the only way in which the evil can be checked; and that can only be effected by lessening the quantity of government paper, or exchequer bills, in circulation, and by obliging the whole notes of the Bank of England, and of the different country banks, to be paid in specie on demand. It is ridiculous to imagine, that while several hundreds of banking establishments, whose profits must in a great measure depend on the amount of their notes in circulation, can issue their paper without any check, coin of standard weight and purity will also continue to circulate. No such anomaly can take place. The internal transactions of the country will be carried on by means of the depreciated medium; and the precious metals will be melted down and exported.

Much, however, as all fluctuations in the value of the currency are to be

depreciated, as tending to render every commercial transaction a kind of gambling speculation, and as fundamentally vitiating every contract,—still it does not appear that the circulation of gold coin is at all necessary to guard against these evils. On the contrary, it has been shown to be an idle waste of the national resources. By adopting Mr Ricardo's happy and original idea, of making bank-notes payable in bullion, we should have all the security of a gold currency without any of its expense. No over-issue of bank paper could take place; and, at the same time, all the multiplied and heavy expenses of mintage, and the loss occasioned by the tear and wear of the coins, would be saved to the country.—I may perhaps enter at greater length upon this subject at a future opportunity. In the mean time, I am, &c.

Edinburgh, 11th Nov. 1817.

THE KNIGHTS ERRANT.

No I.

Τὴν Βαλλόμεν;

SOME modern geniuses have thought proper to be of the opinion, that high civilization and science detract something from the proper character of our nature, and that a very refined nation is very near being no nation at all. I confess that I have no faith in such paradoxes, when stated in the broad words of a Rousseau; but what is quite false in the general, may, in a particular instance, be most true; and although I must always believe *science* to be a good, I have no great difficulty in conceiving that there may be a *science* which is an evil. The study of statistics is, I think, a dangerous novelty; I can foresee, from its progress, consequences of the most alarming nature. I have no doubt, that the degradation and fall of particular states is very likely to result from the increasing accuracy with which, by the kindness of a set of dry and unimaginative arithmeticians, great nations are put to school and taught to calculate, in black and white, the exact amount of their comparative powers of doing harm.

In former times, men estimated the

power of states by the nature of the achievements they performed, but now a-days we count their forces; and nothing is more evident in our eyes, than that a monarch, possessed of thirty millions of men and thirty millions of revenue, must in the end succeed in working the ruin of any neighbour who has only a population of two millions, and a corresponding income at his command.

Since statesmen began to deal in statistics, the following consequences have appeared:

I. Large states are delighted with any opportunity of making war upon small ones. The character of the enemy begins to be less thought of; and, by being less thought of, becomes in a short time less worthy of thought. We consider not what are the moral qualities of those we shall invade, but only what sort of appearance their numbers will make, when placed after the Italian method, in the opposite page of our ledger, and we calculate our ability to meet a war exactly as a merchant would his ability to meet a bill.

II. Small states, on the contrary, have grown very timorous. They are no longer animated and inspired by the memory of former actions, and the consciousness of moral strength. They reflect, that if two millions be subtracted from thirty millions, there still remains a balance of twenty-eight millions. They consider themselves as just so much *minus*, and lose no time in seeking to make some composition with their great Croesus of a creditor. Had Athens and Persia understood statistics, Themistocles would have represented to his countrymen, that it was absurd to think of carrying on a war against Xerxes,—that they absolutely had not the *materiel*.

III. Every great nation is filled with the lust of conquest, exactly as a merchant is filled with the lust of lucre. The more she balances her books, the more she is tempted to plunge into new adventures. She is always for making some additions to her counting-house, and hiring in a more formidable array of clerks. She has acquired the habit of going on change, and cannot for the world think of retiring to enjoy the profits of her trade in the midst of her family in the country.

IV. In former times the desire of

war and conquest was confined to a few individual princes, who happened to be cursed with a bold and fiery temperament, and a restless thirsting after glory. Such princes were not very common, for characters of that sort are at all times rare among us, and the greater proportion of people always prefer snugness and quiet enjoyment of what they have, to hazardous attempts at acquisition. Wherever there happened to be no such prince, the world was sure to enjoy a season of peacefulness and repose. But now war is the business, not of a hot-headed monarch with a sword at his side, but of a pale, clever, algebraical secretary with a pen behind his ear:—wars are proclaimed, not by a Feialis tossing a burning torch over the frontier, and invoking the Gods to pour down their thunder on the adversary, but by a genteel French letter from one Minister to another, beginning "*Excellence,*" and ending "*agreez les temoignages.*" Yours,

SIR DACRYON.

#### HORÆ HISTORIÆ.

#### No I.

AMONGST the various species of government to which, in different ages and different regions of the earth, civilized man is found subjected, we can scarcely trace the form of a pure democracy. Every where we see large portions of mankind submitting, without resistance, to a scanty number of rulers, who seem to hold their power and their existence at the mercy of the thousands they govern with arbitrary authority. It seems as if man, when he ceases to be a savage, becomes so incapable of liberty, that even the blind unreasoning multitude is conscious of the incapacity, and justly fears self-dependence more than all the afflictions of tyranny.

We must not therefore be surprised, if the tranquillity and permanence of a system of government is not always measured by the happiness it secures to its subjects. We must not wonder if those fortunate periods, which exhibit freedom in union with the beauty of civilization, draw rapidly to a close: while the systems of power, which reach back to the darkest antiquity, and to which the laws of nature seem

to have assigned no determinate duration, are those in which all human rights and enjoyments are trampled beneath a lawless and insulting despotism. We must not wonder, if the rulers of states soon discovered how unimportant was the welfare of the nation to their authority; and if the bad passions of men, unchecked by fear, and inflamed by the consciousness of unlimited power, filled the courts of princes with crimes, and their realms with sorrow and desolation.

It might be imagined, that any speculation on events like these would only make us more intimately acquainted with the various aspects of human wretchedness. But the same history which records the guilt and the misery of man, preserves too the remembrance of his greatness; and the inquiry which discovers to us the effects of sovereign authority, under the opposed circumstances of acquisition and hereditary transmission, will lead us through scenes of society where barbarous violence is redeemed by high and generous virtues, or where the severity of absolute power is compensated by the quiet happiness of domestic affections; and sometimes it will turn our thoughts on those princes, who, in despite of the seductions of royalty, have toiled for the welfare of their subjects, and have left a name that was blessed by posterity.

The simplest state of society, consistent with any form of government, is before the usurpation of a few have appropriated the lands and liberties of the multitude of mankind; when a nation is composed of free and independent tribes, and every tribe of independent freemen. This was the condition, during the height of the Roman power, of many of those barbarous nations who at length established their kingdoms on its ruins; it was the state of the northern savages of America, while they were yet unspoiled by European commerce. In that society where every man stands free and alone among his equals, and maintains, by his own prudence and courage, his honour and the enjoyment of his rights, while his limbs are exercised, by the storm and the toils of the chase, to strength and hardihood, his soul is rendered noble by the consciousness of liberty, and bold by the struggles with which he must defend it. And in a nation of men thus ac-

customed, from their childhood, to understand and assert their own and the national rights, each may confide to the fearless resolution, and the simple upright wisdom, of his countrymen, the care of the common honour and welfare. Among such a people, the only distinction is that of superior wisdom and military virtue: the descent of these in the same line, the only title of nobility, and the foremost rank in danger its only privilege. They are not impelled, by the sense of their own weakness, to resign the charge of their welfare to a sovereign, and if they invest one among their warriors with the ensigns of royalty, all his measures are sanctioned or rejected by their assembly, and every act of his reign rests as entirely on their will, as his first election to the supremacy. And even where the honour has become hereditary, the authority of the nation has remained unimpaired; that honour was still enjoyed by their free and willing submission. Whether their king had been singled out from their warriors, or had succeeded to a royal ancestry, the temper of his reign was the same. His character was theirs in excess; his actions would justify the obedience of his people, and support the dignity of the national reputation.

The first great change in the form of society and government is, when the soil, that was the common patrimony of a nation of freemen, is shared out among a few powerful nobles, who yield an imperfect and precarious submission to their sovereign, but exercise over their vassals a severe and unresisted authority. The military character of the society still remains. The nobles can only exhaust the annual wealth of their fields in that profuse hospitality which supports a numerous band of adherents ready to arm at their call. They are constantly prepared for mutual hostilities, and they know of no glory but in war. That haughty independence which brooks no control, and that jealous honour which is watchful for offence, supply them with unfailing sources of dissension, while the rancour of hereditary feuds perpetuates to other ages the discord of each generation. This military state of society was more perfect in the feudal kingdoms established in the dismembered Roman provinces, than in any others with which we are acquainted; and it is curious to ob-

serve in their history, as the system advanced to its completion, how its influence extended itself through every part of human life, till the character of the nation, its manners, its institutions, its jurisprudence, the very tenures of property, the great bond of civil peace and security, were all pervaded, and moulded alike by the spirit of war.

All the abilities, the courage, and vigour, of the greatest kings, could scarcely maintain to the government a name of sufficient terror to awe the rebellious temper of the barons, and to suppress their mutual animosities. But, of the curses that could visit a devoted land, the most fatal was the accession of a feeble prince. The whole aristocracy was at once in arms,—the people were wasted by the sword and by famine,—and the seeds of art and improvement, which, during the tranquillity of a vigorous reign, had begun slowly to root themselves in the minds and manners of men, were scattered and lost amidst the furies of civil war. If we discover, in the feudal ages, a period marked out by the fulness of human calamity, a time of confusion and blood, which has left its terrible memory impressed on the hearts of men through succeeding generations, it is not the reign of a furious and sanguinary tyrant, but of a feeble and timorous, though often a virtuous, prince. Our own country has known no reign more full of desolation, than that of Henry VI., the harmless, the benevolent, and the pious.

It must have been with fearful expectation, that thoughtful men looked forward, in those times, to the succession of a lawful prince. For though they knew that the son of the sovereign, educated among the children of the barons, might early learn among them that high and daring spirit, which was one day to direct and control them, yet they recollected how much of their hopes rested on that chance, which might allot to them a mind that would defeat the most generous education,—they remembered that flattery might corrupt the noblest nature,—and they awaited, in doubt and alarm, the moment that was to decide their fate.

If he was found feeble and irresolute, and some powerful baron wrested from his hand the sceptre it was unable to wield, they could not look

with happier presentiments to the future lot of their country. The daring spirit that prompted his usurpation, and the prudence and vigour which had ensured its success, were but doubtful pledges of tranquillity. The high pride of the nobles is insulted by the supremacy of an equal, and he must tremble for the security of that throne, which he has shown to be accessible to a subject. Could he even maintain the energy of his government, that authority, which should be exerted to repress the discord of the nobles, would be occupied in guarding himself from rebellion. But if the tyrant, who knows that every good man is his enemy—who sees in every boldest and most forward adherent of his usurpation, only the boldest and most eager in rebellion, must hold all alike in suspicion;—if there can be no energy in a government which is divided in all its members by general distrust, what can his country expect from his reign, but the horrors of civil slaughter?

But should a prince of the royal house be the usurper, his reign may be peaceful and illustrious. The anxiety of the barons, that the son of their king should govern them, springs from no zealous loyalty to the constitution of the kingdom,—no fond and faithful attachment to the rights of the ancient blood of their sovereigns,—but from that pride, which cannot bear a lord of less than regal birth. If the youngest born chase his brother from his throne and country, no baron will arm for the exile. Both bear alike from their ancestors the splendour of royalty; and he will be acknowledged as the sovereign who proves himself capable of the dominion. The reigns of the first and second Henry, in England, are distinguished in the annals of turbulent ages by their internal security and quiet, and both were usurpers of the royal line.

When we search, in the records of a nation, for the reign that is most sacred to its remembrance, we must look for that prince who has been driven in childhood from his throne by lawless violence, and who, returning in the proud strength of virtue, has delivered his country from its oppressors, and resumed the ancient majesty of his race. Surrounded by early adversity, he is safe from those illusions of flattery and pleasure



which shut from the hearts of kings the knowledge of themselves, and of the beings they are to rule; and he learns, from his own sufferings, the wants and weaknesses of his nature. Pursued by danger, and struggling with distress, he learns vigilance, and courage, and manly endurance. And as in "the slender retinue that waits on infelicity" there is no room for treacherous hearts,—as there are none there but those brave and faithful followers, whom death only can separate from the fortunes of their master,—there he may learn gratitude, and friendship, and reverence for virtue, and confidence in good men. If there is one hope, one passion, which can exalt to the height of its nature a human soul, it is the hope and the passion nursed in his bosom, who, in exile and want, in peril and affliction, unsubdued and undismayed, looks onward with holy confidence to that day when he shall ascend, by his own valour, the throne of his fathers, and be hailed by his exulting people, as the long-implored angel of their deliverance. It is thus that Gustavus Vasa restored his Sweden from her Danish oppressors:—it is thus that Henry IV. made France forget the civil wars of the Ligue:—it is thus that Alfred tamed the spoilers of England,—that he raised her from affliction to glory, and changed her desolation to prosperity and peace.

The feudal state is only a step in the necessary progression of society. A new principle, the passion for luxury and wealth, springs up, and displaces that savage ambition of military power. The immense possessions, which transmitted the power of a family unbroken, from generation to generation, are shared among numerous proprietors; and that rude hospitality, which supported in formidable state the armed retinue of the baron, is exchanged for personal luxury and idle magnificence. The military system disappears from society, and the chief of the most illustrious house can no longer summon a single vassal to the field. The constitution of government changes with that of society. During the power of the aristocracy, the sovereign held no immediate control over the greatest part of his subjects: he governed them only through the barons. The government itself, therefore, had no principle of union

and strength. The only bond of connexion among its discordant parts, is the personal virtues and authority of the sovereign, who might force the barons to act in some imperfect concert. The moment this personal authority of the monarch ceased, the frame of government fell asunder; and its whole authority was annulled. But when the hereditary power of the nobles was extinct, the government reverted entirely to the king. All its functions were distributed at his pleasure among numerous officers, who owed their title to distinction to his will alone, and who were united in zealous obedience to the prince, who could dismiss them to obscurity as easily as he had called them to power. To maintain the union and vigour of a system of authority thus constituted, no personal virtues were required to be united with royalty; the legal title to the crown was alone sufficient.

If, therefore, in a refined and corrupted age, the prince who is educated in the splendour, the adulation, and luxury of a court, is more exposed to the infection of ignoble and enfeebling pleasures, than in more barbarous times; his weakness and vices are far less dangerous to his country. It will suffer under the licentious rapacity of uncontrolled ministers, but its internal repose and civil security will not be endangered. That security is the most essential of all blessings to a wealthy nation; and the burden of that rapacity is often its necessary price. This is the heaviest affliction of the reign of the worst prince. But, while the line of succession is unbroken, though corruption may extend itself through every branch of the government, that government remains secure—the country remains at peace till a monarch arises more worthy of the cares of sovereignty,—who controls the depredations of his ministers—expels, from the political system, its long established vices, and leaves the nation, with renovated vigour, to sustain again the reign of a feeble and dissolute king, and of rapacious and profligate ministers. Should the prevailing power of faction raise a prince to the throne who is not acknowledged by the laws, the nation may dread a revival of the scenes of a barbarous age; and even if his reign be free from civil war, it can never be marked by the happiness of his people. His virtues and his vices,

his weakness and his wisdom, are alike to them: he can only retain the adherence of his faction by the spoils of the country; and the dominion of the noblest and wisest usurper will surpass, in injustice and profligacy, that of the most impotent lawful prince.

If there be on earth a favoured people, which, in its age of civilization, unites the bold and manly spirits of its savage ancestors with the refinement of cultivated life, and the freedom of their barbarous independence with the security and repose of established government, that people will dread, as the chief of calamities, the violation of their constitution by the sovereignty of a usurper; it will implore, as the chief of blessings, the succession of its lawful kings.

If ever the usurpation of sovereign power may be regarded as the visitation of vengeance on the sins of a people, it is when it closes the long scene of revolutionary crimes and horrors. When the unexpiated, and still increasing, offences of a corrupted nation have exhausted at length the long-suffering of heaven, and the demon of anarchy is let loose, for a season, to fill the measure of guilt and desolation, the elements of discord can only be controled to peace by military power; and the land, by the necessity of its crimes, is subjected to a military despot. The calm which succeeds to the fury of those dreadful times, may reconcile the people at first to that usurped tyranny; but the tyrant himself is too deeply versed in crimes to feel security on that throne, and his reign, from the beginning, is polluted by midnight executions. If he can retain, by successful war, the affection of his soldiery, he may rule undisturbed; but the first leader who divides with him their allegiance, has opened the career to perpetual rebellion. What can he leave to his successors but intestine war, when he leaves them no title but that of the sword, which a successful battle may transfer to the hands of any bold and aspiring warrior? Rebel will succeed to rebel, and usurper to usurper, and no human foresight can predict the revolution which will restore, to the afflicted country, the security and honour of a lawful sovereignty. The civil wars of the corrupted and licentious Romans, left Augustus the military lord of the empire; and the history of that

empire told only of successful and unsuccessful rebellion, till the savages of the North poured their myriads over its provinces, and effaced, from the Roman world, the vestiges of its greatness, its luxury, and its crimes.

F. M. C.

WAKING DREAMS. A FRAGMENT.

O THAT my soul might breathe one touching strain,  
By the gracious Muses destined not to die,  
But murmuring oft, o'er valley, hill, and plain,

Enrolled mid Scotia's native minstrelsy!  
O more than blest the spirit of thy sky,  
Its stormy clouds, its depth of slumb'rous blue,  
And gladly would I close my filial eye  
In the calm fondness of a last adieu,  
Could I but frame one Lay to Thee and Nature true.

In olden time, thy glens were heard to roll  
The voice of song—deep, solemn, and divine,  
That claimed dominion o'er the happy soul,  
Most spirit-like, as from a secret shrine.  
Oft as the dewy Evening Star 'gan shine,  
Th' inspired Shepherd sought some lonely cave,

Nor, singing there, beheld its dim decline,  
Nor heard, entranced, the Piny Forest rave,  
Nor saw the glorious Sun descending to the wave.

The solitary soul, in such recess,  
An air-swept lyre, the breath of heaven obey'd;  
And, still his hymns were hymns of tenderness,

Of blissful loves, or earthly bliss decayed.  
The Poet died; and in the dust was laid!  
The green Earth hides him in its smiling rest!  
For, haply now, the Church-yard is a glade,  
Where by the feet of wandering wild-deer prest,

The flowers in Morning-dew are glistening  
o'er his breast.

Yet Wisdom weeps not o'er such Poets' fate,  
Tho' seeming robb'd of his eternal fame!  
The soul whom heaven and genius consecrate,  
In Nature's Memory lives without a name.  
The beauty of the Wild Flower is the same  
To him who loves it for that beauty's sake,  
And for that sake alone! fair is the flame  
Of nameless stars that suddenly awake,  
And the Earth laughs with light of many a  
nameless Lake.

Yet looking now o'er this delightful Earth,  
A clinging spirit of immortal love  
Is blending with the sweet land of my birth!  
As if on field, lake, mountain, glen, and grove,  
When I am dead, some part of me might move!

Some faint memorial of my mortal day  
 Sleeping like moonlight the old woods above!  
 My soul in sorrow turneth from decay,  
 O might it live on Earth, embalmed in  
 heavenly Lay!

Have I not e'er since reason's dawning light  
 Thee Scotland worshipp'd with praise and  
 prayer!

Lovely by day, magnificent by night!  
 Where is the cloud-wrapt hill, the valley  
 fair,

If mortal feet might climb or wander there,  
 Whose Echo ne'er hath answer'd to my  
 voice?

The unsunn'd-Glen, the breathless Forest,  
 where

That hath not heard my raptur'd soul rejoice  
 In Nature's hush divine, her spirit-hum-  
 bling noise?

I, like an Eagle, o'er the mountain-cliff,  
 Have soared in dreams as lofty and as lone;  
 On air-woven Lakes, I from my fairy skiff  
 The anchor of my solitude have thrown.  
 Methinks, that but to me some spots are  
 known!

—Give answer from afar, thou once-seen  
 Glen,

Thou shadowy, silent world of mist and  
 stone,

Thy desert shapes like Images of Men,  
 In mockery of Man's voice, the small pipe  
 of the Wren!

Or answer Thou! with music and with light,  
 Thou Vale of Vales! that to the Evening  
 Star

My soul did consecrate one summer-night,  
 When loth that such sweet darkness should  
 debar

My soul from loveliness it could not mar,  
 I ask'd that gentle Orb to be the guide  
 Of one, who from his way had wander'd far,  
 And soon she led me where my heart espied  
 Valley and Lakelet bright, by midnight  
 glorified!

Yet to the impulse of such lifeless things  
 I ne'er so far surrender'd up my dreams,  
 As not to feel my spirit's folded wings,  
 Like a bird basking in Life's sunny gleams.  
 Yea! whether musing by the moorland  
 streams,

Or in the arms of mountain-silence bound,  
 From human eyes far off the loveliest gleams  
 Came smiling o'er the loveliness around,  
 Yea! even the trickling dew was like a  
 human sound.

For other friendships have I learn'd to cherish,  
 Than with the Sky, the Ocean, and the Earth;  
 Lovely they are and pure—but they must  
 perish,

For perishing the fount that gave them birth.  
 But on the human face immortal mirth,  
 Or calm than mirth far lovelier may endure;  
 Nor shall that heart e'er ache in spiritual  
 dearth,

Nor ever pine for pleasures, high and pure,  
 Linked to its brother-man, in brotherhood  
 secure.

Among the hills a hundred homes have I;  
 My Table in the wilderness is spread;  
 In those lone spots, a human smile can buy  
 Plain fare, kind welcome, and a rushy bed.  
 O dead to Christian Love! to nature dead,  
 Who, when some cottage at the close of day  
 Hath o'er his soul its cheerful dimness shed,  
 Feels not that God was with him on his way,  
 Nor with these simple folks devoutly kneels  
 to pray.

What means the silent Lake, the Cataract's  
 roar,

The snow-like moonshine on the summer-hill,  
 Old Ocean thundering o'er his solemn shore,  
 Or the faint hymning of the infant rill?  
 Say, can such things th' immortal Spirit fill  
 With perfect voice or silence like their own?  
 No, in its trance the soul is longing still  
 For other music; by one breath o'erthrown,  
 The Fancy's pageant sinks with its aerial  
 throne.

Where is the radiance, touching as the hue,  
 Breathed by delight o'er childhood's laugh-  
 ing cheek?

What glimpse of ether, beauteous as the dew,  
 In eyes whose gazing silence seems to speak  
 Of something in our souls more husht and  
 meek,

Than aught that sleeps on sky, earth, sea,  
 or air!

Then turn from such vain images—and seek  
 True Beauty shrined amid yon golden hair,  
 Behold yon snow-white brow—her throne,  
 her heaven is there.

Then, as thou wanderest through thy native  
 vales,

Like wild-flowers spread to cheer thee on  
 thy way,

(Wild-flowers all dancing in the sunny gales)  
 Sweet sinless children, smiling in their play,  
 Will chain thy footsteps oft with fond delay!  
 Thou see'st, as in some Mere's unclouded  
 glow,

The pure bright morn of being's vernal day,  
 And, gazing on the heaven that lies below,  
 Feel'st not to draw thy breath amid this  
 world of woe.

If such the temper of thy heart, what joy  
 Is rising there, when on some radiant steep  
 Thou see'st the solitary Shepherd-boy,  
 (While his white flock amid the sunshine  
 sleep)

Through all the long day's stillness, lone  
 and deep,

Sitting, unwearied as the gladsome brook  
 That sings along with many a frolic leap,  
 While earnestly his unuplifted look  
 Lives on the yellow page of some old fairy  
 book.

Alone thou need'st not be, tho' all around  
 Thy dreaming soul a mountainous region lie

Spread like a sea that heaves without a sound,  
Chained in tumultuous silence 'mid the sky.  
Cloud-like ascends before thine inward eye  
The wreathed smoke, from many a palm-  
tree grove,

Mid the still desert mounting silently,  
Straight up to heaven! and, as it fades above,  
Seems a sweet guardian Power that eyes the  
earth with love.

Blessings be on yon hill-side cottages!  
A starry groupe rejoicing in the mist!  
Blest be the leaves, fruit, branches of the  
trees,

And the thatched roof they shelter ever blest.  
Long hath the light of knowledge and of rest  
Thence banished sin, and suffering there be-  
gulled;

That loving angel, Innocence, hath kissed  
Frequent the cheek of every rosy child,  
And leads them dancing on along the path-  
less wild.

Ah me! when wandering at sweet eventide,  
Mid the fair vales of England, as they lay,  
Of their own beauty touched with stately  
pride,

Encircled with the diadem of May!  
Here Palace-domes, there dwellings light  
and gay,

In groves embosomed, or with rosy showers,  
Bride-like adorned in beautiful array,  
Where, charmed by fragrance, the delight-  
ed Hours,

Seemed, as the sun went down, still linger-  
ing mid the flowers,

How hath that gorgeous vision in the air,  
(Light, music, fragrance, cottage, tower,  
and dome,)

Melted to nothing! Thou art smiling there,  
Most sweetly smiling through the highland  
gloom,

Just as Eve's star and crescent-moon illumed  
Heaven's arch, that folds thee in the hush  
of night.

Wild Hamlet! In thy quiet's inner room  
The wanderer sits, and wonders in delight  
On what kind angel's wing hath been his  
homeward flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

EREMUS.

*Marischall College, Aberdeen.*

HORÆ JURIDICÆ.

No I.

OBSERVATIONS ON "Reports of some recent Decisions of the Consistorial Court of Scotland, in Actions of Divorce concluding for Dissolution of Marriages celebrated under the English Law; by JAMES FERGUSSON, Esq. one of the Judges."\*

THE Consistorial Court of Scotland, from the date of its institution in the

\* 8vo, price 12s. Constable & Co. Edinburgh. 1817.

year 1563, has possessed and exercised, without challenge, the power to dissolve marriage on proof of adultery. Down to a very recent period, no distinction seems in general to have been made between the cases of foreign parties or of foreign marriages, and those of Scotch parties married in Scotland. Lately, however, certain doubts have been started, regarding the power of our Consistorial Court to dissolve marriages celebrated in England, or subsisting between English parties. These doubts have not only been entertained, and in some instances given effect to, by the Judges of our own Consistorial Court, but have, to a certain extent, been entertained by the twelve Judges of England. The House of Lords manifested a doubt upon the subject, in the case of *Lindsay v. Tovey*. In that case, a marriage celebrated at Gibraltar, between a Scotchman, while with his regiment there, and the daughter of an English officer, had been dissolved by a decree of the Scotch Consistorial Court; and on appeal to the House of Lords, the case was remitted back to the Court of Session, for the purpose of having the powers of the Scotch Consistorial Court to dissolve marriages celebrated within the pale of the English law solemnly discussed. Unfortunately, however, the death of Major Lindsay put a period to the proceedings in that case, and defeated the opportunity which it would have afforded of obtaining the deliberate and final judgment of the court of last resort, on a point of so much importance to the community, and of such general interest as a question of international law. But the case of *Lolly*, which happened about the same time, afforded a striking instance of the danger to be apprehended from a collision between the laws of the two countries. In that case our Consistorial Court sustained an action for divorce, and, upon proof of adultery, dissolved a marriage which had been celebrated in England, between English parties who had only resided in Scotland for a few months previous to the date of the action. But one of the parties contracting a second marriage in England, was found guilty of bigamy. It was pretty clear, therefore, that the courts of England were not inclined to recognise the power of the Consistorial Court of Scotland to dissolve a marriage celebrated within

the pale of the English law. By the rule of the law of England, marriage cannot be dissolved for adultery by judicial sentence; and from the tenor of the opinions delivered by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Redesdale in the case of *Lindsay v. Tovey*, these learned persons seem to hold, that marriage, being a contract, must be judged exclusively by the law of the country where the contract was entered into: a marriage celebrated in England, being indissoluble by the law of England, must therefore be indissoluble all the world over.

We have already mentioned, that the Judges of the Consistorial Court of this country were not free from doubt upon the subject. Previous to the remit from the House of Lords, in the appeal case of *Tovey v. Lindsay*, and to the conviction of Lolly for bigamy, the Commissaries of Edinburgh had refused, in the case of *Utterton v. Tewsh*, 1811, to grant divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, because the marriage had been celebrated in England, and the parties, at the date of the action, had no permanent domicile in Scotland. But the Court of Review\* altered that judgment, and directed the Commissaries to proceed in the action. These instructions were of course followed, and served as a rule to the Consistorial Court in several subsequent cases.

When the case of *Lindsay* was remitted, owing to the doubt entertained by the House of Lords, and when the fate of the case of *Lolly*, on which the opinion of the twelve Judges in England had been taken, came to be known to the Judges of our Consistorial Court, they considered the general point as still open, and deserving of serious consideration. The growing frequency of actions for the dissolution of English marriages gave an additional importance to the subject; and it was the duty of our Consistorial Court to remove, if possible, that *conflictio legum* which their former proceedings had shewn to exist. This was not easily done. While it was desirable, on the one hand, to endeavour to re-

concile the laws of the two branches of the state, and, if possible, to prevent the recurrence of serious injury to individuals, and obviate the disputes which might arise regarding succession, it was, on the other hand, necessary to preserve entire the laws of our own country and the privileges of our courts. It was likewise necessary for the Judges of our Consistorial Court to pause, before they withheld from foreigners living amongst us any part of that redress for civil wrongs which was granted to the inhabitants of Scotland. The Judges of the Consistorial Court therefore resolved to examine the nature of their powers, and to take the earliest opportunity to have the whole matter canvassed. It happened that the cases of *Edmondstone v. Lockhart*, *Duntze v. Levett*, and *Butler v. Forbes*, came to be in dependence about the same time; and soon thereafter, the case of *Kibblewhite v. Rowland* came also to be in dependence. These cases, together with that of *Utterton v. Tewsh* already noticed, afforded room for the discussion of all the points on which any doubt had been entertained regarding the powers of the Consistorial Court. In none of these cases, however, except that of *Edmondstone v. Lockhart*, was any serious opposition made by the defender: in all the other cases, the Judges were left to decide upon the pleadings of the pursuers alone, without any argument being submitted on behalf of the defenders. Whether this proceeded from the disposition of the parties having no objection that the marriages should be dissolved, though by the establishment of their guilt, it is impossible to ascertain; but as the only check imposed by the law against collusion is the requisition of an oath from the pursuer, and as it would be hard to deny the pursuer redress, because the defender was so shameless as not to object to the public exposition of his guilt, the Commissaries had no means of detecting whether any previous concert existed between the parties. We fear, however, that the number of the cases, and the apathy of the defenders, gives too much reason to suspect that foreigners are inclined to make a handle of our laws, for the purpose of dissolving a contract which, by the laws of their own country, cannot be dissolved by judicial sentence; and

\* Lord Meadowbank, before whom the case was brought by advocacy, and in whose opinion it was to judge of the case himself, or to take the opinion of the other Judges of the Court of Session.

that the barrier which our law has opposed against collusive actions of divorce is but too easily evaded.

To the volume now before us we are indebted for a report of the proceedings in each of the five last mentioned cases, together with a copious appendix, containing a summary of various cases decided by the Consistorial Court, from the year 1692 to the present time, in illustration of the points to which reference is made to them in the text. The appendix also contains a full report of the opinions of the Judges of the Consistorial Court, in the case of *Gordon v. Pye*, printed by order of the Court of Review; and a reprint of the report in the collection for the Faculty of Advocates, of the proceedings in the Court of Session in the cases of *Edmonstone, Levett, and Forbes*, on the 5th March and 1st June 1816. The appendix likewise contains a variety of useful and interesting notes and documents, illustrative of the opinions of the Judges, or of the arguments for the parties.

In all of the cases reported by Mr Fergusson, the Consistorial Court had refused to grant divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*; but the cases having been brought by advocacy before the Court of Session, were all remitted to the Commissaries, with instructions to alter their interlocutors and proceed in the actions.

The grounds upon which the Commissaries had refused to grant divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* were twofold. Some of the Judges were of opinion that the contract of marriage ought in all cases to be judged by the *lex loci contractus*; and as by the law of England marriage could not be dissolved by judicial sentence, so a marriage celebrated within the pale of that law could not be dissolved by the courts of any country to which the parties might remove, whatever might be the law of that country in regard to marriages celebrated within its own territory. Others of the Judges were of opinion (and to this opinion Mr Fergusson seems to lean), that the question was not to be tried by the law of the country in which the contract was entered into, but by the law of the country in which the parties were really domiciled at the date of raising the action: That the presumptive domicile arising from forty days residence, or personal citation within the terri-

tory, was not sufficient to entitle our courts to apply the laws of this country in a question as to the conjugal relations of foreigners, except in as far as our laws coincided with those of the country where the marriage had been celebrated: That to entitle us to dissolve a marriage celebrated in England, it is necessary that the parties have their real domicile in Scotland; that they have taken up their permanent residence in Scotland; that they are there *animo remanendi*. This objection to the powers of our Consistorial Court admitted of various applications. It applied to the case of English parties married in England, but who had come to Scotland for a time, though without any *animus* of remaining there. It applied to the case of English parties who had been married in Scotland, but who had not taken up their permanent residence there. It therefore applied to all Gretna Green marriages. On the other hand, this objection did not apply to the power of the Commissaries to dissolve a marriage between Scotch parties, though celebrated in England. The application of these views will be best understood, by presenting our readers with a short abstract of the different cases reported by Mr Fergusson.

The first case is that of *Elizabeth Utterton v. Frederick Tewsh* (October 1811). The question which there occurred, as stated by the reporter, was, "Whether the jurisdiction of the Consistorial Court of Scotland is competent in an action of divorce between English parties, upon the ground that the defender has been cited and convened in Scotland?" The facts of the case were as follow:—On 29th May 1811, the defender was cited in the county of Edinburgh, by personal service of a summons, in which the pursuer stated, that the parties had been married in England on 22d July 1790, and had cohabited in that kingdom till the beginning of the year 1806; but alleged, that he had then deserted her society, and had afterwards lived in adultery with different women, both in England and in this country. Upon these grounds she concluded for divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The defences admitted that the defender had "for some time past resided in Scotland;" adding merely, "that he is under the protection of the Court, and with that impression he leaves the

pursuer to adopt such steps as she may judge proper." The Commissaries apprehended collusion, and gave a deliverance, appointing "the pursuer to state, in a condescence, the grounds, both in fact and in law, on which she maintains that this Court is competent to maintain her action."

"In her condescence as to the 'grounds in fact,' the pursuer stated, that "the defender was resident in Scotland for more than forty days before the present action was raised. Several of the acts of adultery charged in the libel were committed in Scotland. He was personally cited here. He has made appearance in the action, and given in defences *in causa*." Hence it was assumed to follow, "that the defender was subject to the jurisdiction of this Court, first, by reason of his domicile, and secondly, by having prorogated the jurisdiction of the Court, if it required prorogation." The last of these propositions was held to be proved by the record. In support of the other it was pleaded, that foreigners acquiring a domicile in this country became amenable to its laws equally as natives. In all personal actions, or actions regarding moveables, or questions of *status*, jurisdiction arises from domicile alone, because access could only be had there to the defender, who must be amenable to the jurisdiction of the territory in which he was found.

It was further contended, that rights of personal *status* become subject to alteration by the law of the new domicile to which the party subjects himself. Although the law of England would be the rule, as to the interpretation and effect of an English matrimonial contract of marriage, yet the law of Scotland must point out the remedy for violation, within this kingdom, of the duties of the conjugal *status* imposed by the relation of marriage. To this condescence the defender only answered, by stating "his entire confidence that the Commissaries will decide this point of competency agreeable to law and justice." But the Commissaries, "In respect there are no circumstances condescended upon to shew that the defender is in this country *animo remanendi*, and that he has formed a real and permanent domicile here, find the condescence insufficient to establish the competency of the Court

to entertain the present action; but allow the pursuer to give in an additional condescence, stating all facts and circumstances tending to prove that the defender has come to this country *animo remanendi*." The pursuer gave in another condescence, containing various allegations as to acts of adultery committed by the defender with a woman who had accompanied him from London; and as to residence in Scotland, it was now averred, that "the pursuer had not learned where they resided from the month of January to the month of March; but on the day of that month they were found living at the house of Mrs Mackinnon at Portobello, and there they lived at bed and board together as husband and wife till towards the end of April. The defender, with the said woman, then removed to Mrs Gray's in Greenside Street of Edinburgh, and lived there at bed and board as husband and wife during the space of about one month; immediately after which he received his citation in the present action of divorce." To this last condescence no answer was made by the defender.

The Court having proceeded to decide the cause, two of the Judges were of opinion, that the facts alleged by the pursuer were insufficient to establish that the defender had changed his original domicile of England. It did not appear that he had come here *animo remanendi*. If he had died intestate at the date of his citation, his moveable estate would have been distributed according to the law of England. There were two kinds of domicile known in the law of Scotland. The one was the real domicile, with the intention of making this kingdom the place of his permanent abode; the other the presumptive domicile, assumed, in the case of a foreigner, from a residence of forty days, in order to found a jurisdiction by citation left at his dwelling-place, when he could not be served with a personal execution. This presumptive domicile, they observed, made no alteration as to any condition of a contract entered into between foreigners in their own country; the rule as to redress for violation must be sought in the law of the place where the defender stood bound to perform his engagements to the pursuer. This was the more necessary, because our decree of divorce might be disregarded

in England. Subsequent marriages might be considered valid in the one country and null in the other, to the danger of the parties, of their offspring, and of the good order of society.—Another of the Judges thought the action should be dismissed, though upon different grounds. The marriage, he observed, was an English contract; the law of England, therefore, fell to be preferred as the *lex loci contractus*, even if the defender had changed his proper domicile, and had become a subject of the law of Scotland. But the law of England declared a marriage under it to be indissoluble; the parties bound themselves to each other indissolubly; the contract was therefore not only indissoluble in England, but in any other country to which either of them might remove.

The remaining Judge of the Consistorial Court thought that the Court ought to sustain its jurisdiction, so far as to go into the question. It was a different matter what rule of law ought to govern the decision. The pursuer undertook to prove injuries for which redress somewhere must be competent. If the Court refused to entertain the cause at all, they would place a great part of the population of the country beyond the reach of the law as to conjugal duties and wrongs.

The judgment of the Court was:—"In respect the pursuer and defender are English, and never cohabited as husband and wife in Scotland; and that there are no sufficient circumstances stated to prove or render it presumeable that the defender has taken up a fixed and permanent residence in this country: Find that the Court has no jurisdiction in the present instance; therefore dismiss the present action, and decern."

A bill of advocation having been presented to the Superior Court, Lord Meadowbank, Ordinary, remitted the case to the Commissaries, with instructions to alter the above judgment, and proceed in the action. His Lordship's interlocutor was accompanied by a very able and ingenious note, wherein he pointed out the various grounds on which his opinion rested. Among other reasons for altering the judgment of the Commissaries, his Lordship remarks, "The establishment of a domicile has no sort of connexion with either the obligation to

fulfil the obligatory duties of the domestic relations, or the competency of enforcing it. A person, the instant he sets his foot in Scotland, is as much bound to maintain his wife and child as after forty days' residence there; and if he turned them out of doors, destitute, the first day he arrived, he is unquestionably as liable to be sued for aliment, adherence, &c. as if he had committed this outrage and resided forty days in one house. If not found in person to receive a citation, a domicile is of consequence; but it is of no consequence, in such a case, if the foreigner is cited in person, or his residence is sufficiently ascertained. The *animus remanendi* may be of great consequence to establish the presumptions on which the distribution of succession in moveables is supposed to depend; but it does not seem to enter into the constitution of a domicile for citation by forty days' residence, nor form any requisite, for the validity of a personal citation, or an action for obtaining redress of civil wrongs, more than for punishment of a crime. Nor can those suits which involve *questions status* admit of any different consideration. In all cases where the *status* claimed or decerned is *juris gentium*, the competency of trying such, wherever the person concerned is found, is obviously necessary. The domestic relations concern so much the most immediate comforts of life, and the well-being of society, that, where the parties concerned are present, it is impossible to leave to the Greek Calends, as the interlocutor complained of does, the trying of them, without incurring the obloquy of a *denegatio justitiæ*."

In obedience to the remit from Lord Meadowbank,\* the Commissaries altered their judgment; and a proof being allowed, and the allegations of the pursuer established, a decree of divorce, a *vinculo matrimonii*, was given in common form.

The instructions of Lord Meadowbank, in the case of Utterton, would probably have ever after served as a

\* His Lordship did not report this case to the Division of the Court of Session to which he belonged, because, as he expresses himself, "having been unsuccessful in the pursuit of a doubt, it appeared to me unbecoming and inexpedient to take any steps that implied a doubt to exist in a matter of so much importance."



rule to the primary Court, had not the question been again thrown open by the proceedings we have already alluded to, in the cases of Lindsay and of Lolly.

The first case which came before the Consistorial Court, after the remit from the House of Lords in the appeal case of Tovey *v.* Lindsay, was that of Gordon *v.* Pye. In that case the Commissaries gave effect to the *lex loci contractus*, but the Lord Ordinary altered that judgment. As that case was not brought before the whole Court of Review, Mr Fergusson has not thought it consistent with the plan of his book to report it. He has, however, in his appendix, given a statement of the facts of that case, and has also given, at great length, the opinions of the Judges of the Primary Court, to which we refer such of our readers as have any curiosity to know upon what grounds the Commissaries founded their opinion for the supremacy of the *lex loci contractus*,—or any zest for such works as those of Huber, Voet, Hertius, Emerigon, Ranchin, &c., which are frequently referred to by the learned Judges of the Consistorial Court.

The second case reported by Mr Fergusson, is that of Jane Duntze or Levett *v.* Philip Stimpson Levett. The question which occurred in this case is stated by Mr F. to have been, “Whether divorce *a vinculo* should be granted, in conformity to the law of the Scottish jurisdiction, although the parties are English, and have been married in England, and retain their domicile in that country at the date of the action, upon the ground that the defender has been cited and convened in Scotland for adultery committed there?” The parties were English; and the allegations set forth in the pursuer’s condescence were, That the parties were regularly married (28th July 1802) in England—they continued to cohabit together till October 1810, when the defender deserted his house at Greenwich, and took up his residence in the Temple Coffee-house in London, where he remained about fourteen months: That, of this date, (Feb. 1813) he came to Scotland, and has continued in this country ever since: That he resided in the town of Dunse in Berwickshire till August 1813; then removed to Coldstream in the same county, where he remained

till July 1814; then removed to Edinburgh, where he has since resided: That from the time of his coming to Scotland, he cohabited with a woman whom he described as his wife: That, since February 1813, he has had no lodging or dwelling-house of any kind, or place of business, in England.

The defender did not enter any appearance; and upon consideration of the pleading for the pursuer, two of the four Judges were for dismissing the action, both because the marriage had been celebrated in England, and because the parties had their domicile in that country; and therefore the law of England should be adopted as the rule of decision. The reasoning upon which this opinion was formed is fully reported by Mr Fergusson, but our limits will not permit us at present to recapitulate it. The other two Judges of the Primary Court were also of opinion that divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* could not be granted; but they rested that opinion solely upon the ground, that the real domicile of the parties appeared to be in England at the date of the action. The judgment of the Court (9th December 1814) therefore was: “In respect that the parties confessedly are English, and the marriage between them was celebrated in England, and that the permanent domicile and true residence of both, since their marriage, has always been, and now is in England; Find, that the alleged commission of adultery by the defender in Scotland, and his residence here, which, by the pursuer’s own statement, appears to be temporary and transient, can have no effect to alter the condition of the marriage between the parties as indissoluble, *secundum legem loci contractus*: Therefore find, that this Court cannot pronounce sentence of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, in terms of the conclusions of the libel: assoilzie the defender, and decern.” The case was afterwards submitted to the review of the Superior Court, by bill of advocacy, and was by Lord Reston reported to the Second Division of the Court of Session, along with the cases of Edmonstone and Forbes, to be afterwards noticed. The proceedings of the Court of Review in all those cases will be stated, after we have given a short account of the proceedings in each of them before the Primary Court.

In the case of Thomas Stirling Ed-

monstone *v.* Annabella Lockhart or Edmonstone, which is the next in order of Mr Fergusson's reports, the question at issue was, "Whether the redress for adultery should not be restricted to separation *a mensa et thoro*, because the marriage had been celebrated in England, although the parties were Scots, and had their only domicile in Scotland at the date of the action?"

The pursuer was born and educated in Scotland, and inherited a small patrimony, secured in an heritable bond, in Scotland. He had at one period been in the army, but returned to Scotland. He afterwards obtained a company in a Scots militia regiment, stationed in England; he there married, in 1805, the sister of the commanding officer, a Scotswoman; the marriage was celebrated in the English form—the contract was drawn up in the Scots form.—Soon after the marriage they returned to Scotland, where they cohabited as husband and wife for about eight years. The pursuer accused her of having there committed acts of adultery with one of his servants, whereupon he raised an action of divorce before the Commissaries. Her defence was, that the marriage having been celebrated under the English law could not be dissolved by judicial sentence. Two of the Judges of the Consistorial Court were for sustaining the action, on the ground that the real domicile of the parties was in Scotland. The other two Judges were of opinion, that the English rule ought to be preferred, as the contract was entered into in England. By a rule of Court, in cases of equality, judgment goes in favour of the defender, the interlocutor of the Commissaries therefore was, "In respect, it is admitted, that their marriage was regularly solemnized in England; Find, that neither the alleged domicile of the parties in this kingdom, nor the alleged commission of adultery here by the defender, can have the effect of altering the condition of the contract between the parties, as indissoluble *secundum legem loci contractus*, so as to authorize this Court to pronounce sentence of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*." This judgment was brought under review, along with that in the case of Edmonstone already mentioned, and that of Forbes now to be noticed.

The case of the Honourable Mrs

Mary Butler *v.* the Honourable Frederick Augustus Forbes (5th March 1817), was that of Irish parties, whose marriage had been celebrated in Scotland, in 1794, and who had immediately thereafter returned to Ireland, and lived there during the whole period of their cohabitation. The pursuer alleged, that the defender had afterwards come to Scotland, and remained here without any fixed abode from December 1813 to March 1814, when he was personally cited at Edinburgh; and that during his residence in this kingdom he had committed adultery. The Judges of the Consistorial Court were equally divided, as to whether the case ought to be decided by the law of the country in which the contract was entered into, or that of the country in which the parties had their real domicile. Judgment was therefore given for the defender (according to the rule of Court in cases of equality), finding that this, being a question of *status*, must be determined according to the laws of the country where the parties had their domicils at the time of contracting, and which they have not changed. Against this judgment a bill of advocacy was presented.

These three last cases were reported by the Lord Ordinary to the Judges of the Second Division of the Court of Session, who ordered the point to be solemnly argued in their presence, and also put the following questions to the other ten Judges:

"Is it a valid defence against an action of divorce in Scotland, on account of adultery committed there, that the marriage had been celebrated in England?"

"Or, that the parties had been domiciled there, when the marriage had been celebrated in Scotland?"

"Or, will it materially affect the defence, that the parties, though married in England, were Scots persons, who had thereafter cohabited in Scotland, and continued domiciled there?"

The answer was as follows:

"The ten Judges, to whom the above question has been referred, having maturely considered it separately, and having also conversed together on the subject, are unanimously of opinion,

"That it is not a valid defence against an action of divorce in Scotland for adultery committed there, that the marriage had been celebrated in England.

"Nor that the parties had been domiciled there when the marriage had been celebrated in Scotland.

"And, lastly, they are of opinion, where

the parties are Scots persons happening to be in England when their marriage was celebrated, but who thereafter returned to Scotland, and cohabited and continued domiciled there, that these circumstances can never aid the defence against an action of divorce in Scotland for adultery committed there, on the ground that the marriage had been celebrated in England. On the contrary, they are of opinion, that these circumstances will materially support the plea of the pursuer of the divorce.

“In giving this opinion, they think it necessary to add, that they take it for granted that there is no objection to the jurisdiction of the Court from the want of that residence or domicile in the parties which is necessary to found civil jurisdiction. And also, that there is no proof of collusion between the parties, either by direct evidence or necessarily arising out of the circumstances of the case, as they mean to give their opinion only on the abstract question put to them, and to say that the mere fact of the marriage having been celebrated in England, whether between English or Scots parties, is not *per se* a defence against an action of divorce for adultery committed here.

On the 5th March 1816, the case came to be decided by the Judges of the Second Division. Their Lordships were unanimously of opinion that the case of Edmonstone ought to be remitted to the Commissaries, with instructions to recall their interlocutor, and proceed in the action.\* In the cases of Forbes and Levett, Lords Glenlee, Bannatyne, and Robertson (the Lord Justice Clerk dissenting), proposed to remit to the Commissaries to make further inquiry as to the domicile. Lords Glenlee and Bannatyne thought it necessary to inquire into the domicile of the pursuer as well as the defender, but the Court being equally divided upon that point, the case stood over for the opinion of Lord Pitmilley, who (29th May and 1st June 1816), upon the grounds, that the Courts of this country were bound to give their own redress, and particularly, that in these two cases the pursuers were wives, whose domicile, except in the case of regular separation, follows that of the husband's, was of opinion, that it was unnecessary to inquire into the domicile of the pursuers.

The cases of Forbes and Levett were therefore remitted to the Commissa-

ries, with instructions “to recall their former interlocutor, to allow the pursuer to prove that the defender was domiciled, and residing in Scotland, when the action was raised, and also to make what inquiry they may think proper and competent, in order to ascertain whether the present process be collusive, and thereafter to proceed according to law.”

Upon taking further evidence as to the domicile in both cases, the Commissaries were satisfied that the defender was not in either case in Scotland, *animo remanendi*, they therefore dismissed the actions; but, upon second bills of advocacy being presented, they were directed to alter their judgment, and proceed in the divorces. The proof being satisfactory in both cases, decrees of divorce were pronounced.

The only other case reported by Mr Fergusson, is that of Mrs Lucy Kibblewhite *v.* Daniel Rowland.

This case came before the Commissaries while the three last mentioned cases were yet in dependence. The parties were citizens of London—were married there in 1807, and there only had cohabited. In August 1814, as was alleged, the defender departed on a jaunt to the English lakes, and afterwards proceeded to Edinburgh, where he committed adultery with a woman who had come to him from London. He was personally cited in October 1814, and immediately set off for London. None of the parties therefore appeared to have had any connexion with Scotland further than the defender's visit for six or seven weeks.

The Judges of the Consistorial Court dismissed the action, upon the ground that marriage was indissoluble by the law of England, which was both the *locus contractus* and the real domicile of the parties. The judgment of the Commissaries was brought under review, by a bill of advocacy, presented to Lord Cringletie, who reported the case to the First Division of the Court, but it was remitted to the Second Division, who (Lord Glenlee dissenting) remitted to the Commissaries, with instructions to alter their interlocutor, and proceed in the divorce according to law, which instructions were of course obeyed.

It is now therefore settled, as far as the Court of Review in Scotland can settle any question, that our Consisto-

\* These instructions were obeyed by the Commissaries; but on a proof being allowed, the case was taken out of Court by compromise.

rial Court has a power to grant divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, upon proof of adultery, in what country soever the marriage may have been celebrated, or wherever the parties may have their real domicile, provided the defender is found within the territory of Scotland. But if the Courts of England do not recognize a decree of the Scots Consistorial Court, dissolving a marriage celebrated in England, many painful and disagreeable consequences may result. A second marriage, contracted on the faith of the validity of the Scotch divorce, may, as in the case of Lolly, be deemed a crime, and the party doomed to punishment. The offspring of such marriages may be held incapable of succeeding to property in England; and numberless questions may arise regarding the rights of the descendants of those over whom our Consistorial Courts have exercised a jurisdiction, which till now has been thought unchallengeable. These and other serious evils must be the result of such a contrariety between the laws of two branches of the same state; and we are not aware that the evil can be removed without legislative interference. What remedy may be adopted by the Legislature, should its interference be deemed necessary, we do not know; we would not willingly anticipate any enactment which would infringe on the present laws of this branch of the kingdom, or which would require of our Courts to withhold from foreigners that remedy for wrong which is dispensed to the subjects of the law of Scotland. We do not view with so much alarm, as the learned author of the reports before us seems to do, the dangers to be apprehended from the use which foreigners might make of the remedy granted by our Courts in cases of conjugal wrong. If it is useful to the inhabitants of Scotland, that our Courts should have the power to grant divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, we do not think that any evil can arise from extending the same relief to all who come amongst us. If the redress is greater than that afforded by the Courts of their own country, it is so much the more to be desired; and if the party seeking redress is free from all participation in the guilt, we see no reason why it should be withheld; nor do we think the people of England would complain of having placed within the reach of the generality of the inhabit-

ants, a remedy which is at present confined to those who can afford the expense of an act of Parliament. We do not therefore approve of the measure proposed by some of the Judges of our Consistorial Court, that in case of English marriages, our Courts should grant divorce *a mensa et thoro*, as in England, but not to the effect of dissolving the *vinculum matrimonii*. Besides the doubts we entertain as to the expediency of the English divorce *a mensa et thoro*, which puts an end to all conjugal relation, without permitting the parties to form another union, we also concur in the opinion of a late learned Judge, to whose view of these cases we have already referred: "If the law refused to apply its rules to the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, among foreigners in this country, Scotland could not be deemed a civilized country, as thereby it would permit a numerous description of persons to traverse it, and violate, with utter impunity, all the obligations on which the principal comforts of domestic life depend. If it assumed jurisdiction in such cases, contrary to the dictate of the interlocutor, but applied, not to its own rules, but the rules of the law of the foreign country where the relation had been created, the supremacy of the law of Scotland, within its own territories, would be compromised, its arrangements for domestic comfort violated, confounded, and perplexed, and powers of foreign courts, unknown to our law and constitution, usurped and exercised."

It only remains for us to express our satisfaction with the very able manner in which Mr Ferguson has executed the task he had undertaken, and we do not think that any explanation was necessary to shew the consistency of that task with the duties of an official station.

The clear manner in which the reports are drawn up, renders the subject intelligible and interesting even to those who are unacquainted with the forms and technical language of a court of law; and we trust the publicity which these reports may give to the awkward contrariety existing between the laws of this and the sister kingdom, may have the effect of directing the attention of the Legislature to a point of so much international importance.

## ON LEAVING THE NORTH HIGHLANDS.

By a LADY.

ONCE more my northern way I trace,  
 Once more review each well-known place,  
 Reverting pensîve as I go,  
 To scenes of former joy or woe,  
 To sanguine hopes too fondly priz'd,  
 To fears too surely realiz'd,  
 To fancy's dreams and passion's strife,  
 And all that clouds or brightens life ;  
 Yet, while I feel th' inspiring gale,  
 Well pleas'd, I bid those mountains hail.

Eternal barriers of the Land,  
 In sullen majesty you stand,  
 As when the Roman Eagles cower'd,  
 While o'er the invading ranks you lower'd ;  
 As when the Saxon foe gave way  
 Before the native's fierce array ;  
 When all your echoes joy'd to hail  
 The triumph of the free-born Gael.

Advancing thro' the rugged strait,  
 Where many a warrior met his fate ;  
 At the dim visionary hour  
 When long remember'd tales have pow'r  
 To people air with dusky hosts,  
 The fleeting forms of warriors' ghosts,  
 As on their misty wreaths they sail,  
 I bid the kindred phantoms hail.

While wandering o'er the moonlight heath,  
 Once more I taste its freshening breath,  
 Or see thro' clouds the brightening gleams,  
 Or hear the rush of mountain's streams,  
 Whose wat'ry music as they fall,  
 Does youth with all its dreams recall,  
 Its vanish'd joys I cease to wail,  
 While thus my wonted haunts I hail.

But why this pause 'twixt woe and fear ?  
 And why th' involuntary tear,  
 The frequent throb, the unconscious start,  
 The load that presses down the heart ?  
 While memory, too much wak'd, explores  
 With backward view her hoarded stores ;  
 The downward path once more I hail,  
 That leads me to the accustom'd vale.

And now the pilgrimage is o'er,  
 That long-lov'd vale I see no more ;  
 The cluster'd cottages around,  
 Whose hearts with ties of kindness bound,  
 Were wont, with sympathetic glow,  
 To share the mutual weal or woe.  
 Those low abodes so dear to me,  
 In distance lost, no more I see ;  
 Ye faithful courteous race, to you  
 My heart unwilling bids adieu.

Your meads so rich in summer flowers,  
 Your fragrant shrubs, your birchen bowers,  
 Your skies with glancing meteors streaming,  
 Your lakes in placid beauty gleaming,  
 Your aerial mists that meet the morning,  
 With bright'ning wreaths the rocks adorning ;  
 To all that wont to cheer my view,  
 And soothe my heart, I bid adieu.

Yes ! humble friends, your cordial greeting,  
 Your bright'ning looks that hail'd our meet-  
 ing,

Your gen'rous minds, your untaught sense,  
 Your native glowing eloquence ;  
 The graces of your Celtic tongue,  
 In which the loftiest lays were sung,  
 In which the strains that softer flow,  
 Breathe all the soul of tender woe ;  
 My earliest feelings all renew,  
 While thus I bid your Cots adieu.

Where wild woods sigh and torrents rave,  
 And Ness, with pure transparent wave,  
 Soft murmurs near a lonely grave ;  
 There beauty, youth, and talent sleeps,  
 Her watch there faithful sorrow keeps,  
 There every gentler virtue weeps :  
 That hallow'd tomb a wreath shall bind  
 Of sweetest flowers of rarest kind,  
 As fair and spotless as her mind ;  
 Thick gathering mists obscure my view,  
 Once more, dear sainted friend, adieu.

Jordanhill, Oct. 13, 1817.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER, FROM BARON  
 VON BUCH TO GAY-LUSSAC, IN RE-  
 GARD TO MR SCORESBY.

WE have great pleasure in communi-  
 cating to our readers the following ex-  
 tract of a letter from the celebrated  
 traveller and naturalist, Baron Von  
 Buch, to Gay-Lussac. This letter,  
 contains an extract of Mr Scoresby's  
 paper on the *Polar Ice*, about to  
 be published in the second part of  
 the second volume of the *Memoirs of*  
 the Wernerian Natural History So-  
 ciety.

“The memoir which I now send  
 you contains a great many facts hither-  
 to very imperfectly known, and makes  
 us acquainted with a part of the globe  
 concerning which we possess very little  
 accurate information. I confess the  
 reading of this memoir interested me  
 extremely. The author, Mr Scoresby,  
 is a most excellent observer. He has  
 visited the polar regions fifteen times,  
 and every year has touched to 80° of  
 north latitude. His private papers  
 contain numerous observations on the  
 temperature of the sea, at its surface,  
 and at different depths. He has de-  
 voted much time to the determination  
 of the specific gravity of the water of  
 the different tracts of the ocean which  
 he travelled, and has been careful to  
 bring with him bottles of these waters.

Mr Scoreby is also known as one of the most courageous and skilful of the captains who frequent the Greenland Seas; he, indeed, is a man worthy of being placed along with a Hudson, a Dampier, and a Cook; and, if he should ever be placed at the head of a voyage of discovery, I am persuaded that his name will descend to future ages with those of the most able navigators."

—

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE JOHN  
FINLAY, WITH SPECIMENS OF HIS  
POETRY.

IT must often have struck all of us, when reflecting on the character and genius of deceased literary men, how unequal has been the distribution of fame and glory. Sometimes it has happened, that minds of the most ordinary endowments, and the very humblest acquirements, have had the merit and felicity of chusing an interesting or popular subject; and without elegance, grace, or originality, in their method of treating it, have, by the very excellence of the materials on which they wrought, secured to themselves a permanent and even brilliant reputation. Others, again, by perhaps a single happy composition, a single strain of natural pathos, have at once established themselves in the public estimation, and their names have descended to posterity, on the accidental inspiration of one solitary hour. On the other hand, we can all recall to our recollection, writers of far superior powers, blest with energetic reason, ardent feelings, creative fancy, and vivid imagination, whose names "die on the ear, a faint unheeded sound." They may have chosen subjects of partial or temporary interest,—they may have bestowed the colours of heaven on perishable materials,—they may have squandered away their souls,—or husbanding their strength for some great achievement, the inevitable time may have overtaken them, and they may have been cut off during their dreams of future greatness, before they were crowned with that glory, the hope of which was the support and solace of their souls.

Independently too of their genius or their works, some men have been more fortunate than others in the time

when they flourished, in the Biographers who have recorded their exploits. The circumstances of the time, the peculiar character of the reigning literature, the tone and spirit of the national feelings, have sometimes all united to bring forward into universal applause, writers, who, if born during some other age, would probably have been mute or neglected. A man of kindred genius has been affected by some trait in the character, some circumstance in the life, of an author whose works he loves and admires; he takes him, if obscure, under his enlightened patronage; he resolves to see justice done to the memory of the dead; he composes a memoir and an eulogy; and the laurels that suddenly spring from his grave attract and flourish in the sunshine of public favour. With all his admirable powers of description, his genuine sensibility, and the mournful interest of his dying hours, we doubt if Michael Bruce would have occupied so eminent a rank in Scottish Poetry, but for that exquisite paper in the *Mirror*; and the name of Henry Kirke White, amiable, virtuous, and intelligent, as that accomplished youth undoubtedly was, had perhaps never grown familiar to our souls, had not Southey delighted to pour out his own pure spirit in fervid admiration of his gentle affections, his melancholy genius, and his angelic piety.

It is sad, but delightful, to turn from the more perfect glories of our greatest Poets to those works of immature but expanding genius, which are all that is left of their highly-gifted creators, and which tell us, had not "their lot forbade," what excellent things they might have accomplished. Many early compositions there are of men of genius, deficient in all the requisites of the poetical art, that yet instantaneously and irresistibly impress us with the conviction that their authors were Poets. We see the poetical mind working in them, sometimes in darkness and perturbation,—disturbed, and confused, and bewildered, by the pleasure of its own passions; and sometimes rising beautifully out of the struggle, in calmness, serenity, and peace. With all their faults and imperfections, we feel such compositions to be Poetry—our minds naturally turn to the author—and we

wish to know who and what the Being once was, whose words have given us so great delight long after, not his dust alone, but his very name seems buried in the grave.

Distinguished as Scotland now is for poetical genius, we know not, if before the days of Campbell, Scott, Byron, and Baillie, she had much to boast of in her modern Poets. With the exception of Burns, we cannot, from the time of Thomson, point out any truly great name. We ought not, therefore, to allow the splendour of our living Bards to blind our souls to the merits of the humbler dead. All ought to be remembered with kindness, who have deserved well of their country; and there is a blessing on the obscurest hand, that removes the weeds of forgetfulness from the grave of a man of genius. A happy evening-hour may be rendered more happy by the simple strains of Fergusson, Logan, and Bruce; and we feel assured that our readers will not hesitate to place on an equal level of genius with those most interesting men, that Poet, of whose writings we shall now give some specimens, and of his life a very short, and we fear, imperfect memoir.

JOHN FINLAY was born at Glasgow in 1782. His parents were in a humble condition of life, but of most respectable character, and they gave their son all the advantages of a good education. From the academy of the late Mr Hall of that city, a teacher of great zeal and ability, he was sent, at the age of fourteen, to the university. He there soon distinguished himself above most of his contemporaries, and became an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. In the Philosophy classes, he was distinguished for the excellence of his Prose compositions; and during his academical career he wrote various short Poems, chiefly on classical subjects, remarkable for ease, elegance, and spirit. He was beloved and admired by all his fellow-students most eminent for their worth and abilities; and all the friends of his early youth continued, with unabated affection, the friends of his riper years. This fact we now mention, because he has been accused by some, who knew little or nothing about him, of a wayward and capricious temper. The truth is, that his temper was singularly mild and sweet; and while he forgave offences against himself with true

nobility of soul, it is believed that he never intentionally caused pain to a single human being. At the university, his most intimate friends were Dr Lant Carpenter, now of Exeter, a man of rare talents and virtues, and eminently distinguished for his theological learning,—Mr Alexander Blair, a man yet unknown to the world, but honoured and beloved by his friends for the splendour of his intellectual, and the purity of his moral, character,—Mr Wilson, the author of the *City of the Plague*,—Mr Smith, younger, of Jordanhill,—Mr Robert Finlay of Kenmure,—and Mr John Smith, bookseller in Glasgow. To his last hour these friends remained attached to him with the tenderest affection,—they are in possession of all his history,—and Mr John Smith, who saw more of him than any other person during the latter part of his life, and who has done infinite honour to himself by his steady and disinterested friendship, intends soon to publish a collected Edition of his Poems.

While yet a Student, living within the walls of the College, he published, in 1802, a volume, entitled, “*Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie*,” with other Poems. This volume was republished with considerable additions in 1804, and upon it his poetical reputation almost entirely depends; for he afterwards wrote but little, and that little is in an imperfect state. Soon after this, he published an edition of the “*Grave*,” with many admirable notes; wrote a learned and ingenious life of Cervantes,—and edited an edition of Smith’s *Wealth of Nations*, a task that might have been supposed out of his province, but which he executed with considerable ability, displaying an intimate acquaintance with the principles of political economy, and with the works of all the most eminent French writers on that science. The prospect of a situation in one of the public offices, led him to London in 1807, where he wrote many learned articles, particularly on antiquarian subjects, for different periodical works, and busily employed himself in the study of old English Literature, in which he was excelled by few, and in which he ever afterwards delighted. The great object of his ambition was, to write a continuation of Warton’s *History of Poetry*; and the plan of his work,

though never written down, was matured in his mind, and conceived with great felicity. Being disappointed in his hopes of a permanent establishment, he returned in 1808 to Glasgow, and in that year published, in two volumes, a collection of "Historical and Romantic Ballads." We believe that almost all these ballads had been previously published in different works; but the notes with which he illustrated them are extremely valuable, and in his Preface he has given some admirable speculations respecting the earlier historical and romantic Poetry of Scotland. He had investigated, with great learning and ingenuity, the introduction of the artificial Poetry of the Minstrels into the different languages of Europe, and he has there shewn how far the history of our Scottish romance is connected with that investigation. This little work entitles the name of Finlay to a place among Scottish antiquaries, and to follow those of Walter Scott and Robert Jamieson. In these volumes are to be found two ballads of Finlay's own composition,—written in imitation of the olden times—and they have been pronounced, by the very best Judge, to be in their kind almost perfect. To the first of these Imitations he prefixed the following beautiful lines:

"Oh! in this deep and lonely glen  
So lovely in its solitude,  
Can thoughts of wo the soul o'erflow,  
Or aught on dreams of peace intrude?  
O can the gentle stir of leaves,  
The sleepy note, as of a dream,  
That winds below the green-wood bough  
The murmur of the lovely stream;—  
Can they of grief and sorrow tell?  
They can—and deeds of blood recall;  
For the tree waves o'er black Chreighton-  
Tower,  
And the stream runs by its silent wall.  
Th' cruel chief has doom'd to death  
The youthful Lord of Douglasdale,  
And there is not a man in all the Land  
That weeps not when he hears the tale.  
For the Douglas was stalworth aye, and keen  
And trusty as e'er bore lance in hand;  
And in bloody fight, with the Wallace wight,  
Had often rescued fair Scotland!

About this time, Professor Richardson of Glasgow, who greatly admired Finlay's genius and attainments, offered, with his characteristic generosity, to advance him sufficient capital for a share in a printing concern,

He and his friend, Mr John Smith, were to have had the office of University Printers; but, after considerable hesitation, the offer was declined, as there was no prospect of a sufficient remuneration for time or capital so employed. At the close of the year 1810, his hopes of a permanent situation in London were again revived, and he left Glasgow with a view of consulting his friends Mr Wilson and Mr Blair, then resident in England. At Moffat, he was struck, as it is now supposed by medical men, with a kind of apoplectic seizure. Not apprehending, however, any danger, he did not communicate the particulars of his situation, either to the friends whom he had left, or those whom he was going to visit; and in a few weeks after his departure from Glasgow, intelligence was received by his friends there, that John Finlay was no more. He had, during his illness, been kindly treated by the worthy people with whom he lodged; two hours before his death, he had begun a letter to Mr John Smith, written with a cheerful spirit; and he seems to have slept, at last, out of life without struggle and without pain. He was buried in the churchyard of Moffat—a beautiful village, which he especially admired, and in which the writer of this imperfect memoir had passed some delightful hours with him, on a pedestrian tour one short year before. His character has been drawn by one who knew him long and loved him well; and as it will be published in the new Edition of his Poems, we are now contented with this our feeble tribute of love and admiration to the memory of a Friend who will live for ever in our heart.

His chief Poem, "Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie," which was written at the age of nineteen, is doubtless an imperfect composition; but it displays a wonderful power of versification, and contains many splendid descriptions of external nature. It possesses both the merits and defects which we look for in the early compositions of true genius. The two following stanzas appear to us extremely beautiful:

"When faint he felt the sultry summer hour,  
The day-star flaming in the noontide sky,  
Lo! ring, he wander'd to his shadowy bow'r,  
Where, brawling, flow'd the shelvy stream—  
let by.  
There, hull'd in slumbers, would the infant lie,



And, deep in solitary trances, seem  
To roam thro' armed courts, and castles high;—  
So bright in visionary pomp they gleam,  
That, when he woke, he thought his wak-  
ing was a dream.

Then would he wander by the river's side,  
Where many a rock his shade gigantic flung  
In sullen grandeur o'er the gloomy tide,  
And deeply to his echoing footsteps rung :  
Enraptur'd, while he rov'd these scenes a-  
mong,  
Fancy's wild visions peopled every glade  
With armed knights; and ev'ry bird that  
sung,  
The minstrel's warlike modulations made;  
And every tow'ring rock its banner'd pomp  
display'd."

There is something very wild and  
terrible, we think, in the following  
stanza :

" From Ercildoun's lone walls the prophet  
came,  
—A milk-white deer stood lovely by his side,  
—Oh ! long shall Scotland sound with Ry-  
mour's name,  
For in an unknown cave the Seer shall bide,  
Till thro' the realm gaunt kings and chiefs  
shall ride,  
Wading thro' floods of carnage, bridle-deep :  
The cries of terror and the wailing wide,  
Shall rouse the prophet from his tranced sleep;  
His harp shall ring with woe, and all the  
land shall weep."

But perhaps the most interesting,  
and most finished passage in the poem,  
is that which describes the effect of  
the songs of chivalry on the soul of  
the youthful Wallace.

" His mother sung how kings and warriors, led  
All by the love of some high, peerless dame,  
At mighty jousts, in doubtful combat bled,  
To win the smile of her who caus'd their flame,  
And lowly to her proud-built castle came ;  
But she, ah ! reckless of their ardent love,  
Bade them thro' distant realms resound her  
fame,  
And long, long years in exil'd plight to rove,  
Their passion's constant faith, and knight-  
hood's boast to prove.

Or, she would melt his soul at some sad tale  
Of a fair maid, in deepest dungeon bound,  
Who, ceaseless pour'd her melancholy wail,  
While gloomy aisles roll'd back the fearful  
sound.

—Oh ! lower lover lies ! with many a wound  
Deep'd gash'd, by sacred knighthood's foul-  
est stain,  
Whose dastard slaves the warrior-chief sur-  
round,  
And leave him bleeding on the lonely plain,  
Ah ! ne'er perhaps to meet his lady's smile  
again.

The fitting fire of indignation dy'd  
His youthful cheek—but soon it pass'd away,

And rapture's burning tears unbidden glide,  
For lo ! Hope's lifted torch shines bright and  
gay ;  
The chief is heal'd !—and soon his bands  
display  
Their sounding shields, where high the  
frowning tow'r  
Throws its black shadow o'er their long  
array—  
In vain its banners wave, its turrets low'r ;  
It falls !—the lovers meet—joy gilds their  
blissful hour !

Or, she would sing how Paladins and Kings  
Cross'd the broad ocean to the Holy Land—  
Hark ! Libanus amid his cedars rings !  
And, proudly stretch'd by Gaza's winding  
strand,  
The Sarazin's tall gorgeous tents expand ;  
But, lo ! where golden crescents gleam'd  
before,  
The red-cross waves ; the ring, th' enchant-  
ed wand,  
Avail not ; Salem's towers, and Gilead's shore,  
Where many a battle rag'd, run red with  
Pagan gore !

To gallant wand'ring knight she turns the  
note,  
Who for emprise has bound himself to ride  
Thro' many hideous lands to realm remote,  
Where old Euphrates rolls along his tide,  
And tow'rs and temples glitter on his side ;  
Onward he hies on his advent'rous way,  
Nor heeds where forests wave their branches  
wide  
And from their gloomy haunts debar the day,  
Where fiery serpents hiss, and tygers howl  
for prey.

Onward the hero hies, the lance in rest,  
And grasping in his right the trusty brand ;  
And lo ! as light fades waning in the west,  
From the dark tower is stretch'd a lily hand,  
And lily neck—the waving arms expand  
And ask relief—the talisman is vain—  
The knight his bugle sounds till all the land  
Trembles as from the hills rebounds the strain ;  
He leads the damsel forth and bursts the  
magic chain.

Onward he hies to where rich Bagdad's shrine,  
Barbaric gold and gems and pearl inlay,  
Or where Bassora's wond'rous columns shine,  
That when the languid eye-ball loathes the  
day  
Diffuse with fresh'ning gleam an em'rald ray,  
Till verdure seem to cloathe the length'ning  
street—  
Then back the traveller wends his home-  
ward way,  
And ev'ry vow perform'd, with greetings meet,  
His costly gifts prefers at his lov'd mistress'  
fect.—

And now of Charlemagne's proud peers she  
sings,  
Their courage, truth, and loyalty, renown'd,  
And Arthur and the courtly knights and  
kings  
Who throng'd at Caerleon his table round ;

Their pomp, their tournaments, and merry  
sound

Of minstrels, harping strains of antique lore,  
Of Launcelot's valour—of the fairy ground,  
That lies enchanted on th' Armoric shore,  
Of Avalon's blest isle, and Snowden's sum-  
mits hoar."

The following verses are from  
"Fragments on the Association of  
Ideas," an unfinished poem, the plan  
of which was suggested to him by Mr  
Alison's beautiful Essay. Surely they  
are full of simplicity and pathos.

"Why does the melting voice, the tuneful  
string,

A sigh of woe, a tear of pleasure bring:  
Can simple sounds, or joy or grief inspire,  
And melt the soul responsive to the wire?  
Ah! no, some other charm to rapture draws,  
More than the finger's skill, the artist's laws:  
Some latent feeling that the string awakes,  
Starts to new life and thro' the fibres shakes;  
Some cottage-home where first the strain was  
heard,

By many a tie of former days endear'd;  
Some lovely maid who on thy bosom hung,  
And breath'd the note, all tearful as she sung;  
Friend of thy infant years—now far away;  
Some scene that patriot blood embalms in  
song,

Some brook that winds thy native vales  
among;

All steal into the soul in witching train,  
'Till home, the maid, the friend, the scene,  
appear again!

'Twas thus the wand'rer 'mid the Syrian wild,  
Wept at the strain he carol'd when a child.  
O'er many a weary waste the traveller pass'd,  
And hop'd to find some resting place at last;  
Beneath some branchy shade—his journey  
done,

To shelter from the desert and the sun.

—And haply some green spot the pilgrim  
found,

And hail'd and bless'd the stream's delicious  
sound;

When on his ear the well-known ditty stole,  
That as it melted pass'd into his soul!

"O Bothwell bank!"—each thrilling word  
convey'd

The Scottish landscape to the palm-tree  
shade,

No more Damascus' streams his spirit held,  
No more its minarets his eye beheld:

Pharphar and Abana unheeded glide,  
He hears in dreams the music of the Clyde!

And Bothwell's bank amid o'erarching trees,  
Echoes the bleat of flocks, the hum of bees—

—With less keen rapture on the Syrian shore,  
Beneath the shadow of the sycamore,

His eye had turn'd amid the burst of day,  
Tadmor's gigantic columns to survey,

That sullenly their length of shadows throw,  
On sons of earth, who trembling gaze be-  
low!—"

The following extract possesses some-

thing of a wilder and grander charac-  
ter:

"Temples and towers! whose giant forms  
unfold

The massive grandeur of the world of old!  
Say, shall the pilgrim glance his heedless eye  
O'er your huge wreck, and silently pass by?  
Nor, 'mid the waste of ages, pause to scan  
The mighty relics of forgotten man?

—No! for those walls that crown the brow  
of time,

Shall wake to musings mournfully sublime;  
And antique sculptures crumbling 'mid the  
pile,

Delay his steps to linger for a while.

In Egypt's dreary land where darkness spread  
Mysterious gloom around Religion's head;  
The land was sad beneath her awful wings,  
And woful was her voice as Memnon's  
mystic strings!

But Silence now and Desolation reign,  
O'er her fall'n altar and her desert fane.

Unseen she sits—no charmed voice she hears,  
But columns falling in the waste of years!  
And the gaunt chacal from his charnel-home,  
Howl to the blast that shakes the trembling  
dome!

—Yet 'mid those temples desolate and wild,  
Where Solitude reigns round with Fear her  
child,

The pale priest rais'd his voice, when burst-  
ing day  
Shot tremblingly from heav'n his earliest ray;  
His earliest ray that on the harp-strings  
shone,

And rous'd to life their vibratory tone!

—Hark! the rapt strain the choral virgins  
raise,

While sounds mysterious hymn their Mem-  
non's praise,

The sev'n bright colours wake the sev'n  
harp strings,

'Till thro' its thousand aisles the temple rings!

But haste thy step to plains where Ruin's  
hand

Has pour'd on nature's green the billowy  
sand;

Before thee lies th' interminable waste,  
Fire in each gale and death in every blast!

Ah! who could think that even here a trace  
Remains of some exterminated race,

On whom the spirit of the desert came,  
And swept alike the mansion and the name!

—Yes, even here the camel's foot reveals  
The mould'ring column that the sand con-  
ceals;

And the poor Arab, as he toils along,  
Gazes in wonder, mindless of his song;

Thinks of the fallen towers that lie beneath,  
Unconscious of the Simoom's vengeful breath!

Oh! blind to science, and to genius lost,  
Whose grovelling soul no kindling warmth  
could boast;

When she who sway'd the sons of earth be-  
fore,

Bursts on his sight by yellow Tiber's shore,

Within whose walls repose th' illustrious  
dead,

The bard who chanted and the chief who  
bled.

Long is the grass that rustles o'er their tomb !  
Yet shall thy ruins awe, immortal Rome !  
Tho' the keen raven from the stormy north,  
Thy eagle crush'd, in wrath careering forth ;  
And he, the fierce-ey'd Hun—the scourge  
of God !

Broke with his sinewy arm thine iron rod,  
That o'er the nations held with giant sway,  
Had swept their honours and their kings  
away.—

Still dome on dome the stranger eye beguiles,  
Towers, battlements, a wilderness of piles—  
And still the capitol its crested form  
Sublimely rears—a giant in the storm—  
—The look is stedfast, for the mental eye  
Sees the firm band that bade ambition die ;  
Sees Cæsar fall, and where the tyrant stood,  
The sword of Brutus crimson'd with his  
blood !

—Still 'mid the forum Cicero seems to roll  
The flood of eloquence that whelms the soul,  
While veterans round lean silent on the  
sword—

—The lords of earth can tremble at a word !  
What tho' thro' every breach that time has  
made

The blast moans hollow, and the colonnade  
Scarce shelters ev'n the weeds that flourish  
in its shade !

What tho' the wolf has howl'd, the tempest  
roar'd,

In halls and courts where gods have been  
ador'd !

Yet memory's touch each faded pile renews ;  
Again they bloom in renovated hues,  
And Poggio traces 'mid the mass of dust,  
The temple, portico, and trophied bust.

—' How fall'n ! how chang'd ! the world's  
delight and shame,

The vine luxuriates in the path of fame !  
The bat flies fitful thro' her gods' abode,  
And reptiles nestle where the hero trod !  
Drear are her tow'rs that shone amid the  
skies !

And prone on earth the mighty giant lies.' ”

It appears from his papers, that he had long meditated a narrative Poem of considerable length, entitled, “ Sigismund, or the Frozen Forest,” a romance. He had collected many curious materials respecting the scenery and inhabitants of the north of Europe ; but it does not appear that he had made great progress in the execution of his Poem. The following extract, in which Sigismund is described in a fearful solitude, is a favourable specimen, and is faithfully transcribed from his MSS.

“ And can it be, he would sometimes say,  
That the waters ever found their way

Where this icy channel and banks would  
seem

To tell there once had flowed a stream ?  
Has the gaunt wolf, revelling from the grave,  
E'er stooped to lap its quenching wave ?  
Or in the heat of the leafy year,

When the bird awakened begins to sing,  
Did it ever from the branches near  
Leap down and bathe its fervid wing ?

It cannot be—and this lone shore  
In frost has slept as firm and hoar  
Since time began his course to run,  
Nor hath ever melted to the sun.  
Its marble-hardness will harder grow,  
Till the Furies melt the world of snow ;  
Nor will ever murmur down the grove,  
Nor gladden the wood with babbling  
tongue ;

For 'tis moveless as the wing of the dove,  
When she broods upon her young.

For the Frost King here had woven the air  
Into wreaths like summer gossamer,  
And had decked the branches of plant and  
tree

With festoons of antic embroidery,  
That moveless hung, as quietly  
As sleep on the weary infant's eye ;  
Or with gentle swell if moved at all,  
As a heaving surge it waved aloof ;  
—Like silver threads in a lordly pall  
Was the tissue of the Frost King's woof.

'Twas fair by day, but more wondrous far,  
When from his western tower day's star  
Looked forth : for on the giant mound  
Of mountains, that hemmed the forest round  
With huge and gloomy girdle, he shed  
From base to summit a burning red :  
For then, amid their mass, his eye  
Saw fanes and pinnacles aspire,  
And a city of towery imagery,  
With all her palaces on fire.

The forest is shrouded in crimson haze,  
Reflected from the distant blaze ;  
And he, as falls the mighty pile,  
As safe as in a cot the while,  
Sits silently, with musing ear,  
To listen if he cannot hear  
The voice of weeping and lament  
Come to the sleepy wood,  
Or the crash of falling battlement  
—'T were less dreadful than his solitude.

Another day, another day,  
And still another passed away,  
And still the depth of silence reigned,  
And still in ice the brook was chained.  
It seemed that Odin's spell had bound  
In frost the air, the sea, the ground,  
For ever and for aye,  
And left one living thing below,  
In curse, faint, darkling, and astray,  
An aimless pilgrimage to go.

An aimless pilgrimage to go,  
For ever in the world of snow,  
And yet to think of vernal showers,  
And swelling buds, and summer flowers,

And yet to know where now he stood  
 Were murmuring brooks and leafy wood,  
 And birds of thousand tones, I wot,  
 On every branch, above, below,  
 That were known but by their lovely note  
 From the blossoms on the lovely bough.

But still it soothed an hour, to dream,  
 And trace the courses of the stream ;  
 In withered brakes to see green bowers,  
 In rocks of ice impending towers ;  
 Their verdure to the trees to give,  
 And bid the dead creation live ;  
 Till thoughts of joy that long had passed  
 Beguiled the melancholy day :  
 But the crackling of ice, and the roar of the  
 blast,  
 Made the vision in darkness to pass away.

And yet no palace, how vast, how grand,  
 By magic or art or raised or planned,  
 So fair as this dwelling could ever be found.  
 No, not in Asgard's enchanted bound,  
 Nor in the isles of the Caspian,  
 Nor yet in Persian Astracan,  
 Where in endless length the stranger sees  
 Domes reared by the wise men for kings  
 of yore,  
 With groves, and flowers, and goodly trees,  
 Which a breath can melt or a breath re-  
 store."

We have already exceeded our limits,  
 yet we hope our readers will not be  
 displeased with us for quoting from  
 the MS. the following beautiful verses  
 therein entitled, "The Lullaby Song."  
 "Sleep, sleep, my babe, one little hour,  
 And we will build a lovely bower,  
 A lovely bower for my babe and me,  
 And cover it with the birchen tree.  
 Soft flowers shall be strewed upon the floor,  
 And sleep shall watch beside the door,  
 And silence without shall sit to keep  
 The wind from rustling among the boughs,  
 Or the dew that on the leaves would weep,  
 And break my little child's repose.

Or if thou wilt, then thou shalt hear  
 The voice of the breeze, and the dew's soft  
 tear,  
 And the boughs to the dying gale will sing,  
 And brooks be near with their murmuring,  
 And the bleating of flocks from afar shall  
 come,  
 To mingle with the sweet bee's hum,  
 And a gentle pattering of rain shall fall  
 On the leaves that cover us withal,  
 And the sun will shine on the birchen tree  
 Till his beams dance through the leafy  
 shade,  
 That will seem to my lovely babe and me  
 The green light in a forest glade ;

And this fair bower will ever be  
 A dwelling for my baby and me.  
 But while I look on thee aye I sigh ;  
 Thou art so lovely thou sure wilt die,  
 And should'st thou so, I shall never have  
 power  
 To set foot again within that bower,

Nor to look upon the birchen leaf ;  
 And every bud of returning spring  
 Will bring to me a fresher grief,  
 To feed my ceaseless sorrowing.

More welcome then will be the blast  
 That speaks of spring and summer past,  
 And the voice of autumn will sound more  
 dear

Than a mother's to her infant's ear.  
 For soon will winter come in wrath,  
 To strew with leaves my lonely path ;  
 And with joy I will view the naked stem,  
 And the lifeless branches, day by day,  
 For they'll tell me I may hope, like them,  
 In time to wither and decay."

LETTERS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

No I.

MR EDITOR,

A GENUINE "Milord Anglais" of the  
 old breed is an animal now more rarely  
 to be met with on the Continent. He  
 goes abroad with the determination of  
 finding nothing to his taste, regards  
 every thing he meets with dislike,  
 and, as a mark of his contempt, is  
 continually exclaiming, "How differ-  
 ent all this is from England!" When  
 a maitre d'hotel has the honour of re-  
 ceiving so profitable a guest, he always  
 lays his account, beforehand, with the  
 curses which are to be imprecated on  
 himself, his dinner, and his whole  
 establishment. All this, however pa-  
 tiently endured, is yet remembered  
 with tolerable accuracy in the *bill* ;  
 and when Boniface has bowed "Milord  
 Goddam" into his carriage, he ex-  
 claims, "Mon Dieu ! que ces Anglais  
 sont fous, mais qu'ils sont riches !"

Foreigners are now beginning to  
 pay us off in our own coin ; and few  
 of the French travellers who have  
 lately visited our Isle appear to have  
 been much gratified with their trip.  
 They in general speak with great con-  
 tempt of our national partiality for  
 roast beef and potatoes "au naturel."  
 They disapprove exceedingly of our  
 fashion of wearing small hats and long  
 gaiters, descant in a most feeling man-  
 ner on the exorbitant charges of an  
 English hotel, and find themselves  
 quite unable, after dinner, to imbibe  
 the customary quantity of port wine.  
 One of them declares British liberty to  
 be a mere joke, because he was turned  
 out of the Opera when he went in  
 boots. Another complains most bit-  
 terly of being half poisoned with weak

tea, owing to his ignorance of the usual formality of putting his spoon in his tea-cup. Strange as it may seem, they all unite in allowing the British ladies but little credit, either for elegance or beauty. This appears to us poor natives the more surprising, as we have hitherto actually considered them (as I am sure they consider themselves) the very pink of elegance and refinement, and believed, most firmly, that their charms required only to be seen to be universally admired.

In mentioning the sentiments of foreigners on this subject, I am far from alluding to the infamous and detestable calumnies of the mendacious *Pillet*, who accuses the English ladies of getting regularly drunk, and of poisoning their husbands. No: they are the deliberate opinions of much more sensible and trust-worthy authors, who in other respects have really formed a tolerably fair estimate of our character and habits. In order to shew, therefore, the utter depravity of these gentlemen's taste, I have ventured to collect a few of the most objectionable passages from their works, which I now submit to the indignation of my fair countrywomen, trusting they will not suspect me of participating in the sentiments therein expressed, and requesting them still to consider me as one of their most devoted admirers.

The following account of their *taste in dress* is taken from "Six Mois à Londres," a work, I regret to say, read with great avidity in Paris. "The dress of the English ladies is an imitation of the French, but it is the imitation of Potier or Brunet in a pantomime, all ridicule and exaggeration. Does a French lady, for instance, put a flower in her hair—the heads of the English ladies are immediately covered with the whole shop of a 'bouquetière.' Does a French lady put on a feather—her imitators in this country are like so many Andalusian mules: nothing but feathers is to be seen." This, of course, is all a vile slander; yet candour obliges me to confess, that I have occasionally seen heads covered with flowers, and ladies wearing quite as many feathers as were becoming.

The next passage, I confess, I dare not translate, lest some female Lord Advocate should think proper to indict me for the propagation of a libel; and I fear, if tried by a Jury of Belles,

I should stand a poor chance of being acquitted. In order to avert their wrath, I give up my author, who is the Abbé Vauxcelles, both a beau and a parson. "Pendant les trois premiers jours, on les trouve toutes jolies; après cela on s'aperçoit qu'elles ont la plupart, la marche niaise, le bras gros, le pied mal fait, les dents laides, la tête baissée, l'œil dur, des corsets mal taillés, des cheveux gras, à force d'en vouloir montrer la couleur naturelle," &c. With the exception of what relates to the *ill-made stays* (a subject on which, as I am quite ignorant, I should be sorry to speak), I venture to pronounce this to be one of the most false and atrocious calumnies that ever appeared in print. No man possessed of common candour could have brought against English ladies an accusation of *bad teeth*. Has this Abbé never heard, for instance, of a celebrated gentleman in this city, called "Mr Scott the dentist?" Is he ignorant, that young ladies, by applying to him, may be supplied with a single tooth for the small sum of two guineas, while dowagers may be accommodated with a complete set of the *most beautiful teeth*, made from the tusks of the *hippopotamus* or *river horse*, for a very trifling consideration? In fact, it is quite astonishing to see the fine teeth of all our female acquaintance; and I am very sure, if we judged of a lady's age as we do of a horse's, they would all be found to have the *mark in their mouths* at fourscore. And yet this abominable priest has the impudence to talk of bad teeth! *Ex uno disce omnes.*

It seems, however, though their teeth are *bad*, they make only *too good* an use of them; for the author of "Quinze Jours à Londres" brings against them a charge of *gluttony*. He says, "I have never passed a pastry-cook's shop between the hours of 12 and 4, without seeing several ladies regaling themselves with jellies, ices, and tarts, of which they devoured a great quantity. They would indeed have put a French 'gourmand' to the blush," &c. Having unfortunately been frequently a witness to the same facts, I regret that I am incapable at the present moment of refuting this disagreeable charge. I humbly venture to propose, however, that a committee, composed of Mrs Weddell, Mrs Davidson, Mrs Montgomery, and

Mrs Baxter, should state the result of their experience on this subject. Such a report, I am convinced, would have great influence on the public opinion with regard to this accusation.

The following picture I can never admit to be true. "An English lady walks the streets like a badly-drilled grenadier, her arms (which she never knows how to dispose of) swinging at her sides like the pendulum of a clock." The same author has likewise the impudence to assert, that, "for elegance, he should be doing injustice to a French chambermaid, to compare her to an English duchess." *Quinze Jours à Londres*, p. 17. In "*Londres en 1815*" I find the following passage: "I have met in this country with several beautiful women," (mighty candid, to be sure!) "but they were universally deficient in that last grace, which even their language cannot express, *la tournure*." Now supposing I was even candid enough to admit that the English, and more especially our Scottish belles, do in walking take rather long strides, and that their servile imitation of the French ladies in dress is a tacit acknowledgment of the inferiority of their own taste, they must still be universally admitted to be the most *accomplished* women anywhere to be found. What ladies of any other nation possess the same knowledge of languages, and play so charmingly on the piano forte? What ladies can paint tables and fire-screens with such taste and delicacy of execution? In short, until our continental belles can excel us in these qualifications, we shall still retain the unshaken conviction, that in this island are to be found the most charming and *accomplished* women in the world.

Such is the manner in which I would vindicate my fair countrywomen from the vile and ignorant aspersions of these French travellers. Were I to proceed to further extracts, I fear I should be encroaching too much on the limits assigned to other more learned and valuable contributors. I trust, however, that those I have already collected will be amply sufficient to shew the necessity for some *Blue Stocking* lady to come forward and give these foreign calumniators a *complete set down*. Let them either speak now, or for ever after hold their tongues. I am certain that Mr Blackwood, or any other of our bickering

booksellers, will be happy to treat with any lady for two quarto volumes on the subject. There can be no doubt of such a work having a *great run*, particularly should some amateur adorn it with his etchings. In the mean time, I beg to assure the fair sex, that my feeble pen shall at all times be exerted in their behalf, although inexorably

UN VIEUX CELIBATAIRE.  
*Royal Hotel, Prince's Street,*  
Nov. 6.

ON THE COCKNEY SCHOOL OF POETRY.

No II.

Our talk shall be (a theme we never tire on)  
Of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton,  
Byron,  
(Our England's Dante)—Wordsworth—  
HUNT, and KEATS,  
The Muses' son of promise; and of what  
feats  
He yet may do.

CORNELIUS WEBB.

IN our last paper we made an attempt to give a general outline of Mr Hunt's qualifications, both as a poet and as a founder of a sect. We alluded, among other weak points in his writing, to the indecent and immoral tendency of his poem *Rimini*, and shall now proceed to state, at somewhat greater length, what those circumstances are which induced us to select that production for the object of our unmitigated indignation. It is not our intention to enter into any general argument respecting the propriety of making incest the subject of poetry. The awful interest excited by the contemplation of passions abandoned to the extreme of infamy, has tempted many illustrious poets to indulge themselves in such unhallowed themes. But they themselves were at all times aware, that in so doing they have done wrong; and we know of no great poem, turning on such a subject, which does not contain within it some marks of the contrition of the author. All men, who have any souls and any hearts, must be of the same opinion with us in this matter; and after all the volumes that have been written on either side of the controversy, we know of no words which express the real truth of the case better than those of Sir T. Brown:

“Of sins heteroclitical, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oftimes a sin in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities; sins should be accounted new, that so they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity as they fall from their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villany; for as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that make latter ages worse than were the former; for the vicious example of ages past poison the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature silence commendeth history; 'tis the venial part of things lost, wherein there must never rise a Pancirollus, nor remain any register but that of hell.”

In the preface to his poem, Mr Hunt has made an apology for the nature of his subject, and pleaded the example of many illustrious predecessors. He quotes the Greek tragedians (of whom, in another part of the same preface, he confesses his total ignorance)\*, and makes allusions to the example of Racine, and some of our own older dramatists. He might also have enumerated the two best dramatists that have appeared within our own recollection, Schiller and Alfieri, and, the first of all living poets, Lord Byron. Each of these great men has composed a poem of which the interest turns upon some incestuous passion; but we will venture to assert, what we think there could be no difficulty in proving, that not one of them has handled his subject in such a manner as might entitle Mr Leigh Hunt to shelter himself under the shade of his authority.

In the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, we are presented with the most fearful tragedy of domestic horror which it ever entered into the human fancy to conceive. But it is a spectacle of pure horror, and unpolluted with guilt, for the mother and the son have both sinned in ignorance. The object of Sophocles was to represent not the incest but the punishment—not the weakness or the vice of man, but the unavoidable revenge of an offended Deity. *Œdipus* and *Jocasta* are as virtuous in our eyes as if their incest had never been. We pity, but

we do not hate, them; and in the the other play, wherein the subsequent life of *Œdipus* is represented, we learn to regard his character not merely without disgust, but with emotions of tenderness, love, and reverence. The object of the poet is sufficiently manifest from the whole conduct of the piece, in which every thing that could assist our fancy, in bringing before us the details of guilt, is most studiously avoided, and in which there occur perpetual allusions to the old denunciations of *Apollo* and the curse of *Pelops*.\*

In the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, the expression is throughout not of horror but of pity. The love is that not of a mother, but of a youthful step-dame; love too, unpartaken, unrequited, and unenjoyed. *Phædra* is polluted by incestuous thoughts, not because her passions are irregulated, but because she has fallen under the wrath of *Diana*. The young and beautiful *Hippolytus* dies a martyr to his purity, and we sympathize indeed with the feeling of the poet, who prophecies that *his* tomb shall be the resort of virgins and the scene of prayers.

—“through long ages maids shall come,  
And cut their hoarded tresses on thy grave,  
Before their wedding. They shall give to thee

The fruit of all their grief. The tender thoughts

Of virgins shall be thine. Nor shall the love  
Of *Phædra* for thy beauty be unsung.”†

The *Mirra* of Alfieri is a play never intended for representation; it is a pure imitation of Greek simplicity and pathos,—a heart-rending picture of madness and despair,—a long ode of agony. There is no willingness in the guilty love of the daughter, and no spot of sin pollutes the lofty spirit of *Ciniro*. We look upon *Mirra*, not as a sinner, but a sacrifice. We perceive that

“—— the force of destiny, and wrath  
Of Deities offended, have condemned  
Her innocent to everlasting tears.”

The same circumstance of palliation, which we have already mentioned in regard to the *Œdipus*, might also be alleged in defence of the *Braut von Messina*. That noble tragedy is like *Mirra*, a strict imitation of the Greek model; in both, the fable is carried on by means of as few actors as we find

\* See Preface, p. 17.

\* *στυγιοι αραι—παλαια θρονα.—Passim.*  
† *Hipp. v. 1445. κοραι γαρ αζιγες, &c.*

in Æschylus ; in both, we hear the solemn choral songs of old men and virgins ; and in both, the object of the poet's art is to shew that the stain of unhallowed passion must ever have its origin in a curse, and be blotted out in the blood of some fearful expiation. Who does not remember the woeful cry of Isabella ?

“ O ! when shall that old curse dissolve away,  
Which sits with weight of misery on our  
house.”

The daring spirit of Byron has twice ventured to tread upon the same awful ground. He has represented, both in Manfred and in Parasina, the mutual love of conscious incest. In the first, indeed, we gather only from mysterious hints, that the inexplicable being before us has had his heart torn asunder by the agonies of an unlawful passion for his sister. But we feel not for him the same sympathy which makes us partakers in the thoughts and actions of ordinary men. We perceive that he holds strange converse with spirits and demons, and we do not wonder that he should be the victim of an unearthly flame. Besides, before his guilt is revealed to us, his punishment, like that of Cain, has been greater than he could bear. We see in him a weary wasted hater of the world, and of himself ;—Let us hear his own words :

“ Daughter of Air ! I tell thee, *since that hour—*

But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,  
Or watch my watchings ;—Come and sit by  
me !

My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the furies ;—I have gnash'd  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then cursed myself till sunset ;—I have  
prayed

For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.  
I have affronted death—but in the war  
Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things passed harmless—the cold  
hand

Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,  
Back by a single hair which would not break.  
In phantasy, imagination, all

The affluence of my soul—which one day was  
A Cræsus in creation—I plunged deep,  
But like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me back  
Into the gulph of my unfathom'd thought.  
I plunged amidst mankind. Forgetfulness  
I sought in all save where 'tis to be found,  
And that I have to learn—my sciences,  
My long pursued and super-human art,  
Is mortal here—I dwell in my despair—  
And live—and live for ever.”

The frail partner of his guilt has already died, not of violence but of

grief ; and when she appears, we see in her, not the sinful woman, but the judged and pardoned spirit. He who derives a single stain of impurity from Manfred, must come to its perusal with a soul which is not worthy of being clean.

To none of these poems, however, does the subject of Rimini bear so great a resemblance as to Parasina, and it is this very circumstance of likeness which brings before us in the strongest colours the difference between the incest of Leigh Hunt and the incest of Byron. In Parasina, we are scarcely permitted to have a single glance at the guilt before our attention is rivetted upon the punishment. We have scarcely had time to condemn, within our own hearts, the sinning, though injured son, when—

“ For a departing being's soul  
The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells  
knoll ;

He is near his mortal goal ;  
Kneeling at the Friar's knee,  
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—  
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,  
With the block before and the guards around ;  
And the headsman with his bare arm ready,  
That the blow may be both swift and steady,  
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—  
Since he set its edge anew ;  
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather  
To see the Son fall by the doom of the Fa-  
ther.”

The fatal guilt of the Princess is in like manner swallowed up in the dreary contemplation of her uncertain fate. We forbear to think of her as an adulteress, after we have heard that *horrid voice* which is sent up to heaven at the death of her paramour :

“ Whatsoe'er its end below,  
Her life began and closed in woe.”

Not only has Lord Byron avoided all the details of this unhallowed love, he has also contrived to mingle in the very incest which he condemns the idea of retribution ; and our horror for the sin of Hugo is diminished by our belief that it was brought about by some strange and super-human fatality, to revenge the ruin of Bianca. That gloom of righteous visitation, which invests in the old Greek tragedies the fated house of Atreus, seems here to impend with some portion of its ancient horror over the line of Esté. We hear, in the language of Hugo, the voice of the same prophetic solemnity which announced to Agamemnon, in the very moment of his triumph, the



approaching and inevitable darkness of his fate :

“ The gather'd guilt of elder times  
Shall reproduce itself in crimes ;  
There is a day of vengeance still,  
Linger it may—but come it will.”

That awful chorus does not, unless we be greatly mistaken, leave an impression of *destiny* upon the mind more powerful than that which rushed on the troubled spirit of Azo, when he heard the speech of Hugo in his hall of judgment.

“ Thou gav'st, and may'st resume my breath,  
▲ gift for which I thank thee not ;  
Nor are my mother's wrongs forgot,  
*Her slighted love and ruined name,*  
*Her offspring's heritage of shame ;*  
But she is in the grave, where he,  
Her son, thy rival, soon shall be ;  
*Her broken heart—my severed head—*  
Shall witness for thee from the dead,  
How trusty and how tender were  
Thy youthful love—paternal care.

“ Albeit my birth and name be base,  
And thy nobility of race  
Disdain'd to deck a thing like me—  
Yet in my lineaments they trace  
Some features of my father's face,  
And in my spirit—all of thee.  
From thee—this tamelessness of heart—  
From thee—*nay, wherefore dost thou start ?*  
From thee in all their vigour came  
My arm of strength, my soul of flame—  
Thou didst not give me life alone,  
But all that made me were thine own.  
*See what thy guilty love hath done !*  
*Repaid thee with too like a son !*  
I am no bastard in my soul,  
For that, like thine, abhorred controul :  
And for my breath, that hasty boon  
Thou gav'st and wilt resume so soon ;  
I valued it no more than thou,  
When rose thy casque above thy brow,  
And we, all side by side, have striven,  
And o'er the dead our coursers driven :  
The past is nothing—and at last  
The future can but be the past ;  
Yet would I that I then had died :  
For though thou work'dst my mother's ill,  
And made my own thy destined bride,  
I feel thou art my father still ;  
And, harsh as sounds thy hard decree,  
'Tis not unjust, although from thee.  
Begot in sin, to die in shame,  
My life begun and ends the same :  
*As erred the sire, so erred the son,*  
*And thou must punish both in one :*  
My crime seems worst to human view,  
But God must judge between us two !”

In all these productions of immortal poets, we see the same desire to represent incest as a thing too awful to spring up of itself, without the interference of some revengeful power—the same careful avoidance of luxuri-

ous images—the same resolution to treat unhallowed love with the seriousness of a judge, who narrates only that he may condemn the guilty and warn the heedless. It was reserved for the happier genius of Leigh Hunt, to divest incest of its hereditary horror—to make a theme of unholy love the vehicle of trim and light-hearted descriptions, of courtly splendours and processions, *square lit towers, low-talking leaves, and cheeks like peaches on a tree.* What the Rape of the Lock is to the Iliad, that would Rimini be to Parasina. It would fain be the genteel comedy of incest.

Surely never did such an idea enter into the head of any true poet, as that of opening a story like Rimini with a scene of gaiety. What sort of heart must that be, which could look forward to the perpetration of such fearful guilt, without feeling incapacitated for present jollity ? And yet Mr Hunt has ushered in the fatal espousal of Francesca with all the glee and merriment of any ordinary wedding ; and she, the poor victim of unhappy passion, is led to the altar of destruction, trickt out, as if in mockery, with all the gawds and trappings that his laborious imagination could suggest. The reader feels the same disgust at this piece of ill-timed levity, with which one might listen to a merry tune played immediately before an execution. We have no sympathy with those who come to survey Mr Hunt's “ marriage in May weather.” We cannot enjoy the sunshine of his “ sparkling day.” We turn away with contempt from his brilliant spectacle of

“ Nodding neighbours greeting as they run,  
And Pilgrims chanting in the morning sun.”

We shut our ears to his “ callings, and clapping doors, and curs,” and cannot think of taking our seat, “ with upward gaze,” to stare at his “ heaved-out tapestry.” What a contrast is the opening of Parasina ! What a breathing of melancholy ! What a foretaste of pity !

“ It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard ;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whispered word ;  
And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear,  
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
And in the sky the stars are met,  
And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,

And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.”

Mr Hunt seems, all through his poem, to imagine that he is writing a mere ordinary love-story, and this he is determined to do with all the lightness and grace, and *jauntiness* (to give him his own dear word), of which his muse is capable. Like all other novel writers, he is careful to give us a proper description of the persons of his hero and heroine. He introduces to us Francesca, in a luxuriant paragraph which begins with

“Why need I tell of lovely lips and eyes,  
A *clipsome waist*, and bosoms balmy rise,”

and takes occasion to make all judicious females fall in love with Paolo,

“*So lightsomely dropt in his lordly back.*”

He describes the glittering pageant of the entrance of his hero with the enthusiasm of a city lady looking down at a dinner from the gallery at Guildhall. Let us listen for a moment to the Cockney rapture:

“The heralds next appear in vests attired  
Of stiffening gold with radiant colours fired,  
And then the poursuivants, who wait on these,  
All dressed in *painted richness* to the knees.”

And a little below:

“Their caps of velvet have a lightsome fit,  
Each with a dancing feather sweeping it,  
Tumbling its white against their short dark  
hair;

But what is of the most accomplished air,  
All wear memorials of their lady's love,  
A ribbon, or a scarf, or silken glove;  
Some tied about their arm, some at the  
breast,

Some, with a drag, dangling from the cap's  
crest.

A suitable attire the horses shew;  
Their golden bits keep wrangling as they go;  
The brides glance about with gold and gems;  
And the rich housing-cloths, above the hems  
Which comb along the ground with golden  
pegs,

Are half of net, to shew the hinder legs.  
Some of the cloths themselves are golden  
threads,

With silk enwoven, azure, green, or red;  
Some spotted on a ground of different hue,  
As burning stars upon a cloth of blue,—  
Or *purple smearings* with a velvet light  
Rich from the *glury* yellow thickening  
bright,—

Or a spring green, powdered with April  
posies,—

Or flush vermilion, set with silver roses:  
But all are wide and large, and with the wind,  
When it comes fresh, go sweeping out behind.  
With various earnestness the crowd admire  
Horsemen and horse, the motion and the at-  
tire.

Some watch, as they go by, the rider's faces  
Looking composure, and their knightly  
graces;

The life, the carelessness, the sudden heed,  
The body curving to the rearing steed;  
The patting hand, that best persuades the  
check,

And *makes the quarrel up with a proud neck*;  
The thigh broad pressed, the spanning palm  
upon it,

And the jerked feather *swaling* in the bon-  
net.

Others the horses and their pride explore,  
Their *jauntiness* behind and strength before.”

As, in the subject and passion of his Poem, Mr Hunt has the desire to compete with Lord Byron, so here, in the more airy and external parts of his composition, he would fain enter the lists with the Mighty Minstrel. But, of a truth, Leigh Hunt's chivalrous rhymes are as unlike those of Walter Scott, as is the chivalry of a knighted cheesemonger to that of Archibald the Grim, or, if he would rather have it so, of Sir Philip Sydney. He draws his ideas of courtly splendour from the Lord Mayor's coach, and he dreams of tournaments, after having seen the aldermen on horseback, with their furred gowns and silk stockings. We are indeed altogether incapable of understanding many parts of his description, for a good glossary of the Cockney dialect is yet a desideratum in English literature, and it is only by a careful comparison of contexts that we can, in many passages, obtain any glimpse of meaning at all. What, for instance, may be the English of *swaling*? what, being interpreted, signify *quoit-like steps*? what can exceed the affectation of such lines as these?

“The softening breeze came *smoothing* here  
and there,—

Boy-storied trees, and passion-plighted  
spots.—

The fervent sound  
Of *hoofs thick reckoning*, and the wheels  
moist round.”

Was it really so, that Mr Hunt could find no nobler image to represent the quick yet regular motion of horses, than that of an apprentice counting bank notes on his fingers' ends.

But, in truth, we have no inclination

\* Mr Hunt has borrowed the Cockneyism from himself:

“A back droppin' in,—an expansion of chest,  
(For the God, you'll observe, like his statues  
was drest.)

to cut up with the small knives the poem of Rimini. Let us hasten to take one glance at the real business of the piece,—the incest of Paolo and Francesca. All the preparations for the actual sin are invented by our Poet “in his own fine free way.” The scene is in a little antique temple adorned by sculpture, and had Mr Hunt filled his freezes with funeral processions, or with the agonies of Orestes, or the despair of Œdipus, we might indeed have acknowledged that there was some propriety in his fancy. But as he has made of his temple a bagnio, so is its furniture conceived in the very spirit of the place.

“And on a line with this ran round-about,  
A like relief, touched exquisitely out,  
That shewed, in various scenes, the nymphs  
themselves;

Some by the water side, on bowery shelves,  
Leaning at will—some in the water, sporting  
With sides half swelling forth, and looks of  
courting,—

Some in a flowery dell, hearing a swain  
Play on his pipe till the hills ring again,—  
Some tying up their long moist hair,—some  
sleeping

Under the trees, with fauns and satyrs peep-  
ing,—

Or, sidelong-eyed, pretending not to see  
The latter, in the brakes come creepingly;  
*While their forgotten urns, lying about  
In the green herbage, let the water out.*  
Never, be sure, before or since was seen  
A summer-house so fine in such a nest of  
green.”

We do not remember any thing in the whole of Hunt's writings worse, than the allusion in these verses to the well known song of the *Pitchers of Coleraine*.

How inferior is the conception of the time to that scene of moon-light mystery which we have already quoted from Parasina.

“One day,—’twas on a summer afternoon,  
When airs and gurgling brooks are best in  
tune,

And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work  
done,

And shades have heavy outlines in the sun,\*—  
The princess came to her accustomed bower  
To get her, if she could, a soothing hour,  
Trying, as she was used, to leave her cares  
Without, and slumberously enjoy the airs,  
And the low-talking leaves, and that cool light  
The vines let in, and all that hushing sight  
Of closing wood seen thro’ the opening door,  
And distant flash of waters tumbling o’er,  
And smell of citron blooms, and fifty lux-  
uries more.—”

\* This close imitation of Crabbe cannot escape observation.

But all this is nothing to the forebodings and presentiments, with which he skilfully represents the mind of Francesca as being filled, when she approaches in silence the scene of her infamy. The indecent attitudes of the nymphs on the cornice, can only be equalled by the blasphemous allusion to the history of our first parents, in depicting the thoughts of this incipient adulteress.

“She tried, as usual, for the trial's sake,  
For even that diminished her heart-ache;  
And never yet, how ill soe'er at ease,  
*Came she for nothing 'midst the flowers and  
trees.*

Yet somehow or another, on that day,  
She seem'd to feel too lightly borne away,—  
Too much reliev'd,—too much inclined to  
draw

A careless joy from every thing she saw,  
And looking round her with a new-born eye,  
*As if some tree of knowledge had been nigh,*  
To taste of nature, primitive and free,  
And bask at ease in her heart's liberty.”

The incidents following these are all from Dante, but we shall endeavour to show, with some minuteness, how much the austere and simple Florentine has been obliged to the elegant rendering of the Cockney poet.

The bold genius of Dante never touched on ground more dangerous, than when he ventured to introduce into his poem the most dismal catastrophe which had ever befallen the family of his patron. Guido di Polento, Lord of Ravenna, the most generous friend of the Poet, had a lovely daughter, Francesca, who was betrothed in early years to Paolo Malatesta, a younger brother of the house of Rimini, and a perfect model of graceful chivalry; but afterwards compelled, by domestic tyranny, to become the wife of the elder brother of her lover, Lanciotto, a man savage in character, and deformed in person. The early flame, however, was not to be repressed, and the unfortunate sequel of their history is that which is so tenderly touched upon in the *Inferno*, and so diluted and debased in the *Story of Rimini*.

In the course of his perambulation of hell, the poet feigns that he came to one scene of misery entirely set apart for those who had fallen the victims of unlawful love. Among these he observes Semiramis, Helen, and Cleopatra; Achilles, Paris, and Tristram. But while he is yet gazing, with mingled fear and sorrow, on these

melancholy shades, he perceives, at a distance, a pair of solitary ghosts, who seem to be devoured with a still severer anguish, and, in their altered forms, which seem, as he says, to be tossing about like straws in the wind, he recognises, with a shudder of horror, the faded features of Francesca and her lover.

“ Soon as the wind had in its sweeping brought  
Them near to me, I cried, ‘ ye wretched souls,  
O! come and speak with us, deny not this;  
As doves which plunge with open wings and firm

From Ether down into their joyful nest,  
Obedient to the sudden call of love,  
So came they gliding from that woful band  
Where Dido is, swift through the sullen air,  
Such was the strength of that impassionate cry.

Then she, ‘ kind mortal, visitant of hell,  
Have we, the inhabitants of these sad seats,  
Have ought of power with the eternal king,  
Prayers should we offer for thy gentle soul,  
Which hath such pity on our matchless ills;  
We will both hear and speak to thee of that  
Which is thy pleasure, while the stormy wind,  
Our master, is so hushed.

My native land

Is that by the sea-shore, where Po comes down

With all his turbulent train to seek repose  
In ocean’s calmness.—Love, which ever finds  
In noble spirits an easy prey, seized *him* ;\*  
He loved that beauteous form which once  
was mine,

And ta’en from me unjustly. I loved him,  
And love him still; Love wrought the death  
of both :

But Cain expects our murderer far beneath  
In his deep gulph of fratricidal woe.’  
So spake she. I stood listening all the while,  
With countenance bent down. I could not bear

To look on that frail lady. But at length,  
‘ Alas !’ said I, ‘ what sweet thoughts, what  
desires

Were those which brought them to these  
realms of grief ?

Believe me, O! Francesca, I am sad  
To tears when I behold thy spirit’s pain;  
But tell me, in your season of sweet sighs,  
O! when or how did you conceive these  
flames,

And give your souls up to unlawful love ?’  
Then she to me—‘ there is no greater grief  
Than is the memory of happy times,  
In misery, as well thy guide† can say;  
But if thou fain wouldst hear of the first rise  
Of all this guilt, I will speak out to thee  
As one that weeps and tells. We read one  
day

Of Launcelot, and how love mastered him;  
We were alone, suspicious thoughts were  
none,—

And sundry times our eyes bent down, and  
cheeks

Were coloured in our reading. But one point,  
One fatal point, it was which overcame :

‘Twas when we read of the queen’s lovely  
smile

When first her true knight kissed her. Then  
my Paolo

(Whom God ne’er take from me, even here  
in hell),

He kiss’d my mouth, all trembling. Sweet  
that book,

And he that wrote it. But we read therein  
That day no farther.’

While the one poor ghost  
Spake so, the other lifted up a voice  
So full of misery and bewailing shrieks,  
That I, with pity overcome, grew faint,  
And fell down like a dead man at their  
feet.” \*

The moral purpose of the question,  
and the deep pathos of the reply, can  
stand in need of no comment. But  
Mr Hunt has shewn very little judgment  
in borrowing the tale so closely  
from Dante, and yet entirely omitting  
all those circumstances in the great  
Poet’s narrative, which render the introduction,  
as well as the description of that passionate scene,  
at once so natural and so impressive. We listen  
without offence to the pale miserable spectre,  
who is condemned to add to her own wretchedness  
by the intense exactness of her recollection. But we  
cannot pardon the same things in a poet  
who takes the story of Francesca from her mouth  
into his own, and gives us that as a gratuitous  
effusion of his imagination, which was originally  
an agonized dream of self-torturing memory.

—“ Paolo, by degrees, gently embraced,  
With one permitted arm, her lovely waist;  
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,  
Leaned with a touch together thrillingly;  
And o’er the book they hung, and nothing  
said,

And every lingering page grew longer as  
they read.

As thus they sat, and felt, with leaps of heart,  
Their colour change, they came upon the part  
Where fond Geneura, with her flame long  
nurst,

Smiled upon Launcelot when he kissed her  
first :—

That touch, at last, through every fibre slid,  
And Paolo turned, scarce knowing what he  
did,—

Only he felt he could no more dissemble,  
And kissed her, mouth to mouth, all in a  
tremble.

Sad were those hearts, and sweet was that  
long kiss :

Sacred be love from sight, whate’er it is.

\* Paolo. † Virgil.

\* Inferno, Canto v.

The world was all forgot—the struggle o'er—  
Desperate the joy.—That day they read no  
more.”

Mr Hunt has indeed taken mighty pains to render Rimini a story not of incest, but of love. The original betrothing of Francesca to Paolo he has changed into her being espoused by him as the proxy of his brother. The harshness and ferocity of Lanciotto's character, and the hideous deformity of his person, have both been removed, as if the poet were anxious to render it impossible for us to have the least sympathy, or compassion, or pardon, for the frailty of his heroine. In the true story of Rimini, both Paolo and Francesca were sacrificed by the murderous hand of the detecting and cruel Lanciotto. But here the dagger and the axe are laid aside, and we have, in their room, the point of honour and the thrusting of rapiers. Paolo dies not by the secret revenge of his brother, but by rushing voluntarily on the sword, wielded fairly against him; and the poet is at the pains to borrow a beautiful eulogy from Ellis's Specimens, which he makes the survivor utter over the body of the slain. The personages are all amiable, the sins all voluntary, and the sufferings sentimental. Many a one reads Rimini as a pleasant romance, and closes it without having the least suspicion that he has been perusing a tale pregnant with all the horrors of a most unpardonable guilt. John Ford is the only English poet who has treated of incest with the same openness and detail as Leigh Hunt, but how infinitely above that gentleman's reach are his ideas of its punishment.

“ There is a place  
(List, daughter) in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen; there shines no  
sun,

But flaming horror of consuming fires;  
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs  
Of an infected darkness; in this place  
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never-dying deaths; there is burning oil  
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the  
usurer

Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten  
gold;

There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,  
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul  
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

[Mercy! oh, mercy!]

There stand those wretched things,  
Who have dreamed out whole years in law-  
less sheets

And secret incests, cursing one another;  
Then you will wish each kiss your brother  
gave  
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall  
hear  
How he will cry, ‘ Oh, would my wicked  
sister  
Had first been damn'd when she did yield  
to lust.’ ”\*

The story of Rimini can indeed do no harm to any noble spirit. We never yet saw a lady lift it up, who did not immediately throw it down again in disgust. But the lofty spirits of the earth are not the only ones; and we confess, that we think that poet deserving of chastisement, who prostitutes his talents in a manner that is likely to corrupt milliners and apprentice-boys, no less than him who flies at noble game, and spreads his corruption among princes. Z.

LETTER OCCASIONED BY N.'S VINDICATION OF MR WORDSWORTH IN LAST NUMBER.

MR EDITOR,

IN common with most of your readers, I read with considerable pleasure the greater part of a paper in your last Number, entitled, “ Vindication of Mr Wordsworth's Letter to Mr Gray.” The writer of that paper (who chooses to lie concealed under the signature of N.) has displayed much kindness of disposition, both in regard to the memory of Burns and the living name of Mr Wordsworth; and he has expressed the opinions which he holds with a natural and flowing eloquence, which has not, I think, been often surpassed by any modern authors of our country. But I hope I may be permitted to say without offence, in the pages of your Magazine, that, so far as Mr Wordsworth is concerned, all the kindness of feeling, and all the very masterly rhetoric of N. have, on the present occasion, been most egregiously misapplied. On looking back to the Third Number of Blackwood's Magazine, I own I was astonished to find, that although N. has written seven pages, under the name of “ A Vindication of Mr Wordsworth,” he has nevertheless, by some strange oversight (whether intentional or otherwise it is not for me to determine), left the character of that gentleman

\* “ 'Tis pity she's a whore.” Act iii. S. 6.

exactly as it stood before he took his pen in his hand, and offered not a single word which can have the effect of sheltering him from those accusations of egotism, spleen, and scurrility, which had originally been brought against him, with apparently so much reason, by your English correspondent the "Observer."

It is very far from being my intention to go at any length into the merits of the original controversy about the proposed Memoir of Robert Burns. That great man, I am very proud to tell you, was an intimate friend of mine; and no one who knows me will suspect that my silence on that subject arises from any indifference to the memory of the departed poet. At present my business is not with Burns, but with Wordsworth, who has, as I and not a few of Burns' friends in this neighbourhood conceive, thrust himself into an affair of which he knows nothing, and with regard to which he has offered, and indeed can offer, no advice which is worthy of the smallest attention, either for Mr Gilbert Burns or any other sensible man. Indeed, were I to fix upon what sort of person I should fancy the least likely to give good counsel to a biographer of Burns, I have little hesitation in saying, that I should select just such a one as Mr Wordsworth,—a man who, if it be true that he possesses poetical genius, most certainly possesses no other quality in common with Robert Burns;—a retired, pensive, egotistical collector of stamps; one who has no notion of that merry, hearty life, that Burns delighted in; and one that seems to be completely overflowing with envy, malignity, and a thousand bad passions, of which Burns' nobler nature, whatever defects it might otherwise have, was at all times entirely incapable. How can a melancholy, sighing, half-parson sort of gentleman, who lives in a small circle of old maids and sonnetteers, and drinks tea now and then with the solemn Laureate, have any sympathy with the free and jolly dispositions of one who spent his evenings in drinking whisky punch at mason lodges with Matthew Henderson and David Lapraik? To my view it would be scarcely less absurd in Gilbert Burns to send Mr Wordsworth a long letter concerning the proper method of drawing *the Recluse* to a conclusion, than

it was in Mr Wordsworth to prescribe rules to Gilbert with regard to that Memoir of his illustrious brother, which he is so well qualified in every way to make exactly what it should be, without the officious hints of any Laker in existence.

In the Edinburgh Review upon Burns, there occur several expressions which can never cease to appear both offensive and unjustifiable to every one who knew Burns' character, not from his letters, wherein he was originally too ill educated a man to be ever perfectly at his ease, but from his conversation, which all who have ever sat in company with him must allow to have been throughout, in the highest degree, manly, feeling, and amiable. But I must confess, that whatever faults may be found in the account of the Edinburgh Review, exist, to my apprehension at least, in a degree far more atrocious in that of the Quarterly. To quote either of them would be distressing to my own feelings, and I have little doubt that no extract I could make would appear either new or pleasing to the majority of your readers. But supposing, for a moment, that Mr Wordsworth is sincere in the opinion he expresses, how comes it that he, in a professed and formal defence of Robert Burns, takes no notice whatever of the abuse thrown out against the character of that poet in the Quarterly, and yet spends no less than eight pages of his Letter railing at the Edinburgh, for its far less blameable paragraphs on the same topic? But I cannot resist giving your readers a small specimen of this very interesting part of the production.

"When a man, self-elected into the office of a public judge of the literature and life of his contemporaries, can have the audacity to go these lengths in framing a summary of the contents of volumes that are scattered over every quarter of the globe, and extant in almost every cottage of Scotland, to give the lie to his labours; we must not wonder if, in the plenitude of his concern for the interests of abstract morality, the infatuated slanderer should have found no obstacle to prevent him from insinuating that the poet, whose writings are to this degree stained and disfigured, was 'one of the sons of fancy and of song, who spend, in vain superfluities, the money that belongs of right to the pale industrious tradesman and his famishing infants; and who rave about friendship and philosophy in a tavern, while their wives' hearts,' &c. &c.

"It is notorious, that this persevering

Aristarch,\* as often as a work of original genius comes before him, avails himself of that opportunity to re-proclaim to the world the narrow range of his own comprehension. The happy self-complacency, the unsuspecting vain-glory, and the cordial *bonhomie*, with which this part of his duty is performed, do not leave him free to complain of being hardly dealt with if any one should declare the truth, by pronouncing much of the foregoing attack upon the intellectual and moral character of Burns, to be the trespass (for reasons that will shortly appear, it cannot be called the venial trespass) of a mind obtuse, superficial, and inept. What portion of malignity such a mind is susceptible of, the judicious admirers of the poet, and the discerning friends of the man, will not trouble themselves to inquire; but they will wish that this evil principle had possessed more sway than they are at liberty to assign to it; the offender's condition would not then have been so hopeless. For malignity *selects* its diet; but where is to be found the nourishment from which vanity will revolt! Malignity may be appeased by triumphs real or supposed, and will then sleep, or yield its place to a repentance producing dispositions of good will, and desires to make amends for past injury; but vanity is restless, reckless, intractable, unappeasable, insatiable. Fortunate is it for the world when this spirit incites only to actions that meet with an adequate punishment in derision; such, as in a scheme of poetical justice, would be aptly required by assigning to the agents, when they quit this lower world, a station in that not uncomfortable limbo—the Paradise of Fools! But, assuredly, we shall have here another proof that ridicule is not the test of truth, if it prevent us from perceiving, that *depravity* has no ally more active, more inveterate, nor, from the difficulty of divining to what kind and degree of extravagance it may prompt, more pernicious than self-conceit. Where this alliance is too obvious to be disputed, the culprit ought not to be allowed the benefit of contempt—as a shelter from detestation; much less should he be permitted to plead, in excuse for his transgressions, that especial malevolence had little or no part in them. It is not recorded, that the ancient, who set fire to the temple of Diana, had a particular dislike to the god-

dess of chastity, or held idolatry in abhorrence; he was a fool, an egregious fool, but not the less, on that account, a most odious monster. The tyrant, who is described as having rattled his chariot along a bridge of brass over the heads of his subjects, was, no doubt, inwardly laughed at; but what if this mock Jupiter, not satisfied with an empty noise of his own making, had amused himself throwing fire-brands upon the rooftops, as a substitute for lightning; and, from his elevation, had hurled stones upon the heads of his people, to shew that he was a master of the destructive bolt, as well as of the harmless voice of the thunder!—The lovers of all that is honourable to humanity have recently had occasion to rejoice over the downfall of an intoxicated despot, whose vagaries furnish more solid materials by which the philosopher will exemplify how strict is the connection between the ludicrously, and the terribly fantastic. We know, also, that Robespierre was one of the vainest men that the most vain country upon earth has produced;—and from this passion, and from that cowardice which naturally connects itself with it, flowed the horrors of his administration. It is a descent, which I fear you will scarcely pardon, to compare these redoubtable enemies of mankind with the anonymous conductor of a perishable publication. But the moving spirit is the same in them all; and, as far as difference of circumstances and disparity of powers will allow, manifests itself in the same way, by professions of reverence for truth, and concern for duty—carried to the giddiest heights of ostentation, while practice seems to have no other reliance than on the omnipotence of falsehood.”

Who does not see, in all this effervescence of impotent wrath, the true purpose of Mr Wordsworth's Letter? Who, that contrasts the tameness and insipidity of the rest of it with the pestiferous zeal of this extract, does not at once perceive that the true objects of the author's concern were not Robert Burns and Dr Currie, but himself and Mr Jeffray, and those reviews of the *Lyrical Ballads*, the *Excursion*, and the *White Doe*, which he so credibly informs us he has never read? That Mr Wordsworth should have been extremely nettled by the sarcasms of the Edinburgh Review, seems to be abundantly natural; but that he, if he be a man of genius, should at all times and on every occasion stand howling on the highway, and entreating all mankind to look at his blisters,—appears, to say the least of it, extremely injudicious. Cannot Mr Wordsworth content himself with sitting at home and carping at

\* “ A friend, who chances to be present while the author is correcting the proof sheets, observes that Aristarchus is libelled by this application of his name, and advises that ‘Zoilus’ should be substituted. The question lies between spite and presumption; and it is not easy to decide upon a case where the claims of each party are so strong: but the name of Aristarch, who, simple man! would allow no verse to pass for Homer's which he did not approve of, is retained, for reasons that will be deemed cogent.”

Mr Jeffray, in the midst of his own little knot of kindred worshippers at Keswick, where, I suppose, as Crabbe says,

“ Most overbearing in his proud discourse,  
And overwhelming of his voice the force,  
And overpowering is he when he shows  
What floats upon a mind that always over-  
flows.”

If Mr Wordsworth really be a great man, he will tell us so much more convincingly by some great and dignified work of genius, than by little venomous pamphlets addressed to Mr James Gray of the High School of Edinburgh. If Mr W. does not take in the Edinburgh Review, what do we care for that? Does he suppose we are to break our sets merely to please him? If Mr Jeffray's criticisms be of no value, let him say nothing about them or their author; if they be erroneous, let him get his friend N., or the Laureate, or any other of “*the rich and wealthy men in the land of intellect*,” to answer them in the Quarterly. But if he expects by open and unsupported Billingsgate, either to raise himself, or depress his adversary in our estimation, let him rest assured that he is woefully mistaken. He has conducted himself, on this occasion, (and I will defy your correspondent, with all his eloquence, to prove the reverse,) like a sneaking pettifogger, who, being employed to defend a poor man from the tyranny of two neighbouring justices, should choose, in the course of the law-suit, to keep steadily in remembrance the fact, that he himself had been condemned for poaching by one of these gentlemen, and connived at by the other, and should therefore carry on his client's war tooth and nail against the former, but wink hard upon any overbearing measures which must please the fancy of the latter. The wit of the Edinburgh Reviewer has, I imagine, left such a scar in the liver of the Laker, that the discharge of bile and *sanies* is not chronic but continuous, and that for him to publish any thing, poem or pamphlet, without a seasoning of abuse against Mr Jeffray, is just as impossible as it would have been for our poor friend Robert Burns, in an evening of jollity, to see old Mause's gill-stoup pass him without putting it to his lips.

So much for Mr Wordsworth's letter; but I cannot conclude without

mentioning, *en passant*, to Mr N., that throughout the whole of his diverting paper, there prevails an expression of veneration for the literary character of the author of that production, with which he will, on this side the Tweed, find very few to sympathize. Whatever may be the opinion of the “rich and wealthy men in the land of intellect,” with respect to the “viands of that table which Wordsworth has spread for them,” they may rest satisfied that the world at large is content with plainer fare, and that very few envy them the princely hospitalities of which it is their aristocratic privilege to partake. I myself was yesterday in company with some very well informed people, who, after hearing me read out N's letter, exclaimed, as if with one consent, “Who the d—— is this William Wordsworth? For myself, I will frankly confess that my knowledge of his writings has been derived chiefly from the extracts in the Edinburgh Review. But as that Review has been giving articles about him every now and then for these fifteen years past, and as many hundreds of his lines have been quoted by it, I do not observe why I should suppose the impressions under which I lie to have been rashly assumed. On perusing your last Number, however, in many parts of which Mr Wordsworth's name is introduced with great appearance of respect, my curiosity with regard to that gentleman was so much excited, that I wrote to the library at Glasgow for a sight of his poems. They have accordingly sent me their copy of the Excursion, which I perceive is as yet uncut, with permission to keep it for a twelvemonth if I think proper. But to what extent I shall avail myself of their kind liberality I am quite uncertain. I have the honour to be, Mr Editor, your obedient servant,  
D.  
*Dumfries, Nov. 10th, 1817.*

VERSES OCCASIONED BY A LATE CON-  
TROVERSY RESPECTING ROBERT  
BURNS.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE just now read, with a great deal of pleasure, the Observations on Mr Wordsworth's Letter, contained in the Third Number of the Monthly



Magazine, and feel a wish to send you  
a Poem, upon much the same subject,  
which has lain by me for some time,  
and which you may publish, if it ap-  
pears to you worthy of the trouble.—  
I am, sir, your most obedient servant,  
H.

Lanarkshire, Sept. 6th, 1817.

—  
THE SHADE OF BURNS TO ITS TORMEN-  
TORS.

OH! friends and foes alike forbear,  
Nor dare forejudge the doom  
Of him whose dust reposes here,  
Safe shrouded in the tomb.

Where he has kept fair Virtue's path,  
Or where forsook the road,  
For ways that led to sin and death,  
There's none can judge but God.

That God, whose ways are always wise,  
Did fortune's gifts deny;  
Yet treasures fortune's fools despise,  
Made none more blest than I.

A heart that glowed with love divine,  
At earthly woes could melt,  
And in a bold expansion line  
Could pour forth all I felt.

Nay, smile not yet, my quondam friends,  
This God and Nature gave,  
And left me free, for gracious ends,  
Myself to sink or save.

Dart not on him a scornful glance,  
Who, stript of all beside,  
Claims, as his sole inheritance,  
His poverty and pride.

A pride that never stoops to sue,—  
That bends alone to Heaven,—  
That sees the right—the wrong can do,  
Yet hopes to be forgiven.

Oh! scowl not on the hapless wight,  
"Unfitted with an aim,"  
Who ceaseless toils from morn till night,  
And every morn the same.

Nor wonder, ye who still possess  
All that your hearts desire,  
That witching dreams of social bliss  
Should the lone wight inspire.

That when he tasted pleasure's cup,  
He longed to taste again;  
And still he sipped, and sipped it up,  
Till pleasure rose to pain;

Till love to perfect phrenzy grew  
A raging restless hell,  
And Demon Wit its arrows threw,  
Unheeding where they fell.

Till sore he writhed beneath the smart  
Of hopes by him o'erthrown,  
Nor placed a thorn in others' heart  
That rankled not his own.

Sweet Coila, round whose lovely brow,  
Immortal laurels bloom,  
Oh! hear thy Bard, repentant now,  
Who calls thee from the tomb.

Oh! pardon, pardon, much loved Maid,  
That like a wayward boy,  
I grasped the baubles fools displayed,  
When thou hadst given me joy.

Hadst thou and Reason held the rein,  
No mortal e'er had dar'd,  
In virtue's strength securely vain,  
T' insult thy hapless Bard,

Whose heart with kindlier feelings fraught,  
As many still can tell,  
Had scorned to wound the friend in aught  
He loved in life so well.—

Had scorned the poisonous darts to keep,  
His thoughtless moments threw,  
And when in dust his ashes sleep,  
To launch them forth to view.

Ye chosen few, so early lost,  
Ye dear domestic ties,  
Where Scotia rears her proudest boast,  
Your Friend—your Father lies:

Approach—and shed a silent tear,  
But tremble while you weep,  
Nor slight the moral sculptured here  
Where Burns's ashes sleep.

But where he kept fair Virtue's path,  
Or where forsook the road  
For ways that led to sin and death,  
None else can judge but God.

REMARKS ON "LACUNAR STREVELI-  
NENSE,"

*A Collection of Heads, etched and engraved  
after the Carved Work which formerly  
decorated the Roof of the King's Room in  
Stirling Castle.*"

THIS is a splendid publication, and  
does honour to all concerned in it. It  
comprehends a collection of very beau-  
tiful etchings, interspersed with a few  
admirable engravings, which are taken  
from a number of ancient Scottish  
carvings once composed the roof of the  
presence-chamber in the royal palace  
of Stirling. When this palace, in the  
spirited course of modern improve-  
ment, became transformed in the  
1777, from the residence of kings into  
a militia barrack, this curious and  
beautiful roof was entirely broken  
down, and the circular carvings which

composed it turned over with the rubbish into neglect and oblivion. Many were entirely lost; part of them were saved by the care and discernment of the late Lord Hailes\*, and others have been fortunately preserved, from the accidental discovery of various persons who had taste to discover and appreciate their beauties. With permission of these gentlemen, the Editors have procured drawings to be taken from these carvings by a lady, whose genius has enabled her† to execute this task with equal spirit and fidelity; and the etchings by Messrs Lizars, from these drawings, compose the present volume. It is valuable and interesting in many respects, as illustrative of the state of one curious branch of the fine arts at so early an age as the reign of our James the V., and as throwing some useful light on the history of taste in ornamental architecture at this remote period in Scotland. When, in addition to this, we state, that these carvings are many of them undoubtedly portraits of the most eminent personages of the times, and that all of them present delineations of the costume of the age, in which we find the characters of truth and nature most strongly depicted, they become valuable in another and that not a less important point of view. They illustrate the history and the manners of the age. By addressing themselves "to the eye," they embody, corroborate, and elucidate, those contemporary, historical, or poetical descriptions, which till now have only "met our ear," and presented through this sense but a vague and indefinite idea.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the art of architecture appears to have declined in every country in Europe. Where, in any of these countries, are the modern structures which can compare, either in magnificence of design, or in the beauty of ornamental detail, with the specimens of the olden time? In France, can there be pointed out to us any modern churches which will vie with the cathedrals of Rheims, Rouen, or Beauvais? In Spain, how have the ephemer-

eral productions of later days fallen\* below the exquisite beauties of the Alhambra of Granada, or the Mosque of Cordova? In England, have we any modern palaces which do not "shew like folly" before the immortal structures of York and Westminster? and in our own country of Scotland, how far do even the ruins of our architectural splendour eclipse all that is known or practised of this noble art in these later times? Feeling, as we do, so much reverence and admiration for the remains of architectural magnificence in our own country, it is impossible not to sympathise with the observation of the Editor in the excellent Introduction prefixed to this Work, "that there are few subjects on which it is more difficult for a Scotchman to write, with any sort of temper, than the manner in which the ancient palaces of our kings have been treated since the Union with England." There was a time when a Scottish King, leaving his palace of Holyroodhouse, might have travelled through a range of royal residences, at Lithgow, Falkirk, Stirling, Dunfermline, and Falkland, which, in magnificence of architecture, and beauty of situation, were inferior to none, and superior to many of the palaces of Europe. It is well known, that Mary of Guise, James the Fifth's second queen, pronounced the royal palace of Lithgow to be equal to any in France. Nor were the nobles of the day much below their sovereign in the splendour of their residences.†

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\* See the Arabian Antiquities of Spain by Murphy, one of the most gorgeous and beautiful publications which has appeared in any age or country. The engravings in this work are above all praise; and the fairy pictures, which they convey of the magnificence of the Moorish sovereignty in Spain, are almost too dazzling for the mind accustomed to the sober forms of our modern architecture.

† One of the greatest patrons of the ornamental arts, connected with the laying out of grounds and the creation of rural seats, was George Lord Seton. This accomplished nobleman, after having built Winton House, of whose splendour no traces now remain, added to it a garden, which contemporary historians describe as the wonder of the times; "erecting," in the words of a MS. history of the family of Winton, "about the knots of flowers fivescore torres of timber, of 2 cubits high, with two knobs on their heads, the one above the

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\* The collection of Lord Hailes was sold by his representatives as lumber. It contained most of the finest heads now in the possession of Mr Cockburn, Mr Jeffrey, &c.

† Mrs General Graham.

The taste of the Scotch in architecture, at the era of which we now speak, had become a subject of observation to foreigners, and a very remarkable sentence of the celebrated Cardan, who visited Scotland in the reign of the fifth James, is quoted by the editor, “Ædium immensa moles nec minus splendoris intus quam ex longinquo spectanti magnitudinis, gens in talibus rebus supra fidem luxuriosa.”

At the period of which we now speak, the royal race of the Stuarts, whom it is considered by many as an injury and sullenness against all liberal opinion to venture to praise, were perhaps more munificent patrons of genius than any other kingly family in Europe. Poetry, painting, music, architecture, and all who had raised themselves to eminence in the arts which dignify and sweeten life, were liberally encouraged and rewarded by the successive princes of this family. It was unfortunate indeed, that the taste of the monarch outran the dark, bloody, and ignominious habits of the nation; and it is certain that these princes, in their laudable attempts to restrain the power of the nobility, to introduce habits of civilization in the middling and lower classes, and to encourage a love of the liberal arts amongst their people, experienced the most inveterate opposition at the time, and have met with most singular injustice from posterity.

The palace of Stirling is celebrated as having been one of the noblest royal residences in Scotland. James III. whom Pitscottie, in his quaint and amusing style, describes as delighting more in “music and policies of bigging than in the government of his realm,” was particularly fond of Stirling, where, says Drummond, he had

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other, each of them as great as a rough bouell, overgilt with gold, and their shanks painted with diverse oiled colours.” *MS. Hist. of Family of Winton. See Pinkerton, vol. II.*

The same Nobleman possessed another fair seat, called Castle Seton, which was destroyed in an incursion of the English. “The same nycht,” says a laconic old historian, “we encampit at a town of the Lord Seton’s, where we brent and raised his cheif castell, called Seton, which was rycht fayre, and destroyed his orchards and gardens, which were the fayrest and best in order that we saw in all that countrye.” *Late Expeditione in Scotland in 1544. Dalziel’s Fragments.*

built a fair and spacious hall, and founded a “college for divine service, which he named the Chapell Royal. He was much given,” continues the historian, “to buildings, and trimming of chapells, halls, and gardens; and the rarest frames of palaces and churches in Scotland were mostly raised about his time.”\*—The chief favourite of this prince is well known to have been the unfortunate Cochran, who rose from being prentice to a mason to be the royal architect and surveyor of buildings in the kingdom, and from this station was promoted, by the imprudent favour of his sovereign, to the pre-eminence of the earldom of Mar, which proved afterwards so fatal to him.† The palace of Stirling was afterwards highly improved and ornamented by James V., who added nearly the whole of that part of the palace which is now standing. It is in this part we find the royal chamber, from the ornamented roof of which the present designs are taken.

The art of carving in wood is of great antiquity in Scotland. It was naturally and necessarily connected with the introduction and continuance of the Gothic architecture. The shrines, screens, and richly ornamented doors, of Gothic structures in the neighbouring country of England, and in many parts of France, demonstrate the constant demand for productions of this ancient and curious art; and although the Gothic structures of our own country, from their state of decay and delapidation, do not present us with many similar specimens, yet there is little doubt the art had arrived at much perfection. This is indeed proved completely by these same ornamental carvings in the palace of Stirling; and did Lithgow, Falkland, or Dunfermline, now remain entire, or had the English successors of our Scottish kings been as generous and liberal in the preservation, as their predecessors had been in the erection, of these regal abodes, there can be no doubt that they would have presented to us many such rich and beautiful specimens of carving as the roof of the presence chamber of Stirling.

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\* Drummond’s Hist. page 51 and 52.

† Cochran was afterwards, in a conspiracy which ended in the captivity of the king himself, hanged with a hair tether over the bridge of Lauder. Pitscottie, p. 125.

It is evident that this art of ornamental carving was nothing more than the substitute for the present art of adorning in stucco, the roofs, walls, and pillars of our modern buildings. The precise era at which this art of framing stucco ornaments had been introduced into Scotland cannot be accurately ascertained. It had already arrived at considerable perfection as early as the 1622. We find the roof of the hall of Roslin castle, near Edinburgh, richly ornamented in stucco; and the grouping of the flowers, and the disposal of the wreaths, borders, and other details in the divisions of the roof, exhibit a most favourable specimen of the taste of the times. As the art of ornamental stucco proceeded towards perfection, and the ancient manner of wainscoting rooms gave way to the more modern invention of plaster walls, the art of ornamental carving in wood appears to have gradually fallen into decay.

But it is now time to proceed from these general observations, to give a more particular description of this work. There can be no doubt, as has been already observed, that many of the Stirling heads are portraits. There is a force, a character, and a spirited individuality about them which strongly proves this, and it is most unfortunate that the order of their arrangements in the roof of the palace cannot now be discovered, as this circumstance would, in all probability, have furnished us with some key to the likenesses. The conjectures of the Editor appear to us, judging from the portraits of the eminent personages of this age which we have seen, to be happy and probable. The first is undoubtedly James V. The pictures of this monarch are not unfrequent. They are all very similar to each other, a strong proof that they present a correct likeness, and they all strongly resemble the present carving.\* In De Larrey's *Hist. de la Grand Bretagne*, a large work in four volumes folio, there are to be found some extremely fine portraits of the age of James V. Elizabeth, and James VI. Referring to a

portrait in this work, we find that the features of the youthful queen of James, Madeleine of France, daughter of Francis I. are very similar to those in the fourth print in the Stirling heads, and that the dress of the times is correctly preserved.\* The conjecture of the Editor is therefore probably correct when he affirms this to be Madeleine. There is much sweetness and sensibility in the countenance of this young queen, who died soon after her arrival in Scotland;† and it is singularly contrasted with the dignified and haughty air of the head of Mary of Guise, the second consort of James V. which precedes it. The costume of Mary of Guise, and that of the 22d head, which appears to be one of the court ladies, present us with an excellent picture of the female dresses of the times, which have afforded so common a subject of remark and reprobation to the satirical poets of the age. We have not indeed an opportunity, owing to all of these portraits being of the kit-cat size, to observe the "side taillis," against which Sir David Lindsay has written a very amusing attack, in which the gorgeous apparel of the ladies, "qhyt in clathis coruscant," and the odd and uncommon consequences of these side taillis, are described with more humour than decency. But we see the rest of the dress most faithfully pourtrayed, and it is not too much to say, that there is uncommon taste, and much expensive richness and beauty, in the female costume of the age. Indeed, if we are to believe the poet Dunbar,‡ expense was the last circumstance which entered into the cal-

\* Madeleine was married to James in the church of Notre Dame, January 1537, with much splendid ceremony.

† The reception of Madeleine at Edinburgh was exceedingly magnificent, and befitting the daughter of the gallant and magnificent Francis. "At her reception in Edinburgh, the scaffolds for the pageants were painted with gold and azure, the fountains poured alternately water and wine, and the dresses of the allegorical personages were of singular beauty; the craftsmen appeared as archers clad in green, the burgesses in gowns of scarlet and granite, the lords of the session, the barons, bannerets and peers, all in their most solemn and gorgeous attire, nor were musicians of all kinds, heralds, and macers with silver rods, wanting to decorate the solemnity. Pinkerton, vol. 2. p. 429.

‡ Poem of the twa mariit women.

\* I have before me just now a small oval print of James V. which is pasted into the late Lord Woodhouselee's copy of Granger's *Biographical History of England*, and which is in dress and features almost a fac simile of the portrait in the Stirling heads.

ulation of the gentlewomen of these times, and the excuse which they find is, one which proves that a fine lady, although "cameleon-like" in all other particulars, in making out her milliner's bill, is pretty nearly the same sort of being in the fifteenth as in the nineteenth century.\*

In the dress of numbers 22 and 31, we can distinguish nearly the whole paraphernalia of female beauty in the fifteenth century. The hood, kirtle, embroidered shift, the mantle, patelet or small ruff, the kerchiefs of crisp or lawn, the belt, brooches, golden chains, the circlet of gold which confined the hair, and the farthingale or minor hoop.†

These admirable delineations of female costume bring to our mind the picture given of the manners and the apparel of a Scotch coquette of the fifteenth century, by Dunbar, in his tale of the twa mariit women, a poem equal, in point of humour, to many of Chaucer's.‡

"I saw thre gay ladyes sit in ane grene arbour,

All graith into garlaneis of fresche gudelic flouris,

So glitterit as the gowd were their glorious gilt tresses,

Quhill all the gressis did gleeme of the glad houris.

Kemmit was their cleer hayr, and curiouslie sched

Attour their shoulderis down, schyne schyning full bricht,

With kurches, capin thame abone, of krisp cleir, and thin,

Their mantellis green war as the grass that grew in May sesonn."

The head No 3 is supposed to be a likeness of James I. and if this is the case, this unfortunate prince must have been an uncommonly fine-looking man. He is represented in a kind of undress. It is plain and simple, but very graceful; the countenance is intelligent, and the head has an air of much ease and dignity. In most of the male portraits we find the velvet or satin bonnet as a distinguishing part of the courtier's dress, the jacket,|| the lewie, a sort of loose hood which hung behind the back, the doublet (which was general-

ly of some rich-coloured satin), and the shirt, which was often embroidered, and its collar studded with precious stones. "When James IV. conveyed Margaret, his bride, the daughter of Henry VIII. of England, into Edinburgh, seated, according to the primitive manners of the times, behind him on horseback, his gallant person was arrayed in a jacket of cloth of gold, a doublet of violet satin, scarlet hose, his spurs gilt and long, and the collar of his shirt richly embroidered with precious stones.\*"

Amongst the unknown portraits, there is one, No 12, which has a striking resemblance to the description given by Pitscottie, of the Duke of Albany, brother to James III. We shall quote this, as it is a very odd and singular description, and contains an enumeration of features which, in the present age, would constitute a very ugly personage; but honest Pitscottie is altogether of a different opinion. "This Alexander," says the historian, "was of mid stature, broad shouldered, and well proportioned in all his members, and specially in his face, that is to say, broad faced, red nosed, great eared—and of a very awful countenance, when he pleased to show himself unto his unfriends."† On looking to the portrait, which is No 12 of this collection, we think there will be few who will not recognise the large ears, the sour unfriendly expression, the full swelled nose, and the broad shoulders, which were the characteristic features in the Duke of Albany. Our limits will not permit to enlarge farther on many of the other heads in this curious publication. Some of them appear to be altogether fancy pieces, such as representations of satyrs, or savages with knotty clubs, muscular arms, and a single garment thrown across their naked breast, and bound by a knot at the shoulder. Figures of this description were not unfrequent in the masques and moralities which were often acted at the court of the Scottish monarch. Other heads are unquestionably portraits, and of eminent and distinguished persons, as their dresses are rich, and their air noble; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to identify them with the original, for the written pictures left us by contemporary his-

\* "Be courtlie aye in clothing and costlie arrayit. That hurtis not your worth ane hen—your husband payis for all." *Lindsay*.

† Pinkerton, vol. 2. p. 435.

‡ The twa mariit women. Sibbald, vol. 1. p. 210. James IV.

|| See Pinkerton, vol. 2.

† Pitscottie, page 132.

\* Pinkerton, vol. 2. p. 433.

torians, do not possess sufficient individuality, and there are few or no Scottish portraits belonging to this early period. One other however we must advert to, it is No Pitscottie has transmitted to us the name of James V.'s fool, and we have little doubt that the admirable full length portrait, which is there given, No of one of those wearers of the motley, is none other than the individual Mr John Mackilrie, who has been snatched from oblivion by Pitscottie. If so, Mr Mackilrie must have been no common fool. He has a face of broad humour, with a look of sly cunning about it which marks him for a Scotch fool, and the expression with which he is drawn, his tongue half thrown into his cheek, with the tip insinuated between his teeth, and the laughing little eyes answering to the knavery of the mouth, is expressive of genuine though vulgar humour.

The borders which surrounded these different carvings are rich and beautiful; they are infinitely varied, and exhibit a profusion of fanciful and elegant mouldings, which it is wonderful to find, at this early era of our Scottish architecture.

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#### CONSIDERATIONS ON ERRONEOUS VERDICTS AND CONDEMNATIONS OF INNOCENT MEN.

MR EDITOR,

IT would be foolish to expect that courts of criminal justice should ever be wholly free from the influence of those causes that so frequently introduce error into human deliberations, and so generally deny complete certainty to their results. Compose the court, select its members, and distribute their offices, with all possible wisdom; adopt, as the basis of procedure, the most liberal and approved general principles of jurisprudence; and regulate, with the utmost nicety, the degree in which official responsibility and the moral control of public opinion shall be admitted to purify, without agitating, the forensic atmosphere;—after all, every judicial determination must be the result of the opinions of fallible men, deduced from the information supplied by persons generally more fallible than themselves. The principle so generally en-

forced by wise jurists, and adopted by civilized states, that “it is better that ten guilty persons should escape, than that one innocent man should unjustly suffer,” strongly recognises the danger of those errors to which criminal courts are liable, and indicates their best and wisest remedy. In every civilized country the danger of such error has been anxiously guarded against; and in almost every country of the world, I believe, the courts of justice have been more wisely and admirably constituted than any of the other municipal establishments. The judicial office was the only one which the ancients supposed to have been ever discharged with such excellence in this world, as to entitle a mortal to retain it in the world below, and to dispose there of the eternal, as he had done on earth of the temporal, interests and destinies of his fellow creatures. The Areopagus retained its purity amidst the corruption of the Athenian commonwealth; and the tribunals of Rome preserved among the people a sense of justice and moral principle which their military policy might have wholly subverted.

The superior care and prudence with which judicial establishments have been framed, I am far from considering disproportionate to their objects. The character and the happiness of a people are more powerfully and variously affected by the state of its courts of justice, than by the condition of any other of its municipal establishments. If life be not tenderly respected within the court, it will be but little respected by the people at large. If property be not strictly defended by law, it will neither be enjoyed nor improved; and if courts cease to command veneration and confidence, perjury and a universal dissolution of faith will infallibly prevail. “I would rather trust my soul to the mercy of God, than the prisoner to the justice of that court,” is said to have been the apology of a witness who perjured himself on the trial of a state-prisoner in this country.

The peaceful administration of justice is the foundation of civil society—a truth very well illustrated by the noted observation of Hume, that all the great establishments of the British empire,—its armies, fleets, ministers, ambassadors, taxes, &c.—were ultimately good for nothing but for enabling the judges

to perform their circuits without interruption, and deliver their opinions and mandates without the risk of having their heads broken. Yet it is plain, that the utmost injustice a court of law can commit, is to take away life without cause—an injustice which the supreme executive power, intrusted with the direction of war, may commit in a far greater degree. More life is destroyed, and more torture inflicted, in the course of one military campaign, than by jailors and executioners in the course of a century. But while the mischiefs of unjust war are perpetrated at a distance from the fountain of the injustice, the influence of judicial iniquity must be confined at home. Of those who are exposed to the miseries of war, only a few can appreciate the merits of the warfare. But the deliberations of courts of judicature embrace questions that arise out of the ordinary intercourse of man and man; *quicquid agunt homines* is the matter of lawsuits; and every man, as party, witness, or juror, perceives his constant and immediate relation to the tribunals of his country, and the influence that such relation may exercise on his happiness and security. The influence of judicial wisdom and integrity is like the influence of the air we breathe: it silently enters into all the relations, pursuits, and enjoyments of life; and its full importance is rarely felt till its purity begins to be corrupted.

When the reasons for peace or war are nearly balanced, he is a rare politician who does not decide for war. But when the reasons for condemning or acquitting the accused seem even to approach an equipoise, I will venture to say, that he is a rare judge or jurymen who hesitates to acquit—to spare, in detail, the life which the wholesale disposer of it squanders away. I would by no means carry my doubts so far as to question, with the comforters of Job, if *any* “ever perished being innocent,” or if ever “the righteous were cut off?” But I believe, that a fair collection of the errors and failures of criminal tribunals would show a vast preponderance of unpunished wrong over the destruction of innocence; a thousand instances of acquittal of the guilty for one of condemnation of the innocent; and that, except where faction or corruption have accidentally forced their

way into courts, erroneous condemnations have almost always proceeded from the natural imperfection of the human understanding, and, without an extension of its limits, could hardly have been avoided. In some cases of erroneous condemnation, the court has decided wisely and justly on the circumstances credibly related and sworn to; but these circumstances have been falsified or misrepresented by the malice or prejudices of witnesses, and not seldom distorted by the rash and criminal efforts of the accused, to counteract, by falsehood and subornation of perjury, the suspicions attached to his conduct and circumstances. How shall courts of justice defy the possibility of error, when the most indulgent of all jurisdictions, that of parents over their children (biased, too, as it is, to an opposite failing), is not always, in its exercise, wholly exempt from erroneous inculpation and punishment?

Whether a fair and well-vouched report of cases where criminal courts have been betrayed into error by the imperfections of the human discernment, or duped by the folly or villany of witnesses, would prove, in the main, a useful publication, is a question by no means divested of difficulty, and which I should be disposed to answer in the affirmative, only by the general conviction I entertain, that truth must ultimately be the friend of man, and promotive of his best interests. Such reports are, however, extremely apt to produce a mischievous effect on the minds of jurymen, who are already too much exposed to a dangerous appeal to their feelings from their duties. The effect, on jurymen, of the publication of those cases where courts have been betrayed into erroneous convictions by sources of error, inseparable, in some degree, from the wisest and most honest understandings, resembles the effect on pregnant women of the accounts of those monstrous and horrible births which are the casualties of our physical, as the others are of our moral, constitution. The professional members and officers of criminal courts are less exposed to such dangerous impressions, because their feelings are more habitually subject to their reason and sense of duty. Why, it has been asked, are judges less lax and less lenient in their deliberations than jurors? The vulgar

answer is, that they are hardened and rendered callous by practice: the wiser answer is, I apprehend, that they are enlightened by the experience, and invigorated by the exigencies, of their situation. The same man rarely performs the duty of a jurymen; but the same judge often performs his part in criminal proceedings. The jurymen, hoping he may never again be placed in a similar situation, is little alarmed by one solitary act of relaxation of strict duty. The judge must expect to be frequently called on to perform the most painful of duties, and must therefore screw up his resolution to perform it always well. A jurymen, I suspect, sometimes reasons like a rake, who, while he admits the evils produced by general disregard of morality, maintains that his own participation will make no perceptible addition to the mischief, and his forbearance no perceptible deduction from its amount. But the judge cannot be insensible to the dreadful and extensive consequences that would result from abandonment of strict duty on his part. Like the physician or surgeon, he is not intimidated from the painful ministrations and measures he judges necessary by those instances of occasional failure which would stagger and terrify the patient and his friends, if related to them.

The advantage most obviously and probably derivable from such reports, consists of the increased accuracy, caution, and vigilance, which they may be expected to communicate to judges and jurymen—an advantage of which the attainment must necessarily depend on the scrupulous and unquestioned accuracy of the reports themselves. Not the least important lesson they teach, is the impolicy and inhumanity of extending capital punishment to a multitude of offences, and thus multiplying, if not the chances of error, at least the occasions on which error is most fatal and irremediable.

But whatever doubt might be entertained of the utility of a fair and well-vouched report of condemnations, honestly awarded by upright and enlightened men, yet subsequently ascertained to have been erroneous, I think it impossible to have any doubt at all of the dangerous and pernicious tendency of such reports, as the anonymous author of a work, entitled "*The Theory of Presumptive Proof*," &c. has

thought proper to lay before the public. This publication presents a series of pretended errors of criminal courts, both in this and other countries, ushered in by a performance which professes to be an essay on presumptive proof—but which really seems to be a practical essay on the art of writing without having any thing to say; consisting only of a few stalks of borrowed sense and ingenuity, throttled and overlaid by whole sheaves of original nonsense and pertness. The author is a man whose learning is displayed in quoting Aristotle, to support such a maxim as that "the most probable things sometimes prove false (p. 22.); and whose ingenuity is exerted in propounding such canons as that "*it is likely several things may happen which are not likely*" (ibid.). The endeavours of such a writer will contribute very little, I believe, to free the difficult subject of presumptive proof from the perplexities with which it has always been found to be entangled.

It is not my object to write a critical essay on this author's qualifications. It is his *Report of Cases* that I am at present concerned with. They are professedly intended to impeach the ordinary grounds of human judgment, on the authority of certain rare but striking cases where their application has been, or is supposed to have been, unsuccessful. But if they compass their end, it will be by the aid of a credulity more outrageous than ever persuaded a court of justice to roast an old woman alive for riding over to France on a broomstick. The main object of the preliminary essay is to degrade the value of human testimony by declaiming on its extreme deceitfulness; and the main object of the subjoined reports is to establish a train of monstrous casualties, deviations from ordinary experience, and contradictions of the strongest appearances, without any aid from human testimony at all. For to not one of the cases which this writer has reported, has he condescended to append the evidence on which conclusions so appalling are founded, nor even a reference to the records (if any there be) from which his reduction may be derived—though many of the cases are said to have occurred more than 100 years ago. His preliminary essay seems at least to have converted himself; for he is too fully persuaded of



the weakness of the human understanding to encumber and perplex it with any thing so deceitful as evidence.

I shall present your readers with a specimen of these cases.—*Thomas Geddeley* was tried at York in the year 1727, for a burglary in the house of his mistress. On the morning of the burglary, he had been seen with a poker in his hand beside the scrutoire of his mistress, which proved to be rifled, and immediately after he disappeared and was heard no more of for a year; when he was again recognized by persons of his acquaintance in York, and being identified and charged by his mistress and fellow-servant, was committed for trial. The prisoner, in defence, denied that he was the person named in the indictment; maintaining that he was not *Thomas Geddeley*, but *James Crow*, but without producing or referring to any body who knew him, or mentioning any place where he was known by the name and character he assumed. He was convicted and executed. But the author of this work informs us, that a man afterwards executed for a burglary in Ireland, declared himself, after condemnation, to be the true *Thomas Geddeley*, and the perpetrator of the burglary at York; and that a gentleman who had seen both the unfortunate men, declared that the resemblance between them was so perfect, “that it was next to impossible for the nicest eye to have distinguished their persons asunder.” (Case iv. p. 79.) We have here the *Comedy of Errors* turned into a tragedy.—Again, *Mr Hayes*, a gentleman of fortune, happened to sleep at the house of *Bradford* an innkeeper in Oxfordshire, in the year 1736; and, at supper, unguardedly mentioned that he had a great sum of money about him. Another gentleman with whom he had supped, awaking in the night, heard a deep groan from the adjoining room, and rousing a friend, proceeded to the apartment of *Mr Hayes*, where *Bradford*, the landlord, was found standing by the bedside, with a dark lantern, and a knife besmeared, as well as his hands, with the blood of the traveller, who lay murdered in bed. He betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and, on his trial, asserted that he had been alarmed by the groans of *Mr Hayes*, and had rushed into his room

to defend him. Between his conviction and execution he avowed to the clergyman that attended him, that he had entered *Hayes’* room with the design of murdering him, but found him already weltering in his blood, and that in his amazement he had dropped the knife on the body. Now the author of this work informs us, that eighteen months after, this latter story was confirmed by the servant of *Mr Hayes*, who, on his death bed, (and in full possession of his faculties it is assumed) avowed that he had murdered his master, and escaped from the room before the entry of *Bradford*. (Case vii. p. 89.) These are cases, I must think, which, even though fully vouched, could teach no useful practical lesson to jurymen, but are rather calculated to alarm and disconcert than to instruct them. The same observation applies to the others which this writer has reported; and the case of *Harris*, (No. 3. p. 74.) deserves this additional remark, that it is far from supporting the author’s exclusive predilection for direct evidence; since, besides the strong circumstantial evidence that contributed to convict *Harris* of murder, there was the direct evidence of his own servant, who swore (falsely, no doubt, as this author informs us,) that he had seen him perpetrating the murder.

But what seems to me chiefly objectionable in this publication is, the total want of evidence and authority to support cases of which many approach so nearly to the miraculous. The reporter’s conclusions profess to be built on the dying declarations (though where he found them he does not say,) of robbers and murderers; and, as if even the silence of those authentic oracles were pregnant with important truth, he takes care to remind us, that “as real murderers do not always confess when innocent men suffer,” it is impossible to say how far the mischief may have gone. (p. 27.) But have dying criminals, I would ask, never charged themselves with crimes of which they were innocent, in the hope of retarding their impending punishment by exciting inquiry? Has it never happened that a felon, smarting under the law, has desired to traduce the engine under which he suffered? Or, that dying villains, maddened by guilt and horror, have fancied themselves the authors of iniquities not their own, but which have formed the

subjects of their reflections, and perhaps their envy? It is certain at least that criminals, in making the confessions which this writer esteems so highly, are charging themselves with crimes of which they can never apprehend the temporal penalty, and are already loaded with a degree of guilt far exceeding the criminality which, with their notions, they can be expected to attach to false avowals of additional enormities.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. G.

Edinburgh, Oct. 1817.

NOTICES OF REPRINTS OF OLD BOOKS.

No I.

*The Gull's Hornbook*; by T. DECKER.

Imprinted at London, 1609, Reprinted at Bristol, 1812.

MR EDITOR,

“A JOKE is a joke,” says the old proverb, “but burning my wig is the devil.” The meaning of which aphorism I take to be, that a joke is a very good thing, but should not be carried too far. Whether the wit of Decker is liable to this exception, I shall not take upon me to decide, but I am very sure he will not accord with the taste of the present generation. In fact, we are grown too polished by half. A coarse joke is not to our taste, and a refined joke is generally a bad one. Our ancestors were a much more mirthful race. The absurdities of their neighbours excited in them an honest, good-natured laugh, very different indeed from the polite sarcasm and civil sneer with which the failings of their friends are regarded by their descendants. In short, they had more merriment and less malice; and we have every reason to believe they followed the advice of Joe Miller's motto, *they laughed and grew fat*. I must here be allowed a short digression, in order to take notice of a very learned gentleman, who might otherwise languish in obscurity. He has lately published a series of letters in the Morning Chronicle, proving, or at least attempting to prove, that the Greeks never *laughed*, and that the Romans considered laughter exceedingly ungentleel. This, to do him justice, he supports with considerable talent and much learning, and insists, among

other things, that the well-known passage in Horace, “*Risum teneatis amici*,” should be translated, “My friends, can you help *smiling*.” Laughter has indeed found a champion in the same paper, though an unworthy one; for, to say the truth, he receives a complete drubbing. Indeed, nothing but a prudent dread of the same fate has hitherto prevented my entering the lists myself. My adversary might find it, however, (though I say it that shouldn't say it) in the vulgar phrase, rather a *tough job*, and might not after all retire *smiling* from the contest. I have no doubt, indeed, I should afford a striking verification of the old proverb, “Those may *laugh* that win;” but “on their own merits modest men are dumb,” and I return to my author.

It was amongst such a laughing-loving race of John Bulls as I have before happily described, and in the witty reign of King James the I., that Decker published the *Gull's Hornbook*, from which I am now about to give some extracts to my readers. The race of Gulls has not at all decreased since Decker's days, and are still a very numerous and promising family. It was for the use of these gentlemen that this elementary treatise was composed; and though their more modern descendants may derive no improvement from old Decker's instructions, it will be some comfort to them to find, that their progenitors were as ridiculous as themselves, and quite as much laughed at.

Those readers who wish to be considered *well-dressed* gentlemen, and attract notice by well-blacked *hobys* and clanking spurs, will read the following extract with interest.

“As for thy stockings and shoes; so wear them, that all men may point at thee, and make thee famous by that glorious name of a malecontent. Or, if thy quicksilver can run so far on thy errand as to fetch thee books out of St Martin's, let it be thy prudence to have the tops of them wide as the mouth of a wallet, and those with fringed boot-hose over them to hang down to thy ancles. Doves are accounted innocent and loving creatures,—thou in observing this fashion, shalt seem to be a rough-footed dove, and be held as innocent. Besides the straddling, which of necessity so much leather between thy legs must put thee into, will be thought not to grow from thy disease, but from that gentlemanlike habit.”

Those gentlemen who “sport” *fine*

*bushy* heads of hair, should particularly attend to the following directions.

“To maintain therefore that sponce of thine strongly guarded, and in good reparation, never suffer comb to fasten his teeth there: let thy hair grow thick and bushy, like a forest, or some wilderness; lest those six-footed creatures that breed in it, and are tenants to that crown-land of thine, be hunted to death by every base barbarous barber; and so that delicate and tickling pleasure of scratching be utterly taken from thee.

“Long hair is the only net that women spread abroad to entrap men in: and why should not men be as far above women in that commodity, as they go beyond men in others? The merry Greeks were called *μακροχίτωνες* (long-haired.) Lose not thou, being an honest Trojan, that honour; sithence it will more fairly become thee. Grass is the hair of the earth, which so long as it is suffered to grow, it becomes the wearer, and carries a most pleasing colour; but when the sun-burnt clown makes his mows at it, and, like a barber, shaves it off to the stumps, then it withers and is good for nothing but to be traped up and thrown among jades. How ugly is a bald pate! it looks like a face wanting a nose, or like ground eaten bare with the arrows of archers: whereas a head all hid in hair gives even to a most wicked face a sweet proportion, and looks like a meadow newly married to the spring.

“Certain I am, that when none but the golden age went current upon earth, it was higher treason to clip hair than to clip money; the comb and scissars were condemned to the currying of hackneys: he was disfranchised for ever, that did put on a barber's apron. Man, woman, and child, wore their hair longer than a law-suit: every head, when it stood bare or uncovered, looked like a butter-box's noul, having his thrum'd cap on. It was free for all nations to have shaggy pates, as it is now only for the *Irishman*. But since this polling, and shaving world crept up, locks were lockt up, and hair fell to decay. Revive thou therefore the old, buried fashion; and, in scorn of periwigs and sheap-shearing, keep thou that quilted head-piece on continually. Long hair will make thee look dreadfully to thine enemies, and manly to thy friends; it is, in peace, an ornament; in war, a strong helmet: it blunts the edge of a sword, and deads the leaden thump of a bullet; in winter, it is a warm night-cap; in summer, a cooling fan of feathers.”

To J. M., P. F., and Candidus,—to that matchless antiquarian J. R., and “to the learned and worthy baronet,” descended in the eleventh degree from the hero of Morningside,—to all that remember, or are willing to revive, the salt-foot controversy, I indicate, with

satisfaction, the maxim of Decker in p. 127.

“At your twelvepenny ordinary, you may give any justice of peace, or young knight, if he sit but one degree towards the equinoctial of the Saltcellar, leave to pay for the wine; and he shall not refuse it, though it be a week before the receiving of his quarter's rent, which is a time albeit of good hope, yet of present necessity.”

With the excellent note of the Editor:

“one degree towards the equinoctial of the Saltcellar.] To understand this, let it be remembered that formerly the *saltcellar* (generally a large superb silver vessel) stood in the middle of the table: guests of superior rank always sat above it, towards the head of the table; those of inferior rank below it, towards the bottom. Decker again alluded to this in his *Honest Whore*, S. 5: ‘Plague him; set him *beneath the salt*, and let him not touch a bit, till every one has had his full cut.’”

“Ben Jonson also refers to it, in his *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 2. where Mercury describes Anaides as a coxcomb, who ‘never drinks *below the salt*.’ Indeed many writers of the same era notice it. The custom exists even now at some publick tables.”

To various friends the following advice may seem pretty *home*:

“All the way as you pass, especially being approached near some of the gates, talk of none but lords, and such ladies with whom you have played at primero, or danced in the presence the very same day; it is a chance to lock up the lips of the inquisitive belman: and, being arrived at your lodging door, which I would counsel you to chuse in some rich citizen's house, salute at parting no man but by the name of ‘sir,’ as though you had supped with knights; albeit you had none in your company but your perinado or your inghle.”

The following ingenious argument in favour of nakedness, though intended for the *gentlemen*, has been more readily adopted by the *ladies*.

“This lesson being played, turn over a new leaf; and unless that Freezeland cur, cold winter, offer to bite thee, walk a while up and down thy chamber, either in thy thin shirt only, or else (which, at a bare word, is both more decent and more delectable) strip thyself stark naked. Are we not born so? And shall a foolish custom make us to break the laws of our creation? Our first parents, so long as they went naked, were suffered to dwell in Paradise; but after they got coats to their backs, they were turned out of doors. Put on, therefore, either no apparel at all, or put it on carelessly: for look how much more delicate liberty is than bondage; so much is the looseness of wearing of our attire above the imprisonment of being neatly and tailor-

like drest up in it. To be ready in our clothes is to be ready for nothing else : a man looks as if he be hung in chains, or like a scarecrow. And as those excellent birds, whom Pliny could never have the wit to catch in all his springes, commonly called woodcocks, whereof there is great store in England, having all their feathers plucked from their backs, and being turned out as naked as Plato's cock was before all Diogenes his scholars, or as the cuckoo in Christmas, are more fit to comé to any knight's board, and are indeed more serviceable, than when they are lapt in their warm liveries ; even so stands the case with man. Truth, because the bald-pate her father, Time, has no hair to cover his head, goes, when he goes best, stark naked ; but Falsehood has ever a cloak for the rain. You see likewise, that the lion, being the king of beasts ; the horse, being the lustiest creature ; the unicorn, whose horn is worth half a city ; all these go with no more clothes on their backs than what nature hath bestowed upon them : but your baboons and your jackanapes, being the scum and rascality of all the hedge-creepers, they go in jerkins and mandilions. Marry how ? They are put into their rags only in mockery."

The author seems indeed to have a very sincere aversion to all fine raiment.

" Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very eryngo-root of gluttony ; so that fine backs, and fat bellies are coach-horses to two of the seven deadly sins ; in the boots of which coach Lechery, and Sloth sit like the waiting maid. In a most desperate state therefore do tailors, and cooks stand, by means of their offices ; for both those trades are apple-squires to that couple of sins. The one invents more phantastick fashions, than France hath worn since her first stone was laid ; the other more lickerish epicurean dishes, than were ever served up to Gallonius's table. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birch in lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus his kitchen ? No, no ; the first suit of apparel, that ever mortal man put on, came neither from the mercer's shop, nor the merchant's warehouse: Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now ; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin, and velvets. The silkworms had something else to do in those days, than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers : his breeches were not so much worth as K. Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble ; for Adam's holyday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece ; there went but a pair of shirts between them. An antiquary in this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves dried to shew. Tailors then were none of

the twelve companies : their hall, that now is larger than some dorpes among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop : they durst not strike down their customers with large bills : Adam cared not an apple-paring for all their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Switzer's blistered codpiece, nor the Danish sleeve sagging ¶ down like a Welch wallet, the Italian's close strosser, nor the French standing collar : your treble-quadruple dædalian ruffs, nor your stiffnecked rabatos, that have more arches for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print ; for the patent for starch could by no means he signed. Fashions then was counted a disease, and horses died of it : but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physick ; and the purest golden asses live upon it."

Allowing for the difference of manners, we may trace a resemblance, even in our own days, to the following picture.

" When you are set down to dinner, you must eat as impudently as can be, for that is most gentleman-like : when your knight is upon his stewed mutton, be you presently, though you be but a captain, in the bosom of your goose ; and when your justice of peace is knuckle-deep in goose, you may, without disparagement to your blood, though you have a lady to your mother, fall very manfully to your woodcocks."

But to give my readers a more perfect idea of Decker's manner, I shall extract nearly the whole of Chapter IV. *How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks.\**

" He that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gate to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations : for, if he once get to walk by the book, and I see no reason but he may, as well as fight by the book, Paul's may be proud of him ; Will Clarke shall ring forth encomiums in his honour ; John

\* " The body of *St Paul's* church (or *Powles*, as it was then commonly read) was, in Decker's day, the publick, and even fashionable walk, but more particularly the resort of loungers, cheats, and knights of the post ; for it was a privileged place convenient to the debtor. Nashe, Lodge, Greene, and other writers of that era, make frequent mention of it. Osborne, in his *Memoirs of K. James I.* says, that, till about the interregnum, men of all professions walked in the middle isle from eleven till noon, and after dinner from three to six : and he adds ; that in regard of the universal commerce, there happened little that did not first or last arrive there. In short, it was the seat of traffick and negotiation in general, even the moneychangers had their stations in it."

in Paul's churchyard shall fit his head for an excellent block; whilst all the inns of court rejoice to behold his most handsome calf.

"Your mediterranean isle is then the only gallery, wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and complemental Gulls are, and ought to be hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body; but take heed you pick out such an hour, when the main shoal of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance, and your exit; not much unlike the players at the theatres; keeping your decorums, even in phantasticalty. As for example: if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other; and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.

"Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect, and wary what pillar you come in at; and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving-man's log, and approach not within five fathom of that pillar; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of ¶ the semsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators: but howsoever if Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven; as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open view; in which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so; but call him Ned, or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men: and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock; tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may ap-

pear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey program, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief: it skills not whether you dined, or no; that is best known to your stomach; or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber, or study."

But all these, it may be said, are mere jeux d'esprit. I shall give at least two extracts, the practical utility of which few will be disposed to call in question. The first is to be found in page 173.

"Happily it will be blown abroad, that you and your shoal of gallants swam through such an ocean of wine, that you danced so much money out at heels, and that in wild-fowl there flew away this much; and I assure you, to have the bill of your reckoning lost on purpose, so that it may be published, will make you to be held in dear estimation: only the danger is, if you owe money, and that your revealing gets your creditors by the ears, for then look to have a peal of ordnance thundering at your chamber-door the next morning. But if either your tailor, mercer, haberdasher, silkman, cutter, linen-draper, or semster, stand like a guard of Switzers about your lodging, watching your up-rising, or, if they miss of that, your down-lying in one of the Counters; you have no means to avoid the galling of their small shot, than by sending out a light horseman to call your apothecary to your aid, who, encountering this desperate band of your creditors only with two or three glasses in his hand, as though that day you purged, is able to drive them all to their holes like so many foxes; for the name of taking physic is a sufficient *quietus est* to any endangered gentleman, and gives an acquittance, for the time, to them all, though the twelve companies stand with their hoods to attend your coming forth, and their officers with them."

In the words of the second I beg leave to address every indefatigable manufacturer of polemical pamphlets, reviews, letters, &c.

"'Away with the fool!' As for thee, thou chewest nothing but hemlock, and spittest nothing but the syrup of aloes upon my papers, till thy very rotten lungs come forth for anger. I am snake proof; and, though with Hannibal you bring whole hogsheds of vinegar-railings, it is impossible for you to quench or come over my Alpine resolution. I will sail boldly and desperately alongst the shore of the isle of Gulls; and, in defiance of that terrible block-house, thy loggerhead, make a true discovery of their wild yet habitable country."

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A VERY important discovery in crystallography, has lately been made by J. F. Daniell, Esq. F.R.S., which seems to give great support to the theory of spherical atoms, first suggested by Dr Hooke, and afterwards ingeniously supported by Dr Wollaston. If we suppose a tetrahedral and an octohedral pile of balls, both composed of triangular faces, the bases of which are constituted of five particles, so that the whole superficies of the octohedron is exactly double of that of the tetrahedron. Then, since the tetrahedron will be found to contain only *twenty* balls, while the octohedron contains *twenty-four*, it will follow, that the specific gravity of the octohedron will be greater than that of the tetrahedron, since in double the space it contains more than twice the number of particles. In order to ascertain if this result was true, Mr Daniell extracted, by mechanical division, the following different solids out of a mass of fluor spar, and found the specific gravities as follows:

Cuniform Octohedron, 3.100.

Octohedron, 3.037.

Tetrahedron, 2.909.

Mr Daniell Rhomboid, 2.904. Mr Daniell obtained analogous results with octohedral galena; and his experiments cannot fail to be considered as throwing new light on the interesting subject of the construction of crystallized bodies. Mr. Humboldt, in tracing the native stations of the Ferns, and the plan of their distribution over the earth, has ascertained, that of the 1000 species that have been observed, 760 belong to the torrid zone, and 240 to the temperate and frigid zones.

At the meeting of the French Institute, on the 10th March last, M. Humboldt read a memoir on caverns of rocks, and on their relation to the strata in which they are found. He seems to be of opinion, that the huge openings in the trap-porphyrines of the Cordilleras, called *machays*, are formed by the sudden extrication of some elastic vapours.

The prize medal, founded by Lalande, was adjudged by the Institute of France to M. Bessel of Königsberg, for his memoir on the comet of 1815.

M. Rigaud Delisle ascribes the maladies of the Pontine marshes to the emanations from the decomposing animal and vegetable substances. He finds that an elevation of 300 yards is a complete security against infection; and he proposes that travellers should wear a fine silk gauze over their mouths and nostrils.

*Cameleon Mineral*.—Messrs Chevillot and Edwards have made some curious experiments on the *cameleon mineral*. This substance is a combination of manganese

and caustic potash. When a solution of it in water is suffered to remain at rest, it passes from a green colour, through the whole series of colours, up to the red. From this colour it may be made to return to the original green, by the addition of potash, and the colour may be completely removed by adding to the solution either sulphureous acid gas, or chlorine. Messrs Chevillot and Edwards have ascertained, that the colouring matter of the *cameleon* depends upon the manganese; that the presence of air and oxygen is necessary to the formation of the *cameleon*, and that the absorption of the oxygen is not due solely to the potash, but to both, and that it is greater when the quantity of oxide of manganese is the largest, that is, equal to the quantity of potash.

We mentioned in our last Number, p. 97, the remarkable action of paste upon cast-iron cylinders. It has been observed by Mr Lect, that a similar effect is produced by distilling pyridigneous acid, which is identical with vinegar, in cast-iron vessels. When these vessels are used for some time, their interior becomes so soft, that it may in a few minutes be cut almost entirely through by a common pocket knife. *Proprietes of Arragonite*.—In examining the optical properties of arragonite and calcareous spar, Dr Brewster has discovered that arragonite has two axes of extraordinary refraction, one of which is parallel and the other perpendicular to the axis of the hexaedral prism, while calcareous spar is known to have only one axis of extraordinary refraction, coincident with the short diagonal of the primitive rhomboid. This result is the more remarkable, as Malus and Biot, who examined arragonite with great care, had concluded that it resembles calcareous spar in having only one axis of double refraction. Out of 100 crystals, whose optical structure he has carefully examined, Dr Brewster has found that sulphate of lime, and more than 80 other crystals, have two axes of extraordinary refraction, while only twenty have one axis of extraordinary refraction.—See *Brand's Journal of Science*.

A curious work, entitled *Oologie*, or a treatise on the eggs and nests of various birds, will soon be published by Mons. L'Abbe Manesse. About 206 new species of birds and their eggs are described in it, and accompanied by beautiful drawings.

M. Scarpa has been elected one of the eight foreign associates of the Institute of France, in room of M. Klaproth; and M. Piazzi of Palermo in room of M. Werner. The other candidates at both these elections were Sir H. Davy, M. Gauss of Gottingen, Dr Wollaston, M. Jacquin, Mr Brown, and Baron Von Buch.

M. Regnault has found that the mud of the river Nile, dried in the sun, consists of the following ingredients :

|                                  |    |
|----------------------------------|----|
| Water, . . . . .                 | 11 |
| Carbon, . . . . .                | 9  |
| Oxyde of Iron, . . . . .         | 6  |
| Silex, . . . . .                 | 4  |
| Carbonate of Magnesia, . . . . . | 4  |
| Carbonate of Lime, . . . . .     | 18 |
| Alumine, . . . . .               | 48 |

—  
100

Dr Edwards has lately made some curious though cruel experiments upon the submersion, suffocation, and strangulation of frogs, toads, and salamanders. Some of these animals, when kept in very dry air, died immediately; others of them lived many days, though immersed in thick coatings of plaster of Paris; while others gave signs of life even 15 days after they were strangled and decapitated, a complete cicatrization of the wound occasioned by decapitation having taken place. Dr Edward's memoir on this subject was highly approved by a commission of the Institute, who engaged him to continue his inquiries.

*Optical Structure of Ice.*—We understand that Dr Brewster, when examining the optical properties of ice, has found, that even large masses, two or three inches thick, formed upon the surface of standing water, are as perfectly crystallized as rock crystal, or calcareous spar, all the axes of the elementary crystals corresponding with the axes of the hexaedral prisms being exactly parallel to each other, and perpendicular to the horizontal surface. This unexpected result was obtained by transmitting polarized light through a plate of ice, in a direction perpendicular to its surface. A series of beautiful concentric coloured rings, with a dark rectangular cross passing through their centre, were thus exhibited, and were of the opposite nature to those which Dr B. had some years ago discovered in beryl, the ruby, and other minerals.—*Brandé's Journal of Science*, vol. iv. p. 155.

A Lactometer, for ascertaining the comparative value of each cow's milk in a dairy, has lately been laid before the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society, by Mr Fane. The apparatus consists of tubes of glass about half an inch in diameter, and eleven inches long, fixed upright in a wooden frame, each tube having a line round it exactly ten inches from the bottom. Each tube is filled up to this line at milking time, with the milk of a cow; after standing twelve hours, the cream is measured by a scale of ten parts to an inch, and as the whole depth of the milk and cream is ten inches, each division will represent one per cent. of the whole.

*Curious compound of Platinum.*—Mr Davy, professor of chemistry in the Cork Institution, while pursuing some investigations on platinum, formed a peculiar compound of this metal, which has some re-

markable properties. When it comes in contact with the vapour of alcohol at the common temperature of the air, there is an immediate chemical action, the platinum is reduced to the metallic state, and the heat produced is sufficient to ignite the metal, and to continue it in a state of ignition. It would at present be premature to offer any conjectures on the uses to which this new compound may be applied; but from the peculiar properties, both of the metal and the compound, there is reason to believe it will admit of some important applications. Mr Davy has already employed it as a simple and easy means of affording heat and light. To produce heat, nothing more is necessary than to moisten any porous animal, vegetable, or mineral substance, as sponge, cotton, asbestos, iron filings, sand, &c. with alcohol or whisky, and let a bit of the compound fall on the substance so moistened; it instantly becomes red hot, and continues to remain so whilst any spirit remains; nor is it extinguished by exposure to the atmosphere, or by blowing the breath on it; on the contrary, partial currents of air only make the ignited metal glow brighter. The heat produced in this way may be accumulated to a considerable extent, by increasing the quantity of the materials employed. On these facts, Mr Davy has constructed a sort of tinder-box that answers very well to procure immediate light. The box contains two small phials, and some sulphur matches tipped at the points with a very minute bit of phosphorus; one of the phials contains the compound, the other a little alcohol. The phials may either have glass stopples or corks. The stopper of the phial containing the alcohol has a small aperture at the bottom, in which there is inserted a bit of sponge; this is kept moistened but not quite wet with alcohol. When a light is wanted, it is only necessary to take out the stopper, and put a bit of the compound no bigger than the head of a pin on the moistened sponge; it instantly becomes red hot, and will immediately light one of the matches.

This mode of igniting a metal, and keeping it in a constant state of ignition, is quite a novel fact in the history of chemistry, and affords a happy illustration of the facts pointed out by Sir Humphry Davy, in his late able and scientific researches, which have thrown so much light on the philosophy of flame, led to such brilliant and highly important results, and will probably admit us to a more intimate acquaintance with nature in her refined and elaborate operations.

The attention of scientific men at Liverpool has recently been much engaged by a young woman, named Margaret M'Avoy, who became blind in June 1816, in consequence of a disorder in the head, supposed to be water in the brain; and who, if we may believe the reports of credible witnesses,

has perceptions through her fingers applied to an intermediate transparent substance, similar to those which are usually acquired through the medium of the eye. She first discovered by accident, in October 1816, that she could read by touching the letters of a book. The following experiments are attested by the Rev. T. Glover of Stoneyhurst, who previously blindfolded Miss M'Avoy in such a manner that he was certain not a ray of light could penetrate to her eyes. She accurately described the colour and shape of wafers fastened between two plates of window glass, and also the seven prismatic colours painted on a card; but she could not distinguish colours in the dark. She read a line or two of small print by feeling the letters, and then through a convex lens at the distance of nine inches from the book.—While reading, she gently rubs the upper surface of the lens with the tips of her fingers. With a concave lens she could not read easily till the glass was laid on the paper. On applying her fingers to the window, she perceived two newly-cut stones of a yellow colour lying, one on the other, at the distance of twelve yards. She described a workman in the street, two children accidentally passing by, a cart loaded with barrels of American flour, another with leaves of sugar, a third empty, a girl with a small child in her arms, &c. A middle-sized man, at the distance of twelve yards, did not appear, she said, above two feet; but as he approached nearer she felt him grow bigger. On touching a plane glass mirror, she said that she felt the picture of her own fingers, and nothing else; but on holding a plate of plane glass three or four inches before the mirror, she was enabled to perceive the reflected image of herself. She accurately described the features of two persons whom she had never seen before, holding the plane glass three or four inches from the face. This faculty of distinguishing colours and objects is more perfect at one time than at another; sometimes it suddenly and entirely fails, and then, she says, every thing appears black. A medical report of this extraordinary case is preparing for the public.

So great is the superiority of gas-light to that of the common lamp, that the whole of the New Mint, London, with the surrounding military-way, and adjoining edifices, have been lighted with gas. The apparatus is constructed on a new plan, and is erected within the walls of the mint. The gas is prepared, not by distilling coal in retorts, as hitherto, but by means of a cylinder kept red hot, and revolving round its axis. The cylinder is upwards of ten feet in diameter, and produces, in twenty-four hours, a sufficient quantity of gas to light sixteen hundred lamps. The purification of the crude coal-gas is effected by chlorine instead of quick-lime, and all the inlet and outlet mains and pipes are made

to open and shut by mercurial valves. The quantity of gas daily made and consumed by the burners and lamps, is registered, in the absence of the observer, on a dial-plate of a machine, the moving power of which is gas. The effect of the numerous lights scattered upon so extensive a scale over the beautiful machinery of the coining processes, is very striking.

Mr Joseph Smeall of Millburn-Tower, has found the following composition effectual in preventing hares and rabbits from attacking the bark of trees:—Take hog's-lard, and as much whale-oil as will work it up to a thin paste or paint. With this, gently rub the stems of the trees upwards, at the fall of the leaf. This may be done once in two years, and the trees will not be injured by the application in the slightest degree.

Mr James Kirk of Smeaton adopts the following method for preventing the mildew on peach-trees:—In the months of January and February, if the trees are in a stunted or sickly state, he takes away all the old mould from the roots as carefully as possible, and puts in its place fresh rotten turf from an old pasture, without any dung; and the trees have not only completely recovered their health, but produced a crop of fine swelled fruit.

Dr Hope has made an improvement upon the new blow-pipe, by which it is rendered perfectly secure from explosion. This improvement consists in interposing about one hundred folds of wire-gauze between the reservoir which holds the gases, and the mouth from which they issue.

M. Peschier, to remove the musty flavour of injured wheat, has tried a solution of from 3 to 4 lbs. of potash of commerce for every cwt. of wheat in three times its bulk of water. The wheat is next repeatedly washed, agitated, and dried quickly; and that which was not only musty, but very sour, acquired its natural properties by this method, and served to make excellent brown bread, in which a slight bitter taste was the only inconvenience remaining. The loss in weight amounts to one-fifth of the whole.

In observations and experiments on the volatility of substances hitherto considered as fixed bodies, by Dr Hermbstaed, his first series of experiments was directed to ascertain how far we are right in considering potash as a fixed body; and it results from them that, far from being so, the potash is volatilized not only at a high degree of temperature, as hitherto known, but also at the degree of boiling water. Lime, barytes, and strontian, submitted to several experiments, proved that they are volatilized at the common temperature.

The Seatonian prize for an English poem has been this year adjudged to the Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes, Fellow of Emmanuel College, and Junior Proctor of the University. The subject is *Belshazzur's Feast*.



## FRANCE.

At a late meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences, M. Moreau de Jonnes communicated some particulars respecting the great viper of Martinique. It is a fact, that this serpent grows to the length of 7 or 8 feet, and to a diameter of 4 or five inches. M. Desfourneaux, a planter of Martinique, some months since killed one of these reptiles which had attained these dimensions, and which, when erect on its tail, would have considerably exceeded the height of a man. Upon an examination of the membranous sheath with which the mouth is laterally furnished, there were found on both sides, sixteen channelled teeth of different sizes, but only two of these having reached their full growth, served as formidable weapons to this enormous reptile. By a singularity worthy of remark, the trigonocephalus possesses the faculty of living alike in the marshes on the same level with the sea, and on the tops of mountains among the clouds, notwithstanding the difference of temperature, which is equal to twelve degrees of the centigrade thermometer, and which, in the torrid zone, produces a very powerful impression on organized bodies. M. Desfourneaux has recently found, on ascending the volcanic peaks of Carbel, four of these vipers inhabiting the lofty forests of those mountains, 1600 yards above the Atlantic.

An apothecary of Amiens has just obtained a new and very lucrative product from potatoes, by burning the stalks and leaves of the plant, and extracting the potash, which they contain in abundance. Just when the flower begins to go off, at which time the stalk is in full vigour, the plants are cut with a sharp instrument, about five inches from the ground. The stumps soon throw out fresh shoots, which suffice to bring the roots to maturity. The plants, after being cut, are left eight days in the field to dry. They are then burned in the same manner as soda-manufacturers burn kali, in a hole five feet in diameter, and two feet deep. The ashes are washed and the ley evaporated. By this process 2500 pounds weight of the salt is obtained per acre; the author of it calculates, that the potatoes grown upon an acre will produce 225 francs, over and above the expense of cultivation; and that the salt from the same area, deducting the cost of making, will be worth 816 francs, making a total of 1041 francs, upwards of £43 sterling.

A Society of German literati at Paris have announced a periodical work to commence in the month of October, with the title of *Chronique Allemande de Paris*, which, to the exclusion of politics, is designed to embrace whatever is calculated to exhibit the character of the Parisians in regard to morals, arts, sciences, and society.

A French physician has in his cabinet two galvanic piles, sixteen inches high, which alternately attract a pretty heavy

beam. The continual oscillation of the beam gives motion to a pendulum, which has never stopped for three years. The physician is now endeavouring to give to this movement an isochronism, which may render it more useful.

M. Levrat, a French chemist, has discovered that the seed of the yellow water flag of marshes, known to botanists by the name of *Iris pseudoacorus*, when dried by heat, and freed from the friable shell which envelopes it, produces a beverage similar to coffee, but much superior in taste and flavour.

Paris, Oct. 12.—While the plague is desolating Africa and other southern countries, M. Brizé Fradin, Member of the Academy of Sciences at Bordeaux, announces that he has succeeded in perfecting the usual methods employed for disinfection. By means of new apparatus, the irritating and injurious vapours of the acid are destroyed; a fresh, pure, inodorous, abundant air, is constantly supplied to the persons charged with the care of the infected, and the burial of the dead. Messrs Chausier, Mérat, and Thillaye, Doctors of Medicine of the Royal Faculty of Paris, have given the author of this invention certificates of its efficacy, which are calculated to inspire the greatest confidence.

The first volume of the Course of Literature, by M. Le Mercier, is just published; it announces a classic successor and rival of La Harpe and Chenier, and appears worthy the previous reputation of the estimable author.

## GERMANY.

Dr Eichhoff of Dresden is engaged upon a history of all the European sovereigns that have been put to death, from the time of Charlemagne to Louis XVI.

Weigel, the bookseller of Leipsic, has announced his intention of publishing a series of Greek poets and prose-writers, under the title of *Bibliotheca classica Scriptorum Græcorum*. The correction of the press has been undertaken by the celebrated Professor Scheafer, and many of the works will be revised expressly for this collection by eminent philologists.

The contest for and against magnetism continues at Berlin; but as it has not yet led to any result, the king has offered a prize of 300 ducats for the essay which shall most satisfactorily demonstrate the efficacy or futility of this new remedy. Meanwhile, physicians only are permitted to magnetise, and these are required to furnish the government with a statement of their experiments and success in each individual case.

At a late meeting of the *Scandinavian Literary Society*, Professor Broenstedt read an essay on an ancient chronicle in rhyme, by Robert Vase, caanon at Caen, and court-poet to Henry II. in the 12th century. This chronicle, which has never been published, relates the exploits of Hasting, Rollo

and the first Normans in Bretagne and France. M. Broenstedt gave last winter a course of lectures on Modern Greece, its inhabitants, antiquities, &c. which he will resume next winter.

*Mineralogy.*—A new metal has been discovered in the mines of Styria. This metal, of which the oxydes possess the whiteness of salt, resists a heat of 150 degrees without fusion. Professor Vest, the author of this discovery, proposes to give it the name of *Iunonium*.

#### SWEDEN.

The deposed king of Sweden is about to publish a memoir, entitled, *Reflections upon my principal Military Operations*, by Gustavus Adolphus Gustafson, ci-devant King of Sweden. The memoir is preceded by the following preface:—"I submit these reflections to the examination of an enlightened public, if there be such. I am, at all events, desirous that persons of skill and real merit should regard them with an experienced eye. (Signed)

GUSTAVE-ADOLPHE GUSTAFSON,  
Ci-devant King of Sweden.

#### ITALY.

*New Scale for the Mountain Barometer.*

—Professor Bertonecelli of Verona has contrived an ingenious method of adapting a graduated measure to the common scale of the barometer, to indicate the height of mountains without the necessity of calculating for the different degrees of temperature, &c. To the common scale he adapts a corresponding one, dividing the inches into 100, placing his zero at mean pressure, and ascending both ways in numeration from that point. This scale is surmounted by a brass revolving cylinder, on which are graved four different series of lines; one perpendicular divided like the preceding; another of ten diverging lines, which ascend the whole length of the cylinder, and the rationale of which the Professor has not stated;—these lines are again partially intersected by two series of four lines diverging at right angles from the point of zero, and designed to indicate the correction for difference of temperature. The whole cylinder revolves by means of a screw, and acts in conjunction with the counter scale of the barometer; it is accompanied by a vernier, which is commanded by two or three screws to the point of correction; while this vernier is also to act in correspondence with a common nonius placed on the inch scale opposed to the surface of the mercury. This complex machine Professor Bertonecelli calls an Ipsographic scale, which nevertheless has still to be read off and calculated by the aid of logarithms. If he could find a metal which would not contract with cold, then his series of screws and tangent lines might be useful; and if logarithms were more familiar than common addition or subtraction, this instrument might prove of much general utility.

#### SPAIN.

The following Extract from a private Letter from Madrid, shows that alterations and improvements are going on even in Spain.—“A Journal has recently been established here, entitled, *The Chronicle of Science and Literature*; it has already attained its thirty-fourth number. The conductors have adopted the form of the French public papers, which may indeed be looked upon as an innovation. The publication treats of the theatres, fashions, commerce, and occasionally of politics. The last number contained, among other things, an analysis of a Melo-drama which has lately been produced at one of our theatres; some remarks on the Opera of *La Vestale*, which has been performed here with barbarous mutilations, both in the music and poetry; and a pretended letter from a Parisian Milliner to an Elegante of Madrid. These articles are extremely witty, and contain good critical observations. We are soon to have *Russian Mountains*, and already have *feuilletons*, which are well worth those of your Journalists; *And you who judge others, will now in your turns be judged.*”

#### RUSSIA.

The Emperor has granted a pension of 4,000 rubles to the Chevalier Schukovsky, the favourite poet of the Russian nation, “not only,” as the *ukase* issued on the occasion expresses it, “as a token of his favour, but also to secure to him the necessary independence.” This grant was accompanied with a diamond ring from the Emperor.—Schukovsky was born in 1783, in the government of Toula, and educated in the school belonging to the university of Moscow. His poems, which have been published in two volumes, are very highly esteemed. Many of them are translations or imitations of the German, as for example, *Burger's Leonora*, *Schiller's Cassandra*, &c. He spends the greatest part of the year at Dorpat, and was last year honoured with the diploma of doctor of philosophy by that university. An Epistle to the Emperor Alexander on the last campaign, and a lyric poem, *The Bard on the Ruins of the Kremlin*, are considered as his best compositions.

The *Society of the Friends of the National Literature* at Kasan performed a funeral service in honour of Dershawin the poet, a native of that city, who died last year. Dershawin's Ode on God experienced an extraordinary distinction; for the Emperor of China had it translated into the Chinese language, printed on costly stuff, and hung up in his apartment—an honour which scarcely any other poet of any nation has to boast of.

The *Society of Sciences at Warsaw* offers a prize of 50 gold ducats for the best directions for the preservation of health. It does not want a scientific treatise, but a popular and useful book.

## EAST INDIES.

The rich, learned brahman of Calcutta, Ramohun-Roy, who is versed in the Sungskrit, Persian, and English languages, has paid a visit to the missionaries at Serampore. He has not renounced his caste, and this enables him to visit the richest families of Hindoos. Since the publication of his translation of the *Vedant*, several respectable inhabitants of Calcutta have declared themselves *Mono-theists*, and have united in a society, with a view to mutual assistance in adopting a system of worship conformable to their faith in one eternal, unchangeable, omnipotent, and omnipresent Deity.

The following is the state of the versions of the Scriptures under the care and conduct of the missionaries in the establishment at Serampore:—1. The whole Old and New Testaments are translated, printed, and extensively circulated, in the languages of Bengal and Orissa.—2. The New Testament is printed and circulated in five other languages—the Sungskrit, Hindec, Mahratta, Punjabee, and Chinese; in the two former, one half of the Old Testament is printed also; and in the remaining three, considerable progress is made.—3. In sixteen languages a commencement has been made in printing the New Testament. In some of them considerable progress has been made, though we are not enabled to state how far each distinct translation is advanced.

4. Preparations for translation and printing, in a greater or less degree of forwardness, are made in fourteen additional languages.

5. To these may be added the seven languages in which the New Testament has been printed, or is printing, at Serampore, on account of the Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society, which will make the whole number amount to forty-four.

Dr Marshman has also been enabled to

complete the translation of the whole Bible into the Chinese language.

*Optics.*—A very interesting case has just occurred of a person born blind being restored to sight by the means of a surgical operation:—A native of Burdwan, of the age of eighteen, was lately sent by his family to Dr Luxmore, of whose success in the removal of the cataract they had heard by public report. The operation was performed on the 26th, and in six days he began to see and distinguish objects. After the celebrated case of Dr Cheselden's patient, whose sensations have been so minutely and philosophically laid before the public, it can hardly be expected that any discovery regarding the origin of our ideas of figure, distance, or quantity, could be extracted from the observation of an ignorant country boy, who, unaccustomed to think abstractedly, is little able to describe the gradual improvement of his intellect, under this sudden and astonishing introduction to the visible world. He confirmed, however, with readiness the conclusion, so obvious from the feelings of Dr Cheselden's patient, that our common judgment of figure, quantity, and distance, is not an inherent faculty in the mind, but a practical result, from the ever-repeated experiment of comparing the perspective with the actual figure, bulk, or distance. For a cricket-ball was put in one hand, and a cube of soap in the other, and he was desired to describe their shape; he was unable to do it by his newly acquired and inexperienced vision, and was obliged to have constant recourse to the more practised sense of feeling. When any object is presented to him, although he can without hesitation declare its colour, he is wholly unable to decide on its quality, until he is allowed to handle it.—*Bengal Paper.*

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

## LONDON.

The Northern Courts; containing original Memoirs of the Sovereigns of Sweden and Denmark, from 1766 to the present time, including the extraordinary Vicissitudes of the Lives of the Grand-children of George the Second, by John Brown, author of the *Mysteries of Neutralization*, &c. is at press, and will shortly be published.

To the works relative to the late Embassy to China, we have to add a third by Capt. Basil Hall of the *Lyra*, which will relate chiefly to the nautical surveys and discoveries, and be accompanied with new charts of the Chinese seas.

Mr Frederick A. Clarke, of Battersea Rise, will speedily publish, An Explanation of the Plan of the Equitable Trade Society and Chamber of Commerce, instituted at

London in 1817; together with Observations and Suggestions connected with the subject, calculated to promote the Improvement of Trade: to which are added, the Rules and Regulations of the Institution.

The Manuscripts of the late Mr Spence of Greenock, were some time ago submitted to Mr Herschel, who has selected the most complete for publication. The students of pure mathematics will be gratified to hear, that the volume now preparing, and which will be published in the course of the spring, contains, besides the ingenious Essay on Logarithmic Transcendents, unpublished Tracts in the same class of the science, equally new and elegant. A biographical Sketch of the Author, by his friend Mr Galt, will be prefixed to the volume.

The Rev. G. Bedford, A.M. and T. H. Riches, Esq. have for some time past been

engaged in preparing a History of the ancient Town and Borough of Uxbridge. It will contain copies of several very ancient documents, and full details of all charitable funds and donations left for the benefit of the town.

Mr T. Faulkner of Chelsea, is preparing a Topographical History of the Parish of St Mary Abbot, Kensington; including a catalogue of the pictures in the royal gallery of the palace.

Immediately will be published, the History of a Six Weeks' Tour through a part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland; with Letters descriptive of a sail round the Lake of Geneva, and of the Glaciers of Chamouni.

Speedily will be published, in one closely printed volume, An Essay on the Prolongation of Life and Conservation of Health, unfolding original views and fundamental principles for their attainment, and embracing observations on the nature, cause, and treatment of some of the principal diseases which assail the British constitution in its native climate; translated from the French of MM. Gilbert and Hallé, with notes, by J. Johnson, M.D. &c.

Mr Debrett, editor of the Peerage of the United Kingdom and the Baronetage, has in the press a new edition of the Imperial Kalendar for 1818, carefully revised by official documents, with several lists not in any former edition.

In a few days will be published, Family Suppers, or Evening Stories, for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons; by Lady Mary H\*\*\*\*\*; illustrated by sixteen beautiful engravings: and, in the course of a fortnight, the same will be published in French.

Madame de Stael's posthumous work will soon appear. It is to be entitled, Considerations on the Principal Events of the French Revolution. The two first volumes relate to the events from her father's administration to the battle of Waterloo; the third volume is devoted to England.

The Religion of Mankind; in a series of essays; by the Rev. Robert Burnsides, A.M. is in the press.

The third volume of Mr Shaw Mason's Statistical Survey of Ireland, will soon appear.

The Rev. J. H. Pott, archdeacon of London, has in the press A Course of Sermons for the Lord's Day, throughout the year.

Dr Armstrong of Sunderland, is about to publish a work on Scarlet Fever, Measles, Consumption, &c. His volume on Typhus Fever is also reprinting, with considerable additions.

Mr Jones, optician, is about to publish the late Mr Ferguson's Astronomical Planisphere of the Heavens; shewing the day of the month, change and age of the Moon, places of the Sun, and Moon, and Stars, of the first, second, and third magnitude; likewise his Astronomical Rotula, shewing

the Change and Age, the motion of the Sun, Moon, and Nodes, with all the Solar and Lunar Eclipses from 1817 to 1864; with Descriptions of their rises. The Calculations are continued by the Rev. L. Evans, R.M.A.

In the press, Leigh's New Picture of London, or a View of the Political, Religious, Medical, Literary, Municipal, Commercial, and Moral State of the British Metropolis; presenting a brief and luminous Guide to the Stranger, on all subjects connected with general information, business, or amusement; with upwards of 100 views, plans, &c.

Napoleon, peint par lui-même: Extraits du véritable Manuscrit de Napoleon Bonaparte, 8vo.

Mr Ackermann will publish, on the first of December, the Lord's Prayer, illustrated with seven engravings: also the 8th and last number of the Dance of Life, as a companion to Doctor Syntax; written in verse by the same author; and illustrated with 25 engravings, by Thomas Rowlandson.

In the course of this month will appear, A Selection of Ornaments, in forty pages quarto, for the use of sculptors, painters, carvers, modellers, chasers, embossers, &c. printed on stone.

Immediately will be published, in 3 vols 12mo, The Bachelor and the Married Man, or the Equilibrium of the Balance of Comfort; a Novel.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo, Physiological Lectures, exhibiting a general View of Mr Hunter's Physiology, and of his Researches in Comparative Anatomy, delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in the year 1817; by John Abernethy, F.R.S. &c. Surgeon to St Bartholomew and Christ's Hospitals.

## EDINBURGH.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo, Form of Process before the Jury Court; by John Russell, clerk to the signet, &c.; with an Appendix, containing the Act of Parliament and Act of Sederunt, and Rules and Orders of the Jury, regulating the form of procedure.

Mr P. Gibson has nearly ready for publication, A Series of Six Select Views in Edinburgh,—exhibiting several interesting prospects which have presented themselves during the improvements of the city now going on.

Principal Hill of St Andrews, has in the press a second edition of A View of the Constitution of the Church of Scotland.

A Monody on the Death of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales is in the press, and will appear in a few days.

The Rev. Alexander Macgowan has nearly completed a treatise, embracing the whole subject of Rhetorical Pronunciation

or Delivery; a work in which the author hopes to communicate many important discoveries, by means of which elocution may now be taught with as great certainty and precision as the grammar of any language.

Mr James Macgowan will speedily publish *A Practical English Grammar*, in which, besides other improvements, the Syntax is greatly simplified, by treating, (as Dr Adam has done in his Latin Grammar) *First*, of the construction of *Simple* sentences only; reserving the consideration of *Complex* sentences for a *Second* chapter. By this arrangement, the construction of Relatives and Conjunctions, and all the other difficulties, are delayed till the pupil be sufficiently prepared to encounter them with success.

Dr Thomas Brown is about to publish a new edition of his *Inquiry into the relation*

of Cause and Effect. It will comprehend a view of many of the sources of the prevalent errors on this subject, which were not examined in the two former editions, and will be so much altered in the dispositions of its parts, and so nearly re-written, as to constitute a new work.

Captain Thomas Brown, author of "*The Elements of Conchology*," has in the press the *Conchology of Great Britain and Ireland*, illustrated with numerous beautiful Engravings.

The same Author has in great forwardness, *Zoological Elements*, or an Introduction to the *Natural History of the Animal Kingdom*.

Dr Jameson has in the press an *Abridgement of his celebrated Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, comprised in one octavo volume.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### LONDON.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*The History of the Ancient Noble Family of Marmyun*; their singular office of king's champion, by the tenure of the baronial manor of Scrivelsby, in the county of Lincoln; also, other dignitorial tenures, and the services of London, Oxford, &c. on the coronation-day; by T. C. Banks, Esq. 8vo. 18s.—4to. £1, 15s.

#### CLASSICS.

*An Inquiry into the Nature and History of Greek and Latin Poetry*; more particularly of the *Dramatic Species*; tending to ascertain the laws of comic metre in both those languages; by John Sidney Hawkins, Esq. F.A.S. 8vo. 14s.

#### DRAMA.

*Incog, or Three Weeks at a well-known Hotel*, a Farce, in two acts, as performing at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane; by W. A. Keep. 2s. 6d.

*The Vicar of Wakefield*, a Melo-dramatic Burletta, in three acts; by Thomas Dibdin, Esq. 1s. 6d.

*The Youthful Days of Frederic the Great*, a Melo-drama, in two acts.

#### EDUCATION.

*A Companion to the Globes*; comprising the various Problems that may be performed by the Globes, accompanied by more than One Thousand Examples. 4s. 6d.

*A Summary Method of teaching Children to read upon the Principle originally discovered by the Sieur Berthaud*, considerably improved; with an entire new arrangement, calculated to adopt it to the English Language: the whole illustrated by nine copper-plates; by Mrs Williams, 12mo. 9s.

*Juvenile Anecdotes; or Authentic and Interesting Facts of Children and Youth*; by John Bruce, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

*Juvenile Anecdotes; or Authentic and Interesting Facts of Children and Youth*, abridged for the use of Sunday Schools. 2s. 6d.

#### HISTORY.

*A History of Malvern*; by Mr Chambers, foolscap 8vo. 9s.—large paper, 15s.

*An Inquiry into some of the most curious and interesting subjects of History, Antiquity, and Science*; with an Appendix, containing the earliest information of the most remarkable cities of ancient and modern Times; by Thomas Moir, member of the College of Justice, Edinburgh, 12mo. 4s.

#### LAW.

*Kearsley's Tax Tables for 1818*. 1s. 6d.

*A new Arrangement of Lord Coke's first Institute of the Laws of England*, on the plan of Sir Matthew Hale's Analysis, &c.; by J. H. Thomas, Esq. 3 vols 8vo.

*The Law of Bankrupts, their Creditors and Assignees*, from the Issuing the Commission to the Allowance and Confirmation of the certificate by the Lord Chancellor; by Soame Whitaker, Esq. barrister-at-law. 4s.

#### MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.

*A Practical Inquiry into the Causes of the frequent failure of the Operations of Depression, and of the Extraction of the Cataract*, as usually performed; with the Description of a Series of new and improved Operations, by the practice of which most of these causes of failure may be avoided; by Sir W. Adams, 8vo. 16s.

*Observations on the Casual and Periodical Influence of particular States of the Atmosphere on Human Health and Diseases, particularly Insanity*; by Thomas Forster, F.L.S. 8vo. 4s.

*Delineations of the Cutaneous Diseases comprised in the Classification of the late*

Dr Willan; including the greater part of the Engravings of that author, in an improved state, and completing the series as intended to have been finished by him; by T. Bateman, M.D. F.L.S. 1 vol 4to. with upwards of seventy coloured plates. £12, 12s.

The Dublin Hospital Reports and Communications in Medicine and Surgery. Part I. comprehending Annual Reports from Medical and Surgical Hospitals. Part II. Miscellaneous Communications on Medical and Surgical Diseases, tending to the improvement of Pathology and Practice, Vol I. 8vo. 9s.

Narrative of the Case of Miss Margaret M'Avoy, with an account of some Optical Experiments connected with it; by Thomas Renwick, M.D. Physician to the Liverpool Infirmary, 4to. 10s. 6d.

A Practical Inquiry into the Causes of the frequent failure of the Operations of Depression, and of the Extraction of the Cataract, as usually performed with the description of a series of new and improved operations, by the practice of which most of these causes of failure may be avoided; illustrated by Tables of the comparative success of the new and old modes of Practice; by Sir William Adams, member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Oculist Extraordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, &c. 8vo. 16s.

#### MISCELLANIES.

The British Review, No XX. 6s.

\* \* Among the more prominent articles of this number are:—Memoirs of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan—Brande's Outlines of Geology—Ricardo and Say on Political Economy and Taxation—Lady Morgan's France—The Poor Laws—Lord Selkirk's Colony on the Red River, and massacre of Governor Semple and his party—State of Literature in France.

The Official Navy List for November. 1s. 6d.

Letters from the Cape of Good Hope, in reply to Mr Warden, with extracts from the Great Work, now compiling for publication, under the inspection of the Emperor Napoleon, 8vo. 8s.

The East India Register for 1817. 7s. 6d.

A Letter to Professor Stewart, on the Objects of General Terms, and on the Axiomatical Laws of Vision; by J. Fearn, Esq. 4to. 5s.

The Complete Sportsman; containing a compendious View of the ancient and modern Chase; a concise History of the various kinds of dogs used in the sports of the field; also of the quadrupeds and birds, &c. &c.; by T. H. Needham, 12mo. 7s.

A Manual of Useful Knowledge; being a Collection of valuable and Miscellaneous Receipts and Philosophical Experiments, selected from various Authors; by William Pybus, 18mo. 10s. 6d.

British Field Sports; embracing practical Instructions in Shooting, Hunting, Coursing, Racing, Fishing, &c. with Observa-

tions on the Training of Dogs and Horses, and the management of all Sporting Implements; by Wm Henry Scott. Parts I. and II. (to be completed in 12 monthly parts) 3s. each.

#### NOVELS.

Convidan, or the St Kildians; a moral Tale; by the author of Hardenbras and Haverill, 12mo. 7s.

The Knights of St John, a Romance; by Miss Anna Maria Porter, 3 vols 12mo.

#### POETRY.

Heroic Epistle to William Cobbet, 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Rough Sketches of Bath, Imitations of Horace, Lines on Caraboo, and other Poems; by Q-in-the-corner.

The Royal Minstrel, or the Witches of Endor; an Epic Poem, in eleven books; by J. F. Pennie, 12mo. 7s.

Zapolya, a Christmas Tale, in two parts: the Prelude, entitled The Usurper's Fortune; and the Sequel, entitled The Usurper's Fate, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Considerations on the Poor Laws; by John Davison, M.A. Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, 8vo. 4s.

Papers relative to Codification and Public Instruction; including Correspondence with the Emperor of Russia, &c.; by Jeremy Bentham, 8vo.

A Short Letter, on reading the last Finance Report, addressed to Mr ——. 3d.

Interesting Observations on the present Disturbances of the Spanish Colonies, and on the best means of bringing them to a good understanding with the Mother Country; written by a native of Old Spain. 3s.

An Historical Research into the Nature of the Balance of Power in Europe; by G. F. Leckie, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Political Considerations on the affairs of France and Italy, during the first three years of the re-establishment of the House of Bourbon on the throne of France; by a Gentleman attached to King Joachim up to the period of the Campaign against Austria. 5s.

#### THEOLOGY.

The Nature and Tendency of Apostolical Preaching considered; a Sermon preached at St Michael's church, Bath; by the Rev. W. Dealtry, B.D. rector of Clapham. 1s. 6d.

Plurality of Worlds; or Letters, Notes, and Memoranda, Philosophical and Critical, occasioned by "A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in Connection with the Modern Astronomy," as published by the Rev. Dr Chalmers. 5s.

Sermons by the Rev. Robert Burrowes, D.D. M.R.I.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Visitation Sermon; by the Rev. G. Crabbe, L.L.B. 1s. 6d.

A Sermon, entitled, Unauthorized Zeal the Cause of Evil, as applicable to the Case of Itinerant Preaching; being intended as a sequel to "The Admonition of our Lord

to his Disciples;" by the Rev. James Duke Coleridge. 1s. 6d.

## TOPOGRAPHY.

The Ruins of Gour; by W. Creighton, 4to. £2, 2s.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Sketches of India, or Observations descriptive of the Scenery, &c. in Bengal; written in India in the years 1811, 12, 13, 14, 8vo. 8s.

Narrative of a Voyage in his Majesty's ship *Alceste* to the Yellow Sea, along the Coast of Corea, and through its numerous hitherto undiscovered Islands, to the Island of Lewchew; with an account of her shipwreck in the Straits of Gaspar; by John M<sup>r</sup>Leod, surgeon of the *Alceste*, 8vo. 12s.

Russia; being a complete Picture of that Empire, including a full description of the Government, Laws, Religion, Commerce, &c.; by C. J. Hunter, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

## EDINBURGH.

OUTLINES of Lectures on Human Physiology; by John Gordon, M.D. F.R.S.E. Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, and on the Institutions of Medicine, Edinburgh, 8vo. 6s.

Remarks on the Plans and Publications of Robert Owen, Esq. of New Lanark; by John Brown, minister of the Associate Congregation, Biggar.

Documents connected with the Question of Reform in the Burghs of Scotland, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Scriptural Unity of the Churches of Christ illustrated and recommended, A Sermon preached in College Street Chapel, Edinburgh, on occasion of the Fifth An-

nual Meeting of the Congregational Union for Scotland; by Ralph Wardlaw, 8vo. 1s. 6d. and 12mo. 9d.

The Influence of the Holy Bible, a Poem; by Thomas Hogg, master of the Grammar School, Truro. 4s.

A Review of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for October, 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Two Letters, to the Rev. Dr Thomas M<sup>r</sup>Crie and the Rev. Andrew Thomson, on the Parody of Scripture lately published in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine; by Calvinus, 8vo. 1s.

Another Letter (being the third) to the Rev. Dr Thomas M<sup>r</sup>Crie and the Rev. Andrew Thomson, on the Parody of Scripture lately published in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine; by Calvinus. 1s.

A System of Practical Mathematics; containing Geometrical Problems, Plane Trigonometry, Mensuration of Heights and Distances, of Surfaces and Solids, Conic Sections, Specific Gravity, Artificers' Measuring, Land-Measuring, Gauging, Gunnery, and Spherical Trigonometry; with its application to the Solution of some useful Geographical Geodesie, and Astronomical Problems; by John Davidson, A.M. teacher, Burntisland, 8vo. 12s.

Pharmacopœia in usum Nosocomii Regii Edinburgensis, foolscap 8vo. 5s.

The Philosophy of Arithmetic, exhibiting a progressive view of the Theory and Practice of Calculation, with an enlarged Table of the Products of Numbers under one hundred; by John Leslie, F.R.S.

The Encyclopædia Edinensis, Vol. II. Part I. 8s.

Catalogue of Books for the year 1818; now on Sale, for ready money, by William Laing, 49, South Bridge Street, Edinburgh, 8vo. 2s.

## NEW FRENCH PUBLICATIONS.

LA France et les Français, en 1817: tableau moral et politique, précédé d'un coup-d'œil sur la Révolution; par C. L. Lesur, 8vo.

Souvenirs de Londres en 1814 et 1816: suivis de l'Histoire et de la description de cette ville dans son état actuel, 8vo.

Pierres Gravées inédites, tirées des plus célèbres Cabinets de l'Europe; publiées et expliquées par A. L. Millin, tome 1er, No I. 8vo.

Traité de la Sphère, précédé de l'Exposition du véritable Système du Monde, d'après les découvertes des plus célèbres Astronomes; par L. J. George, Régent de mathématiques au Collège de Neufchâteau, 8vo.

Notice des Travaux de l'Académie des Sciences, Lettres et Arts de Marseille, pendant l'exercice de 1817; par M. le Chevalier Lautard, 8vo.

Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la

campagne de 1815 dans la Vendée; par M. le Lieutenant-Général Comte Charles d'Antichamp, 8vo.

Des Celtes antérieurement aux tems historiques: essai dans lequel on a tracé la marche de leurs colonies en Europe, au moyen, des noms qu'ils prirent, et de ceux qu'ils appliquèrent; noms qui s'expliquent naturellement par le Bas-Breton et le Gallois, et dont la géographie et la fable, ou l'histoire justifient l'etymologie celtique; par M. J. Le Deist de Boridoux, 8vo.

Voyages d'un Français depuis 1775 jusqu'à 1807; ornés de gravures représentant 32 Ports de France, 4 vols 8vo.

Situation de la France en 1817; par le Général Rogniat, 8vo.

De la Législation Anglaise sur le libelle la Presse et les Journaux; par Monsieur de Montvéran, 8vo.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## SCOTTISH CHRONICLE.

## OCTOBER.

2.—*Gas Lights*.—A great improvement has taken place in these lights, by the introduction of *pipes of delft ware*, which are only a fifth of the expence of iron, and actually more durable. This reduction of expence will rapidly accelerate the general introduction of gas lights.

The herring fishery this year is exceedingly favourable. On the Isle of Man coast, and also on the west of Scotland, some boats have been known to take, at two or three draughts, what produced £50.

In Dundas Street, in course of last night, 11th curt. one of Miller and Adie's *registering* thermometers was so low as 31°, or one degree below the freezing point. This, we believe, is the greatest degree of cold experienced here this season, and will soon be the means of robbing the trees of the forest of their foliage. This morning, at eight A. M., the same instrument indicated 36°—exposure W. N. W.

*High School*.—By an Act of Council, passed on the 25th day of June last, it is ordained, that the fees of one shilling to the Rector, and to the Master of the first class, hitherto payable at five different periods of the year, shall, on and after the 1st of October next, be paid in one collected sum of five shillings, at entrance.

We are informed that Mr Pitkethly, architect, Leith, has gone out to survey the fountain head from which this city is supplied with water, in order to ascertain if a larger supply can be obtained, &c. It will be recollected, that Mr Pitkethly completely succeeded in bringing an additional supply of water into Leith about three years ago, at a trifling expence, compared with estimates given in by others, for which he was presented with a silver tea set from the town of Leith.

*The Scots Greys*.—Immediately after the review of this distinguished regiment on Wednesday, Major-General Hope, commander of the forces, issued the following General Order.

*Adjutant-General's Office,  
Edinburgh, 1st October 1817.*

Major-General Hope having made the half yearly inspection of the 2d (or Royal North British) Dragoons, takes this opportunity of expressing his entire approbation, and he will have great pleasure in reporting, on the fine soldierlike and steady appearance of the two squadrons in the field, as also on the precision and celerity with which all the different field movements were performed, which marked the good discipline and order established in the regiment. The Major-General himself will also report very

fully upon the interior economy and arrangements of the troops in their barracks, stables, &c. and he assures Lieut.-Colonel Clarke, that he was much gratified with the regularity and order which prevails in every department, so highly creditable to him as commanding-officer, as well as to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men generally; and Major-General Hope requests of Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, to make known to the officers and men, the great satisfaction he felt at seeing part of this national corps returned to its native country, after an absence of a series of years, and to see it in such high order.—By order of Major-General Hope, commanding his Majesty's Forces in North Britain.

(Signed) G. H. B. WAX. Lieut.-Col.  
Dy. Adj.-Gen. N. B.

At a public sale lately, some acres of oats were sold at Cambusnethan, for the enormous, and, we believe, hitherto unprecedented price of £27, 10s. per acre. This is at least either a convincing proof of the extreme fertility of the soil, and the excellence of the crop, or of the unskilfulness of the purchaser. The average price of oats, at such sales, was from £8 to £10 per acre lower than the one above quoted.

The quantity of rain which fell at Bothwell Castle during the months of September of the last and present years, according to the hydrometer, was—Sept. 1816, 3 in. 283 parts.—Sept. 1817, 1 in. 432 parts.—Surplus quantity, Sept. last year, 1 in. 851 parts.

A most serious accident occurred on Wednesday night, about eighty miles on this side of London, from the overturning of a stage coach, by which most of the passengers were materially hurt, particularly two ladies and a gentleman; one of the former is not expected to recover. Mr Corri, who has been in London for some time collecting a company for the Pantheon here, was one of the party, and has escaped with some severe cuts and bruises.

On Wednesday forenoon last, a boat belonging to Cockenzie, while dredging oysters, was upset, and sunk by a sudden squall or whirlwind; the crew, consisting of four men, were immediately picked up by another boat, which was only a few yards distant when the accident happened, and did not in any way suffer by the squall, although it passed close by her bow, raising a column of water apparently about three feet high, and two or three fathoms in circumference. The boat was afterwards recovered by means of dredging. The squall took place when the wind was veering round from N. W. to N. E.



4.—Early this morning, Bernard M'Ilvogue, Hugh M'Ilvogue, and Patrick M'Cristal, who were lately convicted before the High Court of Justiciary of stouthrief, rape, and robbery, were sent off from the Lock-up-house for Greenock, pursuant to their sentence. They are to be executed there, on Friday the 10th current. The behaviour of these unhappy men since their condemnation has been penitent and exemplary, and they fully acknowledge the justice of their sentence.

On Saturday, a sloop and a barge, laden with coals, went through the Caledonian Canal to Fort Augustus; having lain for some hours below the Muirtown draw-bridge, the inhabitants of Inverness were apprised of the circumstance, and the novelty soon attracted a vast concourse of all ranks and ages; the banks were literally lined with spectators on this occasion.

Amongst the numerous sportsmen at Kinrara, this season, was that celebrated agriculturist, Mr Coke of Norfolk, whom most of our readers will know to be one of the richest commoners and one of the most liberal landlords in England. He had visited, with much attention, many farms in the south of Scotland and the Lothians, of which, however, with exception of that of Mr Rennie of Phantassie, he did not think so highly as the national prejudices of some of our more sanguine agriculturists might have led them to expect.—*Inverness Journal*.

The thermometer at Moffat, on Tuesday evening, 30th Sept. was as low as 27°, and on Wednesday morning at 23°, being nine degrees below the freezing point. The oldest inhabitant does not recollect it so low so early in the season.

6.—Monday, at the meeting of the burghesses of Paisley, it was resolved, by a considerable majority, that their rights had been infringed by the recent charter; and that, as the inhabitants were lawfully entitled to choose their own Magistrates, and to audit their accounts, measures should forthwith be adopted for regaining their authority. Mr Carlisle, the Provost, attended, and moved an adjournment, for the purpose of giving the inhabitants at large time to consider the business; but, though he stated that neither himself nor his brother Magistrates were disposed to resist any well-founded claims of the burghesses, his motion was supported by but a small portion of the meeting.

*Circuit Intelligence.*—*Inverness, Oct. 3.*—The Circuit Court of Justiciary was opened here on Monday last, by Lord Reston, and in the course of the day the following criminal cases came before him:—

John Petrie, accused of stealing, on the night of the 10th April 1815, from a barn, in the possession of James Younie, farmer at Califirhill, parish of Rafford, two sacks containing a boll of barley; and of stealing, on the following night, from a kiln in the

occupation of David Duncan, farmer at Bomanhill, parish of Forres, six pecks of barley, and a bedcover; and from a barn, three bags containing two to three bolls of oats, after having forcibly broke into it.

The pannel pleaded *Guilty*, and was sentenced to be transported for fourteen years.

The diet was then called against Alex. Ross *alias* Macfarquhar, and William Ross *alias* Macfarquhar, tenant in Ular of Glen-calvie, parish of Kincardine, Ross-shire, accused of stealing, on the 30th May last, from the hill grazings of Glenmore, in said parish, three sheep, the property of Mr John Geddes, tacksman of Ardmore. William Ross having failed to appear, was outlawed. Alexander Ross having pleaded *Guilty*, was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

Hugh Anderson, and Alexander Munro, charged with stealing growing wood from the wood of Spinningdale, parish of Creich, Sutherland-shire, were called to the bar, and Alexander Munro failing to appear, sentence of fugitation was passed upon him.

Mr J. P. Grant, counsel for Anderson, objected to the relevancy of the indictment; that in the copy furnished to the prisoner, the Lord Advocate was inaccurately designated "Alexander of Meadowbank," the surname being omitted. After some discussion, the case was certified to the High Court of Justiciary, to meet at Edinburgh on the 17th November next.

Adam Mackay was then brought to the bar, accused of murder; the indictment stated, that on the 1st of August last, in the immediate vicinity of the toll house at Easter Helmsdale, Sutherland-shire, he barbarously assaulted a poor old woman, by name Catherine Sutherland *alias* Oag, and inflicted several severe wounds upon her head, and other parts of her body, with a spade, in consequence of which she died a few hours afterwards. The prisoner pleaded *Not guilty*, and his Counsel, Mr P. Robertson, stated the nature of his intended defence to be, first, a total denial; and should that fail, that the prisoner, in consequence of religious infatuation, was subject to occasional fits of insanity.

The examination of the witnesses occupied a considerable time—when ended, the jury were addressed by the public prosecutor, who admitted that the plea of insanity set up for the pannel was fully established, and afterwards by Mr P. Robertson, who, in an able speech, demanded a verdict of *Not guilty*. After the evidence had been summed up by Lord Reston, the jury retired for a few minutes, and returned a verdict unanimously finding the libel *Not proven*. The prisoner was therefore assolizied. He appeared to be wholly indifferent to the proceedings, and continued reading, or looking to a bible he held in his hand, during the whole trial.

Barbara Mackay, prisoner in the tolbooth of Inverness, under a respite during plea-

sure, has had her sentence commuted into two years' imprisonment, commencing with the date of her conviction.

6.—The preliminary subscription for the Canal to connect the Eastern and Western Seas is already filled up in Northumberland. The gentlemen of that county intend to prosecute so far as Hexham.

9.—On Friday last, a fine child, between two and three years of age, being left to itself for a short time, in a house in Canonmills, unfortunately set fire to its clothes by lighting small sticks at the fire, by which it was so terribly burnt that the poor innocent died next day.

On Saturday evening, about half-past 7 o'clock, as the Glasgow steam-boat was returning to Glasgow from Greenock, and while near Govan, she struck a wherry load-

ed with salt, and sunk her almost instantly. There were two men on board at the time she went down, who fortunately saved themselves by swimming, till picked up by the crew of the steam boat. We understand that no blame can be attached to the crew of the steam-boat, who had lights displayed in the bow of their vessel, in conformity to the steam-boats' regulations, while the wherry had none.

Tuesday se'ennight, while a servant belonging to the Rev. Mr Brisco, of Great Orton, Cumberland, was shooting, he was alarmed by the cries of one of his dogs, and on going to its assistance, he found two large adders coiled round its head, which he immediately killed; but so deadly was their venom, that the poor animal died before the servant reached home.

*Edinburgh Police Establishment, for the Year ending at Whitsunday 1817.*

The receipts have been as follows, viz.

|  |         |    |             |
|--|---------|----|-------------|
| Assessment on £313,928 rental, at 1s. 3d. per pound,   | £19,620 | 10 | 0           |
| From this sum may be deducted abatements on account of overcharges, poverty, and irrecoverable assessments, which may altogether be taken at seven per cent. on the gross sum, | 1373    | 8  | 9           |
| Sum which it is supposed the assessment will produce,  |         |    | £18,447 1 3 |

The expenditure has been in salaries,

|   |      |    |              |
|---|------|----|--------------|
| To superintendent,  | 500  | 0  | 0            |
| To clerk,   | 200  | 0  | 0            |
| To three lieutenants, at £80 each,  | 240  | 0  | 0            |
| To serjeant-major,  | 60   | 0  | 0            |
| To crier of court,  | 15   | 12 | 0            |
| To housekeeper,   | 21   | 0  | 0            |
| To compensation to Mr Tait, the former judge of Police,                                   | 300  | 0  | 0            |
| To extra allowances, by orders of the Sheriff,  | 145  | 18 | 6            |
|   |      |    | 1472 10 0    |
| For watching,   | 7164 | 5  | 6            |
| For cleaning,   | 2776 | 2  | 2            |
| For lighting,   | 3359 | 3  | 7            |
| For oil, &c. for lanterns,  | 309  | 1  | 1            |
| For coal and candles,   | 137  | 2  | 6            |
| For printing, stationary, &c.   | 201  | 6  | 3            |
| For rents,  | 62   | 12 | 0            |
| For tradesmen's accounts,   | 133  | 18 | 3            |
| Magistrates of Canongate and Easter and Wester Portsburgh,                                | 120  | 0  | 0            |
| Representatives of Mr Gloag, in part of the debt due by the former establishment,         | 200  | 0  | 0            |
| Messrs Spottiswood and Robertson, expense of act of Parliament,                           | 343  | 12 | 5            |
| Surveyors of assessed taxes, for furnishing rentals,                                      | 160  | 0  | 0            |
| Law expenses,   | 40   | 13 | 11           |
| Interest charged by bankers,  | 81   | 5  | 3            |
| Alexander Black, surgeon, per account,  | 30   | 0  | 0            |
| Accountant of Bridewell,  | 10   | 0  | 0            |
| Water duty,   | 2    | 2  | 0            |
| Clerk's account of incidents,   | 15   | 10 | 4            |
| Housekeeper's account of postages,  | 10   | 11 | 11           |
| Stamps used for weekly bills,   | 7    | 16 | 6            |
| Allowance to Phillips, a disabled watchman,   | 3    | 10 | 0            |
| Commission on assessments collected from Whitsunday 1816 to 1817, 3 per cent. on £17,867, | 536  | 0  | 0            |
| Balance of fine account,  | 790  | 0  | 8            |
| City Guard,   | 500  | 0  | 0            |
|   |      |    | 17,009 14 4  |
|   |      |    | £18,482 4 10 |

*Aberdeen Forfar, Kincardine, and Banff Meeting.*—This meeting was attended by a very numerous and highly respectable assemblage of the nobility and gentry. The crowded ordinaries and balls, at Anderson's and Dempster's alternately, were distinguished by a brilliant display of beauty and fashion, conducted by that decorum and harmony, the happy characteristic of this meeting.

Of the fine horses brought forward by the noblemen and gentlemen, some were very superior; and it is only matter of regret that, after so much exertion, and the numerous plates and prizes to be run for, the horses were not better matched. There were, however, two excellent races, namely, a match between Lord Kennedy and Mr Farquharson of Finzean, and the race for the cup value 100 guineas; so that, upon the whole, although the weather for two days was highly unfavourable to the sports of the field, the week's amusement was very gratifying to the great concourse of all ranks assembled, especially Friday, when the number exceeded any thing ever known here on a similar occasion. The alteration and levelling the course, and the elegant stand for the accommodation of the stewards and their friends, were highly approved, and did great credit to the assiduity and taste of the Hon. Colonel Ramsay, who planned and directed these improvements.

*A novel kind of Ovicide.*—Last week, in a gentleman's park in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, a sheep was found greatly mangled, supposed by a dog. The following day another sheep was discovered severely lacerated; and on the third morning it was found, that the ears were off from a third victim. Next night, a watch being set, the depredator was detected. This was no other than a small Highland pony, which was caught in the act of laying hold with his teeth on a fourth member of the flock, and tossing it out of wantonness, after the manner of a greyhound with a defenceless *maukin*.

11. *Crail.*—On the evening of Friday, the 19th ult. three boys, two of whom, named Andrew Black and George Taylor, belonging to this town, and James Robertson from Kinghorn, went off in a small boat, for the purpose of conducting a sloop that was not far distant from the shore into the harbour of Crail. After they had reached the vessel, it seems they were not able to manage her, and therefore Taylor and Robertson were despatched to Crail to procure more assistance (Black being left on board the vessel to await their return.) Shortly after their departure, the people in the sloop were alarmed at hearing the shrieks of some persons apparently in imminent danger, which were readily concluded to be those of the two boys lately gone from the vessel, but, from the scarcity of men on board, and darkness of the night, no assistance could be rendered the unfortunates. It appears

the boat had gone upon a rock, and, from the violent sea running, was soon filled with water, which afterwards sunk, together with the two unhappy mariners. The bodies have not yet been found, though diligent search has been made for them.

The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, have made choice of the following gentlemen to be members of the Dean of Guild Court, viz. Alexander Henderson, Esq. Dean of Guild; Robert Johnston, Esq. Old Dean of Guild. Counsellors, Messrs William Child, merchant; William Braidwood, jun. ironmonger; David Whyte, wright; John Inglis and James Smith, masons.

The City Guard is to be disbanded on the 15th of November.

On Saturday last, the silver bugle-horn, given by the Royal Company of Archers, was shot for on Hope Park, and won by Lieut. Robert Deans, R. N.

**BURGH OF MONTROSE.**—*Act and Warrant of his Majesty in Council, for a Poll Election in the Borough of Montrose.*—*At the Court at Carlton-house, the 17th Sept. 1817.*—Present, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Lord Chamberlain, Earl Talbot, Lord Charles Bentinck, Viscount Castlereagh, Viscount Sidmouth, Mr Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Beckett.

Whereas there has been presented to his Royal Highness, at this Board, a petition of the guildbrethren, burgesses, trades, householders, and other inhabitants of the royal borough of Montrose, in Scotland, setting forth that the burgesses and community of Montrose were erected, by his Majesty's progenitor, David, King of Scots, into a free borough royal, with all the accustomed privileges: That Montrose has continued to exercise and enjoy these privileges for the space of nearly five hundred years until now; when, in consequence of an irregularity in the mode of electing the magistrates and common council of the borough at Michaelmas last, the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland declared the election illegal and void; and the magistrates and council so elected are thus divested of all authority: That his Majesty's ancient borough is consequently deprived of a regular internal government, and of a voice in the election of a member to the Imperial Parliament, in conjunction with the other boroughs of the district to which it belongs; and which vote was secured to Montrose by the treaty of union between the kingdoms of England and Scotland: That at, and previous to, the election at Michaelmas 1816, the council, by the set of the borough, consisted of nineteen members,—seventeen members as representing the guildry, and two as representing the seven incorporated trades: That, until the year 1816, the old council, by the set of the borough, elected the new, and the old and new council elected the office-bearers; but the magistrates and council having, upon the petitions of

the guildbrethren and the seven incorporated trades, granted unto the former the election of their Dean, who became *ex officio* a member of council, and to the trades the election of their two representatives in council,—that alteration in the set was submitted to the Convention of Royal Boroughs, for their approbation; and the same was confirmed by them upon the 10th day of July 1816; and, with the above alteration, the Convention declared that the old council should elect the new, and the set of the borough remain as recorded in the books of Convention, the 22d day of June 1709: That, desirous of regaining their elective franchise, and of having the peace and good government of the borough restored, the petitioners beseech that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to grant a warrant for making an election of magistrates and council for the borough, by a general poll of the burgesses, heritors, and inhabitants, resident in, and bearing a part of the common burdens of the said borough: That the alteration in the mode of electing the dean of guild and the counsellors from the trades or craftsmen, made by the town council, and confirmed by the Convention of Boroughs, has been attended with beneficial effects to the borough; but experience suggests, that still great inconvenience has arisen from the mode of electing the counsellors from the guildry and trades, and that it would tend to the great advantage of the borough, and consolidate the interests of the community, were the set farther altered and amended as to the election of the counsellors for the guildry and trades on the present occasion. The petitioners therefore humbly beseech his Majesty to alter and amend the former set or constitution of the borough, as was done in circumstances nearly similar by his Majesty, in the case of his borough of Stirling; and they unanimously pray, that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to concede and grant that the set of Montrose shall in all time coming be as follows: That the town council shall, as formerly, consist of nineteen persons; whereof fifteen shall be resident guildbrethren, including the dean of guild for the time; and four shall be resident craftsmen, including the deacon convener for the time. That at the election to be made at the Michaelmas next ensuing the said poll election, and at all future elections, the six eldest counsellors for the time from the guildry, who have not served in any of the offices after-mentioned for the year preceding, and the whole four counsellors from the craftsmen, shall go out, but shall nevertheless be re-eligible, if their respective constituents shall think fit: That, upon the Monday of the week immediately preceding Michaelmas in each year, the magistrates and council shall meet and declare the names of the six guild-counsellors who go out in rotation, and also what other vacancies have arisen during the preceding

year by death, non-acceptance, resignation, or otherwise, in the number of guild-counsellors: That on the following day, being Tuesday, the guildry incorporation shall assemble, at their ordinary place of meeting, and shall first elect their dean of guild, and six members of the guildry as his council, for the ensuing year; and the person so chosen as dean of guild shall, in virtue of his office, be a magistrate and counsellor of the borough; and the said incorporation shall then proceed to fill up the vacancies in the number of merchant counsellors occasioned by rotation, non-acceptance, resignation, death, or otherwise, during the preceding year: That the seven incorporated trades of Montrose shall also assemble together in one place on the said Tuesday, and shall first elect their deacon-convener, who shall, in virtue of his office, be a counsellor to represent the trades; and they shall then proceed to elect other three in the room of those who retire from office; and that two of the four trades-counsellors so to be elected may be guildbrethren, being always operative craftsmen; and the persons electing them shall have no vote in the guild at the same election; but the other two trades-counsellors shall be operative craftsmen and burgesses only: That the council shall meet on the Wednesday immediately preceding Michaelmas, unless Michaelmas-day shall happen to be upon Wednesday; in which case they shall meet on Michaelmas-day, and conclude the annual election for the ensuing year, by continuing the *ex officio* members, electing the two members of council who do not go out by rotation, and receiving the new members from the guildry and trades: And after such election, and receiving the new counsellors, the members both of the old and new council shall, according to the former set of the borough, choose a provost, three bailies, treasurer, and hospital-master, for the ensuing year: That the provost, bailies, treasurer, and hospital-master, shall not be continued in their offices longer than two years together; but they, with the dean of guild, shall remain *ex officio* members of the council for the year immediately following that in which they shall have served in these offices respectively: That the set, or mode of government now submitted to his Majesty's most gracious consideration, conveys the earnest wishes of the whole of this community; and, if authorised and enjoined by his Majesty, will conduce in an eminent degree to the harmony, prosperity, and good government of his Majesty's ancient and loyal borough of Montrose: And the petitioners humbly pray that his Majesty, in his paternal regard for the happiness and prosperity of this community, may be pleased to concede and grant to the burgesses, heritors, and inhabitants of the royal borough of Montrose, resident within and bearing a part of the public burdens of the said borough, a free poll election for restoring a

regular magistracy and council within the same; and to the burgesses a set or constitution for their future government, in the terms before-mentioned, as may seem meet to the wisdom of his Majesty and his most honourable Privy Council. His Royal Highness taking the said petition into consideration, and having received the opinion of his Majesty's Attorney-General, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, and also of a committee of the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy-Council thereupon, is pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, and by and with the advice of his Majesty's Privy-Council, to order, that, for restoring the peace and good government of the said borough, the guildbrethren, members of the incorporated trades, and inhabitant burgesses who resided in the said borough, at and previous to Michaelmas 1816 (excluding all honorary or non-resident burgesses, and such as were not members, and had not a residence in the said borough, at and previous to Michaelmas 1816, whether members of the incorporated trades, or guildbrethren or not, and also town and hospital servants and pensioners, and others who were at Michaelmas 1816, are now, or shall be, under any incapacity in acting at such election), do, and they are hereby authorised and commanded to assemble themselves at the town-hall, within the said borough of Montrose, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, upon Monday the 13th day of October next, with continuation of days, of which the Sheriff-depute of the county of Forfar shall give public notice eight days before the day of election; then and there to elect fit persons, not exceeding nineteen in number (being the number elected at the Michaelmas immediately preceding the vacated election), properly qualified, in terms of the set and usage of the said borough, to be magistrates and town-counsellors of the same. The election to be made in manner following;—that is to say, the merchants or guildry to elect the fifteen resident guildbrethren or merchant counsellors; the guildry, or merchants at large, to choose one of the fifteen guild or merchant counsellors to be dean of guild, who shall *ex officio* be one of the magistrates and a member of council, and also to choose six members of the guildry to be his council; and the seven deacons, with a delegate to be chosen by each incorporation, to elect one of themselves to be deacon-convener, who shall *ex officio* be a member of the council; and also to elect other three trades counsellors, two of which four trades counsellors may be guildbrethren, being always operative craftsmen; the persons electing them having no vote in the guild in the same election; but the other two trades counsellors to be operative craftsmen and burgesses only; and the whole members of the council, so elected as aforesaid, to choose the provost, three bailies, a treasurer, and an

hospital master, from among the guild counsellors;—and that the persons so to be elected by a majority of the persons aforesaid may continue from that time magistrates and counsellors till Michaelmas in the year 1818; and that all persons claiming to vote give in their burgess tickets and acts of admission, or authentic extracts from the records of the borough, of their admission to the freedom thereof, six days at least before the day of election, to the sheriff-depute of the county of Forfar, or guildry-clerk of the town of Montrose, that their names may be enrolled before the election; and that the sheriff-depute of the county of Forfar, within which the borough lies, the sheriff-depute of the county of Perth, and the sheriff-depute of the county of Kincardine, being two counties adjoining to Forfarshire, or any two of them, may be authorised and required to attend, to oversee and direct such election, according to law, and the rules used to be observed in such cases; and to form an authentic instrument thereupon, under their subscription manual, to be reported to his Royal Highness in Council for confirmation; and to administer to the electors, before they be admitted to poll, the oaths appointed by law to be taken in Scotland by electors at ordinary elections of the magistrates; and likewise the oath against bribery and corruption, if required by any person having a right to vote at the election. And, for the better order and good government of the said borough in time to come, his Royal Highness is farther pleased to order, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, and by and with the advice of his Majesty's Privy Council, to alter the former set or constitution of the said borough, and to order and direct that the said set or constitution shall in all time coming be as follows:—[What follows of the warrant coincides exactly with the words of the petition.]

13. On Tuesday morning, Thomas Baird, merchant in Kilmarnock, and Alexander M'Laren, weaver there, were liberated from the jail of Canongate, having undergone their confinement of six months, and found bail for their good behaviour for three years, in terms of a sentence of the High Court of Justiciary, for sedition.

*Dundee, October 10.*—After the long and severe conflicts which have torn and agitated this town, our readers will rejoice with us at the prospect of a speedy return of peace, order, and harmony. Provost Riddoch, in the following letter, has expressed his readiness to concur with the burgesses of Dundee in applying to the king in council for an alteration of the present set of the burgh, and his wish that the constitution which has just been obtained for Montrose should form the ground-work for that of Dundee.

“*Dundee, October 9, 1817.*

“Gentlemen,—In consequence of a conversation which I had with you and several of my friends to-day, I beg to acquaint

you that I have resolved upon calling a council, to be held on Monday first, for the purpose of submitting to them a proposal for appointing a committee to meet with the principal inhabitants of Dundee, to concert measures for making an application to the king in council, to grant a constitution for this borough, similar to the constitution lately given to Montrose, if it shall be approved of by the burghesses of Dundee.—I have, &c.

ALEX. RIDDOCH, P.  
To David Blair, jun. and David Miln, Esquires, Dundee."

13.—The Michaelmas Head Court of Freeholders of Renfrewshire was held on the 7th inst. at Renfrew. There were 39 new claims for enrolment, of which two were withdrawn, 26 sustained, and 11 rejected.

Several copies of the different parts of the Scriptures in the Hindostanee, Sanscrit, Bengalee, Mahratta, Orissa, and Chinese languages, a copy of Colloquies in Bengalee, and a few of the circular letters which are printed and circulated in India, have been presented by the Rev. Dr Ryland of Bristol, Secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society, to the library belonging to the Students in Divinity, under the Rev. Dr Lawson, Selkirk. A very elegant copy of the Arabic Bible has also been presented to the same library by the Rev. Thomas Brown, Dalkeith.

*Juvenile Depravity.*—Last week, the shop of Mr George Eisdale, baker in Dalkeith, was entered about eight o'clock in the evening, by a boy not exceeding twelve years of age, who robbed the till of £3 in silver; and, although (by his own confession) he saw the shopkeeper in an adjoining room, had the audacity to creep softly round the counter, and carry off its contents to an adjoining entry, where it was divided amongst four other accomplices and himself, all of whom were under his own age. After examination before the Sheriff, all the boys were dismissed, except the actual thief, John Torrance, who was sent to Bridewell for six months.

16.—The circumstance lately stated, of two flag stones being displaced, by mushrooms growing under them, at Basingstoke, has been farther verified by a repetition of the singularity, on Tuesday se'enight, when another stone was removed from a like cause. There were hundreds of visitors to see the remarkable fact.

*Dundee, Oct. 14.*—The Town Council met yesterday, when Provost Riddoch, after making a long address in vindication of his conduct, concluded with the following motion:—

That the Council shall call a meeting of the Burghesses of Dundee, resident within the royalty, or actually carrying on trade there, though resident in the suburbs, to be held in the Steeple Church, on Wednesday, the 29th curt. at eleven o'clock, forenoon, for appointing a committee of their number to meet with a committee of the Council, for the purpose of framing a new set or constitution for Dundee, similar to the one lately given to Montrose, to be afterwards submitted to the Council and Burghesses for their approbation; and when approved of, that a petition by the Council, and all parties concerned, shall be forthwith presented to the King in Council, praying his Majesty to sanction and confirm the alteration so agreed upon.

This motion was carried unanimously; and, as the whole of the Council signed the minutes, every objection and drawing back on their part is precluded. Deacon Ivory moved a vote of thanks to Provost Riddoch, which was seconded by Deacon Mudie, and carried unanimously. The guildry are to meet with the Dean to-morrow, when the books, papers, and funds, are to be delivered over to them.

At the Aberdeen Michaelmas Head Court, not less than twenty-seven gentlemen were added to the roll of freeholders of that county.

20.—On Thursday morning last, an immense whale was found at sea, by the fishermen of North Sunderland, which, after great exertion, they succeeded in towing on shore at the pier of that place. Besides the shoal of *finners* lately killed in the Tay, this is the fourth *whale* which has been found on our coast this season.

We understand that the areas at the east end of the Regent's Bridge have been sold for £10,000, which, with £25,000 received for those formerly sold, make the immense sum of £35,000 for the whole areas.

The Edinburgh Gas Light Company commenced laying the pipes for lighting the city in North Bridge Street on Monday, and yesterday a similar operation began in South Bridge Street. The pipes are of cast iron, and three inches in diameter inside.

23.—The second Wet Dock at Leith has just been completed, which, being of equal capacity to the first, must add much to the accommodation of the shipping of the port. A very handsome swivel bridge has been placed across the entrance from the first to the second dock; and in place of flood-gates, a vessel of a particular construction is preparing, which may be sunk or raised at pleasure in the gateway.

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\* \* \* *The Foreign and English Chronicle will be given next Month.*

*We intend to alter the Plan of this department of the Magazine, but our arrangements for this purpose will not be completed till January.*

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE Farmer is a man of many sorrows. In January the verdure of his infant wheat "blesses his eyes;" in March it is drawn from the ground by the alternate frosts of the night, and the thaws of the mid-day sun; and in April it looks like a pyc-bald horse. His care and precaution may poison the smut, but the seeds of the mildew may be cherished by moist weather in August; they are perhaps every where, and may be blown from his neighbour's hedge often when he thinks the day is his own. The rains in September spoil the finest crop by springing the grain in the ear.

His oats are eradicated by the *grub* and *wire-worm*; they are stunted by the drought of summer,—shaken by the winds,—rotted by the rains,—and blasted by the frosts of autumn.

He sows his barley early, and it is choked by *runches* and *skelloch*, or the young grasses;—he sows it later, and it is withered by the east wind in May;—he drives it in early, and the calm before the equinoctial gale makes it heat in the stack;—he lets it remain longer in the *stook*, but the storm comes some days sooner than usual, and soaks the sheaves to the heart,—it springs, and the brewer refuses to give money for it.

By dint of great exertion of man and horse, he gets a field of turnips finished on a Saturday night; and, on the third Sunday of June, he walks out in the morning to meditate and look at a park he had sown the week before. The morning sun shines aslant the field, and, as he sees each drill striped with a small line of young plants, his eyes glisten as he rejoices in the success of his industry. Eight days after he comes again, but his turnips are devoured by the jumping beetle.

On his other fields they grow and prosper; he amuses himself after a fatiguing day with reckoning what money they will return him, when he shall have sold his bullocks in April, well fed, have his ewes well lambed, and his hogs in good condition. But a black frost in December settles accounts with him.

In all quarters, for it is a very serious subject, the present season has been the most trying for the farmer (to say nothing of his natural enemies the rest of the community) that the oldest of the profession ever witnessed; we mean trying for his patience, fortitude, and equanimity. A fine open winter was followed by a mild dry seed-time. But although every one seemed to be aware of the danger, and did not fail to preach care and caution to his neighbours, yet great part of the seed sown proved defective; and besides a great part of the *oat-braird*, which are the constant followers, it would appear, of a cold and frosty harvest, or, as some allege almost synonymous with it. The month of May, and early part of June, were cold and unfavourable, and the country was already doomed to endure the effects of another late harvest. In the last fortnight of June, however, (borrowed seemingly from some southern region) vegetation advanced with a rapidity that was the constant theme of conversation. Pastures instantly overgrew their stock; the wheat and barley hastened to throw out an uncommonly promising ear, and the grub-eaten fields of oats even were gradually covered with luxuriant foilage, for the stooling, as it is called in Scotland, had been unprecedented, ten, twenty, and thirty stalks being found springing from one root. In fact, a new appearance was thrown over all nature, and another month of such weather would have secured an early and abundant harvest; but in this the hopes of the husbandman were disappointed. The succeeding month was cold and wet, and the change had a corresponding effect upon vegetation. The wheat and barley came into flower during dark and rainy weather, the effects of which, we are afraid, are not yet fully known. The spikets on an ear of wheat are in two rows. When the ear has ripened, in favourable circumstances, there are three grains in each of these; from our own inquiries in harvest we often found but one, and many were altogether abortive. We believe barley after all to be the best crop.

Oats are the principal crop in Scotland. Before harvest commenced, it was observed, by the generality, who always make hasty conclusions, that this grain was thin, and had only spindled up into straw; but the panicle was uncommonly well branched, and when it came to the sickle the stooks rose thick behind the reapers. What was cut before the 1st of October will turn out prolific and of good quality; but the morning of that day showed ice upon the shallow pools. On the mornings of the 2d and 4th, the frost was still more severe, the thermometer, at a distance from the coast, indicating a cold several degrees below freezing, and the high and cold lands bear a great proportion to the rest of the country. After much inquiry, we are inclined to think, that one half of the oat crop was uncut at the end of September, and that all that part has sustained a loss of one half its value, and even at this date there is still a considerable proportion in the field. This points to a great deficiency, but, unlike last year, the crop in England is above an average, of excellent quality, and our own potatoes are extremely good; a great breadth was planted, and they have never been more prolific; and besides all our people are now employed.

Beans and peas are a very deficient crop.

The wheat-braird is generally well spoke of, although last year was hardly more unfavourable for working the fallows.

We consider sheep, wool, and cattle, as the staple commodities of the country. At the markets in the north of England the rise upon the first was 25 per cent. above last season. Upon wool just now it is nearly 30 per cent., and on cattle, at the recent markets here, there has been almost 35 per cent. of a rise since last year.

November 12.

London, Corn Exchange, Nov. 10.

|                            |                             |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Foreign Wheat, 45 to 55    | Gray Pease, . . . 40 to 46  |
| Fine do. . . . . 96 to 100 | Fine do. . . . . — to 48    |
| English Wheat, 46 to 56    | Tick Beans, . . . 36 to 46  |
| Fine do. . . . . 76 to 90  | Old do. . . . . 50 to 60    |
| Old do. . . . . 96 to 100  | Small do. . . . . 40 to 48  |
| Rye . . . . . 52 to 58     | Old do. . . . . 50 to 60    |
| Fine do. . . . . — to 48   | Feed Oats, . . . 15 to 17   |
| Barley, . . . . . 22 to 24 | Fine do. . . . . 20 to 28   |
| Fine do. . . . . — to 48   | Poland do. . . . 15 to 19   |
| New do. . . . . — to 56    | Fine do. . . . . 50 to 59   |
| Malt, . . . . . 60 to 65   | Potato do. . . . . 56 to 42 |
| Fine do. . . . . 80 to 86  | Fine Flour, . . . 75 to 80  |
| Pease, boilers 56 to 58    | Seconds, . . . . 70 to 75   |
| Fine do. . . . . — to 62   |                             |

Seeds, &c.

|                            |                             |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Mustard, Brown, s. s.      | Ryegrass (Pace's) 36 to 50  |
| New, . . . . . 18 to 25    | Common . . . . . 12 to 32   |
| White, . . . . . 9 to 12   |                             |
| Tares, . . . . . 7 to 10   | Clover, English,            |
| Turnip, White 14 to 16     | Red, . . . . . 45 to 100    |
| Red, . . . . . 16 to 18    | White, . . . . . 50 to 100  |
| Yellow, . . . . 10 to 14   | Trefoil . . . . . 8 to 35   |
| Canary . . . . . 42 to 84  | Rib grass, . . . . 12 to 45 |
| Hempseed . . . 80 to 95    | Carraway, Eng. 46 to 50     |
| Linseed . . . . 36 to 90   | Foreign, . . . . 0 to 0     |
| Cinquefoil, . . . 26 to 44 | Coriander . . . 12 to 18    |
|                            | Rapeseed, £44 to £49.       |

Liverpool, Nov. 15.

|                              |                             |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Wheat, . . . . . s. d. s. d. | Rice, p. cwt. 40 0 to 42 0  |
| per 70 lbs. 15 0 to 15 3     | Flour, English,             |
| English . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0 | p. 280 lb. fine 0 0 to 0 0  |
| Scotch . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0  | Seconds 0 0 to 0 0          |
| Welch . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0   | Irish p. 240 lb. 0 0 to 0 0 |
| Irish, new 10 0 to 12 6      | Ameri. p. bl. 61 0 to 65 0  |
| Dantzic . . . 14 0 to 15 0   | Sour do. 49 0 to 52 0       |
| Wismar . . . 0 0 to 0 0      | Clover-seed, p. bush.       |
| American . 14 0 to 15 0      | White . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0  |
| Barley, per 60 lbs.          | Red . . . . . 0 0 to 0 0    |
| English . . . 6 0 to 7 0     | Oatmeal, per 240 lb.        |
| Scotch . . . 5 6 to 6 6      | English . . . 38 0 to 40 0  |
| Irish . . . 5 0 to 6 0       | Scotch . . . 0 0 to 0 0     |
| Malt p. 9 gls. 12 0 to 13 6  | Irish . . . 0 0 to 0 0      |
| Rye, per qr. 38 0 to 40 0    |                             |
| Oats, per 45 lb.             |                             |
| Eng. pota. new 4 0 to 4 6    |                             |
| Common . . . 0 0 to 0 0      |                             |
| Welsh potato 4 0 to 4 6      |                             |
| Scotch . . . 0 0 to 0 0      |                             |
| Foreign . . . 4 0 to 4 6     |                             |
| Rapeseed, p. l. £52 to £56   |                             |
| Flaxseed, p. hd.             |                             |
| sowing . . . 0 0 to 0 0      |                             |
| Beans, pr qr. s. d. s. d.    |                             |
| English . . . 62 0 to 65 0   |                             |
| Foreign . . . 0 0 to 0 0     |                             |
| Irish . . . 0 0 to 0 0       |                             |
| Peas, per quar.              |                             |
| Boiling . . . 61 0 to 65 0   |                             |

Butter, Beef, &c.

|                        |                           |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| Butter, per cwt. s.    | Belfast . . . 100 to 0    |
| Newry . . . 96 to 0    | Drogheda . . 92 to 0      |
| Waterford, new 92 to 0 | Cork, 3d . . . 86 to 0    |
| New, 2d, pickled 98    | Beef, p. tierce 95 to 100 |
| p. barrel 60 to 63     | Pork, p. brl. 95 to 98    |
| Bacon, per cwt.        | Short middles 0 to 0      |
| Long do. . . 0 to 9    |                           |

EDINBURGH.—NOVEMBER 12.

|                   |                   |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease & Beans.    |
| 1st,.....51s. Od. | 1st,.....34s. Od. | 1st,.....28s. Od. | 1st,.....30s. Od. |
| 2d,.....45s. Od.  | 2d,.....30s. Od.  | 2d,.....25s. Od.  | 2d,.....28s. Od.  |
| 3d,.....40s. Od.  | 3d,.....26s. Od.  | 3d,.....20s. Od.  | 3d,.....26s. Od.  |

Average of wheat, £2 : 2 : 11-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, November 11.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) . . . 0 4d. to 0 7d. | Potatoes, (28 lb.) . . . 0 8d. to 0 0d.   |
| Mutton, . . . . . 0 4d. to 0 7d.            | Butter, per lb. . . . . 1 4d. to 0 0d.    |
| Veal, . . . . . 0 8d. to 1 0d.              | Eggs, per doz. . . . . 1 4d. to 0 0d.     |
| Pork, . . . . . 0 5d. to 0 6d.              | Tallow, per stone, . . . 11 6d. to 12 6d. |
| Lamb, per quar. . . . 2 0d. to 3 0d.        | Hides, . . . . . 6 0d. to 7 0d.           |
| Quartern Loaf, . . . . 1 1d. to 1 2d.       | Calf Skins, per lb. . . . 0 7d. to 0 8d.  |

HADDINGTON.—NOVEMBER 14.

|                   |                 |                 |                 |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| OLD.              |                 |                 |                 |                 |
| Wheat.            | Barley.         | Oats.           | Pease.          | Beans.          |
| 1st,.....36s. Od. | 1st,.....s. Od. | 1st,.....s. Od. | 1st,.....s. Od. | 1st,.....s. Od. |
| 2d,.....30s. Od.  | 2d,.....s. Od.  | 2d,.....s. Od.  | 2d,.....s. Od.  | 2d,.....s. Od.  |
| 3d,.....24s. Od.  | 3d,.....s. Od.  | 3d,.....s. Od.  | 3d,.....s. Od.  | 3d,.....s. Od.  |

|                   |                   |                   |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| NEW.              |                   |                   |                   |                   |
| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease.            | Beans.            |
| 1st,.....48s. Od. | 1st,.....36s. Od. | 1st,.....29s. Od. | 1st,.....32s. Od. | 1st,.....32s. Od. |
| 2d,.....40s. Od.  | 2d,.....32s. Od.  | 2d,.....24s. Od.  | 2d,.....29s. Od.  | 2d,.....29s. Od.  |
| 3d,.....33s. Od.  | 3d,.....27s. Od.  | 3d,.....19s. Od.  | 3d,.....26s. Od.  | 3d,.....26s. Od.  |

Average price, £1 : 19 : 0 3-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 1st November 1817.

Wheat, 77s. 10d.—Rye, 45s. 6d.—Barley, 42s. 3d.—Oats, 27s. 3d.—Beans, 47s. 9d.—Pease, 47s. 6d.—Oatmeal, 35s. 2d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th October 1817.

Wheat, 68s. 4d.—Rye, 58s. 5d.—Barley, 40s. 4d.—Oats, 32s. 7d.—Beans, 52s. 7d.—Pease, 51s. 5d.—Oatmeal, 27s. 11d.—Beer or Big, 54s. 11d.



## COMMERCIAL REPORT.—London, Nov. 12, 1817.

**COLONIAL PRODUCE.**—*Sugar.*—Since our last Report, the price of Sugars has declined about 5s. and the demand has been extremely dull. These observations apply equally to British Plantation, Foreign and East India Sugars.\* Refined Sugars have fluctuated; the demand for them was steady, and their price a shade higher until within a fortnight, since which the sales have been limited, and the prices of lumps about 1s. lower. The market, however, is not overstocked, and the refiners are doing little work. Grocers, and some Irish houses, have been the principal purchasers.—*Molasses* have drooped a little, and are to be bought at 36s. to 36s. 6d.—*Coffee.*—Until the end of October this article was extremely dull, owing to the numerous public sales, which, in spite of the firmness of holders, reduced the price about 1s. per cwt. Since the 1st inst. however, the demand has revived considerably; and, although only two small public sales have taken place, numerous private contracts have been made, at an advance of fully 3s. on ordinary Jamaica, and on every kind of Foreign Coffee. East India Coffee has risen about 2s. with an increased demand. Dutch Coffee is very steady.†—*Cotton.*—The importations of this article have been so very great, as to render the prices almost nominal. Few purchases have therefore been made; but the firmness of the principal holders, especially in Liverpool, is very great, and there appears now to be a disposition on the part of the buyers to advance their offers. By the most recent accounts from America, the Cotton crop seems likely to fail in that quarter, which will of course produce an effect on the prices of some kinds of Cotton.—*Rum* has been exceedingly dull, until within the last week, during which it has been gradually advancing; and one of the first spirit-dealers in the London market, has contracted for the whole of the Rum that will arrive in the port of London during the year 1818.—*Pimento*, very little in demand.—*Logwood*, equally dull. *Fustick*, scarce, and about £15, 10s. per ton.—*Tobacco.*—Some arrivals having taken place of Virginias, they are very dull. Maryland is inquired for, and chiefly for the Dutch market.—*Rice* is in very considerable demand, at advancing prices.—*Turpentine*s are very flat and dull.—*Ashes* also dull, in consequence of several arrivals.—In the minor articles the demand and prices are steady and good.

**EUROPEAN PRODUCE.**—*Hemp and Flax* are both in demand, at advanced prices.—*Tallow* has been dull, but is likely to revive, in consequence of various contracts to deliver within the month; much, however, will depend on the arrivals from the Baltic.—*Brandy.*—The most important rise has taken place in this article, being advanced at least 50 per cent. The demand continues steady, owing to a deficiency in the French vintage,—3000 puncheons instead of 40,000.—Little interest is excited just now in all the other articles of European Produce.—*Manufactured Goods* are in steady, regular demand, at fair prices. The demand in labour is also great throughout the whole of the manufacturing districts.—*Public Funds.*—Considerable fluctuations have taken place in the funds; but, in spite of the efforts of the Bears, they maintain themselves.

*Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's*—Aberdeen, Dundee, Leith, &c. 20s. Africa, 50s. American States, 3 to 4 guineas. Belfast, Cork, Dublin, &c. 20s. Brazils, 40s. Ham-burgh, 2 guineas. Cadiz, Lisbon, and Oporto, 30s. Canada, —. Cape of Good Hope, 50s. Smyrna, 2½ guineas. East Indies, out and home, 6 to 7 guineas. France, 20s. to 30s. Jamaica, 2 guineas. Leeward Islands, 30s. to 35s. Madeira, 1½ guineas. Malta, Italian States, &c. 1½ to 2 guineas. Malaga, 30s. to 35s. Newfoundland, 3 to

\* The following is a comparative view of the stocks, prices, &c. of the corresponding weeks of the last and the present year.

|   |         |                           |
|---|---------|---------------------------|
| Present stock of B. P. Sugars,          | - - - - | 68,701 hhd's and tierces. |
| Last year,                              | - - - - | 75,856 ditto.             |
|   |         | 7,151 difference.         |
| Present average price, ex. duty,        | - - - - | 54s.                      |
| Ditto ditto last year,                  | - - - - | 47s.                      |
| Last week's delivery,                   | - - - - | 2,821 hhd's and tierces.  |
| Corresponding week last year,           | - - - - | 4,829 ditto.              |
| Importation this year to 11th November, | - - - - | 168,111                   |
| Ditto last year,                        | - - - - | 178,400                   |
| Total importation of last year,         | - - - - | 185,569                   |

† The present stocks of Coffee, &c. are as follow:—

|   |         |             |
|---|---------|-------------|
| Stock W. I. Coffee at present in warehouse in London, | - - - - | 6,820 tons. |
| Ditto ditto last year, at the same date,              | - - - - | 8,590       |
| Average price of ordinary Jamaica this year,          | - - - - | 90s.        |
| Ditto ditto ditto last year,                          | - - - - | 67s.        |
| Exportation of Coffee last week,                      | - - - - | 190 tons.   |
| Ditto ditto corresponding week,                       | - - - - | 162         |

4 guineas. Portsmouth, Falmouth, &c. 20s. River Plate, 50s. to 60s. Stockholm, St Petersburg, &c. 5 guineas.

Course of Exchange, Nov. 11.—Amsterdam, 37 : 6 B. 2 Us. Antwerp, 11 : 11 Ex. Hamburg, 34 : 9. 2½ Us. Frankfort, 145½ Ex. Paris, 24 : 60. 2 Us. Bordeaux, 24 : 60. Madrid, 38½ effect. Cadiz, 38½ effect. Lisbon, 58. Oporto, 58. Gibraltar, 32. Leghorn, 49½. Genoa, 46¾. Malta, 47. Naples, 42½. Rio Janeiro, 62. Dublin, 8½ per cent. Cork, 8½. Agio of the Bank on Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £4 : 0 : 6. New doubloons, £0. New dollars, 5s. 2½d. Foreign Gold, in bars, £4 : 0 : 6. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 3½d.

PRICES CURRENT.—Oct. 10, 1817.

|                                   | LEITH.       |        | GLASGOW. |       | LIVERPOOL. |       | LONDON. |        |                   | DUTIES. |  |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|--------|----------|-------|------------|-------|---------|--------|-------------------|---------|--|
|                                   | 76 to        | —      | 78 to    | 81    | 72         | 78    | 76 to   | 77     |                   |         |  |
| <b>SUGAR, Muse.</b>               |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
| B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.           | 82           | 86     | 82       | 92    | 79         | 87    | 78      | 85     | } £1 10 0         |         |  |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.          | 88           | 96     | —        | —     | 89         | 92    | 85      | 91     |                   |         |  |
| Fine and very fine,               | 155          | 165    | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | 165    | }                 |         |  |
| Refined, Doub. Loaves, .          | 126          | 130    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 115     | 117    |                   |         |  |
| Powder ditto, . . . .             | 120          | 124    | 125      | —     | 122        | 126   | 112     | 114    | }                 |         |  |
| Single ditto, . . . .             | 115          | 118    | 118      | 120   | 124        | 123   | 110     | 113    |                   |         |  |
| Small Lumps . . . .               | 112          | 114    | 116      | —     | 112        | 120   | 107     | 109    | }                 |         |  |
| Large ditto, . . . .              | 66           | 70     | 69       | 70    | 67         | 70    | 108     | 114    |                   |         |  |
| Crushed Lumps, . . . .            | 59           | —      | 37       | 38    | 40         | —     | 56      | 37     | } 0 7 6½          |         |  |
| <b>MOLASSES, British, cwt.</b>    |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
| <b>COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.</b>     |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } per lb.         |         |  |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.          | 88           | 95     | 87       | 93    | 82         | 88    | 88      | 92     |                   |         |  |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.          | 93           | 106    | 91       | 105   | 89         | 100   | 94      | 110    | } 0 0 7½          |         |  |
| Dutch, Triage and very ord.       | 72           | 82     | —        | —     | 72         | 82    | 65      | 78     |                   |         |  |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.          | 86           | 92     | —        | —     | 84         | 91    | 84      | 91     | }                 |         |  |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.          | 92           | 101    | —        | —     | 92         | 101   | 92      | 100    |                   |         |  |
| St Domingo, . . . .               | —            | —      | 90       | 93    | 85         | 91    | 88      | 94     | } 0 0 9½          |         |  |
| <b>PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.</b>      | 8½           | 9      | 9        | 9½    | 9          | 9½    | 9       | 10     |                   |         |  |
| <b>SPIRITS,</b>                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } 0 8 1½          |         |  |
| Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.          | 3s 6d        | 5s 8d  | 3s 4     | 3s 6  | 3s 2       | 3s 4  | 3s 4d   | 4s 6d  |                   |         |  |
| Brandy, . . . . .                 | 7 6          | 7 9    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 10 4    | 10 6   | } {B.S.} 0 17 0½  |         |  |
| Geneva, . . . . .                 | 3 10         | 4 0    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 4 2     | 4 3    |                   |         |  |
| Grain Whisky, . . . .             | 7 0          | 7 3    | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —      | } {F.S.} 0 17 11½ |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
| <b>WINES,</b>                     |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } {B.S.} 143 18 0 |         |  |
| Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.         | 45           | 50     | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —      |                   |         |  |
| Portugal Red, pipe.               | 38           | 45     | —        | —     | —          | —     | £52     | 40     | } {F.S.} 148 4 6  |         |  |
| Spanish White, butt.              | 30           | 46     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 32      | 45     |                   |         |  |
| Teneriffe, pipe.                  | 30           | 35     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 18      | 20     | } {B.S.} 95 11 0  |         |  |
| Madeira, . . . . .                | 60           | 70     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 55      | 64     |                   |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } {F.S.} 98 16 0  |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } {B.S.} 96 13 0  |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } {F.S.} 99 16 6  |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
| <b>LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.</b>       | £8 0         | £8 10  | 8 0      | 8 10  | 8 0        | 8 10  | 8 10    | 9 0    | } 0 9 1½          |         |  |
| Honduras, . . . . .               | 8            | 9      | 8 10     | —     | 8 15       | 9 5   | 9 0     | 9 9    |                   |         |  |
| Campeachy, . . . . .              | 9            | 10     | 9 0      | 10 0  | 9 10       | 9 15  | 10      | —      | } 1 4 6½          |         |  |
| <b>FUSTIC, Jamaica, .</b>         | 12           | 13     | 12 10    | 13 0  | 12 12      | 14 0  | 13 0    | 13 13  |                   |         |  |
| Cuba, . . . . .                   | 17           | —      | —        | —     | 18 10      | 19 0  | 14 10   | 16 0   | } 0 0 4½          |         |  |
| <b>INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.</b> | 9s 6d        | 11s 6d | 8 6      | 9 6   | 9 0        | 11 6  | 10s 6d  | 11s 6d |                   |         |  |
| <b>TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.</b>  | 2 3          | 2 6    | —        | —     | 2 3        | 2 4   | —       | —      | } 50c. f. 2 2 4½  |         |  |
| Ditto Oak, . . . . .              | 4 6          | 5 6    | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —      |                   |         |  |
| Christiansand (dut. paid)         | 2 4          | 2 5    | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —      | } 0 5 6½          |         |  |
| Honduras Mahogany                 | 0 11         | 1 4    | 0 10     | 1 8   | 1 0        | 1 4   | 0s 11d  | 1s 2d  |                   |         |  |
| St Domingo, ditto                 | —            | —      | 1 2      | 3 0   | 1 9        | 2 3   | 1 10    | 2 0    | } 3 16 0          |         |  |
| <b>TAR, American, . brl.</b>      | —            | —      | —        | —     | 16         | 17    | 17 0    | —      |                   |         |  |
| Archangel, . . . . .              | 22           | 25     | —        | —     | 22         | 23    | 19 6    | —      | } {B.S.} 1 8 6    |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } {F.S.} 1 10 1   |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
| <b>PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.</b>     | 14           | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | 13      | —      | } 0 3 2           |         |  |
| <b>TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.</b>    | 73           | 75     | 75       | 77    | 71         | —     | 66      | —      |                   |         |  |
| Home Melted, . . . .              | 68           | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —      | } {B.S.} 0 9 1½   |         |  |
| <b>HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.</b>     | 48           | 48     | 45       | 44    | —          | —     | £44     | £45    |                   |         |  |
| Petersburgh Clean, . .            | 45           | 46     | 41       | 42    | 43         | —     | 43      | 44     | } {F.S.} 0 10 0½  |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
| <b>FLAX,</b>                      |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } {B.S.} 0 0 4 ¾  |         |  |
| Riga Thics. & Druj, Rak.          | 68           | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | 72      | 78     |                   |         |  |
| Dutch, . . . . .                  | 50           | 120    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 65      | 75     | } {F.S.} 0 0 7 ¾  |         |  |
| Irish, . . . . .                  | 52           | 53     | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —      |                   |         |  |
| <b>MATS, Archangel, . 100.</b>    | 6 0          | 6 6    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 5 15    | 6      | } {B.S.} 1 3 9    |         |  |
|                                   |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        |                   |         |  |
| <b>BRISTLES,</b>                  |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |        | } {F.S.} 1 4 11½  |         |  |
| Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.          | 16 10        | 0 17   | —        | —     | —          | —     | 15 10   | —      |                   |         |  |
| <b>ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .</b>    | 63           | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | 60s     | —      | } {B.S.} 0 3 6½   |         |  |
| Montreal ditto . . . .            | 64           | 66     | 60       | 62    | 61         | 62    | 67      | —      |                   |         |  |
| Pot, . . . . .                    | 46           | 47     | 46       | 47    | 46         | 47    | 50      | —      | } {F.S.} 0 4 6½   |         |  |
| <b>OIL, Whale, . . . tun.</b>     | 55           | —      | 55       | 56    | 57         | 58    | £55     | £59    |                   |         |  |
| Cod, . . . . .                    | 55 (p. brl.) | —      | —        | —     | Uncertain  | —     | 53      | —      | } 0 1 7           |         |  |
| <b>TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.</b> | 8            | 9      | 10½      | 11    | 0 8        | 0 9   | 9d      | 10d    |                   |         |  |
| Middling, . . . . .               | 7            | 8      | 9½       | 10    | 0 5½       | 0 6   | —       | —      | } 0 3 10          |         |  |
| Inferior, . . . . .               | 6½           | 7      | 8        | 9     | 0 4½       | 0 5   | —       | —      |                   |         |  |
| <b>COTTONS, Bowed Georg.</b>      | —            | —      | 1 8      | 1 10½ | 1 7        | 1 10½ | 1 8     | 1 10   | } per 100 lbs.    |         |  |
| Sea Island, fine, . . .           | —            | —      | 2 8      | 2 10  | 2 6        | 2 7   | —       | —      |                   |         |  |
| good, . . . . .                   | —            | —      | 2 5      | 2 7   | 2 4        | 2 5   | 2 3     | 2 6    | } {B.S.} 0 8 7    |         |  |
| middling, . . . . .               | —            | —      | 2 3      | 2 5   | 1 11       | 2 3   | —       | —      |                   |         |  |
| Demerara and Berbice, .           | —            | —      | 2 0      | 2 3   | 1 10       | 2 2   | 1 10    | 2 1    | } {F.S.} 0 17 2   |         |  |
| West India, . . . . .             | —            | —      | 1 10     | 2 0   | 1 9        | 1 10  | 1 7     | 1 10   |                   |         |  |
| Pernambuco, . . . . .             | —            | —      | 2 2      | 2 3   | 2 2        | 2 2½  | 2 2     | 2 2½   | }                 |         |  |
| Maranham, . . . . .               | —            | —      | 2 1      | 2 2   | 2 0        | 2 0½  | 2 0     | 2 1    |                   |         |  |

## Weekly Prices of Stocks from 1st to 31st October 1817.

|                              | 1st.     | 8th.     | 15th.    | 22d.     | 29th.    |
|------------------------------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| Bank stock, .....            | —        | —        | 280½     | 285      | 284      |
| 3 per cent. reduced.....     | —        | —        | 82¾      | 81½      | 81¾      |
| 3 per cent. consols,.....    | 81½ 81¼  | 82½, 82¾ | 83¾, 82¼ | 82¼, 82  | 82½, 82½ |
| 4 per cent. consols,.....    | —        | —        | 99¼      | 98¾      | 98½      |
| 5 per cent. navy ann. ....   | 106⅞     | 108½     | 108¼     | 107⅞     | 107¾     |
| Imperial 3 per cent. ann. .. | 80½      | 81⅞      | 82¼      | —        | —        |
| India stock, .....           | —        | —        | 245½     | 238      | —        |
| — bonds,.....                | 75 pr.   | 118 pr.  | 112 pr.  | 100 pr.  | 100 pr.  |
| Exchequer bills, 3d. ....    | 16 pr.   | 22 pr.   | 22 pr.   | 19 pr.   | 19 pr.   |
| Consols for acc. ....        | 81½, 81¾ | 82½, 82¾ | 83¾, 83  | 82¾, 82½ | 82¾, 82½ |
| American 3 per cent. ....    | —        | —        | —        | —        | 65       |
| — new loan, 6p. cent. ....   | —        | —        | —        | —        | 105      |
| French 5 per cents. ....     | —        | —        | —        | —        | 66       |

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st October 1817, extracted from the London Gazette.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Apedaile, G. Northshields, timber-merchant                     | Lamb J. & J. Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinners                     |
| Amis, J. Little Britain, London, fish-monger                   | Minott, S. & O. Crease, Philpot Lane, London, merchants               |
| Ansell, T. White-horse-yard, London, livery-stable keeper      | Massey, S. Cheadle Mosely, Cheshire, dealer                           |
| Byrchall, S. B. Kintbury, Berkshire, dealer in horses          | Maish, T. Bristol, cheese-factor                                      |
| Burman, T. Dewsbury, Yorkshire, woollen-manufacturer           | Miller, J. & J. Holywell Street, London, shoemakers                   |
| Batt, S. Bath, victualler                                      | Malins, H. Pall Mall, London, coffee-house keeper                     |
| Beerenbrook, C. Oxford Street, London, merchant                | Ogden, S. P. Leicester, hosier  |
| Boswood, J. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, tobacconist               | Ratcliff, T. Church Street, Bethnal Green, London, cheese-monger      |
| Commings, A. Falmouth, innkeeper                               | Rourke, L. Rosemary-lane, London, victualler                          |
| Cooper, W. Fenchurch Street, London, merchant                  | Rankin, A. Red Lion Place, London, china painter                      |
| Crosby, R. Eden Place, Kentish Town, bookseller                | Roberts, D. St. Columb Major, Cornwall, shop-keeper                   |
| Deleambre, A. Bucklersbury, London, merchant                   | Ratcliffe H. Thornton, Lancashire, farmer                             |
| Dodson, P. Bedminster, baker                                   | Rew. G. Liverpool, liquor-dealer                                      |
| Dean, J. Woolton, Lancashire, painter                          | Robson, C. East-lane-stairs, Bermondsey, shipwright                   |
| Dalrymple, H. Charlotte Street, London, cabinet-maker          | Smith, C. Plymouth, linen-draper                                      |
| Dodd, T. Leicester Street, London, printseller                 | Spence, J. Bishop Wearmouth, dealer                                   |
| Davies, J. Canterbury, linen-draper                            | Sweetman, S. B. Bishopsgate Street, London, grocer                    |
| Eales, W. Swallow Street, Piccadilly, London, cheesemonger     | Smart, J. Kingsgate Street, Holborn, London, ironmonger               |
| Evans, R. Grimley, Worcestershire, coal-dealer                 | Smith, W. South Shields, sail-maker                                   |
| Ethells, J. Stockport, Cheshire, cabinet-maker                 | Singer, E. Corsley, victualler  |
| Edwards, T. Daresbury, Chester, druggist                       | Stockham, W. Bristol, baker   |
| Ferneley, A. Manchester, grocer                                | Taylor, J. Tunehill, Lancashire, publican                             |
| Freeland, C. H. Bunhill-row, London, linen-draper              | Tuckett, C. J. Bishopsgate Street, London, grocer                     |
| Farish, W. Whitehaven, mariner                                 | Thompson, R. Chipping Sodbury, Gloucester, baker                      |
| Fletcher, E. junior, Liverpool, iron-founder                   | Wylie, J. London, merchant  |
| Forman, J. junior, Mount Sorrel, hosier                        | Williams, R. Dolgelly, skinner  |
| Gibbons, J. Cheltenham, iron-monger                            | Worthington, H. & W. Rowlandson, Bolton-le-moors, Lancashire, brazier |
| Granville, A. Plymouth-dock, glass-merchant                    | Williams, S. senior, Crew's Hole, Gloucestershire, horse-dealer       |
| Glascodine, J. Westbury-upon-Trym, carpenter                   | Wilkes, J. Union-Street, Bath, linen-draper                           |
| Henry R. Jamaica, W. I. merchant                               | Wigner, J. Harwich, sail maker  |
| Hammond, H. Bride-lane, London, glass-cutter                   | Walker, C. W. Marine Library, Brighthelmston, stationer and jeweller  |
| Harris, J. Sherbourne-lane, London, victualler                 | Whittington, T. Trowbridge, Wilts, carpenter                          |
| Haswell, B. Wellington, grocer                                 | Yeoland, P. Plymouth, straw-hat manufacturer                          |
| Hillier, R. London, victualler                                 |   |
| Hobbs, E. Bankside, wrought-iron manufacturer                  |   |
| Hester, J. Rochester-road, Tothill-fields, London, brick-maker |   |
| Jacob, A. London, sloop-seller                                 |   |
| Iredale, W. B. Sheffield, mercer                               |   |
| Lloyd, R. Dolgelly, tanner                                     |   |

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st October 1817, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Angus, William, Glasgow, vintner.  
 Bowie, Francis, in Tardour, parish of Muirkirk, Ayrshire.  
 Haldane, Agnes, late in Torsonce, now residing at Crunzie, tenant and cattle dealer.  
 Reith, James, Edinburgh, merchant.  
 Ross, John, Inverness, coal and wood merchant.  
 Stevenson, Hugh, tertius, Oban, merchant.

## DIVIDENDS.

Aberdeen, M'Hattie, & Co. Aberdeen, merchants; by the Trustee, 18th November.  
 Brown, James, Alyth, merchant; by John Duncan, jun. merchant there, 50th November.  
 Garden, Robert, and Hamilton William Garden, Glasgow, merchants; by James Robb, merchant there, 6th November.

Gray, Sam. Dundee, merchant; by A. Kinmond there, 12th November.  
 M'Farlane, Walter, and William Lindesay, Errol; by David M'Ewan, writer, Dundee, 17th Nov.  
 Paterson, Robert, Mauchline, merchant; by Alexander Rough, in Grassmales, 12th October.  
 Provand, Walter, Glasgow, merchant; by William Carrick, Esq. accountant there, 25th October.  
 Paton, Geo. Ayr, tobacconist; by James Brown, writer there, 25th November.  
 Rutherford, Andrew, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, baker; by James Burgess, 299, High Street, Edinburgh, 1st December.

Robertson, James, Dundee, manufacturer; by W. Kirkaldy, merchant there, 11th November.  
 Skirving, J. Musselburgh, corn-merchant.  
 Sandeman, Halket, & Company, Glasgow, merchants; by W. Carrick, accountant there, 29th November.  
 Sangster, W. Old Meldrum, wright; by Alexander Allan, advocate, Aberdeen, 1st December.  
 Threshie, John, Dumfries, druggist and apothecary; by John Sanders, writer there, 3d Nov.  
 Thom, Walter, Glasgow, coal merchant; by James Cumming, writer there, 28th November.  
 Watson, James, Errol, merchant; by Charles Chalmers, merchant, Dundee, 8th November.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

### I. CIVIL.

Lord William Gordon to be Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, vice Right Honourable Sir John M'Mahon, deceased.

John Edward Conant, Esq. one of the Magistrates at Worship Street, London, vice Gifford.

Charles Manners St George, Esq. to be Secretary of Legation at the Court of Stockholm.

Robert Gifford, Esq. Solicitor-General, knighted. J. Gifford, Esq. one of the Magistrates at Marlborough Street, London, vice Sir W. Parsons, deceased.

Admiral Sir George Campbell, K.C.B. Groom of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, in the room of Charles Herbert, Esq. deceased.

Alexander Ferrier, Esq. his Majesty's Consul for the Ports of Rotterdam, Helvoet, Dordrecht, Schiedam, and the Briell.

### II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

James Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, has granted a presentation to the Rev. Alexander Torrence, to be Assistant and Successor to the Rev. William Torrence, his father, in the church and parish of Woodhouselee or Glencorse.

The Rev. W. B. Smith, of Edinburgh, has been chosen Professor of Greek and Humanity in the Belfast Academical Institution.

R. A. Oswald, Esq. of Auchencruive, has presented the Rev. Anthony Don, D.D. of Kilspondie, presbytery of Perth, to the church and parish of Kirkpatrick-Irongray, presbytery of Dumfries, vacant by the death of the Rev. John M'Cubbin.

### III. MILITARY.

Brevet Major J. Prior, h. p. Portug. Service, to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army 4th Sept. 1817.  
 — Richard Carroll, Portug. Service, to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army do.  
 — T. W. Hewitt, Portug. Service, to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army do.  
 — Thomas St. Clair, Portug. Service, to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army do.  
 — George Wm. Paty, Portug. Service, to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army do.  
 — George Henry Zulke, Portug. Service, to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army do.  
 — Robert Lisle, 19 Dr. Portug. Service, to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army 2d June  
 Capt. Edward Knight, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army, 4th Sept.  
 — William Chartres, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.  
 — Angus Macdonald, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.  
 — Frederick Watson, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.  
 — Edward Brackenbury, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.  
 — Orlando Jones, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.  
 — Thomas Peacocke, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.

Capt. Thomas O'Neil, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.  
 — Robert Ray, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.  
 — James Johnstone, Portug. Service, to be Major in the Army do.  
 Lieut. C. J. de Franciosi, Portug. Service, to be Captain in the Army, do.  
 — C. C. Mitchell from R. Art. to be Capt. in the Army do.  
 — Cha. Hodge, from h. p. 24 Dr. to be Capt. in the Army do.  
 Capt. F. O'Shaughnessy, h. p. 101. F. to be Major in the Army, 4th June 1814  
 5.D.G. Alexander Stuart, to be Cornet by p. vice Byrne, pro. 4th Sept. 1817  
 6 J. G. Evered, to be Cornet by p. vice Livius, pro, 15 Dr. 11th Sept. 1817  
 6 Cornet J. D. Allingham, to be Lieut. by p. vice Johnstone, 19 Dr. 25th do.  
 J. Sparrow, to be Cornet by p. vice Allingham, do.  
 11 Cornet H. Orme, to be Lieut. by p. vice Stuart, pro. 100. F. 4th do.  
 Cornet Bullock, to be Lieut. by p. vice Rotton, 60 F. 9th Oct.  
 H. Mallory, to be Cornet by p. vice Orme, do.  
 17 Cornet O. De Lancy, to be Lieut. vice Greville, dead 16th Nov. 1816.  
 Ensign J. B. Nixon, fm. h. p. 1. F. to be Cornet, vice de Lancy do.  
 18 Aretas Akers, to be Cornet by p. vice Ferrar, ret. 4th Sept. 1817.  
 23 R. B. Newland, to be Cornet by p. vice Lewis, prom. 18th do.  
 24 Cornet G. Berwick, to be Lieut. by p. vice Valiant, 37 F. 4th do.  
 Cornet T. B. Bagot, to be Cornet by p. vice Berwick 2d Oct.  
 C.F.G.B. Broadhead, to be Ensign and Lieut. by p. vice Kortwright, 95 F. 11th Sept.  
 5 F.G. Ensign and Lieut. W. T. Knollys to be Lieut. & Capt. vice Sandes, res. 25th do.  
 A. G. Anson (Page of Honour to Her Majesty) to be Ensign and Lieut. vice Knollys do.  
 2. F. Lieut. J. Hart, from 12 F. to be Lieut. vice Farmer, ret. upon h. p. 12. F. 18th do.  
 — J. M'Intyre, from 3 W. I. R. do. vice Macdonnell, ret. upon h. p. 1 F. 25th do.  
 9 Capt. R. Hacket, from h. p. to be Capt. vice Broughton, cancelled 14th Aug.  
 Lieut. J. Taylor, from h. p. to be Capt. vice Ferrers, dead 2d Oct.  
 — J. Ogle, from h. p. to be Capt. by p. vice Sanderson, ret. 9th do.  
 — R. Brookes, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Taylor 2d do.  
 Ensign R. Telford, from h. p. to be Lieut. by p. vice Ogle 9th do.  
 J. P. Elwes, to be Ensign by p. vice Curzon, 69 F. 18th Sept.  
 Gent. Cadet J. D. Bourke, from R. Mil. Coll. to be Ensign by p. vice Telford 9th Oct.  
 21 Lieut. W. P. Keane, from h. p. 7 F. to be

- Lieut. & Adjut. vice Holden, ret. upon h. p. as Adjut. 25th Sept.
- M. Børesford, to be 2d Lieut. by p. vice Strettell, ret. 4th do.
- 35 Ensign W. H. Grote, to be Lieut. by p. vice Ogle, dead 18th do.
- J. Pat'on to be Ensign, vice Grote do.
- 42 Lieut. J. Brander, to be Capt. by p. vice Stirling, ret. 25th do.
- Ensign W. Fairlie, to be Lieut. by p. vice Brander 9th Oct.
- 45 A. Montgomerie, to be Ensign, vice Ed-des, dead 18th Sept.
- 47 Major B. Molesworth, from h. p. to be Major, vice Haynes, dead 27th Nov. 1816.
- 59 Ensign J. F. G. Maclean, to be Lieut. vice Dillon, dead 13th Dec.
- G. Chichester, to be Ensign by p. vice Bloomfield, prom. 18th Sept. 1817.
- 60 Lieut. J. R. Rotton, from 11 Dr. to be Capt. by p. vice Rennels, ret. do.
- 62 E. P. Brooke, to be Ensign, vice Walker, dead, do.
- 65 Lieut. W. D'Acree, from 24 F. to be Lieut. vice Hall, 69 F. 26th June 1815.
- 69 Lieut. W. Tedlie, to be Capt. by p. vice Cuyler, 69 F. 4th Sept 1817.
- Ensign J. Weir, to be Lieut. vice Mulligan, dead 24th Oct. 1816.
- Lieut. C. Mitchell, from 66 F. to be Lieut. vice Ruxton, dismissed 22d Jan. 1817.
- Ensign J. C. Pudner, from 66 F. to be Lieut. by p. vice Tedlie 11th Sept.
- Hon. F. Curzon, from 9 F. to be Ensign, vice Pudner 18th do.
- 84 Ensign R. G. Daunt, to be Lieut. vice Crossley, 25 Dr. 1st Jan. 1816.
- J. Brockman,, to be Lieut. vice Fordyce, dead 16th Sept.
- Alexander Scott to be Ensign, vice Daunt 1st Jan.
- M. Smith, to be Ensign, vice Brockman 16th Sept.
- 85 C. J. Deshon, to be Ensign, by p. vice Olney, pro. 18th Sept 1817.
- G. Fothergill, to be Ensign, by p. vice Hogg, pro. 25th do.
- 93 Capt. W. Sutherland, to be Major by p. vice Mackay, ret. do.
- Lieut. W. Kortwright, from Coldst. F. G. to be Capt. by p. vice Macleod, ret. 11th do.
- R. Connop, to be Capt. by p. vice Sutherland 25th do.
- Ensign B. Lamb, to be Lieut. by p. vice Connop do.
- 95 P. & C. Marsh, to be Ensign, by p. vice Forbes 4th do.
- 1.W I.R. Ensign Tho. Strange, from 6 W. I. R. to be Ensign, vice Payne, h. p. 6 W. I. R. 2d Oct. 1817.
- 2 Ensign W. Colls, to be Lieut. 25th Sept.
- Lieut. J. Anderson, to be Adjut. vice Foskey, res. Adjut. only do.
- 3 Cadet T. G. M'Intyre, from Mill. Coll. to be Ensign, vice Aldred, dead 9th Oct.
- R.A.C. Ensign J. Ross, to be Lieut. vice Dodd, dead 11th Sept.
- C. M'Kenzie, to be Ensign, vice Ross do.
- R.W.I.R. Gent. Cadet J. J. Grier, to be Ensign, vice Freer, dead do.
- Yk. Ch. Ensign and Adjut. J. Tennant to have rank of Lieut. 17th do.
- Ensign G. Mainwaring, to be Lieut. vice Le Court, superseded do.
- C. Willes, to be Ensign, vice Mainwaring, do
- 2 C. R. Volunteer John Palmer, from 73 F. to be 2d Lieut. vice Davies, dead 25d do.
- Staff and Miscellaneous.*
- Bt. Lt. Col. Sir J. R. Colleton, Bt. from R. Staff C. to be Perm. Assist. Qua. Mast. Gen. and Major, vice Herries 4th Sept. 1817.
- Lieut. M. Krum. fm. h. p. Roll's Regt. to be Sub-Inspector of Militia in the Ionian Islands, with Rank of Captain 11th do.
- D. Macdowall, fm. h. p. 52. F. do. do.
- J. M. Maitland, from 51. F. do. do.
- H. H. Farquharson, fm. h. p. 10. F. do do
- W. Knox, from 87. F. do. do.
- H. Fitz Clarence, from 22 Dr. do. do.
- Brev. Dep. Insp. C. Farroll, M. D. to be Dep. In. vice High, h. p. 9th Oct. 1817.
- Staff Surg. Andrew White, from h. p. to be Dep. Insp. of Hosp. 25th Sept.
- J. Adolphus, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces do.
- Hosp. As. J. Alcock, from h. p. to be Hosp. As. to the Forces, vice Black, dead 6th do.
- P. M'Mahon, from h. p. do. 25th do.
- T. Lough, from h. p. do.
- R. Moir, from h. p. do.
- J. Haltridge, from h. p. do.
- M. M'Dermott, from h. p. do.
- J. Millar, from h. p. do.
- E. Picketts, from h. p. do.
- J. Hall, from h. p. to be Hosp. As. to the Forces, vice M'Dermott, cancelled. do.
- Exchanges.*
- Bt. Lt. Col. G. Fitzsimmons, from 17 F. with Major Beck, 67 F.
- Parkinson, from 33 F. with Brev. Lt. Col. Crookshanks, h. p. 11. F.
- Major W. C. Campbell, from 58 F. with Brev. Lt. Col. Darley, h. p. 62 F.
- Brev. Major Marke, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Heaviside, h. p. 50. F.
- Capt. Richardson, from 20 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt Wildman, h. p. 7 Dr.
- Gregory, from 53 F. with Capt. Kent, Rifle Brigade.
- Jackson, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Donaldson, h. p.
- Cockburn, from 59 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Mathews, h. p. 67 F.
- Gould, fm. 77 F. with Capt. Bradshaw, h. p.
- Atherton, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Mainwaring, h. p. 67. F.
- Chalmers, from 62. F. with Capt Russell, h. p. 57. F.
- Mackay, from 79 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Young, h. p. 91. F.
- Fletcher, from R. York Rangers, with Capt. Finch, h. p. 37 F.
- Bontein, from 1 Ceylon Regt. with Capt. Hamilton, h. p. 3. Ceylon Regt.
- Lieut. Hall, fm. 14Dr. with Lieut. Hammond, h. p.
- Humphreys, from 14 Dr. with Lieut. Wilton, h. p.
- Alsop, from 24 Dr. with Lieut. Jones, h. p. 24 F.
- Alment, from 5 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Everdarn, h. p.
- Eyre, from 16. F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Grant, h. p.
- Minter, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sutherland, h. p.
- M'Calman, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Boyes, h. p.
- Harden, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Shaw, h. p.
- S. Smyth, from 41 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mompesson, h. p.
- Imlach, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Finlay, h. p.
- Nangle, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Pasley, h. p. 76 F.
- Reid, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nesbitt, h. p.
- Morton, from 58 F. with Lieut. Makepeace, h. p. 34 F.
- Tolfrey, from 66 F. with Lieut. Scott, 87.F.
- Pennefather, from 30 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fraser, h. p.
- Campbell, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Queade, h. p.
- Downie, fm. 60 F. with Lieut. Tracie, h. p.
- Rose, from 94 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gifford, h. p.
- O'Sullivan, from 98 F. with Lieut. Stephens, h. p.
- Aitkin, from R. Wagg. Train, with Lieut. Watton, h. p.
- Tatlock, from 3 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Thompson, h. p. 62 F.
- Holburn, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Otway, h. p.
- Hutton, from 2 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Norman, h. p. 29. F.
- Brook, from 6. F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bonamy, h. p.
- Strut, from 8. F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Briscoe, h. p. 49. F.
- Richardson, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Armstrong, h. p.
- Mogridge, fm. 84 F. rec. diff. Ewbank, h. p.

Lieut. Strangways, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hill, h. p.  
 Cornet & Sub. Lieut. Finch, from 1 Life Gds, with Lieut. Hall, h. p. 13 Dr.  
 — Hart, from R. Wagg. Train, with Cornet D. French, h. p.  
 Ensign Glennie, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Clayfield, h. p. 71 F.  
 — Liardet, from 30 F. with Ensign Rumley, 80 F.  
 — Dunlop, from 45 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Lutyens, h. p. 62 F.  
 — Stedman, from 46 F. with Ensign Butler, h. p. 34 F.  
 — Duff, from 1 F. with Ensign Cowell, h. p.  
 — Leslie, from 9 F. with Ensign Seward, h. p. 59 F.  
 — Scott, from 76 F. with Ensign Ross, 103 F.  
 Dep. Insp. Irwin, from Full Pay, with Dep. Insp. Gunning, from h. p.  
 Staff Surg. Bath, from Full Pay, with Staff Sur. Collier, from h. p.

Assist. Surg. Parry, from 19 Dr. with Assist. Sur. Hollier, h. p. 62 F.  
 — Lynn, from 5 F. with Assist. Surg. Richmond, h. p. 11 F.  
 Hosp. Assist. Nelson, from Full Pay, with Hosp. Assist. Thompson, from h. p.

#### Resignations and Retirements.

Major Rennells, 60 F.  
 — Mackay, 93 F.  
 Captain Sandes, 3. F. G.  
 — Stirling, 42 F.  
 — Macleod, 93 F.  
 Lieut. Sanderson, 9 F.  
 Cornet, 2d Lieut. & Ens. Farrer, 18 Dr.  
 — Strettell, 21 F.  
 — Robert Hatch, 53 F.

#### Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Broughton (returns to h. p. 9 F.) 9 F.  
 — Crompton (returns to York Lt. Inf.) 60 F.  
 — Mitchell, (returns to 60 F.) York Lt. Inf.

#### Deaths.

*Major.*  
 Ferrars, 9 F. 11th Sept. 17  
*Lieutenants.*  
 Robinson, 47 F. 21st Jan. 17  
 Campbell (on Serv. in Africa)  
 R. Staff Corps 13th June 17  
 Flood, R. W. I. Ra. 31st July 17  
*Ensigns & 2d Lieut.*  
 Walker (drowned at Cape Breton)  
 62 F. 9th Aug. 17

Aldred, 3 W. I. R.  
 Edden, 4. W. I. R. 1st Aug. 17  
 Funstone, Inv. Bn. 8th July 17

#### Assistant Surgeon.

Fraser, 68 F. 15th Sept. 17

#### Miscellaneous.

James Anderson, Dep. Assist.  
 Com. Gen. in Africa  
 Oakley, Hosp. Assist. at Domi-  
 nica 11th Aug. 1817  
 Stephens, Garr. Chap. at Baha-  
 mas 17th June

#### IV. NAVAL. Promotions.

| Names.  | Names.  | Names.                                    |
|---|---|---|
| <i>Commander.</i><br>William James Mingay         | <i>Lieutenants.</i><br>Richard Chamberlayne<br>Henry Eden<br>Charles Hope | <i>Assistant Surgeon.</i><br>Jamer Hunter |
| <i>Superannuated Commander.</i><br>William Malone |   |   |

#### Appointments.

| Names.   | Ships.   | Names.   | Ships.  |
|--|--|--|---|
| <i>Captains.</i><br>George W. Willes<br>Sir James L. Yeo   | Cherub<br>Semiramis  | Thomas Laen<br>John M'Dougall<br>Joseph Oake<br>James Wood   | Lee<br>Pigmy<br>R. Geo. Yacht<br>Sybille  |
| <i>Lieutenants.</i><br>William Muriel<br>Charles Parker<br>Mark Kent<br>Robert Pearce<br>Robert Dwyer<br>W. F. Parker<br>G. C. Gambier<br>Robert Boyle<br>Joseph Harrison<br>George C. Yeo<br>William Moore<br>G. V. Jackson | Bulwark<br>Cadmus<br>Conqueror<br>Favourite<br>Florida<br>Griffon<br>Minden<br>Scamander<br>Semiramis<br>Ditto<br>Ditto<br>Sybille | <i>Surgeons.</i><br>Henry Parker<br>James Simpson<br>Mark Thompson<br>John Hatley<br><i>Assistant Surgeons.</i><br>William M'Auley<br>Alexander Anderson<br>George M'Millan<br>John Thomson<br>Alexander Baird | Impregnable<br>Iphigenia<br>Melville<br>Redpole<br><br>Falmouth<br>Minden<br>Musquedobet<br>Redpole<br>Tigris |
| <i>Marinet.</i><br>Capt. S. Claperton<br>2d Lt. R. Bunce   | Northumberland<br>Sybille  | <i>Pursers.</i><br>Joseph Mason<br>Isaac Roberts<br>C. T. Phelan   | Esk<br>Melville<br>Semiramis  |
| <i>Masters.</i><br>J. R. Mayne   | Ister  |  |   |

### METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of October, though on the whole pleasant and favourable as harvest weather, has been unusually cold, and, towards the conclusion, wet and stormy. The Barometer, during the first three weeks, stood about 30, and up to the 25th, there had fallen only a quarter of an inch of rain. So dry, indeed, was the atmosphere at the beginning of the month, that the point of deposition, or the temperature at which it would have been completely saturated with moisture, was as low as 24 Fahrenheit. This extreme dryness gave the mean point of deposition, for the first half of the month, several degrees lower than the mean minimum temperature; but, for the last half of the month, the two differed only by a quantity considerably less than the tenth part of a degree. But the most interesting fact, regarding the weather during the month of October, is the unusual depression of the mean temperature. Last year it was about 46½, this year it is only 41½, being nearly 5°

lower; and, what is still more remarkable, the mean temperature has not for any one day of October this year exceeded 46, which is half a degree lower than the mean of the whole month 1816. It may be proper to add, that the observations of both years were made with the same instruments, on the same spot, and precisely at the same hours. Nor is the unusual depression of the average to be ascribed to extreme cold during some particular nights. The Thermometer has only been four times at the freezing point, and, with one exception, never below 30. If the mean temperature of the last fifteen days of October be the mean temperature for the year, as it is generally supposed to be, the mean of the present year must be at least 5° below the standard temperature of the place.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

OCTOBER 1817.

| Means.                                 |          | Extremes.                             |          |
|--|----------|---------------------------------------|----------|
| THERMOMETER.                           |          | THERMOMETER.                          |          |
|  | Degrees. |                                       | Degrees. |
| Mean of greatest daily heat,           | 48.064   | Greatest heat, 8th,                   | 51.500   |
| ..... cold,                            | 36.274   | Greatest cold, 5d,                    | 29.000   |
| ..... temperature, 10 A. M.            | 42.887   | Highest, 10 A. M. 15th,               | 48.500   |
| ..... 10 P. M.                         | 39.855   | Lowest ditto, .. 28th,                | 37.000   |
| ..... of daily extremes,               | 42.169   | Highest, 10 P. M. 14th,               | 45.500   |
| ..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.            | 41.571   | Lowest ditto, .. 4th,                 | 34.500   |
| ..... 4 daily observations,            | 41.770   |                                       |          |
| BAROMETER.                             |          | BAROMETER.                            |          |
|  | Inches.  |                                       | Inches.  |
| Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 47)    | 29.886   | Highest, 10 A. M. 5th,                | 30.350   |
| ..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 47)      | 29.893   | Lowest ditto, .. 30th,                | 28.555   |
| ..... both, (temp. of mer. 47)         | 29.890   | Highest, 10 P. M. 5th,                | 30.345   |
|  |          | Lowest ditto, .. 30th,                | 28.750   |
| HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)                 |          | HYGROMETER.                           |          |
|  | Degrees. |                                       | Degrees. |
| Mean dryness, 10 A. M.                 | 12.742   | Highest, 10 A. M. 2d,                 | 28.000   |
| ..... 10 P. M.                         | 8.322    | Lowest ditto, .. 28th,                | 5.000    |
| ..... of both,                         | 10.532   | Highest, 10 P. M. 1st,                | 18.000   |
| Mean point of deposition (Fahr.)       | 34.784   | Lowest ditto, .. 28th,                | 1.000    |
| Rain in inches,                        | 1.474    | Greatest rain in 24 hours, 30th,      | 0.475    |
| Evaporation in ditto,                  | 1.104    | Least ditto, .. 10th,                 | 0.017    |
| Fair days, or rain less than .01,      | 18       | Greatest mean daily evap. 1st to 5th, | 0.046    |
| Rainy days,                            | 15       | Least ditto, .. 16th to 21st,         | 0.022    |
| Wind from W. of meridian, including N. | 11       | Highest point of deposition, 24th,    | 40.000   |
| ..... E. of meridian, including S.     | 20       | Lowest ditto, .. 1st,                 | 23.800   |

General character of the month, dry and cold, terminating with rain and high winds.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at eight o'clock in the morning, and eight o'clock in the evening.

|        | Ther. | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. |                       | Ther.              | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. |       |                  |
|--------|-------|--------|---------------|-------|-----------------------|--------------------|--------|---------------|-------|-------|------------------|
| Oct. 1 | M. 42 | 29.446 | M. 45         | Cble. | Snow and rain.        | Oct. 17            | M. 39  | 29.970        | M. 42 | E.    | Showers.         |
|        | E. 36 | .669   | E. 43         |       |                       |                    | E. 40  | .894          | E. 42 |       |                  |
| 2      | M. 35 | .725   | M. 41         | N.W   | Fair.                 | 18                 | M. 42  | .956          | M. 42 | E.    | Rain.            |
|        | E. 40 | .776   | E. 45         |       |                       |                    | E. 42  | .885          | E. 44 |       |                  |
| 3      | M. 41 | .860   | M. 43         | E.    | Fair.                 | 19                 | M. 41  | .956          | M. 42 | E.    | Cloudy.          |
|        | E. 39 | .918   | E. 42         |       |                       |                    | E. 41  | .921          | E. 44 |       |                  |
| 4      | M. 37 | 30.131 | M. 42         | E.    | Fair.                 | 20                 | M. 42  | .990          | M. 43 | Cble. | Cloudy.          |
|        | E. 37 | .188   | E. 43         |       |                       |                    | E. 40  | .990          | E. 42 |       |                  |
| 5      | M. 39 | .188   | M. 43         | S.E.  | Fair.                 | 21                 | M. 40  | .718          | M. 42 | Cble. | Fair.            |
|        | E. 45 | .160   | E. 45         |       |                       |                    | E. 45  | .538          | E. 45 |       |                  |
| 6      | M. 45 | .160   | M. 47         | E.    | Cloudy.               | 22                 | M. 44  | .596          | M. 44 | Cble. | Cloudy.          |
|        | E. 45 | .155   | E. 47         |       |                       |                    | E. 42  | .794          | E. 46 |       |                  |
| 7      | M. 45 | .105   | M. 46         | S.E.  | Fair.                 | 23                 | M. 41  | .889          | M. 43 | Cble. | Fair.            |
|        | E. 42 | .105   | E. 48         |       |                       |                    | E. 41  | .851          | E. 44 |       |                  |
| 8      | M. 40 | 29.982 | M. 44         | S.E.  | Fair.                 | 24                 | M. 42  | .803          | M. 44 | S.    | Fog.             |
|        | E. 40 | .954   | E. 45         |       |                       |                    | E. 43  | .778          | E. 45 |       |                  |
| 9      | M. 43 | .914   | M. 44         | N.E.  | Fair.                 | 25                 | M. 42  | .544          | M. 43 | S.    | Cloudy.          |
|        | E. 45 | .845   | E. 48         |       |                       |                    | E. 43  | .380          | E. 44 |       |                  |
| 10     | M. 45 | .799   | M. 47         | N.E.  | Showers.              | 26                 | M. 44  | .355          | M. 45 | S.    | Cloudy.          |
|        | E. 39 | .862   | E. 44         |       |                       |                    | E. 39  | .390          | E. 43 |       |                  |
| 11     | M. 40 | .920   | M. 42         | N.E.  | Cloudy.               | 27                 | M. 40  | .165          | M. 41 | S.W.  | Showers.         |
|        | E. 41 | .965   | E. 43         |       |                       |                    | E. 41  | 28.895        | E. 42 |       |                  |
| 12     | M. 41 | .985   | M. 45         | W.    | Fair.                 | 28                 | M. 34  | .966          | M. 38 | S.W.  | Showers of snow. |
|        | E. 43 | .993   | E. 42         |       |                       |                    | E. 36  | .966          | E. 39 |       |                  |
| 15     | M. 42 | 30.120 | M. 43         | W.    | Fair.                 | 29                 | M. 35  | .987          | M. 37 | W.    | Fair.            |
|        | E. 42 | .105   | E. 41         |       |                       |                    | E. 35  | .995          | E. 35 |       |                  |
| 14     | M. 43 | .102   | M. 45         | N.E.  | Fair.                 | 30                 | M. 42  | .466          | M. 42 | S.W.  | Rain.            |
|        | E. 45 | 29.980 | E. 43         |       |                       |                    | E. 38  | .652          | E. 41 |       |                  |
| 15     | M. 45 | .935   | M. 42         | E.    | Fair.                 | 31                 | M. 58  | .935          | M. 40 | S.W.  | Fair.            |
|        | E. 44 | .925   | E. 42         |       |                       |                    | E. 35  | 29.214        | E. 39 |       |                  |
| 16     | M. 43 | .987   | M. 43         | Cble. | Cloudy, rain in even. | Rain, inches 1.05. |        |               |       |       |                  |
|        | E. 40 | .995   | E. 45         |       |                       |                    |        |               |       |       |                  |

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

Oct. 4. At Clifton, the Marchioness of Ely, a son.—5. Right Hon. Lady Caroline Ann Macdonald of Clanranald, a daughter.—7. At London, the lady of the Hon. Charles Law, a daughter.—8. At London, the lady of James Kinloch, Esq. of Brunswick Square, a son.—9. At Hampton Court, the lady of Capt. Walker, R. N. a son.—11. At Fermoy House, the lady of Sir J. Anderson, Bart. a daughter.—12. At Sandgate, the lady of Capt. W. Hamilton, a son.—14. At Monreith House, Lady Maxwell of Monreith, a daughter.—15. At Munshes, Stewarty of Kirkcudbright, Mrs Maxwell of Munshes, a son.—16. At Lewes, the lady of Lieut. Col. Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross, K. C. B. of the Royal Horse Artillery, a son.—At Hatton Castle, the lady of Garden Duff, Esq. a son.—The lady of G. H. Jackson, Esq. of Glenmore, a son.—In North Queen Street, Glasgow, Mrs Andrew Hamilton, a daughter.—17. At Old Aberdeen, Mrs Col. Forbes, a daughter.—19. At Kely, the lady of the Hon. Col. Ramsay, a daughter.—20. In Dublin Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Major Alston, a son.—In Duke Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Grant, a son.—21. At Woodbine Cottage, Brixton Hill, the lady of Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, a son.—23. At Sporle, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. Turnour, a daughter.—27. At Castle Craig, the Hon. Lady Gibson Carmichael of Stirling, a son.—29. At Ormiston Hall, the Countess of Hopetoun, a son.—30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Trotter, Northumberland Street, a daughter.—Mrs Laing Meason of Lindertis, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

Feb. 4. At Tirhoot, Bengal, John Morrison, Esq. M. D. to Anne, second daughter of the late Major Sloane of the East India Company's Service.—22. At the house of Duncan Campbell, Esq. Patna, Bengal, Henry Middleton, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Mary Ann, daughter of Major-General Sir D. Auchterlony, Bart. K. C. B.

Oct. 1. At Hampstead, Lees Shaw, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, son of the late Robert Shaw, Esq. of Dublin, to Caroline Cecilia, eldest daughter of William Chippendal, Esq. of Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.—2. At Edinburgh, Rev. James Yorstoun, minister of Hoddum, to Margaret, daughter of the late James Currie Carlyle, Esq. of Brydekirk.—7. At Liverpool, Jonathan Andrew, Esq. of Hendham Hall, Lancashire, to Hannah, only daughter of the late Thomas Smith, Esq. of Liverpool.—Earl

of Desart, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Maurice N. O'Connor, Esq.—9. At Edmonton, Pearson Thompson, Esq. son of Henry Thompson, Esq. of Cheltenham, to Dorothy, third daughter of the late William Scott, Esq. of Austin Friars.—At St Andrew's, Hertford, Samuel Newbould, jun. Esq. of Sheffield, to Hannah, youngest daughter of P. C. Searaucke, Esq.—13. At Hawkhill House, Thomas Kaye, Esq. merchant, Rotterdam, to Henrietta Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Casels, Esq. of Leith.—At Bolam, Thomas Fenwick, Esq. of Milburn Place, to Jane, daughter of the late John Bell, Esq. of Gallowhill House, Northumberland.—At Edinburgh, Robert Cadell, Esq. Bookseller, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Archibald Constable, Esq.—14. At Ealibus, Islay, Duncan Mackenzie, Esq. surgeon in the Honourable East India Company's Service, to Ann, youngest daughter of Samuel Crawford, Esq.—16. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Alexander Renny, Esq. of Riga, to Harriet Tempest, youngest daughter of Robert Blackston, Esq. of Sunderland.—At London, Edmond Antrobus, Esq. nephew of Sir Edmond Antrobus, Bart. to Anne, only daughter of the Hon. Hugh Lindesay of Plaiston Lodge, and niece to the Earl of Balcarras.—At Bath, Lieut. Col. D'Arcy, of the royal artillery, to Lady Catharine Georgina West, sister of the Earl of de Lawarr.—17. At Albany Street, North Leith, John Robertson, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of J. J. Lin Moller, Esq. Hamburg.—At Clydebank, near Dumbarton, Mr John Pollock, insurance broker, Edinburgh, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr James Symington, Bookseller, Edinburgh.—18. At Dublin, Capt. the Hon. James Ashly Maude, R. N. to Miss Albina Brodrick, second daughter of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.—20. At Thurso, W. H. Torrence, Esq. to Eliza, eldest daughter of Capt. W. Nairn, 46th regt.—At Glasgow, Mr James Corbett, merchant, eldest son of James Corbett, Esq. of Porterfield, to Mary, only daughter of the late William Moncrieff, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service.—21. At London, the Right Hon. Lord Selsey, to the Hon. Miss Irby, youngest daughter of Lord Boston.—At Netherplace, Glasgow, Patrick Reid, Esq. of Hazleden, to Agnés, eldest daughter of Robert Hay, Esq. of Netherplace.—22. At Bridekirk, William Woodhouse, Esq. of Lodge-lane and Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, to Miss Dorothy Hervey, second daughter of the Rev. H. A. Hervey, Vicar



of Bridekirk.—24. At Edinburgh, Mr D. Mackintosh, merchant, Glasgow, to Hannah King, eldest daughter of Mr James Burn, Mint, Edinburgh.—27. At Stoney-hill House, Thomas Martin, Esq. writer, Edinburgh, to Jane, only daughter of Francis Anderson, Esq. writer to the signet.—At Lanark, Alex. Gillespie, Esq. of Sunnyside, to Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. Menzies, minister of Lanark.—At Paisley, William Lowndes, Esq. of Arthurlee, to Janet, second daughter of Adam Keir, Esq. banker.—At Carriage Hill, Mr Thos. Auld, bookseller, Paisley, to Margaret, fourth daughter of Robert Braid, Esq.—28. At Edinburgh, James Ivory, Esq. advocate, to Ann, second daughter of Alex. Lawrie, Esq.

*Lately*—At London, Lieut.-Gen. Frederick Augustus Wetherall, to Mrs Broad, widow of Major Broad.

## DEATHS.

*Feb.* 10. At Bombay, in Col. Smith's camp, Major Alexander Campbell of the 9th regt. of Bombay Infantry, son of Mr John Campbell, surveyor of the customs, Perth. He was unfortunately killed by his horse falling with him when on a party enjoying the sport of the field.

*March* 21. In camp at Ieegaum Tokeley Berar, Madras, in the prime of life, Captain Argus M'Lachlan, of his Majesty's 2d battalion, 1st (or Royal Scots) regiment of foot, sincerely regretted by his brother officers.

*April* 20. At Cawnpore, in the 65th year of his age, Major-General Sir John Horsford, K. C. B. commanding the first division of the field army, and Colonel of the 3d batt. of artillery. The State has in him lost a most able and upright servant; the army, one of its most distinguished officers; and the Honourable Order of the Bath, a member worthy of its distinction. He served nearly thirty-nine years with his regiment as an officer, and was much employed on field service during the eight years he commanded the Bengal artillery; his attention to its interests was chiefly exemplified in improving the situation of the soldier, European and Native, in all the several branches of that extensive and widely dispersed corps. After a service of forty-five years, in various parts of India, spent in constant and unwearied devotion to his duty—never, even in sickness, having enjoyed the indulgence of one day's furlough, leave, or absence, from his professional labours—this eminent officer, whose sound constitution, hardened by temperance, had long contended with an extraordinary complication of disease, ended a long life of useful services shortly after his return from field service at Hattras. A man of stern principle, sound judgment, extensive knowledge, and independent spirit; his memory will be respected by all who knew him, and his loss long regretted by those who were his selected friends.

*June* 25. At Paris, aged 82, Jean Etienne Hardouin, the translator of "Young's Night Thoughts" in French verse. He also paraphrased "Fenelon's Telemachus;" translated the Fragment of the 91st book of Livy, discovered in the MS Library of the Vatican; and published a collection of Anacreon's Poems in the original Greek text, with a Glossary, and translations into Latin prose and verse, and French prose and verse.

*July* 7. At Montserrat, in his 80th year, Dr Alexander Hood, speaker of the Assembly, and a member of that house 44 years.

*Aug.* 10. At Elantekerian, near Wilmington, in the United States (where he had retired to escape the odious reign of the 100 days), M. Dupont de Nemours, formerly deputy to the States General, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, Secretary to the Provisional Government at the Restoration, and appointed by the King of France a Counsellor of State in 1814.—14. At Burleigh Castle Estate, Island of Tobago, of a fever, Mr James Hutcheson, son of John Hutcheson, Esq. of Fulbar, Renfrewshire.—At Amiens, of a paralytic stroke, in his 75th year, M. de Mandolx, Bishop of Amiens.—18. At Charlestown, S. Carolina, Mr Alex. Caw, late merchant, Leith.—21. At Clapham Common, John Smith, Esq. of Lombard Street, banker.—At Delhandy, in Glenlivar, co. Banff, at the advanced age of 101, John Stewart, messenger at arms.—23. At Millhill, Musselburgh, Charles Stewart, Esq. formerly commander of the East India Company's ship *Airly Castle*.—24. Aged 25, Emma, wife of F. W. Campbell, Esq. of Barbreck, N. B. and of Englefield Green, Surrey. She was daughter of the late W. T. Caulfield, Esq. of Rahunduff, Ireland, and niece of Sir Jonathan Cope, Bart.—26. Mr Krous, the ingenious inventor of an aërostatic exhibition, which much amused the metropolis about two years ago.—28. At Raphoe, of a typhus fever, aged 65, John Kincaid, Esq. many years a surgeon in the East India Company's service.—30. At Abinger Hall, near Dorking, in his 82d year, Peter Campbell, Esq. of the Island of Jamaica.

*Sept.* 8. At Constantinople, of a consumption, aged about 50, the Sultana Valide, mother of the Grand Seignior. According to the Mahometan usage, she was interred the same day. The Grand Vizier, the Ministers, and the Dignitaries of the Porte, accompanied the funeral procession. The event is matter of great affliction to the Grand Seignior, who was most tenderly attached to his mother. She had never exercised the least influence in state affairs. All her property, the annual income of which amounts to a million of piastres, devolves on the Grand Seignior. The Sultana was a Creole, born at Martinique, of respectable parents. On her voyage to France, for the purposes of education, the merchant vessel,

on board of which she was a passenger, was captured by an Algerine Corsair, and she became a slave at Algiers. The French Consul offered to ransom her; but she refused her consent, in consequence of an old Negress having predicted to her that she would become one of the greatest princesses in the world; and notwithstanding all the entreaties of her relations, she persisted in abandoning herself to her fate. The prediction of the Negress was singularly fulfilled. The Sultana is said to have been a beautiful woman, and of fascinating manners.—12. At Durham, in his 85th year, William Kirton, Esq. senior alderman of that corporation, father of the city, and the oldest housekeeper in the parish of St Nicholas. He was elected Mayor in 1783, and again in 1795. This worthy and much respected character, whose utmost wish it was to do good, was highly esteemed by his fellow citizens, as well as by a very numerous acquaintance. His humane and benevolent disposition, his pleasant and affable manners, makes his loss truly lamented.—21. At St Petersburg, Duke Jules de Polignac, the great favourite of the unfortunate Louis XVI.—22. At Killashea, near Dublin, Baron de Robeck.—24. At Cork, Edward Allen, Esq. mayor of that city.

Oct. 1. At Paddington Green, Charles William Talbot, Esq. only son of Sir George Talbot, Bart. of Mickleham, Surrey.—2. At Edinburgh, in the 85th year of his age, Dr Monro, professor of anatomy and surgery in the University of Edinburgh.—John Gray, Esq. of Middle Ords.—At Crieff, John Murray, Esq. laird of Ardbonie in Perthshire, and Justice of the Peace for the county, Lieutenant of his Majesty's Fleet, and Marine Surveyor to the Board of Admiralty. This excellent officer made some important discoveries on the coast of New Holland.—4. At Brighton, Thos. Walker, Esq. late of London, banker.—At London, Thomas Marriot, Esq. deputy of the Ward of Broad Street.—At Bath, the lady of Sir Robert Kingsmill, Bart.—At Dundee, John Steele, Esq. surgeon of his Majesty's 53d regt.—6. At Nantes, in France, after a long illness, Charles Byron, only son of James Wedderburn and the Honourable Lady Frances Webster.—At Annan, Walter Bell, Esq. of Netheralbie.—9. George Rose, Esq. of Crookham, near Newbury, Berks.—10. At Glasgow, Andrew Macnair, Esq. in the 74th year of his age.—12. At Dublin, William Harkness, Esq. an eminent merchant, and a director of the bank of Ireland.—14. At Tayfield, in the 93d year of his age, John Berry, Esq. of Tayfield.—At the Manse of Wester Anstruther, Mary Dickson, wife of the Rev. Andrew Carstairs.—15. At his seat at Melchburne, the Hon. Lord St John, Baron St John of Bletsoe.—At Helensburgh, Capt. James Booth, R. N.—16. At his house in Conduit Street, Lon-

don, John Barclay, Esq. surgeon.—17. The Rev. Robert Stirling, minister of Dunblane.—20. At Portobello, James Stormonth, Esq. of Lednathy, writer, Edinburgh.—In Frederick Street, Edinburgh, Miss Crockatt, daughter of Archibald Crockatt, Esq. late of New York.—21. At Cowhill, Dumfriesshire, after a short illness, Alexander Key, Esq. of London. His whole life was distinguished by his moral and social qualities; by uncommon affability of temper; the strictest integrity of conduct, blended with the greatest humanity, and the most ardent desire to assist every one in distress.—At his house, Amelia Place, Brompton, the Right Honourable J. P. Curran, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland.—At Edinburgh, Mr William Elliot, of London.—22. At Bonnington House, near Lanark, Lady Ross Baillie, of Lammington.—24. At Woolwich, Colonel Philip Riou, only surviving brother of the late Captain Edward Riou, R. N.—At Glasgow, Mr Humphry Barbour, merchant, aged 74.—25. At Aberdeen, Rev. John Ross, assistant minister of Monkton, Ayrshire.—In the 25th year of her age, Frances Philadelphia, daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Hotham, of the Coldstream Guards, and sister to Lord Hotham.—26. At Edinburgh, Alexander Stenhouse, Esq. M. D.—27. At Frogmore, near Windsor, Esther Jane, relict of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mrs S. was the youngest daughter of the late Newton Ogle, D. D. of Kirkley, in the county of Northumberland, Dean of Winchester, &c.—At Borrowstonness, Andrew Milne, Esq. late merchant there.—At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Moffat, writer.—30. At Ardrossan, Jane Agnes Elizabeth, daughter of James Grierson, Esq. of Dalgone, Dumfriesshire.—31. At Edinburgh, Emilia M'George, relict of the Rev. Adam Gib, late minister of the Associate Congregation, Edinburgh.

*Lately*—At his house in Fife, Admiral Duddingston.—At Benares, E. I. Claude Russell, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service.—At Bow-wood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdown, Mr Broad, for nearly forty years steward in the Marquis's family. Being out in the park, on the day preceding, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, he found a dead adder, which he took up in his hands, and opened its mouth, to shew where the poison of the creature lay; in doing this, however, the subtle matter communicated to a cut in one of his fingers. On the next morning, Mr Broad was found dead in his bed, with every indication of his having died from the effects of the poison, the arm being much inflamed.—At Geneva, in his 69th year, Dr Odier, Professor of Medicine, and Fellow of various learned societies. His long and very extensive practice; his various works, all of them esteemed; and his different courses of lectures, established a high reputation.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No IX.

DECEMBER 1817.

VOL. II.

## ON THE LATE NATIONAL CALAMITY.

THE Nation has suffered a loss which calls upon every heart audibly to mourn; a loss to which no lips can utter words of adequate sorrow, yet of which the dullest spirit cannot speak without creating some portion of a nameless and awful sympathy. The calamity that has bowed us all down before it made us at once a brotherhood of mourners, and all the millions of a great empire, for a while, forgot their ordinary joys and griefs, in the disturbance of one universal passion. From that affliction no one stood aloof; against it no one desired privilege. Nature, with a melancholy voice, implored us to attend those Obsequies, and on the day when the Daughter of England was consigned to her ancestral tomb, the beautiful Land, over which it was vainly hoped she would long have reigned a gracious queen, was shrouded in night-like darkness for her sake, and would not be comforted.

The universal grief, with which the nation has deplored its calamity, will leave its own record to after-times in the simple facts that have served to express it. Yet, while the people collectively mourn, each individual has a solemn pleasure in breathing forth the voice of his own feelings, and is desirous that a more lasting being might be given to his love, his reverence, and his pity. When, from our imperfect natures, such emotions shall begin to fade away, it may not then be undelightful to recur to the expression of our freshest sorrow, and so to bring over our long-pacified hearts some of those darker dreams which are now floating in all their power round the royal Cemetery. That day will never

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come, when a Briton's soul can coldly think of her we lament; but the power of the dead must not contend against that of the living,—and the calm, not of oblivion but of peace, follows the waves of passion that are broken against the grave. The time will ere long come to all,—to some it may have come already,—when we shall look back with a kind of inquiring interest on the faded features of a sorrow once so profound. Now, the sadness forces itself upon us, even in the turmoil of busy existence; it accompanies us on our walks through the happiness of nature,—it startles us in the bosom of domestic blessedness,—it darkens the solemn silence of the House of God. It is now a haunting passion,—sometimes in its intensity painful and agonizing,—but in its enduring essence pure, beautiful, and sublime, and such as it must benefit every spirit hereafter to indulge,

When memory gives us back the dead,  
Even in the loveliest looks she wore!

Britain's grief was sublime, for it came upon all the land like the night-fall. Each man felt that it was not from himself alone that hope was cut off, but that something was extinguished that had shone for all, and that there was a pang at the heart of the whole Individual—Nation. Not only is the pain of the calamity felt as the same to each and to all; so also is the fear which prolongs it into the future, and the love which carries it back unto the past. None knew till this stroke came, how he and all hung, with one affection, upon their common Hope. Grief has disclosed the secret heart of the People. We now see and feel how that great affection, full of hope, and pure from all fear, had begun to blend

our common thoughts with the coming on of other times,—gathering all speculation, apprehension, desire, all motions of the presaging mind of the country, into one fond, proud, and happy expectation, that hung over Her, who might have been all things to our love, and to our pride, and to the pure and peaceful happiness of the land. Thus was the grief of every man expanded, supported, and ennobled, by the consciousness of its universality. We had not to know, as often in the hours of private agony, that, while we wept, smiles were brightening. We had not to listen to gladsome music sounding all round the desolation of our souls. A shock of electricity struck all the united hearts of a loyal people, and, at the moment we ourselves were touched, we knew that one shudder ran through the majestic soul of Britain.

Ere we had yet time to reflect upon our loss, we felt that it was immeasurable. It was something more fatal than the mere death of the mighty. When a great statesman dies, we know that he will live in the wisdom of his counsels—and when a warrior falls in battle, our grief is lost in his glory. But here there was a peculiar sorrow. In her we beheld the joy, the innocence, and beauty of youth, crowned with the consummation of all earthly magnificence; to her there was no rival Peer, no similar Being, no kindred Image. There was no other name that could make her's less familiar to our hearts. While she lived, she was to our sight like the Morning-Star; and now that she is dead, it is like the extinguishment, the annihilation of some bright existence.

All minds, whatever might be their structure, felt alike on this calamity; and the lowest were elevated by their grief to the side of the most lofty. In ordinary seasons we look up to any great good with a deep and grateful sense of the present, knowing, but not dwelling on the promise of the future. But now every eye was bent forward, and as love and joy are fearless, we saw there visions only of surpassing happiness. What is beautiful, or sacred, seems also inviolable. The more hope there is pledged on any one head, the less thought of fear is there that that head may be touched. The noblest hopes of the noblest nation upon earth were gathered round the radiant forehead of the Princess; and they almost

thought of her as a creature that was immortal. What had death to do with such a being? Wherever, in her earlier childhood, she gleam'd upon us, it was like unclouded sunshine, and every eye was gladdened. Then came the days of free and uncontrolled affection, when the destined Queen of Albion loved, and was beloved, like some happy shepherdess in one of her own peaceful vallies. Then was the bridal hymn chaunted by a rejoicing people, and they waited for the hour when the mother's heart was to be blessed. If ever we thought of death at all, it was as the faded misery of a dream,—an empty name,—a powerless phantom,—a stranger, that durst not intrude on such consecrated happiness. But he came at once into the dwelling of kings;—the calm prayers of the holy Mother's resignation were unavailing, and Providence, mighty, terrible, and inscrutable, bound all our souls in the frozen chillness of one wide despair.

We cannot now tell, even unto ourselves, the feelings that first assailed us. A blind and indefinite distress fell upon all of us,—a feeling of some evil, whose limits, form, and tendency were obscure and unknown, but an evil which, in the midst of its darkness, had features that were terrible. We can look and reason, till this undefined nature of evil seems to settle into the shape of such positive mischief as time may bring, in consequence of this event. But that dark apprehension of the soul was of much more than we shall ever see;—it was of all the possible good which that moment took away. This is the evil, this is the loss that cannot be measured. Positive calamity is measured, known, and endured; but the future good lost is illimitable, as hope and imagination; it is a pain against which the soul hath no strength; and the wider the range of her faculties, the wider is the sweep of her desolation.

Men, in the first moments of any great calamity which falls upon them all, feel as they never can feel again. They feel with a truth and evidence of knowledge, which they cannot afterwards recover. That consent of passion which fills all hearts, enlarges all. There is greatness and power, in each single bosom, given to that joy, or fear, or grief, which rises in concert with the joy, the fear, or

the grief of unnumbered men. In such times, there is, in the discernment of mighty feelings, wisdom and divination. There is an action of what the greatest genius earth ever produced called, "the prophetic soul of the wide land dreaming on things to come." Evil and good then are seen in their magnitude, in their height, and their depth. Lofty truth is intelligible to common men; hopes of daring imagination become the purposes of common life; and dread, and indignation, and hatred, and vengeance, or passionate love and reverential worship, are aroused towards objects, which the callous heart of ordinary existence endured without repining, or enjoyed without gratitude. It is with something of this power of the soul that men have felt under this calamity; and though they might not find words for them, yet here the thoughts of many common minds have been the same as theirs that move in intellect and imagination.

It is thus that great joys and great griefs sublime the moral temper of a People. All events that agitate seem also to purify and invigorate the soul. Thus is mercy shewn in the direst dispensations of Providence. Every calamity is not a curse—nor to a great and good people, even in the midst of universal affliction, is there such a word as despair. On what does the soul dwell, with the most perfect passion, as it travels through the recorded history of man? On the wickedness, of tyrants—on the debasements of despotism—on the overthrow of oppression—on mighty victories—on fatal defeats—on convulsive revolutions—on the death of the mighty—on all the "earthquake voice" of a nation's exultation—on the desert-silence of a nation's fear. Such are the materials on which active, as well as contemplative spirits feed throughout endless generations. Great men are created, and great thoughts engendered, by those events, in the history of illustrious nations, that have been most pregnant with mighty issues either of good or of evil. Was that battle, in which the throne-shattering king was overthrown, glorious merely because victory was gained and an end accomplished? No; thoughts, and feelings, and passions, came from that field of blood into the soul of this Land, whose power will add centuries to

our duration as a kingdom. Of that event no Poet could speak, for the inspiration of common men outshone the very creation of Genius itself; and a sorrow, and a pride, a weight of passion, and a depth of tears, was stirred up, which subsided at last into a grand and awful composure,—that bespoke the increased power and majesty of the national character. The Death of Her who was so lately the glory of our land can scarcely be contemplated in a light less impressive. Here, indeed, there was defeat and overthrow,—the hopeless disarray of proud, and aspiring, and fearless, fancies; and every head stooped, as low as death, in the prostration of its misery. But when all those agonies, and all this distraction are relieved,—fear it not, but that thoughts will arise from the Aisle where our Hope lies buried, as consolatory, as purifying, as strengthening, and as ennobling, as any that could touch our hearts, could we yet behold her issuing in pomp, and in beauty from the Gates of her Palace.

If there be any truth in these feelings, now but too feebly expressed, there is something in the possession of regal majesty truly glorious to the imagination, and which must be hallowed in the thoughts even of austerest wisdom. How sublime the destiny of a king who has a kingly soul! He stands not aloof from the hearts that burn towards him; he is not deaf to that mighty voice of loyalty and love that at all times is sounding from the depths of his empire. Imagine a being of high faculties, and elevated thoughts, born to the throne of Great Britain, and rejoicing in his birthright. In all the gladness and exultation of youth, he looks abroad over a shining world, of which he himself is the prime Hope—the ruling Soul. He has read of Princes, for whose glorious sakes the land which they blessed has, in the day of danger, heaved as with an earthquake. He has felt and understood the character of his people, in whose eyes, and in whose hearts, a base prince is as nothing; but who, when they behold on the royal seat a Being fit to rule over them,—a Being Bold, Fearless, Magnanimous, and Free,—will not indeed fall down and worship him (for Britons shew not their love in the bending of the knees), but who will

stand erect near his throne, in open and confident affection, and, if need be, pour round it in defence a river of their life's blood. Yes; the prospect of life to a young prince, who feels that embodied being of his people, and his own participation in their power,—and whose mind, by innocence, and purity, and hope, is free and unshackled in its joy, is doubtless the most glorious and exalted that can be set before a human being. And can we doubt that She whom we lament would have been such a Queen? We know the august principles of freedom, and virtue, and religion, in which Her young spirit grew and prospered; we know that she had prayed for divine illumination over those majestic feelings which her own noble nature inspired; we know that never was her enthusiastic soul so filled with rapture, as when she brooded over the greatness and the glory of her country; and well truly does it become us now to return to her our last melancholy reward, and to prostrate our souls before the Tomb of Her who loved life for our sakes, and felt in the character of her people the chief glory of her earthly destiny.

Such reflections will not be deemed out of place by those who have considered the nature of the feelings with which the People of this Country are accustomed to regard their Kings. With the good and wise, loyalty is a virtue, for it is felt by them with a strength proportioned to the worth of its object. Never in this land was a good Prince defrauded of his just glory—never was a bad Prince beloved. Here a King has no need to look to the voice of posterity. His own age pronounces judgment upon him; and though that judgment may be modified, it is irrevocable. The soul of the nation looks back to its noblest Kings for the support of its own virtues; nor should we now have been rational lovers of monarchical power, had we not had illustrious names to gaze upon, which give a consecration to our loyalty. So feel we now towards Her who is dead. Had she died in all the beauty of her youth—in all the glory of her high estate,—aye, even under those awful circumstances, which to think of is agony,—yet had she not been pure and pious, kind, generous, and of a lofty mind,—our tears would indeed even

then have flowed, but they would soon have been dried up, and our grief would then only have been the grief that is due to mortality. But we can compare our dead Princess with our sisters, or our wives, or with those to whom we may be betrothed. And while we do so, it will be with a deeper love towards the living, breathed from the virtues of the dead. Perhaps the hearts of some were kept at a distance from Her, when in happiness she walked through the groves of her greatness. But we are all her friends now. The distinctions of society are forgotten; and we are privileged by nature to embrace Her in the grave. We image Her now not on the Throne of England, where we hoped she was to sit,—not with the diadem round her forehead, which it would have so well become,—not with the robes of royalty, which she would have worn with such Queen-like stateliness,—but we call on her from the damp and dripping vault—from the cold coffin and the motionless Pall; and in the silence that comes back upon our hearts, we feel how profound was our love for Her, the good, the beautiful, and the pious.

When we think on Her as she was, without exaggeration, we feel what we have lost. There is no conceivable limit to the power over the mind, character, happiness, virtue, and exaltation of a People, which may be in the reign of a monarch high of soul, and whom the hearts of that People love. In war and in peace—in his own court, and in every home—in the proud spirit of the Illustrious of the Land—in the joy of genius—in the gladness of soul of common men—in the sublime confiding consciousness of good—in ways unknown and unimaginable,—will the influence of that One Spirit spread itself over the Earth. There was something, indeed much, of this promise to the People of our Land,—and in their grief there was the feeling and understanding of such good lost. The attachment we bear to her father, and our reverential love for her grandsire, were carried on to Herself; and meeting there with every thing excellent, became as profound a feeling as ever People cherished for a Monarch.

We feel that the hearts of all who may chance to read these pages, will go along with us into the thoughts

now suggested by one name, almost too awful to pass from our lips. There was One whose dim eyes would have been delighted by the sight of Her whom all the world loved. She grew in her beauty, and every eye blessed Her. But there was One to whose soul that beauty would have been like the renovation of youth, the rising of a new star on the darkness of old age. But the arm of God let down a black veil between his soul and that delightful Vision. He knew not in his solitude of the smiles so near him; he knew not of the tears She so often shed for his sake. Not because he had become insensible to his regal power,—not because he knew not of the triumphs of his people, have our hearts bled for our aged King,—but because a cold hand had frozen the living fountain of his spirit, and he was shut out from that world of light and love, which a new Existence had come to beautify with its enchantment. But now we behold mercy even in such visitation, and tremble to think how insanity itself may be the shield of sorrow. The gray hair has been spared, and the bright hair laid in the dust;—one royal Personage is in the grave, and another in darkness, worse than the grave. To us, who have immortal souls, that place is as nothing; or, haply from the contrast of its untroubled calm with the agitation of life, it may seem a place of rest allied to happiness. But into the darkness where He sits, the eye only of God can penetrate; and we are told, that though reason has deserted him, he is conscious of the presence of that Being whom our reason cannot comprehend. Is it inconsistent with the holiest dictates of our nature, or with the spirit of our Christian Faith, humbly to hope, that She, who has gone to Heaven, may be allowed by a merciful God to visit her Father's darkness—to be spiritually present there,—and, by some unknown sacred influence, at times to calm those painful glimmerings into quiet light, and to lessen the load that is laid on his hoary temples? Could we but know, that he thought himself visited in his darkness (and such thoughts would be to him like blessed ghosts), by Her so lately taken away, and that other pure Spirit whose death was the last of his known afflictions, we could then bear to turn

with calmness from a solitude no longer terrible.

But let us escape from such dreams into a less awful sadness,—let us return to those thoughts which were beginning to collect themselves round the Image of our Princess, and which we indulged with a pride which even death itself cannot subdue. The love and loyalty of this nation would have been stronger, from tenderness, passion, and imagination, towards a Queen, than perhaps it ever could be to a King; and whatever power of the kind above described might be possessed by a Prince, it would be greater in a female Sovereign. This doubtless was felt under Elizabeth, in spite of her many unfeminine qualities, which could not impair the love which the English bore to her as their Queen. And the impression which remained generations after among the lowest of the people, of what her reign had been,—of her golden days,—is evidence irrefragable that such power had been mighty.

From the operation of such feelings we had come to look on our Princess as our own, as the sole daughter of the Nation. When she was going forth upon the race of life, in the brightness of her morning, we looked on her with a feeling of guardian tenderness and love. We looked towards her in her simplicity, as a strong man looks upon the darling of his hopes—tenderly, but in consciousness of his power, that watches over her, and would break forth on the first threatening of injury or insult, to defend and overthrow. We felt, that when she should become our Queen, a young, and delicate, and gracious Lady might ascend a throne built among the roarings of the sea. The greatness of that country will be durable, but it must often be troubled,

“Whose march is o'er the mountain-wave,  
Whose home is on the deep.”

The winds of Heaven might have visited the face of our Princess; she would herself, with the gallant spirit of a gallant race, have woo'd them to her even in their wrath. But woe to any of the Sons of Men that had dared to offer violence to the Lady of our Isle! Her character was just that which would have delighted in the Courage, Generosity, Pride of Power, and Magnanimity of her People. She

would have exulted in the virtues which she inspired, and which would have been her safeguard. We know that she was kind, gentle, and pious: so speaks a voice from her death-bed and her grave. But we can also remember, when she, the Daughter of England, was seen gliding among the brave Spirits who subjected to her Father's throne the empire of the Ocean, and who, to save that beautiful young Being from death or trouble, would, with a shout of exultation, have all died in victorious battle.

Forsaken as we now are, it is not useless to cherish such recollections; for we had every assurance that our hopes were well founded, and could have been blasted only by Death. It was not into quiet, and peaceful, and meditative souls alone that the voice of that calamity struck with the penetration of lightning. The death of so much gentleness, and innocence, and simplicity, and beauty, shook the souls of those to whom Death is a daily companion. Sighs were not heard only in our peaceful cities, and in the silence of our inland glens; but they stirred throughout all the floating Bulwarks of the Land, and our victorious army was saddened in the country it had conquered. The Standard of England was on that day lowered in fatal defeat; and there was sincerity in the tears which wet the faces of the brave, when they heard the young Queen was no more, who would have known how graciously to reward their valour, and under whose smiles that valour would have acquired a more chivalrous character.

But let us, ere we part, follow her image into that sanctuary where its best earthly happiness was placed, and from which would have shone its most salutary influence,—the home of her wedded life. From the time of her marriage it was that we had the clearest insight into her nature, though, long before, we knew that it was noble. As that Holy Man blessed her, when yet a child, she fell on her knees and wept. She shewed to all who might need the lesson, that, when all the world have abandoned her, yet ought a daughter to cling to a mother's love. Well might her Father rejoice over Her, the fair, the dutiful, and the heroic. But on becoming a Wife, there was in all her conduct a good beyond our very highest hopes, and rather like the dis-

covery of a new promise. To the moral People of this Island there was something irresistibly touching in that simplicity of quiet, happy, wedded life; as if They had nothing to do with royalty, in whom the whole sovereignty of the kingdom resided. Every thing we heard of their domestic details, no matter how trifling,—all their little acts of intercourse with the People, from which She had formerly been confined, but in which she now seemed to delight,—gave to us a kind of right and possession in her which was held most sacred. All that we had ever seen in Her was the beauty of Power: all that is in it ungracious, unloved, and painful, had in this instance no being. We beheld her shining on the very summit of Power, yet we felt towards her the most unawed and fearless affection, the same tenderness with which we contemplate virtue and happiness in humble life. In the slightness and unimportance of the acts and circumstances in which she was known to us, we beheld the simple and graceful goodness of her character; we saw the free natural play of her life; and the delight which she, who was to have ruled over us, felt in such pure thoughts and innocent occupations, was like an augury of happiness to her People.

Sanctified, as she now is to us by suffering and death, it would ill become us, who are all so frail, to speak, almost to think, of her frailties. Weeping over her grave, we know, that as we are all dust and ashes, she too must have sometimes erred in the weakness of humanity. She is now with her God; and we trust that all that required forgiveness in her soul has been forgiven at the throne of Infinite Mercy. Judging of a human Being by what we know of human life, we are justified in thinking her to have been one of the most Innocent. She was rewarded on earth by that gladness which ever breathes round a pure Spirit; and we humbly believe that she is now rewarded in heaven by that higher bliss, of which all terrestrial happiness seems but a faint and fleeting shadow. Her passage into heaven was beset with fear and with agony. The curse denounced of old against the Mother of Mankind fell on the most beautiful of her Daughters; and there was a cry of woe over the Land,



as from an affliction that tore and rent asunder at once all the holiest hopes and joys that can agitate the heart of our fallen nature. Any other death but this, and the soul may bear to look upon it; but here there is the confusion, the darkness, and the wailing, of all unimaginable misery, and it seems as if they could give way only to everlasting sadness and despair. To Him who sat by that dying bed—who grasped that clay-cold hand—who looked and saw, in one ghastly moment, that dire trouble had given way to a calm not of this earth—who may offer comfort to one so miserably wretched? In the multitude of the thoughts within him, let Thy comforts calm his soul! If ever that calm is given, and he can again be seen among us, every eye will glisten with the tenderest pity at his approach. As Her Image dwells in his soul for ever, so, when we see him, shall we feel in the presence of the Departed. He will for ever be dear to us for Her sake,—for the sake of that pure affection and devoted tenderness, by which we know he made her life so happy,—for the sake of his own many mild and manly Virtues. For these things a blessing is upon him, and will remain with him for ever.

Let us now close our strain of pity over a death in which all the purest, all the highest sorrows of poetry, would seem to have been realized, and from which a moral sinks into the silence of every soul. She has been laid with passionate tears in the ancestral mausoleum of England's kings,—and let the potentates of the earth seek to deserve such a funeral. The purest of England's Matrons, thinking of her short wedded life, will more deeply feel the glory of conjugal virtue. The Maiden, weeping for her fate, will hope to feel and inspire no purer love. The Daughter will read in her life a beautiful lesson of filial piety. And the Lover and Husband, when they think on her life, and on her death, will embrace within their innermost souls, and with a more gushing tenderness, those cherished objects of their affection whom a kind God has suffered them to possess in this precarious world. Every heart will write an epitaph for her on the tablet of its memory. No human being will ever have been lamented by so many pure tears. When

the funeral pomp is forgotten; when the sound of the muffled bells haunts us no more; when we faintly remember the holy hymns; and the black hue of mourning has left the land,—her Image will not then perish. The appearances of grief must die away. Our souls must be strung anew, to meet the cares, and discharge the duties of life. If all the sorrows of the world were seen, this earth would be blackened as with a ceaseless funeral. Life is once more rushing on as before, and the coffin of our Beloved is left in its mortal solitude. But They who die young, in all their beauty, piety, innocence, and virtue,—and whom Providence had placed on an eminence whence the glory of their lives could be beheld at a distance,—shine with a light undimmed through endless generations. There is nothing to abstract from, or to bedim the ideal beauty of their Character. They are like creations of the Fancy; and, without any taint of superstition, we look back to them as to enshrined Saints for the light of a lofty comfort, when saddened by the painful consciousness of our own frailties, or agitated by the wickedness of our Fellow-men.

N.

ACCOUNT OF AN ASCENT OF MONT RIGI, IN SWITZERLAND, AND OF A NIGHT'S RESIDENCE ON THE SUMMIT OF THAT MOUNTAIN.

THE view from the summit of Mont Rigi is indeed well worthy of its fame. It is among the most celebrated of the many sublime prospects which may be enjoyed in the central regions of Switzerland, and seems the one most capable of exciting the enthusiasm of the romantic natives. Throughout Germany Mont Rigi is known by the names of Mons Regius and Regina Montium; and if the possession of the sublimest attributes with which nature was ever gifted may bestow a name, it is well distinguished by the title of the Queen of Mountains.

I commenced my ascent from the beautiful village of Gersau, known at one time as the least republic in Europe. It is situated near the base of the Rigiberg, upon the northern shore of the Lake of Lucerne, and now forms part of the Canton of Schwytz. The ascent occupied me about seven hours.

but during that time I made different excursions to the right and left, to visit some fine ravines, and enjoy the various views from the summits of the lower mountains. Contrary to what I expected from the beautiful serenity of the preceding night, the morning wore at first an inauspicious aspect, and the mountains were enveloped by dense clouds. I had moreover been informed by a traveller whom I met in Altorf, that I need not attempt to ascend the Rigiberg unless under a cloudless sky, as the beauty of the scenery depended entirely upon the clearness of the atmosphere. He must, however, have been in a great measure unacquainted with the sublimest features of the Swiss landscape; and I now rejoice that I commenced my journey, surrounded on all sides by mist and vapour. I had not ascended above two thousand feet, when the thin fleecy clouds, which had hitherto prevented my seeing distinctly beyond the distance of fifty yards, began to collect into denser masses of the most snowy whiteness, and leaving the intermediate spaces clear and cloudless, presented in every direction, as if by the hand of enchantment, bright views of distant vallies, with their silver streams and smiling villages, huge rocks and precipices, crowned with the tallest pines, with partial glimpses of high mountains, covered with the most verdurous forests, and of placid lakes, reflecting in their still waters every combination of earth and sky. If I may make use of so awful an expression, it appeared indeed almost like the effect of creation; the high mountains lifted their heads as if under the immediate influence of a more than kingly power, and the snowy clouds, which were now resting amid the deep blue of an Alpine sky, or floating over the everlasting forests, seemed like the bright abodes of spirits ministering in the mighty work.

Having crossed the intermediate range of hills, I reached the Hospice of Rigi, situated on the mountain near its base, about mid-day. I did not, however, enter this venerable dwelling, as there are now three or four inns built in the neighbourhood, in consequence of the vast concourse of pedestrians who visit this delightful spot during the summer months.

The Hospice is inhabited by a few capuchins, whose predecessors in for-

mer times were almost the only dwellers in the valley. To their hospitality the stranger was indebted for rest and refreshment, after the fatigue of crossing the Alpine passes; and the peasant, returning to a neighbouring vale, was sure to meet with the kindest welcome. The vast influx of travellers from every country has now rendered the exercise of this benevolent feeling impossible, and inns have been built to relieve the worthy fathers of such a heavy load. Still, however, the poorer classes, whose necessities oblige them to leave their homes, are kindly entertained; and I have since been informed, that the character of these pious men stands high for goodness and charity. The situation of their little convent, notwithstanding the encroachment of less sacred dwellings, certainly realises all that poets have ever feigned of the sublimest and most holy solitude. Amid a grove of trees, upon a verdant spot, by the side of a mountain stream, whose banks are abrupt and rocky, and partially wooded by the birch, the sycamore, and the ash, these fathers have their peaceful abode. Immediately opposite there is a chapel, built with the greatest taste, whose gray walls present a beautiful contrast to the green pastures with which it is surrounded. On all sides the valley is enclosed by high mountains,—those in the distance breaking through the clouds, and shewing their uninhabitable summits, covered with everlasting snows;—in the more central regions, there are gray precipices, divided by cataracts, and surrounded by large tracts of ancient pine-trees; and at the outskirts of these, are the summer dwellings of the goat-herds and the hunters of the roe. Through a narrow glen, in the distance, is seen the Lake of Lowertz, with its craggy and precipitous banks; and behind these are the high castellated rocks, which terminate the wild valley of Schwytz.

Whilst I contemplated this glorious scene at a short distance from the chapel, I observed one of the fathers ascending, with a pitcher in his hand, to a rocky bank; and, having filled the pitcher from a spring which flowed from it, he descended by the foot-path on which I then stood. He was apparently about 75 years of age, tall, and majestic in his form, with a fine countenance, and a great luxuriance

of long silver hair resting upon his shoulders. He was clothed in brown; his outer garment, which was loose and flowing, was fastened about his waist by a leathern girdle, and descended below the knee. He wore neither shoes nor stockings, but a species of sandals, which were fastened round his foot and leg by long ribbons crossing each other,—they were such as I could have fancied in the costume of a Roman patrician. Around his neck was suspended a massy chain, to the end of which there hung a silver crucifix; and in his right hand he held a long white staff, shod with iron. I never beheld a more picturesque or beautiful figure than that which this venerable old man presented. His head was such a one as “Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common place ideas of fat contented ignorance, looking downwards upon the earth,—it looked forwards, but looked as if at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk’s shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Brahmin; and, had I met it upon the plains of Hindostan, I had revered it.” I felt a diffidence in addressing him, though I longed to do so, and had he not, on reaching the spot where I stood, put down his pitcher, and uttered some common salutation, I must have let him pass by. I then learned from him whatever I wished to know concerning the most remarkable objects in the neighbourhood. He appeared to be intimately acquainted with the different mountain passes in the district. He informed me, that he had studied medicine in his younger days, and, till within the last few years, had visited the sick in the neighbouring vallies during all seasons. He is now, however, unable to undergo such fatigue, and confines his excursions to his own vicinity. In summer, he added, they have many visitors; but during the winter, which is severe and of long continuance, scarcely any strangers enter the valley, as most of the Alpine roads are then impassible, owing to the great depth of the snow.

I gained the summit of Mont Rigi about one o’clock, and by this time the larger masses of clouds were broken and dispersed. A few snowy groups still hung upon the higher bor-

ders of the forests, or rested at the base of broken cliffs; but the vallies were bright and clear, and innumerable lakes reflected the rich blue of a most lovely sky. The view which I now enjoyed was a most ample recompence for the fatigue endured in the ascent, and would indeed be a sufficient reward for the trouble of a journey to Switzerland, though no other than this were to be afforded. The most sublime prospect I ever witnessed in Britain was that from the top of Ben Lomond in Scotland,—it is in my opinion much superior to the views from Skiddaw or Helvellyn, in the north of England; and assuredly the mountain groups to the north and north-west are magnificent. But what can be said of a landscape of which that is only a representation in miniature? It would indeed be in vain to attempt conveying an adequate idea of the glories of such an evening as I passed on the summit of Mont Rigi, or the ineffable splendour of the sun rising from the centre of the Rhetian Alps.

To the east there lies the dark valley of Schwytz, with its placid lake, surrounded by rugged rocks, precipitous mountains, and gloomy forests. Near it stands the Rossberg, with its lurid hue, containing beneath its rugged surface the ruins of a once beautiful village, and the remains of many a peaceful inhabitant of the valley, whose innocent life might seem to have deserved a better fate than consignment to such a sudden and awful tomb.\* To the south, the highest mountains of Europe left their summits covered with everlasting snow, and so dazzlingly bright, that the eye can scarcely support their lustre. These are divided by deep and silent vallies, some of which are the very picture of sunshine and beauty, presenting the greenest pasture, enriched by winding currents, and adorned by an endless

\* The catastrophe alluded to, was the sudden falling down of a considerable part of the Swiss mountain Rossberg, in the valley of Goldau, called by the natives Sonnenberg. It gave way in the evening of the 2d September 1806, and buried a beautiful village beneath its ruins. Four hundred and thirty-three persons, inhabitants of the valley, perished, besides sixteen individuals from the neighbouring districts, and eight travellers from the Cantons of Berne and Argovy. The spot is still visible from a great distance, being brown and herbless.

series of villages and country seats,—others again seem shadowed in everlasting gloom, encircled by forests and frightful precipices, whose dismal aspect is only relieved by the silver streak of some impetuous torrent leaping down its rugged steps, and harbouring in their bosom black pools of icy water, whose waves never sparkled in the morning sun, or were gilded by the ruby hue of a summer eve. To the west, a rich and luxuriant country, with gentle hills and silvery rivers, spreads its green surface as far as the eye can reach. To the north there is a beautiful variety of hill and dale, with the small Lake of Zug, and the romantic town of the same name immediately beneath, and an extensive view of a finely wooded country, extending towards the banks of the Rhine, and the Lakes of Constance and Zurich. In every direction, both among the vallies and on the mountains, there are lakes of the purest colours and most beautiful forms, which reflect the snowy summits of the Alps, the lovely cottages with their green vineyards, and the waving forests, with the wild summer huts or shealings of the woodman, and the hunters of the roe. The clear sunshine had now pierced through most of the rocky passes and narrow glens, the vapours of which, partly dispelled, were seen ascending to the blue sky, assuming every imaginable variety of form and colour, and all the while their dark shadows were cast upon the virgin snow, which appeared even more bright from the gloomy contrast. There are thirteen lakes visible from this sublime spot, and many of the hills are between 12,000 and 14,000 feet in height. The most distant of these are covered throughout their whole visible extent with the purest snow; and the glittering ice, which fills their high vallies during certain states of the atmosphere, reflects the sunbeams like sheets of water, and might be mistaken for Alpine lakes, but for its inclined position. In the western landscape, one of the finest features is formed by the town and lake of Lucerne, the former situated near the base of the Mons Pileatus. That mountain is above 7500 feet in height,—it is free from snow, except a few little spots, and is very rocky near the summit, and covered on its sides with the finest pine trees.

The splendour of the day was only

equalled by the rich glow of the evening, and the silver glory of the night. No human soul could fancy the transcendent beauty of such a setting sun as I beheld from the summit of Mont Rigi. The western hemisphere was literally bathed in gold, and the lakes, rivers, woods, and mountains, exhibited all imaginable hues. The very snow itself was suffused with a blush of crimson, and the pine forests shone with a purple brightness. Amid this unspeakable brilliancy, the Mons Pileatus appeared conspicuous from the contrast which it afforded. As its eastern side, which is extremely precipitous, is exposed to the spectator from Mont Rigi, not a ray of light falls upon it at sunset; and as the eye is dazzled by the western rays, which gild its rugged horizon, it appears as black as night, amid the surrounding splendour. Its dark shadow is also cast upon the lake, the other parts of which are sparkling like molten gold from the reflection of the burnished clouds which hang around them.

“ Amid the illumined land of Flood,  
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;  
Save where, above its awful head,  
There shone a flaming cloud blood red,  
As 'twere the flag of destiny,  
Hung out to mark where death would be.”

After the sun had sunk, the bright crimson of the sky changed to a deep rose colour, and by degrees the clouds which had shone so bright assumed a dusky hue, till at last the western sky was scarcely to be distinguished from the dark shades of the north. But behold another glory,—the lovely moon had risen among the silver Alps, and filled the lonely vallies with a light even more beautiful than that of day. The snow-clad summits shone with a more gentle brightness, and the dark blue of the sky with which they were surrounded, and all its glittering stars, seemed suspended over them like an imperial mantle. Beneath were the dark forests of unvaried hue, occasionally enlivened by the star-like lamp of the Woodman's Cottage, and lower still, in the bosom of the vallies, lay the placid lakes, reflecting the rays of the moon, as she sailed in her loveliness above them, and which fell like a column of liquid silver on the glittering waters.

Near the summit of the mountain there is a cottage, and in this cottage I resolved to pass the night. I had

previously dined there in company with some travellers whom I had joined in the morning. On returning, I found the large room nearly full, many pedestrians, chiefly German, having ascended from the neighbouring vallies to witness the rising of the sun on the ensuing morning. We were soon seated together round a large table in the middle of the room; and I soon discerned, that out of a number comparatively so small there was a wonderful variety of tongues and tribes assembled on this elevated region. Our number consisted in all of thirteen, and comprehended the natives of seven different countries, viz. one Russian, two Swedes, four Germans, two Swiss, one Scotsman, two Englishmen, and one American. The Germans formed the most interesting group. The eldest of them was an officer in the Prussian service—tall, handsome, and intelligent; the other three were from a German University, in which they had been secluded the better part of their lives, and from which they had just been emancipated, to roam at will through the wild vallies of the Alps. The whole company seemed kind-hearted and amiable, and many of them were literally wild with glee. The Germans understood English tolerably, and the Prussian officer spoke it with fluency. On inquiry, I found that they had acquired our language, in the first place, solely with a view to read and understand the writings of Shakespeare, of whose works they spoke with a knowledge and enthusiasm far surpassing what is generally met with in Britain; but in regard to all our other poets, from Chaucer to Hogg inclusive, they professed to know absolutely nothing. French, to a certain degree, was universally spoken and understood among us, so that with English and French,—and, on the part of the solitary Scotsman, such words of his native language as either bore, or were supposed to bear, a resemblance to the German,—we had little difficulty in becoming as intimately acquainted with each other, as if we had been fellow travellers for years. We formed as it were a little divan from the nations of Europe; and it was surely not an uninteresting sight, to see so many wanderers from different and distant lands, assembled together in quietness and peace, either recounting,

in foreign accents, the adventures of our respective tours, or each with his ink-stand and journal before him, endeavouring to describe, in his native tongue, the glory and the splendour of that romantic day.

After supper we again sallied forth to enjoy once more the sublime prospect. The clouds had descended into the vallies, and the night wind sounded mournfully through the forests. On the mountain top the air was damp and chill. The inhabitants of the vallies had retired to rest, and the last lamp of the woodman was extinguished; but the full orb moon was sailing in her glory through the heavens, which were bright and blue, and the stars shone with increasing lustre. The finest feature indeed of a nocturnal scene, in Alpine countries, is the deep blue of the sky, and the intense brightness of the innumerable stars. Its beauty cannot be conceived by a person who has only beheld it through the dense medium which surrounds the vallies or the plains in the lower countries of Europe. From the summit of the Swiss Alps the midnight sky appears nearly black, and the shade is increased in depth by the brilliant contrast of the snowy hills; and even in the day-time it appears of the deepest and most lovely blue.

Adopting the proposal of one of the bright-eyed Germans, we collected dried grass and brushwood; and having dragged a small pine-tree from the winter store of our cottage, we piled them together on the highest pinnacle, and, by means of the Russian's tobacco-pipe, in a few minutes kindled a fire which illuminated the mountain far and near. We seated ourselves around it, while the tall Russian stood upright, with his fur cloak and black mustachios, and kept stirring the embers with his travelling staff, or adding fuel to the flame. The strong contrast of light and shade on the countenances, and varied dresses of the mountain group, had a wild and singularly beautiful effect. But for our gentle demeanour we might have passed for a band of lawless robbers, revelling in the midnight hour, secure among the rocky fastnesses of some accustomed Alp, or guiding, by our beacon light, the winding footsteps of some adventurous brethren returning laden with the riches of an unguarded caravan.

“ One, snatching from the heap a blazing  
bough,  
Would, like lone maniac, from the rest retire,  
And, as he waved it, mutter deep a vow,  
His head encircled with a wreath of fire.  
Others, with rushing haste, and eager voice,  
Would drag new victims to the insatiate power,  
That like a savage idol did rejoice  
Whate'er his suppliants offer'd to devour.  
And aye strange murmurs o'er the moun-  
tains rolled,  
As if from sprite immured in cavern lone ;  
While higher rose pale Luna to behold  
Our mystic orgies, where no light had shone,  
For many and many a year of silence—but  
her own.”

Within a few feet from the spot on which we thus held our wild revels, there was an enormous precipice, consisting in fact of one side of the mountain, and at the base of which lay the Lake of Zug. When our fire was about to expire, we tossed the burning beams down this fearful gulph—the red streaming lights of which, shooting down the black air of midnight, produced a most undefinable sensation in our minds. Sometimes, with the rapidity of an arrow, they darted to the bottom, where they became invisible from the distance to which they had fallen ; at other times they hung suspended midway on some jutting crag, or old ghostly pine, where they remained till the action of their fire again gave them liberty, and they dropped with a dancing light, and a motion which appeared as if voluntary, into the profound abyss.

A short time after midnight, we sought the repose of the shepherd's homely beds. I slept soundly till half-past five, when I was awakened by the shouts of the happy Germans beneath my window. We met by appointment on the hill top, to witness the rising of the sun.

This sublime sight was beheld under circumstances as favourable as those which had accompanied the sunset the preceding evening. The changes in the colouring of the clouds, from the fleecy gray of the early twilight to the rich glow of the morning, was inexpressibly beautiful. The varied and ever changing tints of the mountains also astonished and delighted us. Summit after summit was illuminated. The highest mountain at this time visible from the Rigiberg, was the Jungfrau, a stupendous Alp nearly 14,000 feet in height. Its summit received the first rays of the morning, and

shone in the heavens almost like a star when its neighbours were canopied in mist and darkness. As the sun mounted in his course, the adjacent mountains received his rays, each according to its rank in the mighty chain, till at last the vallies, the lakes, and the green pastures, were gladdened by his beams, and the sublimest landscape of the world was again distinctly visible in all its terror, beauty, and magnificence.

A. S.

ANALYTICAL ESSAYS ON THE EARLY  
ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

## No III.

*Jew of Malta.*—MARLOW.

WE have been induced to dwell longer on the writings of Marlow than perhaps their intrinsic worth demanded of us, in a series of Essays of the kind proposed, by the fact of his being, beyond all comparison, the greatest dramatic Genius who preceded Shakspeare. He had not the mighty advantage enjoyed by his immediate successors, of imbibing inspiration from the works of that matchless mind ; for, though he was contemporary with the youth of Shakspeare, he died before his genius burst forth with its perfect splendour. It cannot be uninteresting, therefore, to contemplate the workings of that creative Spirit, who may, in some sort, be considered the harbinger of our Nation's Glory. We have seen that our Divine Bard did not scorn to follow in the same track with Marlow, and that, as Mr Lamb well remarks, “ the reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward, furnished hints which Shakspeare scarcely improved in his Richard the Second.” Some resemblance may likewise be traced in “ Shylock ” to the “ Jew of Malta,” though, in this case, the comparison is unfortunate for Marlow. He who was in his own day called “ the famous gracer of tragedians,” would almost appear, during such a parallel, as if he belonged to an age of ignorance and barbarity.

The “ Jew of Malta ” is introduced to the audience by no less a personage than “ Machevil,” who says,  
“ Albeit the world think Machevil is dead,  
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,

And now the Guize is dead, is come from  
France

To view this Land and frolic with his Friends.  
I count Religion but a childish toy  
And hold there is no sin but Ignorance.  
But whither am I bound, I come not, I,  
To read a lecture here in Brittany,  
But to present the Tragedy of a Jew  
Who smiles to see how full his bags are  
cramb'd,

Which money was not got without my  
means," &c.

So that we are to consider the conduct  
of Barabas as Marlow's exemplifica-  
tion of the principles of Machevillism.

The Jew now appears in his count-  
ing-house, with heaps of gold before  
him, and utters a soliloquy, of which  
this is part.

"Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!  
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay  
The things they traffick for with wedge of  
gold,

Whereof a man may easily in a day  
Tell that, which may maintain him all his life.  
The needy groom, that never finger'd groat,  
Would make a miracle of thus much coin:  
But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd  
full,

And all his life-time has been tired,  
Wearing his fingers ends with telling it,  
Would in his age be loth to labour so,  
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.  
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,  
That trade in metal of the purest mould;  
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks  
Without controul can pick his riches up,  
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones;  
Receive them free and sell them by the weight,  
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,  
Jacinth, hard topas, grass-green emeralds,  
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,  
And sold-seen costly stones of so great price,  
As one of them, indifferently rated,  
Add of a caract of this quality,  
May serve in peril of calamity  
To ransom great kings from captivity."

This exulting soliloquy is interrupt-  
ed by the successive entrance of two  
merchants, informing him that his  
Argosies have arrived safe in Malta  
roads. Barabas then exclaims,

"Thus trolls our fortune in by land and sea,  
And thus are we on every side enrich'd.  
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,  
And herein was old Abram's happiness.  
What more may heaven do for earthly man,  
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,  
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,  
Making the sea their servants, and the winds  
To drive their substance with successful blasts?  
Who hateth me but for my happiness?  
Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?  
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,  
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;  
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,  
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,

Which methinks fits not their profession.  
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,  
And for his conscience lives in beggary.  
They say we are a scatter'd nation:  
I cannot tell; but we have scambled up  
More wealth by far than those that brag of  
faith.

I must confess, we come not to be kings:  
That's not our fault; alas, our number's few;  
And crowns come either by succession,  
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,  
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.  
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,  
That thirst so much for principality."

The Turkish fleet now appears be-  
fore Malta, and the Bassas, with Selim  
Calymath at their head, demand from  
the Governor ten years tribute, that  
had been allowed to accumulate. To  
meet this unexpected demand, it is  
decreed that all the Jews in Malta must  
surrender one half of their estates. The  
Governor thus equitably communicates  
this decree to Barabas.

—"thro' our sufferance of your hateful  
lives,

Who stand accursed in the sight of Heaven,  
These taxes and afflictions are befallen.  
And therefore thus we are determined."

The goods and wares of Barabas be-  
ing seized on, are found to amount to  
more than all the wealth in Malta,  
and his dwelling-house is converted  
into a Nunnery; an insult and injury  
for which there seems no cause but  
Christian hatred.

B. "Well then, my Lord, say, are you  
satisfied?

You have my goods, my money, and my  
wealth,

My ships, my store, and all that I enjoyed.  
And having all, you can request no more,  
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts  
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts  
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

Gov. No Barabas, to stain our hands with  
blood

Is far from us and our Profession.

Bar. Why I esteem the injury far less

To take the lives of miserable men,

Than be the causes of their misery.

You have my wealth, the labour of my Life,  
The comfort of mine age, my Children's Hope,  
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong."

The Governor and Knights depart  
unmoved, and Barabas, falling down  
on his knees, bursts forth:

"The Plagues of Egypt and the curse of  
Heaven,

Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred,

Indict upon them, Thou great *Primus*

*Motor!*

And here upon my knees, striking the Earth,  
I ban their souls to everlasting pains  
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,  
That thus have dealt with me in my distress."

His Jew friends try in vain to mitigate his passion, which, though sincere in its hatred, turns out, after their departure, to have been somewhat intentionally exaggerated to deceive.

*B.* "Aye! fare ye well.

See the simplicity of these base slaves!  
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,  
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay,  
That will with every water wash to dirt.  
No! Barabas is borne to better chance,  
And framed of finer mould than common Men,  
That measure nought but by the present time.  
A reaching thought will search his deepest wits  
And cast with cunning for the times to come,  
For evils are apt to happen every day."

The fair Abigail, the Jew's sole child, now meets him, and informs him that his mansion has been converted into a nunnery. This intelligence drives him to madness, for therein lies concealed great wealth, that had escaped the Governor's rapacity.

*Bar.* My gold! my gold! and all my wealth is gone!

You partial Heavens, have I deserv'd this Plague?

What! will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,  
To make me desperate in my poverty?  
And, knowing me impatient in distress,  
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,  
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,  
And leave no memory that e'er I was?  
No. I will live; nor loath I this my life.  
And since you leave me in the Ocean thus,  
To sink or swim, and put me to my shifts,  
I'll rouse my senses, and awake myself!  
Daughter, I have it," &c.

He then orders his daughter to pretend conversion to the Christian Faith, and to get admittance into the nunnery, that she may rescue his riches. This she does; and the first act concludes with some dull talk with the Friars, and a short conversation between Don Mathias and Lodovic, the Governor's Son, who are afterwards lovers of Abigail, concerning her beauty. There is considerable lightness and elegance in the colloquy.

*Math.* Believe me, noble Lodovic, I have seen

The strangest sight, in my opinion,  
That ever I beheld.

*Lod.* What wast I prithee?

*Math.* A fair young Maid, scarce fourteen years of age,  
The sweetest Flower in Cytherea's field,  
Cropt from the pleasures of this fruitful earth,  
And strangely metamorphosed to a Nun.

*Lod.* But say, what was she?

*Math.* Why, the rich Jew's daughter!  
And matchless beautiful!

As had you seen her, 'twould have touched your heart,

Tho' countermined with walls of brass, to love,  
Or, at the least, to pity."

In the second act, we find Barabas restored, by his daughter's artifice, to prosperity, and inhabiting a dwelling,  
"As great and fair as is the Governor's."

Abigail, too, has left the nunnery, and Barabas seeks, by her beauty, to entrap and destroy, out of vengeance, Lodovic the Governor's Son. This he hopes to effect, by inflaming that youth and Don Mathias with jealousy. Abigail, it appears, truly loves Mathias; but her father enforces her to betroth herself to Lodovic, that he, feeling his right to her, may fasten a mortal quarrel on that knight. This scheme afterwards succeeds, and they fall by each other's hands.

During the truce granted by Selim Calymath, a Spanish ship of War arrives at Malta, commanded by the Vice-Admiral of the Catholic King. This Hero has just taken some Turkish galleys, and brought their prisoners to Malta. He there sells his captives, and advises the Governor to hold out against the Turk, to refuse payment of the tribute, and wait for assistance from Spain. At the sale of these slaves, Barabas attends, and purchases "a Thracian, brought up in Arabia," who, he intends, shall be a co-operator in all his schemes of vengeance against the Christians. The Master and Slave seem fitted for each other.

*Bar.* Hast Thou no trade? then listen to my words,

And I will teach thee that shall stick by thee.  
First, be thou void of these affections,  
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear—

Be moved at nothing—see thou pity none,  
But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

*Ith.* O brave Master! I worship your nose for this.

*Bar.* As for myself, I walk abroad at nights,  
And kill sick people groaning under walls!  
Sometimes I go about and poison wells,  
And, now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,

I am content to lose some of my crowns,  
That I may, walking in my gallery,  
See 'em go pinion'd along by my door.  
Being young, I studied Physic, and began  
To practice first upon th' Italian.  
There I enriched the Priests with burials;  
And always kept the Sexton's arms in use,  
With digging graves, and ringing dead men's knells.

And after that I was an Engineer,



And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,  
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,  
Slew Friend and Enemy with my stratagems.  
Then after that I was an Usurer,  
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,  
And tricks belonging unto Brokery,  
I fill'd the jail with Bankrupts in a year,  
And with young Orphans planted Hospitals :  
And every moon made some or other mad,  
And, now and then, one hang himself for grief,  
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll  
How I with interest tormented him.  
But mark how I am blest with plaguing  
these !

I have as much coin as will buy the town.  
But tell me, now, how hast thou spent thy  
time ?

*Ith.* Faith, Master, in setting Christian  
Villages on fire,

Chaining of Eunuchs, binding Galley Slaves.  
One time I was an Hostler in an Inn,  
And in the night-time secretly would steal  
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their  
throats.

Once at Jerusalem, when the Pilgrims  
kneel'd,

I strowed Powder on the marble-stones,  
And therewithal their knees would rankle, so  
That I have laugh'd as good to see the Cripples  
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

This villain carries a forged chal-  
lenge from Lodovic to Matthias ; and  
at the beginning of the third act we  
find them both slain. Abigail, on  
learning the death of her lover, and  
through Ithimore, her father's cruelty,  
determines in good truth to become a  
nun ; and though her character is very  
slightly drawn, it certainly is touched  
with considerable delicacy and skill.  
She says to the Friar who is remind-  
ing her of her former deceit,

“ *Ab.* Then were my thoughts so frail and  
unconfirm'd,

And I was chained to follies of the world !  
But now experience, purchased with grief,  
Has made me see the difference of things.  
My simple soul, alas ! hath paced too long  
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,  
Far from the Son that gives eternal life.

*Friar.* But see thou change no more,  
For that will be most heavy to thy soul !

*Ab.* That was my Father's fault.

*Friar.* Thy Father ! how ?

*Ab.* Nay, you shall pardon me, O Barabas !  
Though thou deservest hardly at my hand,  
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.”

Barabas, on hearing of his daughter's  
apostacy, feels all his love converted  
into fiendish wrath.

“ Oh unhappy day !

False, credulous, inconstant Abigail !  
But let 'em go : and Ithimore, from hence  
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her dis-  
grace ;

Ne'er shall she live t' inherit aught of mine,  
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,

But perish underneath my bitter curse,  
Like Cain by Adam, for his brother's death.”

He then resolves to poison his daugh-  
ter, and along with her the whole nun-  
nery. He mixes into a pot of rice, a  
powder whose operation is to bind, in-  
fect, and fatally poison, yet not to ap-  
pear for forty hours ; and this hellish  
mess Ithimore places in a dark entry  
of the nunnery, on the even of St  
Iago, when it is customary for the  
Maltese to send their alms to religious  
houses. There is great bitterness in  
the curse with which Barabas stirs it  
together.

“ *Bar.* As fatal be it to her as the draught  
Of which great Alexander drank and died !  
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,  
Whereof his Sire the Pope was poisoned.  
In few—the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,  
The juice of Hebon, and Cocytus breath,  
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool  
Break from the fiery kingdom ! and in this  
Vomit your venom, and invenom her,  
That like a Fiend hath left her Father thus.”  
This poisoning scheme succeeds to a  
miracle ; all the nuns die, and Abigail,  
in her last moments, confesses to one  
of the Friars, that Barabas was the  
contriver of the death of Ludovic and  
Mathias.

The fourth act opens with the ex-  
ultation of the Jew over his daughter.

“ *Bar.* There is no music to a Christian's  
knell !

How sweet the bells ring now the nuns are  
dead !

That sound at other times like Tinkers' pans.  
I was afraid the poison had not wrought ;  
Or, though it wrought, it would have done  
no good,

For every year they swell, and yet they live ;  
Now all are dead, not one remains alive.”

The Friar, to whom Abigail confess-  
ed herself, injudiciously hints to Bar-  
abas, that he is in the secret ; on  
which the Jew inveigles him to his  
house, and, with the assistance of  
Ithimore, hangs him. Another Friar,  
who a short time before had quarrelled  
with his wretched brother, coming al-  
so by appointment to the Jew's house,  
observes the dead body propped up in  
an erect posture in the passage, and  
altogether mistaking the matter, hits  
it a violent blow on the head with his  
staff. It falls down,—Barabas and  
Ithimore come from their concealment,  
—accuse the Friar of murder, and he  
is speedily tried, condemned, and ex-  
ecuted.

Ithimore meanwhile very naturally  
feeling his own importance, begins to  
assume airs with his master. This

presumption is greatly increased by an amour which the slave carries on with a Courtezan; and these two choice spirits, along with a bravo named Pilia Borga, resolve to fleece the old Jew, whose life they feel to be in their hands. Pilia Borga is employed for this purpose, and a most savage dun he is.

“ Enter Barabas, reading a Letter.

Bar. ‘ Barabas! send me three hundred crowns!

Plain Barabas; oh! that wicked Courtezan! He was not wont to call me Barabas.

But if I get him *coupe de gorge* for that!

He sent a shaggy tatter’d staring slave,

That when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,

And winds it twice or thrice about his ear: Whose face has been a grind-stone for men’s swords;

His hands are hack’d, some fingers cut quite off;

Who when he speaks grunts like a Hog, and looks

Like one that is employed in Catzerie,

And such a cross-biting Rogue

As is the Husband to a hundred Whores.”

Pilia Borga re-appears, and demands five hundred more crowns, which he receives. Barabas, however, outwits these Robbers. He assumes the disguise of a French Musician, and after playing the lute to the Slave, the Prostitute, and the Bravo, he gives them some poisoned flowers to smell, which he trusts will relieve him from all farther anxiety from that quarter.

The Fifth Act opens with the Courtezan and her associates, on whom the poison has not begun to work, dragging Barabas before the Governor, and laying open all his hideous wickedness. They have hardly time to make their accusation, when they all fall down dead. Barabas having taken a sleepy potion, is supposed to have shared the same fate, and, to shew their detestation, the Maltese fling his carcase over the walls. In due time he awakes, and exclaims,

“ Bar. What, all alone? Well fare sleepy drink!

I’ll be revenged on this accursed Town;

Thro’ my means Calymath shall enter in.

I’ll help to slay their children and their wives,

To fire the churches, pull the houses down,

—Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands;

I hope to see the Governor a slave,

And, rowing in a galley, whipt to death.

Enter Calymath, Bassas, Turks.

Caly. Whom have we here, a Spy?

Bar. Yes, my good Lord! one that spies a place

Where you may enter, and surprise the Town. My name is Barabas, I am a Jew.

Caly. Art thou the Jew whose goods we heard were sold

For tribute-money?

Bar. The very same, my Lord.

And since that time they have hired a slave, my man,

To accuse me of a thousand villainies.

I was imprison’d, but escaped their hands.

Caly. Didst break prison?

Bar. No—no.

I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice, And being asleep, belike they thought me dead

And threw me o’er the walls: so, or how else,

The Jew is here, and rests at your commands.

Caly. ’Twas bravely done,” &c.

He conducts the Turks into a hollow in the rock, through which run the common channels of the city, and the place is won. Barabas is appointed Governor in the room of Fernese, to whom he behaves with unexpected kindness, his design being, if possible, to keep well with all parties, till he contrive some how or other to be independent of all, and then have free power to carry into execution all his imagined wickedness. He accordingly lays a scheme to destroy Selim Calymath and his Soldiers. The Turk is invited to a banquet in the citadel, and his Soldiers lodged in some out-houses. On a culverin being fired, the out-houses are blown up and all within perish. But the scheme of death, which he had intended for Selim Calymath, is, by the dexterity of the late Governor, whom he had admitted to his confidence, played off against himself. The Jew had so contrived the floor of the banquetting-room, that, on a cable being cut, it was to fall down, and precipitate Selim Calymath into a burning cauldron. Fernese has the cable cut just as Barabas is over the cauldron, and he falls in.

“ Bar. You will not help me then?

Gov. No—Villain—no!

Bar. And villains! know you cannot help me now.

Then Barabas breath forth thy latest fate,

And in the fury of thy torments strive

To end thy life with resolution.

Know Governor! ’twas I that slew thy son!

I framed the challenge that did make them meet.

Know, Calymath! I aimed thy overthrow,

And had I but escaped this stratagem

I would have brought confusion on you all, Damned Christians, dogs, and Turkish Infidels.

But now begins th’ extremity of heat

To pinch me with intolerable pangs.

Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill and die.”

We scarcely know how to speak of the character of such a drama as this, being so uncertain of the sympathies of our readers. If it fail to excite a kind of wild and fearful interest, it will probably seem to be a tissue of folly, madness, and extravagance. It appears to have been so considered by a Writer well acquainted with the dramatic Literature of his country,\* and whose critical remarks, though often too refined and fanciful, are always well entitled to attention, from their freshness and originality. We confess, that over our own mind it exerts a very powerful dominion, by the extreme rapidity of the action, the unmitigated ferocity of the chief Character, and the congenial wickedness of all the subordinate agents. The character of Barabas, if once admitted to be imaginable in nature, is consistently and powerfully drawn. He is an incarnation of a fiendish and diabolical spirit; yet is there, now and then, an air of wild humanity thrown around him, with which in imagination we can sympathize. His whole soul is divided by the passionate love of riches, and the rooted and malign abhorrence of the Christian Creed. A small corner only is left for human affections, and that is occupied, though by a precarious tenure, with love for his Child. Of all passions, the love of money is perhaps the only one that utterly baffles our reason to

explain or account for, when it comes to rule despotically in a miser's soul; and it may therefore be described as subject to no limits, even like unto utter Insanity. There seems no difficulty in conceiving that a man may be, at the same time, possessed with another Passion equally strong,—as, in the present case, with hatred towards all those who hold a faith he abhors. If a strong and wicked soul alternate between two such Passions, each will lend such power to the other as finally to fill up the capacity and measure of its feelings; and such a character will, like a wild animal, act with a glee and remorseless savageness. Every possible avenue to tenderness being closed up, he will destroy human life with the same indifference that he tramples on insensate matter. Add wrath and revenge, arising from a sense of accumulated and intolerable insults and injuries, and even the "Jew of Malta" will not be thought to outrage the wildest nature of Man.

Barabas, though a miser, is a man of imagination, and there is something not unpoetical in his avarice. It approaches in vividness of passion to that of Luke in Massinger's "City Madam." We lose sight of the meanness of the Passion itself, in the magnitude of its object; and that one line, "To ransom great Kings from captivity,"

gives an impulse to the Imagination which momentarily lifts up the Jew to a grandeur of estate. At the beginning of the second act, Barabas appears with a light in his hand, waiting till Abigail throw to him his pearls from the window of the nunnery. So intensely is his dark soul haunted by that one idea, the recovery of his riches, that his language assumes as impressive a tone as if he had come there to perpetrate some terrible deed.

"Bar. Thus, like the sad presageful raven that rolls

The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,  
And in the shadow of the silent night  
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings.  
Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas  
With fatal curses towards these Christians.  
Th' uncertain pleasures of swift-footed time  
Have ta'en their flight and left me in despair.  
And of my former riches rests no more  
But bare remembrance: like a Soldier's scar,  
That hath no farther comfort of his maim.  
O Thou that with y<sup>e</sup> firm pillar led'st  
The Sons of Israël thro' the dismal shades,  
Light Abraham's offspring; and direct the  
hand

\* "Marlow's Jew does not approach so near to Shakspeare's, as his Edward II. does to Richard II. Shylock in the midst of his savage purpose is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an Exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners, by the Royal Command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the Cabinet. It is curious to see a superstition wearing out. The idea of a Jew (which our pious ancestors contemplated with such horror) has nothing in it now revolting. We have tamed the claws of the beast, and pared its nails, and now we take it to our arms, fondle it, write plays to flatter it: it is visited by Princes, affects a taste, patronizes the arts, and is the only liberal and gentlemanlike thing in Christendom." LAMBE'S *Specimens*, &c.

Of Abigail this night ; or let the day  
Turn to eternal darkness after this.  
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,  
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts  
Till I have answer of my Abigail.

—Now I remember those old Women's  
words,

Who, in my wealth, would tell me winter's  
tales,

And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by  
night

About the place where treasure hath been  
hid :

And now methinks that I am one of those :  
For while I live, here lives my soul's sole  
hope,

And when I die, here shall my spirit walk."

When his daughter throws him  
down the bags of jewels, he cries,

" Farewell my Joy ! and by my fingers take  
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.  
Now Phœbus ope the eye-lids of the day,  
And for the Raven wake the morning Lark,  
That I may hover with her in the Air !  
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her  
Young."

If at any time his language become  
gentle, and his feelings seem human-  
ized, it is when some sudden flash of  
joy breaks upon him from the lustre  
of his recovered or increasing riches.

The only purely human feeling  
about the Jew is his paternal affec-  
tion. But the moment Abigail, whom  
in the above passage we hear him ad-  
dressing in such impassioned lan-  
guage, comes in contact with Chris-  
tians, and abandons her Creed, he  
tears her from his soul with loathing  
and abhorrence, and, after he has  
poisoned her, he never once mentions  
her name ; as if, when his wrath was  
satiated, all remembrance of his victim  
ceased. The oath which he swore he  
religiously keeps, and drives her from  
his house and his memory into the  
grave.

There certainly is, in the midst of  
all their extravagance, great wildness  
in the incidents. All along we feel  
that the City is to suffer from this  
Demon. He seems inclosed within its  
walls, that he may work it woe. It is  
not perhaps easy for us to bring our  
minds into a state of terror, his wick-  
edness is so grotesque and boundless ;  
but when we do so, it is fearful enough  
to think of the poisoning of nunneries,  
of men betrayed into the commission  
of crimes and the punishment of death,  
and, finally, of captivity and overthrow,  
all brought about by the devilish ma-  
chinations of one fiendish Being.

To draw any parallel between this

Jew and that " whom Shakspeare  
drew" would indeed be absurd ; but  
Shakspeare loved at all times to take  
the subjects and ground-works of his  
Plays from other men, and then he  
soared at once beyond the highest of  
their imaginings, into a new world.

H. M.

MR EDITOR,

THE following little Poem, entitled  
" The Maiden's Bloody Garland, or  
High Street Tragedy," was written by  
Thomas Warton, and has appeared in  
few Collections. It is attributed to  
that excellent Poet, in a marginal note,  
by the late Dr Lort, and his authority  
is confirmed by Dr Joseph Warton,  
who adds, that a Mr Thorp assisted  
his brother in its composition. It is  
formed on the model of the Newgate  
ditties, and founded on a true story.  
The unfortunate heroine, Sarah Holly,  
was maid-servant to Mr Goddard, a  
hatter and hosier, at the sign of the  
Golden Leg, in the High Street, Ox-  
ford. In consequence of her lover's  
perfidy, who seems to have been a  
member of the University (probably  
a Christ Church man), she put a pe-  
riod to her existence before the term-  
day, and was, according to the time-  
hallowed, and humane law of Eng-  
land, buried in the high-way, in All  
Saint's Lane, with a stake driven  
through her body.

R. G.

Abingdon.

THE MAIDEN'S BLOODY GARLAND.

Tune, " *There were three pilgrims.*"

A mournful ditty I will tell,  
Ye knew poor Sarah Holly well  
Who at the Golden Leg did dwell.

Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho.

She was in love, as some do say,  
Her sweetheart made her go astray,  
And at the last did her betray.

Heigh-ho, &c.

The babe within her womb did cry :  
Unto her sweetheart she did die,  
And tears like rain fell from her eye.

Heigh-ho, &c.

But oh ! the wretch's heart was hard,  
He to her cries gave no regard,  
" Is this," says she, " my love's reward ?"

Heigh-ho, &c.

" Oh ! woe is me ! I am betray'd,  
Oh had I liv'd a spotless maid,  
I ne'er with sobs and sighs had said

Heigh-ho, &c.

" But now I'm press'd with grief and woe,  
And quiet ne'er again can know,  
God grant my soul to heaven may go.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

" For I my wretched days must end,  
Yet e'en for thee my prayers I'll send,  
I die to all the world a friend."  
Heigh-ho, &c.

Then to her friends she bid " adieu !"  
And gave to each some token true,  
With—" Think on me when this you view."  
Heigh-ho, &c.

Unto the ostler at the Bear,  
She gave a ringlet of her hair,  
And said—" Farewell my dearest dear."  
Heigh-ho, &c.

O then to madam Luff she said  
" To-morrow morn come to my bed,  
And there you'll find me quite stone-dead."  
Heigh-ho, &c.

Too true she spoke, it did appear ;  
Next morn they call'd, she could not hear :  
Her throat was cut from ear to ear.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

No spark of life was in her shown,  
No breath they saw, nor heard a groan ;  
Her precious soul was from her flown.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

She was not as I once have seen  
Her trip in Martin-Gardens green,  
With apron starch'd and ruffles clean.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

With bonnet trimm'd, and flounc'd, and all  
Which they a dulcimer do call,  
And stockings white as snows that fall.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

But dull was that black laughing eye,  
And pale those lips of cherry-dye,  
And set those teeth of ivory.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

Those limbs which well the dance have led,  
When Simmons " Butter'd pease" hath  
play'd,  
Were bloody, lifeless, cold, and dead.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

The Crowner and the Jury came  
To give their verdict on the same ;  
They doom'd her harmless corpse to shame.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

At midnight, so the law doth say,  
They did her mangled limbs convey  
And bury in the King's highway.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

No priest in white did there attend,  
His kind assistance for to lend,  
Her soul to paradise to send.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

No shroud her ghastly face did hide,  
No winding sheet was round her ty'd ;  
Like dogs, she to her grave was hied.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

And then, your pity let it move,  
Oh pity her who dy'd for love !  
A stake they through her body drove.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

It would have melted stones to see  
Such savageness and cruelty  
Us'd to a maid of twenty-three.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens an example take,  
For Sarah Holly's wretched sake  
O never Virtue's ways forsake.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens all of Oxford town,  
O never yield your chaste renown  
To velvet cap or tufted gown.  
Heigh-ho, &c.

And when that they do love pretend,  
No ear unto their fables lend,  
But think on Sally's dismal end.  
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, &c.

CONJECTURAL EMENDATION OF A  
PASSAGE IN OTHELLO.

MR EDITOR,

AMONG the innumerable passages in Shakespeare which have been teased and tortured by his commentators, but which have as yet resisted every attempt to make them " disclose their purpose," is, I think, the following one in Othello.

" And what was he ?

Forsooth a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damned in a fair wife,  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish  
theorick,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
As learnedly as he."

Most people give up the line in italics as unintelligible, because Michael Cassio being, fortunately for himself, a bachelor, could not be nearly, or altogether, damned in a wife, either fair or foul. Some critics conceive that Iago, who is the speaker, wishes to intimate to Roderigo, whom he is addressing, that Cassio is on the eve of marriage with Bianca, a common prostitute. If so, he has adopted a phraseology, which, as it has since puzzled all the world, probably made Roderigo little the wiser. Others again, in the room of the word " wife" propose substituting " phiz." But though we have all heard of and seen " an almost damned phiz," we do not attack a man on very strong grounds, when

we commend his beauty. The last set of critics propose reading "fair life," which, besides other reasons, is inadmissible on this account, that Cassio was rather a wildish sort of a person in some things, and that his amour with Bianca was notorious not only to Roderigo, but to every body both in Venice and Cyprus.

I therefore beg leave to propose a new reading, which must set this question at rest for ever. Let the passage be read thus:—

"A fellow almost damned; in a fair wise Who never set a squadron in the field, &c." The sole aim of Iago in this ironical and sarcastic speech is, to depreciate the character of Cassio as a soldier. Though he had had ten wives, and been "almost damned" in them all, Iago would have let that pass as foreign to his purpose. My emendation preserves the spirit and consistency of the whole passage.

Another passage in this play has, I think, been misunderstood by all the commentators. It is the following one in Othello (Act v. scene ii.). When the Moor, entering the bed-chamber of his wife, with the resolution to destroy her, beholds her in the sleeping composure of her beauty, he exclaims to himself—

"It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul—  
Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars!  
It is the cause.—*Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than  
snow,*

*And smooth as monumental alabaster.*

*Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.*

According to my judgment this should be so paraphrased: "It is the cause of what I am about to do, not the deed itself, which creates this agony with which I go to do it. It is the cause, and that only—the treacherous guilt of Desdemona. Yet—though I do not dread putting her to death (so he imagines), though my mind is entirely made up to that matter—yet"—the moment he looks upon her in her perfect loveliness, a compunction which does not unman his purpose, comes over him,—a touch of love shoots across his spirit in the very act of inexorable punishment. He finds that though he may *kill*, he cannot *hate*; and that whatever be the penalty due to her moral offence, reverence is yet due to her form,—the fair masterpiece of nature—the type, although

a lying one, of all that is innocent and pure. "I will put her to death. I will punish her perfidy, but I will do it without marring her beauty:

*I'll not shed her blood,*

*Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than  
snow,*

*And smooth as monumental alabaster."*

While he reasons upon it, his resolution begins, in spite of himself, to fail, and he feels that he requires some additional stimulus to nerve his arm; and this he seeks, as is perfectly natural for a mind such as his then was, perturbed, convulsed, and agitated with mingling torrents of compassion, revenge, admiration, hatred, and horror,—not in calm and rational principles, the fruit of reflection, but in a *sophism*. He takes, in short, the first thing that comes to his hand, leans upon it, and is satisfied. He proceeds to kill her, and persuades himself that in so doing he is acting the part not of a revenging husband, but of a philanthropist, guarding his fellow-men from the danger of being entrapped into sin by the charms, which he himself cannot gaze upon without feeling his resolution shaken.

"Yet she must die—else she'll betray more men."

Compare this view of the subject with that of Johnson or Steevens, and I think it will appear the just one.

P. C. K.

#### REMARKS ON GODWIN'S NEW NOVEL, MANDEVILLE.\*

It has been laboriously contended by many ingenious writers, that the ancients had knowledge of most of those things which the moderns are pleased to term their discoveries. We do not think that the paradox has, upon the whole, been very successfully defended, and suspect indeed, that, so far from being masters of all our knowledge, the ancients were, in a great measure, destitute of many of our feelings. This much at least appears certain, that there are many classes of sentiment, feeling, and passion, from which the interest of many modern writings is almost exclusively derived, and yet of which scarcely any trace can be discovered in such productions of the ancients as have come down to

\* Constable, Edinburgh. 3 vols. 12mo. 1817.

our hands. We allude not merely to the very oldest writers, such as Homer. In the early infancy of society which he depicts, such feelings and passions as those to which we now refer can indeed be with difficulty supposed to have had any existence. The minds of men were then exposed only to the most primary and irresistible of emotions; their passions and sentiments approached to the nature of sensations, in their simplicity no less than in their power. They had no leisure to elaborate for themselves secondary joys and secondary sorrows; they took both the good and the evil of life as they found them, and refined neither upon mirth nor upon wretchedness. Even in the productions of the most cultivated ages of the ancient world, the points of difference which we discern between the mode of thinking which then prevailed, and that to which we are accustomed, are so numerous, so important, and withal so distinct, that to reflect upon them, their causes, and their effects, must always be an early occupation of every contemplative understanding.

It is not at present our purpose to enter deeply into the subject, although we are well convinced that there are very few of similar moment with regard to which so little has as yet been done. But to one point of difference between the ancient writings and those of the moderns, the perusal of these volumes has very forcibly recalled our attention, and we are willing to embrace this opportunity of saying a few words in respect to it; we mean the foundation of interest in fictitious personages. In the books of the ancients, the hero, in whose sufferings we are called upon to sympathise, is exposed to tangible dangers, and assailed by visible foes. He has to contend with the armed anger of his fellow-men, and with plagues, and tempests, and shipwrecks, and all the ministering weapons of offended deities. The main purpose of his legend was, to represent the stedfastness of virtue in resisting the worst attacks of external enmity, treacheries, and wrath; and contemplation of the godlike resolution of the fictitious hero inspired the soul with lofty and majestic feelings, which it carried into the thoughts and transactions of an active and warlike life. The hero of a modern romance is not the victim either of im-

placable destiny, or of outward injury; the revolutions of his fate are all engendered within himself, and he has to contend with no assaults but those of his own wishes, prejudices, principles, and passions. The march of human thought has been slow, but its effects are sufficiently perceptible, and the most trivial of novellists does not weave his flimsy web of fiction without bearing testimony to the progress we have made. What was darkly hinted by the profound philosophers of old, is now familiarly illustrated by the most popular creations of female fancy; and it is at last universally recognized, that the world of thought is the proper theatre of man.

To those who have reflected on the point of difference to which we have now alluded, it will be no difficult matter to explain another circumstance, which cannot fail to appear a very remarkable one to such as compare modern and ancient writings, with a view not merely to the external clothing of language and taste, but rather to the interior springs of passion and emotion. The old writers of fiction are careful, as we must all have observed, to represent their personages as beings who preserve, in the midst of all their troubles, entire possession of their intellects. Nothing, on the other hand, is more common among modern authors, than to enhance the sympathy we feel for their heroes, by depicting them as having their reason itself shaken by the violence of their sufferings. In the whole range of Greek fable there occur but two personages of disordered intellect—Ajax and Hercules. In both of these even the madness is inflicted by external power, not born and cherished within the breast by the force of human passions, and is, besides, in itself of a nature so gross and material, as to have very little resemblance to that delicate and spiritual *wandering*, which has so often and so happily been delineated in modern fictions.—The peculiar fondness of our English authors for representing the thoughts and feelings of madness, is a subject which has often exercised the curiosity and ingenuity of foreign critics. That in this country, which displays in its laws and constitution the best specimen of practical reason, the greatest writers should take so much delight in depicting the vain dreams of fantastic or

phrenzied imaginations, appears at first sight a very singular and inexplicable circumstance; that the taste of the great body of the English people should be so much habituated to this practice of their authors, as to dwell with the utmost intensity of devotion and attachment on these melancholy and bewildering representations, which it would seem more natural for national persons to abominate and avoid, appears, if possible, a thing more surprising. Whatever may be the explanation (and as yet we do not remember to have met with any very satisfactory one), the fact itself is certain, and that perhaps to a greater extent than is usually imagined; for we strongly suspect that the same disposition, which has given birth to the tremendous creations of *Clementina*, and *Ophelia*, and *Lear*, has mingled itself, in a manner not so engrossing, with many less terrible conceptions; and that, in truth, there are few English authors who excite great sympathy for the passions of their personages, without venturing to infuse into their characters a slight tinge of the same awful ingredient, which forms the essence of the unrivalled interest that binds us to the contemplation of those masterpieces in misery.

There are two great English writers of the present day, whose works seem in a very peculiar manner to authorize this reflection—*Lord Byron* and *Mr Godwin*. The poet and the novelist have each given birth to a set of terrible personifications of pride, scorn, hatred, misanthropy, misery, and madness. Their conceptions are, in many respects, congenial. Gloominess and desolation, and Satanic sarcasm, are the ground-work of their fictions; but both (like their master, *Dante*) have shewn, by many tender episodes of love and pity, that they might have given to their tales, had they so willed it, a very different complexion. In each of the heroes of *Byron* we think a partial delirium may somewhere be detected; but phrenzy, as an organ of excitement, has unquestionably been used with far greater freedom by the writer whose latest production is at this moment before us. What with other men is an ingredient, is, not unfrequently, with him the basis. He dares to introduce madness, not to heighten but to form the sorrow; and we gaze upon the whole world of his

fictions with the same feelings of indescribable curiosity, awe, and terror, which accompany us in our inspection of a company of lunatics. The most severe of satyrists, *Caleb Williams*, seems to view the whole field of human existence through the damp vapours and cold bars of a solitary dungeon. The sufferings, through which he tells us he has passed, are depicted indeed with all the distinctness and clearness of realities; but this we silently attribute, while we listen, to an imagination invigorated with the supernatural acuteness of disease. The impression which his story makes upon us is like that of a dismal dream, which we feel to be a fiction, and from which we are anxious to escape, but which sits, with a gloomy pertinacity, inflexible upon our breast, and compels us, in spite of reason and volition, to keep our eyes fixed and stedfast on its gliding phantoms and unearthly horrors. *St Leon*, too, is a maniac, but his madness is instructive as well as terrible. He has been cut off from the society of his fellow-men by the possession of secrets which elevate him above the condition of humanity, without destroying in him his natural longing for human affections and human happiness. When the ancient mythologists wished to represent the vanity of desiring long life, they depicted the man endowed with earthly immortality, as bending beneath the ever-increasing infirmities of protracted age, and lamenting over the long-vanished days of sensual enjoyment. *Godwin* has looked deeper into our nature; he has represented to us his hero as glorying in the possession of eternal youth, beauty, vigour,—and yet as bowed down to the extreme of misery by the mere circumstance of his being alone. The perpetual vacancy of social joy, the nakedness of unpartaken wealth, the leafless desert of the heart, the despair of loneliness, render the immortal, the beautiful, the peerless *St Leon*, an object of greater compassion in our eyes than the poorest mendicant that crawls upon the dust. The madness which has seized upon him is calm and tearless; we feel that, on that very account, it is the most dreadful of inflictions; that its energies are not exhausting themselves in any transitory furies, but clinging round his frozen heart with the composure of never-weary, never-depart-



ing demons. He sits like Prometheus, lifted above mankind upon his solitary rock, the victim of an undying vulture and an inexorable curdy.

Τοιαῦτ' ἐπ' αὐτοφύβητη διόθρη  
Τρυχασα φόβον τσιχει φανερώς.

Mandeville is a being near of kin to Caleb Williams and St Leon. Like them he possesses a lofty intellect and many natural capacities for enjoyment. Like them his heart is originally filled with kindly and benignant feelings; and, like them, by a strange perverseness of circumstance and temper, he is afflicted with intolerable sufferings, in which we can scarcely fear that we ourselves ever shall partake, and which nevertheless command the most powerful of our human sympathies. He is more essentially and entirely a madman than either of his brethren. The raving of Caleb is produced by external tyrannies, that of St Leon by super-human gifts; the misery of Mandeville is the growth of the fertile but unassisted soil of his own gloomy thoughts. Born to a princely fortune—surrounded with all the trappings of luxury, and the facilities of ambition—blessed with the unpolluted and reposing tenderness of a saintly sister—he seems, as if in disdain of external goods, to dive into the dark recesses of his own disordered spirit, and thence to drag into the light of day a fearful and self-created phantom, by whose perpetual visitations it is his pleasure to be haunted. A causeless *aversion* preys upon his soul; he gives up the whole energies of his nature to a hatred which seems to exert upon his faculties the sway of an instinct rather than of a passion; and in the effects produced by the unceasing influence of this demonly species of phrenzy, consists the whole interest of his tremendous tale.

Charles Mandeville was born in Ireland about the memorable period of the lieutenantancy of Strafford. His father was an English officer, who served under Lord Caulfield, at the time when the first terrible civil war of religion broke out, in the surprize of Charlemont by Sir Phelim O'Neile. His father and mother, together with Lord and Lady Caulfield, and many other people of distinction, are sacrificed to the brutal rage of this bigotted and treacherous rebel, and the boy himself is saved from the same fate, only by

the zealous devotion of a Catholic servant, who represents him to the wild soldiers of O'Neile as one of her own children. He is not, however, left long to the care of this affectionate preserver; he is seized from her arms by the chaplain of the garrison, the Rev. Hilkiah Bradford, a sour but sincere zealot of the Presbyterian persuasion, who conveys him to England without delay, and deposites him in the house of his uncle, the head of the family, Audley Mandeville. This personage is one of no inconsiderable interest, but somehow or other the greater part of the first volume, which is chiefly occupied with a detail of his early life and unmerited misfortunes, is executed with a sort of tameness which is by no means usual with Mr Godwin, although he has already supplied us with specimens of it in his Fleetwood, and in the latter parts of St Leon. Audley has been, by ill treatment and disappointments, disgusted with the world, and lives in a corner of his huge sea-beat castle in utter solitude, reduced to a mere shadow by the disorder of his nerves, and leaving all his affairs to the management of servants. Hilkiah and the boy take up their residence in another corner of the castle, and neither of them sees Audley excepting once a month, when a sort of formal interview takes place between the sick man and his heir. The education of young Mandeville is left entirely to Hilkiah; and he has indeed no other companion but that well-meaning and wearisome pedagogue, who nourishes in him a spirit of bigotry, and a multitude of dark thoughts, by perpetually reminding him of the bloody fate of his parents, and the savage influence of the Popish Creed. Nothing can be more gloomy and desolate than the condition of the youth, till he is at last presented with an object whereon he may rest all his affections, in the person of his lovely sister Henrietta. We shall give, in his own words, the effect of their first interview.

“My sister was one year younger than myself. She had regular features, a transparent complexion, and a most prepossessing countenance. ‘Her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks.’ Her eyes were dark and expressive; and her smiles were bewitching. Her form was light and airy, like that of a sylph. Her motions had a *naïveté* and grace, that I cannot conceive to be exceeded. She made me a painter.

Whenever I shut my eyes, I saw her: whenever I let my thoughts loose in imagination, I pictured to myself her gestures and her air. The tone of her voice was thrilling; and there was a beauty in her articulation, that made my soul dance within me, and without the labour and weight of emphasis, gave to every thing she said an impression beyond the power of emphasis to convey. Oh, Henrietta, thou dearest half of my soul. how can I recollect thee, such as I now saw thee, without rapture.

“There is something in the prejudice of kindred, that has an uncontrollable power over the soul. I was alone in the world; I had neither father, nor mother, nor brother; but Henrietta was father, and mother, and every thing to me in one. We had a thousand things to talk about; and it seems to me, at this distance of time, as if we had possessed a power of dividing and multiplying the thoughts we expressed, and of giving to every one a fineness and subtlety, that the grossness and earthiness of more advanced years can never reach. We delivered our ideas with frankness; we had none of the false reserve, that makes older persons warily examine the recollections and sallies that press to the tongue, and throw away one, and mangle another, lest they should say any thing that should subtract from the consideration they aim at, and of which afterward they might see reason to repent.

“We walked together; and wherever we walked, the place seemed to invest itself in inexpressible charms. Nothing could be more dreary and desolate than the scenery in the midst of which I lived; but the presence of Henrietta gave to it the beauty of the Elysian fields; and when she was gone, yet I could not visit the well-known haunts without their reviving in me the same ravishing sensation. She talked; and my soul hung on the enchanting sounds. To the little tales of the place from whence she came, and its inhabitants, I could listen for ever. Her observations were so unlike to any thing I had ever heard before. What a contrast to Hilkiah, and my uncle, and the gloomy and formal establishment of Mandeville House! My sensations were not less surprising, than those of Shakespear’s maiden in the desert island, when first she saw and contrasted the features and figure of the graceful Prince Ferdinand, with those of the aged Prospero and the hag-born Caliban. I seemed now for the first time to associate with a being, with whom I felt an affinity, and whom I recognized as of the same species as myself.”

He is not, however, permitted long to enjoy the society of this graceful creature. She is educated by a friend of her mother’s in the New Forest, and very soon returns thither to pursue her usual occupations. With young Mandeville every thing goes on

in the same course of tedium and seclusion, till the time when he is introduced, at once, to a scene of the most opposite description. He is entered at Winchester school in the twelfth year of his age. Here it is that the fatal poison, which is to be the ruin of his existence, first begins to disclose itself. He is seized with an unaccountable and groundless aversion for the most accomplished, elegant, and amiable, of all his school-fellows, Lionel Clifford; and this boyish feeling becomes gradually nurtured and fostered into ever increasing degrees of blackness, till at last it takes entire possession of his bosom, and becomes in fact the ruling principle of his life.\* The very skilful manner in which this aversion is developed, can only be appreciated by those who give the book much more than the casual attention of one perusal. To go into the details (and in these of course the chief merit consists) is beyond our limits, but we cannot refrain from presenting our readers with the first glimpse which comes upon Mandeville’s own mind of the true nature of the result.

“My nature would not permit me to hate the rabble, the mere chaff and refuse of the threshing-floor. Waller and Mallison came not near me. They might deport themselves as they would; what was that to me? It is true, while the scene was actually passing, I thought otherwise; but they flitted away, as fast as the living scene in which they acted a part: and it must be something of more muscle and substance, that should fasten itself on my memory. Clifford was a name with which my soul could grapple; he was an obstacle interposed in my path that must be removed; or else all that I loved to contemplate and dream of for future time, was lost to me for ever. *For these reasons, all the offences I received from inferior opponents, left the figures and features to which they properly belonged, and centred in him.*

“My pride was unbounded: what stood in the way of that pride? It was perhaps but an ill regulated and abortive passion. My temper was reserved and sullen; my speech was slow and sparing; I hardly communicated myself to a human creature: what chance had I for popularity and admira-

\* The idea of the hatred itself, as well as the hint of its principal aggravation, are certainly taken from Miss Baillie’s de Montfort; but Godwin clothes the conception with a vigour and depth of colouring, in which his title to originality will not easily be disputed.

tion? If all had been smooth and level before me, if no eminence had interposed itself through the vast plain of my existence, my hopes would, very likely, not have been the less abortive. No matter; whatever I was compelled to admire, I was compelled to hate. I was a disappointed and discontented soul; and all the wholesome juices and circulations of my frame converted themselves into bitterness and gall.

“At this distance of time I can sit down, and deliberately calculate my small hopes of success, even if Clifford had been removed from the scene. But such were not my reasonings at the moment. It seemed to me, that he was my only obstacle; that he was my evil genius; and that, while my merits were in reality more sterling than his, he always crossed my path, and thwarted my success, and drew off all eyes, not only from perceiving my worth, but in a manner from recognising my existence.

“Is it not surprising that all this should have ripened into hatred? What enormous and unmeasured injustice! What had I to do to hate him? He never injured me in the minutest article. He never conceived a thought of injury. Yet all my passions seemed to merge in this single passion. I must kill him; or he must kill me. *He was to me, like the poison-tree of Java: the sight of him was death; and every smallest air that blew from him to me, struck at the very core of my existence.* He was a milestone hanged about my neck, that cramped and bowed down my intellectual frame, worse than all the diseases that can afflict a man, and all the debility of the most imbecile and protracted existence. He was an impenetrable wall, that reached up to the heavens, that compassed me in on every side, and on every side hid me from my fellow-mortals, and darkened to me the meridian day. Let this one obstacle be removed (so I fondly thought), and I shall then be elastic, and be free! Ambition shall once more revisit my bosom; and complacence, that stranger, which, like Astræa, had flown up to heaven, and abandoned me for ever, shall again be mine. In a word, no passion ever harboured in a human bosom, that it seemed so entirely to fill, in which it spread so wide, and mounted so high, and appeared so utterly to convert every other sentiment and idea into its own substance.”

Such is the energy of the language in which he pours out the tale of his delusions and his sorrows, that we cannot peruse it without becoming at least, in so far, partakers in the very follies whereof we feel and pity the existence in the narrator. It required, indeed, no ordinary degree of management in the author to produce this mixture of apparently irreconcilable effects, to make us sympathize in the emotions

without being deceived by the speciousness of his hero, and to feel as if our judgment were swallowed up in the dreams of one whom we know, almost all the while that we are listening to him, to be the most incurable of madmen. No small share of the intense interest we feel arises, we apprehend, from the uncertainty under which we are every now and then laid, as to the character of our narrator. As it often happens, in listening to a living lunatic, the calmness of his manner, the propriety of his sentiments, the exquisite selection of his expressions, are perpetually calling upon us to believe his protestations, that he is as rational as ourselves; and yet a nameless something prevents us ever going completely into the conviction which he would fain produce, and ever and anon, when he has come the nearest to his purpose, there breaks out some treacherous exclamation, which reminds us in a moment of the certainty of his disease, and destroys the whole structure of suspicions which his tale has been labouring to erect.— But to return to our story.

From Winchester Mandeville passes in due time to Oxford; and as Clifford is not there, we begin to hope that he is to gain time for reflection, and recover his energies from the strange infatuation into which they are fallen. He has not long resided at the university, when he hears of an insurrection among the Royalists of the West, headed by Sir Joseph Wagstaff, and in their adventure, by a strange combination of motives, he is somehow persuaded to take a part. He is recommended by Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (afterwards the great Earl of Shaftesbury) to Colonel Penruddock, and Colonel Penruddock recommends him, by the advice of this excellent judge, as a fit person to fill the office of secretary to Sir Joseph. That commander has, however, no great faith in any recommendation of Sir Anthony's, and Mandeville is informed that the situation has already been promised to another. By and by this fortunate rival appears in the shape of Clifford, and the bosom of Mandeville is in an instant overflowed with the returning waves of wrath, envy, and despair.

“I can shut myself up on the termination of a thousand heaths, and on the edge of the breakers of the ocean. I was ill fitted

for the scene at best. Fool that I was, to be tempted within its verge! But let me grow wise at once! No doubt there are men that can struggle with disappointment, and rise again when they have been beaten to the earth. They are like the pliant reed; and, when once the tempest has spent its fury, they remember it no more. Not such am I! I cannot bend: I can break. Every wound of contumely pierces through all the defences of my soul; it corrodes and festers; the wounds are more durable and tremendous than those of arrows dipped in the gall of Lernæan Hydra; not Machaon and Podalirius, nor even Apollo himself, can ever cure them!"

"I know not whether I make myself understood; and it is no matter. There are, who will think the check I received was no great affair, that I had only to rally my spirits, and wait for a more favourable opportunity. Blessed are they in their insensibility:—not less blessed, than if all their limbs were palsied, and all their members were dead! But I envy them not. No; amidst the protracted sufferings and excruciating agonies I have endured, still I lay my hand upon my heart, and again I repeat it,—I envy them not.

"I saw with an unerring judgment,—I saw, however minute was the sketch, and however faintly touched, in this one incident the whole history of my future life. I felt, with the spirit of prophecy, that all the various events that were to happen to me, would but be repetitions of this. I was confident, that Clifford and I were linked together for good or for evil (no, for evil only!) and that only death could dissolve the chain that bound us. I saw as plainly the records of the BOOK OF PREDESTINATION on this subject, as the Almighty Being in whose single custody the BOOK for ever remains. There was no obscurity, no ambiguity, no room for an uncertain or a doubtful meaning. The letters glowed and glittered, as if they were written with the beams of the sun, upon the dark tablet of Time that Hath not yet Been. It was my destiny for ever to shun, and for ever to meet him. I could no more avoid the one than the other. I was eternally to engage in the flight, and eternally to meet the encounter.—Was not this a dreadful fate? Was this indeed the trifle, that required of me no more than to shake it off, to rally my spirits, and to wait a more favourable opportunity?

"I hastened into the house. My determination, as I have said, was taken. It was my fortune, that I no sooner entered the hall, than I perceived Clifford. Sir Joseph was by his side, and, I saw, had just been presenting him to the officers and gentlemen-volunteers of his battalion, in his new character of secretary to the commander-in-chief. I looked upon him: he was a head taller than when we last met, and was radiant with youthful beauty. I withdrew my eyes in confusion: all the demons of

hatred took their seat in my bosom. I looked again: a spell had passed over him, and every feature appeared aggravated, distorted, and horrible. 'Oh, yes!' cried I to myself, 'I see the sneer of infernal malice upon his countenance. How odious is the vice of hypocrisy! How much more honourable the honest defiance of unmitigable hate! Yes, Clifford, yes! let us shake hands in detestation, and pronounce a vow of eternal war. Tell me fairly at once, 'Wherever I meet you, I will hunt you; I will do you every mischief in my power; I will ride over you in triumph, and tread you down to the pit of hell!'"

Mandeville is so disgusted with this unfortunate rencounter, that he immediately takes horse and returns to the university. The enterprise in which he was to have borne a part, had, like all the other attempts of the Royalist gentry, an unhappy issue. Colonel Penruddock and most of the country gentlemen die on the scaffold, and the general makes his escape with great difficulty, by means of the ingenuity and fidelity of his youthful secretary. The reasons which induced Mandeville to desert the cause of the insurgents are in the meantime industriously misrepresented at Oxford, and such is the effect of the suspicions excited against him, as to drive him in despair into the neighbouring wilds of Shotover, where he is found in a state of utter delirium by a countryman, and lodged in a madhouse at Cowley. Here he is visited by Henrietta, who watches over him in his illness with the utmost tenderness and devotion of affection. He is soothed by her kindness; and, being at length restored to his reason, accompanies her to her residence in Hampshire. She introduces him into the elegant society of Lord Montagu's family, and in the hours of domestic retirement, he finds an inexhaustible fund of happiness in the society of his sister. "I saw," says he, "the atmosphere of hell, in which I had been wrapped up, and almost suffocated for as long as I can remember, and which had thickened about me from year to year, gradually retiring and sinking away into the distance,—so that the Egyptian darkness, which had enveloped my whole horizon, now seemed a 'cloud no bigger than a man's hand.'"

This satisfaction is, however, extremely short-lived. The truth is, that without the least knowledge on the part of Mandeville, Clifford has, long before

this time, become the favoured lover of Henrietta. The story of their loves forcibly reminds us of the exquisite descriptions of domestic tenderness in *St Leon*, and is throughout executed with the utmost grace and delicacy. We know indeed of no living author whose delineations of female character are more delightful and more masterly than those of *Godwin*. In them that meekness of feminine submission, which they share with the oriental ladies of *Lord Byron*, is ever wedded with the firmness of Christian purity, and the conscious dignity of virtue. His females are full of character, and are indeed, in this respect, far superior to the heroines of the other great novelist of our day, *THE UNKNOWN*. Throughout the whole of this gloomy region, into which *Mr Godwin* has conducted us, there runs one clear and unobtrusive streamlet, which preserves its lucid beauty unstained and uncorrupted, in the midst of that black and sulphureous soil through which it flows. We turn aside every now and then from the stern and devilish rage of *Mandeville*, to feed our eyes with quiet contemplation of the simple and lovely affections of his sister; and feel as much relieved by the transition as the thirsty Israelites did when they past from the bitter fountains of *Marah* to those of *Elim*, "where there were wells of sweet waters, and threescore and ten palm trees; and they encamped by the waters."—*Henrietta*, who is aware of her brother's aversion for her lover, prevails upon him to meet him in kindness at the table of *Lord Montagu*. But here again the interview has no other effect but that of administering new food to the black rage of *Mandeville*. *Clifford* attracts the whole attention of the company to himself by the narrative of *Sir Joseph Wagstaff's* escape, which is with great difficulty extracted from his modesty by the curiosity of the guests. This narrative, as it possesses every merit of truth and interest, we shall give in the words of *Clifford*. It forms a delightful episode in the midst of the fierce ravings of the hero of the book: indeed, we question whether it be surpassed in skill and beauty by any thing in *Defoe's Cavalier*, or in *Waverley*.

"I will not trouble you with any of our adventures, till we came to the house of a *Mr Landseer* near the coast of *Devonshire*,

whose wife was a distant relation of my mother. *Landseer* was himself an adherent of the existing government; his wife was strongly attached to the exiled family. It happened that *Landseer* had been absent for some years, on a commission which the republicans had given him to one of the northern courts, but was expected on his return in a few weeks. The fugitives from *Salisbury* were now chased almost from house to house; they were disappointed of a vessel, which they had expected to have found at *Lymouth*, ready to carry them off; *Captain Unton Croke* in particular, a man wholly destitute of honour and humanity, was most assiduous in hunting them out from their hiding-places. It happened in one instance, that *Sir Joseph*, having already nearly exhausted the protection of the loyal houses in the neighbourhood, seemed to be driven in a manner to the last extremity. In this conjuncture it occurred to me to think of *Mrs Landseer*, whose house would be less exposed to the jealousy of the military, on account of her husband's being in the employment of the present rulers. On my representation I was commissioned to repair to this lady, and, confident in her loyalty, to propose without any disguise, that she should receive *Sir Joseph Wagstaff* into her house, till one of the vessels should be discovered, which were known to be hovering on the coast for the purpose of carrying off the fugitives to *France*. *Mrs Landseer* readily entered into my proposal, and observed, that the most effectual way in which she could serve this gentleman, was to receive him as if he had been her husband. She added, that none of the servants in her house knew *Landseer's* person, he having taken with him in his embassy two or three of those that had been longest established in the family. Her house was too small to afford her any means of concealment; but, if she received *Sir Joseph* in this open manner, it would be impossible for any one to conceive that he was a malignant in disguise. With this proposal then I hastened back to my principal, by whom it was accepted without an instant's hesitation. It was further concerted that *Sir Joseph* should sleep in the house of a neighbouring tenant, on the pretext that the political differences which had arisen between *Mrs Landseer* and her spouse, indisposed her, at least for the present, from receiving him with the unreserve and cordiality of a wife.

"This was a busy day with us. *Sir Joseph* was no sooner installed in his new character, than *Captain Croke* arrived in pursuit of him, satisfied that he was somewhere in this very neighbourhood. *Sir Joseph* had just had time to put off his travelling disguise, and to equip himself in the habiliments of the person he represented, which were in the highest style of puritanical formality. Among the many convivial qualities of my patron, one was, that he was an admirable mimic; and he assumed the

drawl and canting language of a thorough Brownist in such perfection, as upon a less critical occasion would have risked that Mrs Landseer and myself should have died with laughter. Captain Croke was completely the dupe of the scene. He warmly congratulated the supposed Landseer on his unexpected arrival; asked him many questions respecting the court he had visited, to all which Sir Joseph, who had seen the world, answered with consummate address; and in fine, earnestly inquired how soon he would set out for London, to give an account to his employers of the success of his embassy. My principal, who thoroughly enjoyed this scene, and would hardly have been prevented from enjoying it, if he had seen a scaffold prepared for him the moment he quitted it, went on to overact his part. He pressed Captain Croke so earnestly to dine with him, that at last the republican yielded. He said he would first make a circuit of some of the neighbouring mansions, in search of that villain, the rebel commander, and would then return; leaving in the meantime one of his serjeants with us, as security for the performance of his promise.

“Croke had no sooner turned his back upon us, than a courier arrived, with the unwelcome intelligence, that the true Landseer had taken land at Ilfracombe, and might be expected to reach his own dwelling in the course of an hour. The serjeant was luckily in the stables at the receipt of this message, and was therefore unacquainted with its import. Sir Joseph and I, now thoroughly alarmed, prepared for immediate departure. The conjuncture was portentous. Croke would be back in less than three hours, and would then detect the cheat that had been imposed upon him. The serjeant, if he were a fellow of any adroitness, would discover the trick sooner; and he and the true Landseer would set on foot a pursuit after us, before we had almost commenced our flight. We cursed the hour when we entered this dangerous abode, and still more the ill-timed and ill-indulged humour of Sir Joseph, that had fixed upon us the return of that notorious rebel-hunter, Croke.

“Landseer, however, instead of following his *avant-courier* in an hour, arrived in a few minutes after him, and to our utter confusion entered the parlour, just as we were taking our sad and hurried leave of his wife. The serjeant had now caught up the intelligence, that another person, claiming to be the owner of the house, had arrived; and, as in duty bound, he entered the parlour at the same time with the stranger, that he might see every thing with his own eyes, and draw his own conclusions. An extraordinary scene ensued. Here were two Mr Landseers, both dressed in the same habiliments, and each asserting his rights as master of the house. The newly arrived de-

manded, with a haughty and a furious tone, what was the meaning of all he saw? Sir Joseph, with admirable composure, and with the most edifying and saint-like tone and gesture, requested the intruder to moderate his anger, and to quit a dwelling where he had not the smallest right to be found. Mrs Landseer was appealed to, and decided for Sir Joseph as her true husband. After much wrangling and violence, I proposed that the serjeant should retire to the outside of the door for a few minutes, till the dispute was settled. I then desired Sir Joseph to withdraw into the inner room, and leave me and my cousin alone with the new-comer.

“This arrangement was no sooner effected, than I lost no time in laying before Landseer the true state of the case, and imploring his compassion. I told him, that his unexpected guest was no other than the gallant Sir Joseph Wagstaff, who had been totally defeated in his insurrection, was flying before a merciless enemy, and desired no more than to escape with life to his master in France, whose cause was now totally desperate and hopeless. I put it to him as pathetically as I could, whether he could reconcile it to the honourable disposition I had ever known in him, with his own hands to deliver up to the scaffold a gentleman, who claimed the sacred hospitality of his roof. I flattered him for dispositions for which he was not remarkable, that I might wake the embers of humanity in his breast. My cousin joined her intreaties to mine; but he was steeled against all she could say, from anger that, at first meeting after an absence of years, she could have denied that he was her husband. I interposed here. I observed that, Croke’s serjeant being present, this was a cruel necessity imposed on the lady, and that, if she had faltered in the least, it would have cost a gentleman his life, who had thrown himself upon her generosity. It fortunately happened, that I had more than once spent some weeks, while quite a boy, under the roof of this Landseer; and had always been his special favourite. He ended therefore with confessing, that he could deny nothing to his old playfellow, who had made him merry a thousand times, when his heart was most a prey to constitutional melancholy.

“The next question was, how my commanding officer could be most effectually screened from his blood-thirsty pursuers. And here I boldly suggested, that no method could adequately answer the purpose, unless that of supporting and carrying through the deception that had already been practised: Sir Joseph must still be affirmed to be the true Landseer. ‘And what then am I?’ rejoined the republican. ‘Consider, my dear Sir,’ said I intreatingly; ‘it is but for a day; and it is for the life of a gentleman in distress; What good will it do you to take away his life?’ ‘And what

then am I?' repeated my kinsman with impatience. 'Why you, Sir, must personate Sir Joseph.'

'Landseer started back three paces at the proposition. 'And shall I, one of the known champions of the liberties of England, for an instant assume the name, and act the person of one of its destroyers? of a cavalier? of a malignant? of a reprobate? No, Lionel; no consideration on earth shall induce me to submit to such degradation. Let your general be gone; I will do him no harm; I will use no means for pursuing him.'

'Do not deceive yourself, sweet kinsman,' rejoined I. 'If you do not protect him, if you do not lend yourself for a few hours to his preservation, you are his destroyer. The infernal Croke is within a short distance; his serjeant is on the other side the door. No earthly power can save us from the tyrant.'

'While I was yet speaking, Sir Joseph opened the door, and came out of the inner room. 'Thank you, Clifford,' said he; 'a thousand thanks to this good lady; I thank you too, Mr Landseer, for as much kindness and forbearance as you have professed towards me. But life is not worth accepting on these terms; I will never disgrace the master whose livery I wear; whether I live or die, it shall be with the gallantry which, I trust, has hitherto marked all my actions. Clifford, call in the serjeant!'

'No,' replied I. 'For this once I must take upon me to disobey you, Sir Joseph. If this gentleman,' pointing to Landseer, 'is inexorable, at least the deed of surrendering you, a stranger, under his own roof, shall be his.' And, as I spoke, I advanced towards the bell, that I might order the serjeant to be called in. 'This is the gentleman,' added I, turning to Landseer for the last time, 'whose head you are by your own act to cause to roll on the scaffold.'

'There is something in the sight of a human creature, upon whom you are yourself called on to pronounce a sentence of death, that produces the most terrible recoil in every human bosom. A man ought to be a judge by his office, that can do this, and then sit down gaily, and with a good appetite, to his dinner. But Landseer had never been a judge. Sir Joseph Wagstaff stood before him. I thought I had never seen so perfect a gentleman, with so frank and prepossessing a countenance, and an air so unassuming and yet so assured, as was presented before me at that moment. The self-command, by no means resembling a stoical apathy and indifference, but inspired by an unexaggerated view of all the circumstances, combined with what he felt due to his own honour, that displayed itself in his visage and attitude, was deeply impressive. There was but a moment, a slight articulation of the human voice, that remained between him and death.

'He shall not die,' said Landseer. 'Do with me as you please.' He shall be Landseer; I will be Wagstaff. I have only this morning set my foot on English ground after an absence of years, and my first home-act shall be one, that it may please me at other times, and in the hour of my own agony, to recollect.'

'This capital point being settled, the rest was easy. We called in the serjeant, but for a different purpose than had been spoken of an instant before. Landseer stated to him, that he was in reality Sir Joseph Wagstaff; that, hearing that the master of the house was absent on the continent, and being in the greatest distress for a hiding-place, he had thought this a good opportunity, for prevailing on a lonely female to afford him a brief protection. But all his hopes had been blasted, by finding the master of the house arrived a few hours before him, who was too much devoted to the protectoral government to consent to give him the smallest harbour. He was therefore reduced to make a virtue of necessity; and, delivering his sword into the hands of the officer, he added, 'I am your prisoner; use me well.' The serjeant repeated to him the deceitful cant that had been employed to the other prisoners, and told him that he had nothing to fear, for he would find himself included with Penruddock, in the capitulation that had been made at Southmolton.

'The arrangement of the affair was now in our own hands. Landseer was constituted a prisoner, as Sir Joseph Wagstaff; and we of course undertook to procure for him as good treatment as we could. The place of his confinement was a summer-house in the garden, with one centinel, Captain Croke's serjeant, at the door, and another, who was really one of his own servants, beneath the single window of his apartment. This was one of his new household: the old servants had remained with his baggage, when he pressed forward on the spur, and had come home alone. Captain Croke speedily arrived from his cruise without any success; but he was transported to find the commanding officer in custody at his return. We sent the prisoner his dinner from his own table; and in the course of the afternoon Captain Croke and Sir Joseph, who, as I before said, was delighted with his talents for mimicry, and who had caught some fresh hints from the brief intercourse he had had with his original, became the best friends in the world. The next day we learned that the vessel we had been in search of was ready; and we embraced the opportunity to depart, while Croke was out for his morning's ride. We took a brief and constrained leave of Landseer, whom Sir Joseph emphatically thanked for his generous self-denial and clemency. I had the pleasure to see my commanding officer safe on board: here my commission ended: I returned straight to my mother, and am therefore unable to tell you how Croke and

the ambassador settled their accounts, when the necessity for deception existed no longer."

The remaining part of the book is chiefly occupied with a detail of the paltry wiles of Holloway, an attorney, and Mallison, his nephew, who succeed each of them so far in the object of his ambition. The first obtains the confidence of Audley Mandeville, and narrowly misses cutting off the hero of Mr Godwin from all share in the inheritance of his fathers. The other, after Charles has succeeded to his estates, contrives to fasten himself upon him in the retirement which he seeks, masters in a great measure his diseased and irritable mind, and nourishes within his breast, for base purposes of his own, that rooted hatred for Clifford which the gentle ministrations of Henrietta might, but for him, have succeeded in removing. In this part of the work there is, to our view, something peculiarly characteristic of the genius of the author. The majestic soul of Mandeville—a soul capable, had its energies been directed aright, of attaining the highest eminences of intellectual ambition—is mastered and enslaved, not by the open assault of a yet superior reason, but by the wretched and undermining tricks of a flatterer whom he sees through, and a rascal whom he contemns. This is indeed the last degradation of a noble spirit, the true climax of human wretchedness, the utmost triumph of a soul-vanquishing disease, the very essence of gall and wormwood. It is in such bitterness that Mr Godwin has his delight.—The state of mind under which Mandeville labours at this period of his history is described in these terrible words:

"Those dogmatists, who, in whatever religion, have endeavoured to make out the punishments of a future state, have shown themselves no mean masters in their art. The main ingredient in their delineation is to be 'tormented by devils.' No climate of hell, however fierce, parching, and intolerable; no flames so intense that the wretched sufferer intreats for one drop of water to cool his tongue; no gnawings of conscience, no agonies of remorse, could be complete without this, the presence and incessant activity of the tormentor. I have read of a tyrant, who having exhausted all that his dungeons could inflict, at length hit on this refinement, that a sentinel should call on the unhappy prisoner every half-hour, by day and by night, during the remainder of his existence, and compel him to answer,

that he might never attain to a temporary oblivion of his sorrows. Nature in this respect is treacherous, and apt to allow the victim from time to time to forget that he is miserable. Nature is always at the bottom a friend to the unfortunate; and, if she does not relieve his sorrows, at least benumbs the sense.

Our purer essence then may overcome  
The noxious vapour, or inured not feel,  
Or changed at length, and to the place conformed

In temper and in substance, may receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain.

It needs, as in my case, some disinterested and never-sleeping friend, to rake the embers, to throw on new combustibles, and to blow the flames, if we would have the misery complete.

"What was most strange, was, that the more these wretched beings tormented me, the more, in a certain sense, grew my attachment to them. They were like some loathsome deformity, or venomous excrescence on the human body, which the infatuated man to whose lot it has fallen, cherishes with obstinacy, and would rather part with his life than be delivered from it. The effect was such as is related of the bird and the rattle-snake; the defenceless victim is bewitched by the eye of his adversary, and is necessitated to fly into his mouth, though by so doing he rushes on certain destruction. Holloway and Mallison became in some degree a part of myself. I felt that day maimed and incomplete, in which I did not sup up my allotted dose of the nauseous draught they administered. I must have their company; I was miserable when alone; and, though I was more miserable with them, yet in their society I had the delusive feeling as if I had something to support me.

"Rapid was the progress that these men seemed to make towards the accomplishments of their desires. My health wasted daily; my powers of action seemed reduced to almost nothing. A perpetual gloom beset me, like 'a huge eclipse of sun and moon,' while the affrighted elements laboured with fearful change. My skin was dried up; my flesh perished from my bones; my eyes became unacquainted with sleep; my joints refused to perform for me the ordinary functions of a living being."

But it is not till the mutual love of Clifford and Henrietta is made known to him, that his phrenzy is at its full. When that abominated thought has once entered his bosom, all within him becomes indeed an uproar and carnival of diabolical suggestions. From that moment he is "conscious to nothing but one overwhelming passion, one unextinguishable and infuriated desire." The attempt which he makes to carry off



Henrietta (already the wife of Clifford) on what he conceives to be the evening before the wedding, and the bloody conflict which ensues between the brother and the lover, are described with that fearful vivacity of incident and colour of which Godwin has long since shewn himself to be so terrible a master. We have been listening all this while in a state of indescribable and indistinct perplexity; at last the truth comes vividly and irresistibly before us. We might have been mistaken so long as we heard only the melancholy wailings, or stormy ravings of Mandeville; but he bursts from us at last with a maniac howl of laughter, and shakes out his rattling chain in the triumph of a most Satanical derision. We know of no description of madness since Lear, which is half so powerful as the conclusion of Mandeville.

“Clifford alone was unhurt. He bore a charmed life. The blotches and stains which crusted his moral character, were no less sure a defence to him, than the cloud in which Juno is said to have carried off her favourite Turnus. Let fall your blades on vulnerable crests, for none of woman born shall damage Clifford! Of all appalling and maddening ideas, undoubtedly the cardinal one is the impassiveness with which hell sometimes dowers her votaries.

“It was otherwise with me. I had received a deep and perilous gash, the broad brand of which I shall not fail to carry with me to my grave. The sight of my left eye is gone; the cheek beneath is severed, with a deep trench between. My wound is of that sort, which in the French civil wars got the name of *une balafre*. I have pleased myself, in the fury and bitterness of my soul, with tracing the whole force of that word. It is *cicatrix lucente*, a glazed, or shining scar, like the effect of a streak of varnish upon a picture. *Balafre* I find explained by Girolamo Vittori, by the Italian word *smorfato*; and this again—I mean the noun, *smorfia*—is decided by ‘the resolute’ John Florio, to signify ‘a blurring or mumping, a mocking or push with one’s mouth.’ The explanation of these lexicographers is happily suited to my case, and the mark I for ever carry about with me. The reader may recollect the descriptions I have occasionally been obliged to give of the beauty of my person and countenance, particularly in my equestrian exercises, when, mounted on my favourite horse, I was the admiration of every one that beheld me. What was I now? When I first looked in my glass, and saw my face, once more stripped of its tedious dressings, I thought I never saw any thing so monstrous. It answered well to the well-worded description

of Florio. The sword of my enemy had given a perpetual grimace, a sort of preternatural and unvarying distorted smile, or deadly grin, to my countenance. This may to some persons appear a trifle. It ate into my soul. Every time my eye accidentally caught my mirror, I saw Clifford, and the cruel heart of Clifford, branded into me. My situation was not like what it had hitherto been. Before, to think of Clifford was an act of the mind, and an exercise of the imagination; he was not there, but my thoughts went on their destined errand, and fetched him; now I bore Clifford and his injuries perpetually about with me. Even as certain tyrannical planters in the West Indies have set a brand with a red-hot iron upon the negroes they have purchased, to denote that they are irremediably a property, so Clifford had set his mark upon me, as a token that I was his for ever.”

Mandeville, our readers have already seen, tells his story, like the rest of Mr Godwin’s heroes, in his own words. Any other mode of narration would have brought much more into notice, what is nevertheless sufficiently apparent, and what constitutes indeed the chief defect of our author’s novels—the want of all dramatic talent. His personages are described, not represented; we are informed of all they think and suffer, by their own free and voluntary confession to us, not by being admitted to draw our own conclusions from their words and behaviour, when they come into actual contact with the other characters in the fable. In this, as indeed in many other things, Mr Godwin resembles the German novelists more than those of his own country; but we need only turn for a moment to Waverley or Guy Mannering to be convinced, that, if he had both ways in his power, he has certainly made an unfortunate election. We must not, however, allow ourselves to find fault with a great author because he chooses to give us his story in his own manner. The language of Mandeville is throughout nervous and manly. It has indeed many affectations; but these, as has always been the case in the writings of Godwin, vanish whenever he grapples with violent emotions. He is at home in the very whirlwind of terrors, and seems to breathe with the greatest freedom in the most tempestuous atmosphere. Now that his “talent of fiction” has been fairly awakened, we hope he will not again be so unjust to himself and to the world, as to suffer it to fall asleep. T.

## ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND IN 1679.

MR EDITOR,

I AM pretty well acquainted with the character and manners of my brethren north of the Tweed, at the present day, and have enjoyed many happy hours among the enlightened hospitalities both of Lowland and Highland Mansions. I am, however, unluckily for myself, very ignorant of the real state of Scotland about a hundred years ago, and would be extremely grateful to you for a little such information. A Friend of mine, whom I cannot help loving, in spite of his illiberal dislike to Scotland, has lately got hold of a lying old Book, entitled, "Modern Account of Scotland," written, as he says, in 1679, by one Thomas Kirke, a Yorkshire Squire, in which the most atrocious calumnies are contained against your Ancestors. I have transcribed from it the following passage, which, Sir, I send you in the confident hope that you will, in an early Number, refute every syllable of it, and exhibit your Countrymen of former times in their genuine colours. I am, your obedient Servant,

J. L.

*Doncaster, Dec. 3.*

"If all our European travellers direct their course to Italy, upon the account of its antiquity, why should Scotland be neglected, whose wrinkled surface derives its original from the chaos? The first inhabitants were some straglers of the fallen angels, who rested themselves on the confines, till their captain, Lucifer, provided places for them in his own country. This is the conjecture of learned critics, who trace things to their originals; and this opinion was grounded on the devil's bratts yet resident amongst them (whose foresight in the events of good and evil exceeds the Oracles at Delphos) the supposed issue of those pristine inhabitants.

"Italy is compared to a leg, Scotland to a louse, whose legs and engrailed edges represent the promontories and buttings out into the sea, with more nooks and angles than the most conceited of my Lord Mayor's custards; nor does the comparison determine here. A louse preys upon its own fosterer and preserver, and is productive of those minute animals called nits; so Scotland, whose proboscis joyns too close to England, has sucked away the nutriment from Northumberland, as the country itself is too true a testimony.

"The whole country will make up a park, forrest, or chace, as you'll please to call it; but if you desire an account of par-

ticular parks, they are innumerable, every small house having a few sodds thrown into a little bank about it, and this for the state of the business (forsooth) must be called a park, though not a pole of land in it.

"Fowl are as scarce here as birds of paradise, the charity of the inhabitants denying harbour to such celestial animals, though gulls and cormorants abound, there being a greater sympathy betwixt them. There is one sort of ravenous fowl amongst them, that has one web foot, one foot suited for land and another for water; but whether or no this fowl (being particular to this country) be not the lively picture of the inhabitants, I shall leave to wiser conjectures.

"Their cities are poor and populous, especially Edenborough, their metropolis, which so well suits with the inhabitants, that one character will serve them both, viz. high and dirty. The houses mount seven or eight stories high, with many families on one floor, one room being sufficient for all occasions, eating, drinking, sleeping, &c. The town is like a double comb (an engine not commonly known amongst them) one great street, and each side stockt with narrow allies, which I mistook for common shores. Some of the kirks have been of ancient foundations, and well and regularly built, but order and uniformity is in perfect antipathy to the humour of this nation, these goodly structures being either wholly destroyed (as at St Andrews and Elgin, where, by the remaining ruins, you may see what it was in perfection) or very much defaced; they make use of no quires, those are either quite pulled down, or converted into another kirk, for it is common here to have three, four, or five kirks under one roof, which being preserved entire, would have made one good church, but they could not then have had preaching enough in it.

"The castles of defence in this country are almost impregnable, only to be taken by treachery or long siege, their water failing them soonest; they are built upon high and almost inaccessible rocks, only one forced passage up to them, so that a few men may easily defend them. Indeed all the gentlemen's houses are strong castles, they being so treacherous one to another, that they are forced to defend themselves in strong holds; they are commonly built upon some single rock in the sea, or some high precipice near the mid-land, with many towers and strong iron grates before their windows (the lower part whereof, is only a wooden shutter, and the upper part glass) so that they look more like prisons than houses of reception; some few houses there are of late erection, that are built in a better form, with good walks and gardens about them, but their fruit rarely comes to any perfection. The houses of the commonality are very mean, mud-wall and thatch the best; but the poorer sort live in such miserable hutts as never eye beheld; men, women, and children, pigg altogether in a poor mouse-hole of

mud, heath, and such like matter. In some parts where turf is plentiful, they build up little cabbins thereof with arched roofs of turf, without a stick of timber in it; when the house is dry enough to burn, it serves them for fuel, and they remove to another. The habit of the people is very different, according to the qualities or the places they live in, as Low-land or Highland men. The Low-land gentry go well enough habited, but the poorer sort go (almost) naked, only an old cloak, or a part of their bed-cloaths thrown over them. The Highlanders wear slashed doublets, commonly without breeches, only a plad tyed about their wasts, &c. thrown over one shoulder, with short stockings to the gartering place, their knees and part of their thighs being naked; others have breeches and stockings all of a piece of plad ware, close to their thighs; in one side of their girdle sticks a durk or skean, about a foot or half a yard long, very sharp, and the back of it filed into divers notches, wherein they put poison; on the other side a brace (at least) of brass pistols; nor is this honour sufficient; if they can purchase more, they must have a long swinging sword.

“The people are proud, arrogant, vain-glorious boasters, bloody, barbarous, and inhuman butchers. Couzenage and theft is in perfection amongst them, and they are perfect English haters; they shew their pride in exalting themselves and depressing their neighbours. When the palace at Edinburgh is finished, they expect his Majesty will leave his rotten house at White-Hall, and live splendidly amongst his own countrymen the Scots; for they say that Englishmen are very much beholden to them that we have their King amongst us. The nobility and gentry lord it over their poor tenants, and use them worse than galley slaves; they are all bound to serve them, men, women, and children; the first fruits is always the landlord's due, he is the man that must first board all the young married women within his lairdship, and their sons are all his slaves, so that any mean laird will have six or ten more followers.

“Their cruelty descends to their beasts; it being a custom in some places to feast upon a living cow, they tie in the middle of them, near a great fire, and then cut collops of this poor living beast, and broil them on the fire, till they have mangled her all to pieces; nay, sometimes they will only cut off as much as will satisfie their present appetites, and let her go till their greedy stomachs calls for a new supply; such horrible cruelty as can scarce be parallel'd in the whole world! Their theft is so well known that it needs no proving; they are forced to keep watch over all they have, to secure it; their cattle are watched day and night, or otherwise they would be overgrown by morning. In the Highlands they do it publicly before the face of the sun; if one man has two cows, and another wants,

he shall soon supply himself from his neighbour, who can find no remedy for it. The gentry keep an armory in their own houses, furnished with several sorts of fire arms, pikes, and halberts, with which they arm their followers, to secure themselves from the rapine of their neighbourhood.

“Their drink is ale made of beer malt, and tunned up in a small vessel, called a cogue: after it has stood a few hours, they drink it out of the cogue, yest and all; the better sort brew it in larger quantities, and drink it in wooden queighs, but it is sorry stuff, yet excellent for preparing bird-lime; but wine is the great drink with the gentry, which they pour in like fishes, as if it were their natural element; the glasses they drink out of, are considerably large, and they always fill them to the brim, and away with it; some of them have arrived at the perfection to tope brandy at the same rate: sure these are a bowl above Bacchus, and of right ought to have a nobler throne than an hog'shead.

“Musick they have, but not the harmony of the spheres, but loud terrene noises, like the bellowing of beasts; the loud bagpipe is their chief delight; stringed instruments are too soft to penetrate the organs of their ears, that are only pleased with sounds of substance.

“The highways in Scotland are tolerably good, which is the greatest comfort a traveller meets with amongst them; they have not inns, but change-houses, (as they call them,) poor small cottages, where you must be content to take what you find, perhaps eggs with chucks in them, and some lang-cale; at the better sort of them, a dish of chop'd chickens, which they esteem a dainty dish, and will take it unkindly if you do not eat very heartily of it, though for the most part you may make a meal with the sight of the fare, and be satisfied with the steam only, like the inhabitants of the world in the moon; your horses must be sent to a stabler's (for the change-houses have no lodging for them) where they may feed voluptuously on straw only, for grass is not to be had, and hay is so much a stranger to them, that they are scarce familiar with the name of it.

“The Scotch gentry commonly travel from one friend's house to another, so seldom make use of a change-house; their way is to hire a horse and a man for twopence a mile; they ride on the horse thirty or forty miles a day, and the man, who is his guide, foots it beside him, and carries his luggage to boot. The best sort keep only a horse or two for themselves and their best friend; all the rest of the train foot it beside them. To conclude, the whole bulk and selvedge of this country, is all wonder too great for me to unriddle; there I shall leave it, as I found it, with its agreeable inhabitants in  
A land where one may pray with curst intent:  
Oh! may they never suffer banishment.”

## ANECDOTES OF THE FIFE GYPSIES.

## NO I.

\_\_\_\_\_“no name of magistrate ;  
 Letters should not be known ; wealth—  
 And use of service, none ; contract, succes-  
 sion,  
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;  
 \_\_\_\_\_All men idle, all,  
 And women too”\_\_\_\_\_

SHAKESPEARE:

MR EDITOR,

IT was with considerable regret that I observed, in your publication, so hasty a conclusion of the notices relative to the Scottish Gypsies. The history of these singular people is still involved in great obscurity, and it is very remarkable that this vein of the human race, if I may use the expression, runs nearly entire and unmixed through most, if not all, the nations of the ancient world. They exhibit, in every country in which they have settled, a strong similarity of manners, together with a language peculiar to themselves ; and besides this similarity of speech, they have *certain signs*, by which a gypsey of Lochgellie in Fife could, in a moment, and at a considerable distance, recognise one of his own fraternity, although he had come from the utmost corner of England, and was personally quite unknown to him. I have every reason to believe that these mysterious signs, by which they can distinguish one another although utter strangers, have been, or are at this day, universal among the gypsies.

It appears to me, that the only information respecting the manners and habits of the gypsies in Scotland, is to be found among the old people in the country, at whose houses, and the houses of their fathers, these tribes took up their quarters while traversing the country on their mercantile and predatory excursions. At farm-houses, in retired situations, the gypsies resided from one night to sometimes a month ; and on some farms belonging to my relations, they frequently remained stationary for the space of six weeks without decamping. They lengthened or shortened the periods of their residence according to the liberality or passive dispositions of the farmers at whose houses they happened to halt. At these temporary situations the chief persons of the band exercised

their vocation, and exhibited their native manners without suspicion of being observed—while the younger members of the family vended small articles, and foraged in the country, returning at certain periods, generally under night, to the head quarters of the horde. In their permanent winter habitations in Scotland, they appear, from policy, to have conformed in a great measure to the manners of the villagers among whom they resided. While at home they seem to have been extremely obliging and friendly to the persons around them of the inferior and labouring classes, and in this respect were considered as the very best of neighbours. From associating in this manner at an early period with the lower orders in Scotland, the habits of the gypsey became familiar to the peasantry ; and in consequence of this friendly intercourse, and other causes, the manners of the gypsies in Scotland differ in some degree from those in England, having assumed a slight shade of the national character of north Britons ; and the gypsey blood, to my knowledge, now runs mixed in the veins of several families of the lowest order in this country, very little improved from the original stock, in respect to the habits of pilfering.

So much interest did I take in this subject, that I not only taxed my own memory to the utmost to bring forth all that I have seen and heard of these people, but I made inquiry wherever I thought information could be obtained ; and what vexed me not a little was, when I put questions on the subject to sensible individuals, they generally burst out a laughing, and asked me, at the same time, “who would trouble themselves about *Tinklers* ?” Such is, and has been, the conduct and manners of the gypsies, that the very word *tinkler* excites merriment whenever it is mentioned.

I am anxious, Mr Editor, to see justice done the character (the devil must get his due) of a people, however savage and barbarous their manners may have been, who looked upon a worthy ancestor of mine with the highest veneration and respect, and whose *fire-side* was the principal *gypsey toast* at their meetings over a great part of the country, from the banks of the Forth to the English border. This good-hearted man allowed these

herds of gypsies quarters at all his extensive farms, which were situated in several different counties. Whenever the gypsies saw him in any distant part of the country, however far they might be from his presence, the first expressions that escaped their lips to one another were, "there is Mr —, God bless him!" They entered into no wicked frolics, nor riotous conduct, in his presence, but stood in great awe of him, and always behaved with much propriety in their quarters, particularly the gangs that generally frequented his farms. Had any of their tribe stole from him, their neighbours were exceeding displeased, and I believe they generally punished the offenders; and all the caution they ever received from this man was, "diana let your cuddies and pownies eat the corn."\*

The only persons who stole from him were a class of females called *Netty Wives*. They came from Edinburgh, and other large towns, in quest of wool, selling trifles in baskets. Every thing that could be lifted, these old prostitutes laid their hands upon, and stole in a most barefaced awkward manner.

However numerous the vices may be that inhabit the dark breast of the swarthy gypsy, ingratitude and dishonour are not the most prominent. The emblem of the gypsy is the raven of the rock. Allow her to shelter in your cliffs and wastes, and she will not touch your property; but harass and destroy her brood, she will immediate-

\* It appears by my papers, that this humane and generous man had, in the south of Scotland, in 1781, property belonging to himself as a farmer, exposed to the petty depredations of the gypsies, amounting to 16 farms, under lease at £1563 of rent, containing about 17,000 acres of mountainous land, maintaining, yearly, 13,000 sheep, including 200 rams; with 100 goats, 250 cattle, 50 horses, and 60 dogs; together with 7 large Scotch ploughs drawn by six horses and oxen each, 55 servants, 29 of whom were shepherds, making in all, with their families and the families of 15 cotters, 150 souls supported by his property. Some may think that this man's treatment of the gypsies proceeded from a dread of their robberies, but it was quite opposite,—his kindness to them flowed from a heart full of humanity, and he was equally respected by all classes of the community. His popularity with the poor of Edinburgh was astonishing.

ly avenge herself upon your flocks.\* The character of the gypsies must be dug out of their hearts—stripped of all fiction; and, to bring out this singular character more fully, the characters of the individuals with whom they have come in contact ought also to be laid open to public view.

I shall at present, Mr Editor, confine myself to some account of the gypsies who traversed Fife within these thirty years, particularly to the celebrated band that resided in the west of that county, called the "Lochgellie Band." I have no pretensions to plan, arrangement, nor composition—my object is to relate facts as I find them, for the purpose of developing the singular character of the wandering gypsy. I have been at considerable pains in scrutinizing some of the traditions relative to these gypsies; and the following traditional facts, which I believe myself to be true, as far as tradition can be depended upon, relate chiefly to this horde of gypsies, who were dreaded for their depredations, and at one time well known to the country-people, all over the shires of Fife, Kinross, Perth, Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeen, by the name of the "Lochgellie Band."

That I might be fully satisfied with the truths related of this desperate band, I went to Lochgellie on purpose, where I heard, from the mouth of —, a great many of the particulars which I have received respecting this horde of gypsies. The statistical account of Auchterderren, the parish in which they lived during winter, takes no farther notice of these gypsies, than—"There are a few persons called *Tinkers* and *Horners*, half resident and half itinerant, who are feared and suspected by the community. Two of them were banished within these six years." The gypsies, how-

\* It is known that the raven seldom preys upon the flocks grazing around her nest; but the moment that she is deprived of her young, she will, to the utmost of her power, wreak her vengeance on the flocks in her immediate neighbourhood. I have seen a raven, when bereaved of her brood, tearing, with her beak, the very faggage from the earth, threatening, as it were, retaliation for the injury she had received. I have also observed, that grouse (where the ground suits) are generally very plentiful close around the eyrie of the relentless falcon.

ever, observed their usual policy in keeping their "ain hole clean;" but sometimes messengers from Perthshire were seen searching their houses for stolen articles, but they never found any thing; and it is actually stated to me, that since the gypsies left Lochgellie, petty thefts have become more frequent in that village.

This notorious band at one time consisted of four or five families, of the surnames of Graham, Brown, Robison, &c.; and I have heard that some of the clan Jameson also resided here; but such were the numbers that assembled at Lochgellie, that it was difficult to say who were residents and who were not. Some of them had feus from the proprietors of the estate of Lochgellie.

Old Charlie Graham was, about thirty years ago, considered as their chief; but when I put the question to — he said, they were "a' chiefs when drunk, but Charlie was the auldest man." I have, however, received certain information, that the Grahams were the principal family, and transacted the *public business* of the horde. Old Graham was an uncommon stout fine-looking fellow, and was banished the kingdom for his many crimes.

On one occasion, when he appeared in court, the Judge, in a surly manner, demanded of him what had brought him there; "the auld thing again, ma lord, but nae proof," answered Charlie. Ann Brown, one of his wives, and chief female of the band, was also sentenced to be banished for fourteen years, seven of which she spent in the prison of Aberdeen, remained altogether nine years at Botany Bay, married a gypsey abroad, returned to Scotland with more than a hundred pounds of cash, and now sells, or did sell, earthenware at Wemyss. Being asked why she left Botany Bay while making so much money there, she said, "it was juist to let them see I could come hame again."

Young Charlie Graham, son and successor as chief to old Charlie, was hanged at Perth, about twenty years ago, for horse stealing. The anecdotes told of this singular man are numerous. When he was apprehended, a number of persons assembled to look at him, as an object of wonder, it being considered almost impossible to take him. His feelings became irri-

tated at their curiosity; he called out in great bitterness to the officers, "Let me free, and gi'e me a stick three feet lang, I'll clear the knowe o' them." His dog discovered to the messengers the place of his concealment. His feet and hands were so small, and handsome in proportion to the other parts of his athletic body, that neither irons nor handcuffs could be kept on his ancles and wrists, without injuring his person, the gyves and manacles always slipping over his joints. He had a prepossessing countenance, an elegant figure, had much generosity of heart, and was, notwithstanding of his tricks, an extraordinary favourite with the public; "but habit and repute a thief" at his trial brought down the scale of justice against this unfortunate gypsey. He was first married to a native of Fife, but he abandoned this woman because she would not travel the country with him.

He once, unobserved, in a grass field, converted a young colt into a gelding. He allowed the animal to remain in the same field, in possession of the owner, till its wounds were completely healed, and then stole it. He was immediately detected; but the owner of the horse swore to a stallion, whereas Charlie's was a gelding, by which stratagem he got clear off. The man was amazed when he found his colt had been castrated, but when, where, or by whom done, he was ignorant. He sold the same gelding to a third person, again stole it, and at last replaced the beast in the park of the original proprietor. He seemed to take great delight in stealing in this ingenious manner, trying how dexterously he could carry off the property of the astonished natives. He sometimes stole from wealthy individuals, and gave the booty to the indigent, although not gypsies; and so accustomed were the people in some places to his bloodless robberies, that some only put spurs to their horses, calling out as they passed him, "Aha, Charlie lad, ye've miss'd your mark the night." A widow, with a large family, at whose house he had frequently been quartered, was in great distress for want of cash to pay her rent. Graham lent her the money required; but, as the factor was returning home with the cash in his pocket, he robbed him, and, without loss of time, returned and gave the

woman a full discharge for the sum she had just borrowed.

When asked, immediately before his execution, if ever he had performed any good action during his life, to recommend him to the mercy of his offended God, this of giving the widow and fatherless children the money, and robbing the factor, was the only instance he adduced in his favour, thinking that thereby he had performed a virtuous deed.

In the morning of the day on which he was to suffer, he sent a message to one of the magistrates of Perth, requesting a razor to take off his beard, at the same time, in a calm and cool manner, desiring the person to tell the magistrate, "that unless his beard was shaven he could neither appear before God nor man." This extraordinary expression warrants the opinion that, at this moment of his life, he imagined he would appear in his mortal frame before the great Judge of the universe; and these dreadful words further authorise me to think, that he believed God Almighty was a being composed of flesh and blood like an ordinary earthly judge. A short while before he was taken out to the gallows, he was observed very pensive and thoughtful, leaning upon a seat. He started up all at once, and exclaimed, in a mournful tone of voice, "Oh! can any o' ye read, sirs! will some o' ye read a psalm to me?" at the same time, regretting much that he had not been taught to read. The fifty-first psalm was accordingly read to him by a gentleman present, which soothed his feelings exceedingly, and gave him much ease and comfort of mind. He was greatly agitated when he ascended the platform, his knees were knocking one against another; but just before he was cast off, his inveterate gypsy feelings returned upon him with redoubled violence. He kicked from his feet both his shoes in sight of the spectators, and it was understood by all present, that this strange proceeding was to set at nought some prophecy that he would die with his shoes on.

A number of his band attended his execution, and when his body was returned to them, they all kissed it with great affection, and held the usual late-wake over it. His sweet-heart, or gypsy wife, I am not certain which, of the name of Wilson, his own cousin,

put his corpse into hot lime, then buried them, and *sat on his grave in a state of intoxication*, till his body was rendered unfit for the use of the medical gentlemen, it being reported that he was to be taken out of his grave for the purpose of dissection.

This man boasted greatly, while under sentence of death, of never having spilled human blood. Murder, in certain cases, seems to be the only crime which gives a gypsy uneasiness, but what species of homicide gives them the greatest compunction I never heard. Geordie Drummond, another gypsy chief in Fife, who, within these fifteen years, died a natural death, consoled himself at his last moments, with the satisfaction of never having been guilty of murder, but acknowledged, with the greatest indifference, nay, even boasted, that he had committed almost every other crime whatever.

We find, however, that there had been numberless murders committed by gypsies, in their internal quarrels among their own tribes, but they all appear to have great reluctance in taking the lives of the natives among whom they reside.

If gypsy anecdotes, Mr Editor, such as the specimen I have here given you, are worth a place in your Miscellany, I shall, at my leisure, continue my account of this horde, with notices of other bands in the south. I shall endeavour to describe the plan under which a horde of gypsies march through a country, observing the practices and respective duties of both males and females, as they proceed in their route, including an original dance peculiar to this vagrant and unfortunate race, "whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them." I shall also give you the ancient ceremony of marriage and divorce of the gypsies, together with a specimen of the gypsy language spoken in Scotland at the present day.

10th November 1817.

W. S.

TO THE REVIEWER OF COLERIDGE'S  
BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA, IN BLACK-  
WOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

SIR,  
To be blind to our failings, and awake to our prejudices, is the fault of

almost every one of us. Through all time, and in all ages, it has been the shadow of our life, and the ugly stain upon our conduct. It is the same with me, the same with Mr Coleridge, and it is, I regret to state it, the same with his reviewer!—These simple observations must suffice as the exordium of those I attempt on the review, you, Sir, have put forth in the number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine I have just received, and which review (may I prove a false prophet!) will not better the cause, or increase the profit, of that publication. I speak not alone mine own opinion, but the opinion of others who have perused that ungenerous piece of laboured criticism—that coarse exertion of individual opinion.

I pass entirely unnoticed your preliminary observations, as having nothing to do with the review itself; they are probably correct, and certainly well written, but, like a beautiful portico, serve only by the contrast to heighten the deformity of the principal object.

The best reparation we can make for early errors is a candid confession of them, coupled with an earnest warning to others to avoid their concomitant dangers; and as Mr Coleridge has done this (by your own admission), I cannot see why it should not benefit the cause both of virtue and religion. At all events, a once-deluded mortal, awaking from his dream of insanity to confess his follies and amend his frailties, is not that despicable being you would fain picture, nor is the publication of his delusion to be so harshly treated by one, who, for ought the world knows, before he became, as Mr Coleridge has become, a reviewer, might have been, as Mr Coleridge has been, a deluded politician, or a preaching enthusiast. So far in extenuation of our author's publishing this part of his work, and we will speak as shortly respecting the other—I mean what may be termed the literary. There I am free to allow, in a great measure, the matter of your observations, but not the manner: the one may be generally correct, the other certainly is every thing but liberal criticism. Mr Coleridge may be vain—nay, sometimes arrogant; he may judge lightly of his superiors, and foolishly of the world; but for these mistakes of mind, these errors

of judgment, why should all men view him with contempt, and why should he deserve it? With equal justice may I dogmatically affirm, that because Mr C. in judgment and in wisdom is but in his first age, you, from your querulousness and illiberality, are verging into your last. How, indeed, do we know, but that you may be one of those who have fallen under the bad opinion of Mr C., and have taken this secure, because anonymous, means of paying off old scores upon him. Pardon the supposition—but it is possible, and I use it.

You charge Mr C. with arrogance, and then add,—“In Scotland few know or care any thing about him”—first, however, admitting, that in London “he is well known in literary society, &c.”—thus contrasting the judgments of the two countries, and, of course, insinuating the superior intelligence of your own. With this I have nothing to do; national love, and national prejudice too, are to a degree pleasing: but when you talk of arrogance again, weigh well the accusation, lest it recoil on the person that discharges it. Again—if you really mean what you say, in stating that *few* know and *none* care about Mr C., what in the name of wonder and common sense could induce *you* to bring his name, and his works, before your countrymen, unless it was the desire of turning schoolmaster and teaching them to spell, or the more noble one of wiping the stigma you have cast on your country away, by at last making it acquainted with “so much genius and ability” as Mr Coleridge has occasionally displayed! Your countrymen and yourself must have been at issue on the question; they must have been dunces and you dilatory, or you would have before (since Mr C. has written so much, and sometimes so well,) introduced them to a little more *genius and ability* than they were possessed of, and Scotland boasted. You will answer, that the danger of the publication demanded your attention; but again, I say, in the name of *common sense*, is it probable that those who had before not given a moment's thought to Mr C., or his writings, should *o' the sudden* conceive him a very notorious character, or that those who had failed to consult his former publication should study his last? It has been said, that every writer has his



peculiar admirers; and admitting this as a fact, it might have been as well had you said less of Scott (a man whose style of poetry has gradually been declining, and whose innumerable and glaring faults of rhyme, and ridiculous affectation of gothic terms, satirized by every review, have scarcely been atoned for by the beauties of his landscapes), than your partiality has wrung from you; for I am not sure whether the *poor verses* of Mr Scott, on our triumph at Waterloo, or the extravagant effusion of Coleridge's *Christabel*, gained the greater credit for its author! Nor do we hear much of the *Vision of Don Roderick*; and the Lord of the Isles has not half as good a name as the Lady of the Lake. Now I am willing to admit all this has nothing to do with Mr Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, and yet you, Sir, for the purpose of exalting your Scotch demigod to the skies, neglect the work for the purpose of vilifying the man.

I avoid saying a word as to the folly of your introducing Campbell and Moore in the review of the works of their brother bard (I dare say they do not thank you for it), though of the modesty of the latter gentleman I have heard strange stories, and the complimentary verses to Kemble of the former well deserve, but for the occasion, some contempt.

What you blame in the conduct of Mr Coleridge you are yourself particularly guilty of; and it is on this account, as shewing a rancour more than we can understand against Mr C. (for the man who can write and argue as you, Sir, do against its commission, cannot *involuntarily* be led into the error), that I principally express my indignation; I say, Sir, you are to the full as prone to scatter dirt on Mr C. as Mr C. on others,—and if he has forgotten the gentleman in his observations on Bertram, you have not recollected the liberal-minded man in your observations respecting his *Remorse*, a drama which will at least weigh in the balance with the extravagant, though sometimes nervous play of Mr Maturin, and not be found wanting.—That Coleridge has, in gone by days, vilified Mr Southey, is no excuse for Mr Jeffrey's conduct to Mr C.; and till a better defence has been made for him than you have volunteered, I must think him, what his writings prove

him to be, an ungenerous and not one of the best hearted men.

That Mr Scott and Lord Byron admired *Christabel*, and encouraged its publication, you yourself admit. Now it follows, therefore, that you and Mr Scott are at issue on your judgments: he says the work is good—you, that it is good for nothing at all. Which shall we believe? *the true poet*, or the man who *only talks about poetry*? Perhaps you will say, partiality induced Mr Scott to deal kindly by his friend; let this be granted. Might not the praise he has bestowed on Maturin's *Bertram* be *partial too*? Therefore, turn which way we will, consider how we will, I really must believe you had written without due consideration, and penned opinions that you should blush and be sorry for.

I will just say, with reference to the conclusion of your philippic, that the example afforded by a man who has forsworn former errors, and acknowledged former follies, will be more likely to make a deeper impression on the mind than the contemplation of a character, which has been *uniformly* equal in its habits, conduct, and feelings: many will slight the warnings of the good, and yet be awed by the conversion of the frail.

I trust I need scarcely add, that it is not from a knowledge of Mr C., or any of his friends, that I have been induced thus to address you; I have never seen him or them; but is from a love I have for generous and fair criticism, and a hate to every thing which appears personal, and levelled against the man and not his subject—and your writing is glaringly so—that I venture to draw daggers with a reviewer. You have indeed imitated, with not a little of its power and ability, the worst manner of the Edinburgh Review critics. Forgetting the axiom of Plutarch, that freedom of remark does not exclude the kind and courteous style, you have, with them, entirely sunk the courtesy in the virulency of it. But recollect also, with the same author, that “He who temperately and modestly attends to what is advanced, receives and retains what is useful, *yet appears a friend to truth, not censorious, or prone to strife and contention.*”

I have added my name, which you are, if you please, at liberty to insert; but as I am not ambitious of appearing so publicly, perhaps it will satisfy you

if I request your permission to sign myself, your obedient servant,

J. S.

MEMOIR OF ROB ROY MACGREGOR,  
AND SOME BRANCHES OF HIS FAMILY.

(Concluded from page 155.)

It has been remarked of the Clan Gregor of former times, that they have been alternately elevated to independence and consequence, or depressed to want and misfortune. Those changes have been accounted for by their unquiet and turbulent genius, which no measures could repress, and which, in any situation of prosperity or adversity, kept them continually in amity or opposition to legislative authority. Their frequent infraction of the established laws, which rendered them obnoxious to government, arose, on one hand, as formerly noticed, from those coercive measures that were adopted against them; and on the other, from their secluded situation, and the general ignorance in which the whole Highland districts were permitted to remain, until a wise and benevolent native, President Forbes of Culloden, directed the energies of the State to the proper means for their reformation, whereby they became quiet and useful members of a powerful nation.

Though the sons of Rob Roy Macgregor had, in the life of their father, too forcible an example of misguided abilities, and pursued a course of nearly similar practices, yet we cannot but deplore the fate of two of them, as melancholy instances of that infirm and partial justice which characterised the party principles of those times. The destiny of the youngest brother was peculiarly severe, and is well known. He was stiled, after his father, Rob Roy Macgregor-Og (young), and like him was intended for a grazier; but, by the unlucky discharge of a gun, he killed a cousin of his own, for which accident, when only a boy of twelve years old, he was outlawed, and obliged to fly to France, where he remained till the commotion of 1745 brought him back to Scotland. He was afterwards accused of some acts of violence, of which there was no evidence of his having been guilty; and that for which he suffered an ignominious death, was an additional

proof of that rancorous spirit with which the Macgregors were still regarded. This man was arraigned for having carried away, by force, a young widow, who had voluntarily eloped with him and became his wife; and although she declared this to be true, he was taken, at a market in his own country, by a party of soldiers from Inversnaid, carried to Edinburgh, where he was condemned, and executed on the 6th of February 1754, three years after his wife's death.

His brother, James Macgregor, who occasionally took the name of James Drummond, was implicated for the part he was supposed to have taken in that enterprise, which drew down upon him also the strong arm of the law, and he was taken up and put in confinement in the castle of Edinburgh. Previous to this affair, James evinced the military ardour of his clan, and, along with his cousin, Macgregor of Glengyle, in 1745, took the fort of Inversnaid, and made eighty-nine prisoners, with only twelve men. He then joined Prince Charles Stuart, as major, at the head of six companies of Macgregors, in the fruitless contest which that young man had instituted for the recovery of the British throne. James Macgregor had his thigh bone broken in the battle of Prestonpans; and though he could not accompany the Prince on his ill-concerted march into England, James again joined him in the concluding battle of Culloden, and with many more of his partizans, came under the consequent act of attainder, which spared neither rich nor poor, young nor old; and covered the country with a dreadful visitation of fire and sword, in violation of those claims of humanity that are the sacred rights of the conquered.

While James Macgregor was a prisoner in Edinburgh castle, he received an indictment to stand his trial; and from a memorial, in his own handwriting, addressed to Prince Charles Stuart (see next page), in possession of the writer of this Article, his doom was almost certain.

The address of his daughter in effecting his escape was admirable. She had access to see him as often as she pleased, and having previously concerted the plan, she one evening went to his prison, in the dress and character of a cobbler, carrying in her hand

a pair of mended shoes. Her father immediately put on the disguise; and having held some angry conversation with the supposed cobbler, for making an overcharge, so as to deceive the sentinel, he hastily passed him undiscovered, and got clear of the outer gate. A cloudy evening favoured his retreat, and, taking the nearest way of leaving the city by the west-port, was beyond the reach of detection before his escape was known; but the moment it was observed, the alarm was given, and all the gates of the city were shut.

After the first sensations which impelled his flight had subsided, he felt an almost irresistible inclination of directing his steps to his own country; but as he supposed that he might there be pursued, he relinquished the wish of seeing his family, tender and pressing as it was, and took his way towards England. On his route he avoided passing through any town during the day, and assumed different characters as circumstances required.

After a fatiguing journey, at the close of the fourth day, he was benighted on a lonely moor in Cumberland. Ignorant of the country, he did not know how to proceed; but he kept a straight course, though the darkness of the night, and the rugged surface of the ground, much retarded his progress. Having travelled some miles, he at length quitted the moor, and entered a wood, whose deep shade, added to the blackness of the night, rendered it impossible for him to go farther. He therefore sat down at the root of a tree, determined to remain till morning; but he was not long there till he was roused by the sound of some voices at no great distance, hallooing in wild tones. He sprung to his feet and cocked his pistol, for his friends had supplied him with a pair of them, and a dirk, before he left his confinement. He stood for some time in this posture, in anxious expectation and considerable apprehension, fully resolved to die rather than again be taken, for it was more honourable to fall in defence of his liberty, than die by the hands of an executioner. The voices became more faint, but he still heard them talking violently, and a ray of light gleaming among the trees pointed out the direction from whence the sound came.

Wishing to ascertain what those

nightly revellers were, he stole cautiously to the place, and saw an old woman holding a light to three men who were placing panniers on a horse's back, with which one of them rode off, and the others went into a hut close by. Macgregor at first took them for banditti, but in one of the men whom he saw, he thought he recognised the figure and countenance of Old Billy Marshall, the tinker, whom he had often seen in the Highlands. Encouraged by this idea, he ventured forward to the hut, and knocked at the door, convinced, that if Billy was actually there, he would not only be safe, but effectually sheltered and assisted in his escape: he was not mistaken, for Billy came to the door, and though Macgregor was still in the poor disguise his daughter had provided for him, Billy knew him and welcomed him to the hut. He had heard of Macgregor's mishap, but he hoped he had now given his enemies the slip. Billy apologised for the poverty of his present habitation, which, he said, was only temporary, until some ill-will which he had got in Galloway, for setting fire to a stack-yard, would blow over. In this hovel, secure in the honour of his host, was Macgregor sumptuously entertained for two days. Early in the morning of the third, he and Billy set out on horseback; and, before the tinker took leave of him, he saw him embark in a fisherman's boat, near Whitehaven, with a fair wind, for the Isle of Man. From thence he went to Ireland, but no traces of him are to be had until his arrival in France, when we again hear of him by the following application to Prince Charles Stuart, formerly referred to.

“Paris, 20 Sept. 1753.

“Sir,

“The violence of your Royal Highness Enemies has at last got the better of the resolution I had taken after the unhappy battle of Culloden, never to leave the Country, but stay at home, and be as useful to your cause as I possibly could. Even after they had got me into their hands I continued firm in this resolution, they having no new Treason as they name it to prove. Your Royal Highness friends ordered my Escaping from prison to shun certain Death. This the Advocate made no ceremony to own he had orders from Court to bring about at whatever rate or by whatever means. And the method he took of indicting me upon obsolete Acts of Parliament

and making up a Jurie of the most even-ommed Hanoverian Scots made my fate certain, if I had not saved myself by escaping. I was even unwilling to come abroad to be troublesome either to your Royal Highness or your friends, but necessity now obliges me to beg your Directions how or to whom to apply, I having try'd every way I could think of or was advised without as yet having any hopes of success. This is not the only reason now of giving your Royal Highness this trouble, the route I took to get home by the Isle of Man and the coast of Ireland put it in my way to learn what must be of the greatest consequence to the Cause upon a proper occasion, but is put out of my power to be communicated save to your Royal Highness, the King your Father, and my Chief Balhadies who wishes he had a method of informing your Royal Highness of what must be of so much use to your cause. I have in vain hitherto endeavoured to find out the means of laying myself at your Royal Highness feet, which necessitates my now writing this, and that your Royal Highness may be in no mistake about me, I am James Drummond Macgregor Rob Roy Macgregor's son who joyned no corps with his men at the battle of Prestonpans, and had his Thighbone broke in the Action, which incapacitated me from following you into England, but upon your return joined the Army with Six Companys of Macgregors which the Duke of Perth engaged me to add to his Regiment untill my Chief Balhadies arrived from France—where I continued to serve as Major to the unhappy Culloden. I ever am with the greatest Respect Sir Your Royal Highness most humble and faithful Servant.

“JAS DRUMMOND MACGREGOR.”

About the same time, he also addressed a memoire “A Monseigneur Le Marquis De Saint Contin, &c. Ministre et Secretaire D'Etat.” A copy of this, in his own hand-writing, now lies before me, and it appears to have been sent to his chief, as it is addressed “To Macgregor of Macgregor at Baivre.”

Every one, even slightly conversant with the juridical history of Scotland during the last century, will be acquainted with the trial of James Stewart,—a foul transaction, which throws an indelible stain on the memory of those venal men who composed his jury. The story is briefly thus:—The Stewarts and Campbells had been on opposite sides in the recent contest of 1745 and 6, for the crown. A Campbell of Glenure was appointed factor over the estate of Ardsheal, which had been confiscated after that period; and being supposed partial,

he removed some old tenants from the estate, to give place to others of his own choosing. This was resented by an assassin named Allan Breck Stewart, who waylaid Campbell, and shot him, in May 1752, and immediately fled to France. James Stewart was supposed to be accessory. He was taken up without legal warrant, carried to Inverary, and though no proof was adduced, he was condemned to death and hung in chains, by the Duke of Argyll, as lord justice-general, and a jury, of whom eleven were Campbells, and under the duke's authority. It would seem as if government, afterwards blushing for the cruelty of the deed, were desirous of bringing the actual murderer, Allan Stewart, to justice; and as it was known that he had taken refuge in France, proposals were made to James Macgregor, when he was discovered likewise to be in that country, that if he would seize this Allan Breck, and bring him to Britain, he should himself receive a pardon, and be allowed to return to his country and family. But as Macgregor's original letters, also in the author's custody, will best declare his history after this period, the following are faithful transcriptions of them. They are addressed to the chief of the Clan Gregor, who was himself a voluntary exile in the French dominions, for the part he had taken in the cause of the Stuart family:—

“*Dunkirk, April 6th, 1754.*”

“Dear Chief,

“No doubt you'd be surprised to hear of my being openly in London and that I did not acquaint you of my intention before I parted with you, I was not sure at that time whether I could go there or not, and besides there was a particular reason why I did not think you ought to know, or to be known to the project I intended then to put in execution as much on your own account, as mine, if not more so, otherwise you might imagine me to be the most ungrateful person on Earth, considering the parently usage I had the honour to receive from you, and when I have the pleasure of seeing you, you will be fully satisfied on that head, I fell upon ways and means to procure a license from under George's own sign-manual, and after I appeared before the secretaries of state and delivered my case to be laid before the ministry, and had also delivered the enclosed case for my brother who suffered conform to his sentence, and the way and manner I represented my own case, as well as my brothers to the ministry, who seemed favourable, until the Duke of Argyll

interposed, and also Grant advocate for Scotland, the duke has represented your clan in general the most disaffected in Scotland, and after a very odious manner, he represented also that the whole clan was Popish. It is certain my brother's dying openly Roman catholic, hurt me much, and gave the ministry a very bad impression. I was at the time much indisposed of a fever otherwise would have had a better chance to save my brother and myself. Squire Carol made me a party on your account and told that he thought it a favour done himself to serve any of your clan. After I had recovered my illness about fourteen days ago, I was sent for by the under Secretary who gave to understand by the earl of Holderness' orders, that with great difficulty, his lordship had now procured for me handsome bread in the government's service, and that I was to go off soon to Edin<sup>r</sup> where a sham trial was to pass upon me, to satisfy the public. He then acquainted me with the employ I was to have, which I thought proper not to accept of, and I desired that he would acquaint the earl of Holderness, that I was born in character of a gentleman, that I never intended to accept of that which would be a disgrace to my family, as well as a scourge to my country; nor did I think when his lordship would consider with more mature deliberation upon the offer made me but that he would forgive my refusing it; but if his lordship thought me a proper subject to serve in any station in which other gentlemen of honour served, that I was very well satisfied, and no otherwise. The same secretary sent for me next day, when he gave me to understand that it was the ministry's orders to me to retire out of his majesty's dominions within three days, upon which there was a messenger set over me for fear I would retire to Scotland. The messenger was ordered to see me landed on this side upon their own charges. I could not have time to wait on my friends as the messenger attended me so close, only saw Gregor Drummond who knew my whole transaction with them, our friends who spoke much against me sometime, (fearing what brought me thither,) began now to speak in the most favourable manner, they then knowing the treatment I had received from the ministry, and tho' the offer made me was very advantageous, as to the purse, as I stood to my resolution it was approved by every body, even of some of the other side. This job was very expensive upon me, yet had I had the luck to save my poor brother I would not grudge any thing. Before I went to London I received from Major Buchanan £103 and he still owes me £30, which is to be paid against martinmas next. All that I have saved of the whole I carried with me is about £40 and £16 I have sent my wife. I thought it my duty to let you know of this that you'd be so good and write next step you may think I ought to take. I am advised if I could carry on a small trade in this place and had some

credit with the little money I have, that by taking care, I might make good bread, but would do nothing till I would hear from you. I would be glad to know if you had an answer to the letter you drew the draught of sent from me to a certain great man, and also what method you think most proper to procure a gratification. I thought better to remain here as I am not yet well recovered, rather than go up to Paris not knowing but you would approve of my settling here, which seems to me very feasible, yet as you are my head, I leave you to dispose of me as you shall seem fit and proper, and therefore shall wait your orders if you please to desire by yours, an ample account of the project which procured the licence, and an account of that worthy employ offered me, you shall in full by my next. I beg pardon for this long letter, and that I have the honour of manifesting my gratitude, is the sincere wish of —Dear Chief,

“Your own to command

“JAS DRUMMOND.”

“Dunkirk, May 1st, 1754.

“Dear Chief,

“I had the honour of your's some time ago, and would have made a return ere now, but that these eight days past I have been taken ill of an ague which continues. I make no doubt our freinds the Stewarts will endeavour as much as possible to make a handle of my being in London, but I leave you to judge, if it was not reasonable for me to make an attempt tho' never so hazardous, if I could expect to be of service or relief to my Brother, or procure my own liberty to support my distressed wife and numerous family. The way and manner I procured the license to return to Great Britain, was this. Captain Duncan Campbell,\* who is nephew to Glengyle, and my near relation, wrote me in June last about Allan Breck Stewart, and begged therein, if there was any possibility of getting him delivered in any part of England, that if I could be of use in this matter, that I might expect my own pardon, I returned him answer after I was at Paris, that I would use my interest to endeavour to bring Stewart the Murderer to justice; but that as I could not trust any with the secret, that I could not act alone, so well as if I had a Trustee to support me, after receipt of this, both Captain Duncan and the Present Glenure† wrote in a most pressing manner (which letters I still retain,) and desired therein to acquaint them upon receipt of these letters, and if I desired that a Trustee, and money should be sent me to support the carrying on of the project, I wrote for this person to support me, After this Gentleman came to Paris I waited upon him, he showed me proper re-

\* This was the person from whom the earl of Perth escaped in 1745.

† Son of him who was shot by Allan Stewart.

commendation he had for the Earl of Albemarle, upon whom he waited and disclosed the matter to his lordship, and told his lordship, at the same time, nothing could be done without me, nor could the murderer be brought to England unless his lordship would procure a Licence to me for that purpose, his lordship frankly consented to send express to London for the licence, which being come, at the same time came David Stewart Brother to Glenbuckie, who with little Duncan M'Gregor, whom you recommended to Lord Ogilvy, put Allan Breck the murderer so much upon his guard, that the very night I intended to have carried him off, made his escape from me, after stealing out of my Cloakbag several things of clothes, linens, and 4 snuff boxes, one of which was G. Drummonds, all this scene was acted in presence of your Shoemaker's wife and daughter. After the murderer made his escape, my friend went to Lord Albemarle, and acquainted him of what happened, his lordship sent for me, and I told his lordship the way and manner he made his escape, his lordship told me had I been lucky enough to have succeeded, that were I guilty of never so much Treason, that I might shurely expect my pardon, I acquainted his lordship that I was not guilty of Treason, for that I was not only freed by the act of indemnity, but that in the year 1747, I had received a pass from Andrew Fletcher Lord Justice Clerk then for Scotland, and as his, your lordship, meaning Albemarle, commanded in Scotland at that time, your lordship gave consent to my having said pass, which I then produced and his lordship remembered the affair very well. He then inquired into my case, which I laid open before his lordship, and the distress that my wife and family was in, this other Gentleman told his lordship that I had 14 children, great many of whom were very young, this other Gentleman moved that now as there was a licence procured for me to return into Great Britain, that as I used my utmost endeavours to bring the murderer to justice, that I might be allowed by his lordship to go to London to represent both my own and my brothers cause, and begged his lordship's recommendation for that purpose, To which his lordship answered, that he was afraid that though he would incline to do me service, and have it done for me, that all those of the Clan M'Gregor were too zealous Jacobites; but that if he thought I could be trusted that he did not know, but something might be done for me, and my numerous family. Upon which his lordship wrote a letter to the Earl of Holderness in my favours, and allowed I should go to London, to know what could be done for me, upon which I parted and went to Ipres, to wait on Major Buchanan, and from thence to London, how soon I waited on the Earl of Holderness, his lordship desired me to put my case in writings, and that he would lay it before the ministry; but at the

same time that I behoved to lodge in a messengers house, where I would be entertained at the King's expence, that lodging there was not meant as any restraint upon me, but for some other reason; neither should any restraint be put upon me, but have my liberty conformed to my licence, Eight days after I was called to the Earl of Holderness's house, where I was examined in a most civil manner, but was so much sifted with questions, and cross questions, that I was like to be put into confusion; but upon mustering up all my spirits, having nothing else for it, I endeavoured that they could not read through Stones, and at the same time, made such compliance answers as I thought suited best those subjects. I understood some time after, that Secretary Murray, to my knowledge, was both a liar villain, and a very great coward, and that at the time he was mostly employed by the young Pretender, as I then called him, which I thought made an impression upon both the Chancellor, and Holderness, none else being present, I was dismissed, and a few days after I contracted a fever and gravel, which continued till the middle of March, and what happened after that, I have acquainted you therewith in my last. This is the whole affair from the beginning, and considering Glenure's being so nearly related to me and my wife, and that the Stewarts had shown themselves on all occasions the cut throats of our people, no mortal needs be surprised, if I should endeavour to bring my friends murderer to justice, besides that very family of Barcaldine is the greatest support your Clan has in Scotland, I mean the parts I lived in formerly, and thereabouts, now I leave you to Judge, whether I acted right or not in keeping my design secret from you, my reason you may judge, but when I parted with you I was not sure of going to England, now if you find my conduct amiss you may chastise me without control, as you may think proper, for as I am your own, it is no other person's business what you do with any of your Clan. I understand Stewart the murderer has openly declared, that if ever I returned to France, that he would murder me, I think when a proof of this is to be had, he ought to be put into close custody, of this I leave you to judge. As I never expect to get home any more, I now take my own name, And I hope you will believe me to be for ever—

Dr Chief yours to command  
JAS MACGREGOR."

"Dunkirk, 8th June 1754.

"Dear Chief,

"According to your desire I gave you as genuine a confession of what I had done, as if I was before my father confessor, and if my behaviour is faulty, no doubt you are the only man that has a right to chastise me. I am afraid you disprove of what I have done as I had not the honour of hearing from you, but I hope when you con-

sider, of both my past conduct and behaviour to my prince, and what baits and encouragement I had offered me from the contrary party which I had refused, that you will imagine I am not to be suspected, as I can prove that my fidelity was as much put to the trial as any whatever, and at the same time make appear that I never violated that trust that was reposed in me. And now in my greatest misery, and in a foreign country without friends, that I will be upbraided and supposed of mistrust, I think my fate very hard especially when it is evidently known how much I have served my prince and what I suffered in his service, besides the loss of all my effects, which was to me no small article: And now if by my going to England has lost me your countenance, it is hard. Pray dear Sir, would you have me to presume to tell you a lie, or was I not to let you know every thing, as I valued myself on your being my head, and my only support, and now if I am not to expect that friendship to whom can I apply, no doubt if I have lost your's, the world will say, (though unjustly,) that I have been guilty of some villainous thing, otherwise my Chief would never desert me, but let the case be as it will, I pray God an occasion worthy would offer which might shew the deserts of man, and it is very possible, for all the misfortunes I have laboured under, that I would shew, by my friends and followers, that a chief would have very good reason to have some value for me, Sir, forgive me to tell you that I have done a great deal of honour, once in my time, to you, and your clan, and I hope in God to do more or I die. If you be so good as favour me with a letter on receipt of this, that I may not labour under the doubts of your displeasure, otherwise I will not presume to give you further trouble till once time will satisfy you of the verity of what I have wrote you, and I ever am with grateful submission and due respect.—

Dr Chief,—Your's to kill or cure  
JAS MACGREGOR."

"Paris, Sept. 25th, 1754.

"Dr Chief,

"I came here last night and thought it my duty to let you know that I was obliged to leave Dunkirk for my safety, for Lochgarry last week (as I was informed) had lodged an information against me to the Grand Baillie letting him know I was sent on purpose from England to be a spy. I was advised by some friends to withdraw for fear I should be laid up upon suspicion as I had no friends there to report my innocence, and as the officers of the place had received orders to take me up, I was obliged to come off in such a hurry, that it confused me intirely, as I was obliged to come off with little Cash in my pocket, and tho' I had (had) full time I had not a great deal more, as I was put to so much charges by my illness and keeping company with

the English gentleman I was with at St Omers, who would have made my fortune, had not Lochgarry come and given him the worst character of me which could be given. By all appearance I am born to suffer Crosses, and it seems y'r not at an End for such is my wretched Case at present that I do not know earthly where to go or what to do as I have no Subsistance to keep Soul and Body together. All that I have carried here is about 13 livres, and has taken a Room at my old quarters in Hotel St Pierre Rue de Cordier. I send you the bearer begging of you to let me know if you are to be in Town soon, that I may have (the) pleasure of seeing you, for I have none to make Application to but you alone, and all I want is if it was possible you could contrive where I could be employed, so as to keep me in Life without going to intire Beggary. This probably is a difficult point, yet unless it's attended with some difficulty you might think nothing of it, as your long head can bring about matters of much more Difficulty and Consequence than this. If you'd disclose this matter to your friend Mr Buttler it's possible he might have some Employ wherein I could be of use, as I pretend to know as much of breeding and riding of Horses as any in France, besides that I am a good Hunter either on horse-back or by fowling. You may judge my Reduction as I propose the meanest things to serve a turn till better cast up. I am sorry that I am obliged to give you so much trouble, but I hope you are very well assured that I am grateful for what you have done for me and I leave you to judge of my present wretched case. I am and shall forever continue

Dear Chief—Your own to command  
JAS. MACGREGOR.

"P. S. If you'd send your pipes by the Bearer and all the other little trinkims belonging to it, I would put them in order, and play some Melancholy tunes, which I may now with Safety, and in real truth. Forgive my not going directly to your house, for if I could shun seeing of yourself I could not choose to be seen by my Friends in my wretchedness nor by any of my Acquaintance."

On the cover is the following note: "Letter from James Macgregor, on his arrival at Paris the week before he died, October 1754."

The above letters, while they exhibit a spirit of Highland independence, and evince that devotion with which a chieftain was regarded, must, at the same time, claim our admiration of the man, who, suffering under all the horrors of exile, want, and separation from his family, was bold enough to scorn an appointment, in itself lucrative, but which was to be a

sconge to his country, and was derogatory to his character as a gentleman: and we must deplore the severity of those decrees that excluded such men from mercy, though, by a temporary misguidance of principle, they became amenable to the offended laws of their country.

James Macgregor died at Paris, eight days after he wrote the last letter above transcribed; and in him his clan lost one of its ablest and most enthusiastic supporters.

The only other branch of that name which we can at present notice, was Gregor Macgregor of Glengyle, known by the appellation of *Ghlune Dhu*, from a black mark on one of his knees. He was the nephew of Rob Roy; and had he lived as long, would probably have become no less eminent, as he followed the steps of his uncle, whom he wished to emulate, having often been his companion upon expeditions of danger. Gregor, like his uncle, had changed his name, and assumed that of James Graham, from the same proscriptive edict against his clan. During his juvenile years he had closely attended the precepts of his uncle, and looked up to him as his protector; yet, until his strength was matured, he did not head any foray of his clan. But his uncle having been wounded in an attack upon a party of military who opposed his carrying off some cattle from the vicinity of Dunbarton, Gregor was deputed to take the command.

He made an irruption to Drymen, and summoned the attendance of the surrounding lairds and tenants to the church of that place, to pay him their *black mail*. They all complied but one, whose cattle he drove away, which, however, gave his lads some trouble, from the ferocity of a bull, but which they contrived to tame before he reached the Trosachs.

The next of Gregor's exploits was that of taking the fort of Inversnaid, in 1745, with his cousin James and twelve men. In the fort they only found nine soldiers, the rest of the garrison having been out working at roads; but they also secured them in name of Prince Charles Stuart, and marched them, eighty-nine in number, as prisoners, to the castle of Doune.

Two friends of Gregor's, suspected of treason about this time, were taken into custody by a military party of forty men. Gregor, with his twelve

men, pursued and overtook them on the road near Dunkeld, beat them off, and rescued his friends.

During the strict scrutiny and rigorous course of punishment, which followed the unhappy commotion of 1745 and 1746, Gregor, like many others, was forced to forsake his home and take refuge among the woods and mountains of the Highlands. He was once observed lurking in the wilds of Glenlednick, and pursued across the hills to Loch Tay by a party of Campbells, one of whom, and his dog, he shot: and judging it unsafe to remain so near his own country, he and his only attendant, a clansman, travelled towards the braes of Athol, where they hoped to conceal themselves unmolested. Having traversed those wild and inhospitable regions for some days, they arrived at the lonely hut of a shepherd, immersed in a deep glen surrounded with wood. The shepherd and his wife gave them a hearty welcome; and upon hearing that they were out with the Prince, their hosts agreed to shelter them for some time. This place was so far sequestered from any other habitation, that the wanderers believed themselves secure. Reports, however, reached the ears of the Duke of Athol, that two suspicious men, one of them with a black mark on his knee, were concealed in this cottage; and he found means to bribe the hind, so that his lodgers might be secured by stratagem, as the desperate bravery of Macgregor had staggered the resolution of the Athol men, and they would not openly assail him with superior numbers. It was accordingly agreed that six men should be concealed in the house, who were to rush upon him unawares, and effect his assassination.

It chanced that Macgregor and his lad had one day gone to kill a deer in the neighbouring forest. The day rained so much that they were quite wet on their return. Macgregor sat down by the fire to dry himself; and as his hair was very long and wet, the landlady offered to comb and dry it. While in the act of doing so, she twisted her hand in it, and pulled him suddenly down upon his back to the ground. The concealed assassins and the shepherd immediately rushed upon him. He called to his companion; their strength was Herculean; and in a few minutes their assailants were all



either dead or maimed. The treacherous woman, with the resolution of a fiend, having opposed their departure from her house with a drawn dagger, was seized and hanged to a joist. Gregor and his servant were both severely wounded; and having quitted this scene of blood, they returned to Glengyle; but from the fatigue he had undergone, and the wounds he had received, Macgregor only lived two days after his arrival.

When the eventful periods of Scottish history in which those heroes flourished had passed away, the policy of the mountains took a new and important turn. Various arts and improvements were introduced, which speedily effected the most beneficial changes, and convinced the natives that it was possible to live and be regarded by other qualities than those of war; while the removal of the long and ill-judged proscription of the Clan-Gregor turned their energies to better purposes, and rendered them no less respectable than other members of the state.

October 24th.

DICALEDON.\*

LINES WRITTEN IN A LONELY BURIAL-GROUND ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF THE HIGHLANDS.

How mournfully this burial-ground  
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,  
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves  
All round these deaf and silent graves!  
The cold wan light that glimmers here  
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer;  
If here, with solitary hum,  
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,  
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,  
To brighter leaves he booms away.  
The Sea-Bird, with a wailing sound,  
Alighteth softly on a mound,  
And, like an image, sitting there  
For hours amid the doleful air,  
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,  
Some wild and mystical communion,

\* The foregoing Memoir has been drawn up from the oral declarations of some old men, as well as from written information furnished by clergy and other gentlemen, from whose veracity and respectability there can be no reason to doubt the authenticity of the different anecdotes. One of those old men was present at a single combat betwixt Rob Roy and Stewart of Appin, and, though young, attended his funeral; for all ages and ranks were there, such was the general regret which his death occasioned.

Connecting with his parent Sea  
This lonesome, stoneless Cemetery.

This may not be the Burial-place  
Of some extinguished kingly race,  
Whose name on earth no longer known  
Hath moulder'd with the mouldering stone.  
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,  
Seems but one summer-twilight old;  
Both late and frequent hath the bier  
Been on its mournful visit here,  
And yon green spot of sunny rest  
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell  
On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell.  
How beautiful those graves and fair,  
That, lying round the house of prayer,  
Sleep in the shadow of its grace!  
But Death has chosen this rueful place  
For his own undivided reign!  
And nothing tells that e'er again  
The sleepers will forsake their bed—  
Now, and for everlasting dead,  
For Hope with Memory seems dead!

Wild-screaming Bird! unto the Sea  
Winging thy flight reluctantly,  
Slow-floating o'er these grassy tombs  
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,  
At once from thy wild shriek I know  
What means this place so steep'd in woe!  
Here, they who perished on the deep  
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep,  
For Ocean from his wrathful breast  
Flung them into this haven of rest,  
Where shroudless, coffinless they lie,—  
'Tis the shipwreck'd seaman's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,  
Shipwreck'd before on desert rocks,  
And by some wandering vessel taken  
From sorrows that seem'd God-forsaken,  
Home-bound, may here have met the blast  
That wreck'd them on Death's shore at last!  
Old friendless men, who had no tears  
To shed, nor any place for fears  
In hearts by misery fortified,—  
And, without terror, sternly died.  
Here, many a creature, moving bright  
And glorious in full manhood's might,  
Who dared with an untroubled eye  
The tempest brooding in the sky,  
And loved to hear that music rave,  
And danced above the mountain-wave,  
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,—  
All flung like sea-weeds to the land;  
A whole crew lying side by side,  
Death-dashed at once in all their pride.  
And here, the bright-haired, fair-faced Boy,  
Who took with him all earthly joy  
From one who weeps both night and day,  
For her sweet Son borne far away,  
Escaped at last the cruel deep  
In all his beauty lies asleep;  
While She would yield all hopes of grace  
For one kiss of his pale, cold face!

O I could wail in lonely fear,  
For many a woeful ghost sits here,  
All weeping with their fixed eyes!  
And what a dismal sound of sighs

Is mingling with the gentle roar  
Of small waves breaking on the shore ;  
While ocean seems to sport and play  
In mockery of its wretched prey !  
And lo ! a white-winged vessel sails  
In sunshine, gathering all the gales  
Fast-freshening from yon isle of pines,  
That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.  
I turn me to the ghostly crowd,  
All smeared with dust, without a shroud,  
And silent every blue-swollen lip !  
Then gazing on the sunny ship,  
And listening to the glad some cheers  
Of all her thoughtless mariners,  
I seem to hear in every breath  
The hollow under-tones of Death,  
Who, all unheard by those who sing,  
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,  
And points with his lean boney hand  
To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,  
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,  
Till on some moonless night of woe  
He drives her shivering from the steep  
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

*Marischal College,  
Aberdeen.*

EREMUS.

PETRARCH. CANZONE 14.

[The following beautiful Translation, which we received from the Author, he informs us, appeared in an English Newspaper some months ago.]

“ Chiare fresche,” &c.

CLEAR, fresh, and limpid waters,  
Where SHE alone who seems  
Woman to me, of all Earth's daughters,  
Hath bathed her beauteous limbs ;—  
Green, graceful boughs, where it doth please  
Her lovely side to rest ;—  
(Sighs fill my breast  
When I but think of it!) to these—  
To the herbs and flowers I call,  
That love to lie her flowing vest beneath ;—  
And to this air, most sacred and serene,  
Where Love at her bright eyes kindled my  
heart—  
My heart that's breaking now—e'er I depart  
For ever ; listen one and all  
To the last grieving words my lips shall  
breathe.

When Death shall end my woes—  
For it must be—  
'Tis Heaven's decree  
That by Love's hand my weeping eyelids  
close ;  
Could my poor dust be laid  
Within your sacred shade,  
That hope would cheer and bless my latest  
hour.  
When to its native skies  
My naked spirit flies,  
And all its earth-born fears and wishes cease,  
Where else but in this bower  
Could my tired flesh, and troubled bones,  
find peace ?

Perhaps, e'er I'm forgot,  
To this accustomed spot  
That barbarous Beauty may return again ;  
And there, where on that day  
Low at her feet I lay,  
Her asking eyes may search for me in vain :  
When (oh, the piteous sight !)  
Turning her looks of light,  
Should she behold, among the stones,  
Scatter'd about, my poor neglected bones,  
Surely she'll breathe some mercy-pleading  
sighs ;  
Which Heaven itself will not have power to  
slight,  
As with her veil she wipes her weeping eyes !

From beauteous branches falling  
(What bliss the sight recalling !)  
Into her lap the blossoms came in showers ;  
And there she sat before me,  
Humble in all that glory,  
Covered all over with a cloud of flowers.  
Some on her vest descended,—  
Some with her fair hair blended,—  
So that for once the curls  
Seemed decked with gold and pearls ;—  
Some on the earth—some on the water fell—  
While some came sporting in fantastic twirls,  
Seeming to say, “ Here Love doth reign  
and dwell !”

Then to myself I said,  
(Delight half lost in dread)  
“ Surely in Paradise this Being dwells !”  
For o'er my troubled mind,  
Her air and look refined,  
Her voice and her sweet smile had wrought  
such spells,  
That Truth quitted her throne,  
And Fancy reigned alone ;  
And, looking round me then,  
Sighing I asked, “ How came I here, and  
when ?”  
Thinking myself in Heaven, not on Earth ;  
And from that hour to this,  
I find my only bliss,  
Here in this Bower, where first my love  
had birth. P. G. P.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

1.  
WHERE stray my heedless steps ? what  
lonely scene  
Here, startling, meets my long reverted eye  
So dim ? it is the evening hour, I ween,  
Its vapours are afloat, its star is in the sky ;  
Wrapt in the thoughts of dark mortality,  
Far have I wandered from my weeping home ;  
No human form, no human mansion nigh,—  
Tis sweet this liberty of heart—to be alone.

2.  
Oh, when we commune with the holy dead,  
Apart from all the living we should be ;  
For o'er the soul a sacred awe is shed  
In solitude, and then unearthly things we see.  
The hoarse crow clamours not ; high on his  
tree  
He rocks himself to rest ; along the hill

And misty vale the herd browse silently :  
Hark !—twas the beetles boom, and all  
again is still.

3.

Faint, in the west, there lingers yet a light,  
Dim as the ray within the sick man's room.  
The expiring day resigns the earth to night,  
Whose robe already wraps the east in gloom.  
This soothes my heart, for it is in the tomb  
With thee, my Brother; and my every thought  
Is shaded by thy dark and early doom,  
And nature seems to sympathy benignly  
wrought.

4.

We laid on thee the daisied turf at morn,  
And evening draws her curtain round thy  
head ;  
But now, each day will be like night forlorn,  
For thou wilt ne'er arise from thy dark,  
dreamless bed :  
But heavenly visions holy comfort shed,  
As round thine unclosed grave we mutely  
thronged,  
And bade our last adieu—our bosoms bled,  
Yet felt—by grief the living and the dead  
are wronged.

5.

For Heaven has taught—that what is of the  
earth  
The earth reclaims—on raptured wings of  
light  
The spirit gains the sphere of its high birth,  
Its angel kindred, home with love's own  
glories bright.  
—Thou seemedst, as to a land of calm delight,  
To journey on through all thy gentle days ;  
But chiefly on thy death-sick brow the light  
Of peace and resignation shed its loveliest rays.

6.

Though opening into youths untempered  
prime,  
When pride and folly hold their orgies wild,  
The virtue and the thought of age were thine,  
The open, tender heart, the meekness of a  
child.  
What though thou hast no trophies proud-  
ly piled,  
To give a vulgar fame ! Yet thou didst shine  
O'er the domestic sphere in glory mild,  
And there Love's vital cords thy memory  
entwine.

JUVENIS.

Paisley.

## LITERARY GLEANINGS.

## Callistratus.

THAT the famous *σκολιον* in honour  
of Harmodius and Aristogiton was  
composed by Callistratus, we are  
expressly informed by Hesychius.  
*Ἀρμодиου μέλος τὸ ἐπὶ Ἀρμωδιῶ ποιηθὲν  
σκολιον Καλλιστρατοῦ ὅπως ἔλεγον.*  
Notwithstanding this evidence, the  
poem has frequently been ascribed to  
Alcæus; and, among others, by Col-  
lins in his ode to liberty, and by Dr

Gillies in his *Hist. of Greece*, vol. i.  
p. 363. The event to which it refers  
did not happen till many years after the  
death of Alcæus. It is a very skilful  
appeal to the feelings of the people,  
but the composition cannot be regard-  
ed as highly poetical.

Anacreon.

Πολιὰν κάρη στῆφουσι.

Od. xxxvi. v. 9.

This verse is completely misunderstood  
by Madame Dacier; who proposes,  
strangely enough, to read *Πολιὰν στῆ-  
φουσι κάρη* AN. The passage, she re-  
marks, is certainly corrupt; for what  
sense has it in the Latin translation,  
*cani caput coronant*? “Les vieillards  
couronnent leurs cheveux blancs.” It  
has this appropriate sense; “hoary  
hairs crown my head;” for *crines*, or  
some equivalent word, is evidently to  
be supplied. In the Greek text, the  
word *κόμαι* must be understood.

With respect to this female critic,  
it may not be unacceptable to subjoin  
the testimony of a learned traveller,  
who visited her in the year 1698.  
“Though I knew her by her writings,  
before I saw her, the learnedst woman  
in Europe, and the true daughter and  
disciple of Tanaquil Faber, yet her  
great learning did not alter her gen-  
teel air in conversation, or in the least  
appear in her discourse; which was  
easie, modest, and nothing affected.”  
Dr Lister's *Journey to Paris*, p. 76.

Prosody.

Whatever difference of opinion may  
subsist with respect to the expediency  
of a minute attention to ancient pros-  
ody, no doubt can be entertained of its  
importance to those who undertake to  
illustrate the ancient poets. In the  
following pentameter verse of Rutilius,  
lib. i. v. 76, Almeloveen proposes to  
read *ferocitate* instead of *nobilitate*.

Factus et Alcides nobilitate Deus.

This reading includes two errors; for  
the first syllable of *ferocitate* is short,  
and the second long. In a Sapphic  
ode of Catullus, Scipio Gentilis wishes  
to read,

Qui illius culpa cecidit, velut parati  
Ultimus flos.

See Menage, *Juris Civilis Amocnita-  
tes*, p. 400.—By thus substituting *par-  
ati* for *parati*, the verse is encumbered  
with a redundant syllable,

*A Coincidence.*

Far from the madding worldlings hoarse discords. DRUMMOND.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife. GRAY.

*Incongruities.*

The practice of describing objects and circumstances peculiar to ancient times, by terms characteristic of modern institutions and manners, may, I think, be classed among the chief improprieties of style. Gavin Douglas, the celebrated bishop of Dunkeld, has exhibited many curious instances of this practice in his Scottish version of the *Æneid*. The Sibyl, for example, is converted into a nun, and admonishes Æneas, the Trojan baron, to persist in counting his beads. This plan of reducing every ancient notion to a modern standard, has been adopted by much later writers. Many preposterous instances occur in Dr Blackwell's *Memoirs of the Court of Augustus*; and Dr Middleton, who, if not a more learned, is certainly a more judicious writer, has in his *Life of Cicero* frequently committed the same fault. Balbus was general of the *artillery* to Cæsar. Cicero procured a *regiment* for Curtius. S. Tediis took the body of Clodius into his *chaise*. Cælius was a young *gentleman* of equestrian rank.—The very learned Dr Doig thus translates a passage from the scholiast on Pindar: "The same *ladies*, too, from a sense of decency, invented garments made of the bark of trees." Dr Gillies speaks of a *bill* being proposed in the Athenian assembly, and of the light *dragons* of Alexander the Great. *Hist. of Greece*, vol. ii. p. 243, vol. iv. p. 259.

*Reputed Scoticism.*

H. Stephanus and Vorstius have each written a treatise *De Latinitate falso Suspecta*. I shall here exhibit a short specimen of English words and phrases, which Dr Beattie has branded as Scoticism. The catalogue might easily be enlarged; and it is doubtless of some importance to ascertain what words we may safely adopt, and what we ought to reject.

*By-past*.—"The reward of his *by-past* labours." Blackburne's *Confessional*, p. 446.

Angry at him.—"He was therefore angry at Swift." Johnson's *Lives of English Poets*, vol. iv. p. 111.

*At six years old*.—"At six years old, he was sent to school at Kilkenny." Lord Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift*, p. 6.—"At two years old, these qualities were perceptible in the brilliancy of his eyes." Lord Holland's *Life of Lope de Vega*, p. 7.

*Ornate Latin*.—This phrase, says Dr Beattie, "if it mean any thing, would mean, in English, Latin too much ornamented."—"Untill it be time to open her contracted palm into a graceful and *ornate* rhetorick." Milton's *Tractate of Education*.—"Had there been nothing extant of him but his history of Scotland, consider but the language, how florid and *ornate* it is." E. Phillips's *Preface to Drummond's Poems*. Lond. 1656, 8vo.—"I always took a sermon to the people to require a grave and *ornate* kind of eloquence." Lister's *Journey to Paris*, p. 174.

*To notice*.—"I shall only *notice* the judgment of the bishops." Gibbon, vol. ix. p. 165.

*Relevant*.—This word has been stigmatized by Dr Beattie, and *irrelevant* by Mr George Mason, in his *Supplement to Johnson's English Dictionary*. Lond. 1801, 4to.—"If there happen to be found an *irrelevant* expression." Dryden's *Preface to his Fables*.

*Curt*.—"His style of writing was *curt*, and something harsh and obscure." Dr Lightfoot's *Preface to the Works of Hugh Broughton*.

*Desuetude*.—This word, says Dr Beattie, "may be found in some English books, but is very uncommon." Dr Johnson has however quoted two examples, and I shall add other three.—"Some of them, which certainly did derive from the apostles; are expir'd and gone out in a *desuetude*." Bishop Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, p. 125.—"This solemnity was gone into *desuetude* about the time of Tiberius." Dr Taylor's *Elements of the Civil Law*, p. 280.—"There is a confirmed *desuetude* in both readers and writers with respect to Latin composition." Dr Knox's *Winter Evenings*, vol. ii. p. 214.—This word is repeatedly used by the two former writers.

I do not affirm that all these idioms are to be considered as elegant; but the examples which I have quoted will at least shew that they are English.

*An Excellent Method of taking an Oath.*

"We went together aboard one of the small trading ships belonging to that town: and, as we were on ship-board, we took notice of two of the seamen that were jointly lifting up a vessel out of the hold; when another seaman that stood by clapp'd one of them on his shoulder, and asked him why he did not turn his face away? (for he was looking down as if he would see what he and his fellow were lifting out of the hold, as well as join'd in *lifting* it up.) Upon which he turned his face away, but continued to assist in lifting it up notwithstanding. The meaning of which we soon understood to be this; that he would be obliged to swear he saw nothing taken out of the hold; not that he took nothing out of it. This, it seems, is the consequence of our multiplying oaths on every trifling occasion! And this, it seems, is a seaman's salvo for such errant perjury!" *Whiston's Life of Dr Clarke*, p. 7.

*Witchcraft.*

Dr Clarke seems to have lent a credulous ear to the vulgar accounts of witchcraft, astrology, and fortune-telling. "All things of this sort," he remarks, "whenever they have any reality in them, are evidently diabolical. And when they have no reality, they are cheats and lying impostures." *Exposition of the Church Catechism*, p. 24.—The same degree of credulity is likewise evinced by his friend Dr Bentley. "I do not think any English priest will or need affirm in general, that there are now no real instances of sorcery or witchcraft; especially while you have a public law, which they neither enacted nor procured, declaring those practices to be felony." *Remarks upon a late Discourse of Free-Thinking*, p. 47, 8th edit. Cambridge, 1743, 8vo.—This logic is similar to that of Sir George Mackenzie; who avers that the Scottish lawyer cannot entertain any doubt of the existence of witchcraft, "seeing our law ordains it to be punished by death." *Criminal Law of Scotland*, part i. tit. x.

*Antiquity of Tattooing.*

The subsequent passage is a part of Xenophon's description of the Mosynoeciæans. Ποικίλους δὲ τὰ ἴωτα, καὶ

τὰ ἔμπροσθεν πάντα ἰστιγμένους ἀντίμοιοι. Ἐξήκτον δὲ καὶ ταῖς ἰταίραις αἰς ἦγον οἱ Ἕλληνες, ἐμφανῶς συγγενίσθαι νόμος γὰρ ἦν σφίσιν οὗτος. *De Cyri Expeditione*, p. 375, edit. Hutchinson. Cantab. 1785, 4to.—The last sentence it is not at present necessary to translate. The first is thus rendered by Dr Hutchinson: "Tergis vario colore imbutis, anterioribusque partibus omnibus pictura florida distinctis." Mr Spelman translates it thus: "Their backs were painted with various colours, and all their fore parts *impress'd with flowers.*" But it ought, I think, to be rather translated, "*pricked with a florid colour.*" We then have a description of the process of *tattooing*, so prevalent among the savages of modern times. The whole passage may be well illustrated from Dr Hawkesworth's *Voyages*, vol. ii. p. 387, vol. iii. p. 24, 3d edit.

## A NEW ARRANGEMENT OF MINERALS.

It is the fashion of the present day to arrange simple minerals either according to their chemical composition and characters, or in conformity with certain natural relations and chemical properties that occur in the different species. Chemists in general adopt the first method, thus following the example of the illustrious Cronstedt; while most mineralogists incline to the latter system, which is that of the celebrated Werner of Freyberg. To us both plans appear faulty; and we would propose that there should be a pure chemical arrangement, to be employed by chemists, and another, founded solely on the external characters of minerals, to be used by mineralogists.

In some future Number of your Journal we intend to enter more particularly into this subject. At present we shall rest satisfied with a short view of an arrangement of Earthy Minerals.

In our natural history method, simple minerals may be arranged into four classes, viz. Saline, Earthy, Metallic, and Inflammable; the characters of these classes, and also of the orders, genera, and species, to be entirely independent of chemical properties, and to be derived from the external aspect of the minerals. The Saline class contains but few species, and these, taken as a whole, are not of great im-

portance. The Earthy class we would divide into nine orders, in the following manner :

CLASS II.

Earthy Minerals.

ORDER 1.—Limestone.

*Genera.* Gypsum. Fluor. Limestone.

ORDER 2.—Baryte.

*Genera.* Heavy spar. Lead spar. Calamine. Corneous silver ore. Corneous mercury.

ORDER 3.—Mica.

*Genera.* Talc. Mica. Uran mica. Cyanite. Bronzite.

ORDER 4.—Malachite.

*Genera.* Malachite. Azure copper ore. Oliven ore. Blue iron ore.

ORDER 5.—Spar.

*Genera.* Augite. Pistacite. Felspar. Zeolite.

ORDER 6.—Gem.

*Genera.* Opal. Quartz. Axinite. Schorl. Beryl. Topaz. Corundum. Diamond. Zircon. Garnet.

ORDER 7.—Tinstone.

*Genera.* Tinstone. Wolfram. Cerium. Tantalum.

ORDER 8.—Ironstone.

*Genera.* Red iron stone. Brown iron stone.

ORDER 9.—Cinnabar.

*Genera.* Red silver ore. Red copper ore. Red Antimony ore. Cinnabar ore. Titanium.

In the preceding tabular view we have not enumerated all the genera.

LE CUISINIER IMPERIAL. PAR MONS. VIARD. PARIS. 1815.—THE LONDON AND COUNTRY COOK, OR ACCOMPLISHED HOUSEWIFE. BY MARY CARTER. LONDON. 1779.—COOKERY AND PASTRY, AS TAUGHT BY MRS M'IVER. EDIN. 1787.—A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF COOKERY. BY HANNAH GLASS. EDIN. 1763.—DOMESTIC COOKERY. BY A LADY. LONDON. 1807.

COOKERY is unquestionably the most excellent of all sciences. It is entitled to this distinction from the measure in which it contributes to our comfort and gratification, from the engaging simplicity of its details, and the frequency of the enjoyments which it confers. The mathematician, the astronomer, the natural historian, and the meta-

physician, contribute largely to increase our knowledge, but add nothing to our enjoyments; and however wide and extended the range of their discoveries may be, there is much reason to fear they will leave us at last just as uncomfortable as they found us. In cookery it is not so. Its very end and essence is to enlarge the sphere of our enjoyments: if it does not this, it does nothing; it fails in the very object which it is its sole purpose to accomplish. The records of other sciences are addressed exclusively to the learned, and by the learned only can their merits be appreciated. But the volumes of cookery are addressed to the great body of mankind; all are interested in their contents, and all may profit by their perusal. In this consists the superiority which cookery may boast over every other scientific pursuit; and although these praises may be shared in some degree by the chemist and the physician, yet in their full extent they are applicable only to the *cook*. Nor are these opinions singular. They are the genuine, though perhaps the unexpressed, sentiments of a very great portion of mankind. The world in general betray a mighty unconcern about the rotatory motion of the *earth*, but are all exceedingly interested about the rotatory motion of the *spit*. Nor can it be denied, that the fame of the discoverer of the Georgium Sidus is less widely spread than that of the discoverer of Hervey's sauce. It is right it should be so. Surely those who most contribute to our happiness are most entitled to our gratitude. What connexion have we, who are inhabitants of the earth, with any other planet than our own? Our fathers had no Georgium Sidus at all, yet they contrived to live pretty comfortably without it; and were it again to disappear from the firmament, I really cannot conceive how we should be much affected by the loss. But deprive us of Hervey's sauce, and you deprive us at once of an *enjoyment*; our beefsteak becomes insipid, and you steal the flavour from our hashes and ragouts.

I am aware that it might appear somewhat absurd, to men of an ignorant and unphilosophical understanding, were I to exemplify my argument by a comparison between the fame of Lundy Foot and that of Lord Wellington. But I have no hesitation

in declaring my decided opinion, that in this respect the snuff-maker has infinitely the advantage of the Field Marshal. Admitting that the fame of these heroes has been alike widely spread, it remains only that we should estimate the value of the respective celebrity which they enjoy. The fame of the Duke of Wellington can never be called exclusively his own; it is, in fact, shared among thousands; and while we are expressing our admiration of his exploits, we are likewise lavishing our praises on the army which he commanded. But who is there to share the honours of the manufacturer of tobacco? An hundred generals will tell you they could have fought Waterloo just as well as Lord Wellington himself. But what tobacconist will have the impudence to assert that he can manufacture Irish blackguard? If a thousand mouths are open with the praises of the one, thrice that number of noses are *big* with the excellence of the other. The benefits derived from the victories of the general, are benefits bestowed on one nation at the expense of another; it is therefore impossible that he should be universally popular. If Lord Wellington is beloved in England, it is equally reasonable that he should be detested in France: and we find that the fact agrees with the hypothesis. It is not so with the tobacconist. The benefits of his invention are spread over the whole habitable globe. In every hour, nay in every instant of the day, he is conferring pleasure on thousands. The fame of the general does not commonly increase with age. The enthusiasm of our admiration is not felt by our successors, and the award of glory which we bestow is not always ratified by posterity. But the venerable inventor of *High-toast* has already passed this ordeal of his merits. He has descended in the fulness of his years to the tomb of all the Lundy Foots, ere he yet had "gathered all his fame." He has found the most lasting monument in his cannisters, and the most honourable epitaph in the label which they bear.\*

As cookery is the most honourable, so it is the most ancient of sciences. There is no nation so utterly barbarous as to devour their food without some previous preparation, and the appellation of a "*cooking animal*" may be truly considered as forming the most accurate specific definition of the human race. The progress of cookery is, in fact, the progress of civilization; and it is impossible to trace the improvement of the one, without having our attention perpetually called to the gradations of the other. In the very infancy of society, before the invention of culinary utensils has occurred to his untutored understanding, the savage broils his food on the embers of his fire, and satiates his carnivorous appetite with a "*rasher on the coals.*" When the introduction of a few of the ruder arts has brought with it a proportionate degree of civilization, he becomes naturally partial to a more refined diet. He is speedily initiated into the manufacture of earthen vessels, and his meat being placed in these, and heated on the fire, he now regales his bowels with a "*collup in the pan.*" As he is probably not very particular about the mechanism of his *jack*, the step to roast and boil is but a short one; and the addition in the preparation of the latter of a few roots and herbs, will put him in possession of something similar to *barley broth*. Such are the dishes most consonant to a savage appetite, and which, in the exertion of the limited means which he enjoys, he is most naturally enabled to procure. Fixed to a single spot of earth, he is without the means of communication with those, who enjoying a different soil and climate, could furnish him with higher pleasures and afford new gratification to his palate. Of the charms of curry, cayenne, mustard, ketchup, and anchovy sauce, he is yet entirely ignorant. Many ages must elapse before he can hope to regale himself with *Stilton cheese* and

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From its excellence I can only attribute it to the pen of Counsellor Phillips, or William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq.

Who does not feel pride in a Wellington's name,

When the whole of the universe rings with his fame?

So are *Turner* and *Wellington* famous afar,  
One the *hero of blacking*, and t'other of  
*war!*

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\* To shew that I am not altogether without precedent for the parallel which I have here ventured do draw, I beg leave to quote the concluding verse from a very beautiful little poem in praise of Mr Turner's japan blacking, which appeared in the public prints.

Bologna sausages. It is indeed impossible to look back on the deprivations of our forefathers without a sentiment of pity. A roasted ox, and about a dozen large cauldrons of greens, formed the common meal of the most powerful baron and his dependants. It is not two centuries since the Duchess of Northumberland usually made her breakfast on salt herrings. Yet even in those days the profession of cookery was not wholly undistinguished by the royal favour. The manor of Addington in Surrey is still held by the tenure of *dressing a dish of soup* for the King at his coronation. Stow likewise, in his Survey of London, informs us, that Henry the Eighth granted an estate in Leadenhall Street to "Mistress Cornewallies, widdow, and her heires, in reward of *fine puddings* by her made, wherewith she had presented him." But perhaps the greatest triumph of human genius in this department was achieved by the chief cook of Louis the Fourteenth. On a grand entertainment, he dressed a pair of his Majesty's old slippers with such exquisite skill, that the King and all his courtiers declared it to be the best dish they had ever ate! Such a man was indeed an honour to his age and country: but alas! he has found no successor.

There is certainly no country in Europe in which cookery has made less progress than in Scotland. During the last century, all other sciences and arts have been rapidly advancing amongst us,—commerce has been diffused, and wealth accumulated,—but cookery has stood stock still. We now live not a whit better than our grandfathers did before us. Our taste has become refined in every thing but in *eating*. It is true that our meals are now served with somewhat more formality than formerly. Our dinner tables, perhaps, display a little more ornament, but in our *dinners* themselves there is not the shadow of a change. The disgusting "chieftain of the pudding race," I admit, has been most properly banished from our board. But there are several of his primitive companions, who, with no better claims to our favour, are still allowed to insult us with their presence. A "sing'd sheep's head" is still a guest occasionally met with at a "family dinner," although he dares not shew his nose in "company." "Minced collops" are a uni-

versal favourite, and (I blush to say it) we are even now in some danger of encountering a dish of *tripes*. What indeed can be more shocking than to be addressed, at a dinner table, by a pair of *rosy lips*, in such terms as these: "Pray, sir, allow me to help you—I shall send you a *nice* piece of *ruddiken*: pray permit me to add a little of the *monyply*." What can be more abominable than to see a *delicate creature* employed in discussing a plate of *cabbage*, or rendering impure the sweet exhalations of her breathing, by batten- ing on a dish of *beef steuks and onions*.

"Ye gods! can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?"

The prevalence of the dishes peculiar to Scotland may undoubtedly be traced to a spirit of *economy*. When our forefathers were guilty of the extravagance of killing a bullock or a sheep, it was their fundamental maxim, *that nothing should be lost*. Those portions of the animal which were considered proper for roasting or boiling, of course were in due season roasted or boiled; but there were other parts far too good to be thrown away. The head was transmitted to the smith's shop, in order that the process of burning the hair might render it fit for mastication. The sheep's paunch was cleared of its natural contents, in order to make room for a savoury composition of the liver and the lights. Nay the very bowels of the animal were put in requisition; and, after undergoing a most *sanguinary* process, made their appearance at table in the shape of *blood puddings*. Such I consider to be the origin of the most brutal diet by which a civilized country was ever disgraced. From the higher orders of society, it must be confessed, these dishes have in a great measure disappeared. But they are still too prevalent to allow us yet to hope for an exemption from the imputation thrown on us by our neighbours, of being a race of *foul feeders*.

Before directing the attention of my readers to the philosophical treatises, with the titles of which I have embellished my paper, I think it necessary to state, that the Reviewer of a cookery book labours under great disadvantages. His own sentiments with regard to the merits of the different dishes submitted to his judgment, are



continually liable to change, and he is consequently in considerable danger of committing himself by the inconsistency of his opinions. Should he attempt, for instance, to exercise the duties of his office at an hour when the keen air of the morning has given a double edge to his appetite, he is naturally enamoured of the most substantial dishes, and expresses his fervent admiration of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, or boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce. But if, on the other hand, he defers his labours till the evening, when he must be engaged at the same moment in the double task of digesting his dinner and his criticisms, he will regard his former favourites with disgust, and be led to declare an exclusive preference of the "petites cotelettes" and "sauces piquantes" of the French. Impressed with these important truths, I shall be extremely cautious in offering any remarks on the merits of the different dishes contained in these volumes, and shall principally estimate the value of the different works by the veracity of their receipts, and the precision of their details.

In both these respects, the "Cuisinier Imperial" is without a rival. Among Mrs Glass, Mrs M'Iver, Mrs Carter, and the author of the "Domestic Cookery," he stands

"Ut inter lenta solent viburna cupressi."

He is the sun among half a dozen farthing candles—the Durham ox in a drove of Highland kine. Mrs M'Iver, for instance, only enumerates nine kinds of soup, Mrs Carter seventeen, Mrs Glass twenty, Domestic Cookery thirty-one, but in the "Cuisinier Imperial" we find one hundred and forty-two! Nor is this a solitary instance. In every other department of the book, we find a superiority as strongly marked, and in that of sauces it excels our native works in the almost incredible proportion of 200 to 1!

Monsieur Viard, the author of this invaluable treatise, is now (since the death of Monsieur Beauvillier, the celebrated restaurateur) allowed to be the first "homme de bouche" in Europe. In his preface, which is characterised by all the native modesty of a Frenchman, he seems not entirely insensible of the fame which he has acquired. He expresses himself thus: "In order to render this work in every respect perfect,

I have added a short treatise on wines, which must only be considered as the prelude to a more important work, entitled, 'Topographie Bachique Generale,' in the composition of which I am now engaged with fervour. Aided by an extensive correspondence throughout Europe, I have no doubt of acquitting myself in this high enterprise with all the success which my former works have led the public to anticipate. These two works will form a complete system of the science of 'Gastronomie,' since I can safely assert, that to eat and drink well myself, and to enable others to do so, has been the chief study of my life. If time is allowed me, I shall likewise publish some new discourses with regard to the art of digesting, which, I flatter myself, will complete the whole range of gastronomical discovery. I have thus acquitted myself of a debt to society, and discharged a sacred duty to the public; and, in surveying the six editions which have already appeared of my work, I may safely exclaim, in the honest pride of having so honestly discharged the high trust that was committed to me,—

'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,  
Non omnis moriar.'

Such are the dignified sentiments of this illustrious cook! A man who, unlike his more vulgar coadjutors, is not content with teaching us how to dress our food, but doubles the obligation, by condescending to instruct us in the most compendious method of digesting it! Indeed, it is impossible to conceive a more useful and important work than that announced in the above extract; and if published under some such *taking* title as "Digestion made Easy," or that of "The whole Art of Digestion explained to the meanest Capacity," there can be no doubt it will meet with great success. I would particularly recommend the perusal of it to the aldermen and common council of the city of London, and to the reverend members of the General Assembly before they venture to dine at the table of the Commissioner.

The works on cookery best known in this country are those of Mrs Glass and Mrs M'Iver; and though they are both infinitely inferior to the other works enumerated at the commencement of this article, it is to them chiefly that I would now direct

the attention of my readers. It would be impossible for a Scotchman to enter on a severe investigation of the deficiencies of Mrs Glass. She is associated in our imagination with the remembrance of all the good dinners which, for the last thirty years, it has been our good fortune to devour: her name is so linked with all the dainties which delighted us in our childhood, as to render it almost sacrilege to visit her with the severity of criticism. Her work is certainly much better than that of Mrs M'Iver, her rival and successor; but in truth it is high time for both these ladies to walk the carpet. They were undoubtedly great women in their day; but that day has gone by, and a person of any taste or fashion would now no more think of constructing a dinner on their receipts, than a Prince's Street loungee would of astonishing the public by appearing in the bag wig and embroidered breeches of his grandfather.

It is a propensity peculiar to our culinary Blue Stockings, to be eternal dabblers in physic. We are assaulted in almost every page with some such recipe as the following: "A certain Remedy for a Consumption"—"A Cure for Wind in the Stomach"—"A Speedy Cure for the Gripes." The latter of which (given by Mrs Carter) consists of an infusion of sweet oil, Jamaica pepper, brandy, and green tea: as if a young lady would not infinitely rather suffer gripes for a twelve-month, than swallow a single drop of this cursed mixture. Let me now present my readers with Mrs M'Iver's

"*Jelly for a Consumption.*

"Take a pound of *hartshorn shavings*, nine ounces of eringo root, a choppin of *bruised snails*, the shells taken off and cleaned; take two *vipers*, or four ounces of the powder of them, two ounces of *devil's dung*; add to these a pint of *pig's blood* and a choppin of water, and let them boil to one pint. Strain it through a seave with a mutchkin of Rhenish wine and half a pound of molasses; then run it through a jelly-bag, and put it in small pots. The patient may swallow two tea-cupfuls of it in a day."

I can only say, that if the patient does so *with impunity*, it will at least prove the strength of his stomach, if not of his lungs.

Although Mrs Glass and Mrs M'Iver are rather too unmindful of the old maxim, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," yet their aberrations are venial com-

pared with those of Mrs Carter. The digressions of the latter lady are indeed perfectly intolerable, both from their nature and their frequency. Thus, in the very middle of her chapter on Jellies and Blanc-manges, she scruples not to introduce such heterogeneous matter as the following: "Receipt for a Liquor to kill Bugs"—"A Capital Drench for a Horse"—"How to fatten a Pig"—"Cure for the Glanders," &c. &c. And yet Mrs Carter, in her preface, has the assurance to assert, "that she trusts there are few receipts in the following volume which will not be found at once *palatable* and useful!"

Both Mrs Glass and Mrs M'Iver are great dilettantis in orthography. They are continually introducing us to such articles as "*Currant gelly*," "*Raspberry giam*," "*Chardoons de framage*," and "*Mutton ragoos*." They are not aware, perhaps, that the latter word is derived from the French verb "*ragouter*," to revive a taste for any thing; a revival which, with regard to some of their dishes, I for one am by no means desirous of obtaining. Or perhaps it may be derived from "*regouter*," to taste again; an action which can be achieved, on many of our English "*ragoos*," only by men in the highest state of robust health.

I certainly cannot pass without reprehension the extreme laxity of language in which these *femmes de cuisine*, but more especially Mrs M'Iver, think proper to indulge themselves. There is a want of precision in her details, which is, to say the least of it, extremely unscientific. Thus we are generally told to put in a *handful* of one thing, a *good deal* of another, a *little* of a third, instead of accurately specifying the precise quantity. As a specimen of the general style of the work, take the following directions how to

"*Stew a Rump of Beef.*

"Take your rump and scrape it;" (I trust, for the credit of our Scottish cooks, this direction is superfluous;) "make some holes in it with a knife, put in spice and salt in every hole, and turn your finger round it. If you choose to stuff your rump, then fill up the holes with forcemeat. In that case you need not put in the salt and spices in the holes; rub it over with the salt and spices, and let it lie a day or two in that seasoning; take it up the morning it is to be dressed, and dry your rump well with a cloth, and rub it over with beat eggs,

and dust it with flour. If it is a very large rump, it will take three hours doing ;”

And so on, for nearly three pages, does she spin out this interminable receipt. But I have already given a sufficient specimen of the vile and abominable style in which the work is written. It is now high time that I should bring these extracts to a close ; but I feel it incumbent on me to visit with proper censure the extreme bad faith displayed in several of Mrs Glass’s receipts. For instance, in order to make *chicken* broth, we are directed to “take an *old cock* or large fowl, slay it, and break it all to pieces with a rolling-pin,” &c. ; and under the head of the article “Roast Pheasant,” we are desired to “take a fine *barn-door fowl*, cut off its head, sew on the head of a *cock pheasant* ;” and when dressed, we are afterwards told, “the best judges will not know the difference” Mrs Glass will perhaps have the goodness to excuse my not yielding an implicit faith to her assertions on this subject.

On the whole, it would be injustice to deny that there are few writers on cookery from whom much instruction cannot be derived. They in general contain a great deal which requires to be amended, but a great deal also which may be turned to advantage. That the science has not yet attained the fulness of perfect developement, is at least as much the fault of the patrons as of the practitioners. But even as things are, we must all admit, that the many bad dinners we are compelled to eat, owe their wretchedness more frequently to the stinginess of the hostess than the incapacity of her cook. It would be ungrateful in me to close a dissertation on this subject, without bearing testimony to the merits of the hotel from which I write. Which of the cookery books I have named is the oracle of the kitchen, I have never inquired ; but there is a nameless *gout* in certain of the dishes done up here, that reminds me of the most fortunate efforts of the Beauvilliers and the Viards of a more refined metropolis. I conclude briefly, but confidently, Come and try.

“*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures  
Quam quæ sunt naribus subjecta fidelibus,*”

&c.

B. P.

*Oman’s Hotel, W. Register Street,  
Dec. 10th.*

A LETTER TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ. ON HIS ORIGINAL MODE OF EDITING CHURCH HISTORY.

DEAR SIR,

FROM the time that your edition of Kirkton’s Narrative was announced, until last month, I felt all the anxiety to see it natural to one interested in the history of Scotland ; and after perusing it throughout, I am convinced that the public is indebted to you for your labour. You have presented it with—rather an interesting and certainly a valuable work,—one that traces to their principles, and depicts, during their utmost fervour, those wide disparities of sentiment respecting religion and government, which characterised the most eventful period in the annals of our country ; and all this with a simplicity and candour to which I do not remember any parallel among the productions of that violent age.

I was indeed at first greatly puzzled to find out what could be the meaning of the notes and comments which you have added so liberally ; but I think I have at last discovered it ; if I have not, I shall be happy to stand corrected by you, or any of our friends who is better informed. But leaving that for the present, which I intend to discuss fully before I conclude this letter, I think, in the history of Kirkton, of which the main body of your work consists, we perceive throughout that singleness of heart which seldom fails in carrying assent along with it. We may have made some trifling miscalculations ; and I believe that he has done so in a few instances. I take this, however, solely on your own authority, and have not been at pains to search into minute particulars, as I feel that in no point of view can such small matters affect the general authenticity of his statements.

It is apparent that a poor persecuted and intercommuned Whig could not possibly have that accurate intelligence of the court affairs, and the motives which actuated the council, which one in favour and trust with that party might have commanded. We nevertheless see clearly, that he always himself believes in the truth of what he is asserting ; that he proceeds uniformly with calm discussion, a conscious integrity, and a fair estimate of his own discernment.

This much at least is certain, that

the relation of a contemporary, such as Kirkton, is entitled to a higher degree of credit than any thing that can be raked up in a subsequent age. He knows that he is addressing persons as well informed as himself, who have the same means of ascertaining the facts stated; and he is sensible, if these are found out to be false, the authenticity of his work is overturned, and consequently the end that he had in view frustrated.

For these reasons I have no hesitation in declaring to you, that I regard the work of Kirkton as an authentic document, of great avail in estimating many curious particulars in our national and ecclesiastical annals, that are no where else clearly developed. And there is one thing for which I particularly respect and love him, he never fails to expose the weak side of his party. It is indeed to be considered, that it was then regarded as the strong side. That high sense which they entertained of the guidance and direction of an over-ruling providence, which was their boast and reliance whether asleep or awake, may, indeed, in this moral and philosophical age, be laughed to scorn, but was the staff and shield of the primitive Covenanters—the compass and star to which they looked throughout such a storm of adversity as never visited these northern regions. It cannot be disputed that this enthusiasm sometimes misled them, and that they mistook the visions of an ardent imagination for the voice of God. Kirkton always shews so much of this, as to mark distinctly the absence of cunning, or any attempt to throw a veil over the failings of those with whom he was joined. His history may thus be viewed not only as an authentic record of the general history of the times in which he lived, but as a true and domestic portrait of the way and manner in which the persecuted Covenanters felt and thought with regard to their oppressors; and certainly no one, whose heart is not prejudiced, can take a near view of this portrait without increasing reverence and esteem.

Is it then possible, sir, that you can truly have published this work with the intent of throwing discredit on these intrepid sufferers in the cause of civil and religious liberty? Can any one believe that you are so imbecile, as to undertake a thing so contrary to all

common sense? Did you deem that such a picture of cruelty and oppression, wanton depravity, and contempt of all rights, civil and divine, as is there delineated of the one side, could ever command the respect or reverence of mankind? or that the arbitrary cause which you pretend to espouse, could be in any way advanced thereby? Or did you deem that the patience, manly fortitude, and sufferings of the other party, were likely to excite any other feelings in the human breast than those of love and reverence; especially among a generation for whose freedom the martyrs of that day laid down their lives, and who are reaping the benefits of that dearly purchased freedom at this very day, in all its peaceful and benign plenitude? No, sir, I will never believe that such an anomaly of reverse calculation exists in the material world. It would be like a man exhibiting two different colours to prove that there was no difference between them. I will not, however, believe yourself; though you have, by a sly pretence, which is well maintained throughout, endeavoured to mislead me, I know you to be a gentleman, as well as a man of considerable genius and some research; and though I might have believed that you had in your composition as much ill nature and malignity as might have induced you to attack the venerable cause of piety and freedom, I can never be induced to believe you capable of taking such a foolish and boyish method to accomplish a purpose in itself so absurd.

I have therefore concluded, sir, after mature deliberation, that you must be a Cameronian, and I am sure of it, pretend you what you will. You are of the sect of the primitive Covenanters,—a decided supporter of the doctrines of Donald Cargill, and his successor, old Francis Macmillan. I give you joy of your principles, and hope they will do you credit. For, let me tell you, you have done more for them than any man either of this or the preceding age. Others have supported them by dry reasoning and abstract theories, which few can be at the pains to read, and fewer can comprehend; but you have, by a series of ludicrous and obscene extracts, (which, by the bye, some people, notwithstanding all pretensions to the contrary, do not much dislike,) exhibited such a contrast

throughout your work, as is of itself quite decisive. There we have all along the upper part of the page, the manly narrative of honest Kirkton, speaking of his suffering friends with compassion, but of his enemies as became a man and a Christian. And below that, such a medley of base ribaldry, profane stuff, and blasphemous inuendos, as at one view exhibits the character of both parties. Never before did the world so distinctly see that the suffering party were men struggling against oppression with their treasure and their blood; that they burned with a desire after freedom, and were possessed of spirits of which their country have good reason to be proud; and that their persecutors were that slavish cringing set—that fawning sycophant race, who could sacrifice the rights and liberties of their fellow-subjects for a little discretionary advancement, or base worldly lucre,—and bear themselves as if they wished to eradicate every innate feeling of the soul, and dissolve every social tie that binds man to man in the brotherhood of confidence.

There are, indeed, I am sorry to say it, a set of men in the present day, who think it a good jest to caricature humble zeal in matters of religion and conscience, and to exalt not only the tyrants who sanctioned the massacres and spoliage of the south and west of Scotland, but even the slavish and beastly tools by whom these disgraceful schemes were executed—those very scavengers in blood! And such men have got but too many to laugh with them at well-meant but homely sanctity. One would think that a sense of propriety, if not of shame, would deter people from such manifest depravity. Brilliancy of imagination may caricature any thing; and there is perhaps nothing that is so easily caricatured as uncouth zeal and enthusiasm, however noble may be their object.—But I should judge that all abettors of arbitrary kingly power, and aristocratical church government, are unfortunate in making a single allusion to that period. If they once induce to a research, no one can mistake for a moment which of the adverse parties was actuated by the more noble *set* of motives.

Modern wit, it is true, has many advantages over the abstruse and argumentative productions of that gloomy

period: but truth will ultimately prevail; and though this refined, reasoning, and deistical generation may raise the profane laugh against their own rude forefathers of the hamlet, who laid down their lives for the sake of preserving a good conscience towards God and towards man,—for the sake of maintaining the reformed religion in all its pristine purity, and free from the secular arm,—yet those great and good characters will have justice done to them at last. An age must come that will do honour to their memories and the noble cause of independence for which they suffered, and not one hair of their heads shall fall to the ground.

You have taken one effective measure, nobody can deny it, of establishing the simplicity and probity of their characters; for by that raking together, out of old musty records and profane jest books, all the aspersions that all their enemies have ever uttered against them, and shewing to the world what a miserable contrast all this affords, when placed in opposition to a portrait drawn by a plain and well meaning, but very unskilful hand, a good deal is effected. But yet had you employed the time you have taken in collecting this rubbish in elucidating the history of the period to which your author refers, your work would have been more uniform. You might then have produced a book to which the historian, the patriot, and the divine, would always have turned with delight. At all events, it would have appeared somewhat like the work of a reasonable being; in which light, I fear, it will hardly as it now stands be regarded by the world.

Your plan, it must likewise be acknowledged, displays great ingenuity, and can scarcely miss having the effect desired. The contrast can never be mistaken, for it is managed by a master who understands grouping well, and is up to all the effects of light and shade. But unless to those that are personally acquainted with you, which all the world cannot be supposed to be, the work must appear very comic and unnatural; and were I to tell you what I think the generality of mankind will say of it, you would perhaps take it amiss. As I am only a single individual, however, and my opinion of small avail, I cannot help dwelling a little on this.

A revered and worthy old friend of mine lately addressed me on the subject, asking me what I thought of my friend Sharpe's book, now that I had seen it? I said it contained much curious matter, but that I was afraid the Editor's plan might be viewed as somewhat equivocal. "The Editor!" exclaimed he, with great indignation; "he is such an editor as I have not met with in the course of my reading! The man must surely be out of his judgment! Would any man in his right senses have sat down to edit a large, splendid, and expensive work, and yet bent all his efforts, from beginning to end, only to prove that it is untrue—that it is mere foolishness—written by a vulgar and ignorant man, not once to be relied on? The thing is out of all rule or comprehension." I said, that at all events you had the credit of originality in your mode of editorship; and that the work could not be productive of any ill effect, for that it contained much more in favour of independence, and its ancient supporters, than against them. "No thanks to him," said he, in the same passionate tone; "he has done what he could to asperse, but the attempt has been a feeble one. The characters of these men can never be injured by any profane collector of blasphemous and obscene calumnies, and paltry pander to the green appetite of sickly deism. It is not for them that I feel; for I know the more their history is searched into the more they will be admired, as well as the cause for which they stood. But why not let them have fair play? Let the authentic histories of both sides be produced, but let them be laid before the public unadulterated. It is hard, that when one genuine work is produced, it should be mixed up and defaced by all the malignant alloy of ages of hostile bigotry! Still it is only for the spirit that pervades the men of our own time that I grieve; for I hold it as out of the power of any one to attach either blame to the good old cause, or contempt to its professors. But nothing can be more unfair than this, because a few homely and ignorant people, and a few violent spirits, chanced to be of that persuasion, over whom, in their scattered state, the rest had no control,—does this at all imply that the whole body of the reformers were fanatically violent or ig-

norant? Not by any rule of inference I know of. Yet this is what the waggish Tories of the present day would always inculcate, with as little good sense as generosity.

"It has been a maxim with the sages of all nations," continued he, "to regard with deference, whatever was held sacred by a people. This I conceive to be a deference due to the ideas and feelings of our fellow creatures, even though we put the true nature of the objects of their adoration, and the principles of their belief, entirely out of the question. Now it must be evident to every one, that at least the eminent Presbyterians of Scotland *thought that they were in the right*. A man can do no more for a cause than die for it; and surely the hero that suffers every worldly loss and privation—every torture that cruelty can suggest—and yields to an ignominious death without shrinking, deserves the admiration of mankind, let the cause for which he suffers be what it will. Is it not then lamentable to see, that there are spirits among us so depraved as to mock, and endeavour to hold up to ridicule, those intrepid martyrs for a cause which has been approved of by their country, and the benefits of which we have now reaped for more than 130 years? True, they can never throw contempt upon them nor it; and the heartless unfeeling being who would attempt to do either, is below the notice of a man." This, my dear sir, is no fabricated speech, in order to throw discredit on your mode of editing Church History. It is part of a real and genuine conversation, and, as nearly as I can recollect, the very words. I have inserted it here on purpose to give you the opinion of a man, who may be supposed to have spoken the sentiments of the class to which he belongs; and from this I deem it may be concluded, that, among all the serious and religious part of the community, you will be accused of gossiping and waggery, if not of folly and mere idiocy. If then you really did, as I have suggested, intend, by the publication of these tracts, to do honour to the cause of religious liberty, perhaps it would not be amiss, in your next edition, to make Mr John Ballantyne affix a preface, in his best style, explaining the plan on which you have proceeded;

it would prevent many ill-grounded reflections, and I would not trust this to yourself, for, if you did it, there would infallibly be something ambiguous in it, that the simple would misapprehend.

In the second place, do you think the ladies will exactly relish such notices as these about Dainty Davie, Ebenezer, John Knox in the kiln-logie, and all the little nice tasteful stories about servant lasses, ladies' petticoats, and such like things, that you have interspersed so liberally throughout? I should think scarcely; but of these matters I am no great judge. This age, I know, is supposed by many to be fastidious in these matters to a fault. It is, perhaps, from a philosophical regret for this, that you have made so bold an innovation into these fields of superficial delicacy and unwarrantable refinement. I cannot, however, see what you could gain, should you even be successful in overthrowing them. Do you think their opposites would be more agreeable? Or, that if our colloquial conversations were reduced to the standard with which you have favoured us, we would have more respect for one another? perhaps we would. As I said before, I am no great judge of these matters; but, at all events, the field is now fenced by the approbation of the fair, and you ought to have recollected that, in these matters, they are extremely jealous; but, to be sure, you are a shrewd man, and may have your private reasons for what you have done.

In the third place, I do not think your own friends and acquaintance, the country gentlemen and proprietors, will approve of the odium with which they will suppose you have loaded our early reformers. They have learned long ago to distinguish between the two forms of church government, and to estimate the advantages of our own. There is not among them a man who is not sensible of the burdens, even in a temporal point of view, from which these have been the means of extricating them. Their own rent-rolls, from which no tithes or quit-rents to the church need to be subtracted, bear agreeable testimony to them of this every six months. They cannot ride five miles across the Border, in

any part from one end of the line to the other, but the face of the country bears testimony of it. Let any man, whatever his persuasion or religious principles may be, survey the state of farming in the interior of the two neighbouring counties of Berwickshire and Northumberland, and then declare, whether or not Scotland has been benefited by the struggle made by our ancestors against the introduction of prelacy. Let any man, whatever are his principles, take experimental proof of the character and endowments of the lower classes in the two sister kingdoms. Let him examine which of them are best educated and instructed,—which of them have the highest sense of religion, and of all the social and domestic duties of life; and I will take his word for it without an appeal. Let him farther take a view of the lives, character, and respectability of the *officiating clergy* of both countries, and declare, whether the half-starved curate to whom the instruction of the community is principally assigned, who has all the drudgery of religious duty to take off the hands of his pampered master, and is fed only on the crumbs that fell from his table,—whether is such a man, let him declare, or the free independent presbyterian minister of Scotland, who bows to no master but one in heaven, the most likely to command respect and deference to the doctrines which he teaches, and to do honour to the cause of true religion and piety? I know of nothing in nature, sir, in which there is a stronger contrast exhibited than in this whole view—not even your ingenious work itself.

You know all this as well as any one, and much better than I do. You are sensible of the advantages which Scotland has obtained by the reformation, for you cannot open your eyes without seeing it. You also know at what a dear rate it was purchased, and by whom; and would you dare for your soul to hold up the sufferings of such men to ridicule and contempt?—No! as Burns says,

Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,

And who would dare to soil it?

By heaven, the sacrilegious dog

Should fuel be to boil it.

Your friend,

M. M.

## LETTER FROM DALKEITH.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE been told that your predecessors, the periodical writers, always kept a place for the complaints of their friends. I am sure mine is a very hard case; and there is not a man in the whole country that would not take my side, as I often tell my husband. Sir, I have reasoned with him till my tongue is tired; but as I know he pays much more attention to any thing when he sees it in print, though it is perhaps the very same thing I have been telling him for years before, and as he has lately set down his name for "Blackwood's Magazine," I am resolved to make one effort more, and let him see it in print, since nothing else will do. By the way, there was something in your last Number which he liked prodigiously, as I discovered by a certain commendatory *grunt* of his, to which he treated me three or four times, as he sat by the fire with the paper in his hand.

About fifteen years ago, I married a man, who, notwithstanding the differences we have had, was my choice. He is nearly six feet high, very lean, and very dark, and with all the cord and catgut of his face drawn tight; his nose is arched, and drops considerably, so as almost to rest upon his upper lip; and his fingers are exceeding long, lank, skinny, and blue upon the knuckles in winter; he stoops a little as he walks, and moves along with a measured and emphatic step. He was a grocer here in Dalkeith, and in high repute among the worthy folk of this industrious town, keeping his books regularly, and owing nothing. He was always very grave behind the counter; and I have heard a young man say, (a frolicsome being, sir, a friend of mine, meant for the church), that he was the most decorous and contemplative seller of tea and *speldings* that he ever had the comfort to see. And we might have done very well. I had several children, and my husband seemed to like me the better the more I brought. We saw company too occasionally;—a friend from Edinburgh would drop in by accident, and sometimes Dr Shadow the metaphysician, with whom my husband was sure to hold a loud argument after the ladies were gone. He is not violent, sir; I have no reason to

complain of *that*; and yet I have seen him a good deal moved when arguing with Dr Shadow about the nonexistence of the world. I always twit him with Dr Shadow when he crosses me, or refuses me any thing; and, till lately, I used to do so with considerable success.

"But where," you will say, "is the cause of complaint? People cannot get every thing to their mind; you have married a man six feet high, and rather lean and dark, and somewhat fond of an argument perhaps, and a little obstinate and hard mouthed or so; but, upon the whole, it is a very common case; and, madam, the thing is done, and you must be content to take the wind as the wind blows." True, sir, but I have not yet told you what I complain of; and you must have a little patience, and let me give it you my own way.

About a year and a half ago, we had a visit of three weeks from one of my husband's old friends and school-companions, a man of very great learning, and a prodigious anatomist. I am inclined to think, he recommended himself to *the head of the house* by his external appearance, being to the full as tall as my "august spouse," and as lean, and as dark. He liked arguing too every whit as well as some other people. Believe me, sir, they adjourned their debate from day to day, by formal agreement; for the stranger resembled my husband in one of his distinguishing properties and high qualifications, that of never giving up a point. Argument succeeded to argument, and battle to battle. Now the stranger advanced and made a lodgment; and now my husband drove him out again, in headlong discomfiture, by sheer logic.

As when a barber and a chimney-sweeper fight,

The barber beats the chimney-sweeper white;  
But up the chimney-sweeper gets, with bags  
upon his back,

And lo! the chimney-sweeper beats the barber black.

At length, however, they seemed to understand one another better. Their tones became more moderate, and the stamping less violent. It seemed now to be expostulation rather than argument; and, by the bye, you would have thought it was merely one friend expressing a deep and tender interest in the welfare of another. The stran-



ger spoke most, and I could distinctly hear my husband's well-known *grunt* of approbation. Books too were produced and spread out upon the table, with large sprawling figures in them, which I could not comprehend; and indeed I had not time, for I only snatched an opportunity of running into the room, and turning over a few of the leaves, when both the gentlemen were gone out. In one word, sir, such was the influence of Mr Scalpal (for that was the stranger's name), that as my husband was about to retire from business at any rate, he actually persuaded him to take to the study of ANATOMY forthwith. I believe this divine science, as Scalpal calls it, has turned this poor man's head. The whole strain of his conversation is changed, as he is perpetually making use of words which no human creature can understand; indeed, I had my doubt at first whether they were words at all, and referable to any language upon the face of the earth, but Sweetbody, our town's doctor, tells me they are Greek and Latin. I am sure they are long and hard enough, whether they be Greek or Hebrew.

For instance, since the divine science above alluded to came into vogue, he calls a hole in the heel of the stocking a "foramen," and his breeches or small-clothes, he calls the "external integuments." Now I own to you, sir, that this last is really a change for the better, and I should have no objection to it, were it a solitary example, or were it to things of that sort that my husband confined himself in improving the nomenclature, to use his own phrase; for one always feels a kind of delicacy, one cannot say how, in talking concerning breeches or small-clothes, under the common names,—particularly to gentlemen. But the other changes are quite insufferable, really, as you shall hear. The human body now goes by the name of "the system," the arms are "the superior extremities," or "the organs of apprehension," and the legs are the "inferior extremities," or "the organs of escape." The head is the *cranium*, the rump the *sacrum*, and the ancle the *malecolus externus*. I mention these merely as instances; and you must know, I have got the words from Sweetbody, and have had him with me to keep me in the spelling;

but they are not one half, no, not one fiftieth part of the outlandish terms, and horrible heathenish jargon, which, notwithstanding all that I can say to him, my husband introduces into his daily talk. This, sir, is what I complain of. If anatomy be a divine science, let the profession, for heaven's sake, keep it among themselves. I am sure I have not the slightest desire to know any thing about it. Why talk anatomy in mixed companies, when religion is now excluded by universal consent? And independently of this, where is the propriety of discoursing to unmarried ladies, and girls all fresh and ruddy from the boarding school, about the *cranium*, and the *sacrum*, and the "external integuments."

Did any one ever hear the like? Sir, my worthy husband, who sold tea and *speldings* so decorously, cannot write a letter without uttering comments on the happy balancing of the *flexors* and *extensors*; he calls even a piece of boiled beef the *muscular fibre*, and some part of it, I do not exactly know which, he denominates a good illustration of the *cellular substance*. Nay, sir, no farther back than yesterday, when he stept emphatically into a puddle, and got his shoe covered all over with mud, he said it was an *error loci*. I admit, since he will have it so, that an *error loci* is Greek, Latin, or Hebrew for a dirty shoe; and when people come to talk Greek, Latin, or Hebrew to one another, going up and down the house, or to the fisherwomen at the door, or when cheapening a new bonnet, or any thing of that kind, then indeed it will be perfectly proper to call a dirty shoe an *error loci*; but till then, I am very certain, that both I myself, and the maid who has to clean it, would like much better to hear it called, as it used to be, a dirty shoe.

Do write a paper upon this topic; and pray tell him, that when he cuts a slice of bread for me at breakfast, he need not take up the knife, and "proceed to operate."—I am, sir, very sincerely yours,

HELEN FIG.

P. S.—He has just had the assurance to maintain, that my great-grandmother's diamond ring is nothing better than a bit of charcoal! What will this world come to?

## PECUNIARY DISTRESS OF JAMES VI.

THE following curious documents serve to illustrate the state of "poor Scotland's gear" in the end of the sixteenth century, and also, in no small degree, the character and style of her sapient monarch, whom his flatterers entitled the British Solomon, and others, less reverently, "the wisest fool in Christendom." The original letter, craving from the benevolence of the Laird of Balmuto the loyal aid of a thousand merks, is now lying before us by the favour of his descendant the Honourable Lord Balmuto, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. As there is a *fac-simile* of the letter in the Advocates' Library, it may possibly already have found its way into some periodical publication, but certainly without the accompanying documents.

The emergency which made King James a borrower, was the impending arrival of Anne of Denmark, his expected bride, from her native country, of which we find the following account in Moyes's Memoirs, corresponding in date to that of the King's Epistle.

"Upon the 28 or 29th of this month [August 1589] Colonel Stewart landed at Leith, and came direct to his Majesty at Stirling, with account that the marriage was solemnized betwixt his Majesty and the Queen before her leaving Denmark, and that she and her company were to embark in order to come here, with all diligence, whereupon his Majesty resolved that same day to repair to Edinburgh to set about the preparations for her Majesty's reception." p. 158.

Money, however, the sinews of splendour as well as of war, seems to have been sorely deficient. The Parliament had indeed, so far back as 1587, to testify their anxiety for their sovereign's establishment, and the continuation of the royal line, voted a subsidy of no less than £100,000, to defray the expenses of the match, whereof, according to Spottiswoode, the subjects made ready payment. But apparently that sum had been inadequate to the purpose, or had found some other direction, since we find the King in such pressing necessity in the month of September 1589.

After in vain attempting a loan on terms suggested by his Council, it became necessary that the King should throw himself on the loyalty of some wealthy subject, in order to obtain the means of preparing a suitable reception for his bride. James no doubt

knew well which of his subjects had ready money sufficient to aid him on such occasions; in all probability the number was extremely limited. The letter is written with considerable art, mixed with the petty selfishness and vanity which made no small part of King James' character; and which, together with his deficiency in the high feeling of honour and gallantry, which are naturally supposed to "fire the rich blood of Kings," tended to degrade no small portion of natural shrewdness and acquired information. It is not his necessity which is ridiculous, but the terms in which the favours are asked, evincing a curious compromise between his majesty's self-importance and his extreme desire to come at the thousand merks. James is not contented with simply stating his wants and request, as Henry of Berne, or perhaps as some of his own ancestors, might have done on such an occasion, but descend to argue, to plead, and to coax, like a needy and broken man flattering a rich money-broker. And he fails not to call the Laird of Balmuto's observation to his having withdrawn himself from his Council far contrary to his usual practice, in order to communicate with him upon this important subject. It is, in short, affectedly wise and wordy, and exhibits the mind of a vain man humbling himself in order to carry a selfish purpose.

Two other letters of King James, upon similar occasions, are, we believe, extant. One is addressed to his cousin Jock of Mar, beseeching the loan of "the pair of silken hose," in order to grace his royal person at the reception of the Spanish Ambassador. The other is an admirable epistle to the Laird of Dundas, the state of whose poultry-yard had probably fallen under his Majesty's observation in his excursions betwixt Edinburgh and Linlithgow. In this case, as in the following letter to the Laird of Balmuto, the King pleads sudden exigency, arising out of the impending baptismal ceremony of his dearest son (the unfortunate Charles), and conjures the Laird of Dundas, as he loves the honour of his Prince and country, and would have both make a good figure in the eyes of the foreigners, who must necessarily be entertained with suitable hospitality, to send in to the royal purveyors, a long enumeration of wild fowl and game, and domestic poultry; concluding with a sweeping clause—"and any other

dainties suitable." To sweeten this requisition, the King invites the laird to give his presence at the banquet, to which he was requested to contribute, "and to take part of his ain gude cheer." This last letter has been repeatedly published. That to Jock of Mar, we believe, only exists in manuscript, and the publication would greatly interest the curious.

It may be briefly noticed, that the dilapidation sustained by the royal domains during the civil wars of Queen Mary, together with the increasing wealth of England, which made the comparative poverty of her northern sister still more glaring, had sunk King James, in point of patrimonial wealth and royal splendour, far beneath his royal ancestors. He was certainly the first king of Scotland who was under the necessity of having recourse to expedients which we think very degrading. Far from being under the necessity of borrowing Jock of Mar's silk hose, James II. of Scotland possessed such a wardrobe as might have equipped almost all the Scottish noblesse; and had as many pairs of the necessary garment, which we call breeches and our fathers' hose, of black velvet, purple velvet, cramcisy, and so forth, as would have accommodated all his Highland barons for the sitting of a Lowland parliament. James V. who killed eighteen score of beasts, besides smaller game, in one royal hunting party, far from begging game from a private gentleman, could have feasted half his kingdom. Neither could either of these princes have been compelled to descend to the flattery used by James to extract a thousand merks from the Laird of Balmuto, since James II. had amassed, in coined and uncoined treasure, a quantity of wealth, which, considering the time and country, is altogether extraordinary. And James V. by the prudent and careful management of his royal domains, was enabled to preserve a tone of dignified independence towards the haughty Henry of England, and declining his insidious interference in the matters of his revenue. The last monarch left behind him, according to Pitscottie, "meikle riches, both of gold, silver, jewels, horses, and ships, which never came to count to any of his own, as is known to the whole nobility and lieges of Scotland."\* The

civil wars and confusion, occasioned by two successive minorities, had occasioned the dilapidation of all this wealth, of which the following document is an amusing and yet pitiable testimony.\*

"Letter, King James 6th to the Laird of Balmouto.

"Trest friend, We greit you heartly weil. It is not unknowne to you of this actioun we have presentlie in handes, quihilk is more precipitant because of the heastier arrivall of our darrest spouse, than aither we luikit for, or can have any tyme to put ordour to the preparatioun thairof, as apperteinis to our princely honour, which appearandlie sal be verrie far ingadgit, except we finde further favour at the hands of sic men quais friendship and guid affectioun we think ourselfe most assured off, than we have found be moyen of our counseil, or any general course we have followit, either be offering thair landis in securitie, wadset, or other wayes. The occasioun whairof we imput to the scarcetie of silver in thire quarters. And therefore in the assurance we have, that you, in speciall of your good affectioun we know you bear vs, will rather hurt yourself verre farre than se the dishonour of your prince and native countrye, with the povertie of baith, set downe before the face of strangers, we have reiteit ourself apart from our counseil farre by our accustomed manner to treavell particularly with yow, upon quom we have laide sure count as ane of the first of our gud willars: and to that effect hath sent this bearer, our servitour, towards you, to desire of you the len of a thowsand marks, in this our urgent necessitie, under sicke securitie as you can best devise, quairanent we have directit our said servitour particularly, whom you shall credit. Assuring you the more we are straitit be this present necessitie, whilk, having ane competent tyme, We would have remedit and spared you particularly, the more deip lie will we imprent the benefite and kindness you will shaw us at this tyme above all utheris that ever we have receivit or will receive at any tyme hereafter. And thus commits you to the Eternell.—At Falcland, the second day of September 1589.

"JAMES R." { The King's  
Seal here.

The above is made up and folded as a letter, and addressed on the back thus:

"To our right Trest Friend,  
"the Laird of Balmouto."

The subscription is holograph of James, but the body of the letter ap-

\* See the list of his treasures, as also of his wardrobe, in the valuable publication of the Records of the Wardrobe and Jewel Office, for which, with many yet never valuable favours, Scotland is indebted to the erudition and care of the present Deputy Register.

† Sadler's State Papers, vol. i. p. 29, 30.

\* Pitscottie, folio, p. 145.

pears to have been written by one of his secretaries.

A storm which drove Queen Anne back upon the coast of Norway, and consequently delayed her arrival in Scotland until next season, when the King, with a gallantry not quite congenial with his usual habits, went to seek her in person, delayed the emergence, which James so much deprecated. This event was known in Scotland about the 14th September, by the arrival of the Lord Dingwall, who had kept Queen Anne's fleet company until it was dispersed by a storm, excited, according to Melville, in consequence of an unlucky blow given by the Danish Admiral to a bailliff of Copenhagen, whose wife being a witch lady, raised the tempest in revenge. If the Lord Dingwall had arrived twelve days sooner, he would have saved the Laird of Balmuto a thousand merks.

To give further weight to his solicitations, the "servitor" mentioned in the letter was the Laird of Balmuto's own son, George Boswell, surgeon to the King's Grace; a curious painting of whom is still preserved in the house of Balmuto, together with a picture of his father, who had the honour to "stead and pleasure" the King upon this extraordinary emergency. We learn by the following receipt, that the influence of so well penned a letter, and so well chosen a messenger, were not lost upon the Laird of Balmuto, who doubtless was glad, as Pittscottie would have expressed it, to be put to such familiar charges by the King's "Majesty."

*Receipt for the Sum in the King's Letter.*

"I John Fenton, Comptrollor Clerk, Be the the Tenour hereof, grants me to have received fra George Boiswell, Chirurgeon to the King's grace, in name and behalfe of the Laird of Balmouto, the summe of six hundred threescore & six pounds 13s. 4d. money of this Realme, borrowed be his Majestie fra the said Laird as his Highness missive their-upon beares. Of the quhilk summe I hold me well content and payed theirof, discharges and quyteclame the said Laird of Balmouto, George Boiswell, and all uthers whom it effeires forever. Be this my acquittance written and subscribed with my hand at Leith, the seventeenth day of September, the Zeir of God ane thousand five hundred fourscore and nyne Zeares, Before thire witnesses, Daniel Boil messenger, and George Fairbairne my servitour, with uthers diverse.

JOHN FENTON, with my hand.

DANIEL BOIL, Witness to the premisses.

GEORGE FAIRBAIRN, Witness."

It would be for the credit of King Jamie, were our communication to stop here. But, unluckily, there exists a subsequent document, which serves to shew that the King's gratitude for a benefit and kindness, which, at the moment of imploring it, he protested should remain imprinted in his remembrance, not only above all his Majesty ever had yet received, but over all which he should receive at any time hereafter, did not prevent the Laird of Balmuto receiving very harsh treatment about two years after the desired accommodation had been made.

It appears from the following bond (17th March 1694), that Balmuto was, at the date of executing it, a prisoner in Edinburgh tolbooth, from which he is only released upon granting a bond not to stir above half a mile from his own house of Balmuto, or to appear abroad armed, under a penalty of £500 Sterling. The reason of his imprisonment is not expressed, but it was probably some real or supposed accession to the frantic and violent attempts by which Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, was then disturbing the peace of the country. One of these was Bothwell's attack on the palace of Falkland, 28th June 1592, which was repulsed by the King's household with some difficulty. It appears that several of the Fife Barons were suspected to have countenanced this desperate enterprise, as the Lairds of Burleigh, Bogie, and others, who were committed to prison, from whence the latter escaped by means of Margaret Twinslace, one of Queen Anne's maids of honour. Upon a subsequent occasion, the date of which (2d April 1594) is just after the period of the bond, Bothwell took possession of Leith, with about four hundred horse, confronted the King, who drew out his forces on the Borough-muir, drove back a party of cavalry commanded by the Lord Hume, compelled James himself to retire within the walls of Edinburgh, but was in the end himself obliged to retreat and abandon his enterprise. On this occasion he was so much befriended by the gentlemen and clergy of Fife, that a sum of money, collected in the churches (as was pretended) for the relief of Geneva, the cruce of reformation, and deposited in the hands of Mr James Melville, minister of Anstruther, seems to have been strangely diverted from

its purpose into the hands of Robert Melville and George Strong, two captains engaged in levying soldiers to assist Bothwell against his sovereign. These "Five captains," as Bishop Spottiswoode terms them, "with their soldiers, arriving at Leith about midnight [3d April], when they understood how things had passed, turned sail and went sundry ways.\*"

The Laird of Balmuto had probably incurred the suspicion of disloyalty while these violent designs were in agitation, although he seems to have been delivered from confinement before Bothwell's last attempt took effect. An examination of the Records of Privy Council might perhaps elucidate the cause of his imprisonment more fully.

"Bond in £500 Sterling.

David Boswell of Balmuto, without cautioners, 17 March 1594.

"Be it Kend to all men be thir prnts, Me, David Boiswell of Balmuto, fforasmuch as the Lords of his Maties privy Council, by ye act and decret of ye date the Seventh day of september one thousand five hundred and nynty three years, ffor the causes yrin contained, Have confyned me to my house of Ballmuto, and halfe a myle of way about the same; And have ordained me finde Catione to the effectt underwrittin; And upon my finding Catione have ordained me to be liberate furth of the tolbooth of Edr. q<sup>r</sup> of am now prisoner. And now the said Lords by ye act of the date the thirteenth day of March instant, Have allowed my aine bond to be taken without catione, Therefore I, the said David Boiswell of Ballmuto, Hereby binde & oblige me, my aires, Exers, and Successors whatsomever, That I shall remaine confyned within my said house of Ballmuto, and halfe a myle of way about the same, and not goe without the bounds of the said confynment; And that I shall not weare any kind of armes in tyme coming, Under the penalty of fyve hundreth pound Sterling, In case I shall transgress in any part of the premises. Consenting for the more security to ye reg. , hereof in the books of priby Council, or in any oyr competent That letters of Horning on six dayes and others needful may pass hereupon in forme as effeires And constitute

My Prors, &c. In witness yrof I subbt thir prnts, written be James Dewar, wryter in Edinr. tolbooth, ye seventeenth day of March Jaiv. cc. and nynty four years Befor thir Wittnesses, James Brown, Merchant in Edr. and the said James Dewar.

(Signed) "DAVID BOISWELL.

JA. BROWN, Witnes.

JA. DEWAR, Witnes."

LETTERS ON THE LIVING ARTISTS OF SCOTLAND.

[To a Friend in Florence.]

LETTER I.—ALLAN.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE low idea you entertain of the state of the fine arts among us, is, I believe, chiefly founded upon the manner in which your friend Gavin Hamilton used to speak. It is no wonder that he spoke ill of us, and there cannot indeed be any stronger proof of the miserable state in which our arts were at the time he lived, than the simple fact, that he himself was a person very little heard of among his countrymen. At the time when his paintings were the pride of Rome, when he was copied by Mengs,—when he was flattered by all the continental critics,—when Voitaire and Metastasio were lavish in his praise, it was scarcely known that such a man as Gavin Hamilton existed in that country, of whose fame in foreign lands he was the chief living ornament and support. Even at present his celebrity is chiefly confined to Italy, and, indeed, with the exception of some fine pieces in the possession of the Chief of his family, the Duke of Hamilton, very few of his works have ever found their way into Britain.

I am happy, however, to assure you, that, since his death, things have begun to wear a very different aspect among us. The institution of an academy in this city has already favoured the progress of the arts, in a manner more distinct and unambiguous than could have been anticipated by the most sanguine hopes of their admirers. We may already boast of several artists, excelled in their respective departments by none of their cotemporaries, either in England or the Continent. The most celebrated is, without doubt, that Wilkie, from one of whose best pictures you yourself possess an engraving; an artist, who has placed himself, in every thing that respects effect and character, on a level with Teniers and Gerard Dow,—and contrived, withal, to mingle in his representations of humble life something of the moral and the pathetic, which was beyond the comprehension of either of those illustrious masters. I might also mention Schetky, a gentleman who served with our army in the Spanish campaigns, and has painted several wild scenes of the Pyrenees in a most

\* History of the Church of Scotland, p. 408. ad ann. 1594.

original manner. He is, I imagine, the very finest painter of sky since Salvator Rosa, to the mysterious effect of whose great *chef-d'œuvre*, the Landing of Ulysses, he has already made a very near approach, in one of those mountain pieces to which I allude. Geddes, also, is a painter of high genius; he has as yet confined himself to portraits, in which department he has already placed himself very high, accustomed, as the public have been, to the masterly exertions of Raeburn. Thomson, a very great genius in landscape, Gibson, Naysmith, son to the illustrious old artist with whose admirable works you are familiar, and several others, must likewise be enumerated. But with none of these have I been more struck than with the productions of William Allan, a young man, who has lately returned to Scotland after an absence of many years, which he has spent in perambulating the north of Europe, and some wild regions of Asia, explored before his time by few travellers, and probably by no artist.

Mr Allan seems to have undertaken all his journeys in the spirit of his profession; and the acquisition which he has made, not only of new scenery and costume, but also of new incidents, images, and passions, has been indeed such as must compensate for even greater labours and hardships than those which he has undergone. He is the first painter who has represented oriental life from actual observation; and the superiority of his success has been such as might have been expected over those who drew Turks and Circassians from mere imagination. The impression made upon my mind, the first time I entered his gallery, was one both of astonishment and delight. I felt as if I had been suddenly transported into the land itself of gems, and tiaras, and bashaws, and banditti. I could in a moment imagine myself present in some cool and magnificent saloon of Bagdad or Abydos. I was perfectly at home, and began to look about with eagerness for the Harouns and Giaffars, the Hassans, the Leilas, and the Zobeidas, with whom I had of old been acquainted. Every thing had such an indescribable air of truth, that one should have been ashamed to confess himself incapable of comprehending the minutest circumstances of the representation. I spent an hour in wandering from pic-

ture to picture, without stopping to bestow on any one of them the attention which might enable me to comprehend almost any part of its excellencies.

After these first feelings of wonder and delight, excited by the captivating novelty and beauty of all the scenes around us, had subsided, every one seemed irresistibly led to the steady contemplation of one picture, "A Circassian Chief selling to a Turkish Pacha Captives of a neighbouring Tribe taken in War." This is a large cabinet picture, on which the artist seems to have spared no pains. The colouring is so harmonious, and there is such perfect skill in the grouping, that before the mind has time to comprehend the scope and design, it is conscious of fascination. We recognise the power of the master the moment we look upon his work; and the undefined emotion of pleasure produced within us, is felt as a surety that our delight will increase, as the soul and spirit of the representation are gradually unfolded. The eye is soon rivetted by the two central figures, a Circassian lady and her lover. At one glance we feel, that round them is gathered the pathos of the scene. These are the captives, should there be a hundred more, who are to attract and to command our tenderest sympathies. There is not about and around them that unrestrained violence of passion, which springs from the sudden fall of some fearful calamity upon happy beings who had thought themselves beyond its reach, and had never brought home to their souls the image of such evil. In them we behold at once the natives of a land devoted to oppression; creatures at one moment free and lofty, at another bound in the most hopeless of captivities. In that most beautiful young countenance, and over all the innocently luxuriant form, of the lady, there is spread an air of languid distress, a hopeless expression of love and tenderness, a sinking half-fainting sorrowfulness; as if all stronger passion of grief had been wearied and worn out in previous suffering and despair. The deadening weight of her emotion bends her towards her husband in an attitude of the most touching helplessness, and gives her youth and beauty a charm breathed calmly and silently from the holiest affections of our nature. Her limbs seem collapsing; the

perfect loveliness of her bosom is distended with sighs; a dimness steals from her weeping eyelids over all her pallid face; and we feel, that when her lover shall be torn from her, she will at least sink into a temporary oblivion of all the sorrows of her fate.

The picture represents to us the moment when the husband makes one vain start of suddenly-collected strength, as the armed attendants of the Turk are about to drag him from the hall; a flash of indignation at the thought of bonds, seems for a moment to triumph over his love and his despair; there is an angry glare towards those who offer him violence, shining over all that passionate tenderness, which his face still expresses towards her who is now lost to him for ever. But there is no audacious swelling of the muscles, no heaving out of hoping vigour. In all the agony of his love and his wrath, he feels and knows that for her there is no rescue, no salvation,—that no dawning glimpse of deliverance can ever shoot across the blackness of his despair. He does not struggle that he may be free. His muscles obey the call, not of reason or of hope, but of mad anguish and unutterable passion. It is the last shudder of a broken heart—the unconscious writhing with which, under the latest infliction of mortal misery, the proud soul of man strives to repel cruelty and insult.

In all this, the painter seems to have been guided by a profound knowledge of human nature, no less than of the best principles of his art. He well knew, that if all the subordinate parts of the story were well told (and they are eminently so), there could be no need to employ violent gesticulation, in order to express the extremity of human suffering. He was aware that the impression of beauty and loveliness in the female, and of wild and natural grace in the lover (which in such a picture it was necessary to give), would have been destroyed or impaired by such violent distortions of feature, as are created in the very tempest of the passions. It was his object to shew, not only what they were still suffering, but what they had suffered,—to carry us back, by the surviving images of tenderness and grace, into the bosom of that quiet happiness wherein his captives had lingered before there fell upon their dwelling the stern visit of oppression.

Close by these lovers stands the Abhassian Chief, who brings his captives to the Pacha. His figure is invested with an air of stateliness bespeaking something of the conscious dignity of elevated rank. There is a haughty expression of power in his bold features, surmounted by his helmet, and a kind of barbaric majesty in his armed form. In his deportment there may be traced a feeling of pride in the worth of the noble creatures he is selling into slavery—nothing like the conscious meanness of one who knows the real baseness of his occupation. We see in him the warrior stooping to the vile necessities imposed on him by the state of society in which he lives. There is nothing brutal in his mein towards his prisoners—no servility in his looks towards the Pacha. What he does he feels to be not only a justifiable act, but a princely privilege. Our indignation is not personal towards him, but rather resolves itself into a melancholy regret, that the practice of tyrannies should have debased a nature so capable of being noble. His armed retainers partake in the character of their chief, and grasp the phrenzied lover, not to insult, but to restrain him. They are fierce, but not ruffian-like: they want that settled malignity of soul which we see depicted in the degraded *turnkeys* of the Pacha's haram. The artist has represented to us a scene of that barbarian life in which valour and heroism are only the weapons of cruelty; but he has not invested the actors with any portion of that cold-blooded villainy which he would have stamped upon the features of European robbers.

With far other feelings our eyes rest on the Pacha, who is seated cross-legged on his cushions at the head of his hall, surrounded by slaves, eunuchs, and the soldiers of his guard. This indolent tyrant at once calls up all our hatred. Contrasted even with the Abhassian chief, who is the pander to his wickedness, we feel our souls rising with loathing and abhorrence against this passionless despot. Every moral feeling of our nature is kindled into rage when we see with what a composed sleepiness of eye he contemplates the beautiful being destined to be his victim. Not only are the grief and agony of the ravished bride lost upon his callous soul, so also seems to be the perfect loveliness

of her charms. We see in his cold, calculating, predetermined gaze, one whose soul seems to have a long reach into the distant vista of licentiousness. There is no mixture of tenderness in the sensualism of his spirit—no reverence for beauty—no touch of human affection. He sees, but cannot be said to feel, that she is lovely. He can higgie and chaffer with cunning avarice for the possession of a being whom the distracted husband would lay down a thousand lives to save from slavery and pollution. We behold a noble soul torn in twain by the loss of an object, of which the possession seems to excite scarcely any pleasure, and certainly no passion, in the brutal spirit of the Turk. The one is losing his all—the other has purchased only a bauble, which he would willingly part with for some trifle more alluring.—An aged eunuch is whispering in his ear. This is certainly the most frightful countenance in the whole picture; even age cannot lend it one touch of reverence. He has been through a long life inured to the most debasing of all human occupations, to be the minister of pleasures in which he cannot share—the jailer of beauty, in whose eyes he is contemned. Conscious of the scorn of mankind, he seems to be satisfied to scorn himself. He regards the cruel scene before him as if it were something occurring in another world; he is partaker in none of the feelings which he beholds; and he feels for them no sympathy. He whispers into the ear of his lord his opinion of the ravished lady, exactly as he would of a turban or a shawl. He wears indeed some outward semblance of a man, but we perceive that all the buddings of affection have for ever been blighted in his soul.

In one only of the attendants do we perceive the expression of pity; it is the musician in the shade, by the side of the Pacha. He has been interrupted, it would seem, in some warlike ditty with which he has been soothing the dark spirit of his master. The guitar is still in his hands, and he leans forward, with a countenance of anxiety and grief, to gaze upon the affliction of the desolate pair. Mr Allan has here paid a graceful compliment to a sister art. He has told us, that a soul, which is imbued with any perception of the loveliness of nature, whether that loveliness be such as ad-

dresses itself to the eye or to the ear, can never be so thoroughly debased, even by the presence and the contemplation of continual tyranny, as to feel no sympathy for affections crushed, injured beauty, and divided love. This, if I be not totally mistaken, was a touch far beyond the reach of any ordinary artist.

These are the principal figures in the piece. The Pacha and his attendants occupy the right of the picture,—the lovers and their captor are in the centre: beyond them is a groupe of other captives,—an old Circassian bound with cords, and his two wives, all kneeling upon the marble pavement before the Turk. The face of one of the females is hid, but that of the other exhibits no great passion. She has been wedded to an old and brutal-looking husband, and seems as if she might be easily reconciled to the softer slavery of the Haram. To the left of the picture, we gain, through the pillars of the portico, a glimpse of the open country. The gate is crowded by the mounted soldiers of the Abhassian; but over their heads we behold a truly oriental landscape, with tall minarets and poplars rising into the clear blue of an Asiatic sky. The whole picture is allowed, by artists, to be executed with the utmost richness and mellowness of colouring, and the drawing is, I imagine, at least as perfect. The only defect which I can perceive, is perhaps one which exists solely in my own ignorance,—a certain deficiency of vigour. It strikes me, that from his fondness for softness and harmony in his tints, the artist has sacrificed something of that breadth and power of effect, which he might easily have produced by a somewhat more daring character of outline. But I hear that an engraving is about to be executed of the picture, and when you see that, you will be able to judge far better than I pretend to do.

Great as is the attraction of this masterly performance, there is another picture, less in size, more subdued in colouring, and altogether of merits less obtrusive, which I cannot help regarding as perhaps a still greater effort of the painter's genius. This is the "Bashkir's conducting convicts into Siberia." Here also we find the artist exerting all his powers to shew the horrors of despotism and the despair of slaves. He has told a story equally terrible in fewer words. He



has brought all his heart and soul upon one miserable moment of their hopeless travel, and into that moment, so full of anguish and abandonment, seem gathered all the anticipated sorrows of a life of slavery. The convicts, four in number, are seen resting on a small mound in the desert, after a day of weariness and trouble. Three are lying like stones in their out-worn wretchedness; one is in deep shadow in the centre upon his knees, bowing himself before his conductor with all the painful difficulty of lassitude, imploring, in feeble accents, a little farther respite of repose. The Bashkir (while his companion sits callous on horseback,) unmoved by miseries so familiar to his eye, is extending his arm towards the setting sun, telling that the prisoners must arouse them to reach some place of shelter before the fall of darkness. There is no cruelty in his countenance, but there is coldness, hardness, sternness, and an utter destitution of all human sympathy. The countenances of the exiles are not seen, but there is diffused over all their persons the abject air of slavery. The crouching bowed-down posture of the principal figure, betokens the soul-subduing extremes of bodily fatigue and mental prostration. What a contrast to those muscular iron-strung Bashkirs, sitting at ease upon their jaded horses! The little mound on which the prisoners repose, seems one chosen amidst the surrounding desolation for its comparative softness. It is covered with long trailing plants of the wilderness—it is green and delightful, and throws a tinge of browner barrenness on the dreary loneliness beyond it. The eye follows the line of the Bashkir's outstretched arm into the heart of the far off desert. We see in the misty, lifeless, objectless *steppes* before us, limited only by the power of vision, the horrors of the journeys which have already been endured; and we feel, in our inmost souls, how dismal must be the solitude beyond that desert—how hopeless their doom who seem to be travelling after sorrow into the remotest desolation of the earth. The mortal silence and ghastly dreariness of the desert, in which this little band is all there is of breathing life, receives a hue of yet intenser mournfulness from the lingering radiance of the declining day. The light is going down in the midst of a thick eastern

vapour. There are no breaking rays, no beamy lustre, no purple glories. A cold, wan, dead sun seems shrouded in the yellow earment of the Siberian sky; and when the poor exiles shall lift their eyes from the grim sterility of the earth, they can behold in heaven nothing but bleakness, melancholy, and despair.—This picture was at the time, indeed, less striking than the other; but the impression it has left upon my mind is one of those which can never be effaced. The other might represent a more tragic misery, but in this there is concentrated the very soul of sadness.

I cannot at present undertake to describe to you any of the minor paintings of this artist; but I hear he is occupied with another great picture, in which he means to depict the domestic horrors of a press-gang. Whether he acts wisely by leaving his own field, the East, may, I think, be doubted. But as soon as his work is exhibited, I shall send you a short account of it; and in the mean time hope you will pardon the imperfections of one who writes about pictures, without pretending to any knowledge of painting. Yours ever, R. G.

ODE ON THE BREAKING OF A CHINA  
QUART MUG BELONGING TO THE  
BUTTERY OF LINCOLN COLLEGE.

MR EDITOR,

THE following *jeu-d'esprit* was composed by a young gentleman of our society in the year 1776. It is not in the *Sausage*, and I think never has been printed. Should you deem it worthy of a place in your pages, it is very heartily at your service. Your obedient servant, P. R.

Lincoln College,  
Oxford, Nov. 23d, 1817.

Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

1.

When'er the cruel hand of death  
Untimely stops a favourite's breath,  
Muses in plaintive numbers tell  
How loved he lived—how mourned he fell.  
Catullus wailed a sparrow's fate,  
And Gray immortalized a cat—  
Thrice tuneful bards! could I but chime so  
clever,  
My *Quart*, my *honest quart*, should live for  
ever.

2.

How weak alas is mortal power  
To avert the death-devoted hour!

Nor shape nor airy beauty save  
From the sure conquest of the grave.  
In vain the Butler's choicest care—  
The Master's wish—the Bursar's prayer—  
When life is lengthened to its utmost span,  
China itself must fall as well as man.

## 3.

Can I forget how oft my Quart  
Hath soothed my cares, and warmed my  
heart?  
When barley lent its balmy aid,  
And all its liquid charms displayed!  
When orange and the nut-brown toast  
Swam mantling round the *spicy* coast!  
The pleasing gulph I viewed with sparkling  
eyes,  
Nor envied Jove his nectar of the skies.

## 4.

The sideboard on that doleful day,  
When you in glittering ruins lay,  
Mourned at the loss—in gurgling tone  
Decanters poured the melting moan!  
A dimness hung on every glass!  
*Joe*\* wondered wnat the matter was—  
Corks self-contracted freed the frantic beer,  
And sympathizing tankards dropt a tear!

## 5.

Where are the *flowery wreaths* that bound  
In *rosy rings* thy *chaplets* round?  
The *azure stars* whose glittering rays  
Promised a happier length of days?  
The trees that on thy border grew,  
And blossomed with eternal blue?  
Trees, stars, and dragons spread the well-  
waxed floor!  
And all thy brittle beauties are no more.

## 6.

Hadst thou been framed of coarser earth,  
Had Nottingham but given thee birth,  
Or had thy variegated side  
Of Stafford's sable hue been dyed,  
The stately fabric had been sound,  
Though tables tumbled on the ground!  
The finest mould the soonest must decay;  
Hear this, ye fair, for you yourselves are clay!

## EPITAPH

ON PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

MR EDITOR,

DURING a residence of some months at Rome, in the year 1802, I had an opportunity of knowing, and the honour of being admitted to some degree of intimacy with, the late illustrious and venerable Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, to whom I was introduced by letters from the Bishop of Malta, whom I had known during the siege of that fortress, and after its surrender, in the year 1800, and who had been the fellow-collegian and intimate friend of the Cardinal. My frequent visits at Frescati put me in possession of many interesting facts

\* The College Butler.

respecting this good and excellent man, and enabled me to learn, from his own mouth, the particulars of the persecutions and extreme hardships which he suffered during his expulsion from his peaceful and delightful residence at Frescati, at the irruption of the French into the Roman States at the commencement of the revolution. I am sorry that I have not leisure sufficient to enable me to arrange the materials which are in my possession for a more enlarged communication on this subject than it is now in my power to offer you; but as an earnest of my intention to do this at some future, and perhaps some early occasion, I annex an exact copy of some beautiful lines inscribed upon an urn containing the heart of the Prince Charles Edward, deposited in the Episcopal church of Frescati, the production of the late Abbate Felice, who was, at the period of my visiting the Cardinal, one of the chaplains of his Eminence.

Di Carlo il freddo cinere  
Questa brev' urna serra;  
Figlio de Terzo Giacomo,  
Segnor' d' Inghilterra,  
Fuor' de regno patrio.  
A' lui che tomba diede?—  
Infideltà di popolo,  
Integrità de fedé.

L'Abbate Felice.

It is difficult to render in English the beautiful *tourneur* of the Italian in the last passage of this epitaph. The answer to the question, "A lui che tomba diede?" seems to be this: "The integrity of his faith, and the infidelity of his people, form his epitaph." I am, sir, your obedient servant,

BRITANNICUS.

Edinburgh, Nov. 26, 1817.

ON THE PULPIT ELOQUENCE OF SCOTLAND.

No II.—Alison.

THE object which Mr Alison seems have proposed to himself in his religious compositions, differs, in a great measure, from what has yet been attempted by any writers in our language.

In force of reasoning and power of argument, the English divines are inferior to none who have ever appeared in any country of the world. It would be difficult to find any theologians who

are to be compared, in depth of learning, or power of expression, or acuteness of argument, to the great men who presided at the formation of the English church; and who long continued to guard it against the efforts of catholic zeal, or the corruptions of courtly dissipation. Nor can subsequent ages be too grateful for the efforts of those early writers who struggled with the power, and combated the talent, of the Church of Rome, at a time when its influence still reigned in the affections of our princes, and ruled with unresisted sway in the minds of a great proportion of our people.

Admirably adapted, however, as these great works were to the religious sentiments of the age in which they were written, it cannot be disguised, that they contracted, from the same circumstances which gave them their excellencies, certain peculiarities which have diminished their influence in subsequent times. The theologians of the reign of Charles II. were trained in the school of argument; they were animated by zeal for the church to which they belonged; and they addressed themselves to men who were skilled in the intricacies of scholastic theology. The great controversy with the Church of Rome was still kept up, and the animosities which it had excited were only beginning to subside. Their character, accordingly, was tinged by the spirit of the age, and their genius was forced into a peculiar channel. They selected the most difficult or controverted points, they expounded the doctrinal points of religion; they spoke to the understanding rather than the heart, and sought to subdue their readers by the extent of their learning, rather than win them by the charms of their eloquence or their devotion.

In the path which they had trodden little remained to be done; nor could the most powerful mind hope to excel what had here been already produced by the genius, or achieved by the exertions, of Clarke and Cudworth, of Taylor and Barrow, of Hooker and Tillotson. In the writings of these, and many other great divines, a complete system of divinity was formed; while Dr Butler, in his profound work on the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, had unfolded the support which they afford to each other, with

an ability unrivalled even in the splendid annals of the English church.

In the style of his religious composition, Mr Alison appears to have had in view a different object. However conscious he may have been of the importance of these standard works on religious belief, he seems to have felt that this ground was already occupied; and that in the application of Christianity to the practical regulation of life, or its infusion into the sympathies or affections of the heart, he had an opportunity of entering on a more neglected field, and rendering himself the instrument of more extended usefulness. And of the importance of such a view of religion, he had an eminent example in the writings of Dr Blair, whose beautiful sermons, on the practical and domestic principles of Christianity, had been diffused through every country of Europe, and carried the consolations of religion as far as the English language was understood in the world.

Perhaps too, Mr Alison felt that his own powers were more peculiarly adapted to this latter species of religious instruction. He had long bent the force of his mind to the more elegant departments of literature; and his *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, contain the application to the material world of the same spirit, which has since infused itself into his religious compositions. It has been erroneously imagined by superficial readers, that the object of this beautiful work is merely to establish the influence of association in producing the emotions of sublimity and beauty. His object is of a higher and a more spiritual kind. He endeavours to trace the beauty of external objects to the reflected influence of MIND; to grapple with materialism in the examination of the influence produced by matter itself; and by referring all the beauty of external objects, and all the charms of art, to the expression of the qualities of mind; to deduce from the emotions of taste additional proofs of the ultimate destination of our being. In this view, the faculties of taste, and the power of feeling what is grand or beautiful in the universe, were not given by the Author of Nature for the mere gratification of a temporary existence, but as the means of subjecting the mind to an elevating discipline, of weaning it from the exclusive observa-

tion of those material qualities to which the attention is naturally so forcibly directed, and preparing, in the contemplation of these very objects, the formation of a nobler spirit, and the acquisition of feelings which befit a spiritual destination.

The conclusions, accordingly, to which Mr Alison's System of Taste leads, are those most fitted to elevate our conceptions of the Divine Beneficence; and the frame of mind which it is the object of his work to produce is that which leads to profound and sincere devotion. It is his object to mingle religion with the finest and the most delightful feelings of our nature, to lead from the contemplation of the beauty of external objects to the invisible mind, of whose varied attributes they are all expressive, and thus, in the gratification of the purest enjoyments of which we are susceptible, to lay the foundations of an early and a manly piety. It is his object to afford the key which can interpret the great system of material signs in which we reside, and "to represent the world which we inhabit, not as the abode only of human cares, or human joys, but as the temple of the living God, in which praise is due, and where service is to be performed."\*

Such having been the eye with which he had been accustomed to observe the material world, he appears, in his religious instructions, to have aimed at giving the counterpart of the same system. As he had endeavoured to lead from the contemplation of the grand or the beautiful in nature to the habitual adoration of the great Author of Existence, so he aimed, in his religious compositions, at mingling the sacred precepts of Christianity with the finest feelings and most amiable sympathies of our nature. So far from regarding revelation as derogatory to, or an exception from, the principles of natural religion, he has endeavoured to represent it as a part of the same system; as the fulfilment of the natural wants and expectations of the human mind; and as allied, both in its spirit and its precepts, to every thing which is most lovely or delightful in the moral world. So far from thinking that the sacred function of a Christian divine ought to preclude him from expatiating on the evidences of

Divine Benevolence, in the order of the external universe, and in the constitution of the human soul, which have, in all ages, presented themselves to the minds even of unbaptized men, Mr Alison seems to think that, precisely because he is a Christian priest, he is entitled to enlarge upon these with a higher tone of authority, and with a deeper conviction of their truth. While his writings breathe in every page the deepest conviction of the infinite superiority of Christianity to any thing which the unaided wisdom or virtue of man could produce; while he has bent the whole force of his genius to illustrate the immeasurable temporal and eternal blessings which its precepts have conferred upon man; he has yet kept himself free from that limited view, which the exclusive contemplation of the work of redemption is so apt to produce even in superior minds; and which, in the emphatic language of Cudworth, has so often led the wise and the good to dwell only on the laws which the Deity has written on tablets of stone, to the exclusion of those which he has imprinted in no less indelible characters on every human heart. Mr Alison's writings exhibit perhaps more than any other in our language, the happy union of the tastes produced by the study of the greatest works of man, with the faith which has been inspired from a higher source; of the most lively perception of the beauty of human virtue, with the firm conviction of the necessity of Divine interposition; of the warmest solicitude for the temporal happiness of mankind, with the deepest gratitude for the permission to indulge those Christian hopes which "transcend the bounds of chance and time."

It was the well-known glory of the Socratic school to have brought philosophy down from heaven to earth; from the discussion of abstruse or scholastic subtleties to the precepts which are fitted to elevate and purify the human heart. There are few writers on religion to whom this high praise is more justly due than to the author whom we are considering. Many other writers in every country had shewn the application of Christianity to the moral government of life; and Dr Blair, in particular, in his simple but beautiful sermons, had brought it home to every family, and applied its heal-

\* *Essays on Taste*, vol. ii. p. 447.

ing influence to every scene of domestic affliction. But till Mr Alison's sermons were published, the finer analogies of religion were but imperfectly developed; its alliance was not fully demonstrated with the warm effusions of natural devotion; nor were the feelings which arise from the contemplation of the beautiful in nature, blended with the religion which was taught by its Divine Creator. Every man of a pious and a cultivated mind had felt, to a certain degree, this sympathy, but no writer had traced its influence, or illustrated its importance.

It happened, accordingly, but too frequently, particularly in this country, that the habits of a refined or classical education led to the gradual neglect of the doctrines of religion. Its precepts were not openly violated by such persons, nor its observances publicly neglected, but its spirit was gradually forgotten. Men of genius, or men of the world, continued perhaps an outward observance of the forms of religion, but it ceased to have a hold of their affections or their heart. It formed no part of their secret meditation; it was adhered to from a sense of duty, or the influence of habit, but not from voluntary choice; and the religion of such men became the subjection of the bondsmen, not the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

If we contemplate the system of Christianity as it was delivered by its Divine Author, such an effect may well appear surprising; but it becomes less extraordinary when the tenor of the greater part of religious writings is considered. The habits of a clerical education, joined to the continued study of religious writings, habituates the mind to a certain set of images, a certain train of ideas, and a peculiar language, which differs widely from what men are accustomed to in ordinary life. The images, accordingly, on which religious writers frequently dwell, and the language which they employ, have assumed a certain particular and professional cast, which diminishes, to an amazing degree, its influence, or its reception, among the more cultivated ranks of society. It is to this cause, we are persuaded, in a great measure, that the indifference of so many of the higher classes to the study of religion is to be ascribed; and that we so often see men, even of unblemished lives, either openly neglecting

the observances of religion, or attending them only for the sake (as they express it) of *example*;—an extraordinary doctrine, as if devotion were not as indispensable to the rich as to the poor.

It is a striking and characteristic excellence of Mr Alison's sermons, on the other hand, that they are utterly free of all professional peculiarity, both in thought and expression; that they are composed by one who is alive to every refinement of taste to which the most cultivated mind can aspire, and written in a strain of eloquence to which the most learned reader will hardly find a parallel. The precepts of religion here appear clothed in all the charms which befit the internal beauty which they possess; and the pious reader rejoices to find one writer who has at last united the simplicity of Christianity to the finest qualities of taste and feeling; and narrated the incidents of our Saviour's life, with the eloquence which has so often been exerted on the history of human greatness.

When the rival goddesses of Virtue and Pleasure stood before the infant Hercules, the philosopher of Athens tells us, that the former was clothed in simple colours, and her countenance wore a severe expression, while the latter was arrayed in all the charms which could seduce an infant fancy; and the fable befitted the stern character of ancient Virtue; when the individual was thrown upon the native resources of his own mind, and the duty of the philosopher was to prepare it for the sufferings or the hardships which, in the fortune of life, it might be doomed to sustain. Unaided by the influence of divine mercy which has since been manifested in the Gospel, the citizen of Greece or Rome sought, in the vigour of his own mind, that support which the Christian derives from the consolations of his religion. The life of the most distinguished of the ancients was a continual preparation for death, and it was the object of their philosophy to harden the mind for the sufferings which are incidental to our nature, and were peculiarly to be apprehended from the state of society which then existed. "As an American savage," says Mr Smith, "prepares his death song, and considers how he should act when he falls into the hands of his enemies, and is by them

put to death in the most lingering tortures, and amidst the insults and derision of all the spectators, so a Grecian patriot or hero could not avoid frequently employing his thoughts about what he ought both to suffer and to do, in banishment, in captivity, when reduced to slavery, when put to the torture, when brought to the scaffold.\*—Their morality, accordingly, is of a sterner aspect than any thing with which we are acquainted in modern times; they were full of admiration of the qualities which form the patriot and the hero, but they were insensible to the beauty of that more heavenly disposition of mind which “sits, a smiling bride, by valour’s armed and awful side;”—they perceived the tendency of firm and unbending virtue, to elevate the soul above all that is earthly, but they knew not, in the sublime language of Milton, “That if virtue feeble were, Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

Born under happier auspices, and in the administration of a gentle religion, it is the duty of the Christian divine to soften the frame of the human mind—to clothe in softer colours the precepts of morality which it conveys, and to display, in its genuine beauty, that paternal system which brought peace to earth and good will towards men. In the discharge of this high and interesting duty, no writer with whom we are acquainted has inhaled more of the spirit of religion than Mr Alison. His sermons breathe in every page the warmest and the most unbounded benevolence,—they are dictated by that Christian spirit which sees in all ranks and descriptions of men the servants of the same God, and the followers of the same Saviour; they are fitted to heal, if any human power can heal, those wounds which the dissensions of Christians have inflicted upon each other. In his writings, as in the precepts of its Divine Author, the *charity* of religion is perpetually inculcated: it is allied to every thing which is most amiable or generous in character, and combined with every thing which is most pure or sublime in sentiment. The sterner features of ancient morality, and the gloomy colours in which Christianity has too often been portrayed in modern times, disappear in his beauti-

ful writings; and truly of the religion which he teaches, as of the gospel itself, it may be said, “Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

It is in this particular, we conceive, that the great importance of Mr Alison’s sermons consists. Other writers have conveyed most of the principles which he has inculcated, in works of profound ability or laboured investigation. But their writings were addressed for the most part to scholars or divines,—they pre-supposed a knowledge which the generality of men had not,—they disputed points about which the great body of mankind were indifferent,—they were written in a style which, to men of ordinary habits, appeared professional and painful. Hence their writings, however powerful in argument, or important in doctrine, are too often neglected by the higher classes of society: a sermon is read or heard on Sunday; but devotion forms no part of the ordinary occupations of life, and religion itself comes to be considered “rather as the gloomy companion of the church or the closet, than the animating friend of our ordinary hours.” In the writings of Mr Alison, on the other hand, every thing is brought forward which can impress religion *habitually* upon the mind,—which can render it agreeable or delightful to the imagination, or associate it with the feelings of admiration, which spring up with the contemplation of the objects which surround us. If we have rightly inhaled the spirit of his devotion, there is no scene of life—no season of the year—no object in nature—which is not fitted to inspire some devotional sentiment, or is not illustrative of some precept of Christianity; and yet so gentle is the association by which they are blended, and so enchanting the path which we follow under his guidance, that the feeling of piety seems rather to spring up unbidden in the mind, than to be inculcated by the ingenuity or eloquence of the writer.

To men of refinement, or men of the world, accordingly, to whom religion is so often a subject of indifference, the sermons of Mr Alison are fitted to be of more benefit perhaps than any other religious compositions in our language. Callous as they may be to the principles of religion, and difficult as it may be to rouse them by

\* Moral Sentiments, vol. ii. p. 239.

any direct exhortations to a sense of the blessings which it confers, they are yet tempted to read his sermons from the celebrity of the author as a writer on taste, or from the splendour of language, and beauty of imagery, which they display. They find in his writings none of the gloom of a recluse—none of the asperity of a controversial theologian—none of the illiberality of a sectarian,—they find only love to God and good will towards men; they are tempted to advance in a path which seems only strewed with flowers, and unconsciously they inhale the breath of eternal life.

“Cosi ali egro fanciul porgiamo asparsi  
Di soave licor gli orsi del Vaso.  
Succhi amari ingannato in tauto ci beve,  
Et da l'Inganno su vita receive.”

It is of the utmost importance, no doubt, that there should exist works on the Christian faith in which the arguments of the sceptic should be combated, and to which the Christian disciple might refer with confidence for a refutation of the objections which have been urged against his religion. But great as is the merit of such productions, their beneficial effects are limited in their operation, compared with those which are produced by such writings as we are considering. The hardened sceptic will never turn to a work on Divinity for a solution of his paradoxes; and men of the world can never be persuaded to enter on serious arguments, even on the most momentous subject of human belief. It is the *indifference*, not the scepticism, of such men which is to be dreaded: the danger to be apprehended is not that they will say there is no God, but that they will live altogether without God in the world. It has happened but too frequently, that divines, in their zeal for the progress of Christianity among such men, have augmented the very evil which they intended to remove. They have addressed themselves in general to them, as if they were combatants drawn out in a theological dispute;—they have urged a mass of arguments which they were unable to refute, but which were too uninteresting to be even examined; and while they flattered themselves that they had effectually silenced their objections, those whom they addressed have silently passed by on the other side. It is therefore of incalculable importance that some writings should

exist which should lead men *imperceptibly* into the ways of truth—which should insinuate themselves into the tastes, and blend themselves with the refinements, of ordinary life,—and which should perpetually recur to the cultivated mind, along with all that it admires, or loves, or venerates, in the world.

The most important sermons which Mr Alison has published are, in our opinion, those which treat of the *Evidences of Christianity*; and in the discussion of this interesting subject, he has suggested, we think, many new and important reflections. It is a striking circumstance connected with our religion, that the evidences in support of its divine origin are so many and so various, and that all classes of men, according to their several habits of mind, are enabled to rest on some species of evidence which seems to them singly sufficient to demonstrate its truth. Thus, while some writers, among whom we may rank the celebrated Dr Chalmers, dwell principally on the *Historical Evidence*, and are disposed to lay little stress on the internal evidence which it affords; other writers insist chiefly on the divine spirit and gentle precepts which it conveys; principles so opposite to all which is known of ancient philosophy, that they seem to point to a higher and a purer origin. While the champions of Christianity have too often been at variance concerning the comparative merits of the arms which were used in her defence, we may discern, in this diversity of opinion, another evidence of the divine origin of the gospel; and, by recollecting that it was addressed to all mankind, perceive that the evidences of its truth were fitted for all dispositions, and purposely made as various as the varied capacities of the human soul.

The evidence which Mr Alison has developed in the four sermons that are devoted to this subject, is in a great measure new, and illustrated with an eloquence to which no former writer on the history of religion has aspired. It is his object to shew, that there is an original and instinctive want in the human mind for a revelation from above—a want which has been felt in every age of darkness since the beginning of time, and which has prompted the rites of sacrifice and superstition in every country of the world. It is

his object to shew, in the next place, that the religion of the gospel is alone fitted to gratify these hopes and satisfy this expectation; that wherever it is spread it *has satisfied* the anxious desires of our nature, and that all that we can wish for the future prosperity of mankind is, that they may feel its spirit and obey its precepts. "What would you," said Socrates to Euthydemus, after enforcing the arguments of natural religion with a persuasive force which no subsequent writer has excelled,—“ what would you, that the gods should do for man more than they have done, to evince their goodness and benevolence towards men.” “ I would, replied he, *that they would send such a man from heaven to teach us their will.*” It was the prayer of the sublimest of heathen philosophers,\* that the human race might one day receive information from above on those subjects which are beyond the reach of the human faculties, but on which it dwelt with so unceasing and mournful an anxiety. It is on this want and craving of unaided reason that Mr Alison's argument is founded; and to those who pursue the path of his inquiry, there is no subject of human contemplation which affords room for more lofty or consoling thought.

In these sermons likewise, Mr Alison reverts to the history of the Jewish people, and illustrates with peculiar force the strong and irresistible argument which it affords of the truth of our religion. He pourtrays the long line of prophecy coeval with the foundation of the world, in which the coming of our Saviour is distinctly foretold; and, comparing these prophecies with the history of his life, he gives a weight to the evidence of our faith which belongs to no other religion, and can be claimed by no other subject of human belief. From the history of ancient times, he traces the system of divine mercy through the ages which have succeeded our Saviour's death: he follows it through all the persecutions of the infant church, and all the derision of heathen philosophy, till it ascended the imperial throne, and was proclaimed as the faith of the Roman empire. Upon the overthrow of this empire, he dwells on the reception of the same faith by the barbarous nations who

settled among its ruins; and who, while they despised and destroyed whatever else belonged to the conquered people, embraced only the religion which they professed. He traces the influence of the same faith in modern times—in the destruction of domestic slavery—in the purity of private morals, and the humanity of public war; and especially marks the effect of the gospel which was preached unto the poor in the elevation and instruction of the great body of the people. The Evidences of Christianity, therefore, are as various from its progress as from the prophecy which preceded it; and the consequences by which it has been attended must be imputed either to the immediate agency of Providence, or to the adaptation of revelation to the human mind, by the same Almighty hand which formed it.

In these four sermons, which form the outline of a great work, the powers of a philosophic mind, and the graces of a refined taste, are joined to the pious spirit of a Christian instructor. They are level to the capacity of the youthful mind, but they suggest subjects of reflection to the maturest thought; nor can we find, perhaps in any language, so beautiful and yet so appropriate a combination, as is here presented of the most enlightened views of human affairs, with the deepest conviction of religious truth.

It has been a common weakness, among a peculiar description of divines, to dwell on the historical or external evidences of Christianity, to the exclusion of those which arise from its nature or its progress, and to regard with an unfriendly eye the efforts of all who rest on any other grounds of belief. We have already observed, that it is a distinguishing feature of our religion that it is supported by a variety of different species of evidence, suited to the different dispositions of our nature; and that the learned and the unlearned, the contemplative and active, find alike in its origin, or its progress, something whereon they may sincerely build their faith. Those whose minds are limited to the observation of actual occurrences, will always be partial to the historical; and those who are endowed with a more enlarged or philosophical mind, or who have been habituated to more extensive views of human affairs, will

\* Plato.



be most impressed with the internal evidence. Let us admire the wisdom of providence, which has adapted the evidences of its revelation to all the varieties of the human mind, and not imitate the wretched presumption of those who arrogate to themselves the title of orthodox, because they have exclusively adopted that species of evidence which is most obvious to their own understandings.

The Sermons which Mr Alison has published on the *Seasons of the Year*, though less important than those on the Evidence of our Faith, are perhaps still more beautiful. Every man of a pious and cultivated mind has felt the influence of the varied appearances which natural objects present on the mind; he has felt joy and gratitude amidst the promise of spring, and been led to contemplation by the decay of autumn. It is just because such reflections are so obvious, and because they force themselves upon the most inconsiderate mind, that the religious reflections which Mr Alison has deduced from them are so important,—because they tend to make the feelings of devotion, and of Christian devotion, spring from the events by which we are perpetually surrounded. The reflections which he has made on this interesting subject, are so feelingly expressed in the following language, that we cannot refrain from the satisfaction of laying it before our readers :

“ There is, in the revolution of time, a kind of warning voice which summons us to thought and reflection; and every season as it arises, speaks to us of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. From the first openings of the spring, to the last desolation of winter, the days of the year are emblematic of the state and of the duties of man; and whatever may be the period of our journey, we can scarcely look up into the heavens, and mark the path of the sun, without feeling either something to animate us upon our course, or to reprove us for our delay. When the spring appears, when the earth is covered with its tender green, and the song of happiness is heard in every shade, it is a call to us to religious hope and joy;—over the infant year the breath of heaven seems to blow with paternal softness, and the heart of man willingly partakes in the joyfulness of awakened nature. When summer reigns, and every element is filled with life, and the sun like a giant pursues his course through the firmament above, it is the season of adoration:—We see there, as it were, the majesty of the present God; and where-

ever we direct our eye, the glory of the Lord seems to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. When autumn comes, and the annual miracle of nature is completed, it is the appropriate season of thankfulness and praise. The heart bends with instinctive gratitude before Him whose benevolence neither slumbers nor sleeps, and who, from the throne of glory, yet remembereth the things that are in heaven and earth. The season of winter has also similar instructions: to the thoughtful and the feeling mind it comes not without a blessing upon its wings; and perhaps the noblest lessons of religion are to be learnt amid its clouds and storms.”

It is to the elucidation of these beautiful views that these four sermons are devoted; nor are we any where acquainted with a finer application of the spirit of devotion, to the changes which we observe in the material world. No man will impress them on his heart, without becoming both happier and better,—without feeling warmer gratitude for the beneficence of nature, and deeper thankfulness for the means of knowing the Author of this beneficence which revelation has afforded. We can hardly help envying, as has been well observed, the talents which Mr Alison has displayed on this subject, and which have enabled him to give, in the same discourses, the highest gratifications of taste, and the noblest lessons of virtue.

Nor let it be imagined that reflections such as these are not the appropriate theme of religious instruction,—that they do not form the fit subject of Christian meditation. Whatever leads our minds habitually to the Author of the Universe;—whatever mingles the voice of nature with the revelation of the gospel;—whatever teaches us to see in all the changes of the world the varied goodness of him, in whom “ we live, and move, and have our being,”—brings us nearer to the spirit of the Saviour of mankind. But it is not only as encouraging a sincere devotion, that these reflections are favourable to Christianity; there is something, moreover, *peculiarly* allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature. When our Saviour prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judea, to inhale, we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amidst its solitary scenes, and to approach to a nearer communion with

his Father, amidst the sublimest of his works. It is with similar feelings, and to worship the same Father, that the Christian is permitted to enter the temple of nature; and by the spirit of his religion, there is a language infused into the objects which she presents, unknown to the worshipper of former times. To all indeed the same objects appear—the same sun shines—the same heavens are open; but to the Christian alone it is permitted to know the Author of these things; to see his spirit “move in the breeze and blossom in the spring;” and to read, in the changes which occur in the material world, the varied expression of eternal love. It is from the influence of Christianity accordingly, that the key has been given to the signs of nature. It was only when the Spirit of God moved on the face of the deep, that order and beauty were seen in the world.

It is, accordingly, peculiarly well worthy of observation, that the *beauty of nature*, as felt in modern times, seems to have been almost unknown to the writers of antiquity. They described occasionally the scenes in which they dwelt; but, if we except Virgil, whose gentle mind seems to have anticipated, in this instance, the influence of the gospel, never with any deep feeling of their beauty. Then, as now, the citadel of Athens looked upon the evening sun, and her temples flamed in his setting beam; but what Athenian writer ever described the matchless glories of the scene? Then, as now, the silvery clouds of the Ægean Sea rolled round her verdant isles, and sported in the azure vault of heaven; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight? The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky, and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them; yet even Eustace tells us, that a few detached lines is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets. The Alps themselves,

“The palaces of nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow,”—

Even these, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold, were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror; as a barrier from hostile nations, or as

the dwelling of barbarous tribes. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit which to the Christian gives the sublimity of these scenes.

“Praesentiorum conspicimus DEUM  
Per invidias rupes fera per juga  
Clivosque praeuptos, sonantes  
Inter aquas Nemorum aque noctem.”

There is something, therefore, in Mr Alison's religious reflections on the objects or the changes of nature, which is peculiarly fitting in a Christian teacher. “Behold the lilies of the field,” says our Saviour, “they toil not, neither do they spin, yet, verily I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” In these words of more than human beauty, we perceive the deep sense which He entertained of the beauty even of the minutest of the works of nature. If the admiration of external objects is not directly made the object of his precepts, it is not on that account the less allied to the spirit of religion; it springs from the revelation which he has made, and grows with the spirit which he inculcates. The cultivation of this feeling, we may suppose, is purposely left to the human mind, that man may be induced to follow it from the charms which novelty confers; and the sentiments which it awakens are not expressly enjoined, that they may be enjoyed as the spontaneous growth of our own imagination. While they seem, however, to spring up unbidden in the mind, they are in fact produced by the spirit of religion; and those who imagine that they are not the fit subject of Christian instruction, are ignorant of the secret workings, and finer analogies, of the faith which they profess.

Our limits preclude us from giving a more detailed account of Mr Alison's general sermons; but we cannot avoid noticing, before we conclude, the beautiful Analysis of the Lord's Prayer; and the pious and elevated view of the moral and religious ends of knowledge, which are contained in the sermons devoted to these subjects. The latter was addressed, at the opening of their winter studies, to the young of the university; and it is with joy that we there behold the enlightened views of a philosopher combined with the devotion of a Christian teacher.

an union of all others the most delightful to the pious mind, but which the guilt of science, or the corruption of religion, has too often destroyed.

We have heard it often observed as matter of regret, that Mr Alison has not dwelt more minutely on the doctrinal or abstract points of religion; and to a certain extent we think the charge well founded, in regard at least to the sermons which are hitherto published. The author indeed seems profoundly impressed with the truth of such principles himself; and the great Christian doctrines of the fall of man, of the atonement, of the divinity of Christ, and of the influence of the Holy Spirit, are alluded to in the most emphatic terms, in numerous passages of these sermons. But they are in general only *alluded to*; spoken of as articles of faith familiar to his hearers, but not dwelt upon as the subjects of immediate consideration. In this respect we think there is room for addition to these sermons; and as we anxiously hope that Mr Alison has not completed his publications, we look forward with anxiety to some more specific information on these momentous topics.

We are aware that Mr Alison, in selecting the branch of religious instruction on which he has principally dwelt, has chosen the department which is most suited to his own disposition; and we doubt not that he has acted under the conviction, that, in employing the peculiar talent committed to his charge, he has exerted himself in the most beneficial way for the progress of the gospel. We are aware, that it is the duty of a clergyman to make his flock devout men, rather than expert theologians; to lead them by persuasion into the ways of truth, rather than seek to subdue them by the force of argument; and that the character of eloquence most befitting a Christian priest, and most allied to the language of the Author of our faith, is that described in the words of Milton,

“By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make persuasion do the work of fear.”

We are aware, too, that it is the national peculiarity of this country to dwell too much and too exclusively on the doctrinal or metaphysical parts of religion, to the neglect of those religious views and feelings which mingle

themselves with the *ordinary* concerns of men, and influence their *ordinary* conduct; and we doubt not that Mr Alison has deemed it his duty to dwell on the *feelings* of devotion, for this very reason, that the tide ran so violently the other way.

If, however, we ventured to differ from this great writer, we should observe, that although these and numberless other arguments may be adduced in favour of the style of religious writing which he has adopted; and although it is perfectly true, that true religion consists infinitely more in devotion towards God and good will towards men, than in precise opinions on controverted articles of faith; yet that the consideration of such points is the irresistible bias of our nature, and that, unless it had been the fit subject of religious instruction, it would not have formed an essential part of the gospel system. We would observe, too, that as the human mind is prompted by an instinctive influence to engage in such dark inquiries, to leave the reader or the hearer without any precise or definite information, is to leave him to the efforts of others, who may lead him far distant indeed from the genuine doctrines of the Christian faith. We doubt not, that in the sermons which Mr Alison has addressed to his congregation, he has dwelt at length on the great principles of this faith; and we have only to hope, therefore, that he will not leave room to the world, who do not belong to that congregation, to misunderstand the principles which he inculcates.

In justice to Mr Alison, however, we must observe, that in one great article of faith, the fall of man, his principles have been greatly misrepresented. Numerous passages in every part of his writings allude to this important point; and they demonstrate unequivocally the firm adherence of the author to the Christian system on this subject. Thus, he speaks everywhere of our “ruined nature,”—of “our fallen nature,”—of “the remains of that innocence in which man was originally formed;”—expressions precisely analogous to those which the wisest men have always employed when treating of this matter. It is true, he speaks also, often in the same page, of “the innocence of youth,”—of the mind as yet unadulterated by sin,—of “the soul

fresh as it comes from the hands of its Creator;”—but these expressions are not in the smallest degree inconsistent with the Christian doctrine of the fall and of the redemption, alluded to in so many other parts of his writings. It will hardly be said, that in our Saviour’s words there is any contradiction on this subject; yet while he tells us, on the one hand, that “through one man sin came into the world,” he says, on the other, that “the pure in heart only shall see God;” and “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” The true principle which reconciles this seeming contradiction is, That the individual *is born innocent, but with dispositions to evil*. He is not actually guilty, or amenable to punishment, before his own conduct begins; but he contains within himself the *seeds of evil*, which, when they develope themselves, if not checked by the influence of religion, or pardoned by the mercy of the Redeemer, must render him the object of the divine justice. Such seems to be the doctrine of Mr Alison on this subject; and it is a doctrine in strict unison with our Saviour’s precept, and with the greatest divines whom the Church of England can produce: but we must at the same time admit, that he should have explained himself more explicitly on the subject, and not left an opening for cavil or misconstruction on so fundamental an article of our religion.

We cannot conclude without noticing the *political sermons* which these volumes contain; and here there is room for no feeling but the deepest and the most unqualified admiration. There is not, indeed, so far as we know, in the whole range of religious or political writing, so fine an application of the faith of the gospel to the *political duties of man*, or so sublime an instance of confidence in the divine goodness, through the most dark and eventful periods of modern history. It was his fortune to be called upon to apply the principles of religion to the political circumstances of the period in which he wrote; to address men on the consolations or the hopes which religion affords amidst political misfortunes; to animate them to the duties which became them as men and as Christians, amidst suffering, dis-

aster, and defeat. In the discharge of this animating duty, he appears to have been transported to a grandeur of thought and a splendour of eloquence above himself; and there is something, accordingly, inexpressibly delightful in turning to his pages, after reading what was written by other statesmen or divines at the same period. While ordinary men saw only, in the tremendous convulsions which then agitated the world, the consequences of the neglect of political wisdom, or the effects of political combinations;—while ordinary divines were whining at the altar, or praying, like the Greeks of old, for divine interposition, while Mahomet was thundering at their gates;—he alone taught, with the Grecian philosopher, that the Deity acts in human affairs through the agency of valour and wisdom;\* he alone saw, in all the misfortunes which surrounded us, a steady system, and the march of an invincible career. While the obsequious clergy were too often launching anathemas against their enemies, yet palliating the vices of those in authority among themselves, he boldly proclaimed the causes of these disasters; he pointed to the political sins which were visited in other countries by political suffering; he spoke of justice and liberty in our empire as the only secure basis of national defence. Amidst all the gloom in which the nations of the world were involved, he steadily trusted in the care of the Divine Providence, acting through the means of human virtue; he unceasingly taught, that its wisdom was from “passing evil still educing good;” he pointed continually to the hand-writing on the wall, which foretold the destruction of our gigantic foe. But it was not by vain sacrifices or imaginary oblations that this glorious result was to be obtained; not by fasting and praying, when the punishment of our sins was come upon us; but by timely sacrifices and sincere reformation; by trusting in the divine mercy protecting the side of valour and justice; by going forth to the combat with the sublime feeling of the Grecian hero, “The best of omens is the cause of freedom.”

Filled with this holy spirit, and animated by this sublime conviction

\* Phutarch.

of the *general* superintendence of Providence, this great writer preserved the same tone through all the political changes of that eventful period. Unelated by victory, unsubdued by defeat, he spoke the same language for twenty years: in adversity inculcating confidence and hope, in prosperity breathing gratitude and devotion. During a period in which party violence raged with unexampled rancour in this country, he preserved a steady undeviating course, equally removed from courtly adulation on the one hand, and from republicanism on the other. Deeply impressed with the importance of the great principles of public liberty which befitted the minister of that religion which was preached unto the poor; ardently attached to the welfare and elevation of the great body of the people, by whose resignation the great struggle which he witnessed was sustained; he yet held in deserved abhorrence the progress of that impious power which profaned the names of liberty and freedom—which spoke peace to the cottage when there was no peace.

During the triumph of this power, and at a time when no hope appeared to the fortunes of mankind, he steadily foretold its approaching fall, and pointed to the principle by which it was to be overthrown. "There is a limit," to use his own words, "to human suffering; and there is an hour in oppression when resolution springs from despair. To that hour, to that avenging hour, time and nature are approaching. Unmarked as it may be amid the blaze of military glory, the dread hand is yet writing on the wall the sentence of its doom; and however late may be its arrival, the hour is yet steadily approaching, when evil will be overcome with good, and when the life-blood of an injured world will collect at the heart, and by one convulsive effort throw off the load that has oppressed it." And when at last this tremendous power was destroyed; when the people of Europe rose triumphant over the armies which had enslaved them, his joy was not the arrogance of human strength, or the triumph of human power: it was the deep exultation of religious courage, the heartfelt gratitude of ardent philanthropy, the hymn of the faithful, "because the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

We read with delight of the constancy of ancient Rome, amidst the struggles of her infant state; and the youth of our people learn from Regulus and Cincinnatus the examples of unsubdued virtue, the grandeur of unshaken devotion to our country. It is with similar feelings, and to inhale a still purer spirit, that future ages will turn to the record of our times which these memorable sermons have furnished. To the heathen world the moral government of the world was unknown: the patriots of ancient days rested on themselves alone: it was the boast of their virtue, that if the world itself was destroyed, the good man would stand fearless amid its ruins. Such feelings, however sublime in themselves, or fitting in those who worshipped "the Unknown God," are not the feelings with which a Christian patriot should regard the fortunes of mankind. He is permitted to approach the Maker of heaven and earth; to know that all things are ordered by him for the good of man; that in the system of his government there is neither variability nor shadow of turning; and that his power rides in what to us seems chance and fate, as in the whirlwind and the storm. Amidst the disasters of time or the fall of nations, it is his duty to cling closer and closer to the faith in which he was baptised; to rely on the wisdom of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps; and to see, through all the clouds in which this lower world is wrapped, that Eternal Sun which makes them all the instruments of future good. It is this feeling which these sermons inculcate; it is this holy confidence which they have taught. If, in the revolutions of time, difficulties or misfortunes are again to befall our country, it is to them that our posterity will turn, to know in what spirit their ancestors have conquered, and in what faith their fathers have died. And if they be the fit descendants of a people who, during the perils of our own times, have nobly maintained their character for freedom, for valour, and for piety, they will ask no other consolation in misfortune, and no other support in adversity, than the memorable words of Scripture with which Mr Alison began and ended his political exhortations: "There are many devices in man's heart; but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MANY years ago, Colonel Imrie, well known to the public by his mineralogical memoirs in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Wernerian Natural History Society, visited Greece and the Greek islands, with the view of studying their antiquities and natural history. He brought with him from these classical regions a valuable collection of minerals and mountain rocks, all of which he has patriotically presented to the museum of the University of Edinburgh. This interesting donation is accompanied with a magnificently printed geological description of Greece, and engravings of Grecian scenery, executed in the highest style by an excellent artist, after the sketches of the Colonel.

For many years past, all the trap rocks in Italy have been described as lavas, and scarcely a corner of that country but what has been maintained to exhibit traces of volcanic action. The writings of Strange, Hamilton, Thomson, and Breislac, have mainly contributed to this erroneous view. But the scholars of Werner, with more science and acuteness of observation, are now examining and describing that classical country; and the writings of Brocchi, Villani, Von Buch, Borkowsky, Du Rio, &c. are proving, that many of these volcanic districts have no appearance of having suffered from the action of volcanoes, and that the lavas of Breislac, &c. are mere varieties of trap rocks.

Dr Edmonstone has ready for the press a second edition of his valuable work on the Shetland Islands. It will be illustrated with a series of beautiful plates of the magnificent and striking scenery of that remote, although interesting, portion of the British empire.

Dr Murray of Edinburgh has just executed a series of experiments that appear to overthrow the new views in regard to the muriatic acid, published by Sir H. Davy, and adopted by all the other chemists in Europe.

The celebrated chemist Berzelius has been raised to the rank of nobility by the king of Sweden, on account of his great talents as a chemical philosopher. This honour is the more remarkable, as scientific men are rarely rewarded by such marks of royal favour.

The geological structure of many districts in Scotland has been examined and explained by the members of the Wernerian and Geological Societies. These interesting descriptions have excited the particular attention of foreign mineralogists; and amongst those strangers who have traversed Scotland, with the view of studying its highly curious structure, one of the most

eminent is the Baron Von Buch. That distinguished naturalist is, we understand, engaged on a work illustrative of the geognosy of Scotland; and Professor Necker of Geneva, a pupil of Professor Jameson's, is now publishing in Geneva a work on the mineralogy of the Hebrides; and Dr Bouee, who also received his mineralogical education in the University of Edinburgh, is at present employed in Paris with a work on the mineralogy of Scotland.

Conchology, or the natural history of shells, has of late years become a very general object of study. Formerly this branch of natural history was viewed as of very inferior importance, and as little more than a catalogue of the names of natural objects of no great interest. But the connexion of conchology with geognosy, as traced out by Werner, has directed the attention of all geologists to this subject. Works on shells are daily issuing from the press, yet we still want a good elementary work in the English language. It will however require no ordinary talent to execute well, and in a satisfactory manner, such a work. Much remains to be done in the improvement of the descriptive language of conchology, and more in drawing up and fixing the specific characters. The descriptions of the late Colonel Montague are in many respects excellent, but are too long, too minute, and not sufficiently discriminative. Those of other conchologists, again, are too concise to be useful. The coloured figures of the species, in general, do not accord with the descriptions, and hence the necessity of a new and more extended nomenclature of colours than is at present used by conchologists.

The *parallel roads* in Glen Roy, well known to travellers, have of late years engaged the particular attention of some observers. Dr Macculloch has just published a very long memoir illustrative of their appearance and formation, and a gentleman of this country has read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh a paper on the same subject. It has always appeared to us rather surprising, that these roads, or natural terraces, should be viewed as wonders, when it ought to be known that they are not uncommon, and that the theory of their formation is as simple and obvious as that of an alluvial terrace on the bank of a lake or the side of a river. Antiquarians contend that they are the works of art—poets, that they are the mighty doings of their fancied heroes of former times; others, with graver pretensions, insinuate that they may be natural ledges of solid rock; and some philosophers, having joined issue with the antiquaries, seriously believe them to be the re-

mains of some *great work of art* executed by the Highlanders when they were naked, or clothed in deer skins.

In France, and also in Germany, there are many manuals or elementary treatises on Zoology, and of these the most esteemed is that of Professor Blumenbach, which has gone through nine editions. In this country, the only elementary treatise is that of Mr Stewart, entitled "Elements of Zoology," which, although an excellent work, does not realize our idea of a purely elementary treatise. A work like that of Blumenbach's is therefore still a desideratum in this island. The Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh has, in his lectures, frequently intimated his intention of publishing a manual of Zoology; but we suspect, from his numerous avocations, that this promise is not likely soon to be fulfilled. We would therefore earnestly recommend the execution of such a work to those who are thoroughly acquainted with the language used in the description of animals, and who besides are well versed in the principles of zoological arrangement. But even these important qualifications are not all which are required from those who shall embark in such an undertaking; they must also be possessed of a well-arranged collection of all the facts of zoology, and their minds must be duly enlightened with the truths of general science, and with the *facts* of anatomy and physiology. But they must be careful to abstain from all indulgence in the fancies of anatomists, and the reveries of physiologists, which are only equalled by the extravagancies of those who propound theories of the earth, and believe they can tell us how the world was created.

A new barometer was exhibited to the Institute of France by M. Gay Lussac, but we have not seen any account of its construction.

In M. Laplace's Memoir on the Velocity of Sound, lately read before the Institute, he has shewn, that the velocity of sound in fresh water is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  times greater than in air.

It appears from the experiments of Messrs D. Wheeler and Company, that by exposing common malt to the temperature of about 430° of Fahrenheit, in close vessels, it acquires a dark chocolate brown colour, and becomes so soluble in either hot or cold water, that when it is mixed with pale malt, in the proportion of 1-80th, it communicates to the liquor the perfect colour and flavour of porter. A patent has been taken out for this method of drying and preparing malt.

We understand that the new patent instrument invented by Dr Brewster, and called the Kaleidoscope, is now manufacturing by Messrs Bingley and Son of Birmingham, and by Mr Ruthven of Edinburgh, and will be ready early in January.

We copy the following from that excellent and well-conducted paper, *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*:—

"Mr Wilkie, the celebrated artist, has lately made a painting of Mr Walter Scott and his family. The arrangement of the figures can hardly be said to compose a story; neither is it like that of the worthy Vicar of Wakefield and his household, of whom, if we recollect aright, each individual looked stately forth, in the solitude of his own imagination. This little piece, though it does not tell a tale, comprizes a very pleasing and interesting groupe. The Bard himself is seated in a familiar attitude on a bank, in the exact *costume* in which he perambulates the hills and dales of his estate, viz. a short jacket, leather gaiters, and large white hat, with a dog-whistle suspended round his neck, and a huge oaken towel in his hand. Behind him, on the right, are seen Mrs Scott, as a cottage matron, and her daughters, two young ladies rising into the bloom of life, attired as ewe-milkers; on the left is an admirable groupe, consisting of Captain Ferguson, an early and valued friend of Mr Scott's,—Mr Walter and Mr Charles Scott, his sons,—and a fine old rosy peasant, an appendage of the family. Mr Scott's gigantic stag greyhound, Maida (with a dash of the bloodhound in him), occupies the foreground, with some less important figures.

"We are well acquainted with all the persons composing this interesting groupe, and can testify to the extraordinary truth of the likenesses, more particularly of that of the principal figure. It has nothing of the fine poetical tone which Mr Raeburn has given so admirably; but we have seen no painting which places the individual, in his *every-day* feelings, so completely before the spectator.

"The painting is still in the possession of Mr Scott, and is not, we believe, entirely finished. When completed, we hope an engraving will be made from it."

An ingenious instrument has lately been examined by a number of Gentlemen in Glasgow. We are requested to insert the following certificate of its usefulness:—"Mr Hunter, of Edinburgh, has invented an instrument which is of great importance to the navigator. From two altitudes of the sun, and the interval of time between the observations, he can determine, within five minutes after the second observation, the latitude of the place, the hour from noon, and the variation of the compass. According to the common form of calculation for double altitudes, the latitude by account is supposed to be known, which, in the use of this instrument, is not necessary. I have tried it in several examples, and always found the results very near the truth. If a vessel was driven from her course by storms or by currents, if the reckoning was altogether lost, and the mariner could not get a meridian observation, with this instrument and a chronometer, he could, in a few minutes after the second observation, ascertain his position on the ocean with accu-

racy. An invention of so much utility in navigation is worthy of encouragement from those concerned in the commerce of the country. J. CROSS.

“*Glasgow Observatory, 3d Dec. 1817.*”

Mr Asbury has invented an instrument for puncturing the drum of the ear, in cases of deafness; and two instances are recorded in which he has operated successfully; the individuals were immediately restored to hearing. Will the operation be permanently beneficial?

The construction and properties of Bramah's Patent Lock, in which the confidence of the public has so long reposed, having become a subject of discussion at the meetings of the Royal Institution, Mr Bramah attended, and lent a large model, explanatory of the principles of his late father's lock, and his own improvements upon it, to the institution: when every one was satisfied with the almost utter impossibility of opening locks upon his construction, their security depending upon the doctrine of combinations or multiplication of numbers into each other, which is known to increase in the most rapid proportion. Thus a lock of five sliders admits of 3000 variations, while one of eight, which are commonly made, will have no less than 1,935,360 changes, or, in other words, that number of attempts at making a key, or picking it, may be made, before it can be opened. Such was the case in the life-time of its late ingenious inventor; but, by the simple improvement of his sons, the present manufacturers, this difficulty may be increased in an hundred fold, or greater proportion, without at all adding to the complication of the lock.

Kirchoff, to whom we are indebted for the discovery of the method of *converting starch into sugar*, observed, that the process did not succeed so well with starch from grain as with potato-starch. This he considered as owing to the presence of the gluten, with which starch from grain is always more or less contaminated. He fell upon the method of separating this gluten, which succeeded perfectly: 3lb. of potash are dissolved in 100lb. of water, and the solution mixed with 4lb. of good slack quick-lime. The mixture is frequently agitated during three hours, and then the clear liquid is drawn off, and kept for use in close vessels. For every pound of starch to be purified, a pound of this alkaline ley must be taken. It must be poured on the starch, and allowed to remain in contact with it at a moderate temperature for two or three days. It acquires a brown colour from the gluten, which it dissolves, and the starch becomes much whiter and purer.

A service of plate of the value of £2000, has been presented to Sir Humphry Davy, by the proprietors of the collieries in the counties of Northumberland and Durham.

Cork, when treated in Papin's Digester with water, gave out (says Chevreul) an aromatic principle, and a little acetic acid,

which passed over with the water into the receiver. The extract formed by the water contained two colouring matters, the one yellow, the other red; an acid, the nature of which was not determined; gallic acid; an astringent substance; a substance containing azote; a substance soluble in water, and insoluble in alcohol; gallate of iron; lime; and traces of magnesia; twenty parts of cork thus treated by water left 17.15 of insoluble matter. The undissolved residues being treated a sufficient number of times, with alcohol in the same apparatus, yielded a variety of bodies, but which seem reducible to three; namely, *cerin*, *resin*, and an oil.

A new variety of meteoric stone fell on the third of October, 1815, at Langres, in France. From the analysis of Vauquelin, its constituents appear to be,

|                         |      |
|-------------------------|------|
| Silica . . . . .        | 33.9 |
| Oxide of iron . . . . . | 31.0 |
| Magnesia . . . . .      | 32.0 |
| Chromium . . . . .      | 2.0  |

98.9

*Titanium and Tellurium in Sulphuric Acid.*

—We are informed, on the authority of Professor Berzelius, that small quantities of titanium are occasionally found in sulphuric acid of English manufacture; and that in sulphuric acid from a manufactory at Stockholm, minute portions of tellurium, in the state of sulphuret, have been found mixed with unburned sulphur. The sulphur employed in this latter manufactory is obtained from pyrites found in the mine of Fahlun, in which no traces of tellurium have yet been discovered.

*Aerolite at Paris.*—We are informed from the French papers, that an aerolite of considerable size fell in Paris, in the Rue de Richelieu, on the morning of Nov. 3. It descended with so much force as to displace a part of the pavement, and to sink to some depth into the earth. It was attended by a sulphureous smell, and seemed to have been recently in a state of ignition or combustion.

The Abbate Angelo Mai, whose recent discoveries among the *Codices rescripti* in the Ambrosian library at Milan, we have had frequent occasion to notice, has added to the number the Mæso-Gothic translation of the thirteen proto-canonical Epistles of St Paul, made in the fourth century, by Bishop Ulphilas, the loss of which has been hitherto a subject of regret. It fills two voluminous manuscripts, and is covered by Latin writing of a later period. We know from the unanimous testimony of the ancient historians that Ulphilas (who was called the Moses of his time,) translated the whole Bible, except perhaps the two books of Kings. The whole of this work was lost, till at length, in 1665, the *Codex argenteus* of Upsal, containing a considerable part of the four Evangelists, was published by Francis Junius.—The learned Francis Knittel, upon



examining a *Codex palimpsestus*, in the library of Wolfenbüttel, found upon eight of the pages several verses of the translation of the Epistle to the Romans, by Ulphilas. These fragments he published in 1762. The MSS. now discovered by M. Mai are much more extensive, and appear to have been written between the 5th and 6th century. What is wanting of the Epistles in one of the MSS. is contained in the other; eight of the Epistles are entire in both, so as to afford the advantage of comparison. The characters are large and handsome. The titles of the Epistles are at the head of the MSS. and there are marginal references in the same language. Of this discovery M. Mai designs to publish an extensive specimen in a preliminary dissertation. A gentleman of Milan, equally distinguished by erudition and liberality, has had a complete fount of Ulphilian types, of different sizes, cast by an able founder, both for the text and notes. Besides these two MSS. M. Mai has collected twenty more pages in the Mæso-Gothic language, extracted from several other *Codices palimpsesti*, in the same library. In these pages are found those parts of the Gospels by Ulphilas, which are wanting in the mutilated edition of the *Codex argenteus*, together with great part of the homilies or commentaries, and what is still more interesting, fragments of the books of Esdras and Nehemiah—a discovery of the more importance as not the smallest portion of Ulphilas's version of the Old Testament was hitherto known to exist. To accompany this considerable part of the labours of the Gothic prelate, M. Mai is preparing a new Mæso-Gothic Lexicon, which will prodigiously increase the number of words of that language, and prove a most valuable present to the philologists of all those nations whose languages are of German origin.

M. Benvenuti of Florence has invented a machine, by means of which any person, though unacquainted with drawing, is enabled to copy paintings in oil or fresco, and even to trace the contour of statues and other round bodies, either of the natural size or reduced to one-twelfth. This machine, which is far superior to the pantograph, will be particularly useful for frescoes; it is even asserted that in this department it will do as much in one day as formerly required the labour of a month.

In 1814 Baron Beroldingen, of Hanover, offered a prize for the best Latin ode on the benevolent spirit of England, and representing her as the tutelary genius of the liberties of Germany. Out of 43 poems sent for this competition, two were judged worthy of the prize, which was shared between them. The authors of the latter are Professor Messerschmidt, of Altenburg, and M. Wagner, of Lüneburg. The judges made honourable mention of seven others. All these pieces will be printed in London, at the expense of the founder, in the most splendid form.

Professor Dahlmann, of Kiel, is prepar-

ing for the press the manuscript Chronicle of Ditmar, by Neocorus, which had been lost, and lately recovered. This work is of great importance for the illustration of the ancient history of Germany.

*Poonah or Indian Painting.*—This is a method of painting lately introduced from India, by which the ladies of London (by means of Poonah Guides) have been enabled to decorate their dresses, furniture, toilets, work boxes, &c. so as to give the appearance of real fruit and flowers; it is also applied to painting landscapes, animals, &c. The effect of which, on velvet, satin, or cotton, is truly beautiful. We are also informed, that it is not necessary for the lady to be previously acquainted with drawing, and that it is done in less than half the usual time.—We see that Mr Middleton has commenced teaching the whole of this elegant art in Edinburgh, and is displaying numerous specimens, showing the brilliant effect of this stile of painting, at his lodgings, 11, George's Street.

M. Engelmann has commenced printing, at his lithographic press, a series of plates illustrative of the manners and customs of the Russians, from designs by Houbigant. The work will form a folio volume, containing 60 plates, which will be published in ten parts.

*A Non-descript Fish.*—Captain Mudge, one of the gentlemen employed in the Trigonometrical Survey, has stated, that a few days before he left Shetland, he had received a letter from a gentleman of large property there, informing him, that a fish of very singular appearance had been taken off the island of Unst, where Captain Mudge had been stationed with M. Biot. The fish was to have been sent to Captain Mudge, but it did not arrive in time, and therefore he knew it only from the description given of it by his correspondent, which was very minute and particular. It was of the flat species, about four feet long, and was most amply provided with fins; but its distinguishing peculiarities were two *antennæ* or feelers, about eight or ten inches long, standing erect from the head, each crowned with a fine tuft resembling a flower; whilst on the under part, near the breast, were two hands exactly resembling the human hand, except that they were palmated or webbed. Captain Mudge not having time to stay, left instructions with M. Biot, who remained behind for the purpose of contemplating the *aurora borealis*, to have the fish preserved in spirits and sent up to London. We may therefore hope to obtain an opportunity of communicating a more detailed account of this very singular fish, which does not appear to have been described by any writer on Ichthyology.

*Another Mammoth found.*—Dr Mitchell of New York, in a letter to Dr Clinton, dated Chester, 27th May 1817, published in a New York paper, announces the discovery of the remains of a mammoth on the

preceding day in the town of Goshen, Orange county, within sixty miles of New York, in a meadow belonging to a Mr Yelverton. "The soil," says Dr M. "is a black vegetable mould, of an inflammable nature, and in reality a good kind of turf. It abounds with pine knots and trunks, and was, about thirty years ago, covered with a grove of white pine-trees. The depth below the surface, where the bones lie, does not exceed six feet. There is reason to believe the whole osseous parts are here, as they can be felt by exploring-rods in various directions round the spot. It may be expected, that with due exertion an entire skeleton can be procured, surpassing every thing of the sort that the world has seen.

"The region extending from Rochester along the Walkill to this place, is full of organic relics. The fossils indicate the former dominion of the ocean; and many of them appertained to creatures not now known to be alive. The dimensions of the parts as given me by Drs. Seely and Townsend are as follow :

"Length of the tooth, 6 inches. Breadth of the same,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Circumference of the lower jaw, including the tooth it contains, 26 inches. Length of the jaw, making allowance for some detrition, 35 inches. Breadth of the articulating surface of the lower extremity of the humerus, 12 inches. Breadth of the outer condyle of the same, 7 inches. Breadth of the inner condyle of the same, 5 inches. Depth from the interior to the posterior part of this articulating surface, 10 inches. Length of the cavity of the os cranion, 7 inches. Breadth of the same,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Depth of the same,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Length of the ulna, 32 inches. Circumference of the upper articulating surface of the ulna,  $32\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Circumference of the articulating surface of the lower extremity of the humerus, 35 inches."

The Society for the Encouragement of the Arts at Paris, has proposed the following prizes for the year 1818 :—

1500 francs for a machine for making pack-thread; 1000 francs for a machine for cutting the fur from the skins used in hat making; 6000 francs for the manufacture of steel-wire for needles; 3000 francs for manufacturing articles of cast-iron; 2000 francs for a method of salting meat; 2000 francs for the manufacture of isinglas; 2000 francs for manufacturing enamelled

metal vases; 1500 francs for the cultivation of the plants which supply pot-ash; 1000 francs for making pipes without seams; 600 francs for the discovery of stones for lithography; and 1200 francs for their artificial composition.

The Society has deferred until 1819 the distribution of the following prizes :—1200 francs for the manufacture of artificial precious stones; 3000 francs for the discovery of a certain process for drying meat; and 1000 francs for the cultivation of oleaginous plants: the prize for the preservation of woollen cloth, which, in consideration of its importance, has been raised to the sum of 3000 francs; and that of 1000 francs for the construction of a mill for skinning dried vegetables, such as pease, beans, &c. will not be awarded till 1820.

The Society has besides proposed nine others, viz.—1st, One of 2000 francs, to be given in 1819, to the person who shall raise, by the most certain and economical processes, and with the least possible loss, the greatest number of white Chinese silk-worms. 2d, One of 600 francs, in 1818, for the invention of an extremely economical, agreeable, and wholesome fermented drink, which may be prepared by the poorest cultivators, and fit for the use of persons employed in outdoor labour. 3d, One of 1200 francs, in 1818, for the manufacture of an unalterable green colour, of fine quality, and preferable to Scheele's green. 4th, One of 500 francs, in 1818, for the discovery of the best method of grinding oil and water colours, to the degree of tenuity required by artists. 5th, One of 2000 francs, in 1819, for the manufacture of animal charcoal prepared from other substances than bone, and without the employment of pot-ash; and which may be as good and cheap as charcoal prepared from bones. 6th, One of 1200 francs, in 1819, for the manufacture of a new kind of economical floor-cloth, composed of strong paper covered with varnish. 7th, One of 2000 francs, in 1819, for the application of the steam-engine to printing presses. 8th, One of 2000 francs, in 1819, for the discovery of a vegetable substance consisting of natural or prepared leaves, fit to be employed as a substitute for mulberry leaves in feeding silk-worms. 9th, One of 3000 francs, in 1821, for a metal or alloy, which may be substituted for iron and steel, in the construction of machines for grinding vegetables.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

### LONDON.

MADAME de Stael's new work on the French Revolution has been purchased by Mess Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; it will be printed both in French and English, under the superintendance of Mr Wm Schlegel, the literary executor of the baroness.

The work will be comprised in three octave volumes, and will appear in London, Edinburgh, and at Paris on the same day.

The Fourth and Last Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, with considerable Notes, comprising Observations upon Society, Literature, &c. made during his tra-

vels and residence abroad; by the Right Hon. Lord Byron, 8vo.

The Literary Character, illustrated by the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own feelings and confessions; by the author of *Curiosities of Literature*, 8vo.

The Case of the Salt Duties, with proofs and illustrations; by Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. small 8vo.

Lord Byron's Works Complete, containing Prisoner of Chillon, The Dream, Darkness, Manfred, and the Lament of Tasso; small 8vo. Vol. VI.

Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion; by the author of *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, &c.; with a biographical Notice of the Author, 4 vols 12mo.

The Museum Criticum, or Cambridge Classical Researches. No VII. 8vo.

The History of the Civil Wars of England, from original, authentic, and most curious and interesting MSS. and scarce Tracts of the Times; illustrated by 200 engravings by the first artists, from original paintings by G. Arnald, R. A., taken expressly for this work, of every spot on which battles or other important events took place. In 4 vols 4to. To be published in parts.

Delineations of the celebrated City of Pompeii; consisting of 40 picturesque views, on a large scale, from accurate drawings made in the year 1817; by Major Cockburn of the royal artillery. The plates are etched in a free and spirited outline by Pinelli of Rome, and will be finished by W. B. Cooke. Printed uniformly with *Steuart's Athens*, in one volume folio.

The Desâteer, with the ancient Persian Translations and Commentary, and a Glossary of the ancient Persian words; by Mûlla Ferûz Bin Mûlla Kaws: to which will be added an English Translation, 2 vols 4to.—The *Desâteer* is one of the most singular books that has appeared in the East. It professes to be a collection of the writings of the different Persian prophets, from the time of Mohâbâd to the time of the fifth Sâssân, being fifteen in number; of whom Zerdusht, whom, following the Greeks, we call Zoroaster, was the thirteenth, and the fifth Sâssân the last. This Sâssân lived in the time of Khusrour Purvez, who was contemporary with the Emperor Heraclius, and died only nine years before the destruction of the ancient Persian monarchy.

The Comedies of Aristophanes; translated from the Greek, with numerous illustrative Notes, by Thomas Mitchell, A. M., late Fellow of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, 3 vols 8vo.—Of eleven comedies, the valuable remains of fifty-four, written by this celebrated author of antiquity, two only have yet appeared in such an English dress as to attract the attention of the public. The present publication attempts to supply a deficiency long felt in our literature, by offering a version of the remaining pieces; and the translator thus hopes to furnish the general reader with the means

of ascertaining the nature and merits of that peculiar branch of the drama, known by the name of the Old Comedy. The basis of translation has been a blank verse, modelled on the phraseology of our old dramatic writers, with an occasional use of such metres as seemed best adapted to suit the varieties of an author abounding in rapid transitions, and indulging in every combination of numbers. Of some of the Plays it has not been thought advisable to give entire translations; in these a prose narrative has been adopted, to connect the scenes, and carry on the story; and the translated parts will be to the untranslated at least in the proportion of three to one. By this expedient, points of local humour can be set in a stronger light by the force of contrast; and scenes may be entirely omitted, or narrated in a manner more consistent with delicacy and reserve than the early comedy of all nations has been found to observe. Ample notes will be added, and such as, it is hoped, will leave the reader no difficulty in understanding and relishing the text of an author professedly engaged in the history and politics of his own times. Without presuming to offer a work conducted on these principles to the notice of the learned, it is thought that such a publication may not be unacceptable to the curiosity of the English reader; that it may offer materials for tracing the more accurate view of the manners and political relations of a country, the language, customs, and mythology of which we have woven very deeply into our national system of education.

A Picturesque Tour of Italy, in illustration of, and with references to, the text of Addison, Moore, Eustace, and Forsyth. From drawings taken on the spot during the years 1816, 1817; by James Hakewill Arch; engraved by G. Cooke, Pye, Scott, Milton, Hollis, Landseer, Fittler, Midde-man, Moses, &c. imperial 4to. To be published in numbers.—This work will contain a series of highly-finished engravings, from drawings taken on the spot, in the course of 1816 and the early part of the present year, from the most prominent and interesting views in that classical country, and of outline engravings of the Museums of the Vatican and Capitol of Rome, of the Museum of Florence, and the Studii of Naples. It will be published in parts, each of which will contain not less than five plates, with such a portion of descriptive letter-press as will render it in itself a complete work, while the reference to the text of the most celebrated tourists will make further research easy. The work will be completed in about fifteen parts, the first of which will be published on the 1st of February.

*A New Monthly Journal*.—Mr Murray, Albemarle Street, is to publish, on the third Saturday in January 1818, the First Number of a New Periodical Journal, the object of which will be to convey to the public a great variety of new, original, and interest-

ing matter; and, by a methodical arrangement of all inventions in the arts, discoveries in the sciences, and novelties in literature, to enable the reader to keep pace with the progress of human knowledge. To be printed uniformly with the Quarterly Review. The price, by the year, will be £2, 2s.

View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages; by Henry Hallam, Esq. 2 vols 4to.

The Dramatic Works complete, with the Poems, &c. of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan; to which will be prefixed an Essay on the Life and Genius of the Author; by Thomas Moore, Esq. author of *Lalla Rookh*, 4 vols 8vo.

Account of the Voyage of Discovery to the Western Coast of Corea, and the Great Loo Choo Island in the Japan Sea, in his Majesty's ship *Lyra*; by Capt. Basil Hall, R. N., F. R. S. L. & E.; with a Vocabulary of the Language of that Island, by Lieut. Clifford, R. N.; and an Appendix, containing Charts and various hydrographical and scientific Notices. Illustrated by eight coloured engravings, after drawings by Havell, of scenery, and the costume of the people of Corea, and particularly of the more interesting inhabitants of Loo Choo. In one volume 4to.

Travels in Syria, Nubia, and Arabia; by J. L. Burckhardt; with maps, plates, &c. forming 2 vols in 4to. similar to those of Park, Barrow, &c. Publishing under the direction of the African Association.

Mr W. B. Gurney is preparing for the press the Trials of Brandreth, Turner, Ludlam, and Weightman, for high treason at Derby, from his short-hand notes.

Early next year will be published in parts, about forty Views of Pompeii, engraved in mezzotinto, in imitation of the original drawings, taken on the spot in the present year by George Townley, Esq.

Mr R. Priest will shortly publish by subscription, *The Midshipman*, or an Appeal to Sympathy, with other pieces, in verse.

A novel, with the title of the Bachelor and the Married Man, in 3 vols. is in the press.

The Rev. Anthony Davidson, of South Damerham, Wilts, is about to publish by subscription the Poems of Ossian turned into blank verse, in 8vo.

Mr J. H. Bohte, of York Street, Covent Garden, has ready for delivery a Catalogue of all the editions of Greek and Roman Authors which have appeared in Germany from the year 1700 to the end of 1816, which he has either on sale, or engages to procure at the shortest notice. This catalogue, which cannot fail to prove a useful manual to classical scholars and collectors, will shortly be followed by three other parts. The second will contain all the Latin editions of Theological Works; the third, the Medical and Natural History classes; and the fourth, the Historical and Miscellaneous

works. The whole will form an 8vo volume, to which a general title will be given.

The Rev. Richard Warner will speedily publish the first of three volumes, with the title of *Old Church of England Principles* opposed to the 'New Light', in a series of plain doctrinal and practical Sermons from the first Lesson of the Morning Service for every Sunday through the year; showing the connexion between the Old and New Testaments, and explaining the Histories, Characters, Types, and Prophecies of the former, by the events, personages, realities, and fulfilments of the latter.

Proposals are announced at Calcutta for publishing by subscription, in one volume quarto, the celebrated Persian Dictionary, entitled *Burhan-i Kateh*.

The Bombay Courier announces an intended translation of the *Bija Ganita*, by Dr Taylor, who lately produced a version of the *Lilavati*. It will be made from the Sanskrit original, and will be followed by a version of the *Surya Siddhanta*, with a comment and notes by the translator, containing the most remarkable passages of the *Siddhanta Siromani* and other astronomical works of the Hindus.

The letters from the Hon. Hor. Walpole to George Montagu, Esq. from the year 1736 to 1770, will soon be published from the originals in the possession of the editor.

Lieut-Colonel Johnson is preparing for publication, a Narrative of an Overland Journey from India, performed in the course of the present year, through the principal cities of Persia, part of Armenia, Georgia, over the Caucasus into Russia, through the territory inhabited by the Cossacks of the Don, to Warsaw, and thence through Berlin to Hamburgh. The work will be accompanied with engravings illustrative of the more remarkable antiquities in those countries, the costume of the inhabitants, and other interesting subjects, from drawings executed in the course of the journey.

Mr C. Phillips, the eloquent barrister, has in the press, a Life of his friend, the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, in a quarto volume, embellished with a portrait. This work will comprise an account of the legal, political, and private life of Mr Curran; together with anecdotes and characters of his most distinguished contemporaries, many of them collected from his own lips.

Capt. M'Konochie, Royal Navy, is preparing for the press, a Summary View of the Statistics and existing Commerce of the Principal Shores of the Pacific Ocean; with a detail of the most prominent advantages which would seem connected with the establishment of a central colony within its limits. To this Capt. M. proposes to subjoin particulars of a plan, for facilitating, generally, the communication between the whole southern hemisphere and the northern or atlantic parts; with a review of the consequences, political and commercial, which would seem connected with the adop-

tion of this proposal. The book will be illustrated by a skeleton chart; and the whole will be comprised within the limits of a small octavo volume.

Mr W. Upcott, of the London Institution, will publish in the course of the ensuing month, in three volumes 8vo, a Bibliographical Account of the Principal Works relating to English Topography; containing a complete collation of the more important and rare productions connected with the local History of England, the quantity of letter-press comprised in each volume, lists of the plates, and separate pedigrees, so as to form an useful and necessary guide to all collectors of books on this interesting subject.

In a few days will be published; Messrs Hooker and Taylor's work on the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland, which will contain figures and descriptions of each species, native of these islands; together with plates illustrative of the genera.

Mr Hooker has likewise the first number of a work ready for publication, on the new and rare, or little known, Exotic Cryptogamic Plants; with which will be incorporated those collected in South America, by Messrs Humboldt and Bonpland; and various other interesting subjects, in the possession of the author and his botanical friends. This will have numerous plates, and appear in an octavo form.

A Walk through Switzerland in September 1816, is preparing for publication.

A volume is printing of the Transactions of the Association of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland; being the first work of that learned body.

Dr Carey has nearly ready for the press, on the plan of his Clavis Metrico-Virgiliana, a Clavis Metrico-Nasoniana, calculated to accompany the future editions of the Dauphin Ovid.

Dr Carey has likewise in forwardness an elocutory edition of Thomson's Seasons; with metrical notes to each line, to regulate the enunciation, as in his Introduction to English Composition and Elocution.

Early in February will be published, a Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem; by the Rev. J. H. Hunt, late fellow of Trinity College.

Mr Henry Sass, student of the Royal Academy of Arts, is about to publish, by subscription, a Journey to Rome and Naples, by way of Paris, Lyons, Mount Cenis, Turin, Genoa; by sea to Leghorn, Pisa, Rome, Naples; including visits to Portici, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius (which was ascended during the time of an eruption), and the classic ground of Pozzuoli and Baïæ: returning by the Adriatic, Bologna, Venice, Vicenza, Verona, Milan, the Simplon, and Geneva.

Mr A. T. Thomson is preparing a second edition of the London Dispensatory, which will contain all the improvements in pharmaceutical Chemistry, and the alterations that have taken place in the British Phar-

macopœias, since its first appearance; and also synonyms of the names of the articles of the *Materia Medica*, and the preparations in the French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Hindostanee languages. This work is already in the press.

The Rev. Robert Burnside has in the press, in two octavo volumes, a series of Essays on the Religion of Mankind.

Mr Matchett of Norwich is preparing a Topographical Dictionary of the County of Norfolk, to be comprised in a large octavo volume, embellished with maps and views.

A new edition of Langdale's Topographical Dictionary of Yorkshire, with considerable additions, is in the press.

Mr Ackermann has in the press, and will publish early in December, seven Engravings of an Historical Fact of a Swiss Shepherd during the Revolution of that Country; illustrative to the Lord's Prayer. Also the Dance of Life, a Poem, as a companion-work to the Tour of Dr Syntax, by the same author; illustrated with twenty-six coloured engravings, by Thomas Rowlandson.

A new work on the subject of Saving Banks will shortly make its appearance, which will be found particularly useful to all connected with these institutions, entitled, "Annals of Banks for Savings." Part the first: containing details of the rise and progress of those institutions; observations on their importance, tendency, and constitution; an account of the earliest establishments of this description; full particulars for their formation, management, &c.; methods of keeping accounts and calculating interest; useful hints and suggestions; and reports and communications from the principal banks in Great Britain, &c.

Mess. Cadell and Davies announce, that "Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, written by himself," will be ready for delivery on Monday, December 22.

## EDINBURGH.

The Life of John Knox; containing illustrations of the History of the Reformation in Scotland; with Biographical Notices of the principal Reformers, &c. by Thomas M'Crie, D. D. Minister of the Gospel, Edinburgh. The fourth edition, 2 vols 8vo.

Transactions of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, Vol. II. Part I. 4to, will be published in a few days.

Women; or, Pour et Contre; a Tale. By the author of *Bertram*, a tragedy, in 3 vols 12mo.

Travels from Vienna through Lower Hungary, with some Account of Vienna during the Congress. By Richard Bright, M. D. In 4to, with numerous engravings.

An Account of the Kingdom of Nepal. By Francis Buchanan, M. D. Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, of the Society of Antiquaries, and of the

Linnean and Asiatic Societies. In 4to, with engravings.

An Account of the Life and Writings of the late John Erskine of Carnock, D. D. one of the Ministers of the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh. By Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood, Bart. In 8vo.

Poems, by William Cowper; to which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author, and Critical Notes on his principal Poems: The whole exhibiting a condensed View of every important particular of his Life and Character that is scattered over his voluminous Correspondence, or introduced into the numerous editions of his Poetry. In one handsome pocket volume 24mo, with fine

vignette and frontispiece, from designs by Mr Corbould, Price 4s. 6d. boards.

The paper which has appeared in the "Edinburgh Christian Instructor," entitled, "Short View of the Evidences of Christianity," is, we are happy to hear, to be published by its author in a separate form. Its conciseness and perspicuity, as well as the comprehensive view which it gives of its subject, are calculated to make it useful; and we have no doubt that it will have a beneficial influence on the minds of those who peruse it, particularly of the young, for whom it was primarily intended, and of those who have not leisure or inclination to peruse larger treatises.

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## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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### LONDON.

#### ANTIQUITIES.

Mr Britton's fourth number of Winchester Cathedral; containing two sheets of letter-press, and five engravings.

#### ARCHITECTURE.

Architectural and Antiquarian Guide to Norwich Cathedral; by J. Britton, with four engravings, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—large 5s.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

A Biographical Peerage of the Empire of Great Britain; in which are Memoirs and Characters of the most celebrated Persons of each Family. 18mo. Vol. IV.

A Biographical Peerage of Ireland: in which are Memoirs and Characters of the most celebrated Persons of each Family, and the Arms engraved on wood. 9s.

#### CLASSICS.

The Select Works of Plotinus, the great Restorer of the Philosophy of Plato, and Extracts from the Treatise of Synesius on Providence; translated from the Greek; with an introduction, containing the Substance of Porphyry's Life of Plotinus; by T. Taylor. 8vo. 18s.

Cellarius's Maps. 4to. 10s. 6d.

Spelman's Xenophon. 12mo. 7s.

#### COMMERCE.

Three Letters in French:—1. Upon the Trade of Great Britain with the Continent.—2. A Reply to same by an Englishman.—3. In Answer to that.

#### EDUCATION.

Spanish Nature displayed; by J. Dufief. 2 vols. 8vo. £1, 11s. 6d.

French and English Dictionary; by J. Dufief. 3 vols 12mo. £2, 12s. 6d.

The Chinese Grammar; by W. Morrison. 4to. £1, 11s. 6d.

Family Suppers, or Evening Entertainment for Young People: consisting of elegant moral tales, in which instruction is blended with amusement; translated from the French of Madame Delafaye; by Lady

Mary H\*\*\*\*\*, with sixteen engravings, 2 vol. 6s.—and in French, 7s.

An Introduction to the study of German Grammar; with Practical Exercises; By Peter Edmund Laurent, Member of the University of Paris, and Teacher of the Modern Languages in Oxford. 12mo. 5s.

Moral and Amusing Recreations; or, Tales for the use of Young Ladies entering the World, from the French of the Countess de Choiseul. 1 vol. 12mo. with six engravings, 5s. also in French, 6s.

A Concise Grammar of the Romaic, or Modern Greek Language; with phrases and dialogues on the most familiar subjects; compiled by H. Robertson, M. D.

#### HISTORY.

A Complete History of the Spanish Inquisition, from the period of its Establishment by Ferdinand V. to the present time, drawn from most authentic documents; by Don Juan Antonio Llorente, one of the principal officers of the Inquisitorial Court, &c. translated from the Spanish.

An Universal History, in twenty-four Books; translated from the German of John Müller. 3 vols 8vo.

History of New South Wales, by P. O'Hara, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

A History of Europe, from the Treaty of Amiens, in 1802, to the Pacification of Paris in 1815; by Charles Coote, L.L. D. 8vo. 12s.

History of Ancient Europe, from the earliest Times to the Subversion of the Western Empire; with a Survey of the most important Revolutions in Asia and Africa; by Dr Russell. 3 vols 8vo. £2, 2s.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## SCOTTISH CHRONICLE.

Oct. 25.—This being the fifty-seventh anniversary of his Majesty's accession to the throne, the flag was, as usual, displayed from the Castle, and also from Nelson's Monument, and the guns fired at noon, and the same observed as a holiday at the banks and public offices.

We understand that the Directors of the Edinburgh Bible Society, having learnt that the Jewish Society in London had completed the *translation* of the New Testament into Hebrew, have remitted £200 to assist in defraying the expenses of such an important work.

A case of an uncommon nature came under the consideration of the Justices of Peace for the western district of Fife, at Dunfermline, on the 21st instant. Robert Mitchell, skipper, and the rest of the crew of the Lark pinnace of Aberdour, were prosecuted by the Procurator Fiscal for having maltreated a very young man, one of the passengers, and taken him back to Aberdour against his inclination, and to the great disquiet of his parents, who live in this city, because he could not at the moment pay the freight. The Justices, after a proof was led, found the charge established, and fined the crew in a sum amounting, with expenses, to eight guineas.

*Tragical Fox Chase.*—On the 23d of October, the fox-hounds belonging to Robert Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, when ranging near Edrom, started a fox, and after a race of several miles, he made towards the banks of the Whitadder, near Hutton Hall Mill, where, being very hard set, and the dogs close upon him, Reynard suddenly darted over the rock, and got into a cavity near the top, which no doubt he was previously acquainted with. The consequence of this manœuvre was, that eighteen of the leading hounds, being in full chase, sprung over the rock, 30 feet high, and were killed by the fall. The fox escaped.

Within flood-mark, on the sea-beach of the north-east coast of Fife, opposite to Kingsbarns, there has been recently discovered a mass of beautiful marble, which probably would furnish materials for building the three largest cities in the empire. The marble is of a deep silver gray colour, decorated with sea shells, and so delicately and neatly united in the composition, as if some skilful artist

had arranged them. The marble, after being polished, shews a richness and brilliancy unrivalled by any of the admired marbles of Scotland, and has been held, by competent judges, to equal in excellence of colouring and effect some of the finest marbles of Burgundy, Florence, and Egypt. This mass of marble is not without interest in the geognosy of the country. In some parts of the quarry, the marine shells may be seen loose and unconnected, and in other parts their gradual accretion may be traced until their complete induration into compacted marble. If Mr Williams, in his "Mineral Kingdom," be right, the shells so mixed with the lime in the composition of the marble, shows an extensive coal field lies imbedded under it.

*Leith Wet Docks.*—The second of these important public works has just been finished. It was opened on Wednesday, in presence of the Lord Provost and Magistrates, accompanied by the Right Honourable William Dundas, member for the city. The smack Eagle, belonging to the Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Leith Shipping Company, dragged by the Tug steam-boat belonging to the same Company, was the first vessel that entered the dock, in the presence of the gentlemen above mentioned, and of a great number of spectators. We cannot forbear mentioning our own satisfaction, and, we believe, the general satisfaction of the public, at the way in which this undertaking has been finished. It is gratifying to think, that the propitious state of the trade of Leith affords the prospect of this dock being immediately in full employ. It is stated, that more substantial trade has passed through the books of the Custom-house during the last quarter, than for many years past in an equal period.

On Monday night, 3d Nov. a young man, a saddler, on his way to Edinburgh, was accosted by a man between Kirkcaldy and Kinghorn, who asked him what o'clock it was? He answered he had no watch; the man replied that he must have some money. The young man said, if it was real necessity with him he would give him what he could spare, and accordingly gave him two shillings. The man, however, insisted for more, and upon his being refused, made a stroke with a

bludgeon at the lad, but he luckily avoided it, knocked down the fellow, and twisted the stick from him. When on the ground, and bleeding profusely, he called out loudly for "James," when another fellow made his appearance, but finding the young man in possession of the stick, resolutely determined to oppose them, they both went off. The two men appeared from their dress to be labourers.

Same day a curious case came before the Magistrates of Edinburgh:—Some gentlemen in a frolic made a wager of 20 guineas with a waiter that he could not drink a quart of brandy and run a certain distance. He won the wager, and went to the gentleman's lodgings and demanded the money, which was given him; but in doing so he insulted the keeper of the hotel, and was given into the custody of the police. In the meantime he became so very ill, from the conjoined effects of the brandy and the race, that a surgeon had to be sent for, and it was not till after great exertions had been used for upwards of four hours that he was restored to his senses. The keeper of the hotel brought the waiter before the Court for striking and insulting him; and in the meantime the money was lodged with the clerk. After hearing parties, the magistrates ordered £2 to be paid to the surgeon for his exertions, £1 to two watchmen that took care of the man when he was insensible; the man himself was ordered to have £8, and the remaining £10 forfeited as a fine to the public.

Wednesday 5th, James Stevenson and Andrew Harkins, slating a four story house in York Street, Glasgow, fell to the ground, in consequence of one of the pieces of wood which supported the scaffold giving way. They were taken to the Royal Infirmary, and, what is very remarkable, although they fell 50 feet, none of their limbs were fractured. Stevenson had one of his arms sprained, and Harkins had two dislocated joints.

*Power of Magnetism.*—The curious in natural history may be gratified to hear, that Mr Sanderson, lapidary in Hunter's Square, some time ago received from Russia a piece of loadstone weighing 125½ lbs. It was mounted in iron as a magnet, and, from its uncommon size, promised great power; upon trial, however, it was found incapable to support a weight of two ounces, and it was thrown aside for a considerable time as a piece of useless lumber. He at length was induced to remove the old mounting, and have its place supplied with one of copper. The experiment has fully answered every expectation. It is now suspended in a handsome frame in his

ware-room, supporting the astonishing weight of 160 lbs. and its power daily increasing. Thus the story of Mahomet's coffin being suspended by a loadstone (although considered fabulous) is nowise inconsistent with the power of this singular and important production of nature.

*Carr Rock Beacon.*—It is with much concern we inform our readers of the sad catastrophe that has befallen the stone beacon, which, for some years past, has been erecting upon the Carr Rock, situate at the entrance of the Frith of Forth, and lying about two miles off Fifeness. The building was visited by the superintendent on the 10th November curt. and reported to be all in good order. On the evening of the 14th, a very heavy swell of sea came ashore, and on the 15th the ground swell still continued, but the weather was so thick and foggy, that the rock could not be seen till the afternoon, when the sea was observed to break upon it with much violence, and a great part of the building gone.

*Alarming Fire.*—On Tuesday morning, a little after nine o'clock, fire was observed issuing from the roof of the College, on the north-west quarter, which suddenly assumed an alarming and threatening appearance. The fire engines were speedily brought to the spot, and the supply of water, though at first limited, was, by the eager and unremitting exertions of many respectable gentlemen and others, procured in sufficient quantities, adequate to the demand of all the engines. By the strenuous exertions of the firemen, aided by the direction of several of the Professors, the flames were rapidly got under, and the fire completely subdued in the space of two hours. The interior of the apartment, however, in which it was confined, is entirely destroyed. The Magistrates, Professors, students, and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, rendered every assistance; and the attention of the High Constables and the Superintendent of Police, together with a detachment of the 89th regiment from the garrison, which was directed in keeping the communication open from the College to the several fire-cocks, was of the first importance, and tended greatly to facilitate the extinction of the destructive element. The roof being under repair, the fire was ascertained to have originated from the carelessness of a plumber's servant. Mr Playfair, the engineer, was distinguished by his anxiety and intrepidity on the occasion. Hurrying from some distance, on the first alarm, he was soon on the roof, directing the operations of the firemen: and, when part of it was broken in, he descended into the part on fire, with a rope fastened to his body and the

pipe of one of the engines in his hand ; and this intrepid example being followed by several of the firemen and others, the water was soon made to play with more powerful effect upon the part of the building which was in flames.

*Burgh Reform.*—The propriety of reforming the imperfect constitution of the Scotch burghs has now become a matter of general interest, and the successful example of the inhabitants of Montrose seems to have diffused a similar spirit among all the other burghs.

At a meeting of the Merchant Company of this city, on Monday, this important subject was brought under their consideration by one of the members, who presented three resolutions, the substance of which was,—That the Company had observed with satisfaction the exertions now making to introduce into Scotland a more rational system of burgh policy,—that the recent improvement in the set of the burgh of Montrose, so congenial to the spirit of the British constitution, reflected the highest credit on the Privy Council, and on the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who had recommended it, that the Company felt themselves interested, as the only chartered company of burgesses in this city, to use their utmost endeavours to procure an equally liberal system, and such as should give to the burgesses a reasonable control over the burgh funds ; and that the Master and Assistants should be instructed to confer with the Magistrates and Council, and any other corporate bodies interested, upon the means of obtaining that desirable object.

It was then moved, that these resolutions should lie on the table till that day four weeks, and to be then taken into consideration. This motion being seconded, passed unanimously, and without any remark, except on the part of the Lord Provost, who rose and stated, that, in allowing these resolutions to be laid upon the table without opposition, it did not follow, that either he or the Company were understood to have given any opinion thereon, nor that they were pledged to any thing either expressed or implied therein.

*Burgh Reform.*—A meeting of the Incorporation of Goldsmiths was held on Monday, to consider the present constitution of the city,—when they heartily approved of the measures lately adopted by the northern burghs for procuring an extended system of election, and appointed a Committee of their number for the purpose of co-operating with the Committees of the other public bodies, in following out the requisite steps to obtain this object.—On Tuesday the Incorporation of Hammermen came to a similar resolution.

Oct. 24.—The Rev. Robert Stirling, minister at Dumblane, was thrown from his gig, when driving over a part of the road where some alterations were making, and alighting on his shoulder, was so much injured that he died the following day.

28.—A fine young man, a sailor belonging to a Berwick ship in Dundee harbour, fell from the mast and fractured his skull. He was carried to the Infirmary, but, notwithstanding every possible attention, he died on the 29th.

29.—*Executions.*—This day William M'Kechnie and J. M'Cormick, for breaking into the shop of Mr Culbick, haberdasher, Greenock, and Freebairn Whitehill, for robbing the Slamannan carrier in Glasgow, were executed in front of the prison of Glasgow, pursuant to their sentence. Their behaviour was very becoming, and they seemed fully prepared for meeting their punishment.

31.—At Perth, in front of the old jail, the two unfortunate men, M. Clark and G. Wylie, who were capitally convicted at the last circuit at Perth. They manifested the utmost penitence and contrition on account of the crime for which they suffered.

31.—At Ayr, the week before last, the workmen in the coal-pit in the Newton Green went to work with candles, when the flame of the candle of one of the men, who was working apart from the rest, came in contact with inflammable gas, by the explosion of which he was killed on the spot. Another man, on hearing the explosion, ran to the place to assist his fellow workman, or to see if his two sons, who were at work near the spot, were safe ; and he was suffocated also. The other workmen escaped unhurt. Safety lamps are provided at this work, but the men prefer using candles.

Several considerable streams in Badenoch, tributary to the Spey and Dulnan, became so shallow during the dry weather in September, as to allow many baskets of fish to be taken from them by the hand. Some of the fish were of a large size ; and the oldest person in the country does not recollect any similar circumstance.

#### NOVEMBER.

1.—Robert M'Donald and Francis Williamson, porters, Leith, prisoners in the new jail, received an indictment to stand trial before the High Court of Justiciary on the 17th inst. for stealing grain from lofts at Leith.

3.—A poor man, servant to a brewer in the Canongate, in a fit of desperation, put a period to his existence by hanging himself.

3.—Parliament was prorogued to Tuesday the 16th December.

4.—Archibald M'Quarrie, accused of stealing from shops and reset of theft, and Henry Laing and Robert Donaldson, for housebreaking and theft, were indicted to stand trial before the High Court of Justiciary on the 24th inst.

On the 29th October, a young gentleman,

when going home, had his arm taken hold of by a female, who carried him to a house of bad fame. On coming to the light she burst into tears; and he was greatly surprised to recognise in her the daughter of an old acquaintance, who had absconded from her father about six months ago. The young man had the happiness of restoring her to her afflicted parents next morning. She was only eighteen years old.

*Caution.*—Attempts are making to inundate the country with base silver coin, easy to detect, being made of lead washed with silver, and will bend between the fingers. The shillings are larger than the mint coin.

The new graving dock at Troon is now completely finished, the ship *Alexander* of Ayr having entered it on the 24th October. It is one of the most complete in the kingdom. There are 13 feet water on the sill at spring tides; the gates are 36 feet 9 inches clear; and the length of the keel-blocks above 250 feet. Vessels of any ordinary draught of water can enter at any tide.

At Inverness, Aberdeen, and Paisley, societies have been instituted to communicate the benefit of one of the happiest inventions of modern times—the art of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak.

5.—The Presbytery of Glasgow gave judgment in a case of great importance to society. Lady Stuart of Castlemilk, and Humphry Ewing M'Lae, Esq. of Cathkin, as heritors, and the Rev. Patrick Clason, minister of the parish of Carmunnock, lately raised an action against David Dryburgh, schoolmaster of that parish, accusing him of impiety, desertion of the established church, cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and improper and offensive behaviour; concluding, that in terms of the Scottish acts passed by King William and Queen Mary, and a late act of his present Majesty, the defender ought to be deposed from his office. After examining a great many witnesses, and hearing parties, the Presbytery deprived him of his office, and declared the parish school vacant. This decision is final, and not subject to the review of any court.

*Town Guard.*—On the 15th, this ancient corps was disbanded in the Royal Exchange. They were drawn up about half past twelve o'clock, where two of the Magistrates and other official officers attended. After being saluted by the corps, Bailie R. Anderson informed them, that, owing to the present establishment in the city, their services were, by act of Parliament, rendered unnecessary after that day: That the Magistrates and Council had resolved to grant pensions to those who were not provided for by pensions from Government, and to increase the pensions of those who had but a small allowance. The sergeants received two guineas each, the corporals a guinea and a half, and the drummers and privates one guinea, as a present from the Magistrates. The Guard was originally raised

in 1648, consisting of 60 men, besides officers. In 1682 it was increased to 108 men. Since then the number has fluctuated; but for many years there were three companies, of one captain, one sergeant, one corporal, one drummer, and 25 privates. Within these few years, however, it was reduced to two sergeants, two corporals, two drummers, and 25 privates.

19.—The trial of Francis Williamson and David M'Donald, accused of stealing six bolls of oats from the loft of Messrs S. and J. Mackenzie, merchants, Leith, came on before the High Court of Justiciary on Monday. They both pleaded *guilty*, and were sentenced to eighteen months confinement in Bridewell, at hard labour.

Some oak trees were lately discovered in deepening the channel of the Caledonian Canal through Loch Dochfour. They were in seven feet water, and buried under ten feet of gravel. One of them is 20½ feet in circumference at the insertion of the limbs, three in number, and 14 feet 2 inches at the root end. One of the limbs is 8 feet 11 inches in circumference; and the three trees measure 198 solid feet. The wood appears fresh and sound.

22.—Alexander Nicol, a journeyman mason, while employed in erecting the flue of the gasometer in the Canongate, fell from the scaffolding, and died in the Infirmary on Sunday evening, leaving a wife and seven helpless children.

25.—A shocking accident happened at the new county buildings, Lawnmarket. While the men were raising a large stone, the logs to which the blocks were fastened gave way, and one of the men was precipitated from the scaffolding on the top of the columns to the ground, and had his thigh bones broken, and otherwise so severely hurt that slight hopes are entertained of his recovery. Another workman was severely bruised at the same time, by the rebounding of the scaffold against his ankle.

#### DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND HER INFANT SON.

*Monday, 10th.*—This sudden and fatal event has diffused among all classes one common feeling of sincere and deep sorrow. The shock which it has given to the feelings of the nation was very strongly evinced when the news reached this city on Sunday morning. Many persons, who had crowded to the post-office, burst into tears when the death of the Princess was announced; and an air of sad and impressive seriousness appeared in the countenance of the crowds, who thronged our streets and places of public worship, to attend, as is usual at this season, the great solemnity of the Christian church.

From the beginning of her pregnancy, the Princess had enjoyed the best possible state of health. She had not indulged in the dissipation of a town life; she had not kept late hours; she had lived in tranquil,

elegant retirement, taking daily exercise, keeping the most regular hours, passing her whole time in the enjoyment of domestic life, of which the illustrious couple furnished such a beautiful instance, that no one could contemplate it without the most sensible pleasure. "Indeed, the happiness of the conjugal state appears elevated to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds, not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste for the same improvements and diversions." To no two persons could this be more appropriately applied than to the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. The public, who knew the manner of her Royal Highness's life, waited, not without anxiety, but without dread, for the event of her pregnancy. No symptom occurred, from the first moment of her Royal Highness being taken in labour, that created any serious alarm in the minds of the medical attendants, all men of the first eminence. It was lingering, indeed, and the interval between the different pains was much longer than usual. Towards the evening of Tuesday, finding it to be so tardy, the medical gentlemen in attendance deemed it advisable to send for Dr Sims, in case it should be found necessary to have recourse to artificial assistance. Dr Sims accordingly attended with all possible speed, but he saw no reason to depart from the course that had been pursued, and was of opinion with the other gentlemen, that the labour would be happily completed. And though the delivery was of a still-born instead of a living child, about nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, yet it was safe, and her Royal Highness was quite tranquil afterwards, bore the intelligence of the child being still-born with great resignation, submitting herself to the will of God, and seemed inclined to fall into a gentle sleep. So "favourably," to use the words of the last bulletin, "was she going on," that not only the great officers of state had taken their departure, but even Prince Leopold and the medical gentlemen had retired to take some rest after the fatigue of long attendance and watching. A difficulty which her Royal Highness felt in swallowing some gruel after twelve o'clock on Wednesday evening, alarmed the nurse, especially as she some time afterwards complained of being chilly, and of a pain in her chest. The Prince, who was in the next room, was immediately called up, together with the medical attendants, by whom every remedy was applied that art could devise. We believe it is the fact, that her Royal Highness was sensible to the last minute of her life. She was taken with dangerous spasms about one; upon ascertaining which, Dr Baillie, we hear, sent off an express to the cabinet ministers, expressing his doubts with respect to the event. The Prince Leopold remained by the bedside the whole time, endeavouring, as much

as possible, to disguise from his suffering consort the grief and agony he felt at the unexpected turn that had taken place. Her Royal Highness, it is said, scarcely ever moved her eyes from the face of her beloved consort, extending her hand frequently to meet his—that hand which was in one short hour to be cold, insensible, and lifeless.

Her Royal Highness, we repeat, remained sensible to the moment of her death. About five minutes before her death, she said to the medical attendants, "Is there any danger?"—They replied, that they required her Royal Highness to compose herself. She breathed a gentle sigh, and expired.

And thus, in the enjoyment of health and beauty—at the early age of 22, was snatched away this accomplished Princess. She was neither too tall nor too short, about the middle size, inclining rather to the *en bon point*, but not so much so as to impair the symmetry of her form. Her complexion was beautifully fair—her arms delicately rounded, and her head finely placed. There was a mingled sweetness and dignity in her look—a full intelligent eye; and, when she was engaged in conversation, particularly in familiar conversation, much liveliness in the expression of her countenance. The resemblance to her illustrious father was striking. To these accomplishments of person, her Royal Highness added the more valuable qualities of the mind and heart. She had read much, and with discrimination, particularly since her marriage. She was of religious habits, and a strict observer of the Sabbath, as well as her husband, who regularly read to her, after the church service, one of our best English sermons. She was a most affectionate child; and, as a wife, was a model for her sex.

*Order for General Mourning.*—These are to give public notice, That it is expected, that upon the present most melancholy occasion of the death of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and consort of his Serene Highness the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, all persons do put themselves into decent mourning. The said mourning to begin on Sunday next, the 9th inst. (Signed)

H. H. MOLYNEUX HOWARD, D. E. M.  
November 7, 1817.

17. Yesterday the mourning for the much lamented Princess Charlotte commenced in this city, and was very general. The pulpits and desks of all the churches were hung with black. The Lord Provost and Magistrates, the Lords of Session, the Commander of the troops, and the North British Staff, Rear-Admiral Sir William Johnstone Hope, commander on the Leith station, and a crowded audience, attended the High Church. In the fore-

noon the Rev. Principal Baird preached an eloquent and pathetic discourse, from Psalm xlv. 10., "Be still, and know that I am God;" which he delivered in his usual feeling manner; his numerous audience were so deeply affected that the tear started from almost every eye. In all the churches sermons suitable to the melancholy occasion were delivered.

20.—Last night, being the time appointed for the funeral of the Princess, was observed in this city with becoming solemnity. On Monday a notice was issued by the Magistrates, informing the inhabitants that the churches would be opened for divine service, at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and suggesting to their fellow-citizens the propriety of closing their shops, &c. at that hour, which was fully acted upon. At one o'clock the bells began to toll, and a few minutes after every office and shop was shut up, and all business suspended. At four o'clock the bells again tolled till five; again at six, and continued till eight. The streets were remarkably quiet throughout the evening.

The boys of Heriot's and Watson's Hospitals wore crapes on their left arms, and the girls of the Merchants and Trades' Maiden Hospitals wore black ribbons on their bonnets, and black gloves.

At the Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning, the royal standard was hoisted half staff, the guard mounted at nine o'clock (without beat of drum or music) in the Castle, instead of on the hill at the usual hour of eleven, and no parades took place, nor was any martial music heard throughout the day. The flag on Nelson's pillar was also hoisted in like manner as the royal standard on the walls of the Castle.

His Majesty's ship *Ramilies*, 74 guns, Captain Boys, the flag ship of Rear-Admiral Sir W. J. Hope, the other ships in the roads, and also those in the harbour—

—“kept their colours half-mast high,  
A mournful signal o'er the main;  
Seen only when the illustrious die,  
Or are in glorious battle slain!”

The *Ramilies* fired minute guns from eight till ten at night.

Throughout Scotland the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, on Wednesday, was observed with the greatest solemnity. Public worship was performed in the different churches, the shops were shut, and business of every kind was suspended.

*Claremont, Wed. Nov. 12, 4 o'clock, P.M.*  
—The body of the Princess, after it was embalmed, was enclosed in a number of wrappers, after the manner of the Egyptians, which will preserve it for a great num-

ber of years, and the whole enclosed in rich blue velvet, tied with white satin ribbon.—The body of the infant of the Princess is preserved in a similar manner to that of its royal mother, by being secured in several wrappers round the whole of the body, with light bandages, and being secluded by means of wax from the air, it will remain in a perfect state of preservation for a number of years. The whole of the body is enclosed in blue velvet, tied with white ribbons.

*Windsor, Nov. 19.*—This morning, a little before one o'clock, the funeral procession with the remains of the late universally-regretted Princess Charlotte, arrived here from Claremont. They were received at the lower Lodge, where she is to lie in state this day, previously to the interment at night. The mourning coach, in which were the infant and urn, proceeded to the chapel, where eight yeomen of the guard, in attendance, carried and deposited them in the vault. The Dean of Windsor, Mr Mash of the Lord Chamberlain's office, &c. were present to witness the transaction.—The procession of the hearse and five mourning coaches, preceded by a number of men on horseback, was escorted into the town from Egham by a party of the Royal Horse Guards. Although the hour at which it arrived was so very late, the road and streets through which it passed were lined with spectators.

*Funeral of the Princess Charlotte.*—The last sad and solemn rites have been paid to the mortal remains of the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. It was near two o'clock before the procession arrived at Windsor. The remains of the Princess were received at the Lower Lodge by a party of the yeomen of the guard, who carried the coffin. A guard of honour from the 3d regiment of Foot Guards, who are quartered at Windsor, was stationed on the outside of the lodge. Prince Leopold, his attendants, and others, in the mourning coaches, alighted at the lodge. The anti-room was hung with black cloth, and the interior chamber, in which the coffin reposed, was entirely lined with the same, both floor, sides, and ceiling. The coffin was covered with a large black velvet pall, with a deep white border that fell on each side, and spread itself on the floor. On the coffin was the Princess's crown, and at the head of the coffin, against the wall, was a large escutcheon of silk, similar to those placed on the fronts of houses when death has taken place in a family. Three large wax candles were on each side of the coffin; numerous small wax candles were burning on all sides of the room.—The gentlemen of the College of Arms were busily employed during the morning in arranging the stalls in the chapel for the reception of the Knights of the Garter, and in other preparations for the funeral. The machinery for letting the corpse down into the vault was completed.

—Windsor continued crowded to excess throughout the day. At dusk, it was thought necessary to clear the Castle Yard, and none were afterwards admitted without pass-tickets. The 1st, 2d, and 3d regiments of Guards took a principal part of the duty. The door opened a few minutes before seven, and those who had tickets were admitted into the grand entrance of that superb edifice. By half past eight all was ready, and the funeral cavalcade was put in motion. Proceeding at half-foot pace, it was nine o'clock when it reached St George's Chapel. At eight o'clock each fourth man of the Royal Horse Guards lighted a torch. About half past eight the procession began to move from the lower lodge.

The moon shone with peculiar brightness during the whole time. The procession entered by the gate on the south aisle of the chapel, through which it proceeded, and moved up the nave into the chapel. The aisle on each side was lined by a detachment of the Foot Guards, three deep. It is but pure justice to the assembled soldiery to say, that they conducted themselves with the most exemplary conduct, and evinced their full participation in the anguish and distress of their fellow-citizens. Prince Leopold followed the coffin as chief mourner. He walked along with unsteady steps, and took the seat provided for him at the head of the coffin, between the Dukes of York and Clarence. The coffin was placed with the feet towards the altar. The usual anthems were chanted with proper solemnity; but the reading part of the ceremony did not attract any particular observation; the Dean went through his portion of it with dignity and pathos. When it was over, Sir Isaac Heard read the titles of the Princess, in a voice much more broken by grief than age, and the mourners walked back, though without the state accompaniments. The Prince Leopold looked distressingly ill; and indeed his state of health and feeling might excite alarm, if it were not that he has latterly been able to procure some sleep. The melancholy business was over before eleven o'clock, but the chapel and the avenues were not completely cleared till twelve o'clock. The baronesses who bore the pall were La-

dies Grenville, Ellenborough, Boston, and Arden.

*Melancholy Shipwreck.*—From the Bristol Journal of Saturday, 25th October, we extract the following:—"Loss of the William and Mary Packet.—At a late hour last evening we heard of the melancholy intelligence of the loss of the William and Mary packet, Captain Manley, from this port to Waterford. She sailed on Thursday night, at eight o'clock, and about eleven on the same evening struck on the Wolves Rock, to the northward of the Flat Holmes, between Pennarth and Cardiff, about two leagues from the latter. Dreadful to relate, the passengers and crew were about sixty in number, of whom sixteen are only reported to be saved. The cabin passengers were fifteen or sixteen. They consisted of a Mr Barham and four sisters, beautiful girls, from the age of seventeen to twenty-five, and a servant. Mr B. himself, a very fine young man, is reported to be among the saved. They had been spending the summer at Southampton, where they parted with another sister, who was to sail for Ireland from Holyhead. A Mrs Nicholay and three daughters are also we fear among the drowned. There were also a Mr Shabelier or Chevalier and his wife; they had only been married three weeks: Mr S. is said to be saved. The remaining persons, as accurately as we could ascertain their names at the late hour the news arrived, are Captain Briscoe, Mr Snow, and Mr Cliff. A Mrs Taylor and Mr Quin are also entered on the book at the Packet Office as steerage passengers. Another passenger was a Mr Shortis, brother of a respectable tradesman near the drawbridge in this city, who was the messenger of the melancholy tidings, and who saved himself at last by excellent swimming. He was nearly three hours in the water, and was so exhausted from fatigue, that on his arrival at his brother's he was immediately put to bed, so that we could obtain no farther information to alleviate the sufferings and suspense, or assuage the anguish of many agonized relations, whom these unfortunate sufferers must have left behind them."

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## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

*From our Glasgow Correspondent.*

*Cotton.*—A large sale at the East India House attracted great attention. There was an unusual attendance of buyers, and the whole went off with briskness. Considerable purchases were made by private contract. The reports of a very considerable quantity of this article being destroyed at Calcutta by fire, turns out to be very much exaggerated. The quantity now brought from the East Indies is very large and continually increasing. On the other hand, the quantity imported from our West India Colonies is constantly on the decrease, from the number of Cotton Plantations on the old Colonies abandoned by reason of the poverty of the soil; and in the new Colonies from the plantations being put into Sugar, as being more productive. The quantity brought from the Spanish main is



not nearly equal to what it was formerly. In the horrid warfare which desolates that country, all property is destroyed, and the fields neglected and laid waste. The full activity of all our Cotton manufactures creates a demand which must tend to maintain, if not advance, the price of this article.—*Sugar*.—For some time past the market has been very dull. More confidence is, however, assumed by the holders, and no inclination is shewn to facilitate sales at reduced rates. Considerable purchases of fine Sugar are making for the Irish market, and the purchasers for export in the Spring must soon come into the market, so that there is every probability of the present prices being maintained, perhaps advanced. The Stock on hand is not large; and the latest accounts from several of the Windward Islands, leave no doubt but that, owing to a tract of dry weather in September, the ensuing crop cannot be large, nor exceed that of last season, which was very deficient. The East India Sugar has been tried, but it is so deficient in strength, compared to that from our West India Colonies, that no great encouragement is held out for extending the importation of it.—In Refined there has been little doing, and Molasses were little inquired after at lower prices. In Foreign Sugars very little business has been done.—*Coffee*.—Some sales have been effected at maintained prices, but upon the whole the demand is limited. The Shippers state the present prices as too high.—*Demerara* is in demand for home consumption, at the prices it has some time past maintained, and in consequence higher than the other descriptions.—*Rum*.—A very considerable rise took place in this article, owing to a report that it would be admitted into France for the supply of the allied troops. The rise was greatest in the London market, and principally in Leewards and inferior Jamaica. The price advanced about 1s. 6d. per gallon in London, and from 9d. to 1s. in Glasgow. The uncertainty, however, of its being admitted into France, except at a very high duty, has considerably lowered the market, and sales are made at prices considerably reduced. The rise on the price of this article being maintained, must altogether depend upon exportation to foreign ports, as the consumption in Britain is much lessened.—*Geneva*, which had also advanced a little, is rather on the decline.—*Brandy* is uncommonly scarce and exorbitantly high; nor is there any chance of any material reduction in price till the next vintage is ascertained to be abundant. The Stock in France is severely reduced, as both the vintage of 1816 and 1817 have proved uncommonly bad, particularly the last. The commonest Cogniac costs, in France, about 12s. per gallon at present.—*British Spirits* are dull in sale, and expected to be rather lower than the present prices.—*Wine*.—All French Wines are considerably advanced. Good Port Wine is also on the rise. The vintage of 1816 was uncommonly bad. The last was very good in quality, but considerably short in quantity.—*Fine Sherries* also look up, and are very difficult to be procured.—*Madeira*, which was last year very high, is considerably declined in price in the Island, but it has evidently seen the lowest; indeed the last advices from the Island quote higher.—*Cape Madeira* maintains its former prices, but the country in general seems sick of the horrid trash with which it was inundated under the name of that article.—Port Wines may be quoted at from £40 to £55, and Sherries from £35 to £65 per pipe, according to their age and quality.—*Tea*.—Quotations for some time nominal; a sale is at present going on at the India House.—*Spices*.—The demand is limited, and no alteration in price.—*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow*.—Hemp and Flax continue in demand. The prices of Tallow have advanced, but there is not at present so much briskness in the market as was some days ago.—*Oils*.—The strange transactions lately brought to light between the dealers and speculators have destroyed the trade. The prices are high, but nominal. In other kinds there is no variation.—*Rice* continues in good demand.—*Fruit* has a ready sale.—*Tobacco*.—The demand has not been so great since our last report, and the holders appear more anxious to sell.—*Irish Provisions* are in request principally for the outward bound West India Shipping, and the supplies for our West India Colonies. The holders expect the present prices to be maintained for some time, particularly beef.—*Butter* continues in good request, but the business done in bacon is inconsiderable.—*Herrings*.—A great advance has taken place on herrings, and it is probable, not only that the present prices will be maintained, but that these will suffer a still further advance. The late dreadful fire at Newfoundland, where above 50,000 quintals of fish was destroyed, must be severely felt in the West India market; and consequently, herrings must be sent from Britain to make up for the deficiency, and afford a supply of salt provisions for the negroes, where fish (their favourite food) cannot be got.—*Corn*.—The prices of grain have rather advanced from the loss sustained, in various parts of the country, by severe frosts and wet weather, where the crop was very late. The ports are also closed for next three months. However, little could have been expected from the Continent till the spring. The harvest in England and Ireland has been abundant. It has been the same in the United States, as also in British America, where it has all been got in in excellent order. The prices cannot be expected to be low, but, at the same time, there is no probability of any of the necessaries of life advancing to a very high rate.—*Dycwoods* of all descriptions are in demand, and at greatly improved prices, a convincing proof of the improved state of the internal trade of the country.

Notwithstanding all the gloomy speculations and anticipations of evil prognosticators among us, the whole internal and foreign trade of Great Britain is much improved, im-

proving, and yet to improve still farther. In every branch of manufacture there is general life and activity. Every person is employed. Wages are increased, and though still low in some particular branches, yet they are much improved to what these were formerly. Some branches of trade are improved more and some less, but the improvement on every branch is universally felt and acknowledged. The export trade has been, for some time past, very brisk; and when the accounts for 1817 are made up, it will be found, to the astonishment of many, that the trade of Britain has risen superior to every pressure, and flourishes in all its branches. The trade to India is increasing in a rapid manner, and promises to be very beneficial to those engaged in it. A new outlet is thus opened up for British industry and capital, and within the boundaries of those countries formerly included in the East India Company's Charter, still more valuable and important outlets will be led open. The trade to South America, and the situation of that vast Continent, is at present such, that to enter into the consideration of it in all its bearings, as it does or may affect our trade, would swell this article beyond proper bounds, and may therefore, at another period, afford scope for a separate article. That immense and valuable trade also now opening up between our North American and our West India Colonies, will also claim our attention.

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*From our London Correspondent.*

At this season of the year a great proportion of the trading population is in a state of comparative inactivity; yet notwithstanding this general fact, it is a matter of high gratification to us to state, that we have not scarcely in our recollection, more general activity and employment in all branches of trade, than at present exist. The effects produced by the extensive and continued failures of last year seem to have ceased—confidence is restored—because almost every merchant has been probed to the quick; and the plentiful crop on the Continent, together with the conviction that the peaceful relations of Europe are fixed on permanent bases, conspire to produce that steady demand for articles of necessity and luxury, which is the soul of legitimate commerce. We have now briefly to notice the state of our markets, which have, generally speaking, been remarkably firm and steady.

**COLONIAL PRODUCE.**—*Sugar.*—British Plantation, as well as all Foreign Sugars, have sensibly declined in price during the last month, though finer sorts at this moment maintain their prices. This may arise from the limited business done in this article, as the shipping season is over till the spring. The present Stock of Sugar is 54,158 hhd. and 9090 tierces, which exceeds that of last year by about 5000 easks. The average of the last quarter is 53s., while that of the corresponding quarter of last year was only 50s. The average price of last week, ending 2d of December, is 51s. 2d. but it is calculated, that when the average is made up on the 5th January, that the duty will be raised.—*Refined Sugars.*—The demand for all kinds of refined Sugars has been steady, and prices remain with little variation. Lumps and loaves, in some instances, have been bought at 1s. lower. Double loaves are in demand for the spring, from 95s. to 102s., and crushed from 63s. upwards.—*Molasses* very heavy at 35s.; something done at 34s. 6d.—*Coffee.*—This article still maintains its price; several public sales have been brought forward; and during the last week, 436 casks, and 605 bags Plantation, chiefly Demerara, were sold to the home trade with considerable briskness.—Good middling Demerara, 98s. to 99s.; middling, 95s. to 96s.; fine ordinary, 93s.; Triage, 80s. to 87s.; Jamaica, fine ordinary, 91s. to 92s.; good ordinary, 88s. to 90s.; 300 bags St Domingo, very good ordinary, with colour, 92s. 6d.; 143 casks, and 484 bags Havannah, fine ordinary, with colour, 92s. 6d. to 93s.; good ordinary, 89s. to 90s.; a few parcels of good ordinary, Cheribon, sold at 94s. Very little done by private contract.—*Cottons.*—For Surat Cotton there has been a demand for the home trade. Bengals remain steady. This day week there will be a sale of 1552 bags Bengal; and on the 9th January, 2700 bales Surat, and 5800 bags Bengal. At Liverpool, cottons have continued in brisk demand; and since the result of the last sale at the India House has been known, there has been some disposition to purchase Bengal at the late prices, but holders ask  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per lb. advance, which cannot be readily obtained.—*Rice.*—Carolina Rice has been sold to the growers for 50s. per cwt. but few buyers are found for East India, as large arrivals have been reported, and expected to be sold without delay.—*Rum.*—Considerable fluctuations have taken place in this article. At present, every thing is dull, though large contracts have been made for arrival next year.—*Tobacco.*—There has been a considerable demand for the home trade, and for Ireland—and the present prices are fully supported.—*Logwood.*—*Fustic.*—Both in limited demand at the prices quoted.

**EUROPEAN PRODUCE.**—In all these ordinary articles, such as *Hemp, Flax, &c.* little is doing. In *Oils and Tallow* a great deal has been done. In general, however, the state of the staple articles is nearly the same as in our last report.

**Public Funds.**—Various rumours have been set afloat to depress the funds, but without success. We confidently look forward to a very considerable rise.

Course of Exchange, Dec. 11.—Amsterdam, 37:6 B. 2 U. Antwerp, 11:11 Ex. Hamburg, 34:7:2½ U. Paris, 24:60:2 U. Bordeaux, 24:60. Frankfort on Main, 145 Ex. Madrid, 38 effect. Cadiz, 37¼ effect. Gibraltar, 33. Leghorn, 49¼. Geneva, 47. Malta, 49. Naples, 42¼. Lisbon, 59. Oporto, 59. Dublin, 8 per cent. Cork, 8¼. Agio of the Bank on Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0:0:0. Foreign gold, in bars, £0:0:0. New doubloons, £0:0:0. New dollars, 5s. 4d. Silver, in bars, stand. £0:5:3½. New Louis, each, £0:0:0.

PRICES CURRENT.—Dec. 6, 1817.

|                             | LEITH.       | GLASGOW. | LIVERPOOL.    | LONDON.               | DUTIES.                   |
|-----------------------------|--------------|----------|---------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| SUGAR, Musc.                |              |          |               |                       |                           |
| B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.     | 75 to —      | 72 to 75 | 72            | 75 74 to 75           | } £1 10 0                 |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.    | 80 86        | 76       | 83 76         | 89 77 82              |                           |
| Fine and very fine, .       | 88           | 92       | —             | 90 93 84 88           |                           |
| Refined, Daub. Leaves, .    | 150 155      | —        | —             | — 154 —               |                           |
| Powder ditto, .             | 124 128      | —        | —             | — 122 —               |                           |
| Single ditto, .             | 118 124      | 116      | 118 123       | 126 113 120           |                           |
| Small Lumps . . .           | 114 118      | 110      | 112 124       | 128 116 —             |                           |
| Large ditto, . . .          | 110 114      | 105      | 108 112       | 118 — —               |                           |
| Crushed Lumps, . .          | 65 70        | —        | — 67          | 70 — —                |                           |
| MOLASSES, British, cwt.     | 38           | 35       | 37 38         | — 34s 6 —             | 0 7 6½                    |
| COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.      |              |          |               |                       |                           |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.    | 82           | 87       | 78            | 90 82                 | } per lb. 0 0 7½          |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.    | 90           | 100      | 91            | 96 89                 |                           |
| Dutch, Triage and very ord. | 72           | 82       | —             | 72 82 82 88           |                           |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.    | 86           | 92       | —             | 84 91 90 95           |                           |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.    | 92           | 101      | —             | 92 101 98 104         |                           |
| St Domingo, . . .           | —            | —        | 86            | 90 85                 | } 0 0 9½                  |
| PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.       | 8½ 9         | 9        | 9½ 9          | 9½ 8½ 8½              |                           |
| SPIRITS,                    |              |          |               |                       |                           |
| Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.    | 4s 4d 4s 6d  | 3s 10    | 4s 0          | 3s 6 3s 8 4s 3d 6s 0d | 0 8 1½                    |
| Brandy, . . . . .           | 13 9 14 0    | —        | —             | — 13 5 13 6           | {B.S.} 0 17 0½            |
| Geneva, . . . . .           | 4 6 4 9      | —        | —             | — 4 6 4 8             | {F.S.} 0 17 11½           |
| Grain Whisky, . . .         | 8 5 8 6      | —        | —             | —                     |                           |
| WINES,                      |              |          |               |                       |                           |
| Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.   | 45           | 50       | —             | — 35                  | {B.S.} tun. 143 18 0      |
| Portugal Red, pipe.         | 38           | 45       | —             | — 442                 | {F.S.} 148 4 6            |
| Spanish White, butt.        | 30           | 55       | —             | —                     | {B.S.} tun. 95 11 0       |
| Teneriffe, pipe.            | 30           | 35       | —             | — 28                  | {F.S.} 98 16 0            |
| Madeira, . . . . .          | 60           | 70       | —             | —                     | {B.S.} 96 13 0            |
|                             |              |          |               |                       | {F.S.} 99 16 6            |
| LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.        | £8 0 £8 10   | 7 8 10   | 8 5 8 15      | 8 10 8 15             |                           |
| Honduras, . . . . .         | 8            | 9        | 8 10          | 9 0 —                 | 9 0                       |
| Campeachy, . . . . .        | 9            | 10       | 9 0 10 0      | 10 0 10 10            | 9 0 9 10                  |
| FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .        | 12           | 15       | 12 0 13 0     | 12 0 13 0             | 14 0 15 10                |
| Cuba, . . . . .             | 17           | —        | —             | 17 0 17 15            | 17 0 18 0                 |
| INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.  | 9s 6d 11s 6d | 8 6 9 6  | 9 0 11 6      | 9 0 11 6              | 11s 0d 11s 6d             |
| TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.   | 2 3 2 6      | —        | —             | 2 3 2 4               | —                         |
| Ditto Oak, . . . . .        | 4 6 5 6      | —        | —             | —                     | —                         |
| Christiansand (dut. paid)   | 2 4 2 5      | —        | —             | —                     | —                         |
| Honduras Mahogany           | 0 11 1 4     | 0 10 1 8 | 1 1 1 5       | 0s 11d 1s 2d          | 3 16 0                    |
| St Domingo, ditto . .       | —            | 1 2 3 0  | 1 9 2 3       | 1 10 2 0              | 2 14 2                    |
| TAR, American, . . brl.     | —            | —        | —             | 16 17 15              | 16                        |
| Archangel, . . . . .        | 22           | 23       | —             | 21 23 20 6            | —                         |
| PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.    | 14           | —        | —             | — 10                  | —                         |
| TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.     | 76           | 78       | 74            | 76 70                 | 71 75                     |
| Home Melted, . . . .        | 68           | —        | —             | — 58                  | 60                        |
| HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.      | 47           | 48       | 43            | 44                    | — £43 10 £44              |
| Petersburgh Clean, . .      | 45           | 46       | 41            | 42 45                 | 46 42 10 43 10            |
| FLAX,                       |              |          |               |                       |                           |
| Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.    | 68           | —        | —             | —                     | 68                        |
| Dutch, . . . . .            | 50           | 120      | —             | —                     | 65 68                     |
| Irish, . . . . .            | 52           | 53       | —             | —                     | —                         |
| MATS, Archangel, . . 100.   | 6 0 6 6      | —        | —             | —                     | 5 10 5 15                 |
| BRISTLES,                   |              |          |               |                       |                           |
| Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.    | 16 10 0 17   | —        | —             | —                     | 13 10 15 15               |
| ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .     | 63           | —        | —             | —                     | 55s                       |
| Montreal ditto . . . .      | 60           | 62       | 60            | 62 60                 | 63 65                     |
| Pot, . . . . .              | 46           | 47       | 49            | 50 49                 | 50 50 52                  |
| OIL, Whale, . . . . tun.    | 55           | —        | 52            | 53 57                 | 58 £52                    |
| Cod, . . . . .              | 55 (p. brl.) | 45       | 46 45         | —                     | 48 49                     |
| TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.  | 8            | 9        | 8½ 9 0 8 0 9  | 10d 1s                | —                         |
| Midling, . . . . .          | 7            | 8        | 7½ 7 0 6½ 0 7 | 7 8d                  | —                         |
| Inferior, . . . . .         | 6½           | 7        | 7 7 0 4½ —    | 6 7                   | —                         |
| COTTONS, Bowed Georg.       | —            | 1 7 1 10 | 1 6           | 1 9½                  | —                         |
| Sea Island, fine, . . .     | —            | 2 7 2 9  | 2 5           | 2 6                   | —                         |
| good, . . . . .             | —            | 2 4 2 6  | 2 3           | 2 4                   | —                         |
| middling, . . . . .         | —            | 2 2 2 3  | 1 11          | 2 2                   | —                         |
| Demerara and Berbice,       | —            | 1 10 2 1 | 1 9           | 2 1                   | 1 10 2 1                  |
| West India, . . . . .       | —            | 1 8 2 0  | 1 8           | 1 9                   | 1 8 1 10                  |
| Pernambuco, . . . . .       | —            | 2 1 2 2  | 2 0           | 2 1                   | 2 1 2 1½                  |
| Maranham, . . . . .         | —            | 2 0 2 1  | 1 11          | 2 0                   | 1 11½ 1 11½               |
|                             |              |          |               |                       | {B.S.} per 100 lbs. 0 8 7 |
|                             |              |          |               |                       | {F.S.} 0 17 2             |

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 30th November 1817.

|                                   | 4th. | 10th.     | 18th.     | 25th.         |
|-----------------------------------|------|-----------|-----------|---------------|
| Bank stock, .....                 | —    | 290½      | 291       | 290           |
| 3 per cent. reduced.....          | —    | 82½       | 83        | 82½           |
| 3 per cent. consols,.....         | —    | 83½, 83¾  | 83½, 83¾  | 83½, 83¾      |
| 4 per cent. consols,.....         | —    | 99½       | 99½       | 99½           |
| 5 per cent. navy ann.....         | —    | 108½      | 109       | 108½          |
| Imperial 3 per cent. ann.....     | —    | —         | —         | —             |
| India stock, .....                | —    | 249       | —         | 246½          |
| — bonds,.....                     | —    | 101pr.    | 99pr.     | 99pr.         |
| Exchequer bills, 2½d. p. day..... | —    | 20pr.     | 20pr.     | —             |
| Consols for acc. ....             | —    | 83¾ 1 3 4 | 83¾ 1 3 4 | 83¼ 1 3 8     |
| American 3 per cent.....          | —    | —         | —         | 65.6 cent.    |
| — newloan, 6p. cent.....          | —    | —         | —         | 103, 103½     |
| French 5 per cents. ....          | —    | —         | —         | 64f. 80 cents |

LONDON, CORN EXCHANGE, DECEMBER 1.

OUR supply of Wheat for this day's market was but moderate, and superfine samples met a ready sale at last Monday's prices, and in some cases even better terms were obtained, but inferior parcels go off heavily.—Barley fully maintains last week's currency, and prime Malt sells on much the same terms, but for inferior there is scarce any sale.—Beans will scarcely support our last quotation; and Maple Pease are about 1s. per quarter cheaper.—The Oat trade is full as dear for prime qualities; all other kinds are rather dearer. In other articles we have no alteration to notice.

London, Corn Exchange, Dec. 9.

|                         | s. | s.  |                     | s. | s. |
|-------------------------|----|-----|---------------------|----|----|
| ForeignWheat, — to      | —  | —   | Gray Pease, . . . . | —  | —  |
| Fine do. . . . .        | —  | —   | Fine do. . . . .    | —  | —  |
| English Wheat, 60 to 70 |    |     | Tick Beans, . . . . | 40 | 44 |
| Fine do. . . . .        | 80 | 86  | Old do. . . . .     | 44 | 54 |
| Old do. . . . .         | —  | 105 | Small do. . . . .   | 48 | 58 |
| Rye . . . . .           | —  | —   | Old do. . . . .     | —  | —  |
| Fine do. . . . .        | —  | —   | Feed Oats, . . . .  | 18 | 28 |
| Barley, . . . . .       | 32 | 50  | Fine do. . . . .    | —  | —  |
| Fine do. . . . .        | —  | —   | Poland do. . . . .  | 30 | 53 |
| New do. . . . .         | —  | —   | Fine do. . . . .    | —  | —  |
| Malt, . . . . .         | 70 | 80  | Potato do. . . . .  | 28 | 34 |
| Fine do. . . . .        | —  | —   | Fine Flour, . . . . | 80 | —  |
| Pease, boilers 53 to 58 |    |     | Seconds, . . . . .  | 70 | 75 |
| Fine do. . . . .        | —  | —   |                     |    |    |

Seeds, &c.

|                           | s. | s. |                          | s. | s.  |
|---------------------------|----|----|--------------------------|----|-----|
| Mustard, Brown, . . . .   | 12 | 22 | Ryegrass (Pace's) — to — | —  | —   |
| New, . . . . .            | —  | —  | Common . . . . .         | 16 | 40  |
| White . . . . .           | 6  | 12 | Clover, English, . . . . | —  | —   |
| Tares . . . . .           | 9  | 13 | Red, . . . . .           | 50 | 120 |
| Turnip, White — to —      | —  | —  | White . . . . .          | 50 | 100 |
| Red . . . . .             | —  | —  | Trefoil . . . . .        | —  | —   |
| Yellow . . . . .          | —  | —  | Rib grass . . . . .      | —  | —   |
| Canary . . . . .          | 50 | 90 | Carraway, Eng, 48 to 56  |    |     |
| Hempseed . . . . .        | 82 | 86 | Foreign . . . . .        | —  | —   |
| Linseed . . . . .         | 60 | 80 | Coriander . . . . .      | 10 | 21  |
| Cinquefoil . . . . .      | —  | —  |                          |    |     |
| New Rapeseed, £52 to £54. |    |    |                          |    |     |

Liverpool, Dec. 9.

|                             | s. | d. | s. | d. |                           | s.  | d. | s.  | d. |
|-----------------------------|----|----|----|----|---------------------------|-----|----|-----|----|
| Wheat, per 70 lbs.          | 13 | 0  | 15 | 0  | Rice, p. cwt.             | 42  | 0  | 45  | 0  |
| English . . . . .           | —  | —  | —  | —  | Flour, English, . . . . . | —   | —  | —   | —  |
| Scotch . . . . .            | 12 | 0  | 14 | 6  | p. 260 lb. fine           | 0   | 0  | 0   | 0  |
| Welsh . . . . .             | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | Seconds                   | 0   | 0  | 0   | 0  |
| Irish, new 10 0 to 12 0     |    |    |    |    | Irish p. 240 lb.          | 0   | 0  | 0   | 0  |
| Dantzic . . . . .           | 14 | 0  | 15 | 0  | Ameri. p. bl.             | 65  | 0  | 66  | 0  |
| Wismar . . . . .            | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | Sour do.                  | 50  | 0  | 56  | 0  |
| American . . . . .          | 14 | 0  | 15 | 0  | Clover-seed, p. bush.     | —   | —  | —   | —  |
| Barley, per 60 lbs.         | 7  | 0  | 7  | 6  | White . . . . .           | 0   | 0  | 0   | 0  |
| English . . . . .           | 6  | 0  | 7  | 0  | Red . . . . .             | 0   | 0  | 0   | 0  |
| Scotch . . . . .            | 6  | 0  | 7  | 0  | Oatmeal, per 240 lb.      | —   | —  | —   | —  |
| Irish . . . . .             | 6  | 0  | 6  | 6  | English . . . . .         | 40  | 0  | 44  | 0  |
| Malt p. 9gls. 12 0 to 13 6  |    |    |    |    | Scotch . . . . .          | 0   | 0  | 0   | 0  |
| Rye, per qr. 4 0 to 4 4     |    |    |    |    | Irish . . . . .           | 0   | 0  | 0   | 0  |
| Oats, per 45 lb.            | —  | —  | —  | —  | Butter, Beef, &c.         |     |    |     |    |
| Eng. pota. new 4 6 to 5 0   |    |    |    |    | Butter, per cwt. . . . .  | —   | —  | —   | —  |
| Common . . . . .            | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | Belfast . . . . .         | 108 | 0  | 108 | 0  |
| Welsh potato 4 3 to 4 9     |    |    |    |    | Newry . . . . .           | 102 | 0  | 102 | 0  |
| Scotch . . . . .            | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | Drogheda . . . . .        | 0   | 0  | 0   | 0  |
| Foreign . . . . .           | 4  | 3  | 4  | 9  | Waterford, new 100 to 0   |     |    |     |    |
| Rapeseed, p. l. £52 to £56  |    |    |    |    | Cork, 5d . . . . .        | 90  | 0  | 90  | 0  |
| Flaxseed, p. hd. . . . .    | —  | —  | —  | —  | New, 2d, pickled 102      |     |    |     |    |
| sowing . . . . .            | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | Beef, p. tierce 95 to 100 |     |    |     |    |
| Beans, pr qr. s. d. . . . . | 68 | 0  | 70 | 0  | English . . . . .         | 68  | 0  | 65  |    |
| English . . . . .           | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | p. barrel 100 to 103      |     |    |     |    |
| Foreign . . . . .           | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | Pork, p. brl. . . . .     | 95  | 0  | 98  |    |
| Irish . . . . .             | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | Bacon, per cwt. . . . .   | —   | —  | —   | —  |
| Peas, per quar. . . . .     | 61 | 0  | 65 | 0  | Short middles . . . . .   | —   | —  | —   | —  |
| Boiling . . . . .           | —  | —  | —  | —  | Long do. . . . .          | —   | —  | —   | —  |

EDINBURGH.—DECEMBER 10.

| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease & Beans.    |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1st,.....49s. 0d. | 1st,.....34s. 0d. | 1st,.....35s. 0d. | 1st,.....34s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....44s. 0d.  | 2d,.....31s. 0d.  | 2d,.....30s. 0d.  | 2d,.....32s. 0d.  |
| 3d,.....40s. 0d.  | 3d,.....28s. 0d.  | 3d,.....25s. 0d.  | 3d,.....29s. 0d.  |

Average of wheat, £2 : 2 : 1 : 6-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, December 9.

|                                |                |                             |                  |
|--------------------------------|----------------|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) . . . . | 0 4d. to 0 7d. | Potatoes, (28 lb.) . . . .  | 0 10d. to 0 0d.  |
| Mutton, . . . . .              | 0 4d. to 0 7d. | Butter, per lb. . . . .     | 1 4d. to 0 0d.   |
| Veal, . . . . .                | 0 9d. to 1 0d. | Eggs, per doz. . . . .      | 1 3d. to 0 0d.   |
| Pork, . . . . .                | 0 5d. to 0 6d. | Tallow, per stone, . . . .  | 11 6d. to 12 6d. |
| Lamb, per quar. . . . .        | 2 0d. to 3 0d. | Hides, . . . . .            | 6 0d. to 7 0d.   |
| Quartern Loaf, . . . . .       | 1 1d. to 0 0d. | Calf Skins, per lb. . . . . | 0 7d. to 0 8d.   |

## HADDINGTON.—DECEMBER 12.

| Wheat.    |          | Barley.   |          | NEW.<br>Oats. |          | Pease.    |          | Beans.    |          |
|-----------|----------|-----------|----------|---------------|----------|-----------|----------|-----------|----------|
| 1st,..... | 46s. 6d. | 1st,..... | 41s. 0d. | 1st,.....     | 34s. 0d. | 1st,..... | 34s. 0d. | 1st,..... | 35s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....  | 42s. 0d. | 2d,.....  | 36s. 0d. | 2d,.....      | 28s. 0d. | 2d,.....  | 30s. 0d. | 2d,.....  | 30s. 0d. |
| 3d,.....  | 40s. 0d. | 3d,.....  | 30s. 0d. | 3d,.....      | 20s. 0d. | 3d,.....  | 26s. 0d. | 3d,.....  | 25s. 0d. |

| Wheat.    |          | Barley.   |        | OLD.<br>Oats. |        | Pease.    |        | Beans.    |        |
|-----------|----------|-----------|--------|---------------|--------|-----------|--------|-----------|--------|
| 1st,..... | 34s. 0d. | 1st,..... | s. 0d. | 1st,.....     | s. 0d. | 1st,..... | s. 0d. | 1st,..... | s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....  | 33s. 0d. | 2d,.....  | s. 0d. | 2d,.....      | s. 0d. | 2d,.....  | s. 0d. | 2d,.....  | s. 0d. |
| 3d,.....  | s. 0d.   | 3d,.....  | s. 0d. | 3d,.....      | s. 0d. | 3d,.....  | s. 0d. | 3d,.....  | s. 0d. |

Average of wheat, £2 : 0 : 8.

*Note.*—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

*Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 22d November 1817.*

Wheat, 81s. 6d.—Rye, 46. 9d.—Barley, 44s. 5d.—Oats, 28s. 3d.—Beans, 49s. 10d.—Pease, 49s. 10.—Oatmeal, 35s. 4d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d

*Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th November 1817.*

Wheat, 69s. 3d.—Rye, 59s. 5d.—Barley, 41s. 2d.—Oats, 31s. 1d.—Beans, 53s.—Pease, 52s. 11d.—Oatmeal, 26s. 6d.—Beer or Bigg, 38s. 2d.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 30th November 1817, extracted from the London Gazette.

Allwright, S. High Street, Shoreditch, haberdasher  
 Aarm, A. Plymouth dock, silversmith  
 Atherstone, H. of Brewhouse-yard, Nottinghamshire, dyer  
 Appleby, R. North Shields, cabinet-maker  
 Aldham, W. Borough-hills-mill, Essex, miller  
 Abram, T. Rafford, Lancaster, innkeeper  
 Archer, T. Lombard Street, boot-maker  
 Ambrose, T. & T. Fawell, Botolph Lane, wine-merchants  
 Butcher, W. Cambridge, scrivener  
 Bolshaw, J. Liverpool, plumber  
 Broad, T. Bury, Sussex, miller  
 Bennett, S. Bath, broker  
 Belling, W. Exeter, druggist  
 Bell, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stationer  
 Bray, J. S. Coleman Street Buildings, merchant  
 Bray, W. Coleman Street Buildings, merchant  
 Baum, J. Whitehorse-yard, victualler  
 Beckert, W. B. Wakefield, linen-draper  
 Bradford, R. Bromyard, Herefordshire, cordwainer  
 Bridgman, J. V. Tavistock, Devonshire, money-scrivener  
 Brandon, J. S. Church Street, merchant  
 Bolden, of Keighley, Yorkshire, iron-founder  
 Bainfield, E. St Philip & Jacob, Gloucester, cooper  
 Bartlett, R. Vineent Square, Westminster, wheelwright  
 Beard, W. J. Phoenix-park, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, farrier  
 Carlisle, J. St Ann's Mill, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, miller  
 Cowen, G. Great Prescot Street, merchant  
 Cutler, A. Tower Street, painter  
 Cooke, J. Fareham, Hampshire, tanner  
 Collinson, J. Huddersfield, boat-builder  
 Cooper, H. Brixton, builder  
 Charlton, G. York, tailor  
 Cowdry, W. of Manchester, letter-press-printer  
 Dodd, T. Liverpool, printseller  
 Daniel, G. & W. Cross, Birmingham, merchants  
 Downs, S. M. Reading, cheesemonger  
 Davies, W. Tredegar Iron-works, Mounmouthshire, innholder  
 Dickinson, R. & J. St St John Street, Clerkenwell, brewers  
 Dyson, J. Meltham Mill, Almondbury, Yorkshire, clothier  
 Downes, J. J. Whitechapel Road, collar-maker  
 Evans, M. sen. Llangernow, Denbighshire, shop-keeper  
 Eady, T. Woolwich, horse-dealer

Emeny, J. Dover, draper  
 Ellison, E. late of Torbock, Lancashire, flour-dealer  
 Firth, W. Livesedge, Yorkshire, clothier  
 Flack, J. Old Street, victualler  
 Fothergill, G. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-owner  
 Green, R. Manchester, iron-liquor-maker  
 Granville, A. Plymouth-dock, china-merchant  
 Green, J. Saltford, Somersetshire, victualler  
 Gregory, G. Sheffield, York, scissor-manufacturer  
 Goring, T. Staines, tailor  
 Grove, J. Drury-lane, grocer  
 Hobson, J. Manchester, brazier  
 Hildebrand, C. Coleman Street, picture-seller  
 Hall, J. L. Aldermanbury, merchant  
 Hall, W. Halifax, money-scrivener  
 Howell, J. & B. Blackfriars Road, linen-draper  
 Hawke, W. Lamerton, Devonshire, merchant  
 Holbrooke, T. Bath, coach-master  
 Hutchinson, W. St John Street, cheesemonger  
 Hewitt, H. Sheffield, merchant  
 Heaton, J. M. Fleming, & M. Dyson, of Almondbury, Yorkshire, woollen-manufacturers  
 Home, G. Threadneedle Street, wine-merchant  
 Harrison, J. Leeds, York, merchant  
 Harding, G. J. Hassall, & Toverton, Liverpool, brewers  
 Knight, J. & T. Ashby, Gough Square, feather-manufacturers  
 Kent, W. Upper Russel Street, Bermondsey, leather-dresser  
 Kendrick, F. Holborn, & G. Tyndale, Aldgate, linen-draper  
 Kilsby, W. Old Brentford, broker  
 Kilner, W. & J. Lees Lodge, Dalton, Yorkshire, woollen-manufacturers  
 Kendrick, W. Daventry, grocer  
 Leigh, J. jun. Manchester, carpenter  
 Latham, J. of Romney, Southampton-common, brewer  
 Lloyd, S. T. Leather-lane, Holborn, bookseller  
 Lingford, J. Frith Street, Soho, truss-maker  
 Malins, H. Pall Mall, coffee-house-keeper  
 Morse, H. Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, cabinet-maker  
 Mawfield, T. Halstead, Essex, grocer  
 Mathieson, W. & G. R. Laprack, Bishopsgate Street without, tailors  
 Mitchell, J. Tichfield, Hampshire, linen-draper  
 Marsh, J. Pilkington, Lancashire, farmer  
 Moore, T. Bartonsham, Hereford, farrier  
 Manners, J. & J. Cam, Sheffield, York, edgetoot-makers

- Minot, W. Lime Street, merchant  
 Marsham, W. late of Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, broker  
 Nicholson, J. Sow-lane, pin and needle manufacturer  
 Nicholson, J. & J. Brown, Bow-lane, fishhook-manufacturers  
 Noble, G. Ely Place, merchant  
 Newman, E. Lambeth-marsh, Surrey, brewer  
 Overton, W. Birmingham, plater  
 Oliphant, J. Cockspur Street, hat-manufacturer  
 Oxman, R. Penzance, merchant  
 Oates, G. & G. jun. Sheffield, merchants  
 Pickstock, T. Shrewsbury, mercer  
 Parry, J. Denbigh, draper  
 Pitts, L. Thorpe Abbotts, Norfolk, merchant  
 Powell, J. Topsham, rope-maker  
 Pallett, C. & J. P. Masie, Love-lane, Alderman-bury, factors  
 Paterson, T. Stockport, draper  
 Paterson, R. & W. Nicol, Harrow Road, Paddington, nurserymen  
 Piercy, E. late of New-farm, Oxfordshire, farmer  
 Parsons, J. of Harwich, Essex, fishing-smack-owner  
 Preston, D. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, potter-merchant  
 Quint, J. Tooley Street, cyder-merchant  
 Robson, C. East-lane-nairs, Bermondsey, shipwright  
 Robson, J. Little Britain, stable-keeper  
 Richardson, J. Great St Helens, merchant  
 Roberts, J. Wood Street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer  
 Rudd, Frances, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, milliner  
 Ryan, J. Liverpool, merchant  
 Reay, T. of South Shields, merchant  
 Stockham, W. Bristol, baker  
 Sweetman, S. Bedlow, & C. J. Tuckett, Bishopsgate Street and Birmingham, grocers  
 Snow, S. Albemarle Street, dress-maker  
 Slater, J. Market Street, Westminster, brewer  
 Spyer, S. Great Alice Street, merchant  
 Stanton, S. Strand, apothecary  
 Smart, J. Kingsgate Street, Holborn, ironmonger  
 Sharland, R. Exeter, saddler  
 Sowerby, S. jun. Bristol, cutler  
 Smith, W. Long Acre, spring-blind-maker  
 Smith, T. Chepstow, cabinet-maker  
 Smith, J. Shrewsbury, linen-drapeer  
 Smith, J. Holmfirth, Yorkshire, clothier  
 Samuda, A. Bury Street, St Mary-axe, broker  
 Shore, E. Coxden-mills, Chardstock, Dorset, miller  
 Saunders, J. G. King Street, warehousemen  
 Tickner, G. Portsea, house-carpenter  
 Thurkle, G. M. New Street Square, Fetter-lane, wine-merchant  
 Tollock, R. Watling Street, merchant  
 Valentine, C. St James's Walk, Clerkenwell, ja-panner  
 Walker, J. Upper Russel Street, Bermondsey  
 West, T. Gracechurch Street, wholesale perfumer  
 Walker, C. W. Brighton, stationer  
 Whittington, T. Trowbridge, carpenter  
 Woods, G. Portsea, saddler  
 Wade, W. Croydon, coal-merchant  
 Wainwright, G. New Compton Street, St Giles's, bottle-merchant  
 Wardle, M. Manchester, dealer  
 Williams, T. S. & T. Barnard, Cheltenham, mercers  
 Warner, J. & J. Lord, Derby, ironmongers  
 Weaver, E. & C. Gloucester, pin-manufacturers  
 Ward, J. Liverpool, grocer  
 Waddell, T. Bow-lane, warehouseman  
 Yandall, E. Earl Street, Blackfriars, corn-dealer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th November 1817, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Birnie, George, builder in Portobello  
 Grubb, James, salmon fisher, merchant, or trader, at Ardoch of Poyntfield, in the county of Ross  
 Hepburn, John, of Wellsly, in the parish of Avondale, horse-dealer  
 M'Kenzie, Donald, sen. merchant and ship-owner, Stormoway  
 Moncrieff, Colin, grocer, Edinburgh  
 Ritchie, Thomas, cattle-dealer, Glenahurrich, Argyleshire  
 Stewart, John & Company, merchants and manufacturers in Paisley.  
 M'Donald, John, timber-merchant, Greenock; by James Tasker, there, the trustee  
 Monkhouse, Thomas & Richard, late merchants, Edinburgh; at the trustee's office, 25, James's Square, 26th December  
 M'Clellan, Alex. & William, in Crossmichael, and John Callie in Kirkcudbright, timber-merchants, under the firm of William M'Clellan & Co.; by Samuel M'Caule, merchant Kirkcudbright  
 Miller, James, merchant, Glasgow; by Robert Aitken, merchant there, on 5th December  
 Morrison, Lewis Tenant, cattle-dealer and horse-dealer in Milling; by Archibald Lyall, at Easter Auchyle  
 Phillips, James, upholsterer, Glasgow; by James Inray, merchant there, 1st December  
 Primrose, Geo. as a partner of Stewart, Primrose, & Co. merchant, Leith; by Patrick Borthwick, Leith, 18th December  
 Schaw, Daniel, & Son, printers, Edinburgh; by Peter M'Dowall, accountant, Edinburgh, 22d December  
 Stevenson, Alex. & Co. at Nassau, at the counting-house of Leckie & Alexander, Glasgow, 24th December  
 Thomson, Daniel, merchant, Ayr; by William Brown, sen. merchant there  
 Webster & Findlay, merchants, Montrose; by Charles Barclay, merchant there.

DIVIDENDS.

- Blaikie, Robert, merchant, Edinburgh; by Melville Burd, W. S. No 9, South St David Street, Edinburgh  
 Baxter, William, merchant, Dundee; by John Gabriel Russel, merchant there, 28th December  
 Byrne, Charles H. merchant Greenock; by John M'Nair, writer, Greenock, 3d December  
 Callum, James, merchant in Auchenblae; by David Wyllie, merchant, Montrose, 17th December  
 Gray, James and Walter, Jewellers, Glasgow; by William M'Gregor, merchant there  
 Hutchinson, John, jun. cattle-dealer and drover in Haddington; at the Sheriff Clerk's office there

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE order of the last two months, with regard to temperature, seems to have been reversed. The average temperature of November, as stated below, is 45, being nearly 7 degrees higher than the same month last year, and 3½ higher than October according to our last Report. During the month of October, there were only 5 days on which the thermometer rose to 50, but there have been 20 such days in November, and the temperature of the nights was also generally higher during the latter than during the former. The great difference indeed between the averages of the two months is chiefly owing to this last circumstance. The temperature at 10 p.m. was frequently several degrees, on one occasion not less than 17, higher than the temperature at 10 a. m. The barometer, as might have been expected, was unusually fluctuating, rising or falling sometimes nearly half an inch in the space

of 12 hours. The quantity of rain is nearly double that of October, and the hygrometer of course considerably lower. The point of deposition is nearly as much above the mean minimum as it was below it in October, but the difference in neither case exceeds a degree and a half. Altogether, the month of November adds another to the many instances already recorded of the unsteadiness and irregularity of our seasons. There is one fact in illustration of this remark, which we think particularly deserving of notice. On the morning of the 26th, the thermometer stood at 33, the ground being covered with snow to the depth of several inches. By 10 o'clock the same evening, the snow had disappeared, and the thermometer stood at 50.

**METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.**

NOVEMBER 1817.

| Means.                                 |          | Extremes.                               |          |
|--|----------|---|----------|
| THERMOMETER.                           |          | THERMOMETER.                            |          |
|  | Degrees. |   | Degrees. |
| Mean of greatest daily heat,           | 50.083   | Greatest heat, 4th day,                 | 56.500   |
| ..... cold,                            | 40.066   | Greatest cold, 25th,                    | 30.500   |
| ..... temperature, 10 A. M.            | 45.200   | Highest, 10 A. M. 4th,                  | 54.000   |
| ..... 10 P. M.                         | 44.850   | Lowest ditto, . . . 26th,               | 33.000   |
| ..... of daily extremes,               | 45.075   | Highest, 10 P. M. 17th,                 | 54.000   |
| ..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.            | 45.025   | Lowest ditto, . . . 25th,               | 33.000   |
| ..... 4 daily observations,            | 45.050   |   |          |
| BAROMETER.                             |          | BAROMETER.                              |          |
|  | Inches.  |   | Inches.  |
| Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 48)    | 29.649   | Highest, 10 A. M. 19th,                 | 30.250   |
| ..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 49)      | 29.604   | Lowest ditto, . . . 9th,                | 29.050   |
| ..... both, (temp. of mer. 48½)        | 29.626   | Highest, 10 P. M. 1st,                  | 30.015   |
|  |          | Lowest ditto, . . . 8th,                | 28.890   |
| HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)                 |          | HYGROMETER.                             |          |
|  | Degrees. |   | Degrees. |
| Mean dryness, 10 A. M.                 | 8.266    | Highest, 10 A. M. 27th,                 | 15.000   |
| ..... 10 P. M.                         | 5.933    | Lowest ditto, . . . 5th,                | 0.000    |
| ..... of both,                         | 7.100    | Highest, 10 P. M. 23d,                  | 15.000   |
| Mean point of deposition (Fahr.)       | 41.216   | Lowest ditto, . . . 4th,                | 0.000    |
| Rain in inches,                        | 2.705    | Greatest rain in 24 hours, 15th,        | 0.505    |
| Evaporation in ditto,                  | 0.803    | Least ditto, . . . . . 10th,            | 0.002    |
| Fair days, or rain less than .01,      | 12       | Greatest mean daily evap. 16th to 20th, | 0.056    |
| Rainy days,                            | 18       | Least ditto, . . . . . 6th to 10th,     | 0.015    |
| Wind from W. of meridian, including N. | 21       | Highest point of deposition, 17th,      | 51.800   |
| ..... E. of meridian, including S.     | 9        | Lowest ditto, . . . . . 25th,           | 23.300   |

General character of the period, mild and wettish.

**METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.**

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at eight o'clock in the morning, and eight o'clock in the evening.

|        | Ther. | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. |                        | Ther.   | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. |       |                             |
|--------|-------|--------|---------------|-------|------------------------|---------|--------|---------------|-------|-------|-----------------------------|
| Nov. 1 | M. 37 | 29.574 | M. 39         | W.    | Stormy, rain and snow. | Nov. 16 | M. 45  | 29.351        | M. 45 | S.E.  | Showers.                    |
|        | E. 44 | .901   | E. 42         |       |                        |         | E. 47  | .448          | E. 49 |       |                             |
| 2      | M. 45 | .406   | M. 43         | W.    | Showery.               | 17      | M. 47  | .750          | M. 47 | S.W.  | Showers.                    |
|        | E. 48 | .636   | E. 47         |       |                        |         | E. 55  | .737          | E. 52 |       |                             |
| 3      | M. 43 | .845   | M. 44         | S.W.  | Cloudy, with rain.     | 18      | M. 50  | .567          | M. 52 | W.    | Rain.                       |
|        | E. 48 | .651   | E. 49         |       |                        |         | E. 44  | .851          | E. 48 |       |                             |
| 4      | M. 55 | .666   | M. 52         | W.    | Fair.                  | 19      | M. 46  | 30.101        | M. 47 | N.W.  | Fair.                       |
|        | E. 52 | .680   | E. 52         |       |                        |         | E. 45  | .160          | E. 48 |       |                             |
| 5      | M. 50 | .461   | M. 50         | W.    | Fair.                  | 20      | M. 45  | .101          | M. 45 | W.    | Cloudy.                     |
|        | E. 47 | .411   | E. 52         |       |                        |         | E. 47  | 29.730        | E. 48 |       |                             |
| 6      | M. 41 | .642   | M. 47         | S.W.  | Fair.                  | 21      | M. 45  | .494          | M. 47 | Cble. | Fair.                       |
|        | E. 41 | .642   | E. 45         |       |                        |         | E. 43  | .845          | E. 45 |       |                             |
| 7      | M. 45 | .365   | M. 47         | S.    | Fair.                  | 22      | M. 43  | .790          | M. 45 | Cble. | Fair.                       |
|        | E. 52 | .119   | E. 52         |       |                        |         | E. 43  | .764          | E. 45 |       |                             |
| 8      | M. 48 | 28.946 | M. 49         | S.    | Cloudy.                | 23      | M. 43  | .679          | M. 45 | W.    | Fair.                       |
|        | E. 46 | .750   | E. 48         |       |                        |         | E. 40  | .556          | E. 45 |       |                             |
| 9      | M. 45 | .915   | M. 47         | N.W.  | Fair.                  | 24      | M. 35  | .362          | M. 43 | N.W.  | Fair, sleet in the evening. |
|        | E. 44 | .915   | E. 46         |       |                        |         | E. 31  | .246          | E. 39 |       |                             |
| 10     | M. 50 | 29.489 | M. 49         | W.    | Fair                   | 25      | M. 31  | .655          | M. 40 | N.W.  | Fair, frosty.               |
|        | E. 50 | .577   | E. 50         |       |                        |         | E. 33  | .533          | E. 36 |       |                             |
| 11     | M. 49 | .259   | M. 49         | S.W.  | Fair, rain afternoon.  | 26      | M. 49  | .486          | M. 36 | W.    | Cloudy, snow even.          |
|        | E. 41 | .273   | E. 47         |       |                        |         | E. 49  | .441          | E. 45 |       |                             |
| 12     | M. 41 | .374   | M. 54         | S.E.  | Cloudy.                | 27      | M. 49  | .627          | M. 49 | N.W.  | Cloudy, rain evening.       |
|        | E. 48 | .158   | E. 49         |       |                        |         | E. 42  | .627          | E. 49 |       |                             |
| 13     | M. 42 | .527   | M. 45         | S.E.  | Fair.                  | 28      | M. 42  | .431          | M. 45 | W.    | Fair.                       |
|        | E. 40 | .457   | E. 45         |       |                        |         | E. 48  | .431          | E. 49 |       |                             |
| 14     | M. 47 | .236   | M. 47         | Cble. | Cloudy rain at night.  | 29      | M. 45  | .460          | M. 47 | S.W.  | Fair.                       |
|        | E. 47 | .204   | E. 47         |       |                        |         | E. 51  | .262          | E. 50 |       |                             |
| 15     | M. 44 | .104   | M. 45         | S.E.  | Showers.               | 30      | M. 45  | .548          | M. 47 | S.W.  | Cloudy.                     |
|        | E. 44 | .104   | E. 45         |       |                        |         | E. 46  | .385          | E. 47 |       |                             |

Rain .3 in.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

### I. CIVIL.

The Earl of Dalhousie, now Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, is to succeed Sir John Sherbrook, as Governor-General and Commander in Canada.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Glasgow is elected Rector of the University of Glasgow.

John Millar and George Murray, Esq. are appointed resident Magistrates of Easter and Wester Portsburgh.

John Stevenson, Esq. of Berwick, is appointed Collector of the Customs of that Port, vice James Clunie, Esq. deceased.

### II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Earl of Airly has presented the Rev. Wm Ramsay, Minister of the united parishes of Cortuchy and Clover, to the church and parish of Auchterhouse, vacant by the translation of the Rev. George Addison to the united parishes of Liff and Benvie.

### III. MILITARY.

- Brevet Capt. Thos Moody, R. Eng. to be Major in the army 23d May 1816
- 5Dr.G. Paym. T. Boulton, from 53 F. to be Paym. vice Brunker, h. p. 16th Oct. 1817
- 2 Dr. Cornet R. Downes, from 19 Dr. to be Lieut. by p. vice Falconar, pro. 23d do.
- 11 Lieut. W. Smith to be Capt. by p. vice Lutyens, ret. 30th do.
- 7 F. Ensign T. F. L'Estrange, from h. p. 34 F. to be Lieut. A. L'Estrange, res. 16th do.
- 15 Ensign T. A. Drought to be Lieut. by p. vice Temple, pro. do.
- J. Disney Cooke to be Ensign by p. vice Drought do.
- 25 Capt. E. M. Brown, from h. p. to be Paym. vice Julian, ret. upon h. p. 25d do.
- 30 F. Barlow to be Ensign by p. vice Robson, pro. 30th do.
- 42 L. Fife to be Ensign by p. vice Fairlie, pro. 16th do.
- 45 J. H. Webb to be Paym. vice Dalhunny, dead 30th do.
- 51 Ensign F. Percy to be Lieut. vice Maitland, pro. 16th do.
- Genl. Cadet Wm Timson to be Ensign by p. vice Percy do.
- 58 Capt. J. Tomer, from h. p. 39 F. to be Paym. vice Albert, ret. upon h. p. 23d do.
- 65 Paym. F. E. Leech, from h. p. 62 F. to be Paym. vice Colquhoun, dead do.
- 78 Assist. Surg. D. Henderson, from 23 Dr. to be Ass. Surg. vice Hughes, dead 25th do.
- 82 R. W. Carden to be Ensign by p. vice Harman, pro. 30th do.
- 86 Lieut. A. M'Lean to be Capt. vice Shearman, dead 23d do.
- 87 ——— H. G. Baylee, from h. p. to be Lt. vice Knox, pro. 16th do.
- 93 Wm Lysaght to be Ensign by p. vice Lamb, pro. 23d do.

- R.S.C. Lieut. N. T. Hill to be Capt. vice Sir J. L. Colleton do.
- Ensign E. Cleather to be Lieut. vice Campbell, dead 22d do.
- J. T. Sedley to be Lieut. vice Hill 23d do.
- F. H. Robe to be Ensign, vice Cleather 22d do.
- R.P. Coffin to be Ensign, vice Sedley 23d do.
- 3W.I.R. Lieut. R. Mulholland, from h. p. 4. F. to be Lieut. vice Vignoles, formerly h. p. 25th September
- George Deare to be Ensign, vice Eddins, dead 30th October

### Miscellaneous.

- Dep. Insp. A. Robertson, M.D. to be Insp. of Hosp. by Brevet 23d October
- Physician J. Forbes, M.D. to be Dep. Insp. of Hosp. by Brevet do.

### Exchanges.

- Lt. Col. Wauchope, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Oglander, h. p. Wattev. Regt.
- Brev. Major De Ros, from 1 Dr. with Capt. Slegg, 22 Dr.
- Horsley, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Rutland, h. p. 60 F.
- Capt. Power, from 44 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Shelton, h. p. 9 F.
- Lieut. Samo, from 17 F. with Lieut. Bennet, 64 F.
- Watson, from 20 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. C. Smith, h. p.
- Jordan, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kyle, h. p.
- Fitz Gerald, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Wilson, h. p. 35 F.
- Welby, from 19 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Downes, h. p. 2 Dr.
- Stewart, from Rifle Brigade, with Lieut. Home, h. p. 104 F.
- Parkinson, from Wagg. Train, with Lieut. Drew, h. p.
- Cornet Chambers, from 25 Dr. with Cornet Oswald, h. p. 23 Dr.
- Ensign Bishop, from 43 F. with Ensign Slade, from h. p.
- Surgeon Carter, from 73 F. with Surgeon Walker, from h. p. 60 F.
- Assist. Surg. Pilkington, from 19 Dr. with Assist. Surg. Riach, h. p. 73 F.

### Resignations and Retirements.

- Major Lutyens, 11 Dr.
- Lieut. A. L'Estrange, 7 F.

### Appointment Cancelled.

- Hospital Assist. Moir (returns to h. p.)

### Dismissed.

- Dep. Assist. Commissary Gen. R. Ward

### Reinstated.

- Lieut. Winslow, 41 F.

### Deaths.

#### Captain.

Lord, R. Art. 4th Oct. 1817

#### Lieutenants.

J. Betty, h. p. 27 F. 25th Oct.

Burkett, h. p. 46 F. 12th June

White, 65 F. 22d April

Hurst, R. W. I. Rang. 24th Aug.

Langley, do. 4th Oct.

#### Ensign.

M'Intosh, 3W.I. Reg. 10th Sep.

#### Assistant Surgeons.

Brien (on his passage from Jamaica) York Chass. 29th June 1817

Cassidy, late 4 Ceyl. R. May

#### Miscellaneous.

Pitman, Dep. Assist. Com. Gen.

18th Sept.

Powell, do. 17th do.

Safe, Staff Surgeon, 22d do.

Wilson, Hosp. Assist. at Dominica, 11th October.

#### Major Generals.

Hadden, R. Art. 29th Oct. 1817

John Burnett, do.

#### Colonels.

Riou, R. Art. 24th Oct.

Bidlake, R. Mar. 17th Nov.

#### Lieut. Colonels.

Batteley, 60 F. 26th May

Desbarres, 87 F. 21 April

#### Major.

Shearman, 86 F.



## IV. NAVAL.

## Promotions.

| Names.               | Names.                      | Names.            |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Captains.</i>     | John Pitman Campbell        | David Peat        |
| Basil Hall           | Thomas Tambs                | H. Cooke Harrison |
| James Wallis         | Wm Henry Dwaris             | <i>Surgeon.</i>   |
| <i>Commander.</i>    | Robert Fitzgerald Hippisley | David Patton      |
| Hon. Henry John Rous | George Walsh                |                   |
| <i>Lieutenants.</i>  | William Boulton             |                   |
| William Aldred       | Arthur Moore                |                   |

## Appointments.

Rear-Admiral Sir Home Popham to be Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica—his Flag-Lieutenant Charles Crole—Secretary, J. A. Lethbridge.

| Names.                   | Ships.     | Names.                     | Ships.          |
|--------------------------|------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>Captains.</i>         |            | <i>Assistant Surgeons.</i> |                 |
| Thomas Graves            | Bulwark    | R. J. Dallas               | Albion          |
| Hon. H. J. Rous          | Podargus   | John Gray                  | Antelope        |
| James Wallis             | Racon      | Samuel Wallace             | Ditto           |
| <i>Lieutenants.</i>      |            | David Findlay              | Andromache      |
| Robert Tait              | Albion     | Alex. Reid                 | Conqueror       |
| George Lindesay          | Cherokee   | Wm Clarke                  | Ditto           |
| Thomas Tambs             | Childers   | Joshua Little              | Ditto           |
| H. Cooke Harrison        | Conqueror  | Wm Bell                    | Ister           |
| George Wells             | Dee        | Patrick Kelty              | Leander         |
| C. R. Milbourne          | Ganymede   | Charles Mortimer           | Minden          |
| Frank Hastings           | Pelican    | James Boyle                | Ditto           |
| Charles Crole, F. L.     | Sybill     | Robert Gourly              | Ditto           |
| <i>Marines.</i>          |            | Rees Price                 | Nimrod          |
| 1st Lt. J. S. L. Crofton | Semiramis  | Wm Porteous                | Prometheus      |
| 2d Lt. Charles Rusher    | Andromache | James Nicoll               | Severn          |
| C. J. Stevens            | Severn     | Robert Somerville          | Sybill          |
| <i>Masters.</i>          |            | James Gilchrist            | Ditto           |
| Sam. Birt                | Redpole    | Alex. Gordon               | Ditto           |
| James Crear              | Semiramis  | W. H. Clunes               | Ditto           |
| <i>Surgeons.</i>         |            | Peter Boyd                 | Tagus           |
| G. A. Atcheson           | Albion     | John Runciman              | Wasp            |
| W. A. Bates              | Andromache | <i>Purser.</i>             |                 |
| David Patton             | Pike       | James Henderson            | Queen Charlotte |
| Robert Dobie             | Tagus      |                            |                 |

Captain George M'Kinley to be a Captain of Greenwich Hospital.  
 Lieutenant W. Renwick to be Warden of Woolwich Dock-Yard.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ W. P. Wade to command the Defence Revenue Cutter.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ George Mills to the Stork ditto.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ A. H. Thompson to the Redbreast ditto.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

Aug. 18. At Coassala, a woman named Madeline Casara, a daughter, who died four days afterwards; and forty-seven days after her first accouchement, she was delivered of twin-daughters, who only lived five days. The mother has not experienced the slightest indisposition.

Oct. 6. At Corfu, the lady of the Hon. Colonel Patrick Stuart, a son.—26. At Tunbridge, the lady of the Rev. Charles Hardigne, a daughter.—At Lisbon, the lady of Brigadier-General Sir John Campbell, a daughter.—27. At Seaforth Lodge, Lewis, Mrs Forbes Mackenzie, a son.—29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Hope, Raeburn Place, a son.—30. Mrs Dickson, No 9, North St David Street, a son.—The lady of Captain Banworth, 88 regt. a daughter.—At Parknook, Cumberland, Mrs Charles Parker, a daughter.—31. The lady of Capt. Brown, Dewar Place, a daughter.—At Auchill, Mrs

Maclean, younger of Coll, a daughter.—At Bath, the lady of Dr Bowie, a son.

Nov. 4. At Edinburgh, the lady of Dr John Campbell, Broughton Street, a son.—5. At Edmonstone, the lady of John Wauchope, Esq. a daughter.—6. At Edinburgh, Mrs Lee of St Andrews, No 18, George Street, a son.—The lady of Sir James Douglas, K. C. B. a son.—7. At Beaumont Cottage, Chertsey, the lady of John Hamilton Colt, Esq. a son.—8. At Stevenson, the lady of Sir John Gordon Sinclair, Bart. a daughter.—9. At Gawthorpe Hall, Lancashire, the lady of Robert Shuttleworth, Esq. a daughter.—10. At Llynon, in the island of Anglesea, the lady of H. H. Jones, Esq. of Llynon, a son.—At his Grace's seat, Cheveley, near Newmarket, the Duchess of Rutland, a son.—11. At Broughtonferry, near Dundee, the lady of Sir William Wiseman, Bart. a daughter.—12. At his Lordship's house, St James's Square, Lady Grantham, a still-born child.

—At Bath, the lady of Captain Buckie, R. N. a son.—Mrs Terrot, wife of the Rev. Mr Terrot, Albany Street, a daughter.—13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Matheson, No 73, Queen Street, a daughter.—14. At Kensington, the lady of Captain Spencer, R. N. a daughter.—16. The lady of Captain Stedman, a daughter.—Mrs Haldan, No 6, North St David Street, a son.—At No 32, Bernard Street, Russel Square, Mrs Young, a son.—At Content House, near Ayr, the lady of Captain Archibald Fullarton, a daughter.—At Ormiston House, Mrs Ramsay, a daughter.—At Dalkeith, the wife of John Robertson, an industrious labourer, two sons and a daughter.—20. At Edinburgh, Lady Frances Buchanan Riddel, a son.—22. Mrs Donaldson, Dundas Street, a daughter.—23. Mrs Greig of Hallgreig, a daughter.—25. Mrs Tytler of Woodhouselee, a daughter.—26. Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, a daughter.—The lady of Dugald M'Dougald, Esq. Gallanach, a son.—30. At Trinity Mains, Mrs Cusine, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

*Sept. 13.* At the British Ambassador's, at Paris, Captain Acton of the cavalry lancers, son to General Acton, and nephew of the late Sir John Acton, Bart. of Aldenham, Shropshire, to Charlotte, only daughter of Dr Clugston, late of Bombay.

*Oct. 3.* At Stroquhan, Robert Kirkpatrick, Esq. son of the late Sir James Kirkpatrick, Bart. of Closeburn, to Lillias, third daughter of Robert Anderson, Esq. of Stroquhan.—14. At Culzean castle, Lord Viscount Kinnaird, son of the Earl of Newburgh, to Lady Margaret Kennedy, third daughter of the Earl of Cassilis.—28. At Belleville, Mr William Hewat, merchant, Edinburgh, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr Alex. Wilson, Belleville.—Donald Chas. Cameron, Esq. of Berbice, to Elizabeth Frazer Matheson, daughter of Colin Matheson, Esq. of Bennetsfield, Ross-shire.—29. At Cambus, Mr Edward Aikman, calenderer, Paisley, to Isabella, daughter of the late Mr John Morrison, Cambus.—At Dundee, Mr Thomas Walker, Strathmiglo-field, to Miss Barbara Campbell, only daughter of the deceased James Campbell, Esq. merchant, Dundee.—30. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mr William Robertson, merchant, High Street, Edinburgh, to Mary, youngest daughter of Mr John Pollock, dyer there.—At St James's church, London, Mr Thomas Morton, merchant, Portobello, to Miss Maryann Evors, Percy Street, Bedford Square.

*Nov. 1.* At Tarbet House, John Buckle, Esq. of Sussex, to Miss Hay M'Kenzie, eldest daughter of the late Edward Hay M'Kenzie, Esq. of Newhall and Cromarty.—Mr Henry Elder of Edinburgh, bookseller, to Jane, only daughter, of the late Mr Alex. Tod, printer, Edinburgh.—3. At Perth, William Dalrymple, Esq. S. S. C. to Ann Jane, only daughter of James Weddel of Madras, Esq.—10. At the British Am-

bassador's, Paris, the Hon. Colonel Packenham, brother of the Earl of Longford and her Grace the Duchess of Wellington, to the Hon. Emily Stapleton, daughter of Lord Despencer.—12. At Kilmarnock, John Crawford, Esq. of Gilkneek-hill, Jamaica, to Miss Frances Gordon, daughter of the late John Gordon, Esq. of Earleton.—14. At Dundee, James Bonnar, Esq. surgeon, Auchtermuchty, to Hannah, second daughter of Mr John Ferrier, merchant there.—16. At Downpatrick, Ireland, David Thomas, Esq. 92 regt. or Gordon Highlanders, to Miss Caldos, daughter of Captain Caldos, Donegal Militia.—17. At Burnhouse, Mr Benjamin Mathie, writer Glasgow, to Elizabeth, daughter of the deceased James Forlong, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.—18. At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Cleghorn of North College Street Chapel, to Miss M. Callender, daughter of the late Mr George Callender, measurer, Edinburgh.—John Hunter, Esq. of Upper Holloway, Middlesex, to Jessie, daughter of John Young, Esq. of Bellewood.—At Greenock, Arthur Oughterson, Esq. of Barbadoes, to Helen, only daughter of the late Archibald Robertson, Esq.—19. At Perth, Mr James Nicoll, youngest, merchant, Dundee, to Miss Agnes Maria, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Constable.—21. At Dalkeith, Mr Walter Simpson, to Mary, third daughter of the late Mr John Fernie, Rigghead.—At Dublin, Mr Michael Lacy, to Miss Sarah Norton, both of the theatre there, formerly of the theatre-royal, Edinburgh.—24. At Strachur-park, William Robertson, Esq. merchant, Greenock, to Jane, daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Ormadale.—25. At Edinburgh, Captain Frederick Thomas Hutchinson, of the East India Company's military service in Bengal, to Miss Isabella Mitchelson, third daughter of the late Arch. Hepburn Mitchelson, Esq. of Middleton.—At Luffness, Thos Darling, Esq. West Fortune, to Miss Alison Yule, youngest daughter of James Yule, Esq. of Gibslees.—28. Mr James Johnstone, Haddington, student of medicine, to Jane, youngest daughter of Admiral Campbell, Letham, near Haddington.

## DEATHS.

*March 1.* At Cudalore, Montague Cockburn, third son of M. D. Cockburn, Esq.

*April 13.* At Masullipatam, aged 68 years, Lieut.-General Croker of the Madras establishment, whose military services, for upwards of 45 years, are well known, and duly appreciated by the army of the coast.—14. Lieut.-Colonel Archibald Campell, younger of Jura, at Bangalore in India. He was of the most amiable disposition, warm, and faithful. He possessed a generosity of heart and liberality of mind not to be surpassed. His loss will be long felt and deeply lamented by a numerous circle of friends. He was buried with military honours, and attended to the grave by the 22 dragoons and 69 regiment; and the offi-

cers of his own corps have, as a mark of regard and esteem for their lamented late commanding-officer, directed a handsome mausoleum to be erected over his remains in the church-yard of Bangalore.

*May 1.* At Travancore, Captain Thomas Arthur of the engineer corps, Madras establishment, son of the Rev. Mr Arthur, Risolis, Ross-shire.—4. At Calcutta, Dr James Campbell, third son of the late John Campbell, Esq. cashier of the Royal Bank.

*July 4.* At Nassau, New Providence, Mr Robert Paisley, surgeon of his Majesty's sloop Sheerness.—24. At sea, on his passage from Demerara to Quebec, Lieut. Robert Mackenzie of the 60 regt. third son of Gilbert Mackenzie, late at Invershin.

*Aug. 25.* At Carriere Estate, Grenada, Mr Robert M'Innes, a native of Aberfoyle, Perthshire.

*Sept. 12.* At the Cape of Good Hope, Mr Thomas Sheridan, son of the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. by his first wife, the daughter of Mr Linley, and the only child of that marriage.—20. At Nassau, New Providence, the Rev. Hugh Macfarlane, M. D. minister of the presbyterian church of St Andrews, in that town, where he arrived in the month of June last, and by his demeanour fully justified the recommendation he brought, "of being an able, evangelical, and conscientious minister."

*Oct. 9.* George, sixth son of Mr Samuel Philbrick, of Great Dunmow, Essex.—18. At Belfast, Sergeant Alex. Cameron, pipermajor of the 92 regt.—19. Mrs Boulbee, wife of W. Boulbee, Esq. of Sutton Bonnington, Notts. She had been engaged the hour preceding her departure in lecturing a number of young people belonging to the Sunday school, and previously to their dismissal, was in the act of praying with them, when, on a sudden, she fell on the floor, and expired immediately.—20. At Paris, the Comtesse Dillon, relict of the Hon. General A. Dillon, brother of the late Visc. Dillon. She was first married to the Comte De La Touche, by whom she had one son, and a daughter married to the Duke of Fitzjames. By the late Hon. Arthur Dillon she has left one daughter, married to General Bertrand.—21. In the 27th year of his age, of a typhus fever, which he caught whilst administering the pastoral offices of religion to one of his flock, the Rev. James Dorian, R. C. curate of Dundalk.—22. Miss Agnes Wright, daughter of the late Mr John Wright, merchant, Edinburgh.—24. Dr Donald M'Asgill of the island of Eigg, who was unfortunately drowned by the starting of a plank in a boat, off that island.—25. At Edinburgh, Mrs Euphemia Elphinston, widow of the Rev. Duncan M'Lea, minister of Inverhulin.—At Vienna, the Baron de Jacquin, one of the first naturalists in Europe, the friend and correspondent of the celebrated Linnaeus.—26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Stenhouse, widow of Wm Jamie-

son, late writer, Dunfermline, aged 60.—27. William Fernie, jun. youngest son of Mr William Fernie, St Patrick Square.—29. At Armagh, Major-General John Burnet, commanding the northern district.—30. At Hilton, Miss Isabella Newton.—At her house, Ayr, in her 73d year, Mrs Jacobina Aiken, relict of John Murdoch, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of the county of Ayr.—31. The infant daughter of Wm F. Hunter, Esq.

*Nov. 1.* At Montrose, Mary Ruperta Smith, wife of the Rev. Mr George Cowie, Montrose.—At Blair House, Mrs Blair of Blair.—At Edinburgh, John Graham, historical painter, and many years teacher of the academy under the direction of the Hon. Board of Trustees.—At St Maude, near Paris, in his 12th year, Viscount Boringdon, eldest son of the Earl of Morley, after a severe illness of three months, occasioned by swallowing an ear of rye, on 21st July last, which was found lodged in his intestines in its original state.—At Cupar, Miss Ann Simbert, daughter of the late Rev. William Simbert of Lochmalony.—2. At Kirkton House, Campsie, Mrs MacLachlan, wife of James J. MacLachlan, Esq. of Kilchoan, Argyleshire.—At Megginch Castle, Miss Jane Athole Drummond of Megginch.—At Sporie, the infant daughter of the Hon. and Rev. A. Turnour.—At Edinburgh, Gilbert Bertam, Esq. merchant, Leith.—At Samuelston, near Haddington, Eliza, daughter of Thomas Begbie.—3. At Edinburgh, Janet Disher, wife of Mr John Hunter, merchant.—In St Giles's, Norwich, John, the infant son of Dr Rigby, aged 11 weeks and 3 days, being the first in the series of the late quadruple birth. And on Wednesday last, Caroline Susan, aged 11 weeks and 5 days, being the fourth in the series of the same extraordinary birth, and the last surviving child.—At Edinburgh, the infant daughter of Mr Trotter.—At Quebec, Colonel Myers, quarter-master-general in Lower Canada.—At Deptford, Laurence Dundas Bruce, 4th son of the deceased Alex. Bruce of Kennet, Esq.—4. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Tweedie, merchant.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Edgar, widow of the late Mr William Dickie, secretary to the Caledonian Insurance Company.—At Glasgow, Mr Neil Marquis, merchant.—At Clifton, aged 49, the Dowager Lady Smith, widow of Sir John Smith of Sydling, Bart. sister of W. A. Morland, Esq. of Lamberhurst, Kent.—5. At Invergowrie, James Menzies Clayhills, eldest son of James Clayhills, Esq. of Invergowrie, and late captain in the Royal Scots.—At Carlisle, Mr Alexander Wight, late baker in Edinburgh.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Honyman, relict of the Rev. Alexander Nicholson, minister of Thurso, aged 89.—At Canongate, Miss Margaret Simpson.—6. At Claremont, near London, Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, universally lamented and regretted.—8. At Edinburgh, Robert, son of Robert Forres-

ter, Esq. treasurer of the Bank of Scotland.—At Broughton-hall, near Maidston, Clement Archer, Esq. late lieutenant-colonel in the 16th, or Queen's Light Dragoons.—9. At Murrays-hall, near Stirling, Margaret Ruthven, only daughter of the late Rev. John Ruthven, Glasgow.—At Banff, of a putrid fever, after a very short illness, the Rev. John Jackson, Methodist minister, aged 25.—10. At Govan House, Stewart Douglas, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.—Henry Grieve, weaver in Paisley. He had called on an acquaintance on some business, and, in the course of their conversation, he was suddenly seized with a violent pain in the head, and almost instantly expired. He was a young man, and has left a wife and six children.—11. At Saughton-hall, Lieut.-colonel Coll. M'Donald, late of the Royals.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Pattison, wife of Mr William Pattison, merchant.—Donald Maclauchlan, Esq. of Maclauchlan.—12. Mrs Lyall, relict of James Lyall, Esq. Provost of Montrose.—At Kilmaccolm Manse, the Rev. John Brown, minister of the parish, in the 69th year of his age, and 30th of his ministry.—At Glasgow, Mr James Alexander, surgeon.—Mr John Anderson, cooper, Leith.—13. The Rev. John Young, late minister of the Associate Congregation, Kincardine.—14. At London, Arthur Balfour, Esq. late major in the service of the East India Company.—At the house of Mr Coke of Norfolk, the Right Hon. the Countess of Albemarle; she has left eleven children to lament her irreparable loss.—At Hopes, East Lothian, Mr John Hay, eldest son of James Hay, Esq. W. S.—At Bushelhill, David Roch-head, Esq. of Barnside, late writer in Haddington.—15. At Shotts Manse, Henrietta Porteous, only child of the Rev. William Porteous, minister of Shotts.—At Edinburgh, Alexander Wilson, painter, aged 27 years.—At Oakfield, Argyllshire, John M'Neil, Esq. senior, of Gigha.—At Edinburgh, Eliza, only daughter of George Smith, late of the Cross Keys, Harwich.—At London, Major-general William Macculloch, of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Army.—16. At Drumsheugh, William Walker, Esq. of Coats.—At Buntingford, Dr Robert Wood, youngest son of the late Dr Wood of Perth.—17. At Canterbury, Sir Robert Salusbury, Bart.—At Aberdeen, Mr James Keltie, late master of the royal navy.—18. At Fountain Bridge, Mrs Ann Davidson, widow of Mr John Thornton, late merchant, Haddington.—At Mauchline, Mr John Mair, in the 105th year of his age.—At Aire, in the island of Stronsay, Orkney, Miss Helena Fea.—19. At Tranent Lodge, Mr William Wood, late bleacher, Gifford.—At Port Glasgow, Mr Peter Hutcheson, of the customs.—At Leith Walk, Mrs Janet Crawford, relict of Rob. Shortreid, merchant, aged 77.—Suddenly in Cumberland, Ann Hamilton, wife of the Rev. Professor George Hill.—At Dalkeith, Mr Robert Davidson, vintner there, aged 69.—21. At Edinburgh, Miss Brown, eldest daughter of the late John Brown, Esq. merchant there.—At Paisley, after a very short illness, the Rev. Charles Stuart, pastor of the Roman Catholic congregation. His premature death was the effect of typhus fever, caught by contagious infection and subsequent attendance on some of his flock suffering under that disease.—23. At Berwick, Miss Mary Foreman.—At Stockbridge, near Dunbar, after a lingering illness, the Rev. George Campbell.—24. At Deptford, Mary, wife of John Oswald, of the victualling office, and daughter of the late James Drummond of that establishment.—At Edinburgh, Sir Patrick Inglis, Bart.—25. At Stirling, Mr John Galloway, cabinet-maker there.—At Glasgow, Adam Bogle, Esq. merchant.—At Glasgow, Mrs John Ledingham, daughter of the late Alexander Coldstream, Esq. Crieff.—26. At Ryemouth, William Dewar, Esq. formerly captain of artillery in the service of the Nabob of Arcot.—27. In Paris, in his 65th year, the Pere Elysee, first surgeon to the King of France, well known to many individuals in this country, and to whom the late Duke of Queensberry left a handsome legacy.—At Hillhousefield, Mrs Jane Bayne, wife of Mr Walter Bruce, jun. merchant, Leith.—28. At Yarmouth, Mr Robert Gillray, Edinburgh. He was on his way to the Mediterranean for the recovery of his health.—30. At Jedburgh, James Potts, Esq. late sheriff clerk of Roxburghshire, in the 79th year of his age.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Hay of Haystone, aged 98.

*Lately*—At Edinburgh, Mrs Cleghorn, widow of Mr Thomas Cleghorn, farmer, Turnhouse.—William Sheriff, farmer, Luffnessmuir, East Lothian.—Mr John Ogill, writer, Edinburgh.—At London, Albert Gladstones, late commander in the East India Company's service.—At Chelsea, in his 67th year, James Glenie, Esq. F. R. S. well known in the literary world.—At Trinidad, of the fever, Mrs Gordon, wife of Captain Gordon, of the 2d, or Queen's regiment, and deputy assistant quarter-master general of the island.—At Manchester, at the age of 70 years, Mrs M'Lellan, formerly Miss Mary M'Ghie, daughter of the late Mr M'Ghie of Airds, and the celebrated heroine of the popular ballad of "Mary's Dream."—At the Scotch College, Paris, deservedly lamented, the Rev. John Farquharson, superior.—At Sandbed Poor-house, Dumfries, aged 70, Ann Sim. She was remarkable for her pedestrian powers, having often walked to Edinburgh and returned in forty hours, the distance being 174 miles.

Magazine, and feel a wish to send you a Poem, upon much the same subject, which has lain by me for some time, and which you may publish, if it appears to you worthy of the trouble.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

H.

Lanarkshire, Sept. 6th, 1817.

THE SHADE OF BURNS TO ITS TORMENTORS.

OH! friends and foes alike forbear,  
Nor dare forejudge the doom  
Of him whose dust reposes here,  
Safe shrouded in the tomb.

Where he has kept fair Virtue's path,  
Or where forsook the road,  
For ways that led to sin and death,  
There's none can judge but God.

That God, whose ways are always wise,  
Did fortune's gifts deny;  
Yet treasures fortune's fools despise,  
Made none more blest than I.

A heart that glowed with love divine,  
At earthly woes could melt,  
And in a bold empassioned line  
Could pour forth all I felt.

Nay, smile not yet, my quondam friends,  
This God and Nature gave,  
And left me free, for gracious ends,  
Myself to sink or save.

Dart not on him a scornful glance,  
Who, stript of all beside,  
Claims, as his sole inheritance,  
His poverty and pride.

A pride that never stoops to sue,—  
That bends alone to Heaven,—  
That sees the right—the wrong can do,  
Yet hopes to be forgiven.

Oh! scowl not on the hapless wight,  
“Unfitted with an aim,”  
Who ceaseless toils from morn till night,  
And every morn the same.

Nor wonder, ye who still possess  
All that your hearts desire,  
That witching dreams of social bliss  
Should the lone wight inspire.

That when he tasted pleasure's cup,  
He longed to taste again;  
And still he sipped, and sipped it up,  
Till pleasure rose to pain;

Till love to perfect phrenzy grew  
A raging restless hell,  
And Demon Wit its arrows threw,  
Unheeding where they fell.

Till sore he writhed beneath the smart  
Of hopes by him o'erthrown,  
Nor placed a thorn in others' heart  
That rankled not his own.

Sweet Coila, round whose lovely brow,  
Immortal laurels bloom,  
Oh! hear thy Bard, repentant now,  
Who calls thee from the tomb.

Oh! pardon, pardon, much loved Maid,  
That, like a wayward boy,  
I grasped the baubles fools displayed,  
When thou hadst given me joy.

Hadst thou and Reason held the rein,  
No mortal e'er had dar'd,  
In virtue's strength securely vain,  
T' insult thy hapless Bard,

Whose heart with kindlier feelings fraught,  
As many still can tell,  
Had scorned to wound the friend in aught  
He loved in life so well,

Had scorned the poisonous darts to keep,  
His thoughtless moments threw,  
And when in dust his ashes sleep,  
To launch them forth to view.

Ye chosen few, so early lost,  
Ye dear domestic ties,  
Where Scotia rears her proudest boast,  
Your Friend—your Father lies:

Approach—and shed a silent tear,  
But tremble while you weep,  
Nor slight the moral sculptured here  
Where Burns's ashes sleep.

But where he kept fair Virtue's path,  
Or where forsook the road  
For ways that led to sin and death,  
None else can judge but God.

REMARKS ON “LACUNAR STREVELI-  
NENSE,

*A Collection of Heads; etched and engraved after the Carved Work which formerly decorated the Roof of the King's Room in Stirling Castle.”\**

THIS is a splendid publication, and does honour to all concerned in it. It comprehends a collection of very beautiful etchings, interspersed with a few admirable engravings, which are taken from a number of ancient Scottish carvings in oak. These oaken carvings once composed the roof of the presence-chamber in the royal palace of Stirling. When this palace, in the spirited course of modern improvement, became transformed in the 1777, from the residence of kings into a militia barrack, this curious and beautiful roof was entirely broken down, and the circular carvings which composed it turned over with the rub-

\* Imperial 4to, price £2:12:6. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1817.

bish into neglect and oblivion. Many were entirely lost; part of them were saved by the care and discernment of the late Lord Hailes,\* and others have been fortunately preserved, from the accidental discovery of various persons who had taste to discover and appreciate their beauties. "It is most probable, however," says the Editor, "that every trace of their original destination would in a short time have been lost, but for a fortunate accident, which drew to them the attention of a lady, well qualified by her knowledge of art to appreciate the value of these neglected relics. With the exception of a few by Mr Blore, the whole of the very admirable drawings, after which the following etchings and engravings have been executed, are the production of this lady's pencil." The work is valuable and interesting in many respects, as illustrative of the state of one curious branch of the fine arts at so early an age as the reign of our James the V., and as throwing some useful light on the history of taste in ornamental architecture at this remote period in Scotland. When, in addition to this, we state, that these carvings are many of them undoubtedly portraits of the most eminent personages of the times, and that all of them present delineations of the costume of the age, in which we find the characters of truth and nature most strongly depicted, they become valuable in another and that not a less important point of view. They illustrate the history and the manners of the age. By addressing themselves "to the eye," they embody, corroborate, and elucidate, those contemporary, historical, or poetical descriptions, which till now have only "met our ear," and presented through this sense but a vague and indefinite idea.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the art of architecture appears to have declined in every country in Europe. Where, in any of these countries, are the modern structures which can compare, either in magnificence of design, or in the beauty of ornamental detail, with the specimens of the olden time? In France, can there be pointed out to us any modern churches which will vie with the cathedrals of Rheims,

Rouen, or Beauvais? In Spain, how have the ephemeral productions of later days fallen\* below the exquisite beauties of the Alhambra of Granada, or the Mosque of Cordova? In England, have we any modern palaces which do not "shew like folly" before the immortal structures of York and Westminster? and in our own country of Scotland, how far do even the ruins of our architectural splendour eclipse all that is known or practised of this noble art in these later times? Feeling, as we do, so much reverence and admiration for the remains of architectural magnificence in our own country, it is impossible not to sympathise with the observation of the Editor in the excellent Introduction prefixed to this Work, "that there are few subjects on which it is more difficult for a Scotchman to write, with any sort of temper, than the manner in which the ancient palaces of our kings have been treated since the Union with England." There was a time when a Scottish King, leaving his palace of Holyroodhouse, might have travelled through a range of royal residences, at Lithgow, Falkirk, Stirling, Dunfermline, and Falkland, which, in magnificence of architecture, and beauty of situation, were inferior to none, and superior to many of the palaces of Europe. It is well known, that Mary of Guise, James the Fifth's second queen, pronounced the royal palace of Lithgow to be equal to any in France. Nor were the nobles of the day much below their sovereign in the splendour of their residences.†

\* See the Arabian Antiquities of Spain by Murphy, one of the most gorgeous and beautiful publications which has appeared in any age or country. The engravings in this work are above all praise; and the fairy pictures which they convey of the magnificence of the Moorish sovereignty in Spain, are almost too dazzling for the mind accustomed to the sober forms of our modern architecture.

† One of the greatest patrons of the ornamental arts, connected with the laying out of grounds and the creation of rural seats, was George Lord Seton. This accomplished nobleman, after having built Winton House, of whose splendour no traces now remain, added to it a garden, which contemporary historians describe as the wonder of the times; "erecting," in the words of a MS. history of the family of Winton, "about the knots of flowers five score torres of timber, of 2 cubits high, with two knops on their heads, the one above the

\* The collection of Lord Hailes was sold by his representatives as lumber. It contained most of the finest heads now in the possession of Mr Cockburn, Mr Jeffrey, &c.

WRITTEN ON THE TOP OF MANGERTON,  
KILLARNEY.

IN toiling up a mountain's lengthening steep,  
With rocks all horrid, or smooth pastures bare,  
When the Sun's splendour rules, and breezes  
sleep,

And sultry stillness fills the glittering air,  
With what quick joyance does the bosom leap,  
When by a line of livelier green betrayed,  
With soft glide stealing to the shelter'd glade,  
The eye delighted sees a fountain fair!  
The stream's cold influence through each  
languid vein

Sends renovated life,—old dreams revive,—  
An airy pleasure dances in the brain,—  
And the glade Spirit feels itself alive.  
To the clear Summit then we seem to fly,  
And breathless view Earth, Ocean, Air, and  
Sky!

A CURIOUS OLD SONG.

MR EDITOR,

ENCLOSED I send you a copy of a curious old song, which I found while searching among some old papers, to which, if you think it deserving of a place in your valuable Magazine, you are very welcome. The style and the sentiments may plainly point out its date.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

J. G. H.

Edin. 4th Oct. 1817.

1.

HARK! how the canting Whigs do roar!  
Now they're hunting human gore,—  
Noble blood: they'll ne'er give o'er,  
Till we are all confounded.

They drive the nation to despair;  
Like Jews kill the son and heir;  
Church nor Mitre they'll not spare,—  
For so says pious Roundhead.

2.

Tories, set your hearts at rest;  
They have penal laws and test:  
Moderation was a jest,  
And so was tender conscience.  
Now they've got one of their own,  
And do all surround the throne,  
Mercy is not to be shewn—  
All lenity is nonsense.

3.

Honest men they'll drive from home,  
And attain them when they're gone,  
And give quarters now to none  
That they find to oppose them.

Church nor Constitution heed,—  
Canon, prayer, nor the creed;  
Mercy is, to kill with speed  
All Tories that dare nose them.

4.

Vote themselves a standing rump,  
And that club shall still be trump:  
Cut off branches, root up stump  
Of ev'ry just pretender.  
Sacrifice our lives and laws  
To their pious good old cause;  
Make the lion bite his claws,  
While George is their defender.

5.

This their darling liberty,  
All our rights and property,  
And our fears of popery,  
Will soon be out of danger.  
Schism no more shews its head;  
Strife and faction all lies dead,  
Or shall be in triumph led  
By our despotic stranger.

6.

They'll decimate and sequester,  
Two-thirds take from those they hate,  
Never minding Church nor State,  
They'll have a capitation!  
Oh! with power his foreign force,  
Geneva Switzers and Dutch horse,  
What new things will they enforce  
To make a happy nation.

7.

These in power have all the grace,  
Turks of Christians now take place,  
Tories all are in disgrace,  
But Whigs say they'll secure them,  
Foxes, wolves, and beasts of prey,  
Curs and mongrels—now's *their* day;  
Stauncher dogs must all give way  
To those who would devour them.

8.

Tories, tongue-tied, dare not speak,  
Blockheads still allowed to squeak,  
We in vain our hearts may break,  
Nor are we on to wonder:  
What we think we dare not say,  
They'll brawl on in their own way,  
On our estates they'll seize and prey,  
By rapine and by plunder.

9.

Should we shrug, or nod the head,  
When we hear a grand Whig's dead,  
Or that they from battle fled,  
'Twould be accounted treason!  
Should but Mr Justice hear,  
We should pay for this full dear,  
Made 'gainst our allegiance swear,  
Though for no other reason.

## 10.

By these methods, you shall see  
 Soon an end of slavery ;  
 Dutch and German all agree  
 To make a reformation ;  
 Spite of Devil, Turk, and Pope,  
 Let them have but length of rope,  
 May they swing but in full scope,  
 They'll force a restoration.

## 11.

Since we live in blessed time,  
 When we've subjects for our rhyme,  
 'Specially in northern clime,  
 Where not a little warms us :  
 Some i' th' pillory have stood,  
 Cur'd of the evil, and let blood,  
 Some hard whipt, for their own good,  
 Yet nothing will alarm us.

## 12.

I pray thee, Jack, rest a while,  
 Fortune may hereafter smile,  
 Cadogan, nor yet Argyle,  
 Can tell who may be foremost :  
 Such a revolution see  
 As may set brave Tories free,  
 Such a prince we soon may see  
 As may spoil all their forecast.

## 13.

Let us toast a health to those  
 That dare Whigs and rebels nose,  
 Wishing money for their clothes,  
 All vile Whiggish traitors.  
 May usurpers all give way,  
 And a rightful KING bear sway,  
 Torie come again in play !—  
 And so an end to traitors.

STRICTURES ON AN ARTICLE IN NO.  
 LVI. OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,  
 ENTITLED, "PRESENT STATE OF  
 WEST INDIA AFFAIRS."

(Concluded from page 46.)

IN continuation of the observations formerly submitted to the public, on the Review of Dr Williamson's Medical Work, we have now to institute an inquiry into the use made of the Doctor's Book, to corroborate the general positions assumed by the Reviewer. From this investigation will result some consequences highly important to those who really look forward with earnestness and zeal to every measure which can practically promote the great ends of the abolition of the slave trade. In order to render justice to the Reviewer, little

more will be requisite than to give *his statements of Dr W's opinions*, and then let the Doctor speak for himself, which he can do very sensibly, in spite of his involved sentences, bad grammar, and deplorable ignorance of all order, method, and composition.

The Reviewer says,

"The testimony of Dr Williamson is valuable from his peculiar opportunities of knowledge, and eminently free from suspicion when it is given on the side of the negroes. He resided, in a medical capacity, during fourteen years, upon different plantations in Jamaica, the colony where the treatment of the slaves is justly believed to be the best. His book is a dry journal, at least a monthly account of his observations respecting the diseases which fell under his treatment or notice, and the facts, more or less, immediately relating to the condition of the persons whom he attended. His prejudices are all one way ; all pointed strongly in favour of the side of the question which the West Indians in general espouse ; all directed keenly against the Abolition party. It is necessary, in order to show the value of Dr Williamson's evidence, that we begin by giving proofs of his being an adverse witness."

In this general statement of the Reviewer's opinion, admitted facts are adroitly blended with gross assumptions. The peculiar advantages for observation enjoyed by Dr Williamson are faithfully enough stated, though the assertions, that "his prejudices are all pointed one way," &c. will be found not easily substantiated. Let Dr W. speak for himself, and describe his feelings on his first arrival in the West Indies, on the subject of slavery, and we shall then shew that his change of opinion, as to the hardships of that condition, was founded on a patient investigation of the principles and conduct of the colonists. With a manly regard to truth, he avows impropriety where it exists, and points out the means of remedying it. Yet notwithstanding all this, the Reviewer garbles the statements of the Doctor, and deduces most extensive inferences from solitary facts.

"A near approach to Bridgetown also afforded the first opportunity of witnessing the luxuriance of the sugar-cane. The canoes, which crowded around the ship with canes and fruit, gave us a fair idea of the jolly negroes ; but my attention was necessarily turned to a very different object,—a slave ship !

"The name of it sounded harsh and unnatural to me. On looking at it, I conceived



that there was something in the vessel's appearance that indicated its tyrannic purposes. I felt as a Briton ought to do on such a novel occasion; but I was nearly overwhelmed with horror, when I heard a dreadful sounding lash crack among them repeatedly, and howling; running about of naked human beings on the deck, which continued for about half an hour: all was quietness then; only the crack of the lash was frequently heard.

"I considered it some consolation to reflect, that my intention was not to speculate in human flesh,—that the duties of my profession were calculated peculiarly to deal out the balm of humanity to those unfortunate beings,—that, for their treatment by masters, information was to be gained; and it would be premature to condemn, until personal observation should have enabled me to decide on respective merits."

This is a fair specimen of Dr W.'s "*prejudices*," (to use the Reviewer's phrase), against slavery in general, and they are the natural result of honourable principles; indeed, innumerable instances, corresponding with that just quoted, might be adduced. He freely blames all those parts of the Colonial System which have appeared blameable to him, while he endeavours to render justice to the planters, by shewing that the treatment of the slaves is generally good and humane.

The Reviewer, not contented with misrepresenting Dr W.'s views, assumes whatever appears absurd in that gentleman's reasonings, as the doctrines of all the Colonial Body, and proceeds boldly to reason on his own assumptions. Thus, because he chooses to suppose that the Doctor vindicates the African slave trade, and makes his approbation of the abolition merely conditional, he contrives to identify the supposititious opinions with those of every man connected with the Colonies, and to make them the groundwork of a vehement diatribe.

Whatever may be Doctor Williamson's opinions, there are few men now existing who do not consider slavery, with the whole of its consequences, as the most grievous evil that can exist. But every man who reflects dispassionately on the subject, will, after admitting the evil to the greatest extent, consider it susceptible of great modification, and do justice to the conduct and principles of him who, having been accidentally placed in a country in which such an evil forms a part of the constitution, endeavours by every

possible means to ameliorate it. With the blunders of Dr W. we wish to have as little to do as possible, for we consider him an honest well-meaning man, who has been forced by the Reviewer into a most embarrassing situation. The view which we are disposed to take of the Colonial System appears the fairest. From erroneous policy, as well as most detestable want of morality, the whole of commercial Europe encouraged the slave trade by all practical means—sanctioned it by legislative enactment—and in many instances made grants of land in America and her islands to those who most speedily concurred in the wishes of the mother state. So long as this system was pursued, so long as a premium was held out to stimulate the cupidity of needy adventurers, every horror that can be conceived necessarily took place. But in due time, a natural revolution occurred in the condition of the colonies, which diminished to a certain extent pre-existing evils. The general state of mankind, in the course of two hundred years, was improved,—the relations of mankind and their several duties became better defined,—and the colonies kept pace with the march of time. Much, however, remained to be done, while the African slave traffic was openly allowed to go on. The zeal and energy with which its abolition was pursued, ensured its attainment, while they immortalized the names of those whose devotion to the cause of humanity elevates them above mortals. Had principles of humanity never prompted a due care of the slave population since the abolition, the interests of the planter compels him to guard the well-being of his people. It is curious to remark the inconsistency of some of the opponents of the colonists, who at one time declare them to be ruled by an overpowering regard for their own interest, and, in the same breath, avow a belief that these very men can so far neglect their concerns as wantonly to destroy their own property. But to revert to Dr Williamson and his Reviewer. The former feels a desire, after seeing that negroes are not treated like beasts of the field in Jamaica, to shew their actual condition, and takes occasion to contrast it with what it had previously been in their own country. All that he states may be

perfectly correct—but then it is a most unfortunate inference, that because the natives of Africa are in a state of degradation at home, Europeans are entitled to commit crime to benefit their social condition. We might as well volunteer to send public executioners over the whole world, because the criminals who might otherwise be broken on the wheel would then be simply strangled. This doctrine is so directly opposed to the dictates of common sense, that it has long been a matter of surprise to us, that it should ever have been espoused, as we know it has been, by reflecting and judicious men. Be it however as erroneous as we think it, is it right that the Reviewer should make this simple opinion the basis of an elaborate misstatement of the truth? A misstatement not merely of facts, but of the very expressions which Dr Williamson has *carelessly* used. What can furnish a stronger proof of the want of candour in the Reviewer, than his deducing general unfavourable inferences to the colonist from the admission made by Dr W. that many slaves died during the *seasoning*, as it is phrased? That many did die, is an undeniable fact; but how does it affect the present questions of colonial policy, since there can now be no seasoning, as the importation of new slaves has entirely ceased? Dr Williamson, however, distinctly says, that it is only in some situations that this mortality was excessive—and that this was the case when “the African slave trade proceeded with an activity, and to an extent eventually ruinous to the West Indies.”—p. 217, vol. ii.

The Reviewer endeavours to ridicule Dr W.'s opinion, that the slaves are more comfortably circumstanced in the colonies than in Africa; and accordingly states, that he has “some very important general admissions in the same dissertation,” (on the Condition of the Slave Population,) and begins to establish this assertion by a direct falsehood. He states,

“The medical arrangements in plantations, generally, are condemned; but our author says, ‘it is much more satisfactory to the practitioner to attend negroes under sickness in Spanish Town, where their wants and comforts in that state are attended to with such feeling and kindness by their masters and mistresses.’ Now this contrast between the treatment of domestic and plantation slaves, is exactly what all the

enemies of the system have deplored. They have always inveighed against the West Indian slavery, as specifically different from every other, because of the peculiar ill treatment incident to the field negroes; that is, to ninety-nine in a hundred of the slave population. The Jamaica laws, it is well known, provide, that certain precautions shall be taken on each estate to secure a proper extent of provision grounds. Our author admits, that the ‘severe penalties’ enacted against the contravention of this law are inoperative; and that all depends, in each estate, upon the opinion of the overseer. But one passage which we shall extract, speaks volumes; it justly blames the frequency of flogging; and although the first part of it seems to confine the remarks to ‘some properties,’ this manifestly relates to the infliction of a number of lashes as a punishment; while the universal application of the whip, as the regular instrument used to keep the gang at work, is distinctly admitted in the latter part of the passage.”

Such is the Reviewer's version. Dr W. himself speaks in very different terms.

“Observations made in the course of my narrative will shew, that proprietors, attorneys, &c. bestow liberally, in general, towards the necessities of sick negroes; but that those supplies, under due controul and systematic economy, might be considerably diminished, and the comfort of that description of persons more perfectly secured.”

He farther says, in pp. 232 and 233, vol. ii. that which must suffuse the Reviewer's face with the blush of shame, if he be not wholly callous. After having borne honourable testimony to the good qualities of the slaves themselves, he says,

“When we follow the negroes to the bed of sickness, we there find more generally considerable care bestowed on them. On plantations, the system of arrangement for the sick cannot be in general admired, though the proprietor bestows liberally for that purpose. In acute diseases, we can secure every comfort for them, so much our wish, as professional attendants. In chronic diseases, a great deal has to be amended; and, for reasons so fully stated in the preliminary parts of this work, it is expected the evil will meet a radical remedy.

“I cannot dismiss this part of my subject, without repeating how much more satisfactory it is to the practitioner to attend negroes under sickness in Spanish Town, where their wants and comforts in that state are attended to with such feeling and kindness by their masters and mistresses. It forms an admirable trait in the West India character, the provision thus made; and it cannot be alleged, even by the perverse, that interested motives lead to it. The aged,

past labour of every kind, equally share their kindnesses,—the diseased, under the effects of a hopeless malady, have their tortures softened by that humane disposition which marks their conduct.”

Here we are plainly told that the arrangement is not in general good, but that liberal provision is made for that purpose. Wherein the badness of the arrangement consists does not appear; for immediately after, Dr W. tells us that every comfort is secured in acute diseases, though much may be done in chronic cases. After this declaration of the liberality of the proprietors, and of the certainty of comfort to the slaves in sickness, the expression of “How much more satisfactory,” on which the Reviewer builds so much, ought to be considered wholly unimportant, and meaning nothing more than that, where greater comfort than that ordinarily enjoyed is to be found, it is more pleasing to the practitioner. The general tribute, at the close of the passage which we have quoted, is perfectly confirmatory of this matter. That much has been most untruly said, on the “peculiar ill-treatment incident to the field negroes,” is too correct: but these partial statements require to be contradicted and refuted; for however bad the colonial system may be, its vices ought to be fully exposed, without misrepresentation. In all the colonies to which we have access, we have ascertained, that the condition of the field negroes is most sensibly improved; that regular well-organized hospitals are established on each plantation, on which such cases are kept as are unfit for their own homes; that the negroes are well fed and clothed; and that those who are industrious enjoy the fruits of their labour, both by the addition of personal comfort and by the acquisition of property. In some instances we know that the slaves possess a degree of comfort which would gladden the benevolence of Wilberforce himself.

The impression which will necessarily be produced by the Reviewer's observations on the provision ground laws of Jamaica, must be unfavourable. He expressly states that they “are inoperative.” This too he represents to be Dr W.'s admission. Dr W. states,

“The island laws of Jamaica have pro-

vided amply in regard to a certain extent of provision lands, and severe penalties provided against inattention to them; but it always appeared to me, that *the terms in which these laws were formed were stricter than necessary, and imposed a degree of trouble*, which might have been better fulfilled in a less urgent and complicated manner. The consequence was, that *the law was not observed to its full extent*; and every property assumed those measures best calculated, in the opinion of the overseer, to meet their objects.” Vol. II. p. 229.

The passage is confusedly written; but it is very clear that the spirit, though not the letter, of the law is fulfilled.

On the subject of flogging, the Reviewer is very extended and very inaccurate; by reference to the passage quoted from him, it will be seen that he wishes to impress the belief that the use of the whip is universal. With that view, he quotes a partial representation, and pretends that it is more general than the author is disposed to admit. In this way it is easy to establish any position, however absurd. In pursuance of our original plan, we must adduce Dr W.'s own evidence on this point. In p. 218, vol. 2d, we find—“It is the unlucky fate of a few proprietors only, throughout a large island, that enormities are committed. When detected, they are effectually arrested by a change of management.” And to shew that opportunities of detection are amply afforded, we have only to refer to p. 221 of the same volume, and we there see, that when the clothing is annually delivered, “it is customary for the proprietor or attorney to be present; and the negroes are expected, on that occasion, to submit their complaints, whatever they may be; which they do, on some occasions, without reason, but with an elegant and impressive gesture, which would surprise and entertain those unaccustomed to hear their powers of oratory.” Indeed we know of innumerable instances, in different colonies, where entire gangs have left the estate to lay their complaints before the proprietor or attorney; and we farther know, that their complaints, whenever well founded, have met with the promptest redress. Farther, Dr W. states—“It is the decided opinion of those persons who manage negroes most successfully, that *it is not* by the whip that runaways, when detected,

are most effectually reformed." p. 224. Again—"Certain it is, as has been already stated in the narrative, that those overseers who resort to the lash last, have uniformly the best governed gangs." p. 225. And lastly, to prove how completely limited his censure is, Dr Williamson expressly declares that the abuses are few.

"It has been already shewn what comforts a good negro enjoys under that system of management which more generally prevails throughout the island of Jamaica. It is therefore unnecessary to add any thing to my narrative on that subject, because my observations were made on occasions which actually occurred at the time, and naturally produced the testimony and opinions contained in it. In the present discussion on the condition of negroes, I have been anxious to expose to every possible shame, of which such characters can be susceptible, the instances of ill-judged discipline improperly exercised on negroes. Though the abuses were few, it has been conceived that they could not be treated with over severity; and one particular reason has presented, that to the culpable conduct of a very few may be ascribed all that power of malignant rancour which has called forth the animadversions of the mother country against the colonists."

We need adduce no more examples of the bad faith of the Reviewer on this topic.

We have pleasure in adding, that one of the circumstances which gave Dr W. much disgust in Jamaica, viz. the summoning the negroes by the crack of the whip, is now generally done away in the other colonies, and various modes of calling them together are adopted, regulated by situation.

We join most cordially with Dr W. in reprobating the habits of debasement into which the lower classes of whites fall in the colonies; but we doubt much if the scurrility of the Reviewer can tend to alter or improve them.

Dr W.'s observations on the Medical arrangements on plantations amount to nothing more than an enunciation of an opinion, which may or may not be correct. This much we do know, that a very large proportion of West India practitioners are accomplished well-informed men, who, with limited profits (which, after all, is the foundation of Dr W.'s complaints), perform their labours with a zeal, activity, and talent, not often equalled in the most populous cities of Europe. Of the truth of this assertion nume-

rous living instances could be immediately adduced; and we must say, that it reflects little credit on the head and heart of the Reviewer, that he should make so unwarrantable an attack on a large and respectable body, whom he would probably not dare to face, though he darts his poison from behind a screen.

After the examples given, it will be needless to enter into a detailed refutation of the general summary which the Reviewer makes of Dr W.'s particular statements. We may content ourselves with observing, that every unfavourable fact given by that gentleman is counterbalanced by a multitude of favourable details; and farther, that every instance of misconduct is given as a deviation from the general practice of the country, and is given for the purposes of correction. Indeed, Dr Williamson's evidence on the treatment of slaves in Jamaica is perfectly confirmatory of Mr Edwards' statements, as well as those of every impartial man who has discussed colonial topics with competent knowledge.

Among other matters which the Reviewer has treated with his usual disregard of facts, is the increase or decrease of the slave population.

It has long been an anomaly in the histories of the colonies, that the ordinary increase of slaves is so disproportioned to their numbers. It is very certain, that the licentious habits of these people have a very sensible effect in checking their increase, though not to the extent that we know to be the case. The real cause is to be sought for elsewhere. We know, that in many towns of Europe where licentiousness prevails to an enormous height, yet population increases. What then can check the progress of nature in the colonies? We apprehend that the check will be found in the disproportion of the two sexes; and in proof of this, it may be observed, that from a very accurate comparison of the returns of a very large number of estates in different colonies, we have uniformly ascertained, that population actually increases wherever there is an excess of females who are young and healthy, and that it only decreases where there is not that excess, or where the women are past child bearing. Of the possibility of increase in numbers, no better illustration can be

afforded than the following fact, that on an estate in Guyana, where the gang consisted of 450, the increase, in about four years, amounted to upwards of fifty. The benefits of increase to the proprietor are so very obvious, that it is wonderful how it can be imagined that he should not strain every nerve to promote it. We know, indeed, that the subject had obtained the most serious attention of the colonial body for many years prior to the abolition.

It is curious to remark the difficulty which the Reviewer has in maintaining his overstrained conclusions. In page 359, he is obliged to admit, on the author's authority, that "few ties are more binding" than those between "a worthy master and a worthy negro;" yet, to do away any justice that such admission might render, he immediately adds, that "strong proofs are also to be found, that bad treatment is very prevalent; and, *how unwillingly soever Dr Williamson is to tell it, he betrays this secret of his prison-house, perhaps unsuspectingly.*" He then proceeds to the history of that melancholy disease known in the islands by the name of "*Mal-d'estomac*," which, with all the dogmatism of Paracelsus, he ascribes as originating in an "affection of the mind." Notwithstanding the learned notices of the Reviewer of Corvisart and Baillie's Opinions, we suspect that he knows as little of medical subjects as one of his presumptuous fellow-labourers, who disgraced the *Edinburgh Review* by a most uncandid, ignorant, and illiberal attack on the late Dr Currie.

That the disease may occasionally be excited by moral causes, cannot be questioned, but there is also no doubt that physical causes also produce it in an eminent degree. Of this Dr W. himself, in the very work which the Reviewer professes to examine, contains abundant illustrations. And we know further, that in the Dutch colonies, where mental affections exist, or may exist, as well as in Jamaica, the disease is scarcely known at all.

"It is," says Dr W. "evidently a disease of relaxation, accompanied by an impoverished state of the blood. The tongue and other parts discover this. But it is particularly manifested, if we examine the inner-membrane of the eye-lids, where, in a state of health, the vessels are of a healthy

red appearance, but are now changed to a pale almost colourless fluid." p. 263.

Else where the same author says,

"The observations hitherto made have been applied to grown up people, or those arrived fully at puberty. But the destructive disposition to dirt eating is met with sometimes in children. Its consequences are equally ruinous; and we observe it at so early a period among those who become wormy, and are not attended to; the children of worthless parents, who have not reared them up with attention, either to wholesome food or cleanliness. They are often of an hereditary scrophulous constitution, look rickety and tabid, with large projecting foreheads, sometimes connected with internal dropsy of the brain."

These two extracts shew the Reviewer's want of candour, in attempting to establish, first, that the *Mal d'Estomoc* arises solely from moral causes; secondly, that these moral causes do exist; and lastly, that the colonists produce these causes. He is evidently reasoning for a particular purpose, and cares not whether he be right or wrong, provided he fix odium on colonial proprietors, attornies, and overseers.

The last point on which the Reviewer touches, is the religious instruction of the slaves, which, by Dr W.'s account, is by no means so much regarded as it ought to be. The evils which result from a want of due attention to this subject, in all of the colonies, are numerous, and cry loudly for amendment. Within a few years, we have reason to know, that some amendment has taken place; but there is not enough for any man to rest satisfied with. The subject claims legislative interference, and if that were properly exercised, there would be no room for complaints of those ignorant, and perhaps designing men, who have unquestionably given birth to most erroneous doctrines among the slave population.

This subject claims the most zealous attention of the abolitionists, and he who will devise a regularly organised system of religious education for the slaves, to be conducted by men of character, education, and intelligence, will richly merit the civic wreath. He confers the most inestimable boon on that unfortunate class, by preparing them, by progressive improvement, not only for eternal welfare, but for the enjoyment of the first of earthly

blessings—freedom; and this last object will insensibly be self-accomplished by the gradual revolution of events.

We cannot now enter on the topics to which the Reviewer thinks the attention of the Legislature should be called, though we may do so hereafter. We, however, consider *them all* of primary importance to the empire at large, and we only trust they may soon be brought under the public eye.

To conclude—We have shewn, from the very documents employed by the Reviewer, that his statements are partial and uncandid, as well as derogatory to a large body of respectable, honourable, and intelligent men. If his zeal has led him into errors, let him correct it—let him only reason on

facts—and he will obtain the support of all those who are best qualified to promote the well-being of the slaves. By a contrary conduct, he will compel those individuals to devote that time to self-defence, which might be more properly and beneficially employed.\*

\* Our Colonial Correspondent has now brought his Article to a conclusion. It is written with a candour and moderation not always exhibited by his opponents, and we have most readily inserted it, as a proof that we are willing, on all occasions, to give a fair hearing to all who seem to have at heart the interests of humanity, even though their opinions may materially differ from our own. EDITOR.

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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. II.

## ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN SCORESBY'S OBSERVATIONS ON THE GREENLAND OR POLAR ICE.

THERE are few things more gratifying to the human mind than to witness the successful efforts of a strong and vigorous understanding, exerted in elucidating the magnificent wonders of the earth. We derive delight even from a luminous account of those subjects which we have been in the habit of contemplating from our earliest years, and yield our unqualified approbation to those men, who, from objects of ordinary life, and matters of daily occurrence, are capable of furnishing materials, the contemplation of which tends either to widen the sphere of our observation, or to increase the boundaries of our knowledge. But how much more are we indebted to those who, leading us from the beaten track, into an unknown, almost an unimagined region, present to our view an assemblage of the most magnificent features of creation,—where the sea, the sky, the earth, and their inhabitants, have assumed another form, and where we cannot recognise one sight or sound to which our minds have ever been familiarized.

TRUe philosophy indeed regards with a loving eye the faithful labours of her least aspiring followers; but he who would pursue her spirit beyond those sublime barriers which the timidity of less gifted minds have assigned to her domain, assuredly deserves to be rewarded with her most radiant smiles. In proportion to the danger and difficulties which have been overcome in the acquisition of knowledge, should be our gratitude to those who have acquired it; and when there is, superadded to these, the greatest novelty

of subject, and excellence in execution, it would be highly blameable in any one to withhold that tribute of admiration which is so justly due.

MANY of our readers are no doubt already acquainted with the name of Captain Scoresby, one of the most skilful and intrepid of the Greenland captains. Many years since he attracted the attention of several of the most distinguished Professors in our University, not more by the accuracy of his information in all matters connected with his avocations as a seaman, than by the facility and industry with which he applied himself to various branches of learning, not immediately connected with the duties of his profession. The success which attended his studies is the more surprising, as even at this time he was engaged, during the greater part of the year, in the most active and least sedentary employment which it is easy to conceive, namely, as mate or master on board of a Greenland vessel. In consequence, however, of his residence in Edinburgh, and the opportunities which were there afforded him of associating with scientific and literary men, he perceived the value bestowed on such observations, as an intelligent person would have an opportunity of making in those high northern latitudes which he so often had occasion to explore. Instigated, therefore, as well by the natural bent of his inclination, as by the expectations of those men who had been both his friends and instructors, in his succeeding voyages he soon proved, by the originality and accuracy of his remarks on those wonderful phenomena with which he was daily surrounded, that the most sanguine anticipations were not likely to be disappointed.

Captain Scoresby has already communicated to the public, through the medium of the Wernerian Natural History Society's Memoirs, several very interesting Meteorological Journals, kept by himself during voyages from Whitby to Greenland. He has also, in the same Work, described, and for the first time accurately figured, the Great Northern or Greenland Whale, the *Balæna mysticetus* of naturalists. This latter communication, is the more valuable, as in fact zoologists have hitherto been perfectly unacquainted with the true proportions and appearance of this monarch of the deep, Mr Scoresby's figure being the only one which is allowed by competent judges to give a true representation of it. The drawing was executed by himself, and he had an opportunity of proving its accuracy, by the fact, that it agrees in all respects with those individuals of the same species which he has since met with in the Arctic Ocean. The dimensions of this valuable animal have either greatly decreased since former times, or the accounts which have been handed down to us are much exaggerated. The largest whale which Captain Scoresby has ever heard of being killed in the Greenland seas, did not exceed 70 feet, and out of about 200 which he has seen taken, not one measured 65 feet in length. In the same paper there are some interesting remarks on a subject of which, *a priori*, we should scarcely have credited the existence, —the maternal affection of whales, besides other particulars in their history.

It is our intention, in this short communication, to give a sketch of a very interesting unpublished paper of Captain Scoresby's, which is about to make its appearance in the ensuing half volume of the Memoirs before referred to.\*

Judging from the slender information with which we have hitherto been furnished, there are certainly few quarters of the world which are more capable of exciting our deepest interest than the countries within the Arctic circle. Whether we consider the great value of the fisheries, by which we have already so greatly benefited for a long period of time, or the prospect which a more familiar acquaintance with a region so extensive, and

so little known, holds forth to us of benefits as essential as those which have universally resulted from all great geographical discoveries, it is of the utmost importance that every manifestation of a bold, yet judicious spirit of enterprise, should meet with encouragement and reward.

The most interesting, as well as one of the most important discoveries which could be made in geographical science, would be that of a passage from the North Sea, by the north-west or north-east, to the Northern Pacific Ocean. Such a task, however, could not be undertaken by any one, however skilful in seamanship, who had not been accustomed, from his boyhood, to navigate among the floating icebergs and fields of the highest latitudes. In fact, the nature of many essential branches in the science of navigation is there completely changed; the land presents itself under a new and disguised form; the prognostics to be derived from the phenomena of the atmosphere are altered; and those from the appearance of whales, the ice blink, &c. being unknown in more temperate climates, can only be advantageously understood by those who have made such studies the object of their most persevering and habitual attention. From this it follows, that no one is so properly fitted for the execution of so important an attempt, as a person who has been for a great many years constantly, extensively, and successfully engaged as commander of a Greenland ship; and we do not hesitate to give it as our opinion, that of these, collectively, there is no individual so well qualified to be placed at the head of such an arduous enterprise as Captain William Scoresby. We are happy to understand that hopes may be entertained of his being appointed to the command of a vessel intended to explore the north-west passage, and certainly a more useful combination of courage, skill, and general intelligence, need not be desired.\*

\* It is reported, but we trust without foundation, that Captain Scoresby has refused to accompany the expedition preparing for the Arctic Ocean, on account of his having been offered a subordinate situation. In our next Number we hope to have it in our power to communicate a full account of the proposed expedition, and also to announce the appointment of Captain Scoresby to the command of it.



We shall now proceed to give a short account of the paper which has induced us to make the preceding observations, and this we do, more with the hope and intention of exciting, than of satisfying, the curiosity of those who may feel an interest in such subjects. The following passage conveys, in few words, an impressive idea of the general character of the Greenland landscape, and of its most remarkable inhabitant.

“The land is of itself a sublime object; its stupendous mountains, rising by steep acclivities from the very margin of the ocean to an immense height, terminating in ridged, conical, or pyramidal summits; its surface, contrasting its native protruding dark-coloured rocks with its burden of purest snow; the whole viewed under the density of a gloomy sky, forms a picture impressive and grand. Its most remarkable inhabitant is the White or Polar Bear, which indeed also occurs on the ice. This ferocious animal seems to be the natural lord of these regions. He preys indiscriminately on quadruped, fowl, reptile, and fish; all behold him with dread, and flee his presence. The seals signify their fear of him by their constant watching, and betake themselves precipitately to the water on his approach. Carrion, therefore, (of which the carcase of the whale is at a certain season the most plentiful,) affords him a passive, sure, and favourite food. His sense of smelling is peculiarly acute: in his march, he is frequently observed to face the breeze, to rear his head, and snuff the passing scent, whereby he can discover the nearest route to his odorous banquet, though the distance be incredibly great.” p. 262.

Captain Scoresby then describes the various kinds of ice, and defines the terms used by those who frequent the Greenland seas, to distinguish it under all its different forms. It appears, that during the progress of freezing, the salt of sea water is separated from the crystals of ice, which accounts for the circumstance, at first view so extraordinary, and which probably induced Buffon and others to deny altogether the freezing of the sea, that sea ice, when dissolved, generally yields fresh water. Sea ice is porous and opaque, and whatever salt it contains is lodged between the parts of which it is composed; and hence results the peculiarity, long since observed by Daines Barrington, that when melted without being washed, the water was saltish, but if held under the spout of a pump-well, for some time before it was dissolved, it yielded fresh water.

A mixture of salt with water greatly reduces its freezing point:—

“Thus, though pure water, of specific gravity 1.0000, freeze with a temperature of 32°, water of specific gravity 1.0263, containing about 5½ oz. (avoird.) of salt in every gallon of 231 cubic inches, that is, with the degree of saltiness common to the Greenland seas, freezes at 28½°. Sea water, concentrated by freezing until it obtains the specific gravity of 1.1045, requires a temperature of 13½° for its congelation, having its freezing point reduced 18½° below that of pure water; and water, saturated with sea-salt, remains liquid at a temperature of -4°.” p. 268.

The polar ice formed from fresh water is distinguished by its greater transparency and beauty. It may be formed into lenses, capable of producing a considerable intensity of heat; sufficient, for instance, to burn wood, fire gunpowder, melt lead, and light the sailors' tobacco-pipes. This last experiment Captain Scoresby used to try, to the great admiration of his men, who could not devise how so great a heat could be produced by such extraordinary means, or how the ice itself should remain unmelted, while the heat emerged from it.

In regard to the generation of enormous plains of ice, called Fields, Captain Scoresby seems to be of opinion, that they derive their origin, primarily, from water frozen from the surface of the sea, and are annually increased in size by the freezing of snow water above, and of salt water below. Other fields again, particularly such as are very rugged on the surface, are produced by packs, or many pieces of ice of smaller dimensions, frozen together by the intervention of new ice. It is a singular circumstance, that field-ice has a constant tendency to drift to the south-westward. Even during the prevalence of the most variable winds, they have been observed to drift in that direction a hundred miles in the space of a month. By this means many are annually dissolved.

It is probable, that the most terrific and sublime spectacle in nature, is the concussion of these enormous fields. It would indeed be difficult for the human imagination to conceive any thing more awful and impressive, than the sensations produced on the minds of the crew of one solitary ship, working her way through the regions of eternal frost, under a dark and lurid atmosphere, and the sun obscured by dense

vapours, when the still and utter silence which had reigned around is suddenly and fearfully interrupted by the meeting of two enormous fields, revolving in opposite directions, and advancing against each other at the rate of several miles an hour; the one is broken and destroyed, or forced in part above the other, with a loud and terrible dissonance resembling the voice of thunder, or the roaring of cannon. During this terrific contest, huge masses of ice are raised with tremendous force above the surface of the water, and projected upon the further surface of the superincumbent field. These disrupted masses are known under the name of hummocks. In one instance, they were thrown up to the height of twenty feet from the surface of the field, extended fifty or sixty yards in length, and formed a mass of about 2000 ton in weight.

“The majestic unvaried movement of the ice—the singular noise with which it was accompanied—the tremendous power exerted—and the wonderful effects produced, were calculated to excite sensations of novelty and grandeur in the mind of even the most careless spectator.” p. 281.

It would be impossible to conceive any chance of escape or safety on the part of those who were unfortunate enough to be enclosed between such irresistible powers, which recall to the mind Milton's image of

“Two planets rushing with aspect malign.”

Destruction and total ruin would be the inevitable consequence of such a direful calamity, and we cannot conceive a more awful termination of this mortal life.

“It may easily be imagined,” says Captain Scoresby, “that the strongest ship can no more withstand the shock of the contact of two fields, than a sheet of paper can stop a musket-ball. Numbers of vessels, since the establishment of the fishery, have been thus destroyed; some have been thrown upon the ice, some have had their hulls completely torn open, and others have been buried beneath the heaped fragments of the ice.” p. 279.

It is surprising, that no work of imagination has been yet produced, in which the sufferings and sorrows of such ill-fated individuals as have been immured, amid all the desolate splendour of those icy regions, has been assumed as the groundwork of the story. What more impressive or affecting scenes could be borrowed from the pages of history, than the death of Willough-

by, or the sufferings of the forty-two Englishmen on the ice-shoals, or of the Dutch sailors who wintered in Spitzbergen? Or what more terrible train of ideas could be suggested by any earthly subject, than the fate of a numerous colony cut off from all connexion with their mother country, on whom they depended for every necessary of life, by means of the sudden and unthought of increase of enormous barriers of ice, which rendered them forever hopeless of intercourse with their fellow-men, and at the same time consigned them to the most miserable and lingering death of cold and hunger?

When ice is of pretty recent growth, ships are sometimes able to withstand the shock of two adverse fields. Of this we have an instance in the following catastrophe which befel Captain Scoresby himself:

“In the year 1804, I had a good opportunity of witnessing the effects produced by the lesser masses in motion. Passing between two fields of bay-ice, about a foot in thickness, they were observed rapidly to approach each other, and before our ship could pass the strait, they met with a velocity of three or four miles per hour; the one overlaid the other, and presently covered many acres of surface. The ship proving an obstacle to the course of the ice, it squeezed up on both sides, shaking her in a dreadful manner, and producing a loud grinding, or lengthened acute tremulous noise, accordingly as the degree of pressure was diminished or increased, until it had risen as high as the deck. After about two hours, the velocity was diminished to a state of rest; and soon afterwards, the two sheets of ice receded from each other, nearly as rapidly as they before advanced. The ship, in this case, did not receive any injury, but had the ice been only half a foot thicker, she would probably have been wrecked.” p. 279.

The motion of ice is occasioned chiefly by currents, or the pressure of other ice; the wind also has the effect of driving all ice to leeward, with a velocity nearly in the inverse proportion to its depth under water:

“Light ice consequently drives faster than heavy ice, and loose ice than fields; loose ice meeting the side of a field in its course, becomes deflected, and its re-action causes a circular motion of the field.” p. 281.

Those sublime features in the scenery of northern countries, called icebergs, or ice-mountains, derive their origin from two different sources. When detached from the place in which they had grown, they are known under the name of ice islands, and are then subject in a great measure to the

same powers which affect other floating ice; but when situated in vallies on the land, "they are as permanent as the rocks on which they rest."

"I have seen," says Captain Scoresby, "those styled the seven icebergs, situated in the valleys of the north-west coast of Spitzbergen; their perpendicular front may be about 300 feet in height; the green colour, and glistening surface of which, form a pleasing variety in prospect, with the magnificence of the encompassing snow-clad mountains, which, as they recede from the eye, seem to rise crag above crag in endless perspective."

These beautiful icy cliffs are, in common with every species of ice, very fragile during the summer months; they frequently, by the weight of superincumbent snows, &c. assume an overhanging form, and are precipitated into the seas. Water, also, by its expansion in secret cavities during the process of freezing, frequently detaches these icebergs with tremendous force. They are thus, and by other means, converted into floating bergs, or ice-islands.

The floating icebergs of Greenland are much inferior, both in size and number, to those of Baffin's Bay. The largest which Captain Scoresby ever saw, in the former country, was about a thousand yards in circumference, nearly square, with an elevation of twenty feet; it must have been 150 or 160 feet in thickness, and in weight about two million of tons. In Davis Straits, however, they have been met with, possessing an area of five or six square miles, elevated thirty yards above the sea, and running aground in water of one hundred fathoms. Captain Scoresby calculates, that the weight of such a mass of ice must have been upwards of two thousand millions of tons!

We formerly mentioned, that the origin of icebergs was twofold. The greater number are supposed to derive their origin in the deep narrow bays so frequent in Old, or West Greenland. Others, again, are generated on the land, by the congelation of snow, accumulated during a long period of years. The land of Spitzbergen, particularly on the west side, possessing few sheltered spots, is much less favourable to the formation of icebergs than Old Greenland. The following is the abstract of Captain Scoresby's remarks on the formation of icebergs in the Greenland sea:

"That some ice mountains, or icebergs, are derived from the icebergs generated on the land, between the mountains of the sea coast, and are, consequently, the product of snow or rain water.

"That a more considerable portion may probably be formed in the deep sheltered bays abounding on the east coast of Spitzbergen. These have their beds in the waters of the ocean, and are partly the product of sea water, and partly that of snow and rain water. And it is highly probable, that a continent of ice mountains may exist in regions near the Pole, yet unexplored, the nucleus of which may be as ancient as the earth itself, and its increase derived from the sea and atmosphere combined."—p. 293.

There are many additional communications of great interest in Captain Scoresby's paper, regarding the appearance and properties of icebergs, but our limits oblige us to refer the reader, for farther particulars, to the work itself. He concludes his observations on these magnificent objects, by the following beautiful remark:

"Navigating amongst icebergs in the gloom of night, has sometimes been attended with fatal consequences; occurring far from land, and in unexpected situations, the danger would be extreme, were they not providentially rendered visible by their natural effulgence, which enables the mariner to distinguish them at some distance, even in the darkest night, or during the prevalence of the densest fog."—p. 292.

This simple statement of a single fact, contains more powerful and convincing argument in proof of the existence of an all-wise and beneficent Being, than may be found in many volumes of pious declamation.

It has long been a subject of dispute, even among those well versed in general hydrography and meteorology, whether ice is ever formed on the wide sea, or requires the proximity of land. On such a point, the opinion of Captain Scoresby is necessarily invaluable, and may be considered as setting the question at rest, at least in so far as concerns the operations of nature at the present period. As to ice in general, he observes,

"That however dependant the ice may have been on the land, from the time of its first appearance to its gaining an ascendancy over the waves of the ocean, sufficient to resist their utmost ravages, and to arrest the progress of maritime discovery, at a distance of perhaps from 600 to 1000 miles from the Pole; it is now evident, that the proximity of land is not essential, either for its existence, its formation, or its increase."—p. 294.

In regard to the existence of ice at a great distance from land, we may mention the journey recorded by Muller, and quoted by Captain Scoresby. In the year 1714, one named Alexi Markoff, a Cossack, accompanied by eight persons, left the mouth of the Yani, a Siberian River, situated in latitude  $71^{\circ}$  N. longitude  $132^{\circ}$  E. He travelled upon the ice in a sledge drawn by dogs; and journeying due north, he proceeded for seven days, till he reached the  $77^{\circ}$  or  $78^{\circ}$  N. lat. He was then stopt by immense mountains of rugged ice, to the top of which he climbed, and perceiving nothing but a continuance of ice and snow, without any appearance of land, he was obliged to return, being much straitened for provisions, both for himself and dogs, several of which died during their return, and served as food for the others. Having travelled 800 miles, he reached the Siberian shore, after an absence of nineteen days.

We are next presented with some curious remarks on the great and sudden increase of the ice around the east coast of West Greenland, already alluded to, and some valuable observations connected with the Whale Fishery, and the most usual haunts of the whales,—the effects of season on the southern boundaries of the ice, and other very important subjects.

The singular movements and changes in the position of the different kinds of polar ice are next commented on. It is of the utmost importance to the whale fishers, to be able to determine, whether certain openings in the ice are in the course of increasing or diminishing. Those openings are distinguished by the name of *veins* of water; and it is a valuable remark, that birds are observed instinctively to leave the closing spaces, and fly in search of such as are in the course of opening.

“The amazing changes,” Capt. Scoresby observes, “which take place in the most compact ice, are often unaccountable. They astonish even those who are accustomed to their occurrence. Thus, ships immoveably fixed with regard to the ice, have been known to perform a complete revolution in a few hours; and two ships beset a few furlongs apart, within the most compact pack, have sometimes been separated to the distance of several leagues within the space of two or three days, notwithstanding the apparent continuity of the pack remained unbroken!”

In confirmation of these extraordi-

nary changes in the position of the polar ice, Captain S. quotes the following passage from his father's journal:

N. B. I cannot, from the top-gallant-mast-head, see over the flat ice to the north east, into which the ship is frozen; and yet in fifty hours it has revolved from the south-south-west, westerly to north, and carried the ship with a semicircular motion 15 or 20 leagues. On the 10th instant, we were within  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles of the land, whereas our distance is now 10 leagues, and our advance to the northward even greater. The Volunteer has drifted out of sight in the south-west quarter.” p. 309.

We already mentioned the remarkable tendency of the ice to drift to the south-westward. Near the western coast of Spitzbergen, this peculiarity is not observed, but rather the contrary, which may result from the effects of the tide, or partial currents. Captain Scoresby, however, has adduced several very striking examples, to shew, that at a distance from land, it prevails, with the exception of a few variations.

The effects of the polar ice on the climate, and the phenomena of the atmosphere, are considerable. It affects the colour of the sky, diminishes the violence of the wind, and equalises the temperature of the air. Thus a storm will frequently blow on one side of a field for a considerable time before it becomes perceptible on the other, and the cold of the  $80^{\text{th}}$  degree of north latitude, during the prevalence of a northerly wind, at the edge of the main body of the ice, is not sensibly greater than in the  $70^{\text{th}}$  degree, with the wind blowing from a similar direction. The destruction of field-ice by a *grown* swell, is exceedingly rapid, and produces a striking change on the appearance and character of the surrounding landscape.

“Instead of a sheet of ice, expanding unbroken to the verge of the horizon on every side, an undulating sea relieves the prospect, wherein floats the wreck of the ice, reduced apparently to a small fraction of its original bulk! This singular occurrence I have more than once been witness to.”

The actual destruction of the ice, however, is caused chiefly by the friction which takes place among the smaller pieces, the effect of a swell being merely to rend the large masses asunder.

Whatever curiosity may have been

excited by the preceding quotations, will be amply gratified by a perusal of the original paper, which we trust will make its appearance in a week or two at farthest. Whether we consider the novelty of the subject, or the distinct and intelligent manner in which the information is conveyed, Captain Scoresby is alike entitled to our gratitude and respect. We regret that the unforeseen length to which this communication has extended, must prevent us presenting our readers with a view of the concluding part of Captain S.'s paper. It contains an account of various approximations to the Poles, and remarks on the possibility of reaching the North Pole, by traversing the ice in a sledge drawn by rein-deer or dogs. This department of the subject is drawn up with great skill and judgment; every objection which could be urged against the probable success of such an expedition is clearly and fairly stated; and every obstacle which might be thought likely to retard, or prevent its final accomplishment, is considered and provided for, in as far as such provision can be made by human foresight.

W.

## PRINCE'S STREET SKETCHES.

## No I.

"The apparel oft bespeaks the man."

THOUGH Bards there be, to whom th' old-fashioned Nine,  
The praise of warriors, and of war assign,  
Who bid the hero's phantom to the last  
Haunt future years with horrors of the past;  
Far lovelier themes my gentle song engage,  
Far nobler contests than of War I wage.  
To those bright Spirits who, how'er they vary,  
With noblest lustre gild the fair tiara  
That circles gleaming o'er the brow of Peace;  
(Yet from our debt of gratitude release,  
If but th' enlightened nation will confess  
Their skill in dancing, and their skill in dress)  
Who boast no war but with the Goth or Dun,  
Who ask no trophies but the hearts they've won,—

To those my laurels—need I say to those  
Perruquiers, Tailors, Ladies call the Beaux.

There was a time, when Buckskins were the  
fashion,  
Till once, 'tis said, a Dandy, in a passion,  
Who four long hours had sought, and sought  
in vain,  
To make th' unyielding garb his form contain,

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Whose creaking nails and fingers showed together,

That Tailors grudge their oker less than leather—

Swore by that snuff-box, loveliest in his view,  
Buckskins he'd cut, and all should cut them too.

Even from that hour no more the crowded way

Of marshalled Dandies sheds an amber ray;  
No more the deer their glories yield to grace  
Th' effulgent city, but the ignoble chase;  
And Buckskins, once the pomp and pride of courts,

Now deck Will Wimble in his rural sports.  
Time changes all.—One youth's portentous ire

Hath doomed the splendour of a Beau's attire  
To clothe the Huntsman, or his Guardian-Squire.

Near where the great M'Culloch spreads his reign,

A colony of Beaux adorn the plain.  
From *Bondia*, source of fair *Augusta's* fame,  
To save a barbarous land the mission came;  
Though now the Natives of like glories boast,  
And none can tell who grace the country most.  
Then seek his palace—thence is best descried  
The walk of Princes, and the subjects' pride.  
There pause awhile, and ponder as they pass,  
If well their bearing marks each different class.  
First in the lists, a gallant Youth is seen,  
Yclipped a Blood, to note his warlike mein,  
Fire in his eye, and swagger in his gait,  
And brows that scowl with mystic deeds of fate;

And elbows squared, that say, or seem to say,  
"When we advance, 'twere well to clear the way;

The vengeance of a Blood on him shall fall,  
Who dares to hustle, splash, or take the wall."

And yet he's not so cruel; 'tis his fashion,  
And that is all, to seem in such a passion:  
Some luckless Nymphs for him have pined  
and died,

But 'tis the only charge of homicide;  
And those who know him best declare him ever  
A threat'ning spirit, but a bloodless liver.

See now a courtlier form is gliding past,  
More soft, more truly *Dandy* than the last;  
He apes not, he, the warrior's lordly state,  
But nobly dares to be effeminate.

So long had Woman been his love, his pride,  
That even to imitate at length he tried;  
For this, by potent strength of engines laced,  
To Sylph-like smallness yields his patient waist;

For this his bosom's lovely swell designed;  
For this his graceful jut of form behind;  
For this his maiden-organ, "shrill and sound,"\*

Scarce dares to speak, but breathes a murmur round,

\* Thy small pipe  
Is like the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
&c. *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.*

So exquisitely polished, oft we start,  
 And think that nature yields the sex to art.  
 These are the Chiefs; and under these en-  
 rolled,  
 Dandies are styled, or sensitive, or bold;  
 Each takes his model, each pursues his plan,  
 As soft as Woman, or more fierce than Man.  
 Yes—these, our Douglasses and Percies  
 now,  
 Factions that even a Sidmouth may allow;  
 Their scenes of contest are the crowded Mall,  
 Or nobler still, th' arena of the ball.  
 There had ye marked their neckcloths' sil-  
 very glow  
 Transcend the Cygnet's towering crest of  
 snow;  
 There had ye seen their more than Vestris'  
 skill  
 Unfold the mazes of the light quadrille;  
 There had ye seen, it would have grieved  
 to see,  
 Their common victim still must woman be.  
 Ah! hapless Nymphs, howe'er th' assault  
 commence,  
 By tender blandishment or bold pretence,  
 By phrenzied vow or sighs of plaintive wo,  
 Your fate, your being, centres in a Beau.

NOTICES OF REPRINTS OF CURIOUS  
 OLD BOOKS.

No II.

*Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry.*  
 Longman. 1817.

THE judicious and accomplished Edi-  
 tor of these volumes, Mr Utterson,  
 deserves every commendation for the  
 knowledge and ability with which he  
 has executed his task. Though he is  
 universally known to be one of the  
 best black letter scholars in Britain,  
 he has here shewn that knowledge,  
 whenever it was necessary to shew it,  
 in the simplest and most unostenta-  
 tious manner. His preface is short,  
 but satisfactory; the text reprinted  
 with perfect accuracy; his notes  
 (though rather scanty) all to the pur-  
 pose; and his glossary accurate and  
 complete. He has it in his power  
 essentially to benefit the study of old  
 English literature: and it is to be  
 hoped, that a man so well fitted to add  
 to the stock of rational amusement,  
 will not content himself with solitary  
 reading or writing, but come fre-  
 quently and boldly forward among  
 those Writers, with the best of whom  
 he is entitled to take his rank.

The first volume contains four chivalrous Romances, which shew inter-

nal evidence of having been composed  
 at a period long anterior to the inven-  
 tion of Printing; and the second is  
 confined entirely to humorous and  
 satirical pieces of a later date, now  
 only to be found printed in the black  
 letter, and perhaps in their present  
 shape and language not of greater an-  
 tiquity than the middle of the 16th  
 century.

Of the four chivalrous Romances,  
 three have been analysed by Mr George  
 Ellis, namely, *Syr Tryamour*, *Syr*  
*Isenbras*, and *Syr Degorè*: the fourth,  
*Syr Goughter*, is altogether new to us.  
 Mr Utterson has well remarked, when  
 speaking of Mr Ellis's admirable work,  
 "that a limited reprint of the entire  
 Poems must be acceptable to those  
 who would wish to see the story in its  
 rude simplicity, clothed in the very  
 garb which rendered it acceptable to  
 our unlettered forefathers:" and though  
 they doubtless are pretty tiresome at  
 times, yet are they marked by a sim-  
 plicity of narration, and a truth of  
 painting, both in manners, feelings,  
 and costume, which, it is too true, are  
 frequently lost in the witty and face-  
 tious abridgments of the inimitable  
 Ellis.

Two MSS. are known of this spi-  
 rited romance ballad, *Syr Goughter*;  
 one in the British Museum, and one  
 in the library of the Faculty of Advoca-  
 cates, Edinburgh. The translation  
 particularizes its original as being

"wreten in parchemen  
 In the first lay of Britanye;" l. 674, *et seq.*  
 and that the original poem was pro-  
 duced in this country may be con-  
 jectured, as well from the allegation of  
 its being a Breton Lay, as from the  
 internal evidence it affords, by its al-  
 lusion to St Gotlake. (l. 670.) Croy-  
 land Abbey was founded in honour of  
 St Guthlac, 716, by Ethelbald, king of  
 the Mercians; and the odour of the  
 Saint's sanctity does not appear to have  
 extended beyond the bounds of this  
 Island. The belief in the sexual con-  
 nexion between demons and mortals,  
 which is the ground-work of this  
 story, was very general in the middle  
 ages; and, as Mr Utterson remarks,  
 "was supposed to have been the ori-  
 gin of even some of the Saints of the  
 Romish Calendar."

The romance begins with an earnest  
 prayer, that all ladies may be preserved  
 from the "fowle fende;" and the  
 minstrel exclaims,

"A selcough thing that is to here,  
A fende to nyegh a woman so nere,  
To make her with childe;

I shal tell how a child was gete,  
And in what sorrow his modder he sett,  
With his workis so wild."

The Duke and Duchess of Ostrych  
have, it seems, lived seven years to-  
gether without children, till the Duke  
threatens a separation, unless

"Ye might a childe here  
That might my londes well and were:  
She wept and might not blyne."

One afternoon, in her distress,  
"As she walk'd in her orchyarde upon a  
day,

She met a man in a rich array,  
Of love he her besought;  
He came in likeness of here lorde free,  
Underneath a chestayn tree  
His will with here he wrought."

Unluckily this is not her husband,  
but the Devil; and in due time the  
Duchess of Ostrych is delivered of a  
fine thumping Imp. He begins to give  
proofs of his royal descent very early;  
for

"The Lord comforted the Lady gente,  
And after norsis anone he sente,  
Of the best in that contrée;  
Some were noble knyghtes wyfes;  
*He sak so sore they lost there lyfes,*  
*Full soon he had slayn three.*  
The Childe throve and swythe wax,  
*The Duke sent after other sax,*  
As wisse the storie;  
*Or that xii months were comyn and gone,*  
*Nine norsys he had y sloon,*  
*Ladies faire and free."*

Upon this there is a meeting of  
the country gentlemen, and it is  
unanimously voted that Sir Goughter  
is to have no more nurses. His  
mother attempts to suckle him her-  
self, which has not a very feasible  
appearance, after xii months want of  
practice; and the consequence is,  
he tears away one side of her breast,  
and

"She durst not give him sowke no more."

Being fed upon beef steaks, he grows  
as much in one year as other children  
do in six, and is very soon master of  
his Father and all his knights. The  
old Duke dies, and the Duchess, feel-  
ing very uncomfortable with this pro-  
mising boy, shut herself up "in castel  
of lyme and stone." Sir Goughter  
thrives apace in all manner of wicked-  
ness, and finds especial pleasure in  
murdering the clergy.

"Men of religion he throug hem down,  
Where he myght hem mete;

Masse nor matyns wold he none here,  
Ne no prechyng of no frere."

When hunting one day, he meets  
the Prioress of a nunnery and all her  
Nuns, whom he drives into their  
church, and burns them into ashes.  
His chief occupation is in preventing  
marriages, or in ravishing wives and  
murdering husbands: also,

"He made prestes and clerkes to lepe on  
cragges,

Monks and freres to hong on knagges,

Thus wounderly would he doo,

—He brent up heremites on a fire,

And paid widows the same hire:

He wrought hem mochil woo!"

At last, in the midst of these enor-  
mities, an old Earl tells him that he  
most certainly is the Son of the Evil  
One; upon which, suspecting the  
truth, he demands from his mother  
the secret of his birth. On finding  
who his father is, he sets off on foot  
to Rome, to beg forgiveness of "that  
apostell." The Pope immediately  
recognises him to be a church de-  
stroyer, and enjoins this penance:

"Thou shalt walk north and sowthe,  
And get thi mete owt of houndis mouth;  
This pennance shalt thou gynne.  
And speke no word, even ne odde,  
Til thou have very wetyng of Godde,  
Forgevyn be all thy synne."

Upon this he walks into Germany,  
and rests himself for three days on the  
side of a hill, a greyhound bringing  
him daily a barley loaf. On the fourth  
day he enters the palace of the Em-  
peror of Almayn, and sets himself  
down "under the high bord," from  
which he will not be dislodged by the  
Steward. The Emperor behaves kindly  
to the dumb Pilgrim, who refuses all  
sustenance, till a spaniel coming near  
him with a bone in his mouth, he  
grasps and ravenously devours it. He  
is now lodged and fed among the  
hounds, and called "Hobbe the Fool."  
The Emperor, however, has a fair  
daughter, who is also dumb, and she  
takes care to send Sir Goughter some  
good pickings, the consequence of  
which is a mutual passion. Mean-  
while the "Soudan of Perce" comes  
with a mighty host against the Em-  
peror, and Sir Goughter leaves the  
kennel for the camp. He prays God  
to send him arms and armour; and  
instantly a coal-black steed, with  
armour of the same colour, is ready  
for him, and he advances against the  
Sarazin. After a glorious victory, he  
returns to the palace, but will yet eat

nothing, unless from a dog's mouth ;  
so

“ The Lady toke twey greyhounds fyne,  
And wyssh here mouthes cleane with wyne,  
And put a lofe in that one :  
He raught it fro' him with eger mode,  
Full wel was him bygone.”

Next day the Soudan returns to the combat, and Sir Goughter once more goes to fight him, “ on a blode-rede stede and armour bryght.” He is again victorious, is fed as before, and passes the lonely night in pious reflection on his sins. On the third day he goes out on a white steed, to combat the unconquerable Soudan ; and after rescuing the Emperor from captivity, receives a hurt, and is carried back to the castle. The “ Ladie,” seeing this calamity, falls from the top of the tower,

“ And brak full negh her neck.”

Every thing now begins to wear an alarming appearance. After three days confinement, Sir Goughter, still weak of his wounds, walks into the hall, but misses there “ his fair Ladie.” The Emperor sends to Rome, and the Pope comes to attend her funeral ; but now she rises from her trance with recovered speech, tells Sir Goughter that all his sins are forgiven him, and “ that good old man the Pope” performs the marriage instead of the burial service. Sir Goughter returns to Ostrych, and makes the old Earl who first called him the Son of the Devil marry the ancient Lady Dowager. He then makes over to them the dukedom ; and the Emperor of Almayn very opportunely dying, he succeeds to the throne of that country, and, in spite of his untoward origin, becomes a most excellent Christian. Finally, he is buried in an abbey in Ostrych, which he had built and endowed, that prayers might therein be said for his soul ; and lying in a shrine of gold, is long worshipped as a Saint, and performs the usual miracles.

The second volume is altogether of a different character, and is chiefly composed of satirical and humorous Poems, which give us considerable insight into the manners of the times. The first in the volume, entitled, “ The Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous,” is by the well-known Printer, R. Copland, and often seems, though written in the 16th century, to be a versification of the late reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the state of mendicity in the Me-

ropolis. “ The soap-eater of the present day,” says Mr Utterson, “ is hardly aware that a similar mode of extorting charity was practised in the streets of London as far back as the reign of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and that his assumed fits were also practised by impostors at the same period. As little, probably, do the frequenters of the Rose and Crown in St Giles's, called, in the slang cant of these profligates, the Beggar's Opera, or of the Robin Hood in the same neighbourhood, bethink themselves, that three hundred years since, the same riot and comparative luxury as are now indulged in at their nocturnal orgies, formed the recreation and enjoyment of their equally vicious predecessors in the Barbican, in Turnmill Street, in Houndsditch, and behind the Fleet, when not improbably ‘ an alderman hung in chains’ (a roasted goose and sausages) might have occasionally gratified their appetites.”

The author, having been driven by a storm to shelter himself under the gateway of St Bartholomew's Spittel, enters into conversation with the Porter, who gives him an account of the different characters of the inmates.

“ And as we talked there gathered at the gate  
People, as me thought, of every poore estate,  
With bag and staf, both croked, lame, and  
blynde,

Shabby and scurvy, pocke eaten flesh and  
rynde,

Lowsy and scalde, and pyll'd lyke as apes,  
Brecheles, bare-foted, all stynkyng with dyrt,  
With M of tatters, drablyng to the skyrt,  
Boyes, gyrles, and luskys strong knaves,  
Dydderyng and dadderyng, leaning on their  
staves.

Honest Master Copland cannot approve of this indiscriminate charity, and exclaims,

Than, is it comyn to every wyght  
How they lye all day, to lye here at nyght ?  
As losels, myghty beggers, and vacabonds,  
And trewands that walk over the londs,  
Mychers, hedge-crepers, fyllocks, and  
luskes,

That all the somer kepe dyches and buskes,  
Lowtering and wandryng, fro place to place,  
And wyl not worke but the bye-paths trace,  
And lye with haws, and hunt the blackberry,  
And with hedge-brekyng make themselves  
merry,

But in winter they draw to the towne,  
And wyl donothing but go up and down, &c.

The Porter replies, that deserving objects are always preferred, but that professional beggars all come at last to the Spittel.



Some beggerly churles to whom they resort  
 Be the maynteners of a grate sorte  
 Of myghtylubbers, and have them in servyce,  
 Some journeyment, and some to their prentyce,  
 And they walke to eche market and fayre,  
 And to all places where folke do repayre,  
 By day on styltes, or stouping on crowches,  
 And so dyssymale as fals lewtryng fiouches,  
 With bloody clouts all about theyr legge,  
 And playsters on theyr skin, when they go beg:  
 Some counterfayt leproy, and other some  
 Put sope in theyr mouth to make it scome,  
 And fall down as Saynt Cornelys evyll,  
 These dysceyts they use worse than ony devyll.

He then gives a very animated description of all kinds of impostors, which is thus summed up by a picture of their evening amusements.

“ And when they have gotten what they may,  
 Then to theyr lodging they do take theyr way,  
 Into some aley, lane, or blynde hostry,  
 Or to some corner, or house of bawdry,  
 Where as ben folke of theyr affynte,  
 Brottelles, and other suche as they be ;  
 And there they mete, and make theyr gaudy  
 chere,

And put on theyr clothing and other gere,  
 Theyr swerdes and theyr boclers, and theyr  
 short daggers,

And there they revel as unthrifty braggers,  
 With horyble othes swerynge as they were  
 wood,

Arms, nayles, wounds, herte, soul, and blood !  
 Deth, fote, masse, flesh, bones, lyfe, and body,  
 With all other words of blasphemy,  
 Bostyng them all in dedes of theyr myschefe !  
 And thus pass the time with daunce, hore,  
 pipe, thef,

The hang-man shall lede the daunce at the  
 end, &c.

Besides ordinary beggars, Copland and the Porter bitterly lament over the shoals of poor scholars, real and pretended, from Oxford and Cambridge, who with staff in hand come “ for crust and crum,”—and of priests who wander about the country, soliciting charity to carry them home, but who continue for a dozen years “ syngyng theyr fyrst masse.” The Porter then gives a very animated description of “ sapyent people,” or quack-doctors, who ride about the country in league with each other, and prey upon the credulous fears of parents. They frequently take up their abode for a month at a time in some comfortable house—counterfeit a foreign language—dress sumptuously—and depart with all the money which the wretched parents can scrape together. The rest of the poem contains a very full and comprehensive list of the vices best calculated to bring a man to the Spittel, and shews

R. Copland to have had no small knowledge of human life.

Almost all the rest of the volume is made up of poems vituperative of the fair sex; one poem only, and that a very bad one, being in their defence. Towards the middle and end of the 16th century, the abuse of females seems to have been a fruitful subject for the muse; and, in good truth, the satirists of those days did not mince the matter, but called every thing by its right name. “ The Schole House of Woman,”\* which is altogether one bitter invective, consists of 140 seven line stanzas, and evinces considerable invention, some learning, and no small portion of sarcastic power. The great multiplication of copies, for it was printed by Robert Wyer, John Allde, John Kyng, and others, proves its popularity, and its adaptation to the spirit of the times.

The satirist begins with an accusation “ against the femynie,” which, whether true or false, seems to have prevailed in all ages and countries.

“ They have tung at large, voice loud and  
 shrill,

Of wordes wonderous passing store,  
 Stomache stout, with froward will,  
 And, namely, when you touch the sore  
 With one bare word, or little more,  
 They flush and flame as hot as fire,  
 And swel as a tode for fervent ire.”

Kindled as it were by this theme, he exclaims triumphantly.

“ Malice is so rooted in their hart,  
 That seldom a man may of them hear  
 One good word in a whole year.”

Our author now becomes downright abusive, and we have some difficulty in collecting specimens that may not give offence. The following passage is harmless enough.

“ What so it be they finger once,  
 Of wedded man, or single or plain,  
 He may as soon eat the adamant stones  
 As the self-same of them to retain.  
 Much they crave and nought give again ;  
 As holsome for a man is a woman’s corse  
 As a sholder of mutton for a sick horse.

With all their manifold faults, however, the satirist confesses, in the bitterness of his heart, that there is no doing without them, and gives a very

\* That the subject of this anonymous poem was not a favourite one with our countrymen alone, appears from an old French poem among the King’s MSS. 20, B. xxi. entitled, “ Un Poeme des Tourmens de Marriage.”

animated, though not very decorous, account of the mode of love and courtship practised in his day. It is thus summed up.

“ Then if there come a Lover new  
And them appoint when to come,  
They be like ready unto the mew,  
And to be close from wind and sun  
With little labour they soon wonne;  
Not one I warrant you among twentye  
But she aft sooner will be as redy.”

Having now considered the fair sex very fully as maids, or at least young women, the poet treats of wives, and in his hands wedlock assumes an aspect truly forbidding.

“ Wed them once and then adieu,  
Farewell all trust and houswifery;  
Keep their chambers and them self mew  
For straining of their fishamy!  
And in their bed all day do lie,  
Must once or twice every week  
Fain themself for to be sick.”

During these pretended fits of sickness, it is boldly asserted, that they collect round their bedsides old gossips and young fillocks, and abuse their husbands on the most tender points. At these conclaves measures of reprisal are concerted against such husbands as tyrannically use their wives, and being ourselves unmarried men, likely to continue so, we have no fear of laying before our fair readers a few judicious hints on this important subject.

“ Then said the elder, doo as I doo,  
Be sharp and quick with him again;  
If that he chide, chide you also,  
And for one word give him twain.  
Keep him short and have disdain.  
He should use you after such a rate  
Bid him be still with an evil date.  
Cherish yourself all that you may,  
And draw unto him contrary,  
Cast not yourself, gossip, away,  
Because he playeth the churle with thee;  
And by your will keep him hungry,  
And bid him go, when he would game,  
Unto his customers. God give him shame!  
Be ever with him at yea and nay,  
And by your will begin the war;  
If he would smite, then may you say  
Go to hardly if you dare!  
I beshrewe thy heart, if thou spare,  
All the world shall wonder on thee  
Now thou do'st creeke thy tun on me.  
Because thou hast been at the dise,  
And played away all that thou hast,  
Or from thy gillots that couldst not arise,  
Of all this day ye sat so fast,  
And now God give the shame at last,  
Commest drunken home with a mischef,  
And wouldst be reveng'd upon thy wife.  
Better I wis to holde thy hand,  
And more for thine honesty,  
I have lever thy neck were in a band,

Than I will take it long of thee;  
Trust me I will find remedy,  
Smite, an thou dare, I make God avow  
I will quit it, I wot well how.  
In case there be no remedy  
But that you must have strokes sad,  
Take up the babe, that there is nye,  
Be it wench or be it lad,  
And bid him strike if he be mad;  
Smite hardly and kil thy sonne,  
And hang therefore when thou hast done.”  
This part of the poem is wound up by a not inapposite fact in natural history.

“ The truth is knowen, it cannot be hid  
Abeit that few men do him hear,  
The cuckoo singeth all the year.”  
And here an exclamation is wrung out of the Author, which for simple pathos is equal to any thing in our language.

“ Of all the diseases that ever wore  
Wedding is next unto the goute;  
A salve there is for every sore  
To help a man within or without.  
But of these twain I am in doubt;  
No pain so fervent hot ne colde  
As is a man to be a cuckold.”

We had thought that the Author had in the preceding 500 lines of his satire given full vent to all his feelings, but he starts off anew at the idea of this indignity, and for 500 lines more traces the vices and crimes of “ the femynie” through profane and sacred history, stopping only with manifest reluctance at the creation of mankind. His heart however softens towards the end, and he very candidly allows,  
“ That but for two small venials  
The Feminine might be glorified,  
Set in thronis pepetualles  
And as the Goddes be deifide;  
Two venial sinnes they have and hide,  
None of the seven their names who can tell,  
*They can neither doo, nor yet say well.*”

Having thus made the amende honorable, and feeling himself assured of the good-will of his fair readers, he concludes thus, speaking to his book,  
“ And vnto them that learned be  
I would and wil thou meekely went,  
And showe them who so made thee  
*No thing purposed of il intent  
That should prohibitt the Sacrament;  
But that the masculine might hereby  
Have somewhat to iest with the femyny.*”

This attack on the “ Femyny” was looked upon in a very tragical light by one Edward More of Hambleton, in Buckinghamshire, at that time, according to Wood, a poor scholar at Oxford, and a poor scholar indeed, in every sense of the word, he seems to have been. Poetry accordingly bestirred

himself, and gave to the world his "Defence of Women."\* This performance is prefaced by a dedication to a friend, of such distinguished silliness, that we think our readers will be amused to observe from it what sort of persons were enrolled among the minor Poets of the reign of Queen Mary.

"I then, for the fervēt affection which I bare to women, was desyrous to write in theyr defence; but fyrst I beganne to consulte with myself weyther it were best so to doe or no, and I perceyued that many just causes dyd prouoke me to wryte herein; and agayne, diuers dyd allure me to hold my peace: for as my god wyll and affection to women, the symplicitie, innocēcie, and unguiltynes of womē, the eschewing of ydlenes, and the verite of the matter and cause, exhorted me: so on y<sup>e</sup> other syde dyd my lack of wytt, learning, and age, allure me to the contrary, which were moost mete and requisite in thys behalfe, affirmyng it to be a matter more mete and decent for a married man to entreate and wryte of, then for a bachyler and prynkokes but of twenty yeares of age, or lytle more. And more mete in dede I thought it also for a married man, who in defendyng of women myght partly gratyfy his owne wyfe, whose honest behauyor, sobernes, wytt, and true loue theryn semyng to be apparent, myght redoune and sounde not a lytle to hys owne honestie, and also wolde be a greate encrease of loue betwene them, although they skant loued before. Now when I saw none such ready to take paynes and trauayle theryn, I, lyke blinde bayard, quite and clene forgettyng y<sup>e</sup> impediments in me afore named (that is to say) lack of wytt, learning, and age, which were most requisyte and nedefull for thys purpose, raslye and unaduyedlye toke thys enterpryce in hande (whereof I repente me not at all.)"

The learned Clerk then informs us, in his Poem, that he finds it difficult to write like Cicero and Curtius, and therefore intends to make Sallust his model. He seems to have understood that author little better than Sir Henry Stewart of Allanton himself, and thus commences his imitation of him and the "Defence of Women:"

\* This work of More's is supposed to have supplied one Wm. Heale, "a zealous maintainer of the honor of the female sex," with arguments in reply to a Dr Gager, who, in his public act at Oxford, had asserted THAT IT WAS LAWFUL FOR HUSBANDS TO BEAT THEIR WIVES. Anthony Wood, speaking of Heale, says, not very gallantly, "he was always esteemed an ingenious man, but weak, as being too much devoted to the female sex."

"What was the deuel? man or woman,  
I wold some good deuyne  
Wold take the paynes thys questyon  
To us once to defyne:  
A man, I thynke in dede,  
Of Lucyfers own trayne,  
For of a woman dyuell  
I neuer red certayne."

Mr Edward More then proves, that the great argument against Homer, derived from Eve's gluttony of the apple, is good for nothing.

"If the deuil to Adam fyrst had cum,  
No dowt he myght  
Haue tempted him as well as Eue,  
Thys thying declareth ryght,  
Predestinate she was therto!" &c.

Having thus vanquished his opponent on this ground, he vindicates the chastity of Women against their defamer, and that with a success which shews how well Logic was understood then, as now, in the University of Oxford.

"Our Englysh women do spare  
Them selves no whyt,  
But up and doune the fyeldes  
To and fro do flyt;  
The ladyes to the court  
Do dayly take theyr traydes,  
Besydes a trayne of seruyng men  
Accompanied wyth maydes;  
That be the wether foule,  
Or be the wether fayre,  
No wether being open,  
Theire bewty must appayre  
Wherby a man may iudge  
That of the people twayne,  
The English women to be more  
Chast farre than the Romaine."

One would have thought that this was a clencher—but he will shew no mercy to his fallen antagonist—he forces him to listen to the praises of all the chaste women of past and present times, and sums up the whole with a story of three men who were rescued from prison by their wives.

"As grete wyth chyld as they myght goe,  
Therein you may me trust."

We have observed, that the anonymous satirist, in his spite, compared Wellock to the Gout—Neddy, in his tenderness, compares Love to the Plague.

"Of these two things if that  
The choyse offree were to me  
And that of them they one  
I must chuse no remede,  
To be sycke with loue,  
Or els the plage to haue,  
The plage I wold fyrst chuse  
Of both, so God me saue!  
The one within a weke  
Relesseth all the payne,  
The other in the harte  
Tyll death doth styll remayne."

Entertaining sentiments like these, our Bard may well be pardoned for the following trait of simplicity :

“ Thus with sundry dryftes  
Are maydes and wyues deceaued,  
And ofte of theyre vergynite  
By men maydes are bereaued ;  
Which being lost and gonne,  
What greater losse can be,  
What better thing haue maydens now  
Then theyre virginite ?”

This irresistible champion of the Fair—this Squire of Dames, then defends their apparel, their farthingales and cassocks, and “ their head-tromperie.” He stands on somewhat dangerous ground :

“ A woman having nothing  
But at her husbandes hande  
That he thus maynteneth her  
It may now welbe skande.  
Who is then in moost faout ?  
Who ought to bear the blame ?  
Not she that weareth them,  
But he that byeth the same.”

Finding it impossible to justify altogether the head-dresses of the Ladies, he turns the tables with great dexterity on their vituperator :

“ To the parting of theyr heare,  
And showing of the same,  
Since men do the lyke thyng,  
Why beare they then no blame ?  
In combing of theyr berdes,  
In strokyng them full ofte,  
In wassyng them with wassyng balles,  
In lookyng all alofte,  
In plaitting of them diuers wayes,  
In byndyng thē in bandes,  
Wherein their hole delight  
Alwayes consysets and standes.”

Fearing that his first general defence of farthingales might be insufficient, he returns to that branch of his subject, and treats it with a gravity commensurate with its importance :

“ As touchig now theyr verdingales,  
Which do men much offēde,  
I deferre them not tyll now  
As hard for to defende ;  
Who first inuented vardingalles,  
It must be called to mynde,  
And by whom also they were made  
We must in lyke wyse fynde ?  
Taylers (as I gesse) were  
The first founders then ;  
What kynde of people be they,  
Women or els men ?”

One charge more remains to be refuted, and then “ the Feminye” are free—their everlasting Loquacity. Our author has husbanded his strength for the last, and we close his work with a profound conviction that his abilities are every way worthy of the cause on which they are bestowed.

“ Many husbandes, all the day  
Syting at the wyne,  
At night comyng relyng home,  
As dronken as are swyne,  
Theyr wyfes therof ashamed be,  
And thē strayt way exhort  
At home to tarry and be merry,  
To flee all such resort ;  
Wherwith the men waxe angry,  
Their wyfes be so bold,  
And if they speake a lylle loud,  
Men strait say they do skold !”

Sorely must it have grieved the heart of this amiable young man to witness the depravity of the times ; for while the “ Schole House of Women” went through innumerable editions, “ The Defence” sold not at all. Let us hope, however, that the “ Femynie” were not ungrateful to their Champion, and that he was finally as happy in his cottage at Hambleton, as a scolding Wife and ten starving children could make him.

The volume contains, likewise, “ The Proud Wife’s Pater-noster, a composition of the same spirit as the Schole House of Women, though not so entertaining,—and “ The Wife lapped in Morel’s Skin, or the taming of the Shrew,” (an imitation of one of the early French fabliaux), which is full of spirit and vivacity ; and having been printed by Hugh Jackson, who, according to Herbert, printed no book with a date later than 1590, preceded the Play of “ The Taming of the Shrew,” the earliest edition of which is that of 1607, and was therefore not improbably familiar to Shakspeare.

E. B.

REMARKS ON A PASSAGE IN MR GOOD’S  
LIFE OF DR GEDDES.

THE learned biographer of Dr Geddes has inadvertently preferred a charge against Dr Campbell, which, as it involves the character of a man of great talents and liberality, it will be proper and laudable to refute.

“ It was not enough,” says Mr Mason Good, “ That the bigots of Scotland had obtained this personal triumph. They pretended that they did not conceive themselves safe, while the remotest degree of favour was evinced towards the Roman Catholics in any part of the island. Pamphlets of the most vehement zeal, written in the north, were circulated with all possible industry throughout the south ; and among these, I am much astonished to find one by

the late very amiable and learned Dr Campbell, who was at that time Principal of the Marischal College in Aberdeen. It is entitled, 'A Vindication of the Opposition to the late intended Bill for the Relief of Roman Catholics in Scotland.' It possesses more moderation, nevertheless, than the greater part of those which swarmed at this time from the press, and, with much declamation, interweaves some few threads of argument. It is well known, however, and it becomes me to state as much, that the worthy Principal's views upon this subject were considerably changed during the latter years of his life; and the spirit of liberality and candour which blazes forth, with a very different sort of flame, through every part of his Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, if they do not completely atone for the prejudices he at this time discovered, ought at least to shield him from the anathemas of the Catholic Church, on the anniversaries of her commination." *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Alexander Geddes, LL.D. p. 72. Lond. 1803, 8vo.*

Glaring errors will sometimes be committed by writers who have no wish to mislead or misrepresent; and of the truth of this remark, the passage which I have now quoted seems to furnish a very apt illustration. Mr Good must apparently have trusted to his memory, which, in this instance, has proved treacherous; for, if he had inspected the very title page of the tract to which he refers, he would at once have perceived that Dr Campbell and the author of that tract were directly opposed to each other. The full title is this:

"A Vindication of the Opposition to the late intended Bill for the Relief of Roman Catholics in Scotland; in which an Address to the People on that subject, by the Rev. Dr Campbell, Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, is particularly considered." Edin. 1780, 12mo. pp. 53.

The characteristic liberality of Dr Campbell led him to oppose the too general torrent of ignorance and bigotry; and the anonymous writer of the Vindication admits, that the arguments on the other side had been urged with the greatest ability, in his "Address to the People of Scotland, upon the Alarms that have been raised in regard to Popery." I will only add, that this Address has lately been reprinted, with the author's very acute and satisfactory *Dissertation on Miracles.* D. I.

## HINT TO THE LADIES.

MR EDITOR,

THAT a fine neck, which, in modern phraseology, includes the bosom and shoulders, and a well turned leg, are great beauties in a woman, is a truth that no man will venture to dispute, though I have heard it nibbled at by some ladies, who were not conspicuous in their own persons for these points of perfection. Such people may be distinguished by the appellation of *Dampers*, who exercise the laudable employment of correcting the superfluous pride or vanity of their neighbours, when displayed in relation to their beauty, or any other good thing in their possession. And here I cannot avoid paying tribute to the disinterestedness of the Dampers, as I do not find them disposed to appropriate, personally, any of the excellent hints which they so liberally bestow upon their friends.

Having assumed, that all the men are in favour of the position with which I set out, and as I may confine the refractory Fair to those ladies only who are sensible of their deficiencies in the beauties to which I have alluded, it is to be hoped that the axiom may be considered as unquestionably established.

Now, allowing it to be quite natural for our belles not to hide their candle under a bushel, yet I think it well merits their consideration, how far a full display of those charms which we have been accustomed to admire in shade may be advisable, and whether it might not be more prudent to reserve something new for the gratification of their husbands in expectation; for, although nudity might have been a very appropriate *costume* (if I may use the expression) in the *very dawn* of society, I think it rather doubtful whether the state of innocence of our modern beaux and belles admits of such an undress at an Edinburgh Assembly.

I beg my fair countrywomen to reflect on the sensations with which they have contemplated, in the month of June, a ribbon or a cap, if these unfortunate articles, no matter how pretty, had satiated the gaze of the multitude, from a haberdasher's window or on a milliner's tête, during the fashionable months of winter and spring;

as, most certainly, something of a similar feeling arises in the minds of the men, when *they* contemplate charms that have been fully displayed in one season, and are still destined to remain on show, for the poor chance of meeting admirers in the next.

I happened to be at a party with the Duchess of G., when a lady chose to expatiate highly on the merits of Captain L. as a teller of good stories, particularly *that* of the Irish quack-doctor. "Why," said her Grace, "it was really a good story when the Captain told it to me about two years ago; but I have heard him tell it so often since, that the first word of it makes me as sick as if I had swallowed a dose of the Doctor's physic."

A tale twice told, and a sight twice seen, are not very dissimilar in their operation; and I entreat those ladies, who are now entering on their winter campaign, to consider whether, in the warfare they are about to wage, it may not be more advantageous to make their attacks by detachment, rather than by deploying the whole brigade.

Knees an' elbows an' a',  
Elbows an' knees an' a',

As the song goes, or rather overwhelming; for I believe that no one will dispute the vulgar observation, that "there may be too much of a good thing."

Should these observations have the effect of prevailing on one young lady only, to add an inch to the length of her petticoat, or a straw breadth to the hem of her tucker, I shall be fully rewarded for my scribbling; but perhaps my advice will have little weight, when, as in candour bound, I inform the ladies, that it proceeds from one, who, though he admires the sex (whether clothed or not) with all his heart, is only

AN OLD FELLOW.

—

TO MY DOG.

COSSACK, my mute companion, as thou sleep'st

On the warm rug, coil'd up in little room,  
Enjoying much delight, why do thine ears  
Erect with sudden tremors—why should sighs  
Swell thy shaggy'd sides—and inarticulate  
sounds

Escape in feverish murmurings from thy  
bosom?

And still, when'er in these mysterious fits  
Of visionary sadness I have pluckt  
Thy shaggy ears—why, with an eye where  
grief

And love shed mingling glances, dost thou  
lick

The hand that broke thy slumbers, and advance

The supplicating paw, and seem to feel  
More than thy wonted fondness for thy  
master?

Is it, that in the lonely sea-girt Isle,  
Where thy sweet days of puppyhood were  
past,

Thou hast imbib'd from the old seer who  
nurst thee

Ought of prophetic vision—as thou slept  
On the dark hills cap'd with eternal clouds?  
Has that mysterious power, which haunts  
the wild

And solitary glens, ta'en from thine eye  
The film which hides the future? Dost thou  
see

The woes which fill the checquer'd rolls of  
Time,

And do the joys or sorrows which await  
Thy quite unconscious Master—as they pass,  
Cast their unreal shadows o'er thy dreams?  
Is't this, which, when awaken'd, bids thy  
tail

Quiver with kindness—this that taught thine  
eye

Its mute but eloquent language?—Sweetest  
Cur,

Tho' Cur thou be, unseemly, bandy-legg'd,  
Cloth'd in a matted wilderness of hair;  
Yet hear me, Cossack, I would trust the  
heart

That beats within that canine breast of thine,  
More for its faithfulness, than many a one  
Dwelling in that proud shrine—a human  
bosom.

—

NOTICES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

No I.

*Granite Stratified.*

It is a fundamental position of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth, that granite cannot occur stratified. This idea has been so obstinately maintained by the supporters of the Plutonic Theory, that the observations of Saussure, Von Buch, Von Humboldt, and many others on this subject, have been held as erroneous and unworthy of serious attention. Knowing this to be the case, we have long wished some one of the supporters of the Huttonian Theory would visit the districts described by these eminent mineralogists. This we are informed has been lately done by the most distinguished advocate of the Huttonian cause; and, with that liberality and candour for which he is so eminently distinguished, has declared, that he was convinced the granite of many districts in Switzerland was distinctly stratified.

*Remarkable Stalactites in Iceland.*

Major Petersen, a Danish mineralogist, who attended the University of Edinburgh last winter, during an excursion to the island of Iceland, observed many stalactites of vesicular lava hanging from the roofs of lava caves. These he ascertained to be of two kinds; one volcanic, the other formed by the trickling of water through the lava. These aqueous stalactites, he says, were distinguished with difficulty from those formed by fire. This fact shews us how difficult it is to distinguish between ignigenous and Neptunian formations.

*Rocks of Rome not volcanic.*

An intelligent mineralogist informs us, that he has seen and examined the rocks around Rome, and is convinced that the seven hills of the eternal city, and all the surrounding districts, are of Neptunian origin. He was enabled to trace, with the greatest distinctness, a transition from clay, through other rocks into clay porphyry and amygdaloid, which latter are described as lavas by Italian volcanists.

*New Opinion in regard to Pompeii and Herculaneum.*

It is at present the general belief, that the two celebrated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed and destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79. It is now, however, maintained, that this was not the case. Pompeii is said to be covered by a bed of lapillo, of the same nature as that we observe daily forming by the agency of water on the shore at Naples; while Herculaneum is covered by a series of strata, altogether forming a mass 60 feet thick, of a tuff, having the characters of those tuffs formed by water. From the facts just stated, it is conjectured, that the cities were destroyed by a rising of the waters, which deposited over them the stratified rocks, and not by matter thrown from Vesuvius. It is also said, that no eruption of Vesuvius took place in the year 79. We must add, that we have our doubts of the accuracy of this statement, although given to us by a member of the Academy of Sciences of Naples.

*Von der Null's Cabinet.*

It is reported from the Continent, that the Mineralogical Cabinet of Von der Null, the most complete and beautiful in Germany, will be offered for sale to the University of Edinburgh.

*Claimants of the doctrine of Formations.*

It is positively stated in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, that Mr Smith, a mineral surveyor in England, is a rival claimant to the Wernerian doctrine of formations; and a celebrated writer in this country appears to lodge a similar claim for Mr John Farey, also a mineral surveyor. Mr Jhon Farey has been heard to talk very much on the general distribution of rocks; but he is not on that account to be considered as the discoverer of the idea of formations. Mr William Smith, who, we are informed, is an excellent and modest man, cannot, we believe, pretend to advocate such a claim. Werner's views were well known in England in the year 1800, but Mr Smith's ideas have only come to light within a very few years. It would, we are sure, prove very gratifying to the readers of this Magazine, to hear from Mr Smith himself a fair and candid statement of his claims.

*Dr Brown's History of America.*

Our learned countryman, Dr A. Brown, Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, who was sometime resident in America, and became possessed of numerous valuable documents in regard to the history of North America, has, for many years, devoted his leisure hours almost exclusively to the composition of a great work on the Physical, Moral, and Political History of America, which, it is understood, is nearly ready for the press.

*Second Volume of Memoirs of the Wernerian Society.*

The 2d part of the 2d volume of the Memoirs of the Wernerian Natural History Society has just appeared. The following are the papers it contains.

*Meteorology.*—Hints respecting the coincidence which takes place in the pressure of the atmosphere, at different latitudes, and nearly at the same time; by the Right Honourable Lord Gray.

*Hydrography.*—On the Greenland or Polar ice; by William Scoresby junior, Esq. with a map of the ice.

*Zoology.*—1. An Account of several new and rare British fishes; by George Montague, Esq.

2. An Account of some Irish Testacea; by Thomas Brown, Esq.

3. Remarks respecting the causes of organization ; By Dr Barclay.

4. On the Genera and Species of Eproboscideous Insects ; by Dr Leach.

5. On the Arrangement of Cestri-deous Insects ; by Dr Leach.

6. Observations on the Genus Falco ; by James Wilson, Esq.

*Mineralogy.*—1. On the Mineralogy of the Redhead : by Dr Fleming.

2. Description of Native iron from Leadhills ; by Mr Da. Costa.

3. Mineralogical Observations in Galloway ; by Dr Grierson.

4. Lithological Observations on the vicinity of Loch Lomond ; by Dr Macknight.

5. Description of Ravensheugh ; by Dr Macknight.

6. Observations on the bed of the German Ocean ; by Robert Stevenson, Esq.

7. Mineralogy of the Cartland Craig ; by Dr Macknight.

8. On the Geognosy of the Lothians, (Part First) ; by Professor Jameson.

*Maculloch on the Hebrides.*

Dr Maculloch, President of the Geological Society of London, has prepared for the press a work on the Geognosy of the Hebrides, particularly the outer range of these interesting islands.

*Proofs of the increasing taste for Natural History.*

Natural History, at one period so much neglected in this island, has now become a general study. The man of business, as well as the philosopher, take an interest even in the details of this delightful branch of knowledge. Voyages of discovery, and expeditions by land, have been lately undertaken at the command of the King, and in all these enterprizes, the examining and collecting of natural productions has been considered as a principal object. Many distinguished individuals, too, have devoted their lives to the study of nature, and, by their labours in different regions, have contributed in an eminent degree to our knowledge of the animals, vegetables, and minerals of this globe. Ever since Edinburgh became a great medical school, natural history has been considered as a necessary branch of information, not only for the physician, but also for those who receive a liberal education, whatever their future

prospects in life may be. Hence many of the most eminent naturalists this island has produced have been instructed in the University of Edinburgh. Even within a few years, this northern metropolis has sent forth several enterprising and enthusiastic naturalists.

At this moment, we know there are pupils of this school exploring Southern Africa, others have begun their examination of the vast regions of our great Indian Empire ;—some are in South America, others in the British Settlements in North America, and even on the confines of the Russian and Chinese Empires. We have no doubt that this extraordinary zeal and activity will afford us, in due time, a rich harvest of facts in regard to the Meteorology, Hydrography, Botany, Zoology, and Mineralogy, of these remote regions.

*Fluor Spar at Gourrock.*

It is a fact probably not generally known, that Fluor Spar, although so common a mineral in England, is very rare in Scotland. It is first mentioned as a Scottish fossil in the "Mineralogy of the Shetland islands," where it is enumerated amongst the fossil species of the island of Papa Stour. It was afterwards discovered, forming a small vein in granite, at Monaltee, in Aberdeenshire ; and we have to add, that it has been again met with in Scotland by Professor Jameson, in cavities in porphyry, near Gourrock, in Renfrewshire.

*Dr Hibbert's Voyage to Shetland.*

Dr Hibbert of Manchester, during the course of last summer, visited the Shetland islands, and examined the mineralogical structure of several of these secluded portions of the British empire. During his progress through the islands, he made many curious geognostical observations, and met with several interesting minerals. One of the most important of the metalliferous substances met with by the Doctor, was that very valuable ore, the granular *chromate of iron*, which he found in masses of considerable size. This mineral, in those countries where it is found in quantities, is employed to furnish the chromic acid, which, when united with the oxide of lead, forms chromate of lead, a very beautiful and much esteemed yellow pigment. We are happy to learn, that



Dr Hibbert proposes to resume his geognostical investigations in Shetland next spring.

*Cleaveland's Mineralogy.*

Professor Cleaveland of Boston has published an elementary treatise on Mineralogy and Geology, in one volume octavo, of 670 pages. The arrangement is that of Brongniart, but the descriptions are executed according to the methods of Werner and Hauy. The materials for the work he candidly acknowledges to have borrowed liberally from the writings of Kirwan, Brochant, Hany, Jameson, and Brongniart. The geological department of the treatise is principally extracted from Jameson's Elements of Geognosy. Professor Cleaveland says, in regard to the two prevailing geological speculations, that the Neptunian Theory is correct in its grand outline, and that the Huttonian Theory has been ingeniously, but unsuccessfully, supported by Professor Playfair.



FAUNA BRITANNICA, OR BRITISH ZOOLOGY.

THE earliest writers on British Zoology were Merret, Sir Robert Sibbald, Willoughby, Ray, and Lister. After their time, several authors of inferior note published contributions to the Fauna of this country; but Pennant was the first who wrote a separate work on the Zoology of Great Britain. The system of that distinguished naturalist, although published so long back as the year 1776, is still almost the only regular Fauna of this country we possess. It is true, that Dr Berkenhout published in the year 1789, in two volumes 8vo, a Synopsis of the Natural History of Great Britain and Ireland, valuable for the accuracy of its specific characters of British animals; and that Dr Turton published a useful British Fauna in 1807: yet these compilations are incomplete. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact, that we at present possess no system of British Zoology corresponding to the advanced state of natural history, and to the numerous facts known in regard to the animals of the British islands. Several of the classes of British animals, it is true, have been particularly investigated and described, but no one

has collected together all this information in a single work. The time, however, is now come, when such a work is demanded by the public. Every individual seriously engaged in the study of the Zoology of our native country, feels the want of a book of reference and authority; even those who take an interest in the lighter branches of this delightful science, and these constitute a very numerous class in the great reading community of this country, complain of the want of a work which shall inform them of the habits, manners, and history, of our native animals: and foreigners express their astonishment at this unaccountable deficiency in the literature of Great Britain. Feeling, as we do, a deep interest in every thing regarding the advancement of the natural history of our native land, we very earnestly recommend the execution of such a work to the Zoologists of this island, not in the least doubting, on the contrary being perfectly convinced, that it will procure for its author, or authors, a large portion of public favour, and to the authors and publishers an abundant return for their labour and expense.\* But the execution of such a work can be intrusted only to those who feel a profound interest in the works of nature, and who join, to a command of powerful and expressive language, a readiness and accuracy in the determination of the species of the animal world. They must also be familiar with nature, not only as seen in our cabinets, but as she presents herself to our observation in the fields and upon the mountains—on the coasts of the sea and in the depths of the ocean.

An undertaking so interesting and important should not be a patch-work, made up of coarse and undigested materials, drawn irregularly from all quarters. It ought, and must indeed be, a consistent and harmonious whole; the same spirit must breathe throughout every part of it, so that the philosopher, as well as the general admirer of nature, may feel, as he reads and studies its details, that it is the work of a mind, sensible not only to the minuter beauties and adaptations of

\* The British fauna ought to be printed in such a manner, that each of the great classes should form a complete work, so that it may be sold as a whole or in parts.

the animal world, but also to the more extensive relations that bind together the vast series of animated beings, and connect them with those general arrangements that pervade this grand sublunary world. Much attention must be bestowed in the arrangement of its subordinate parts. The general subdivisions we would recommend are those of the Linnæan system, as modified by modern discoveries and observations; but we must be careful not to run into those extremes of change, proposed, and even followed, by some Zoologists. The unaccountable thirst for innovation displayed by revolutionary Zoologists, cannot be too severely reprobated, for, if encouraged, it threatens to replunge Systematic Zoology into its former state of barbarism.

As introductory to the British Zoology, we would propose three separate, yet connected dissertations; the first to contain a concise view of organized beings in general; and the second, a general account of the composition, properties, structure, and functions, of the animal system. These two preliminary dissertations are intended to make the reader acquainted with those general facts and considerations, which will be frequently alluded to in the course of the work itself. The third dissertation to treat, in a general way, of the habits and manners of animals; their history: including under this head changes induced on them by time—climate—situation—intermixture with other animals, migrations, &c.:—also of their physical and geographical distribution, and their uses in the economy of nature and to mankind. To these preliminary dissertations should follow the systematic arrangement and description of the classes, orders, genera, and species.

We would propose to prefix to the natural history of each of the classes, a general view of the structure, functions, habits, manners, and uses, of the animals of the class.

In the descriptions of the species, the grand and principal business of the natural historian, by adopting some such arrangement as the following, every fact of consequence will have a determinate place, and we shall be enabled, at a glance, to find the information we are in search of, and to know what is deficient in our history of the species.

1. Generic and specific name in Latin, with the English and provincial specific appellations.

2. Synonymes of the best writers, arranged in chronological order.

3. Specific description, after the manner of Linnæus.

4. Complete description of the male and female adult animal; and if the species requires several years to reach its fixed state, the changes during these years to be carefully described.

5. Descriptions of the varieties, both natural and artificial.

6. Short account of the internal structure of the species, in particular of those parts connected with its functions of digestion and of respiration, and its organs of vision.

7. Progressive motion.

8. Places of resort or abode; its physical and geographical distribution, migrations, and gregarious or solitary nature.

9. Food.

10. Generation; young, &c.; metamorphosis.

11. Hybernation.

12. Longevity.

13. Diseases.

14. Uses in the economy of nature.

15. Uses to mankind.

16. Enemies.

17. Noxious or pernicious effects.

18. Miscellaneous particulars in regard to the species, which cannot be included under any of the preceding heads. Several of these, as may be afterwards pointed out, might form distinct divisions of the description.

It is unnecessary to add, that a British Zoology, executed in a manner somewhat resembling the plan just pointed out, would prove a valuable addition to the science of this country. But we had almost neglected to speak of the drawings, engravings, and maps, required for such a work. A British Zoology, without plates of the different species, would be discreditable to the nation, and a loss to the naturalist, and even to the general reader. In a country like Britain, where excellent artists abound, there can be no apology for a want of figures of all the species, and even of the more important and striking varieties of the species met with in the British islands. The drawings ought, if possible, to be made in all cases from the live specimens. Hitherto, as far as we know, no one

has proposed, or published, maps, illustrative of the physical and geographical distributions of the animals of the land, rivers, lakes, and seas, of the British islands; nor has it been suggested to give engraved plans of their migrations, and schemes of their natural affinities. All these, as we shall particularly explain in a future communication, ought to form part of a complete British Zoology.

*Mineral Zoology of the British Islands.*

The natural history of the various fossil organic remains met with in the strata of the British islands, ought to form a distinct and separate division of the British Zoology, and may be entitled *Mineral Zoology of the British Islands*.

In arranging these petrifications,\* or fossil organic remains, we would adopt the same system as in the zoology of the present existing species; but, in describing them, might use the method proposed in Professor Jameson's Treatise on the Characters of Minerals, which is as follows: 1. Description of the external aspect and internal structure.—2. Chemical characters and composition.—3. Geognostic situation.—4. Geographic situation.—5. Uses.—6. History; under which I include all that is known of the first discovery of the species, the names it may have had at different times, the different figures and descriptions of it published by different authors, and other information of a miscellaneous nature.

UNPUBLISHED VERSES OF ALLAN RAMSAY.

MR EDITOR,

I SEND you a transcript of a manuscript poem, by Allan Ramsay, written in his own hand in the first volume of a copy of the 4th edition of his Works, published in Edinburgh, 1721-23, purchased at the sale of the late Mr Stuart of Spout-

\* Some English mineralogists use the French word *fossil* in place of petrification, an innovation that ought to be resisted. The good old word petrification answers every purpose, and much better than the absurd name fossil. By petrification we understand those organic remains more or less altered, whether simply bleached or impregnated with mineral matter, which are found in the crust of the earth.

well's library. In copying it, I have observed the exact mode of spelling used by the writer. It has never, I believe, been published; and as every thing from the pen of Allan Ramsay must be interesting to the lovers of Scottish poetry, and this little jeu-d'esprit is marked by that facility and sprightliness which characterise his lighter works, you may consider it worthy of a place in your entertaining Magazine. I am, &c.

January 1st, 1818.

To Mr JAMES HOME, *Writer to the Signet.*

SIR,

These two Volumes come to prove Your Poet's Gratitude and Love To you whose taste and friendly spirit Encourage the least mints of merit.

*Impartiality* without regard,  
Whether in Shepherd, Lord, or Laird;  
For which, and many other favour,  
That bind me to my best behaviour,  
I from this honest heart of mine,  
Beg you t' accept this small propine,  
Tho' scant the value, yet believe,  
It is the best that I can give,  
And the most proper, you'll allow,  
For me to give to such as you.

Then with a friendly smile admit  
Me 'mongst your laughing friends to wit;  
Shoot yont your Milton and your Pope,  
That chant sublime from the hill top;  
Make me a birth *whin*, that I may  
Cram in with Butler, Matt, and Gay;  
That when the spleen, or ought that's sour,  
*Atacks* you in a Drumbly Hour;  
With these, did Allan come before you,  
And to your gayity restore ye;  
If I in this can *recommend*  
My muse to you, I've gained my end;  
And if you own that I can *sozeff*  
A Song or Tale, nor dull, nor dowf,  
At some with no small pride I'll sneer,  
Whase noddles are not quite so clear,  
And never tent their spiteful grumble,  
While you stand by your

Servant humble,

ALLAN RAMSAY

*From my closet in Edr* }  
*August 10th 1738.* }

LIFE OF SIR THOMAS CRAIG OF  
RICCARTON.

SECTION I.

*Embracing the period between the Birth  
of SIR T. CRAIG and his being called  
to the Bar.*

SIR T. CRAIG, author of the Treatise on the Feudal Law, and of other celebrated and learned works, is one of those men whose high eminence, both of a literary and a legal nature, ren-

ders any apology for introducing him to public notice equally unnecessary and impertinent. It is certainly more remarkable, that of so celebrated a person we should now know so little, than that any who is interested in the literary history of his country should be desirous of rescuing that little from oblivion.

Thomas Craig of Riccarton was the second son of Mr Robert Craig, a merchant of Edinburgh. According to the account given by Baillie,\* in the biographical sketch of his life prefixed to the latest edition of the work *De Feudis*, Sir Thomas was born in the year 1548. But this is nearly impossible, for we have proof that Thomas Craig was undoubtedly Justice depute, *Justiciarius deputatus*, in the year 1564. If Baillie's date was correct, this would make him only sixteen when he was called to the duties of this important office, which is impossible. It is much more probable that he was born in the year 1538.†

Mr Robert Craig, the father of the feudist, was descended from the ancient family of Craigs of Craigston in Buchan.‡ Young Craig enjoyed all the advantages of a learned and liberal education.§ He owed this to the care and affection, not only of his father, who appears to have been affluent, but of Dr John Craig his near relation,|| a man of eminence in those days as a divine and a preacher, the coadjutor of Knox, in the great work of the Reformation, and equally remarkable for the singular chances, and romantic and perilous adventures of his life.

John Craig was born in the year

1513,\* and went abroad on his foreign travels in the year 1536, two years before the birth of Sir Thomas. He remained abroad twenty-four years, and returned to his native country in the year 1560,† at which time he must have found our young feudist of the age of twenty-two.‡

It is manifest, then, from a comparison of these dates, that Craig could not have received, as is asserted by Baillie, the very earliest rudiments, *prima tyrocinia*, of his education under the direction of Mr John Craig, but that this superintendence must have taken place after the elder Craig's settlement in Scotland, when the master was, from his great knowledge, not only in the ancient but in the modern European languages, which he had acquired abroad, more excellently calculated to watch over the education of one destined to the learned professions; and when the student had himself reached that age of advanced youth which rendered him fully able to appreciate the talents of his instructor.

His education, previous to this period, was conducted first in the University of St Andrews,§ where he entered as a student of St Leonard's College in the year 1552, at the age of fourteen. After three years' preparatory study, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in the year 1555; and afterwards, according to the custom of these times, he was sent at an early age to complete his

\* He died in the 1601, aged 88.

*Spottiswoode.*

† He returned in 1560, after having been twenty-four years abroad.

*Ditto.*

\* De D. Thomæ Cragii vita, scriptis et Progenie brevis Narratio.

† Reg. of Privy Seal, vol. xxxii. fol. 63.

‡ Baillie. § Baillie.

§ Redpath, page 28. Preface to Scotland's sovereignty.

|| Gassendi informs us, in his *Vita Tychonis Brahei*, p. 154—183, that in the year 1592, one Craig, a Scottish physician, published a tract against Tycho Brahe, entitled "*Capnauraniæ Restinctio, seu Cometaryum in Aethera sublimationis Refutatio.*"—This person, I conjecture, must have been Dr William Craig, son of Sir Ludowick Craig, the Lord of Session, and grandson of Sir Thomas, who died without issue. I state this on the authority of a MS. tree of the family, which I have at present in my possession.

‡ "Post quam vero cura et diligentia propinqui sui Joannis Cragii Theologi id temporis celeberrimi educatus, prima linguarum et philosophiæ in Scholis et Academicis patriis tyrocinia possuisset."

"Having been virtuously educated by the care of Mr John Craig, a great divine and his near relation, and made more than an ordinary progress in the learned languages, and in philosophy, he went to France."

*Redpath.*

§ Baillie does not particularize St Andrews as the particular university at which Craig studied. He only says, "*prima linguarum et philosophiæ in Scholis et Academicis patriis tyrocinia possuisset in Gallias deinde ad majorem ingenii cultum capessendum, profectus Juris prudentiæ præcipue animum applicuit.*"

studies in the most learned schools in France, particularly at Paris.\*

At the period when Craig received the rudiments of his education, the learned languages were cultivated in this country with uncommon success; and Scotland, although labouring under many disadvantages, had already given birth to some of the ablest scholars, and profoundest mathematicians in Europe. Under the patronage of the royal race of Stuart, the cultivation of letters had been encouraged by the example, and rewarded by the munificence of a line of kings.†

During the turbulent reign of James V. the great progress made by our country in the mental struggles occasioned by the first appearance of the doctrines of the Reformation, is well known to the student of Scottish history. The collision of opposite and contending opinions—the high interest excited by the questions which were then in the course of daily discussion—the communication with the continental reformers,—and the more general cultivation of the learned languages, united to the progressive facilities in the art of printing—imparted an impulse to the national intellect which was soon seen in its effects upon the literature and the liberty of the Scottish nation. The appearance of such minds as Knox, Buchanan, and Napier, confirm the truth of this observation—while the names of Rollock, Adamson, and Andrew Melvin, are, although in an inferior degree, conspicuous in the history of these momentous times. Nor was the gentler art of poetry, which was afterwards to afford an ele-

gant recreation to Craig amid his severer labours, neglected under the reign of this monarch. Many of the above mentioned eminent men were remarkable for their cultivation of Latin poetry. One of them is well known to have been the Prince of the Poets, not only of his own time, but to have attained a perfection which, in the future history of literature, the muse of Milton was alone destined to emulate. The amorous Ronsard imbibed, at the court of James, his first taste for poetical composition; and the Scottish verses of Lindsay, Douglass, and Bellenden, have become useful in transmitting a curious picture of the manners of the times, and the rude and characteristic language of the age. Nor did the patronage of letters cease with the fifth James, for it is well known that the beautiful and unfortunate Mary inherited from her predecessors, in an eminent degree, the spirit of literary patronage, and the cultivation of the learned and liberal arts. The era of the birth and education of Sir Thomas Craig was a period, as we see from these rapid observations, of uncommon eminence in the literary history of Scotland. Nor was it an era of less importance in the history of our Scottish law.\*

The Court of Session had been finally fixed in its present form by James V.;† and on the occurrence of this great event, a very material change‡ appears to have been introduced into the principles and practice of the jurisprudence of this country.§

\* The first Court of Session was erected by James I. by an act of his third Parliament, c. 65.

Previous to this the Justice Court was under the Parliament,—the Supreme Court for shires, and the Chamberlain Court for burghs. *Nicholson, Scottish Hist. Library.*

† Fifth Parliament, James V. c. 36.

‡ In the year 1532, a few years before the birth of Craig.

§ “Because our souveraine Lord the King is maist desirous to have ane permanent ordour of Justice for the universal weill of all his Lieges, and therefore tendis to institute ane College of cunning and wise men, baith spiritual and temporal estate, for doing and administration of justice in all civil actions: And therefore thinkis to be chosen certaine persones maist convenient and qualified therefore, to the number of fourtene persones, half spiritual, half temporal, with ane President:” the quhillkis persons sall be

\* In the 5th and 7th chapters of the 1st book of his Treatise on the Succession, we find his own declaration, that he studied at Paris. In chap. 5. speaking of the right of choosing kings by election—“I remember (says he) to have heard this question much tossed and disputed at Paris, when I was a student there.”

† James I. was himself an admirable poet and a munificent patron. The knowledge of the liberal arts was warmly encouraged at the court of the third James. The introduction of printing into Scotland, by the establishment of the presses of Walter Chapman and Andrew Millar, in the year 1508 at Edinburgh, and the foundation of one of the most eminent of our Scottish universities, are events which form a kind of literary era in the reign of his gallant and unfortunate successors.

Let us now follow the young Craig through the period of his studies at the university of St Andrews. His entrance into this eminent seminary is dated, as we have seen, in the year 1552, when he became a student of St Leonard's College.

The mode of education pursued in the different Colleges of the university was, at this time, very different from that followed at a later period. The period of initiatory study, previous to their attending the higher classes of study through which the pupil's passed, was limited to four years; and the labours of instruction were divided amongst four professors, denominated the four Regents. Each of these professors taught the same branches, including a course of education in the learned languages; and through the whole course of these four years, every different regent carried on his respective class from the period of its matriculation till the students composing it were ready to be laureated, and to receive their degrees as Masters of Arts. Craig, however, did not remain for the whole initiatory period of four years, but appears to

authorised in this present Parlement to sit and decide upon all actions civil.

Cap. 40. "Providing always that the Lord Chancellor being present in this towne, or any uther place, he sall have vote, and be Principal of the said Council; and siclike uther Lords as sall please the King's Grace to injoyne to them of his great Council to have vote siclike, to the number of three or four."

57: "Item, in advising and giving of all sentences and decreets, there be ten Lordes at the least with the Chancellor or President."

A certain number of advocates were also, at the same date, appointed to practise before this court, "to the number of ten persons, that sall be called general Procuratours of the Council, of best name, knowledge, and experience, admitted to procure in all actiones, of quhom the names followis: Maister Robert Galbraith, Maister Robert Lesly, Maister Henry Spittle, Maister John Letham, Maister Henry Lawdex, Maister Thomas Kincragy, Maister Thomas Majoribanks, Maister William Johnston." These are the names of those considered the most eminent lawyers at this time, 1537, in Scotland. The remaining two were afterwards to be chosen. They were probably Mr Henry Balnevis and Mr John Bethony. The annual expenses of this court were to be defrayed from the revenues of the clergy. *Lesly*, 438.—*Buch.* Book xiv. 13.

have left the university after he had received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1555, as most of his fellow students who entered along with him are created Masters of Arts in 1557, and in that number the name of Craig does not appear. Until the students had passed through this initiatory course of learning, they were not permitted to attend the lectures of the professors in those studies which were termed the higher faculties, including the laws and theology; and as Craig left college in the year 1555, he could not, at this early age, have profited by the lectures of the professor of the laws, who, under the title of "Civilist," in the interval between 1538 and 1553, became one of the constituent professors in the university.

It cannot be with certainty affirmed under which of the regents the education of Craig was conducted; but it is more than probable that it was James Wilkie, a scholar whose abilities were not thought unworthy of the same situation which had been filled before him by the great Buchanan.\* The common course which was followed in the university, although it did not include the studies of theology, law, or the higher branches of philosophy, was sufficiently voluminous, embracing the learned languages, logic, rhetoric, ethics, and physics; and these accordingly were the studies in which, at this early age, the labours of the future feudist were directed.

After having in this manner com-

\* James Wilkie held the office of regent of St Leonard's for some years previous to the 1552, to the 1570, when he succeeded to George Buchanan, as principal of the same college. Wilkie, from the specimens of Greek classics which he bequeathed to the library, may be presumed to have been a scholar of no mean ability. Greek was not a distinct professorship at St Leonard's till 1699, when Francis Pringle was elected. The humanity class was founded by Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, to whose patronage our national literature is much indebted, about 1640. Rhetoric was a part of the course; and this, as well as logic, ethics, and physics, must have been taught by merely commenting on the works of Aristotle. In St Mary's college there was a separate professorship of rhetoric, and another of grammar, in addition to the usual number of regents or professors of philosophy. I am indebted for these and other curious particulars to the friendship and researches of Professor Lee of St Andrews.

pleted his studies at St Andrews, Craig repaired to France, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the higher branches of learning at the celebrated university of Paris. He had now reached that advanced age, in which, although it still belongs to youth, we generally find the promises and proofs of future eminence; that age in which the indications of permanent character begin distinctly to appear, and upon which the instructions he was about to receive, and the talents of the masters whose lectures he attended, were calculated to make a deep and lasting impression. It becomes therefore an interesting undertaking in the biography of this eminent man, to ascertain what was the character enjoyed by the Parisian university at this period, and who were the professors under whom the young Craig must have studied. This is an inquiry the more important, as it is certain, that in the schools of France, and more particularly in the university of Paris, the members of the Scottish bar at this period, and for nearly two centuries after, were in the constant custom of receiving their legal education in the study of the civil law.

The university of Paris was at this period in a most flourishing situation. Lectures on the Greek language were delivered by the celebrated Turnebus,\* a scholar whom Scaliger pronounces to have been the ornament, not of France only, but of Europe; and regarding whose profound classical knowledge the ablest judges of these times appear to have been at a loss for terms to express their admiration.†

The Latin chair was then filled by a scholar of almost equal excellence.

\* From 1555 to 1569. He was appointed regius professor of Greek in 1555.

† "Nunquam satis laudatus vir Adrianus Turnebus, unicum Galliae nostrae, atque adeo totius Europae ornamentum." *Jos. Scal. Conjectar. in Varronem.*

"Sol ille Galliae Turnebus." *Lips. B. 2. Elect. c. 20.*

"Infinito multiplicis doctrinae copia in Turnebo fuit." *Muretus, B. 18, c. 19.*

The amusing and communicative Montaigne complains, that the cut of Turnebus's gown, "le port de sa robe," was not altogether courtier-like; and Scavola de St Marthe tells us, that the only thing his rivals could ridicule him upon was a habit of hanging his head and blushing. *Montaigne, lib. 1, c. 24.*

This was John Passerat.\* "Hic est ille Passeratus qui primus apud Parisios in schola regia reconditas verae latinitatis opes aliquanto majore cura et studia pervestigavit, juventutique aperuit cum Turnebus, Auratus, Lambenius caeterique prius in eadem schola professi, Graecis potissimum interpretandis operam et industriam impendissent." In other respects Passerat seems to have been of a very different, and infinitely less attractive, character than the modest and ingenuous Turnebus.†

The progress of learning was at this period much encouraged by royal patronage in France; and the university of Paris, as the great seat of French learning, very munificently supported. Three different professorships, of surgery, of theology, and of Arabic, were created by the munificence of Henry III. A former monarch, Henry II. had added to the professorships of Latin, eloquence, and general philosophy, the well-known Peter Ramus.‡ This sin-

\* "Homo emunctae naris, et cui aliena vix placerent." *Thuanus, ad Ann. 1602.*

"Duo verba Latine sciebat, omnes reprehendebat." *Scaligerana.*

"Hoc Epitaphium ipse vivens sibi composuit.

"Hic situs in parva Janus Passertius urna Ausonii doctor regius eloquii,

Discipuli memores, tumulo date certa magistri,

Ut vario florum munere vernet humus Hoc culta officio; mea molliter ossa quiescent,

Sint modo carminibus non onerata malis."

† He was fastidious and hypercritical in his judgment, declared that his own books were those which he could alone bear to read with patience; and in the last dying words of his expiring muse, he only prays that his "bones may not be loaded with the weight of bad verses."

"Sint modo carminibus non onerata malis."

‡ Ramus was born 1515, and died 1572.

"Petrus Ramus cum diu bonas literas, philosophiam et postremo mathematicas scientias, cui praerant et postea in regio auditorio docuisset: postremo erroneam in philosophicis doctrinam invexit Aristotelem voce et scriptis importune oppugnans. Tamen ex eo commendatione dignus fuit quod ingenio, diligentia assiduitate et opibus etiam suis (quantum in ipso fuit), rem literariam juvit ac promovit; instituta mathematicae professione; cui annum vicesimal D librarum e facultatibus suis attribuit." *Thuan. ad Ann. 1572.*

Scaliger, in his amusing table-talk, collected in the Scaligerana, tells us, "Ramus magnus fuit vir, sed magni nimis fit; ipsius mathematica sola bona, sed ipse non est autor." *Scaligerana.*

gular man, who, although treated with extreme severity by contemporary authors, is entitled to the praise of being among the first who endeavoured to shake off the fetters of Aristotelian despotism, employed himself at first in instructing youth in philosophy and the mathematics, in one of the schools of the university,\* and was afterwards promoted to the chair in the Royal Auditory,† where he delivered his lectures oppugning the authority and doctrines of Aristotle. One of his most virulent and successful opponents was Joannes Carpentarius, who, at the period when Craig studied at Paris,‡ was professor of philosophy in the university of that city. Bulæus speaks of Charpentier as equally eminent in the art of oratory and in the study of philosophy. “*Jacobus Carpentarius Claromontanus Belyacensis, orator et philosophus insignis in Burgundiano et Becodiano, dudum philosophiam magnâ nominis sui fama professus est.*”

Living, as we do, under the present quiet and peaceable reign of literature, in which, if authors are sometimes rudely handled, still the critical warfare is confined alone to their opinions, we can form no idea of the personal animosity which, in these days of turbulent knowledge, accompanied any attempt at innovation in the established course of scholastic education, nor the dreadful consequences to which such attempts very frequently led. Ramus was murdered in his study by assassins, who, according to the account of De Thou, were hired by Charpentier, and assisted in the conspiracy by the pupils and disciples of this rival. The prevalence of what were then termed the heretical doctrines of Calvin,§ and the increase of the able and ambitious sect of the Jesuits, augmented those divisions which were produced by the new philosophy of Ramus. Yet still, in the different departments of

the knowledge of these days, in the cultivation of the Greek and Latin languages, in the philosophy of the schools, in the mathematics, in theology, and in the study of the Eastern languages, there was probably at this time no public seminary in Europe which presented the same facilities of instruction as the university of Paris. It is more material to our purpose to observe, that it had long been the favoured seat of the civil law, distinguished by the enthusiasm with which the study of Roman jurisprudence was there cultivated, and the eminent pleaders, professors, and commentators, which it had produced. Cujacius, whom Scaliger somewhat pedantically calls the pearl among juriconsults, *margarita juriconsultorum*,\* had at this time commenced that legal career which created a new era in the history of the civil law. The Parisian chair of Roman jurisprudence, at the period when Craig commenced his studies, was ably filled by Pierre Rebuffy,† whose labours in the elucidation of this subject extended to the amount of five massy folios; a moderate number, if we consider the Herculean perseverance of the commentators of these days.

Not only in the lectures on the study of jurisprudence, delivered in the Parisian university, as well as in other eminent colleges in France—in the instructions of Rebuffy, and the writings of Duarenus and Cujacius—but from the examples of the eminent pleaders who at the same period adorned the French bar—was Craig likely to derive the highest advantage. Nor was he in danger of becoming a mere lawyer; for in no former age does there appear to have been so much classical learning, so much general knowledge, and so high a degree of

\* Scaligerana, p. 18 and 67.

† This learned lawyer had successively lectured on jurisprudence at Montpellier, Thoulouse, Poitiers, and Leyden. (a) He came afterwards to Paris, intending to practise as a pleader, and was there appointed a public professor of jurisprudence. Pierre Seguiet, of a noble and ancient family, and whose grandson afterwards became chancellor of France, was at the same period one of the most celebrated lawyers of his time. (b) He was created king's advocate (patronus regius) by Henry II. in the 1548, and died president of the supreme court in 1580.

\* In prælea Schola.

† In Regio Auditorio.

‡ 1550. See Bulæus, vol. vi.

§ “*Turbæ scholasticæ nescio quo malo genio excitatæ in præto clericorum eandem academiam amplius decennio ab an. 1548, divexarunt, et eo tempore quo hæresis Calvinistica radices agere incipiebat.*” *Bulæus*, vol. vi.

“*At florentem academiam statum quatuor potissimum mala deformarunt, hæresis, Turbæ scholares, Jesuitarum propagatio, bella civilia; imprimis quidem hæresis.*” *Bulæus, ibid.*

(a) *Bulæus*, vol. vi. p. 969.

(b) *Id. ibid.* p. 968.



erudition, as there was then to be found amongst the scientific and literary men of France. It was the age of Ronsard and Marot in French poetry: it was the age of Muretus, of St Marthe, of De Thou; and at the bar itself there appear to have been few men who had risen to any distinguished eminence, who were not accustomed to beguile their severer labours by the cultivation of literary, and more especially of poetical studies.\* It was this high character of the university at which he was educated, and the society which, in the course of his legal studies, he frequented, which undoubtedly gave Craig that admirable taste, that style of pure latinity, and imparted to his works that rich sprinkling of classical quotation which pervades his discussions, both on legal and on political subjects. If we consider also, that at this period, and for more than two centuries after, the French universities were the constant schools of our Scottish lawyers, at which they were in the custom of remaining for three and four, and sometimes for seven and eight years,† we shall discover one principal cause of the erudition of our Scottish bar for several centuries after the death of Craig.

The mode of study which was in those days followed by those who had adopted the legal profession, was admirably calculated to render them not only eminent in their profession, but useful in the service and in the councils of their country. It was their first step to complete, at the schools and universities of their own country, their course of languages and philosophy. After this the young student was sent to commence his continental

\* In proof of this, I need only refer to that collection of Greek, Latin, and French verses, written on the death of Scævola de St Marthe, and prefixed to his works under the title of "Tumulus Scævole de St Marthe," a great proportion of which appear to have been composed by the gentlemen of the bar.

† I find in the Pitmedden MS. 20th December 1606, that "Mr Oliver Colt, younger, is admitted advocatt, upon a bill pedantickly bearing, that after the accomplishing of his studies in literis humanioribus, et finito cursu philosophiæ, in the college of Edinburgh, where he was donatus laurea artium liberalium, and had studied lawes 7 years in France, and mynds to be a profitable instrument in the commonwealth."

labours at a French university, and remained at Paris, Poitiers, Bruges, or some other eminent seminary, until he had completed his studies in the principles and practice of the civil law. Having accomplished this, it was not uncommon for those whose fortunes were affluent, to conclude their legal education by travelling through the different countries of Europe. Sir Robert Spottiswood, one of the ablest presidents who ever filled this high station—the friend of the great Marquis of Montrose, and who, like him, was, for his unshaken loyalty to his sovereign, condemned to suffer upon the scaffold—had accomplished himself by nine years of foreign travel, before he began to practise at the bar.\* On their return to their native country, it was the custom for them to attend for some time in the courts, to acquire a practical acquaintance with the forms of procedure. This, in the quaint but expressive language of that age, was called "haunting the formes and courtis."† And after the period of this haunting was expired, they applied by petition to the Lords; and upon due proof given that they had gone through a regular course of legal study, they were admitted advocates, and had privilege to practise before the Court.

In the care of his near relation, Mr John Craig, in the liberal education which he received in his own country, and in his legal studies at the university of Paris, the future feudist of

\* "Having spent some time in this famous university, he went on his travels in France, Italy, and Germany; in which places, but more especially in the universities of France, he apply'd himself to the study of the laws civil and canon. \* \* \*

After nine years spent in travels and study in foreign countries, he returned by the court of England, where he was favourably received by the king and prince, by all esteemed as learned judges of a man's endowments as any of their subjects, to whom Sir Robert gave full satisfaction concerning his travels, and such proof of his learning and knowledge of the laws, that King James, in testimony of his good opinion, and as a just reward to his studies, made him one of the extraordinary Lords of the Session or College of Justice, and one of his Privy Council." *Life of President Spottiswoode, prefixed to his "Practicks."*

† MS. Acts of Sederunt and History of the Court.

Scotland enjoyed very eminent advantages: Of these he made ample profit, for we are told by Baillie, that he surpassed in his studies all his youthful contemporaries.\* He was now called back from France to his native country, and passed lawyer in the month of February 1763, at the age of twenty-five.†

We have already observed, that the period in which Craig received his education was from the recent institution of the college of justice, one of great importance in the legal history of this country. The court, at the time when he was admitted advocate, was nearly of the same age as himself. It had not existed for more than twenty-five years,‡ but it had already produced some men, who by their talents and knowledge in the laws, had attempted to fix the principles of our national jurisprudence. Henry Sinclair, dean of Glasgow, afterwards bishop of Ross, and for some time president of the court, had collected a volume of decisions, to which he gave the name of *Practiques*,§ a title which, for a long time, was invariably adopted by all our future writers on the subject of Scottish law, and the celebrated Sir James Balfour was at this time one of the judges, and compiled (though at a later period) that curious

\* “ Omne elegantiore literatura tantos progressus fecit ut plerosque æquales suos facile anteret.” *Baillie.*

† This fact I find thus noticed in that curious MS. History of the Acts of Sederunt, which, under the name of the Pit-middent Manuscript, is preserved in the advocates' library.

“ 2d Feb. 1763. Mr Thomas Craig (this is our learned Craig) this day was admitted advocat be the Lords, and he made faith ut supra.”

‡ It was instituted in 1537, and Craig passed in 1563.

§ It is not absolutely certain whether Henry Sinclair, the president, or John Sinclair, his brother, and who also became president of the court, was the author of the MS. decisions, called Sinclair's Practicks. The compiler of the MS. books of sederunt thinks it was John Sinclair, whom he denominates a “ Bigot Papist.”

See *Haile's Catalogue Notes*, p. 2. note 7.

Henry Sinclair, who was a younger brother of Oliver Sinclair, the favourite of James V., was, on his representation of his great age and infirmities, and in consideration of his having served the court for twenty-four years past, permitted to come and be absent frae the Session as he best pleases and thinks expedient. *Ibid.* note 18.

and amusing treatise, which, under the name of Balfour's Practicks, is familiar to all who are inquisitive regarding the ancient jurisprudence of this country. When Craig, however, returned to Scotland, he found its situation such as to deserve the compassion, and excite the patriotic exertions, of all who loved their native country. Abroad it had been harassed and depopulated by constant wars with England;\* at home, it was weakened by civil dissensions, and its true interests sacrificed to the craft and to the ambition of contending parties in the state.† The difficulties and the misfortunes of the young and beautiful Mary had already begun;‡ the regency was in the hands of Murray; the lion-hearted Knox was carrying on, with a high and determined spirit, the great work of the Reformation, and the common people, having thrown off the fetters of the Romish superstition, were too ready in the enjoyment of their fresh and buoyant liberty, to push on to the opposite excesses of a licentious freedom. The intrigues of the able, but vindictive, Elizabeth, had already sowed dissension in the kingdom, and the nobles and barons were yet too powerful to be controlled by the feeble machinery of the law. Still, however, the Court of Session, so lately instituted, continued its regular sittings, the forms of justice were duly observed, and the decisions of the judges recorded with sufficient solemnity. But in the midst of all this, the person of the sovereign was not safe; murder was committed even in the royal chamber; the judges of the land were assassinated by litigants,§ who believed

\* In 1547, the English gained the battle of Pinkie; Leith was afterwards besieged and taken, and peace concluded in 1549.

† The parties of Bothwell, Murray, Darnley, and the queen.

‡ Mary, who had been sent out of the kingdom to France, in the 1549, remained there till the 1561, when she returned to Scotland.

§ Mr Robert Galbraith, a Lord of Session, was murdered in 1543, by John Carkeittel and his accomplices, on account (as Arnot says, in his *Crim. Tryals*, p. 155.) of some favour shewn to Sir William Sinclair of Hermandston; and in 1566, Sir James Balfour, author of the Practicks, was included, by the conspirators who assassinated Rizzio, in the number of persons whom they intended should share the fate of this unfortunate foreigner. *Haile's Catal. and Goodal's Introduc. to Balfour's Practicks.*

themselves to be injured ; and in the remoter parts of the kingdom, every baron became his own lawgiver, "and the best sword made strongest argument." This description cannot be better concluded than in the strong and singular language of Sir Ralph Sadler, when speaking of the state of Scotland in the 1543, twenty years before. "This is the unreasonableness of the people which live here in such a beastly liberty, that they regard neither God nor governor, nor yet justice, nor any good policy doth take place among them."\* When we compare the state of Scotland at this time with the nature and objects of those learned works which were afterwards published by Sir Thomas Craig, we shall easily discover that the first idea of such works must have been suggested to him by the circumstances of the times in which he lived, and the situation in which he found his native country. The licentiousness of the nobles and the people, and the unformed state of the law, most naturally led his mind to dwell on the idea of collecting the laws of the realm into one great treatise, by which he might impart consistency to the decisions, and stability to the jurisprudence of the country. The perpetual wars with England, and the rival ambition of the two countries, and the mutual impoverishment of wealth and of men thence resulting, induced him, as the friend of both, to point out the expediency of a union ; to demonstrate the undoubted right of succession in the person of James I., and the futility of the doctrines, then pretty generally circulated, regarding the feudal homage due to England by the kingdom of Scotland. His four great works, therefore, on the Feudal Law—on the Union of the Kingdoms—on the Succession to the Crown—and on the supposed Vassalage of Scotland, arose out of the circumstances of the times, and were all directed to one great end—the good of his country.

On the return of Craig from Paris, he appears, even at this age, to have brought with him the reputation of a learned lawyer, for after a single year's

\* Fear for his personal safety increased the rancour of Sir Ralph's Philippic, for he adds, "They say I shall never pass out of this town alive except they have their ships restored." This alludes to the detention of the Scottish trading vessels by Henry VIII. in the 1513.

attendance at the bar, he was promoted, in the 1564, to a situation of importance and responsibility,\* the office of Justice-Depute, or the Depute appointed by the Justice-General of the kingdom, to hold courts for the trial of criminal cases. This was the office including those judicial duties which are now performed by the Justice Clerk. He is styled *Justiciarius Deputatus nobilis et potentis Dni Archibaldi Comitis Ergadie Dni Campbell et Lorne Justiciarii Generalis*.

As we have now arrived at that period when Craig was intrusted with a high judicial situation in the councils of his country, I trust it will not be deemed an unimportant digression, if I attempt to present a short sketch of the state of legal administration in this country during these early ages, and the divisions of the higher as well as the more subordinate jurisdictions, a subject equally important, whether we consider our learned countryman as a judge or as an author.

The office of Justiciar, or as it afterwards came to be called Justice-General, was one of the highest authority and of the greatest antiquity in the kingdom. It was of Norman origin, and is found in Scotland as early as the reigns of Alexander I. and David I.† The authority of this office, which embraced the decision both of civil and criminal cases, was not however concentrated in a single person, for these monarchs created two justices, the one for the northern, and the other for the southern part of the kingdom;‡ and under these offices a variety of inferior judges appear to have enjoyed a delegated and subordinate jurisdiction.§

William the Lion introduced a change in the offices of supreme justice, by appointing two Justiciars, as they are then called, the one the Jus-

\* *Arnot's Crim. Trials*.—Curia tent: primo Aprilis 1566 per Magist. Thomam Craig Justiciarum-Deputatum nobilis et potentis Dni Archibaldi Comitis Ergadie Dni Campbell et Lorne Justiciarii Generalis, S. D. N. Regis, et Reginae prescriptis, rectis vocatis et curia affirmata.

Tried, Thomas Scott, William Harlaw, and John Mowbray. Yair and Scott condemned to be hanged.

† Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. 1st, p. 703.

‡ *Ibid ut supra*.

§ *Caledonia*, Notes on p. 703. We see there mentioned, besides the King's Judge, the Judge of Goury, the Judge of Buchan, the Judge of Strathern.

tiar of Lothian, Justiciarius Laudoniæ, whose authority extended over the whole country south of the two Friths; and the other embracing within his jurisdiction the whole of proper Scotland. This same division of jurisdiction continued till the end of the thirteenth century,\* and in the disastrous subjugation of Scotland by Edward I., this able monarch introduced a temporary change, by appointing two justices in Lothian,† by dividing the country lying between the Forth and the eastern end of the Grampian range, which, in his ordinance, he calls the mount between two justiciaries, while he appointed other two judges, under the same name, and enjoying the same authority, to preside over the regions lying northward of the Grampian mountains.‡ Scotland, however, soon recovered her independence, and the ancient institution of a single Justiciary of Lothian was restored, along with her other native dignities, by her king and preserver, Robert Bruce.§ The latter institution of Edward, regarding the four justiciaries of Scotland, who presided over the regions to the north of the Forth,|| as it appeared to be sanctioned by ancient usage, was continued by him who was the restorer of ancient right.

It would thus appear, that during the reign of Robert the Bruce, the civil and criminal jurisdiction of our country was divided between five different justiciars; and it is very probable that these justiciars, at this early period, acted by deputies, who officiated in their absence, or presided in minor cases. This, however, cannot be affirmed on any thing like certain historical evidence. Although the whole civil and criminal business of the kingdom was intrusted to the management of these justiciars, the sovereign reserved to himself the power of deciding causes in person; and in the annals of early Scottish history we find this

\* Galfrid de Moubray was Justiciar of Scotland in 1294. Chart of Glasgow, p. 25. cited in Caledonia.

† These were John del Isle, an Englishman, and Adam Gordon, a Scotchman.

Ryley's Placita, p. 504. See also Haile's Annals, vol. 1st, p. 284.

‡ The two first Justiciars were William de Keth and William Inge—the two last, Reynald de Chene and Roger de Vaux.

§ A. D. 1306.

|| Chalmers' Caled. vol. 1st, p. 707.

power not unfrequently exercised.\* In the courts of justice ayre, as they are denominated, held by these supreme judges, as well as in the proceedings of other inferior officers of justice, as sheriffs, and bailies of burghs and baronies, causes of importance appear to have been determined by the opinion of an assize or an inquest; a mode of legal decision which we can discern as early as the reign of William the Lion.† The number of jurymen summoned on the inquest was thirteen;‡ and although it cannot be affirmed with historical certainty, it is probable that, even at this early period, the opinion of the majority decided the cause, and that unanimity was not required.§

The different judges to whom the administration of justice was in these early periods intrusted, appear to have been, first, the high justiciars of the

\* Haile's Annals, vol. i. p. 183, where we find that annual courts were held by Alexander III. 1295.

† In 1124 we find an inquest appointed, consisting of twelve *fideles homines* and the constable Richard de Moreville, to decide a dispute regarding the pasturage of the King's forest, between the monks of Melrose and the men of Wedale, in the presence of King William. Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. i. p. 752.

‡ In 1309 there was an inquest held before Robert de Keth, one of the justiciars appointed by Edward to settle a dispute between the abbot of Lindores and the burghesses of Newburgh. One of the jurymen is challenged and removed, because he was a servant of the abbot. *Ibid. ut supra.*

§ The sheriff of Banffshire summoned an inquest at Aberdeen in 1457, and in 1480 the same mode of decision is adopted by Sir Patrick Hepburn, sheriff of Berwickshire. Chalmers, p. 753. (a)

‡ In a collection entitled "Auld Lawes be the Kingis of Scotland," printed at the end of Balfour's Practicks, evidently of a much later origin than is there pretended (for they are ascribed to Kenneth, who could not have possibly been their author), we find, "All persones suspectit of ony crime sall suffer the inquest of sevin, nine, eleven, threttene, or fyftene wise men, and swa furth, in odd number."

§ It is at least certain, that unanimity in the assize was not required at a much later period, in the 1554. See Balfour's Practicks, p. 288, c. xi. *Deliverance of ane Assize.*

(a) The frequent quotations from Chalmers' Caledonia will shew how much I am indebted to the researches of this indefatigable and excellent writer.

kingdom, along with their different deputies, and the sheriffs, an institution as old as David I. although not brought to perfection till a much later era. All the nobles enjoyed, under that savage state of feudal liberty which then reigned in Scotland, the power of holding their own court, and deciding causes relating to their own vassals.\* In the towns and burghs, the provosts and the bailies of regality formed a court for the determination of those disputes, or the punishment of those crimes, which had arisen, amongst their own citizens. An appeal lay from all these different tribunals to the parliament.† This was, of course, the court of last resort; but previous to the cause being appealed to the decision of parliament, the valuable privilege of appeal was divided amongst inferior tribunals. In the baron court, if any party conceived the decision was unjust, appeal lay to the court of the burgh. The only condition seems to have been, that appeal must be made at the moment, and, in the strong and singular language of the times, “or he stirs his taes quhere his heill stude;‡ that is, before he turn round to go out of court. From the burgh court the appeal lay next to the court of the sheriff; from the sheriff’s court to the justice court, or court of the justiciar; “and sua frae court to court, he degries ascendand to the heid court of all, that is the parliament.” In the time of Robert III.§ we find that justice ayres are appointed to be held upon the south side and north side of the water of Forth, and that in each sheriffdom of their jurisdiction, twice in the year.

\* See Reg. Majest. Maner of Barons Courts, c. 47.

† The office of chancellor was as ancient as the reign of Alexander I. in the 1120. In the later periods, and in the reign of Mary, its power and limits are most distinctly marked; \* but these are very indefinite under the earlier reigns of Robert Bruce and his predecessors on the Scottish throne. There can be little doubt, however, that the chancellor was, in these periods, the person of the highest judicial power and dignity in the nation.

‡ Reg. Majest. pp. 104, 105; Maner of Baron Courts.

§ Stat. Robert III. c. 30.

By a statute of James II. it is moreover provided, that not only the king’s justice, but the lords of the regalities, and also the king’s bailies in his regals, should hold their justice ayres twice every year, “universallie in all parts of this realm, anes on the grasse, and anes on the cornes.”\* It seems probable, from another clause in this same act, that in causes of great solemnity and moment, the sovereign presided in this court in person; and we find it provided, in cases not requiring the attendance of the monarch, and “quhair it does not seem speedeful that he move his maist noble person,” that by the advice of his council such persons shall be sent or deputed, as “speedful for the time and the countries they pass to.” Such is the first statutory record regarding the appointment of deputies to the justiciar.†

Previous to the institution of the present Court of Session, and after the formation of the civil court bearing the same name in the reign of James I., and Court of Daily Council by James IV., the office of general justiciar embraced, as in much earlier periods, a most extensive jurisdiction in civil, as well as in criminal cases; for neither the Session of the first James, nor the Court of Daily Council, possessed the power of decision in any matter of heritable right.‡ At the institution of the Court of Session, it is well known that all civil matters were included within its jurisdiction. This provision relieved the justiciar from the severest half of the duties of his office; and the administration of criminal justice throughout the realm became the sole judicial occupation of him and of his deputies.

Another change remains still to be noticed in the history of this important office. The office of general justiciar was not hereditary in those remote periods from which we have traced its origin, but, like many other of the high feudal dignities, it at length, in the progress of years, became hereditary in one of the most powerful families in the kingdom; and, as far back as the records of this court can be traced, we find it an acknowledged privilege of the house of

\* See the curious work of Sir James Balfour, “Ordour of the Chancellarie,” p. 644.

\* Jac. IV. Parl. 3, c. 29.

† 18th May, 1491.

‡ Hume’s Commentaries, vol. i. p. 6.

Argyle, to supply the justiciars general for the kingdom.

What was the precise number of deputies permitted to be named by the justiciar, at the period when we find this office intrusted to Craig;\* whether this was limited at all, or left to the judgment and discretion of the principal, cannot be easily ascertained. As far back as the records of justiciary reach, it is certain that the courts were held by the deputies of the Earl of Argyle; and about twenty years after the appointment of Craig, we find a statutory provision,† by which the justice general is commanded to create eight deputies, for the holding of justice ayres throughout the kingdom. During the age of Craig, these deputies, in many cases, in virtue of their commission, held the court themselves, and decided in criminal prosecutions upon their own individual authority; but on other occasions of higher difficulty, or greater solemnity, they appear to have sat along with the justiciar. The justice clerk was at this period possessed only of that limited authority which the name of his office denoted; and it is well known, that it was not till the reign of Charles II.‡ that this officer of the justiciar's court became at last, by a species of gradual legal usurpation, admitted as one of the judges of the justice court.§

We have seen then, in the rapid sketch which has been above given, the form of the administration of civil and criminal justice in this country, at the period of which we now speak, and the different courts and the various judges to whom this administration was intrusted. It is evident, from the high authority intrusted to the justice deputies, that no stronger proof can be given of the great estimation in which the talents of Sir Thomas Craig were held, than his nomination to this office so immediately after his having

\* A. D. 1564.

† Stat. 1587. c. 82.

‡ By act of Privy Council, 24th November 1663.

§ By stat. 1672, c. 16. "The office of Justice Depute is suppress'd; and it is order'd that the criminal court shall consist of five of the Lords of Session, added to the Justice General and Justice Clerk, of whom the Justice General, and in his absence the Justice Clerk, to be president; and in default of these, any one of their number, chosen by themselves."

been admitted advocate, and at so very early an age; for he had at this time only reached his twenty-sixth year.

*End of Section I.*

THE DEJEUNE. A PINDARIC ODE.

MR EDITOR,

LYRICAL Poetry is too little cultivated at present in this country. I send you an Ode written by a friend of mine, now deceased, which I think will bear a comparison with Coleridge's Ode to the Departing Year. The author had expected a young lady, Miss Eliza M. to breakfast, who sent him a written apology, lamenting with tears the impossibility of her partaking of the repast. Such is the subject of the poem. Yours, C. D.

AND was the sorrow so profound,  
So deep the anguish of despair

Which seized Eliza's bosom fair,  
That like a sudden frost it bound  
Her utterance, and forbade to flow  
The murmuring eloquence of woe?  
And for a Breakfast?—No! I must not think

A Breakfast o'er that heart could so prevail,  
Nor, that the lost delight to eat and drink  
Could with such pangs that spirit pure assail  
Though tranced Fancy shew'd the bliss debar'd her,  
In visionary feast displaying all my Larder.

Yet well I know—for I beheld,  
(Though grief, my stomach's pride defeating,  
Forbade me then to think of eating)—  
I know—for I, with sorrow quell'd,  
Sat gazing sad, for many an hour,  
The Breakfast I might not devour;—  
I know, how, touch'd with hopes unknown before,  
His cold heart kindling high with amorous wishes,

That Larder sent forth all his bosom'd store,  
His out-spread pride, and pomp of glorious dishes.  
Still, still I see it; nothing else I can see,  
While that unparallel'd Breakfast floats before my fancy.

I see him—yes, I recognise him;  
High 'mid the scene, in kingly state,  
Towering from gigantic plate,  
Mouth-watering Fancy longing eyes him;  
Kingly, yet rob'd but in his own  
Dark richness of deep-glowing brown,  
The great Sirloin of Beef!—August He stands,  
In his pure native splendour full array'd;

No knife hath touch'd him ; never mortal hands

Have dar'd his majesty of form invade.  
For THEE he lives : His death-pang it will sweeten,

First for THEE to be carv'd—first by THEE to be eaten.

And there are the Sausages ! There are the Eggs !

And there the Chickens with close-fitted legs !  
And there is a bottle of Brandy !

And there is some of the best Sugar-candy,  
Which is better than Sugar for Coffee !  
There are slices from good Ham cut off ! He  
Who cut them was but an indifferent carver !  
He wanted the delicate hand of a Barber.

And there is a dish  
Butter'd over ! and Fish,  
Trout and Char  
Sleeping are

That smooth ice-like surface under :

Safe they sleep from wind and weather,  
Into pieces chopp'd asunder,

To be closer pack'd together !  
There a Pie made of Teal ! One of Widgeons !  
And there's one of Veal mix'd with Pigeons !  
There is one full of Partridges !

There's an excellent cold Leg of Mutton !  
In Apples and Quinces that Tart rich is !

Those Ducks were but yesterday put on  
The Spit : What a savour breathes from  
them, though cold !

The fire that produc'd it in ashes is sleeping,

Yet the savour survives : It will never grow  
old,

Till the Ducks their own selves are the  
worse for long keeping.

That Pot's Currant Jelly ! and that  
Is Raspberry Jam ! and that Honey !

And that Box you see there, so round and  
so flat,

Is one that I got for love, not for money,  
From the captain of a West India ship,  
Who brings me back something from every  
trip,

You'll find it pack'd as full of Sweet-  
Meats as an Egg is full of meat ;

An excellent treat !—  
There's a Cake ! 'Tis frosted over  
With snows of sugar, bright and fair !  
There's a black one ! Yet doth that black-  
ness cover

Things within, as rich as rare :  
Plums are in it, many a one,

That the Schoolboy's darling are ;  
Peel of Lemon ! Cinnamon !

Oh ! a thousand things unknown,  
Mingling flavours, each outdone

By the other, yet so run  
Each into each, they seem but one !

They the Schoolboy's love would share,  
But that they so blended are.

Cake so dark ! Thou'rt dear to me ;  
Thou a Bridal Cake might'st be ;

Happy Bride, to feast on thee !  
Yea, happy feasted Bride !—But happier He,

Far happier wight than any feast can make,

Tho' all these dainty dishes there should be,  
And daintier thou than all, delicious  
Cake !—

Far happier He, whose fond endeavours  
To win Eliza's love success shall crown :

When Postboys bear the Bride's gay favours,  
Fast thundering

Thro' the wondering  
Crowds that come out from all corners of

the town ;  
The ribbands their capp'd heads adorning,

Ribbands far brighter than the Morning  
E'er from her wardrobe brought, to deck

The head, and dangle down the neck  
Of Phæbus, that celestial charioteer !

When thro' the spring-tide of the year,  
He with his radiant thong

Urges his steeds along,  
Till in the western wave they steep their

prone career.

But whither has my Muse been carried ?  
Sweet maid ! I did suppose thee married,

And was beginning thy Epithalamium :  
Woe to thy rivals ! in ode thus shame I 'em.

Let Gretna Green look dull,  
For Bride so beautiful

Ne'er whirl'd to her along the great North  
Road.

Had'st thou a Ward of Chancery been,  
And thou had'st gone off to Gretna Green,

That court had all gone mad, I ween,  
The Chancellor and the Masters all ;

And round about their own Court Hall  
The tresses of their powder'd wigs had strow'd.

But what is this, that foaming white,  
In the clear tumbler mantles bright,

And overflows !—I know it well ;  
Thy vats its fountains were, James Fell !

And what this flood of deeper brown,  
Which a white foam does also crown,

Less white than snow, more white than  
mortar ?

Oh, my soul ! can this be Porter ?  
See ! see Beef Steaks, and see a Goose,

Steaming hot, and bath'd in juice !  
There a Roast Pig uprises sudden !

And that's the vision of a Pudding !  
Mighty Breakfast, what dishes thine are !

Almost might'st thou seem a Dinner,  
But that I see the Chocolate there,

And the thick-dropping Cream, and the  
Sugar fair ;

And, in oilier richness than tongue can utter,  
Plates of Crumpet, and plates of Muffin,

And the hottest of Rolls, with grease  
enough in ;

Excellent all ! and glorious stuffing !  
And that eternal Pair, dry Toast, and Bread

and Butter.

Oh ! strange are the sights that are swim-  
ming before me ;—

Won't that fierce boiling Water flow o'er me ?  
In its glittering Urn how it raves,

Beating its prison with struggling waves !  
I scarcely can think that cold will benumb it

e'er,  
Two hundred and twelve of Fahrenheit's  
Thermometer.

In madness it dances and sings,  
 And bubbling and tossing it flings  
 A cloud from its bosom: that cloud on the  
 air  
 Now mounting aloft, and now wandering  
 afar,  
 Floats delighted; and see! it dissolves.  
 Thus often my love-fever'd spirit evolves  
 A fair vapoury vision—the vision of Song!  
 It mounts in its beauty, it saileth along  
 Thro' the regions of ether, and lovely it seems  
 To the uplifted eye, as a pageant of dreams.  
 The eye fondly pursues it, rejoic'd, yet perplexed  
 To make out where the devil 'twill be driving  
 to next.

Where? Ah, nowhere!—'Tis melted away!  
 For Grief, like an atmosphere, everywhere  
 spreading  
 Around me and over me, rests evermore;  
 And in that dull atmosphere suddenly fading,  
 The fair vision of Song gives its wanderings  
 o'er.

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LETTER FROM AN OLD INDIAN  
 OFFICER.

MR EDITOR,

AFTER an absence of five-and-thirty years I returned to my native country in 1815, and have since that time resided for the most part in this city. I am an idle man and a bachelor, and derive great amusement from the Magazines and Reviews; I hope I shall not be accused of presumption, if I offer now and then to be one of your contributors, as well as one of your readers.

I should be very sorry, however, to write merely because I have nothing else to do; and I hope you will do me the justice to believe me, when I say that this letter is dedicated chiefly by a sincere wish to do good to a certain class of readers, among whom, if I be not mistaken, your Miscellany has a pretty considerable circulation. Do not let the ladies (for it is to them that I address myself) imagine that I am the same quizzical sarcastic *old bachelor* who rallied them in your last Number about teeth and stays—I am a plain, well-meaning, common-place man, and my utmost ambition is to give good advice in a matter with which you will readily acknowledge I have had tolerable opportunities of making myself acquainted.

My fair readers then must know, that it is with considerable pain I have remarked a variety of changes which have taken place since my departure

in 1780—I do not mean changes in dress, houses, and equipages,—for these, I frankly acknowledge, have all been altered greatly for the better;—neither do I mean to insinuate, that the belles of the present day are less beautiful than those whom I remember, although such an opinion is, I confess, not unfrequently broached at the Edinburgh India club, of which I have the honour to be a member. I allude to changes in the arrangements of social intercourse, of which none, I think, have so much reason to complain as the young ladies, although, perhaps, the evil occasioned to the youth of my own sex be much more considerable than they are pleased to imagine. You must know, in a word, that the prevailing system of *balls*, and *routs*, and *evening parties*, is my abhorrence; and the matrons who think, as I have heard, that in establishing the fashion of these entertainments, they have achieved a great triumph in favour of their own sex, and more especially of their own daughters, may rest assured, that it would have been far wiser in them to have allowed the old usages, which they have dislodged, to remain *in statu quo*. The matron mind is not yet ripe for conviction on this head, but I doubt not, the experience of other ten years will abundantly do the business.

In the old state of things, when men lived more among themselves than they now do, a ball was a matter of no trifling moment. The young gentleman dressed himself for an assembly as he would have done for court, and gazed upon the elegant creatures who glided before him with high heels, powdered locks, and evanescent waists, with somewhat the same feelings of distant reverence and admiration with which a benighted poet might be supposed to contemplate the revealed gambols of a groupe of fairies or mermaids.—But, now-a-days there is a ball every night, and such illusions, if they do occur, are extremely short-lived. By dint of going through a few hot campaigns, the most awkward recruit becomes a fearless veteran; and the beau who dances every night for three or four seasons together, learns to face the most deadly artillery of smiles and dimples, without betraying any symptom of emotion. Every experienced general wishes the lines of his opponent to be filled with raw soldiers; and



the shrewdest matron is she, that fills her drawing-room with the greatest number of unpractised Philanders.

But this is not all. In the days when there were fewer balls, there were more tea parties, and there is always more occasion for flirtation at one tea-table than at twenty great assemblies, exactly as there is more room for the display of individual heroism in a skirmish than in a general engagement. We are more interested in the minute details of one solitary adventurer, than in the history of a great nation. It is the ruin of a chace when two foxes are unkenelled; and emperors and kings become ordinary people at a congress.—When Raphael was consulted about the disposal of one of his great pictures, his answer was, “*place it by itself*;” and whenever any mother shall ask my opinion how she may set off her daughter to best advantage, I shall reply in the same strain, “shew her at a tea-table, not at a ball.” If the picture be a middling one, it had better be hung up where there are no master-pieces; if it were the Transfiguration itself, it could gain nothing by being stuck into a crowded gallery. Do not allow the vain hope of favourable contrast to work upon you. Take my advice. Serious business is better managed in a committee than in a full house.

You may perhaps be inclined to hesitate so long as I deal in causes, but I trust we shall agree better about the effects of all these changes. The truth is, and matron or maid may doubt it if she will, that a marriage is becoming every day a greater rarity among us. At first sight, it may appear, that I am ill entitled to handle this topic, and I may incur some danger of having the old adage, about the Devil reproving sin, thrown in my teeth. But my fair readers must remember, that old Indians have better excuses than most other old bachelors. In their youth they have scarcely any opportunity of falling in love, and in their old age they have other things to think of. In my time there were fewer old bachelors, and infinitely fewer old maids, than now. No man—I except always the army—ever thought himself fairly set down in life till he was married, and the moment a laird returned from his travels, or a lawyer had got himself dubbed advocate or W.S. his first concern was to discover

a suitable young woman, whom he forthwith courted with great diligence, and whose scruples he commonly found means to overcome by the end of a twelvemonth. If the nymph had a *tocher*, she was, to be sure, nothing the worse for it; but in most cases, a good education, respectable connexions, and an agreeable person, set any young creature above the risk of dying an old maid, unless that happened to be her own choice. The *single lady*, of a certain age, was mostly such a one as had to thank either her own temper or some peculiar ill usage of nature or fortune for her mishap. I have seen enough of society since I came home, to convince me that they manage these things otherwise now.

My attention has been called to these matters more than it otherwise might have been, by the domestic circumstances of some relations among whom I spend a good deal of my time. I have a sister in this town, a widow lady with a small income, and six daughters, all unmarried; the eldest about thirty, and the youngest twenty-two. You will easily believe, that at their fireside circle, balls, routs, beaux, and tea parties, form no unusual articles of conversation. My sister is still an advocate for the new system, and, in her conversations with me, is backed by all the young ladies of the family. But I do not despair of converting them all by degrees, and indeed I think I can already perceive certain slight symptoms of growing conviction in the two eldest of my nieces. I fear their wisdom, even should all my expectations be fulfilled, will now avail them little *practically*; they will at least have the consolation of being *theoretically* in the right, and of shifting the reproach of their barrenness from themselves to their system.

One point is easily conceded to me by my two demi-converts, viz. that the only girl who has a tolerable chance of being married, is she who has a tolerable fortune. The most angelic beauty, they allow, may, as the world now goes, glitter in vain from seventeen till seven-and-twenty, without receiving a single offer. A young gentleman of the modern cut would as soon think of proposing to the moon. The belle may be as enchanting, and the moon as bright as you please, but both must dwindle away

to nothing, and be succeeded by new belles and new moons, doomed to go through the same career of dazzling, and dwindling, and being forgotten in their turn. But no sooner does an heiress come out than she is provided with a long train of indefatigable dangles. She makes her election. The next rich miss is accommodated with the same suite of wooers, and you may always know an heiress by her dangles, exactly as you do a commanding officer by his aide-du-camps and his orderlies. When two heiresses are at once upon the town, they become partners for the time, and have all their stock of lovers in common, as the Roman consuls had their fasces, or as the colleague-ministers of Edinburgh have their congregations. I observed before, that two Reynards spoil the sport; but this does not hold in regard to the chase of heiresses. The scent of the pack is too good to be destroyed by any multiplicity of savour. Besides, the pursued animals, which are at the best bag-foxes, commonly take the same course, and the whole of the hounds follow like wild-geese at their heels. They that have best speed keep their noses nearest to the brushes, only now and then they will go off the track a little, and then give tongue with a vengeance, by way of misleading those that come after. What a snarling, and growling, and yelping, among the puppies that are thrown out! what a snuffing, and worrying, and wagging of the tail, among the fortunate dogs that get in to the death!—But to drop my simile, the two likeliest admirers marry the girls, and it is a mere toss-up of a halfpenny which marries which. The only thing the lover cares for is the fortune of his mistress, and all his sagacity is employed in discovering the exact amount of cash payable on the wedding-day. This, to be sure, is a very necessary part of his manoeuvre, for there are, it seems, at least twenty *take-ins* (as they are called) for one true heiress. In exact proportion to his anxiety after proper information for his own use, is the anxiety of every dangler to impose false information upon his fellow. A thousand false reports are in circulation, and he is a clever brother of the trade who can smell out the true state of affairs in spite of all the contradictory, exaggerating, and underrating

rumours, raised by mothers, and aunts, and rival beaux, and rival belles, and their mothers, and their aunts.

All this my nieces admit, but as yet they do not seem quite to approve of the inference I draw from it. If I be correct in my opinion, the blame lies entirely with the matrons who have invented the rout system. They have made beauty common-place, and they wonder that it is undervalued. They might as well pave the streets with Spanish ingots, and then complain that the price of bullion had fallen. They have removed the old phantasies of extravagant admiration and single hearted idolatry, under which courtships were commenced and marriages coveted. It is their fault that wedlock is now become a mere commercial speculation, and that men have learned to dabble in courtship exactly as they would in the funds. They have blunted our passions, and they now blame us for having the command of our reason. Restore to us our tea parties, and our evening walks, and our little suppers, and let balls be only once a month, as they used to be, and routs *never*, and your daughters, you may depend upon it, will not lie so heavy on your hands. You have become traders, why is it that you cannot take a hint from the state of currency and the market?

Perhaps my matron readers may expect that I am about to end all this abuse of home with an advice to send their daughters out to India. Be assured, that if I had thought that an advisable plan, I might long ago have had all my six nieces sent out to me nothing loath, one by one like turkeys, or two by two like pheasants, or three by three like snipes, exactly as I might have thought fit to give the hint.—I remember, indeed, when a voyage to India was, for any female adventurer, a very pretty speculation. A third cousin of my own, from Inverness—a tall strapping Highland wench, with red hair and splay feet,—arrived upon me in the year 1795, when I was in quarters at Cawnpore, bringing with her, as her sole testimonial, a letter of introduction from her mother, whom I had never seen, stating that she, the young *emigrante*, had a delicate constitution, and stood in need of a change of climate. I immediately carried my fair cousin to the commanding colonel's lady, who

agreed to get her off by way of obliging me. The aide-du-camp accordingly gave notice that *an arrival* had taken place, and that *the hall* would be immediately thrown open for three days. There, accordingly, in the largest apartment of the government-house, did the colonel's lady and her protégée sit in full dress during the space of three days, and thither did all the officers at the station resort to take a view of the importation. Those of them who were gratified with the inspection, sent their proposals in writing to the young lady; and, at the close of the third day, my cousin, out of no less than ten admirers, made choice of a sturdy captain, whose person pleased her eye. This was really doing things in a business-like fashion; and such, I remember, was the constant ceremonial of an Indian courtship. But, I fear, the young ladies who make voyages now-a-days will find that things are changed in the eastern market, at least as much as in the western. The formal exhibition of three days has long since been laid aside, and it would seem as if no adequate substitute had as yet been discovered in its room. The shoals of voluntary exiles that flowed in upon us for some years, over-ran the demand beyond all computation. Among these were many respectable women, of whom the worst things one could say were, that they had no money and little delicacy; but by far the greater part consisted of silly, giddy, glib-tongued minxes, who had flirted away their character at home,—and there were not wanting some whose reputation was indeed as equivocal as could well be wished. Even they who left England with a good name, had every chance to arrive at Calcutta with a bad one. In an outward-bound Indiaman, unless the captain be a perfect Puritan, the intercourse between the passengers, male and female, is of the most easy description imaginable; and in five instances out of ten, a marriage at the Cape, *en passant*, with a Dutch boor, or, at the end of the voyage, with some mate or half-cast, or the like, is convenient, if not necessary. To a young lady who accompanies her parents to India, no man can have any objection; but, in my opinion, that protection alone, and no other, is sufficient. But what is by far the most

decisive objection, the Indian gentlemen are now become extremely nice in regard to the age of the *emigrantes*; and my readers may depend upon it, that any thing above twenty will positively not go down. I suspect that few under that age are sufficiently humble to think the voyage necessary for themselves.

The ship in which I returned to Europe, two years ago, brought home a very smart young spinster of thirty-five, who had gone out to India, seven years before, as the friend of the wife of a lieutenant in one of the marching regiments. This lady, in the sure hope of a speedy settlement, had carried out with her, in addition to her piano-forte, a complete basket of baby-linens, three sticks of coral, and a silver caudle-cup. All, however, was in vain; and she at last had made up her mind to come home and die in a garret. But it was her singular good fortune to sail in the same vessel with a jolly retired chaplain, who, it seems, was smitten during the voyage, and I myself had the honour of giving her away at Southampton on our arrival. To the tattle of the company I never gave any ear. I would not, however, advise any of your readers to make her conduct their pattern, and remain, Mr Editor, your obedient servant,

AN OLD INDIAN.

Edinburgh, Dec. 18, 1817.

SONNET TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

SWEETEST of Minstrels, strike the harp again!

The Northern harp! Hie to St Fillan's spring,

And o'er its chords thy magic fingers fling,  
Waking, as erst, its more than mortal strain.  
Oh strike the harp, till the resounding plain,  
The woods, the vallies, and the mountains  
ring

With the beloved notes; for they do bring  
Ease to my world-tired spirit; they restrain  
The guilty murmurings of my care-vexed  
heart;

They raise its sinking hopes—they hush its fears—

Its ever-changing doubts they bid depart—  
And, while they steep mine eyes in thought-  
ful tears,

Revive the music of wind, grove, and stream,  
That, blended, linger on my memory like  
a dream.

P. G. P.

Hornsey, Sept. 1813.

## VERSES WRITTEN

ON

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER 1817.

Oh weep, unhappy Realm!—weep on!  
Weep till thy heart drop tears of blood!  
The Light, the Stay, the Ark is gone,  
That might have saved thee in the Flood.

The Waters are around thee. Weep—  
But struggle not—thy doom is cast:  
Heaven saw thee lie in guilty sleep,  
And struck thee to the soul.—'Tis past!

## A HEBREW MELODY.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

1.

Saw ye the rose of the East,  
In the valley of Sharon that grows?  
Ye daughters of Judah, how blest  
To breathe in the sweets of my rose!  
Come, tell me if yet she's at rest  
In her couch with the lilies inwove;  
Or if wantons the breeze with her breast,  
For my heart it is sick for my love,

2.

I charge you, ye virgins unvell'd,  
That stray 'mong the sycamore trees,  
By the roes and the hinds of the field,  
That ye wake not my love till she please.  
“The garden with flowers is in blow,  
And roses unnumber'd are there;  
Then tell how thy love we shall know,  
For the daughters of Zion are fair?”

3.

A bed of frankincense her cheek,  
And wreath of sweet myrrh is her hand;  
Her eye the bright gem that they seek  
By the rivers and streams of the land;  
Her smile from the morning she wins;  
Her teeth are the lambs on the hill;  
Her breasts two young roes that are twins,  
And feed on the vallies at will.

4.

As the cedar 'mong trees of the wood,  
As the lily 'mid shrubs of the heath,  
As the tower of Damascus that stood  
Overlooking the hamlets beneath;  
As the moon that in glory we see  
'Mid the stars and the planets above,—  
Even so among women is she,  
And my bosom is ravished with love!

5.

Return with the evening star,  
And our couch on Amana shall be;  
From Shinar and Hermon afar  
Thou the mountains of leopards shall see.  
O, Shulamite, turn to thy rest,  
Where the olive o'ershadows the land;  
As the roe of the desert make haste,  
For the singing of birds is at hand!

1

## ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST THE DEAD.

MR EDITOR,

It cannot have escaped the observation of your readers, that most of those authors of our day, who write on the principles of what is called the Evangelical Party in the Church of England, indulge themselves in a very unjustifiable sort of abuse in speaking of the characters of those who do not belong to their own sect. A man may be as virtuous, and even as orthodox as he will, all this will avail him nothing, unless he be also one of those monopolizing religionists, who consider all their fellow-men as the dust, and themselves as the salt of the earth. It was very well while this species of warfare was confined to the obscure partisans of the Evangelical and Missionary Magazines, the Rowland Hills, and other raving enthusiasts of the mob. But I am sorry to say, the absurdities of these shallow devotees seem now to be adopted by some of whom better things might have been expected; and, in truth, it is no longer possible to treat with silent contempt abuse which is poured out on the good and the great of other times, not by vulgar blockheads alone, who know no better, but by men of such attainments as Wilberforce and Foster. These respectable men may both rest well assured, that the most noisy of their admirers does not hold their general character in higher esteem than myself; but it is not the part of true friendship to witness in silence the errors of those we love.

The malevolence with which Mr Wilberforce has permitted himself to assault the good name of Dr Robertson, the historian, gave me, at the time when his “View” was first published, the sincerest pain. I wonder that no Scotsman has as yet come forward to defend his illustrious countryman from the attacks of so formidable an assailant. Had the venerable Dr Erskine been still alive, he would not have stood by and listened while the fame of one who differed in many things from himself, but whose general worth he most fully appreciated, was blown upon by the breath of such unmerited scandal. But I shall leave this to some of your own countrymen, who, I doubt not, will yet bestir themselves in such a cause. It

is the business of every just man, but the obligation lies in the first instance most unquestionably upon them.

The conduct of Mr Foster appears to me still more reprehensible. The only comfort is, that it is still more foolish. This able writer has devoted one of his essays to shew that *evangelical religion* has at all times been despised by men of taste and genius. A most essential benefit he certainly would have conferred on us, had he been so fortunate as to make out his point. Two of our own great authors, whose religion he seems to hold in the highest contempt, are——whom think ye?——Hume and Gibbon?——Pope and Bolingbroke?——Priestley and Lindsay?—No, no, JOSEPH ADDISON and SAMUEL JOHNSON! a precious discovery truly! When the name of Mr John Foster shall be entirely forgotten, when the *Christian Observer*, and the *Eclectic Review*, and the two volumes of clever essays, shall have perished, and left not even one relic in the pastry cook's or the snuff-shop; when the Bible Society shall have ceased to send forth books, and the Missionary Society to send forth baptists, justice will be done by future generations to the faith and the practice of those illustrious Christians whom this ingenious Methodist has the audacity to despise. It is pity when the soldier does not know his comrade from his enemy; but it is most lamentable when he points his weapon against his own officers in the dark. Joseph Addison and Samuel Johnson were both men who occupied, while alive, a higher place in the eye of the world than either Mr Wilberforce or Mr Foster need ever expect to hold. Each throughout the course of a long life, maintained with all his strength the cause of pure morality and orthodox religion, in the face of infidelity, supported by far abler champions than any which the present age can boast; and each has bequeathed to posterity writings, in which there occurs no line that a good man would wish to blot;—their example has always been held up to youth as the best model of imitation, and the gravest of British divines have ever recommended their works as the fountains of consistent virtue and rational piety. And yet these men are HEATHENS in the opinion of Mr John Foster! If this

man's mind be of such a melancholy formation, that he is incapable of any reverence for genius, at least he might preserve some appearance of respect for the character of the dead. We can with difficulty excuse a pert declaimer for reviling his illustrious contemporaries, but we loath and abhor the insolence of that frothy upstart who would make his game of them who have gone to render their account. An ancient critic has observed, that “when we speak we should attend to three things, first, What we speak about; secondly, To whom we speak; and thirdly, Who we are that speak.” Mr Foster should consider before he writes again concerning Addison and Johnson, who they are, what the public is, and who Mr John Foster is, not in his own eyes, but in the estimation of the world. “The *Eclectic Review*,” and “The *Essays*,” do not stand in most libraries upon the same shelf with “The *Spectator*,” and “the *Evidences of the Christian Religion*,” and “*Rasselas*;” nor has the piety of Mr Foster, however sincere, as yet embodied itself in any productions which can be compared with the awful sublimity of the “*Prayers*” of Johnson.

But surely, if Mr Foster was resolved to abuse the memory of these eminent Christians, it at least behoved him to bring forward some plausible arguments and facts in defence of the novelties of his opinions. What then will be thought of his judgment, to say nothing of his justice, when we are told that the main argument which he alleges is this, that we have no evidence of these men having delighted in *religious conversation*? No, truly; conversation must be adapted to those with whom we converse. Addison did not go into the company of Pope, nor Johnson into that of Garrick, with a new number of the “*periodical accounts*,” or a subscription-paper for “*peenny-a-week societies*,” in his pocket. These great men spent their days in writing books, which will never die, in the cause of religion and virtue, and they thought themselves well entitled to unbend in the evenings over topics less important. Their faith was too serious a thing to be discussed over the claret at White's, or the “*poonch*” of the Mitre. They did not spiritualize every thing after the fashion of some modern apostles.

They could smoke a pipe without "seeing an emblem of devout aspirations in the ascending fumes." They could empty a glass without remarking that it is "an excellent type of fragile humanity." They could enjoy the good things of this life without losing sight of the life that is to come. They were Christians, but they did not cant.

When Wilberforce and Foster allow themselves to deny the Christianity of Addison, Johnson, and Robertson, it is not to be wondered at, that others of the party should hold themselves entitled to use any language they please in discussing the characters of acknowledged unbelievers. But surely some little appearance of delicacy should be kept up in relation to those whose unbelief was not their fault, but their misfortune. Dr Olinthus Gregory of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, is a very well-meaning man, who has compiled, from the great works in defence of our religion, the materials of two volumes of "Letters to a Friend on the Evidences, Doctrines, and Duties, of Christianity,"—a popular, and, I dare say, upon the whole, a very innocent book. It is no reproach of this work to say, that it is evidently *ad captum vulgi*. The author meant to do good, and he, of course, chose to address himself to those who were most likely to listen to him. But Dr Olinthus Gregory might certainly have done all that it was necessary for him to do, without stepping out of his way to prove that "Socrates was addicted to fornication,"—I should rather say, to attempt to prove it, for most assuredly he has failed miserably in his endeavour; and the pure character of that most modest of Greek sages remains exactly what it was before it excited the splenetic abuse of this devout layman, and his friend the Eclectic Reviewer, whom he quotes. That Socrates admired the beautiful form of Theodota, and that Theodota exposed her person as a model to a painter, are two facts which could have excited no displeasure, except in the breast of a morose and sulky Methodist, who has no eyes for the loveliness of nature, and no perception or feeling for the wonders of art. The conversation which Socrates held with this beautiful female was, as all who can read it must perceive, a mere effusion of good-humoured pleasantry; and the ignor-

ance of that obtuse Tartuffe, who sees, in the sportive advices of the sage, a serious defence of debauchery, is so contemptible, that it is no wonder it has as yet escaped all observation. But before Dr Gregory presumes to meddle with Socrates again, he is to learn, that the first fathers of our Christian faith did not scruple to say that "he was a Christian before the time,"\* and that "God seems to have raised up Socrates as a harbinger of Jesus among the Gentiles."†—Mr Editor, your obedient servant,

EUTHUS.

Cambridge, Dec. 29, 1817.

#### REMARKS ON MANDEVILLE.

MR EDITOR,

THE Review, in your Magazine for last month, of Mr Godwin's recently published novel of Mandeville, is written with ability, and its general principles seem extremely just; if it shall be thought (as I confess I think it) much too encomiastic, one may pardon that error, from its being on the good-natured side, and allow it that degree of value which attaches to any thing rare or uncommon, which, in modern reviews, may be fairly claimed for the language of encomium.

Amongst the literary improvements of the present time, none is more remarkable than that of the novel. With the exception of a few illustrious authors, such as *Fielding*, *Richardson*, and *Smollett*, who may be looked upon as the classics of novel writing, and ranked with the fathers of fiction in ancient times, with Homer, Euripides, and Aristophanes, it must be confessed that that species of composition had been degraded, by falling into very inferior hands, whom the scanty encouragement of circulating libraries had set to work, like the journeymen of some common trade, to produce stories of the most hackneyed kind, told in language sometimes vulgar, and sometimes affected, which were the delight only of the boarding-school, and were not always as harmless as they were dull.

Latterly this department of lite-

\* St Augustine. "Christianus quodammodo ante tempus fuit Socrates."

† "Ὁ Θεὸς ἤμην τον Σωκράτην ἐπιμιτες ἵνα ἀγγιλιῶ εἰς και προτυπῶ τε Ἰησοῦ παρα τοῖς ἔθνεσι." St Greg. Nazianzen.

ture has assumed a very superior style; and under the guidance both of male and female genius, has risen to a rank in the world of letters, little, if at all inferior to the most dignified productions of scholars and poets. Nor does there seem, in the nature of that sort of composition, any reason why this place should not be assigned it. The novel is the epic of comedy, or perhaps I should rather say, the epic of ordinary life. Its range is among the passions as well as the manners of men; and a skilful delineation of these, in a walk which can be understood as well as judged by every one of a tolerably liberal education, is certainly entitled to no mean place in the ranks of literature.

It was not till a late period that novels left the common track of stories of sentiment, or of manners, to become delineations of *character*. In this northern part of the kingdom, an author who began to write not more than about forty or fifty years ago, gave one of the first examples of a novel purely of character, with no more story than was contained in a sort of journal of the private life of a Man of Feeling, interspersed with little incidents, which served to develop that character.

The present work of Mr Godwin is of this kind, a novel of character; of character of a very peculiar sort, led through a few scenes of interest, chiefly as they relate and serve to unfold the singular disposition of the principal person; whose story, if it can be called by that name, is merely the development of a peculiar construction of mind, deriving from every circumstance in which it is placed the sources of enjoyment or misery, created by that ruling disposition, the first indeed only in transient gleams, the latter in uniform and almost unbroken darkness. The *Man of Feeling* and *Mandeville* are almost the Antipodes of one another; but, I believe, notwithstanding the superior energy of Mr Godwin, and the superior vigour, both of idea and of language, which he possesses, there are few readers who will not rise from the perusal of the other novel with much greater satisfaction. Whatever defect they may have found in the progress of the little volume in question, they will feel a certain tender delight at its close, and sit over the grave of *Harley* with every better feeling strengthened and

confirmed, every wilder passion lulled to repose, amidst an air that breathes the inspiration of benevolence and virtue.

Your correspondent, in your last Number, has given a very distinct abstract of the story or narrative of this novel, so that I need not take up the time of your readers, or the columns of your Magazine, by a repetition of that abstract. The leading principle of the book is to exhibit the overpowering passion of *hatred*, particularly in a highly susceptible mind. In this the resemblance to *Miss Baillie's* Drama, founded on that passion, is so striking, that the author has thought proper to mention it in his preface; but he has carried, we will not say his imitation, but the resemblance of his story, to that of *De Montfort*, much beyond the model (and that model was a pretty strong one) of the tragedy. There is less motive or ground for this direful passion in Mandeville, than for that of the Hero of Miss Baillie's play, inadequate as that motive appears in the tragedy. The *School-Companion*, against whom he conceives this implacable animosity, is so gentle and amiable in his temper and disposition, and exerts that disposition so uniformly in favour of Mandeville, that it is a hardly supposable deviation from the general principles of virtue with which Mr Godwin invests him, to indulge the causeless and inexplicable hatred, the savage desire of revenge (if revenge it can be termed which is not excited by injury), which, from the earliest period of his life, he conceives against *Clifford*. Nor is his conduct, under the influence of this passion, less improbable than his original conception and indulgence of it; and when at last he is brought to the very *acme* of rage and thirst of vengeance against this excellent young man, the means he employs against him, now the husband of his sister, by hiring a party of dragoons, who make no objection to the scheme, to assist him in carrying off the bride, prepared to accomplish it even by the murder of the bridegroom, are altogether so void of probability as well as principle, that we are obliged to impute the attempt to that derangement of intellect to which Mandeville is occasionally subject, but must digest, as well as we can, the absurdity of supposing that his accomplices

(soldiers of all men most unlikely to engage in such an enterprise) would go blindly, and without any reluctance, into his plan.

Nor does there appear more of nature in the delineation of the principal character, than probability in the details of the narrative. That character is drawn with such inconsistent qualities as can hardly be supposed to exist in the same individual—virtue, generosity, and compassion, mixed with exactly the opposite defects; ability chequered with weakness, and acute observation with the greatest want of discernment. I am aware, that a mixture and variableness of character is common in real life; but the changes are produced by adequate motives, and the original colour of the mind is preserved amidst the shades that sometimes obscure it. Mandeville is an anomalous sort of being, and that anomaly is of a kind that hurts our feelings as much as it exceeds our belief.

Mandeville is the creature of metaphysical sentiment; and indeed every page of the book is filled with metaphysics, which are not always just, and often obscure plain truths by the subtlety of the language in which they are meant to be conveyed. The reflections, numerous beyond all legitimate proportion, are often truisms in disguise, but their masquerade dress hides them from the knowledge of the reader. So frequent is this occurrence, that we cannot select any particular passage for quotation, but refer the reader to any page of the book which he may chance to open. This frequency is obtrusive and unpleasant, as interrupting the course of the narrative; and from that circumstance they lose the best part of their effect. The great charm of every work of imagination consists in exciting ideas in the mind of the reader, not in anticipating them in the person of the author. An opposite objection to that of triteness or truth may be made against the following sophism, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, conceiving, as I do, that it is as unfounded in fact as it is pernicious in point of morality.

“Nor could I admit (and here lay the sting of my reflections) that I had done any thing to deserve this loss. I seemed to myself to be able to conceive the pleasures of guilt. If I had been really a traitor, if I had tram-

pled upon those boundaries which morality prescribes to the liberty of man, I should have had a sullen satisfaction in my disgrace. Morality is a sort of limit, which the policy of society sets to the active powers of the individual, for the interest of the general. But man has a natural delight in the exercise of his active powers, and is apt sometimes to feel indignant against that mandate, which says, “Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.” We covet experience; we have a secret desire to learn, not from cold prohibition, but from trial, whether those things which are not without a semblance of good, are really so ill as they are described to us. And prohibition itself gives a zest, an appropriate sweetness, to that which a wiser being than man might have scorned.”

On the other hand, it is but fair to quote the following sentiment on the influence of *religion*, which, we are happy to find, Mr Godwin feels.

“Religion is the most important of all things, the great point of discrimination that divides the man from the brute. It is our special prerogative, that we can converse with that which we cannot see, and believe in that the existence of which is reported to us by none of our senses. Such is the abstract and exalted nature of man. This it is that constitutes us intellectual, and truly entitles us to the denomination of reasonable beings. All that passes before the senses of the body is a scenic exhibition; and he that is busied about these fantastic appearances, ‘walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth himself in vain.’ Invisible things are the only realities; invisible things alone are the things that shall remain.”

I have said, that the novel is the epic of ordinary life; but this work is without one principal quality of the epopeia, as it has but little continuity of story, and, as we shall observe by and by, is altogether devoid of winding up or *denouement*. There can scarcely be any thing more inartificial than the random introduction of one person after another, whose qualities, whether good or evil, mingle themselves with the fate of the hero, influence the state of his mind, and prompt the train of his reflections. The state of his mind, and the variations to which it is necessarily subjected, are described rather than exhibited, given in recital, not left to be understood by the reader from the diagnostics (if so technical a term may be allowed) of his conduct, deportment, and conversation. They are expressed in words—words not bursting from the person himself from the impulse of the moment, but in the colder form of general reflections, the



fruit of subsequent consideration. This appears to me to be a much less dramatic, and less impressive mode of tracing what *Mrs Montague* has called "the march of thought," or the progress of passion, than that which has been followed by other novelists who have delineated the map of human nature.

Mr Godwin, I must agree with the critic in your last Number, is a man of real genius, of powerful and vigorous ideas, clothed in the most powerful and vigorous language. He is a skilful anatomist of the human mind; but it is its morbid anatomy which he loves to trace, and, like some curious dissectors, he prefers subjects of disordered organs, which ordinary life and nature do not exhibit, but which some anomalous and singular structure have produced.

The German story, "The Sorrows of Werter," exhibits a man of singular construction of mind, of a morbid sensibility, resembling that of Mandeville, whose fate is also decided by one incident affecting his pride, and ranking in a mind, which, like that of Mr Godwin's hero, acts chiefly upon itself, and is not called out of its sorrows by external circumstances, which might dissipate the gloom of its distresses and disappointments. But the child of *Goethe's* imagination has more of the stamp of nature upon him, and, with the darkness of misanthropy, has much less of its weaknesses or its vices. The sympathy which it excites is of a kind which we can feel without pain or disgust. Our sympathy with Mandeville (if his character will admit of any sympathy) is of a sterner cast, and we can only conceive an apology for the direness of his thoughts, and the violence of his conduct, in that derangement of mind, of which, as your correspondent justly remarks, we may admit as a transient disorder, or the temporary effect of extreme anguish, but which we do not easily bear as itself the basis of the distress which is exhibited. Insanity, as a disease, it is always painful and disgusting to witness; as a paroxysm, produced by the extremity of sorrow, it is, like all other powerful emotions, interesting to behold, but even in the stories or dramas of England, it is only suffered as a transient effect of mental suffering, and is allowed to express itself only in short and broken exclamations, obscure vin-

dicative of the pitiable state of the sufferer. Your correspondent remarks the singularity of this engine of dramatic interest being so often introduced among a people of such sober intellect, of so coolly argumentative a turn as the English, while foreigners scarcely ever admit of it in their works of fiction; but I think this may be accounted for from that very circumstance, the colder temperament which belongs to the inhabitants of Britain, who require the strongest and most powerful means of excitement to interest or affect them.

As Mr Godwin exaggerates the passion of hatred, so he seems to me to ascribe as unnatural powers to the passion of love, at least of such love as Mandeville could be supposed to feel.

"My affection for Henrietta (his sister) was raised to a something exclusive, that admitted no rival, that allowed of no partner, and that told me, 'Here, and here only, can I truly love.'"

This is language rather too warm for that brotherly affection which was due to his excellent sister; not that love between the sexes, of which the violence and tumultuousness scarce know any bounds, but that sainted and pure attachment which a young man of sensibility feels for an orphan sister, and which leads to every thing gentle and amiable. In Mandeville its nature is changed, and its consequences are terrible; it produces in him all the rage and vehemence of jealousy, of revenge, of desperate and bloody purpose, that ever boiled in the bosom of infuriated man.

Your correspondent gives very high praise to the narrative of the escape of *Sir Joseph Wagstaffe*, as given by *Leonel Clifford*, in the second volume of Mandeville. I agree in the praise of the narrative; but the incident itself seems to me among the most improbable of the book; and its improbability is of a sort which rather belongs to the province of *farce*, and has accordingly been often introduced in farces, and comedies bordering on farce.

If we proceed as your correspondent does, in that part of his criticism just alluded to, to examine the work in detail, we shall find a great deal to admire in the exuberance of ideas, as well as in the vigour of language which the author displays in many parts of his performance. His reflections, we have said above, seem much more

frequent than is either natural to the situation of the person or pleasing in the perusal; yet, in their conception, there is both an ingenuity and a force which belongs to no ordinary thinker. After mentioning the determined course of discipline exercised by his tutor, *Helkiah Bradford*, and the resistance which it produced in the proud and lofty spirit of his pupil, he adds,

“ I know there are rugged and brutal natures, who would interrupt me here, and cry out, that there is an easy remedy for all this. The boy whose thoughts are here described, was too much indulged; an effusion of wholesome severity would soon have dispersed these clouds of the mind, and have caused him to know, that there was nothing but ground for congratulation, where he found so much occasion for complaint. And let these brutal natures go on in the exercise of their favourite discipline! There will always be crosses, and opposition, and mortifications, enough in the march of human life, from the very principles upon which society is built, and from the impatience our imperfect nature is too apt to conceive, of the imputed untowardness and absurd judgments, of those that are placed under our control. But let those of happier spirit know, that this imperious discipline is not the wholesome element of the expanding mind, and that the attempt to correct the mistaken judgments of the young by violent and summary dealing, can never be the true method of fostering a generous nature; in a word, that to make the child a forlorn and pitiable slave, can never be the way to make the man worthy of freedom, and capable of drawing the noblest use from it!”

To shew at once the style and spirit of the book, and the spring or root of the hero's character, I may quote the following passage, in which Mandeville accounts for his preferring, when at *Winchester* school, a companion (*Waller*, son of the parliamentary General of that name) of very inferior merit to Clifford, who, as has been mentioned, is the counter hero of the tale.

“ It was disdain, and the unsociableness of my nature, that dictated this choice. I could not unbosom my thoughts; I could not come into contact with another being of the same species as myself. Once I had done so, and yet but imperfectly, with a creature of another sex, my sister. But in the groupes and the busy scenes of *Winchester* school I felt that this was impossible. Clifford, as I have said, was the subject of my first and my sincerest admiration; but I could not court him. All beings were to me tools that I was to make use of, or foes whose destiny it seemed to be to thwart

my purposes, or to subvert my tranquillity. Yes: I could court, and accommodate myself to the foibles of another, but not as to an equal. At the time that I descended to him, I must feel that it was the sport of my humour, not a necessity to which my inferiority impelled me. In a word, pride, a self-centred and untameable pride, was the inseparable concomitant of all my actions.”

The savageness of the following sentiment, we think, is unnatural, but it is clothed in very powerful and energetic language.

“ Hatred, bitter and implacable hatred, became now more than ever the inmate of my bosom. I lived but for one purpose, the extinction of Clifford. This was the first object of my existence, the preliminary, the *sine qua non*, of all my other pursuits. I devoted myself to this end, as Hannibal, by the instigation of his father, at nine years of age, swore upon the altar of his country, deadly and eternal enmity to the Romans. If, from this time forward, any creature that lived, addressed to me one syllable in favour of Clifford, that creature, be his claims upon me in other respects whatever they might, entered into the sief of my abhorrence, and became included in the savage sentence of his extermination. On other subjects I might have a heart of flesh, I might be accessible to tender and humane feelings; but on this I was the iron man, with ribs of steel, described by Spenser: no compunction, no relenting, no intreaty, no supplication could approach me: I was deaf as the uproar of conflicting elements, and unmelting as the eternal snows that crown the summit of *Caucasus*.”

The striking effect of the death-bed of his uncle, on the melancholy and misanthropical mind of Mandeville, is thus described:

“ I spent much of my time by my uncle's bed-side, seeing myself, unseen for the most part by the patient and unrepining sufferer. I cannot express how much benefit I appeared to derive from this position. My nature, or my circumstances, seemed to have made hatred my ruling passion. Here, the impulse that was perpetually urging me, was love. I was like the high priest of the Jews, as he sat, or as he kneeled, within the tabernacle, that was constructed to receive the ark of the Lord. A simple curtain of linen was often all that he, and all that I saw, affording excitement to the acts of a religious faith. But behind that curtain, he felt, was placed the sacred symbol, which, as a pillar of fire and a pillar of cloud, by night and by day, had in past times proved an unfailing guide through the waste and savage wilderness. He meditated on these things, and worshipped. Placed amidst similar objects, I also was impressed with similar feelings. A sacred quiet came over me; a quiet, not in my case unattended with sadness, but far removed from the vul-

gar cases of the world. It stifled my passions; it drove far from me the violences of a perturbed spirit; and it filled me with a sense of self-approbation, a welcome visitor to my distracted heart.

If, from the consideration of the plan and conduct of this work in general, and its incidents in detail, we descend to an examination of its style and language, we shall find a great deal to admire in the strength and vigour of expression, in the eloquence with which the author presses upon his readers the feelings and sentiments of the principal person. Sometimes that eloquence is too much ornamented to be natural to the speaker in the situation in which he is placed. Now and then there is an oddity in the expression, and in some passages a vulgarity finds place, when the context is laboured into ornament or highly figurative language. Of images and similes there is rather a superabundance, and, as generally happens when these are accumulated, their force or beauty is not always sustained; and the illustration is rather weakened than increased by the second simile introduced in aid of the first. An apt example of this will be found when describing the violence of that unaccountable hatred which he conceived against Clifford,

“ He was to me (says Mandeville), like the poison-tree of Java: the sight of him was death; and every smallest air that blew from him to me, struck at the very core of my existence. He was a millstone hanged about my neck, that cramped and bowed down my intellectual frame, worse than all the diseases that can afflict a man, and all the debility of the most imbecile and protracted existence. He was an impenetrable wall, that reached up to the heavens, that compassed me in on every side, and on every side hid me from my fellow mortals, and darkened to me the meridian day. Let this one obstacle be removed (so I fondly thought), and I shall then be elastic, and be free! Ambition shall once more revisit my bosom; and complacency, that stranger, which, like Astræa, had flown up to heaven and abandoned me for ever, shall again be mine. In a word, no passion ever harboured in a human bosom, that it seemed so entirely to fill, in which it spread so wide, and mounted so high, and appeared so utterly to convert every other sentiment and idea into its own substance.”

The following simile has a quaintness not suited to the situation of the speaker, and is too coldly classical for the language of feeling:

“ There are men that can struggle with

disappointment, and rise again when they have been beaten to the earth. They are like the pliant reed; and, when once the tempest has spent its fury, they remember it no more. Not such am I! I cannot bend: I can break. Every wound of contumely pierces through all the defences of my soul; it corrodes and festers; the wounds are more durable and tremendous than those of arrows dipped in the gall of Lernaean Hydra; not Machaon and Podalirius, nor even Apollo himself, can ever cure them!”

The *breaking*, not *bending*, is in too common use to be admitted into the company of Machaon, Podalirius, and Apollo. In the next page is a simile of a different sort: it is bold, and not without the sublimity which Mr Godwin often exhibits in the darkness of his pictures.

“ I was confident, that Clifford and I were linked together for good or for evil (no, for evil only!), and that only death could dissolve the chain that bound us. I saw as plainly the records of the BOOK OF PREDESTINATION on this subject, as the Almighty Being in whose single custody the BOOK for ever remains. There was no obscurity, no ambiguity, no room for an uncertain or a doubtful meaning. The letters glowed and glittered, as if they were written with the beams of the sun, upon the dark tablet of Time that Hath not yet Been.”

We cannot sympathise with the feelings of the author, when he says, that—

“ The death of my uncle was in my eyes an event of the greatest magnitude; its effect, to my conceptions, *strikingly resembled* that, when the spectators in the house of Dagon saw the pillars of that spacious fabric bend beneath the grasp of Sampson, and felt the first reclining of the edifice, but did not yet know in what manner the terrible phenomenon would end.”

This simile leads me to observe a peculiarity in the language of this book, the extremely frequent use of Scripture language. I do not mean to say that this is irreverently done, but I doubt of the good effect of thus enlisting Scripture language into the service of the world, and giving what should be kept sacred to its proper use the familiar tone of ordinary conversation.

I ought, perhaps, first of all to have observed, that the narrative being in the first person, as written by the principal character himself, has this manifold disadvantage, that the reader feels the strangeness of the confession of his faults, and still more, the vanity and assumption of his self-applause. I am aware of the high authorities that may be pleaded for this mode of novel writing, such as

*Marivaux's Marianne*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*. But these works have a peculiarity which considerably lessens the awkward consequences of the egotistic narrative; the narrator, who is the principal person of the drama, has that *naïveté* of character which may be supposed to prompt the recital, and at the same time, confers on it the charm of simplicity and unreserve.

The era in which the author places his tale is sufficiently alluded to in its details, and the historical anecdotes are chronologically and characteristically correct. Except in one instance, for which the author apologises in a note at the end of volume second, there is no anachronism in the facts or quotations. But it seems to me that there is, through the whole work, a more generally pervading anachronism in the style, both of the sentiment and the language, which does not altogether accord with that period. The refinement of both seems of a much later growth; the turn of the sentiments, indeed, is more allied to the modern German, than to the ancient English school.

Mr Godwin has fallen into one or two trifling blunders, such as we sometimes find in authors chiefly conversant with the higher departments of literature, when they descend to the meaner subjects of ordinary life; blunders which are readily detected by meaner men, who, like the shoemaker of *Apelles*, are skilful in the subjects alluded to; as, when he makes the ruinous part of Audley Mandeville's castle inhabited by the *Bittern* (vol. i. p. 48.) a bird which only frequents bogs and marshes; and when he speaks of "adding a *rowel* to every lash," (vol. iii. p. 317.) not knowing, or recollecting, that the *rowel* is part of a spur, but not of a whip.

I am rather surprised that your last month's correspondent has not taken notice of the *conclusion* of this novel, a conclusion "so lame and impotent," that but for the words *THE END*, at the bottom of the page, we would naturally turn over the leaf for another chapter. I am aware of the stale and rapid winding up of many novels, by the marriage of the hero and heroine, the comfortable settlement of such of the persons of the drama as deserve it, with such punishments or mortifications for the wicked and the undeserving, as poetical justice requires; but to leave every thing unsettled, as in the

conclusion of Mandeville, is to part with the reader on bad terms—is to leave an irksome feeling on his mind, which, if the characters have excited any interest, he feels an injustice both to himself and them. There is one of the humble agents of the story, *Juddy*, the faithful nurse of Mandeville, whose courage and presence of mind saved him from the murderers of his parents, whom we were sorry not to meet again in the course of the story; while, on the other hand, we looked for some punishment or mortification to the villainous Attorney *Holloway*, and his rascally nephew and associate, *Mallison*. As it is, we are left to suppose them reaping the fruits of their successful villany, in the legacy of £10,000 left to Holloway by Audley Mandeville, and from the management of the princely fortune of his nephew.

In the conclusion, as it relates to Mandeville himself, we feel his character not well supported, in the distress which he seems to suffer from the circumstances in which his violent and unjustifiable conduct has left him; a distress mainly arising from the scar on his cheek and mouth, which spoils that beauty of countenance which he has before described himself as possessing. In the description of this scar, too, he is *surgically* technical, which seems to agree as ill with the situation as with the character of the narrator; and in the midst of his severe affliction, he disentangles a point of etymology with all the elaborate coolness of a scholiast. The passage is rather long for quotation, and we must refer the reader to the work itself—vol. iii. p. 365.

Now that Mr Godwin has resumed this species of composition, we hope that he will continue to cultivate it; but we submit to his serious consideration, whether, with that genius and these powers of writing which every one must allow him to possess, he might not produce more agreeable, as well as more useful fictions, than those he has hitherto given to the world. Let him lead his muse to breathe "pure ethereal air," rather than "pall her in the dimmest smoke of hell;" a change, which we humbly think, would be greatly more advantageous, in point of morality as well as taste, affording much more delightful exercise to the imagination, as well as more improvement to the heart of the reader.

## ON THE GYPSIES OF HESSE-DARMSTADT IN GERMANY.

MR EDITOR,

THE curious matter which has occasionally appeared in your Magazine respecting the Gypsies, or Nomades of modern Europe, as they may be termed, having attracted general attention and interest, it is natural that any one who possesses incidental information respecting this wandering race, should be disposed to offer it to you. It is only from a collection of various, and apparently insulated facts, that we can hope to deduce something like general reasoning upon their history and manners. Like your other correspondents, I bring my load of materials, leaving to more theoretical heads than my own the task of applying them in the erection or support of some ingenious system.

The volume from which I collected the information which I now transmit to you, fell into my hands at the sale of foreign books made last month by Mr John Ballantyne. Amidst heaps of treatises on diabl erie, astrology, chiromancy, rhabdomancy, alchemy, &c. I was rather fortunate in lighting on a work which promised to contain matter of historical and moral interest, as well as of mere curiosity. And while the philosophers, poets, and amateurs of this city, rivalled each other in the wish to appropriate manuals of the black art (from which the uninitiated inferred that they are as yet no conjurers, however attached to the occult sciences), I account it no less good fortune, that, although the volume in question not only respects a subject of popular interest, but contains some bad prints by way of embellishment (a circumstance so captivating to all bibliomaniacs), it was knocked down to me at a price so moderate that I am afraid to name it, lest it draw contempt both on the book and the purchaser.

The work is a quarto, the German title of which may be translated, "A circumstantial Account of the famous Egyptian Bands of Thieves, Robbers, and Murderers, whose Leaders were executed at Giessen, by Cord, and Sword, and Wheel, on the 14th and 15th November 1726," &c. It is edited by Dr John Benjamin Weissenbruch, an assessor of the criminal tribunal by which these malefactors were

condemned, and published at Frankfurt and Leipzig in the year 1727. The dedication is addressed to no less than four Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, whom the dedicator does not confound together in plurality, by naming them as their Highnesses generally, but carefully repeats the title and every other mark of dignity four times, so often as he has occasion to introduce them. This formality reminds me of the regret with which my good old grandmother used to observe, that the convenient and polite custom of drinking the health of each individual by name during dinner, had, in her latter days, shaded off into a general expression, "Ladies and gentlemen, your very good health," previous, as she too truly foretold, to its total disuse.

A gentleman so polite as Dr Weissenbruch must of course have written admirable High Dutch. The Graces, however, did not guide his pen, for he uses a stiff style, embarrassed with a pedantic use of superlatives and exclamations; notwithstanding which, he fails to tell his story with animation or interest. He gives, however, literally, the examinations of the criminals, and their respective answers while under the torture and before it was administered, so that no doubt can be entertained of the authenticity of the publication.

A curious preliminary dissertation records some facts respecting the German gypsies, which are not uninteresting. From the authorities collected by Weissenbruch, it appears, that these wanderers first appeared in Germany during the reign of the Emperor Sigismund. The exact year has been disputed; but it is generally placed betwixt 1416 and 1420. They appeared in various bands, under chiefs to whom they acknowledged obedience, and who assumed the titles of Dukes and Earls. These leaders originally affected a certain degree of consequence, travelling well equipped and on horseback, and bringing hawks and hounds in their retinue. Like Johnnie Faa, "Lord of Litill Egypt," they sometimes succeeded in imposing upon the Germans the belief of their very apocryphal dignity, which they assumed during their lives, and recorded upon their tombs, as appears from three epitaphs quoted by Dr Weissenbruch. One is in a convent at Stain-

bách, and records, that on St Sebastian's eve, 1445, "died the Lord Pannuel, Duke in Little Egypt, and Baron of Hirschhorn in the same land." A monumental inscription at Bautmer records the death of "the noble Earl Peter of Lesser Egypt, in 1453; and a third at Pferz, as late as 1498, announces the death of the "high-born Lord John, Earl of Little Egypt, to whose soul God be gracious and merciful."

It is not the least puzzling part of the gypsies' history, to find, that on their very first appearance in all countries in Europe, what little religion they had amongst them was founded upon the Christian doctrine. This seems a strong objection to the system which draws them from India. A tribe of wandering Hindhus could not have been easily converted while on their journey; nor can we ascribe to them, with much probability, that prudential line of conduct which might have led them to alter their system of religious profession, to suit it to that of the European nations. It is also remarkable, that the gypsies gave everywhere the same account of themselves on their first appearance; that they had been banished, namely, from their native country of Egypt, and were engaged in performance of a pilgrimage or penitentiary journey, which was to last for a certain period of years. This last pretext was probably an appeal to the devotional feelings of the people whose lands they traversed, and who for a time, far from interrupting them in the good work they pretended to have undertaken, were ready to assist them with hospitality and alms. Still, however, it appears they used the Christian sacraments of marriage and baptism (although the learned Voet be of opinion that their children were unworthy to be christened, and although their customs admit of polygamy), and were so far acquainted with Scripture history as sometimes to allege, that their penance was enjoined to atone for the crime of their ancestors, who refused to receive the Holy Family upon the flight into Egypt. If, therefore, the system be preferred which derives these people from India, we must suppose them to have been of the sect called the Christians of St Thomas, whom the Portuguese found settled in India upon their first discoveries in that country.

As, however, there seems no adequate reason assigned why they should have chosen to derive themselves from Egypt, a country which, had they been really Indians, they could hardly know even by name, there appears no utter improbability in their being actually Copts, or perhaps some tribe of Christian Abyssinians, dislodged by one of those revolutions which so often agitate barbarous countries. It is true, the deserts which surround Nubia must have offered grand obstacles to such an emigration. Still, however, these difficulties might be surmounted by the exiles, as has happened in similar circumstances; and this derivation of their origin would at once coincide with the uniform gypsey tradition, and account for their being possessed of the forms of Christianity, and bearing the ordinary Christian names of Paul, John, Michael, and so forth, which, under the Indian hypothesis, seems somewhat unaccountable. I own, however, this reasoning must give way to more weighty argument, arising from the similarity of language alleged by Grellman and others to subsist betwixt the gypsey dialect and the Hindhustanee. I should wish, however, to see that similarity more completely proved than it has hitherto been, and also that the Nubian dialects were to be collated with the gypsey tongue, before a decisive opinion shall be adopted on the subject. This was, to my knowledge, one of the tasks which that eminent Orientalist, Professor John Murray, had projected for himself, when an untimely death deprived us of his erudition and his virtues.

In describing the state of the German gypsies in 1726, the author whom we are quoting gives the leading features proper to those in other countries. Their disposition to wandering, to idleness, to theft, to polygamy, or rather promiscuous license, are all commemorated; nor are the women's pretensions to fortune-telling, and their practice of stealing children, omitted. Instead of travelling in very large bands, as at their first arrival, they are described as forming small parties, in which the females are far more numerous than the men, and which are each under command of a leader, chosen rather from reputation than by right of birth. The men, unless when engaged in robbery or

theft, lead a life of absolute idleness, and are supported by what the women can procure by begging, stealing, or telling of fortunes. These resources are so scanty, that they often suffer the most severe extremities of hunger and cold. Some of the gypsies executed at Giesen, pretended that they had not eaten a morsel of bread for four days before they were apprehended. Yet are they so much attached to the freedom and license of this wandering life, that, notwithstanding its miseries, it has not only been found impossible to reclaim the native gypsies, who claimed it by inheritance, but even those who, not born in that state, have associated themselves with their bands, become so wedded to it as to prefer it to all others.

As an exception, Weissenbruch mentions some gangs, where the men, as in Scotland, exercise the profession of travelling smiths or tinkers, or deal in pottery, or practise as musicians. Finally, he notices, that in Hungary these gangs assumed their names from the countries which they chiefly traversed, as the Band of Upper Saxony, of Brandenburgh, and so forth. They resented to extremity any attempt on the part of other gypsies to intrude on their province; and such interference often led to battles, in which they shot each other with as little remorse as they would have done to dogs. By these acts of cruelty to each other, they became gradually familiarized with blood, as well as with arms, to which another cause contributed in the beginning of the 18th century.

In former times these outcasts were not permitted to bear arms in the service of any Christian power; but the long wars of Louis XIV. had abolished this point of delicacy, and, both in the French army and those of the confederates, the stoutest and boldest of the gypsies were occasionally enlisted by choice or compulsion. These men generally tired soon of the rigour of military discipline; and, escaping from their regiments on the first opportunity, went back to their forests with some knowledge of arms, and habits bolder and more ferocious than those of their predecessors. Such deserters soon became leaders among their tribes, whose enterprises became in proportion more audacious and desperate.

In Germany, as in most other king-

doms of Europe, severe laws had been directed against this vagabond people, and the Landgraves of Hesse had not been behind-hand in such denunciations. They were, on their first arrest, branded as vagabonds, punished with stripes, and banished from the circle; and, in case of their return, were put to death without mercy. These measures only served to make them desperate. Their bands became more strong and more open in their depredations. They often marched as strong as fifty or an hundred armed men; bade defiance to the ordinary police; plundered the villages in open day; wounded and slew the peasants who endeavoured to protect their property; and skirmished, in some instances successfully, with the parties of soldiers and militia despatched against them. Their chiefs, on these occasions, were John La Fortune, a determined villain, otherwise named Hemperla—another called the Great Gallant—his brother, Antony Alexander, called the Little Gallant—and others, entitled Lorries, Lampert, Gabriel, &c. Their ferocity may be judged from the following instances.

On the 16th of October 1725, a land-lieutenant, or officer of police, named Emeraner, set off with two assistants to disperse a band of gypsies, who had appeared near Hirzenhayn, in the territory of Stolberg. He seized on two or three stragglers, whom he found in the village, and whom, females as well as males, he seems to have treated with much severity. Some however escaped to a large band, which lay in an adjacent forest, who, under command of the Great Gallant, Hemperla, Antony Alexander, and others, immediately put themselves in motion to rescue their comrades, and avenge themselves of Emeraner. The land-lieutenant had the courage to ride out to meet them, with his two attendants, at the passage of a bridge, where he fired his pistol at the advancing gang, and called out "charge," as if he had been at the head of a party of cavalry. The gypsies, however, aware, from the report of the fugitives, how weakly the officer was accompanied, continued to advance to the end of the bridge, and ten or twelve, dropping each on one knee, gave fire on Emeraner, who was then obliged to turn his horse and ride off, leaving his two attendants to the mercy of the

banditti. One of these men, called Hempel, was instantly beaten down, and suffered, especially at the hands of the gypsy women, much cruel and abominable outrage. After stripping him of every rag of his clothes, they were about to murder the wretch outright; but, at the earnest instance of the landlord of the inn, they contented themselves with beating him dreadfully, and imposing on him an oath, that he would never more persecute any gypsey, or save any *fleshman* (dealer in human flesh), for so they called the officers of justice, or police.

The other assistant of Emeraner made his escape. But his principal was not so fortunate. When the gypsies had wrought their wicked pleasure on Hempel, they compelled the landlord of the little inn to bring them a flagon of brandy, in which they mingled a charge of gunpowder and three pinches of salt; and each, partaking of this singular beverage, took a solemn oath, that they would stand to each other until they had cut thongs, as they expressed it, out of the fleshman's hide. The Great Gallant, at the same time, distributed to them, out of a little box, billets, which each was directed to swallow, and which were supposed to render them invulnerable.

Thus inflamed and encouraged, the whole route, amounting to fifty well-armed men, besides women, armed with clubs and axes, set off with horrid screams to a neighbouring hamlet, called Glazhutte, in which the object of their resentment had sought refuge. They took military possession of the streets, posting centinels to prevent interruption or attack from the alarmed inhabitants. Their leaders then presented themselves before the inn, and demanded that Emeraner should be delivered up to them. When the innkeeper endeavoured to elude their demand, they forced their way into the house, and finding the unhappy object of pursuit concealed in a garret, Hemperla and others fired their muskets at him, then tore his clothes from his body, and precipitated him down the stair-case, where he was despatched with many wounds.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants of the village began to take to arms, and one of them attempted to ring the alarm-bell, but was prevented by an armed

gypsey, stationed for that purpose. At length, their bloody work being ended, the gypsies assembled and retreated out of the town with shouts of triumph, exclaiming, that the "Fleshman" was slain, displaying their spoils and hands stained with blood, and headed by the Great Gallant riding on the horse of the murdered officer.

I shall select from the volume another instance of this people's cruelty, still more detestable, since even vengeance or hostility could not be alleged for its stimulating cause, as in the foregoing narration. A country clergyman named Heinsius, the pastor of a village called Dorsdorff, who had the misfortune to be accounted a man of some wealth, was the subject of this tragedy. Hemperla, already mentioned, with a band of ten gypsies, and a villain named Essper George, who had joined himself with them, though not of their nation by birth, beset the house of the unfortunate minister, with a resolution to break in and possess themselves of his money; and if interrupted by the peasants, to fire upon them, and repel force by force. With this desperate intention they surrounded the parsonage-house at midnight; and their leader, Hemperla, having cut a hole through the cover of the sink or gutter, endeavoured to creep into the house through that passage, holding in his hand a lighted torch made of straw. The daughter of the pastor chanced, however, to be up, and in the kitchen, at this late hour, by which fortunate circumstance she escaped the fate of her father and mother. When the gypsey saw there was a person in the kitchen, he drew himself back out of the gutter, and ordered his gang to force the doors, regarding as little the noise which accompanied this violence, as if the place had been situated in a wilderness instead of a populous hamlet. Others of the gang were posted at the windows of the house, to prevent the escape of the inmates. Nevertheless, the young woman already mentioned, let herself down from a window which had escaped their notice, and ran to seek assistance for her parents.

In the meanwhile, the gypsies had burst open the outward door of the house, with a beam of wood which chanced to be lying in the court-yard. They next forced the door of the sitting



apartment, and were met by the poor clergyman, who prayed them at least to spare his life and that of his wife. But he spoke to men who knew no mercy; Hemperla struck him on the breast with his torch; and receiving the blow as a signal of death, the poor man staggered back to the table, and sinking in a chair, leaned his head on his hand, and expected the mortal blow. In this posture Hemperla shot him dead with a pistol. The wife of the clergyman endeavoured to fly, on witnessing the murder of her husband, but was dragged back, and slain by a pistol-shot, fired either by Essper George, or by a gipsy called Christian. By a crime so dreadful, these murderers only gained four silver cups, fourteen silver spoons, some trifling articles of apparel, and about twenty-two florins in money. They might have made a more important booty, but the centinels whom they had left on the outside, now intimated to them that the hamlet was alarmed, and that it was time to retire, which they did accordingly, undisturbed and in safety.

The gypsies committed many enormities similar to those above detailed, and arrived at such a pitch of audacity, as even to threaten the person of the Landgrave himself, an enormity at which Dr Weissenbruch, who never introduces the name or titles of that prince without printing them in letters of at least an inch long, expresses becoming horror. This was too much to be endured. Strong detachments of troops and of militia scoured the country in different directions, and searched the woods and caverns which served the banditti for places of retreat. These measures were for some time attended with little effect. The gypsies had the advantages of perfect knowledge of the country, and excellent intelligence. They baffled the efforts of the officers detached against them, and on one or two occasions even engaged them with advantage. And when some females, unable to follow the retreat of the men, were made prisoners, on such an occasion the leaders caused it to be intimated to the authorities at Giessen, that if their women were not set at liberty, they would murder and rob on the high-roads, and plunder and burn the country. This state of warfare lasted from 1718 until 1726, during which period the subjects of the Landgrave suffered the

utmost hardships, as no man was secure against the nocturnal surprise of his property and person.

At length, in the end of 1725, a heavy and continued storm of snow compelled the gypsy hordes to abandon the woods which had so long served them as a refuge, and to approach more near to the dwellings of men. As their movements could now be traced and observed, the land-lieutenant, Kroecker, who had been an assistant to the murdered Emeraner, received intelligence of a band of gypsies having appeared in the district of Solms-assenheim, at a village called Fauerbach. Being aided by a party of soldiers and volunteers, he had the luck to secure the whole gang, being twelve men and one woman. Among these was the notorious Hemperla, who was dragged by the heels from an oven in which he was attempting to conceal himself. Others were taken in the same manner, and imprisoned at Giessen, with a view to their trial.

Numerous acts of theft, robbery, and murder, were laid to the charge of these unfortunate wretches; and according to the existing laws of the empire, they were interrogated under torture. They were first tormented by means of thumb-screws, which they did not seem greatly to regard; the "Spanish boots or leg-vices" were next applied, and seldom failed to extort confession. Hemperla alone set both means of torture at defiance, which induced the judges to believe he was possessed of some spell against these agonies. Having in vain searched his body for this supposed charm, they caused his hair to be cut off, on which he himself observed, that had they not done so, he could have stood the torture for some time longer. As it was, his resolution gave way, and he made, under the second application of the Spanish boots, a full confession, not only of the murders of which he was accused, but of various other crimes. While he was in this agony, the judges had the cruelty to introduce his mother, a noted gypsy woman, called the Crone, into the torture-chamber, who shrieked fearfully, and tore her face with her nails, on perceiving the condition of her son, and still more on hearing him acknowledge his guilt.

Evidences of the guilt of the other prisoners was also obtained from their

own confessions, with or without torture, and from the testimony of witnesses examined by the fiscal. Sentence was finally passed on them, condemning four gypsies, among whom were Hemperla and the little Gallant, to be broken on the wheel, nine others to be hanged, and thirteen, of whom the greater part were women, to be beheaded. They underwent their doom with great firmness, upon the 14th and 15th November 1726.

The volume contains, as I have already mentioned, some rude prints, representing the murders committed by the gypsies, and the manner of their execution. There are also two prints, presenting the portraits of the principal criminals, in which, though the execution be indifferent, the gypsey features may be clearly traced.

I have perhaps dwelt longer on these dreadful stories than you or your readers may approve; yet they contain an important illustration of the great doctrines, that cruel and sanguinary laws usually overshoot their own purpose, drive to desperation these against whom they are levelled, and, by making man an object of chace, convert him into a savage beast of prey. It is impossible to read these anecdotes, without feeling that the indiscriminate application of the brand, the scourge, the boots, and the thumb-screws, against this unfortunate class of beings, merely because they followed the course of their fathers, from which the law made no provision for reclaiming them, must have hardened their hearts, and whetted their desire of vengeance. The narrations also place in a new light the gypsey character, and as they shew to what excesses it is capable of being perverted, may serve to stimulate the exertions of those humane persons, who have formed the project of rescuing this degraded portion of society from mendicity, ignorance, and guilt.

*Tweedside, 1st January.*

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LETTER FROM Z. TO MR LEIGH HUNT.

THE manner in which you have twice addressed me in your newspaper, requires, by the rules of common civility, an answer from me in the first person. I lay aside without regret the authoritative plural, in which you

and I, and all the periodical writers of the present day, find our advantage; and I speak to Mr Leigh Hunt, as an individual, with the unfashionable humility of the singular number.

In Blackwood's Magazine for October there appeared, as you well know, an article entitled, "On the Cockney School of Poetry, No I." in which I took the liberty of stating a few general opinions respecting you as a poet, and the founder of a new school of poetry. To be the founder of a good school of poetry, I asserted, that you were unfit, and I maintained, that you have hitherto made a very bad use of the poetical talents, such as they are, with which you are endowed. That the opinion which I then expressed could be at all agreeable to your personal vanity I never expected; but I confess I gave you credit for tact and experience in the world, sufficient to prevent you from the adoption of those silly and inefficient measures by which you have been pleased to express your resentment.

My opinion with respect to you is the opinion of an individual; and I never doubted that it was very different from that of many others. But I did not presume to offer my opinion to the public, without hinting at the same time, that I intended to lay before it the grounds upon which that opinion had been formed. My October paper was merely an opening of the case; I said, as plainly as words could speak it, that the examination of witnesses, and the closing address, would both follow in their season. But you are such a testy person, that you cannot bear to hear the first paragraph of your indictment, without manifesting, by passionate outcries, your indignation at being dragged forward upon such a charge. Such an ebullition of noble rage might perhaps have been better timed at the end of the trial, when the proofs had all been produced, when your accuser had closed his mouth, and the impartial jury of your country were about to form their final opinion, whether you were or were not guilty of the things which had been laid to your account. In your situation, however, such a phrenzied declaration of innocence could never have been considered as the proper method of exculpation. You also had it in your power to bring your witnesses into court, and you were at

liberty either to be your own advocate at the bar, or to give a brief to your champion Mr Hazlitt.

The first of your foaming exclamations was, "my accuser is a liar." Let us see what you mean by this polite and laconic asseveration. He has filed against you a bill, which may be divided into eight several counts. Do you mean to say that the whole indictment is a falsehood, or do you confine your indignation to any individual section of the charge? Your temper is in such a state, that I cannot place much reliance on your capacity of dissecting even the most perspicuous of compositions. I will save you the trouble.

The charges which I have brought against your literary life and conversation are these: 1. The want and the pretence of scholarship; 2. A vulgar style in writing; 3. A want of respect for the Christian religion; 4. A contempt for kingly power, and an indecent mode of attacking the government of your country; 5. Extravagant admiration of yourself, the Round Table, and your own poems; 6. Affectation; 7. A partiality for indecent subjects, and an immoral manner of writing concerning the crime of incest, in your poem of Rimini; 8. I have asserted, that you are a poet vastly inferior to Wordsworth, Byron, and Moore!

The truth of these propositions I offered to prove to the satisfaction of the public, without however binding myself to bring them forward in any particular order of arrangement. But you exclaim, that I am a liar. Answer me these questions before I answer any of yours. Are you a profound scholar? Are you a genteel and elegant writer of English? Are you a pious Christian? Are you not the editor of the Examiner? Do you not think the Round Table worthy of standing on the same shelf with the Spectator, and Rimini of being bound up with the Inferno? Are you a simple and unaffected writer? Have you not gloated over all the details of an incestuous amour in a manner calculated to excite in young and sentimental minds, not horror, but sympathy for the guilty lovers? Do you presume to say that you wish to be considered as occupying the same station in poetry with the authors of the Excursion, Childe Harold, and Lalla Rookh? Let me know which of the

eight counts it is that has provoked your resentment, and rest assured, that upon that very count my first evidences shall be produced.

Excepting in so far as your compliance with this demand may give occasion for it, it is not by any means my intention to depart from the plan which I originally proposed. I mean to handle each of these topics in its turn, and now and then to relieve my main attack upon you, by a diversion against some of your younger and less important auxiliaries, the Keateses, the Shellys, and the Webbes. Did you ever suppose, that having formed and announced such a plan, I should be the fool to weaken the effect of its execution, by telling you my name the moment you were pleased to demand it? If you think me a fool, why do you read my papers at all? If you do me the honour to suppose that I am capable of reading and comprehending your writings, that is all I want you or any body else to do. I am desirous of addressing myself to the public upon these subjects, in the character of one who understands your works and their tendency. What could you or the public gain by learning by what name I am called? If I please at any time to disclose myself, that will be done with a better grace after I have finished my series of papers "on the Cockney School" than now, when I have little more than commenced it. Did you hope to irritate me by calling names in the Examiner? The unknown and insignificant Z., shares the abuse of that journal, with those who may well keep him in countenance. Do the politicians who have decided that Mr Pitt was "a dull" "common man," destitute of either "understanding, imagination, sensibility, wit, or judgment"—Do the philosophers who have called Mr Locke a blundering plagiary, and styled King David a Methodist, the first who made a regular compromise between immorality and religion, and a man of the same stamp with Louis XIV. and Charles II.—Do the sweeping moralists, who have pronounced every Scotchman to be by impulse a scoundrel, and every Irishman by principle a knave—Do these oracular dogmatists imagine that Z. shall be offended because they choose to christen him a reptile?

You have found, it seems, two excellent writers who have taken up

your cause. Your notice of them in the Examiner was my first information of their existence; but, upon looking into their productions, I am sorry to say, that I think your partiality for the subject has induced you to rate a little too high the value of their eulogies. The Pamphleteer has come forward with words full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, to defend you from the remarks I had made on your politics and your religion. In regard to the first, he informs us that you are a true English patriot, and adds, by way of proof, that you are the convicted libeller of your Sovereign. In regard to the second, he tells us in one page, that no man can commit a greater crime than by offending the religious prejudices of his countrymen; and in the next, he very gravely asserts, that you are an open professor of the same respectable faith with Hume, Condorcet, and Voltaire. I desire no more. Out of your own words are ye judged. The Critic is a great admirer of you and of Mr Hazlitt. He thinks the Round Table a divine production. He says that "Mr Hazlitt's writings are incomparably fuller of ideas than Addison's." Z. is not very anxious to know what this person thinks of his writings. Are you not afraid of the old adage, "Noscitur a socio," when you are willing to associate your cause with such a set of drivellers as these? It is curious to see of what absurdities a clever man can be guilty, when he is fairly in a passion.

It appears from the language of your last note to Z. that you have yourself misconceived my meaning in one part of my first paper. Mr Blackwood's Editor has thought proper to soften some of my expressions in the Second Edition of his Magazine, so as to prevent the possibility of the misconstruction into which it appears you have fallen. I suspect, however, that in truth, you are the only person who have mistaken my meaning, and that it would be a difficult thing for any disinterested individual, to comprehend in what way you have committed such a blunder. When I charged you with depraved morality, obscenity, and indecency, I spoke not of Leigh Hunt as a man. I deny the fact.—I have no reason to doubt that your private character is respectable; but I judged of you from your works, and I maintain that they are little calculated to sup-

port such a conclusion. I am willing to confess to you, that there are few absurdities of which I do not believe a most affected and tasteless rhymster to be capable, even though his morals should have no share in the base qualities of his intellect. But the more virtuous you are, the greater must your influence be, and in exact proportion to the private worth of Mr Hunt must the corrupting effects of his vile poem be increased. Your poem is vile, profligate, obscene, indecent, and detestable. I have already proved, and I mean to prove yet more fully, that in the *Story of Rimini* you have offered a laborious, and yet a smiling apology for a crime at once horrible in its effects, and easy in its perpetration—a crime which takes for granted the breach of brotherly confidence, and the pollution of home—a crime which we had fondly imagined was extinct in England, but of which a late melancholy example has taught us that the beginnings are as insidious as the end is miserable. In those who have wept with tears of blood over the fatal errors of a Paolo and a Francesca of our own—in those who have cursed the smooth villanies of Mildmay, and pitied the sufferings of the generous and unsuspecting Roseberry—in those who have felt the horrors of a real *story of Rimini*, it will excite no wonder that a lover of virtue has poured out his bitter indignation against the husband and the father who had dared to be the apologist of adultery and incest.

To answer the charges which I have made against your works, is in your power, and in that of your friends. The sooner you shew yourself to be a classical writer, a good Christian, and a great poet, the better will it be for yourself; and the first to congratulate you and the public on the metamorphosis, will be the present object of your resentment and your abuse. If you can shew that Rimini has no bad tendency, that the young wife of an old, or the sentimental wife of a busy husband, can study it without danger, your cause is won. Till that be, the accusation I have brought against you as its author will remain as it now is, and you will never white-wash the reputation of your poem by blackening the character of one who has told you that he cannot read it without loathing.

You are not satisfied with calling me a liar, an epithet which the world will attach to me, if I fail to establish the justice of my assertions, and which it will bestow upon you, sir, as soon as it believes me to have made out my point. You add, "Z is a coward." This assertion is at the best premature. Perhaps you may hereafter find reason to retract your charge. But you will permit me to observe, that you invited Z to disclose his name, in terms which augured no very chivalrous intentions on your part. It is all one. That is a matter of very little importance either to Z or to the public.

Junius, a much greater man than Z, was once attacked with epithets similar to yours, by a more respectable man than you—Sir William Draper. He replied in these terms, which I transcribe for your use. "When you tell me I have submitted to be called a liar and a coward, I must ask you in my turn, whether you seriously think it any way incumbent on me to take notice of the silly invectives of every simpleton who writes in a newspaper; and what opinion you would have formed of my discretion, if I had suffered myself to be the dupe of so shallow an artifice?" Z.

#### SAGACITY OF A SHEPHERD'S DOG.

MR EDITOR,

IT has often occurred to me, that a well-supported Magazine, such as yours, is very like a general conversation of well-informed people in a literary society, who have met together to give their opinions freely, for one another's mutual entertainment, without any particular subject being fixed upon for the theme of the evening.

In such a party, it usually happens that one makes a powerful attack upon some new publication or celebrated author of the day; and an animated, and sometimes a violent dispute arises, upon the justice of his criticism. Another describes some new discovery in science, communicates some doubt in metaphysics, or some curious fact in natural history; while a third delights the company by telling a ludicrous story of some general acquaintance. Each of the audience commonly feels an inclination to bring forward something that burdens his memory, some

observation that he thinks interesting, or an anecdote suggested by what he has heard; while several, diffident of doing justice to their own conceptions, are content to be pleased with the efforts of others, rather than risk the success of their own.

The amusing article in your Number for October, "On the Depravity of Animals," were I to judge from myself, has likely placed several of your readers in this predicament; and probably it might have been just as well, had all remained in the way of thinking last described. However, I have broke through the restraint of such feelings, in order to add my mite to your monthly Miscellany.

Among the many similar occurrences that I have seen and heard of, and which the interesting anecdotes of the robber's horse and the sheep-stealer's dog have brought to my recollection, there is one that puts the sagacity of the shepherd's dog in a more favourable light than that of the evil-disposed Yarrow there narrated, and which, though verging now upon traditionary story, is not as yet too old to be authenticated, and which puts to shame the lukewarm shepherds of modern days, who rather incline to read a newspaper than their Bibles, even on Sunday; and their dull dogs, which get fat lying basking in the sun at the feet of their masters, because they must not run at the white-faced sheep, forsooth, lest they do the lazy animals a mischief.

It is well known to all those conversant with the hill country that crowns the southern district of Scotland, that the sect now called Cameronians are thinly scattered among the population of the most upland glens, where many of them can to this day trace their descent from those who so heroically suffered and bled during the tyrannical reign of James Duke of York, as they still call him. Their pastors have their fixed stations, generally on the verge of the low country, but are in the habit of taking periodical journeys, in the summer season, among their scanty flocks, who have now become, to use the figurative language of the prophet, like the gleanings of the latter vintage, a cluster upon the upmost bough; a berry here and there upon the outermost branches. The preachers undertake these pilgrimages to look after the few

sheep in the wilderness, for calling them together for public worship and instruction, or, perhaps, once in three or four years, for the celebration of the sacrament. The time and place of meeting is communicated through fifteen or twenty miles of mountainous country, by one to another, in a way somewhat similar to the Highlanders carrying the fiery cross when a clan was to be raised, but without any thing of the form, and without the celerity.

At these times the preachers choose the most lonely and retired situations, but generally not far remote from the residence of some person of the sect in better circumstances, where the ministers, elders, and the most respectable members of the sect, many of them coming from twenty and thirty miles distance, are accustomed to meet after the long protracted duties of the day. Some years ago, all the people in the neighbourhood were wont to be temporary hearers, but the remnant of this ancient sect were easily distinguished from the casual audience. Ranged closer to the tent, if there was one, or to the more elevated ground where the preacher stood, they appeared altogether withdrawn from earthly concerns, and absorbed in the most abstract and awful devotion. A group of old men might sometimes be seen sitting bare-headed, while the rest of the audience were covered, with the rain dripping from their thin gray locks, and quite insensible to the beating of the wind upon their bald foreheads, while they probably regretted the opportunity of manifesting their zeal, with the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other.

But I begin to fear, that, while I only meant to attempt one simple story, I am insensibly drawn into the whirlpool of a subject connected with twenty others, from which it may not be so easy to extricate myself. I am myself no more a Cameronian than many an honest modern Tory is a Jacobite; but there are feelings and associations, which no instruction or philosophy can get the better of, and, like some of these last, I may have a bias the cross way. A fright in childhood has often stuck to a firm-minded man as long as he lived, and perhaps the remote cause of all this leaning to the Cameronians on my part might be traced. In fact, my great-grand-

father (somebody remarks that it is a shame there is no English word for such a connexion) fell into the misfortune, although a very sensible man, of getting the whole stock of sheep upon his farm, in a remote part of the country, driven to the county town, and sold by public roup, because he could not keep his wife from attending a hill-preaching.—His son hailed the accession of the House of Brunswick as he himself had done the enterprise of the Prince of Orange; and my grandfather confounded the narrow circle of his acquaintances, as the celebrated Lord Chatham did the House of Peers, by strenuously arguing against the justice of the American war.—But I believe I shall never get at my little story.

The Loch of St Mary, among the mountains of Selkirkshire,—

“Those hills whence classic Yarrow flows,” is about three quarters of a mile across, at the broadest part, and presents to strangers the picture of a large river. It forms a bend around a lofty green hill on the south, and stretches away towards the south-west. Two mountain streams, that have entered the lake nearly opposite each other, have, in course of time, by their accumulated deposition of soil, divided it into two lakes, connected only by a small stream, falling with a gentle current from the one into the other. Should M. Cuvier ever visit the spot, he would undoubtedly date the change as having taken place within the lapse of six thousand years; and perhaps contend, that it marks the period of the last great revolution of our world as distinctly as the digging up of the jaw of a monodon, or the leg-bone of an antediluvian elephant.

The upper lake is called the Loch of the Lowes, from a very ancient chapel so named, that was situated at the south-western extremity,\* and had been dedicated to St Mary “of the Lakes.” One of the farms is still called the Chapel-hope, from this circumstance, and the hills overhanging the western side of both the lakes belong to it for more than two miles. It was the small plain formed by one of the two rivulets mentioned, that had been chosen for the celebration of

\* Not the more modern one, at the side of the burial-place.

a Cameronian Sacrament about forty-five years ago.

This solitary spot is completely surrounded by steep green hills; and from the little plain where the people held their solemnity, the view of the upper lake is like looking up the choir of a roofless abbey; so steep and so close does the chain of successive mountains rise from the very shore. The sequestered loneliness of the place verifies the description of it in Marmion, to which we refer the reader.

In a scene so happily chosen by the scattered remnant of a venerable sect, the apparatus for the rites of religion was of the most simple kind. The preparation for the solemnity was merely two boards, supported by pillars of green sod, and covered with a cloth that might have vied with the driven snow; and then might be observed the profound awe of the people, and the solemn melody of the psalms, poured forth at intervals, as one small group after another rose and entered to the Communion Table, slowly, and with seeming fear and reluctance.

The sun was now more than west, and this solemn part of the service was over; but the day was to be concluded by old Stormheaven (as he was named) of Penpont, a celebrated and impressive preacher, who was appointed to deliver the afternoon sermon, when one of the shepherds of Chapel-hope, who had the charge of the flock of ewes, found himself under the necessity of collecting them from their mountain-pastures to the *bought*. Milking the cows or ewes is a duty of the pastoral life, that, for obvious reasons, no other avocation, however sacred, can supersede; and it may be easily conceived, that the assembling of a large flock from the most remote corners of a wild and extensive grazing, must be a work which requires great care, and no small time. Yet, in the present case, the shepherd bethought himself how he might continue to reconcile the simultaneous discharge of his temporal and religious duties, and for this he was possessed of no common resources.

That the ewe-milkers and himself might make the most of the present opportunity of religious instruction, he determined to let it be later than

usual before he called the females to the duties of the *bought*; the evening was however drawing on, and he left the crowd as the minister who was to preach began the Psalm. Every one regretted, that the necessity John Hoy was under of gathering his ewes should prevent him from hearing at least part of the expected discourse. As he went towards the road that led between the lochs, they followed him with their eyes to some distance, and thought his conduct somewhat unaccountable, when he stopt, and after remaining in the attitude of speaking to his dog, which was generally known as possessing great sagacity, he returned towards the meeting. The dog was observed to cross between the lochs, and ascend the hill on the opposite side; and the last cadence of the psalm had sunk into silence as his master took possession of his former seat upon the grass, and bestowed his serious attention on the sermon. His flock, in the meanwhile, was not without a guide. John Hoy was the first to observe his ewes appear in detached groups upon the brow of a high ridge that overhangs the lower lake for nearly a mile. The sinking sun had covered it with that bright radiance that is sometimes observed a few minutes before the whole is in shade; and as the sheep continued to advance, their lengthened and moving shadows were thrown over the brow of the green hill, and were insensibly lost in the shade below. The dog was now seen behind the most distant stragglers; and her place was easily observed as she came along the ridge, for her approach always made a gentle movement in the flock, like that which is made upon a still lake by a vagrant breeze of wind in a calm day. It was delightful to observe how they did not run from her as in terror: they knew her well, obeyed her signals without apprehension, and even seemed to gather in before her as with a kind of light-some pleasure.\*

An aged shepherd, who had been attending closely on the minister, and was struck with some bold simile, contrasting the present with other times,

\* It has been observed of all these sagacious sheep dogs, that the sheep are not at all frightened for them, but stand in awe of them merely, and obey them as soldiers do their favourite commanding officers.

cast his eyes to the opposite hills, the scenes of former suffering and persecution, when he suddenly started, and looked round the crowd for John Hoy. After a pause of surprise when he observed him still present, he turned to another gray-haired hearer, while an expression of awe was visible in his voice and manner. "See yonder, Robin, saw ye ere the like of yon? John Hoy's *Nimble* gathering the Chapelhope ewes her lane, while he's sitting yonder. I'm no wondering, on a night like this, that the dumb brute should be led to do the deeds of the carnal day. We have heard muckle aen't thae hills, but now, we may say, we have seen mair than ever we heard of.—See till her, Robin, man; she has brought the Lang Bank ewes forrit to the Ox-cleugh, and she's taking the brae again to gather the Brown Law." According to the old man's prediction, in about half an hour, the sheep on the distant part of the hill, rising from the margin of the Loch of the Lowes, were seen in their turn coming over the *Weather-gleam* as the others had done. But the sun was now very low, and the opposite hills were in deep and distinct shade, so that the sagacious conduct of the animal was better seen. She was observed to be unusually assiduous and diligent, as if she had been conscious that the time of her usual task was later than it ought to have been, and that her exertions were unsupported by her master. In spite of the seriousness of the occasion, and the eloquence of the preacher, a phenomenon so uncommon withdrew or divided the attention of the hearers. The eyes of the whole congregation were now observing *Nimble*, as she plied along the face of the hill, from one place to another, to bring the loiterers forward with the rest. Yet she seemed careful not to drive the sheep too fast, for whenever they crowded upon one another or were hurried, she either drew off to a greater distance, or sat down for a few seconds behind them, till they composed themselves. Her motion resembled that of a fox slipping from cover; it was not apparently swift, yet speedily traversing much ground.

The *bought* (inclosure for milking the ewes) was upon the Oxcleugh-lee, exactly opposite the congregation. The dog was seen driving the sheep across the almost dry bed of the torrent. She

allowed them to join with those she had before *gathered*, and then went round the whole, as they moved gently towards the place where they usually stood while waiting to be milked. She sat down at the foot of the hill, above the flock, conscious of having completed the task of the evening, so far as possibly depended upon her own exertions, and waited the further orders of her master.

The sermon, fitted to make a strong impression upon those to whom it was chiefly addressed, and protracted to a great length, was now brought to a close; but the superstitious awe of the old shepherd had spread through the whole assemblage, and minister and hearers remained for a few minutes in a deep pause, interrupted only by the gurgling of the adjoining brook, and the hoarse croaking of the raven that floated above them, on a level with the tops of the mountains.

Silently

The people knelt, and when they rose, such awe held them in silence, that the eagle's cry, Which, far above them, at his highest flight Wheel'd round and round, a speck scarce visible,

Was heard distinctly, and the mountain stream,

Which from the distant glen sent forth its noise,

Was audible

In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice Of waters in the silence of the night.

John Hoy could wait no longer. He rose at the beginning of the Psalm, as he had done before, and six young women came from different parts of the crowd, where they had been sitting beside their respective relations, and followed him. In those times they were plainly dressed, though yet too well for their work, but they had left their every-day clothes and milking pails at the bought.

The sun had now nearly set, but the summits of the eastern mountains still reflected his beams, while the yellow glory of the welkin streamed down the glens that fell into the lower lake from the north-west, at a mile and a half's distance from each other, and brightened the corners of the adjacent hills, while the lakes and the sky were a lovely blue.

The whole was a piece of that broad, deep, distinct, and splendid colouring, heightened by the vicinity of the objects, and the awful quietude of the scene, the morning and evening alternation of which probably forms the



peculiar charm that for ever after sways the feeling of the natives of a hilly country, which they sigh after, and look for in vain, when removed to the variety and richness of a more fertile district. The assembly of mountaineers had broke up, and various groups were seen ascending the foot-paths that winded over the mountains, or along the different sides of the lakes.

They retired to their homes, talking as they went of the themes which their preacher had so ably enforced, yet often diverging from the subject to moralise on the wisdom of the dumb animal, whose attention and sagacity had been a full substitute for the labours of her master, and had enabled him to give the whole of the sacred day to his religious duties. The incident is still told by the aged shepherd to his family, and seldom without the pious moral, that the Supreme Being can provide, by the most unlikely means, for those who sacrifice their temporal interests to the discharge of their religious duties. M.

January 5.

A LETTER ON THE MANAGEMENT OF  
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AT  
GLASGOW.

*Saltmarket, Jan. 12, 1818.*

MR EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the title I have prefixed to my letter may perhaps lead you to suspect that I am about to entertain you with local trifles, unworthy the attention of the public, yet I beg you will read on before you determine to reject me, and I believe you will then find, that the subject on which I write is one of no inconsiderable importance to all those who consider the cause of literature as a matter of universal interest. The University Library here is a very useful and extensive collection, containing many thousand volumes in all branches of learning, formed gradually from small beginnings, in the course of rather more than two centuries. To these books, the actual students of the university, and those who had gone through the usual course of education in this place, have at all times had access, till within the last two years, when a new system of administration has been adopted. The use of the library is now exclusively

confined to the professors of the college; and such of the students as are permitted to read a book from the public library, do so, not as of old, in their own free right, but by the express kindness and patronage of some individual professor, who is so good as to take out the volume in his own name, and then lend it to the student.

The only possible apology which could, as I think, be offered for the late innovation, would be a clear proof, satisfactory to all the world, that the college library here is the property, not of the university, but of the professors. Even in that case, as a Writer whom we consulted last year on this business observed, "the students have probably long ago obtained as binding a *servitude* of browsing upon this library as any man ever had of grazing his cattle upon a village common." But it at least would be acknowledged, that the professors have some excuse for their present conduct, and it would be admitted on all hands, that the *onus probandi* should lie not on those who are injured, but on those who are benefited, by the legal specialty. Let us see, however, how the matter actually stands. I strongly suspect that we shall find the *onus probandi*, in the present instance, to lie altogether on the other side.

As the records of the university, and, among the rest, all deeds of donations to the library, are kept in a manner which renders access to them entirely out of the power of a person in my situation, I am content to admit, that my reasoning in the present instance must proceed altogether upon probabilities—but the evidence I can adduce may nevertheless amount to a *moral certainty*, and if so, I doubt not the impartial public will be abundantly satisfied. And in the first instance, let us inquire, What was the origin of the library? That some collection of books was possessed by the university in its primitive state, before the benefactions of King James VI., is at least probable, but I have seen no notice of it. At all events, the first considerable collection of books possessed by the university, was that given and bequeathed by the great ornament and patron of Scottish literature, George Buchanan. Now, for whose use, we may ask, were these books of the great George Buchanan intended? For that of "one principal, three regents, one

clerk, and one cook? for of these, according to Cleland,\* the whole regular establishment of the university in his time consisted—or were they not rather intended for the benefit of the youth of that age, “*inter quos*,” as is stated in a deed of donation about the same time, “*pro nimia paupertate disciplinarum studia neglecta jacebant?*” To those who are acquainted either with the old constitution of our university, or with the spirit of George Buchanan, the answer of this question will appear a thing sufficiently obvious. In its original state, as my grandfather, the bailie, used to say, the government of the university of Glasgow was not lodged in the hands of a few regents and professors, elected by each other, as at present, but, like the university of Bologna, on the model of which it was established, in the hands of the doctors and masters of arts. In these the authority, dignity, and immunities of THE UNIVERSITY were vested.† By what course of unfortunate events this state of things has passed away, and one so miserably inferior been established in its room, this is not the time to inquire; but it may perhaps excite a smile to hear that not only the poor students of the college for the time being, but these men, the doctors and masters of arts, the original *members of the faculties*, are now excluded, not only from all actual participation in the management of revenues, and the conferring of degrees, but also in the use of the books given by George Buchanan to the “*University of Glasgow*.” It is not necessary to go so far back. The great body of the library has been formed by donations, either of books, or of money “*to buy books*,” from munificent noblemen and gentlemen in our neighbourhood, and from professors, who, in their day, conferred honour on the situations which they held. Among these last I may mention the name of Simpson, who left his books to the library of the university, and for the use of whom? the professors!—there were not, I will venture to say, above two of his colleagues‡ who could demonstrate ten propositions in his Euclid, nor am I

aware that the mathematical genius of our regents is, even in the present day, in a greatly more flourishing condition. The good, humane, and zealous Simpson, meant his books, not for the use of professors, who are very well able to buy books for themselves, but for the poor students, who need every encouragement and facility to induce them to study those abstruse branches of learning in which he himself delighted.

But by far the greatest benefactor to our library has been the British Parliament. It has lately been found, that the library of the university has a right, by the kindness of the Legislature, to one copy of every book printed in Great Britain and Ireland. A most princely privilege! and for whom intended? that will be best ascertained by considering who they are on whom similar privileges have been conferred, viz. the other three Scottish universities—the two English universities—Trinity College Dublin—the British Museum—the King’s Library—and the Advocates’ Library at Edinburgh. In each of these cases, the use of the books so given by the Legislature, so paid for by authors and booksellers, is placed at the disposal of large bodies of readers; and it is pretty clear, that for that purpose were the privileges bestowed. In Glasgow alone, the books given by the public for the encouragement of learning are at the disposal, not of a great multitude of readers, but of a *very few* individuals. That these individuals are very learned individuals, no man will venture to deny:—were it the custom of Parliament to give a present of every book published in Britain to small literary clubs or societies, it is perhaps true, that a club or society more worthy of such munificence than that which assembles in the Fore-hall at Glasgow would not easily be selected. But such is neither the custom nor the duty of our rulers. The eighteen professors (for I have now counted them) are all most worthy, intelligent, and some of them even eminent men; but I do not doubt there is many another score of literary men in Britain, who think themselves equally well entitled to the marked patronage of Parliament. This much is certain, that if these professors of ours are to be so pointed out to the world as the objects of legislative

\* See Annals of Glasgow, by W. Cleland.

† Vide Cleland, *ibid.*

‡ Moore and Anderson.

protection and kindness, it is their duty to shew their sense of this distinguished favour, by literary exertions at least as super-eminent as their literary privileges. That they may do so in future, is the prayer of none more sincerely than myself; but that they have as yet done so, is far from being evident, either to me or to any with whom I have conversed. The ability with which they discharge their official duties is universally recognised by the public, and is a sufficient proof what they might do; but at present, if we except Dr Thomson, (the professor of chemistry, who has just been elected) our *senatus academicus* can boast of no man who is a living *author* of distinguished eminence. The only works of any of the other professors with which I am acquainted, are these:—A new Version of certain Psalms, by Dr Macgill, professor of divinity; a Poem on Order, by Dr Josiah Walker, professor of humanity (for an account of which see the Edinburgh Review); an excellent Imitation of Dr Johnson's style, and a Translation of Tyrtæus' war songs, by Mr Young, professor of Greek; a small dissertation on Bones, by Dr Jeffray; a short but masterly Pamphlet against the late Lord Advocate, by Professor Mylne; a book of Travels through part of the Low Countries, by Professor Muirhead (the librarian); a "History of Medicine," by Dr Richard Miller; and a Treatise upon Midwifery, by Professor Burns. With the exception of perhaps this last work, and the inimitable Criticism on Gray's Elogy, of Professor Young, none of these books have ever been much in the hands of the public. If I am defrauding any of the learned professors of honour that is due to them, it will give me pleasure as well as instruction, to be corrected by themselves.

It will easily be believed, that an innovation so daring, and so injurious as that to which I have now called the attention of your readers, has not taken place without exciting much displeasure among the students of the university, as well as those clergymen and other gentlemen who formerly studied here, and who had always been in use to read the books belonging to the university collection. To the complaining students, one only apology, or excuse, or evasion, has ever been

offered. It is this—that in former times the privilege which they possessed was the price of an annual sum which they paid for the maintenance of the library. This tax is, as the professors observe, no longer *levied*; and the privilege has only followed the fortunes of its purchase-money. That this allegation can be of any avail, till such time as it is clearly proved that all the donations of books, from the time of George Buchanan downwards, were meant exclusively for the professors, I absolutely and distinctly deny. The levying of a tax upon the use of the library was an arbitrary step, adopted without the consent of the students, and having for its direct purpose the partial exclusion of them from the use of their own property. The uses to which the product of the tax was applied reconciled us indeed to that measure, and we made no complaints. But now that the tax is dropped, is our temporary acquiescence in it to be made use of in the justification of another tyranny, another arbitrary exertion of power, another and a far more odious TAX, in which we do *not*, and never will acquiesce? But what sort of apology is this to those gentlemen who are settled in this city or its vicinity, and who, during the years of their attendance in the university, paid this tax for the express purpose of increasing the library, and in the confidence that the library, so increased, would be, throughout the whole of their after lives, the comfort and cordial of their existence. They paid, for ten or more years, whatever was required, with a view, not so much to what they then read, as to what they hoped to read now and hereafter. The eminent qualifications and illustrious works of those who now retain the sole use of the library, will afford but a small consolation to those who have been deprived of it. If they wish us to pay the tax, we make no objections; we are willing to stretch every nerve rather than relinquish what we have always considered to be by far the most important of our academical privileges. Let them name their sum; and let them be assured, that although it should be doubled or tripled upon us, we will most cheerfully comply with their demands.

"The tax," they say, "is no longer useful, therefore we shall no longer

ask it." And why is it no longer useful? "Because we receive *gratis* all the books entered in stationers' hall." A pretty answer, truly! Are there no books published except those entered in stationers' hall? What say you to the 30,000 books published every year in France, or the 40,000 published every year in Germany, to say nothing of other countries? Among all that number, it must be very wonderful if there are no books so much worth reading as those which some of you produce—Translations of the Psalms, Poems on Order, and Treatises on the Bones! That you do not care about them, is nothing to us. Your satisfaction is no argument to those who have no faculty-dinners to attend—no *easy-chairs* to snore in. But it is not necessary to confine ourselves to new books. Is your collection of the old ones so very complete? Are there no old books worth buying but what you possess? Those of you who have ever compared your own catalogue with any other, will hardly venture to answer me in the negative;—and indeed the defectiveness of your collection in one great department has been amply admitted by all your medical members, who have been obliged to assist their students to form a separate and more complete professional library for themselves.

Facts are stubborn chiefs,  
And downa be disputed.

But before I go any farther, I may as well stop till it be ascertained whether the library of which I speak be indeed the library of the university, or the library of the professors. For if it should turn out to be a mere private collection, there is no question but its management should be entirely regulated by the wishes of its proprietors, and the ladies of their families.

On looking over what I have written, I fear that persons unacquainted with the history of our university will be inclined to imagine I have used language too strong for the occasion, and to say to themselves, that the professors *must* have some good reason in reserve for all that they have done. For the satisfaction of such persons, I shall briefly notice a small academical anecdote of the last century. From the earliest times it was the privilege of the four *nations*, as the students of this university are

called, to elect their chief magistrate, the Rector. This privilege was found to be a very disagreeable one to the professors, and these gentlemen contrived, about the year 1722, entirely to smuggle the students out of all the blessings it at that period conferred, by taking the election into their own hands. The young men had some spirit, and they wrote several vigorous pamphlets on the occasion, one of which now lies before me, having this motto: "*O Domus antiqua, heu, quam dispari dominare Domino!*" But the pamphlets did not cure the evil; that was not accomplished till the cause of justice was embraced by one of the professors' own number—the late illustrious JOHN MILLAR. That great and independent man made common cause with the injured students, and presided at a counter election by them. The Rector whom they chose was found to be the legal magistrate, and the professors were obliged to give up all their pretensions. Were Millar now alive, we should have had no need to make the present appeal to the public. He has both a son and a son-in-law in the faculty; let us hope that one or both of them will be found capable of imitating his example now, as they have heretofore given us good reason to expect. Your most obedient servant,

NICOL JARVIE, tertius, M.D.

TO A LADY READING ROMEO AND  
JULIET.

*From the German.*

Of love and sorrow 'tis a peerless tale—  
Then press it softly to thy gentle breast.  
I'll share the fear that makes thy pure cheek  
pale,  
I'll guess the wish that may not be confest.  
Unhappy pair! and yet to them was given  
That earthly joy which tasteth most of  
heaven.  
—Oh! sweet and bitter, let our mixt tears  
flow,  
Where on the grave of faith the drooping  
violets grow.

To mortals there is given a fleeting life;  
A life—ah! no; a wild, vain, hurrying  
dream;  
A tempest of pride, passion, sin, and strife,  
A deep—a dark—a restless foaming  
stream.  
When fortune lifts us high, or sinks us low,  
We feel the motion—know not where we go;

Love only, like the oil upon the sea,  
Gives to man's tossing soul repose and liberty.

'Tis true, that they who love are seldom born  
To a smooth destiny.—Love buds in peace,  
But foulest wizards in the air have sworn  
To blast its beauty e'er the leaves increase.  
The lovers dare not look—fiends watch  
their eyes ;  
They dare not speak—fiends intercept their  
sighs.

A spell is on them—mute—o'er-mastering ;  
Dumb sorrow o'er them waves her dark  
depressing wing.

But let the faint-heart yield him as he may,  
Danger sits powerless on love's steady breast ;  
The lovers shrink not in the evil day,  
They are afflicted—they are not oppress.  
To die together, or victorious live—  
That first and holiest vow—'tis theirs to give.  
United, though in fetters, they are free,  
They care not though the grave their bridal  
bed should be.

It may be, that if love's expanding flower  
Is forced to close before the storm's keen  
breath ;  
That closing may protract the blooming hour  
Which is so short in all that suffers death.  
The silence, and the sorrow, and the pain,  
May nourish that which they attack in vain.  
The lowly flame burns longest,—humble  
sadness  
Is kindlier to love's growth than free un-  
varied gladness.

But oh ! how glorious shone their ruling star,  
Who carried with them budding loves to  
heaven ;  
Whom angels welcomed in bright realms afar,  
With a full cup, which scarce to touch  
was given,  
While any remnant of terrestrial sin  
Had power to stain the holy draught within ;  
They died—young love stood by them,  
calmly sighing,  
And fanned with his soft wing the terrors of  
their dying.

Read not of Juliet and her Romeo  
With tragic trembling and uplifted hair ;  
Be mild, fair maid, and gentle in your woe,  
As in their death were that most innocent  
pair.

Upon the tomb o' the Capulets there gleams  
No torch-light—but a moon of tender beams.  
—You must not hate love because Juliet died,  
But wish to sleep like her, by a true lover's  
side.

A. W. S.

VERSES WRITTEN IN 1793, ON SEE-  
ING THE PLACE WHERE THE MAID  
OF ORLEANS SUFFERED.

(From the German.)

HERE naked they exposed thee,  
Here martyr flames enclosed thee,  
Thou holy heroine !

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Here angels waved their boughs  
Of palm around thy brows,  
Thou sufferer serene !

It was no fabling story,  
That strengthening glimpse of glory,  
'Twas Horeb's sacred spark !  
Christ did thy banner brighten,  
And Christ thy pangs will lighten,  
Joanne ! thou Maid of Arc !

With heavenly pity glowing,  
To thee is Mary shewing  
Her awful virgin eyes :  
Thy God doth comfort send thee ;  
Blest ministers attend thee,  
To waft thee to the skies.

I see thou dost not ban  
The ingratitude of man :  
No curses come from thee ;  
Thy face is mild, fair maid,  
Though they have thee betrayed,  
Whom thou didst oft set free.

Thy countrymen betrayed thee ;  
Thy friends a victim made thee ;  
And thine ungenerous foes  
Heap lies and insults o'er thee,—  
—They quailed of old before thee,  
When high thy white plume rose.

I see the guiltless maiden,  
Her cheek's proud flush, long faden,  
Awakes ! 'tis virgin shame.  
Hard butcher hands are baring  
Her bosom to the staring  
Of them that feared her name.

'Twas but a moment's fever,—  
She paler now than ever,  
Prays calmly in their view :  
“ God pardon these rude soldiers ;  
These hard-eyed stern beholders ;  
They know not what they do :

“ Lord Jesu, for thy sake,  
I kiss—I kiss the stake ;  
Receive my soul in pity.”  
With this the flames up springing,  
Their bloody glare are flinging  
O'er all the guilty city.

I see no more the arm,  
Whose weapon did no harm,  
The banner—not the sword.  
No more the snowy breast,  
Which never love confest  
But for its Saviour-Lord.

The winds disperse her ashes ;  
No tear the dark spot washes,  
Where martyr blood hath been ;  
From thenceforth pride and honour  
Shone never more upon her  
That land of curse and sin !

But aye her soil is teeming  
With scoffing and blaspheming ;  
And oh ! what heart of man

3 I

Can bear her bards, who jeer  
At thee, thou virgin seer,  
\* Thou holy, meek Joanne ?

O heartless generation !  
False, grinning, faithless nation !  
With thee truth's star is dark,  
And chivalry a stranger !  
—God send thee an avenger,  
Joanne, thou Maid of Arc !

A. W. S.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN  
LONDON.

No I.

WE are about to commence an acquaintance with the readers of this Magazine. The subject of our communication with them will be the Acted Drama of London. But in order that they may not expect of us what it is not our intention to give them, it may be as well for both parties, if we begin by saying a few words on the kind and manner of the remarks that we may from time to time offer them, and on the nature of the opinions and feelings from which these remarks will spring.

First, As to the kind and manner of our remarks. In one word, then, we are not CRITICS. We have no theories to support,—no established set of principles to write from,—no critical statute-book, by which to try and judge of every thing and every body that comes before us. We are accustomed to feel a great deal oftener than to think ; if we have succeeded in keeping the source of our feelings pure, one of *them* will always be worth a score of thoughts, especially when passion is the subject on which those feelings are to be employed. We shall therefore frequently talk to our readers as we would to an acquaintance,—as if we were one of themselves, and entreat them not to be impatient, if, being obliged to have all the talk to ourselves, we should sometimes even gossip a little. But there are different kinds of talkers : There is the dry matter-of-fact talker, who tells every body what every body knows ; and the prosing talker, whose little modicums of sense “float in a Mediterranean sea” of fine phrases ; and the dogmatical talker, who will have it so because it

is so, and with whom it is so because he will have it so ; and the mechanical talker, a sort of moral smock-jack, that makes a disagreeable noise, and goes perpetually without ever being wound up ; and various others, “too tedious to mention,” as the conjurors’ advertisements have it. But so long as our readers do not place us in either of these classes, we shall not complain, and perhaps *they* will not.

It has been whispered to us by a friend, that in writing for the public, our manner of expressing what occurs to us may be thought too egotistical. Before the reader decides that it *is so*, and condemns accordingly, let him think, as we have done, whether, in being too solicitous to avoid the appearance, we might not be led to augment the reality ; whether a man, whose over-refined taste makes him perpetually fearful of *speaking* of himself, does not run the risk of coming at length to *think* of nothing else. The truth is, we dislike the singular plural “we” altogether, but cannot muster up egotism enough to be the first to reject it. We beg our readers to remember too, that all we profess to offer them is, the thoughts, and feelings, and opinions of an individual,—of one much more apt to listen than to talk,—much more able to learn than to teach. Therefore, when we say such a thing *is so*, with reference to matters of opinion, we mean that we think or feel it to be so,—that it *is so* in and for us.

With respect to the nature of the feelings and opinions from which our remarks will spring, we shall confess that our opinions are few and weak, in proportion as our feelings are many and strong. To be frank at once, our opinions for the most part hang very loosely about us. We know the danger of this ; still more the danger of confessing it ; and most of all, the danger of confessing it to Edinburgh readers. But it is true, and we cannot help it ; and indeed do not desire to help it. Besides, we scorn to pass for wiser and better people than we are. We repeat, therefore, that our opinions on many subjects hang very loosely about us ; on many we *have* no opinions at all ; partly because we are not able to make up our minds about them, and partly because we are not called upon to do so. We have something else to do. We have to feel, and to act, and to enjoy, and

\* The Pucelle, &c.

to suffer,—to bear and forbear; we have to live in a world where goodness is frequently wretched, and wickedness triumphant; we have to live in the centre of the greatest city of that world, with brick walls round us when we wake in the morning, the din of commerce in our ears, and its effects pressing upon our eyes, and hearts, and understandings, all day long; and at night we go to rest with the echoes and images of all these things floating about us, and blending with our better thoughts, and aspirations, and expectancies, till truth seems changing into falsehood, light into darkness; in short, all good things into their opposites. Heaven forbid that, situated thus, we should have too many or too strong opinions of our own! Of what use would they be to us? We should be ashamed to conceal, and afraid to express them; and they would rankle within us, and perhaps taint and corrupt the fountain head of those feelings from which most of the opinions that we do possess proceed, and in which all of them that are of any value have been tried, and cleansed, and modified.

As to our opinions and feelings on the particular subject before us, we deem the acted drama highly important in its influence on the real refinement of a nation; but are inclined to trace that influence, not to a different source from that to which it is usually traced, but through different channels;—and we dissent a good deal from the general opinion as to what is the real refinement of a nation.

But, after all, there is not a little cant in the talk about the public influence of the drama. In the present condition of society, its chief and most unequivocal good consists in the sum of individual pleasure it produces. The drama is an ideal world, to which we flee to forget all the wretched realities of daily life, and remember all the kindly ones; and its best beauty is, that its gates are not closed even upon the meanest supplicants for entrance. Poetry—written poetry—is an ideal world too; but it is situated above the clouds: it requires wings to reach even its threshold; but to penetrate to its inmost recesses—its seventh heaven—demands a sustained flight—a power in some sort kindred to that which created it. But the acted drama is, when it weeps, a sooth-

ing and heart-rending, and, when it smiles, a frank, sociable, hand-shaking world, situated in our very neighbourhood on the face of the earth; into which all who come may enter at all times, and in all moods; and all who enter may taste and appreciate, and enjoy and remember. The poor in spirit as well as the rich—the low in intellect as well as the high—peasant, and prince, and philosopher:—it makes them all equal, for it makes them all happy, and happiness is your only true and honest leveller. The drama is a world in which age is carried back to youth, without forfeiting the wisdom of its experience; and youth is carried forward to manhood, without losing the still better wisdom of its inexperience; in which the poor man tastes for a while the pleasure and power of the prince, and, what is still more difficult to bring about, the prince enjoys for a moment the tranquillity and happiness of the peasant.

A great commercial city without an acted drama, would be like a world without a sun. None would care to go or to look abroad; but every one, being content to remain shut up in the dungeon of self, would dress by the glass of his own senses, and move and act by the paltry farthing-candle-light of his own interest. The walls of his house would become the boundaries of his mind's kingdom; and seeing nothing there wiser, or better, or happier, than himself, he would conclude that all the world must be foolish, and wicked, and miserable; and sitting down with a kind of despairing self-complacency, he would *think* himself a god, but *feel* himself a slave. The acted drama—at least the acted drama as it has been, and ought to be—corrects all this. It entices the mind to escape from the body, and to breathe and look abroad. It teaches those who are compelled to live in great cities, that *they* must not judge of man by men; and shews them that there may be something brighter than gold—something loftier than utility—something wiser than selfishness; and though they would never have found this out of themselves, yet they are by no means worse to learn it, and it cannot be lost upon them. Indeed it is chiefly to the inhabitants of great cities that an acted drama is beneficial and necessary; and its utility, independently of the pleasure it produces,

is chiefly to be anticipated and traced among the uneducated classes, whether rich or poor—whether the high vulgar or the low. The maid-servant in the gallery, who weeps for three hours, once in a season, over the woes of a “deep” tragedy, is better and happier for it all the rest of the year; and her tears are quite as pure and respectable, and as becoming too, as those of her lady in the dress boxes.

We have said that our fixed opinions are few; but we should add, that those we have are strong in proportion to, and perhaps by reason of, their fewness. So that our readers (especially those who may happen to differ from us) must not be surprised or angry, if we talk of those opinions often, and contend for them strenuously; for they have stood by us so long, and served us so faithfully, that we are apt to consider them as friends whose affections we have tried, and therefore we “grapple them with hooks of steel.” One of these opinions is, that great poets are the first of human beings, and that Shakspeare is the greatest of poets; but that it would be better for all the world if he could be thought of as a poet only—not as a writer of acting dramas. If it had not been for Mr Kean, we should never have desired to see a play of Shakspeare’s acted again. The external senses clog and fetter all the loftier powers of the human mind, and, more than all, the imagination; and it is from these powers that the dramas of Shakspeare proceed, and to these that they appeal: and accordingly it has always happened, that the persons who have been best able to appreciate Shakspeare, have been those least in the habit of seeing him acted; and the critic who has appreciated him best of all, is a foreigner who has never seen him acted at all. In ourselves, we shall never cease to regret having seen Hamlet so often acted in our youth. We have been thereby so long habituated to cluster a certain set of associations round every character in it, and particularly the chief one, that we are now totally unable to strip them off, though we feel that they have “no business there.” We are convinced that this prevents us from seeing a great part of the beauties of that drama, and from appreciating those we do see. Though Hamlet is “the

glass of fashion and the mould of form,” what mere reader ever thinks of setting about to imagine how he looks? It is his

“mind alone———

The living fountain in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime.”

And yet *we* can never name his name, but a comely-looking gentleman in black starts up before us, with a velvet hat and feathers under his arm, and a foil-stone star glittering on his breast. And then for Desdemona,

“The gentle lady married to the Moor!”

If we had been left to ourselves, we could have fancied her any thing or any body we liked, and have changed the fancy at our will. But, as it is, she is nothing to us but a slim young lady in white satin, walking about on the boards of a theatre. How different is it, where the imagination is left to do its own work! With *Una*, for example,—

“Heavenly *Una*, with her milk-white lamb!”

*She* haunts us like a spirit, at all times and in all places. *She* comes to us under all shapes, and changes them even while we are looking at her; and yet, though they are all indefinite, they are all beautiful, and all true.

On the other hand, however, we must not forget, or shrink from confessing, that we never perhaps knew *Othello* or *Richard*, till we knew *Kean*; and that we never felt so much delight in reading Shakspeare, as we have in seeing *Kean* act him. This avowal is due to the transcendent genius of the one, and it cannot detract from that of the other.

Another of the opinions, or prejudices, or whatever they may be called, from which our remarks will spring, is, that nature is the standard of all goodness in the world of art; and that therefore there is not, and cannot be, such a thing as what is called *ideal beauty*. That the *Venus*, for example, is a finer statue than the *Apollo*, because the first is *only* nature, the latter is more.

That the weak, and confiding, and forgiving *Desdemona*, is a more lovely creature than the all-perfect *Clarissa*; because the former is *but* a woman, the latter is an angel.

From this it follows, that our one earthly idol is simplicity, and our one antipathy is affectation,—but we love



the one more than we hate the other ; because, though the last is, now-a-days, ever present to our eyes and ears, yet the first is never absent from our thoughts ; and, happily, we do not live by seeing and hearing, but by thinking.

One word, as to the plan on which we propose to conduct our account of the Acted Drama of London, and we shall conclude. We fear, then, that our readers must be content to receive it in as desultory a manner as that of the foregoing observations which are to introduce it. But we are sure, that we shall be best able to please others when we best please ourselves ; and shall therefore never scruple to go out of our path to avoid a stumbling-block, or pluck a flower. It should be borne in mind, too, that we set out on a principle of *selection*, and shall therefore always have more to say on five minutes of genius, than on five hours of dulness.

It would also be desirable for both parties, if our Edinburgh readers would not forget that we write from London, and our London ones that we write for Edinburgh.

We have but a poor account to give of the drama of London for this month. The novelties have been, at Covent-Garden, a tragedy and a pantomime ; and at Drury-Lane, a pantomime.—The tragedy, which is called *Retribution*, or the *Chieftain's Daughter*, was produced on Thursday, 1st. It is from the pen of a young gentleman named Dillon, only three or four-and-twenty years of age ; and from what we had read and heard, we hoped and expected to have been able to say better things of it than we can. But the truth is, the attempt is a too ambitious one for a beginner. A young man who had genius enough to write a *good* tragedy, would never have commenced his literary career by writing a tragedy at all. The hope of succeeding, indicated weakness rather than strength. None but infants reach at the moon.

The scene of *Retribution* is laid at Persia, during the fourth century ; and the dramatis personæ and plot are as follows :

Varanes, King of Persia,.....Mr Young.  
 Chosroo, } his Sons, } .....Mr M'Cready.  
 Hamed, } .....Mr C. Kemble.

Abdas, a Persian Lord,.....Mr Egerton.  
 Hafir, his Son,.....Mr Abbot.  
 Suther, a Captive Chief,.....Mr Terry.  
 Soprab, the King's Chamberlain, Mr Connor.  
 Zimra, Daughter to Suther,.....Miss O'Neil.  
 Besides Slaves, Confidants, and so forth.

The piece opens at the Court of Varanes, on the first anniversary of his accession to the throne, and the day on which his elder son Chosroo returns from a successful expedition against one of the rude tribes which inhabit the Carduchian mountains—bringing with him, as captive, the chieftain of the tribes, Suther, against whom Chosroo cherishes a violent hatred, on account of Suther and his daughter Zimra having refused his alliance. Hamed, the virtuous son of Varanes, and loving and beloved by Zimra, protects her and her father from the violence of Chosroo, and in consequence incurs his hatred also,—and their mutual endeavours to obtain and keep possession of the captives, forms the chief part of the plot. Chosroo is the better enabled to effect his purposes, by holding a mysterious power over his father Varanes, which turns out to arise from Chosroo having been present when Varanes murdered his brother and predecessor Sorab, for the purpose of gaining his throne. During the course of the play, the guilty conscience of Varanes forces him to make discoveries, which raise suspicion of his guilt ; and the report at length reaches the ears of Hamed, who instantly flies to his father to know the truth. After a struggle, Varanes confesses the murder, and falls exhausted, and, as it is supposed, dead. Hamed, at this moment being found by his brother Chosroo standing over the body, is charged with the murder, and condemned to die. In the last act, the supposed body of the king is brought in ; but just as Hamed and Suther are about to be led to execution, it is discovered by Zimna, that the body is not that of the king. Varanes now enters *alive*, and after frustrating the designs of Chosroo, and making him change places with his intended victims, dies of remorse and sorrow for the guilt of himself and his son ; and the tragedy ends.

If the reader find any confusion in this account of the business of the piece, he must not blame us. How Varanes came to be supposed dead,

and yet to be alive, we could not very well make out; neither could we discover any reasons for the revolting circumstance of his having murdered his brother. It does not further or retard the progress of the chief plot in any way. In fact, there is no regular progression of interest,—no series of accidents bearing upon and developing and illustrating each other; and, as far as we could see, any one of the scenes might change places with any other, without injury to the piece. It is true, that all these defects might be expected in the first production of a young writer; and they might even be tolerated, were there any beauties of language, or character, or passion, to make us forget or overlook them; but we are compelled to say that there are none. By what kind of courtesy, therefore, such a piece can be called “a Tragedy,” it is difficult to tell. Is it because some one dies in the course of it? But if *this* were the rule, every melo-drama of the day would have superior claims to the title, in the proportion of six to one. The author of this piece must fix his standard of excellence much higher than he appears to have done, and let his attempts to reach that standard be more gradual and progressive. His jumping at it at once indicates more ambition than power. He must learn, or recollect, that a tragedy should at least charm the ear by its language, or awaken and fix the attention by its incident—or purify and melt the heart by its pathos—or elevate and strengthen the imagination by its sentiment—or delight and instruct the mind by its developement of character; and that a *good* tragedy must do *all* this, and all in subordination to present and immediate pleasure. Now *his* tragedy does no one of all these things. Juliet says, “What’s in a name?” But Juliet, though a delightful lover, was a very indifferent philosopher. There’s a great deal in a name. If the author of Retribution had made his work a little shorter, and called it a melo-drama, we should have said it was a good one, and anticipated, that as he had prudently chosen to begin with a melo-drama, he might one day rise to a writer of tragedies; but, as he chooses to begin with a tragedy, we fear he must sink to a writer of melo-dramas.

The pantomimes provided for the

Christmas folks (we use the phrase in any sense rather than a slighting one) are no better in their kind than the tragedy we have just spoken of. As *that* does not make you weep, so *they* do not make you laugh. We shall never again see such a pantomime as Mother Goose as long as we live! Why is this? Is it that the art of making a pantomime is lost—or that we can never again be so young as when we saw that? Why will not the makers of these things give us a little nature in the midst of their art? They would find it not out of place even *there*. Pantomime should be a business of caricature, mixed with a little wonderment, and not a little extravagance; but it should not be what it is now-a-days—a lumbering heap of unmeaning monstrosity. Let them give us another *Pastoral Pantomime*, with the scenery among corn-fields and cottages, and the characters among ploughboys and milkmaids—and see whether it will not please us, and pay them better than the best heaven and hell they can make, with all the gods and demons of the Heathens to boot! What’s all the Greek mythology in the world to compare with that of the nursery! What’s a huge enchanter upon a dragon, or even Venus herself drawn by her doves, to compare with Mother Goose flying along upon her broomstick! and what are palaces of pleasure, and chorusses of nymphs, to compare with the little village-church rising out of clumps of trees, with its windows glittering in the sunshine, and its “merry bells ringing.”

The grave reader may smile, but we hope never to forget the pantomime of Mother Goose as long as we live; and we are not sure that, as an acting drama, it is not a better thing than the best tragedy that ever was written, except Shakspeare’s!

The pantomime at Covent-Garden is founded on the travels of Gulliver, and that at Drury-Lane on the exploits of Don Juan and the stone statue. There is nothing worth remarking on in either, except a dance by the three Dennets in the Covent-Garden one. These are most bewitching little creatures—they dance with more *gusto* than any girls we ever saw.—They blend and shift about like moonlight on water—or wreath themselves together like garlands of flowers—or flow over and round about each other

like waves of the sea—or float along silently and smilingly like clouds of the air. They are all alike, and yet all different. They mix themselves up together till we don't know which is which—till each seems to be “another, yet the same.” Each has a peculiar character of face, and shape, and style; and every time we look at each we fancy that we like *her* best: in short, each is prettier than the others, and yet all are pretty alike. They remind us of an air for three voices—or a poem in three stanzas—or a triplet of verses all rhyming together, yet all having different meanings. We could write about them for ever, and perhaps never tire those who have seen them; but we must have a little consideration for those who have not.

Q.

London, 10th January.

ANSWER TO P. C. K.'S CONJECTURAL  
EMENDATION OF A PASSAGE IN  
OTHELLO.

MR EDITOR,

IN the last Number of your Magazine, a correspondent has given what he conceives to be a complete explication of a passage in Othello, which has bewildered the wits of all the commentators; and so confident is he in the propriety of the elucidation, that he thinks it must *set the question at rest for ever*. I am afraid, however, that it does not possess so potent a spell.

Commentators are very apt to be deceived by their own *imaginings*, especially if there be much scope for fancy in the subject of their contemplations. Every thing comes in a questionable shape—and *doubts* to them are any thing but *traitors*. Rather than admit that the rays of their genius are unable to penetrate the cloud which obscures the meaning of the author, they will guess, like the suitors of Portia, at the risk of coming to most “lame and impotent conclusions.” They are led by conjecture, like the two lovers by Puck the fairy, and, when they think to grasp the substance, are mocked with the shadow. They strain their imaginations when they should use their eyes; and pore upon the text when Fancy should be forth upon the wing.—The truth is, the commentator of Shakspeare

will succeed but indifferently, who cannot in some measure identify himself with the personage whose language and sentiments he would develop.

The passage, upon the face of which Time appears to have written *strange defeatures*, stands thus:—

“And what was he?

Forsooth a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,*  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish  
theorick,  
Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
As masterly as he: mere prattle without  
practice  
Is all his soldiership.”

The alteration proposed by your correspondent is on the line marked in italics, which he proposes to read—

“A fellow almost damned; in a fair wise  
Who never set a squadron in the field,” &c.

This construction of his will suit neither with the preceding nor subsequent parts of the speech. There is nothing whatever, not even the shadow of a pretence for authorising Iago to say simply, that Cassio is a fellow almost damned. Does his being an arithmetician and a Florentine warrant such an expression?—assuredly not. Then it has nothing else to plead its propriety. Nor will the substitution of the words, *in a fair wise*, bear out the sense. It is quite clear that Cassio had never seen service; never set a squadron in the field at all, in a fair wise, or in any other wise. In “bookish theorick” lay all his soldiership,—“mere prattle without practice.”

The dialogue is begun by Roderigo, who accuses Iago of being accessory to the flight of Desdemona with the Moor. It would appear, that Iago had extorted money from Roderigo, under pretence of forwarding his suit with Desdemona—probably by giving information of his rival's motions. “Thou told'st me,” says Roderigo, “thou didst hold him in thy hate;” to which Iago replies, “despise me an I do not;” and then proceeds to give what he considers most conclusive reasons for his hatred. He states, in a forcible manner, that the Moor had refused the application of “three great ones” in his favour, and appointed one Michael Cassio, a

Florentine, to be his officer. Iago, no doubt, had been making inquiry respecting the character of the new lieutenant; and, as slander is ever open-mouthed, had learned, among other circumstances, that Cassio was on the eve of marriage with one who, in the language of Shakspeare, is styled a *customer*. Iago was too deeply skilled in the knowledge of human nature to omit this piece of intelligence. The more despicable he made Cassio appear, the more certain was he of gaining credit for his hatred of the Moor, which Roderigo had begun to suspect. It is quite clear that, at the time this dialogue took place, Roderigo knew nothing of Cassio, and that Iago knew him only by report, as an arithmetician and a Florentine—and nearly a cuckold. Your correspondent is therefore in a mistake, when he says that the "*sole aim* of Iago is to deprecate the character of Cassio." This is not the fact. His *sole aim* is to lull asleep the awakened suspicions of Roderigo, by shewing what an affront the Moor had put upon him by appointing such a fellow as Cassio to be his officer; and his motive for doing this is, to *put money in his pocket*. At an after-period he has other views:—

"Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now; To get his place, and to plume up my will; A double knavery—How? how?—Let me see:—  
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light." Act I. sc. iii.

Your correspondent forgets when he says, "His amour with Bianca was notorious not only to Roderigo, but to every body both in Venice and Cyprus." *At this period of the drama*, none of the parties had so much as dreamt of being in Cyprus.

I am therefore inclined to think, that P. C. K.'s emendation is far from preserving, as he supposes, either the spirit or consistency of the passage.

I at one time thought that we ought to read, "A fellow almost damn'd in a *fair life*," but not in the sense the ingenious Mr Tyrwhitt proposes, who imagines that Iago makes allusion to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those *of whom all men spoke well*. This allusion, had Iago been capable of making it, would not have answered his purpose. So far is he from wishing to represent Cassio as a person *of whom all men spoke well*,

that he speaks of him as an obscure individual, "*one Michael Cassio, a Florentine*."

Allowing "*fair life*" to be the correct reading, I would regard it in this light: When a landsman goes on board a ship of war, he is regarded, in point of *service*, as a useless lubber; and among other contemptuous epithets, that of *Fair-weather Jack* is sometimes applied. Iago contrasts the stormy scenes of actual service—"hair-breadth escapes i' the deadly breach,"—with the calm peaceable, and *noiseless tenor* of Cassio's way of life, which he thinks sufficient to *damn* his pretensions.

After all, I believe the true reading to be, "A fellow almost damn'd in a *frail wife*." The word *frail* is used in nearly the same sense in *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Page is a secure fool, and stands firmly on his *wife's frailty*." Again, in *Othello*:—  
"Is't *frailty* that thus errs?"

It is so too: And have not we affections? Desires for sport? and *frailty*, as men have? Then let them use us well; else, let them know

The ills we do, their ills instruct us too."

Act iv. sc. iii.

The damnation which Iago infers, is the derision and contempt which is attached to such a connexion:—"To be made a fixed figure for the *aim* of scorn to point his slow, unmoving finger at,"—the loss of reputation which a soldier seeks "even in the cannon's mouth."

Your correspondent's construction of the following passage is not original. Dr Johnson says, "What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No: it is not the *action* that shocks me, but it is the *cause*." Your correspondent says, "It is the *cause* of what I am about to do, not the *deed* itself, which creates this agony with which I go to do it." I think they are both wrong.

In this beautiful and broken soliloquy Othello declares, that Desdemona's *infidelity* is the *cause* of the action that shocks him. Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars—it is the cause. The conviction of her *infidelity* awakens very different emotions.

Arise black vengeance from thy hollow cell!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! swell bosom with thy  
fraught,

For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Again,

Was this fair paper, this most godly book  
Made to write whore upon? what, committed!  
Committed!—Impudent strumpet!

But when he hangs over the sleeping  
Desdemona, vengeance is swallowed  
up in measureless grief, and he is  
melted into tears,—tears of agony *for  
the deed* he is about to perpetrate,—the  
murder of all that is lovely,—where  
he had “garnered up his heart.”

“O balmy breath, thou dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword:—One more, one  
more.

[Kissing her.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill  
thee,

And love thee after:—One more and this  
the last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal—I must weep—  
Desdemona awakes,—his eyes roll, and  
he bites his lip,—and vengeance re-  
turns (when he thinks on the *cause*)  
to benight his soul.

If I be right in this interpretation,  
the passage should be printed thus:

*It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.—  
Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars!  
It is the cause, &c,*

J. H.

#### ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DR WITHER- SPOON, IN 1745.

WHEN the country was alarmed at  
the Pretender's army, several parishes  
in the west raised corps of militia,  
which were paid by the heritors or  
inhabitants. Among others, the parish  
of Beith, in Ayrshire, furnished its  
quota of militiamen. The late Dr  
John Witherspoon was at this time  
minister of Beith. He animated his  
parishioners in the cause; and I have  
seen a resolution in the Doctor's own  
handwriting, of the feuars and tenants  
of one division of this parish, to fur-  
nish their proportion of the militia.  
As the document is curious, I give you  
it verbatim. “We, the subscribing  
farmers and tenants within the bar-  
oney of Broadstone, in the parish of  
Beith, doe hereby bind ourselves, each  
of us for ourselves, effeiring to our re-  
spective valuations, to furnish seven  
men to join the other militia from the  
said parish, and to march with them  
to Stirling, for the support of our re-  
ligion and liberty, and in defence of  
our only rightful and lawful sove-  
reign King George, against his ene-  
mys engaged in the present rebellion,

which militia being to be engaged in  
the said cause, for the space of thirty  
days from the day of their marching  
from Beith, they shall be supported  
accordingly, agreeable to our different  
proportions, at the rate of two pence  
half penny sterling, upon every pound  
Scotts of valuation.” (Then follows  
the subscriptions of eighteen different  
persons.)

The Reverend gentleman put him-  
self at the head of this corps of Beith  
militia, and marched to Glasgow. At  
this place they were informed, that  
from the confidence reposed in the  
King's troops, as well as from their  
numbers, compared with those of the  
enemy, it would not be necessary  
for the militia to go farther, and they  
got orders to return. Mr Withers-  
poon's enthusiasm was not so readi-  
ly cooled; he went forward, and  
was present at the battle of Falkirk.  
He was there taken prisoner, along  
with the Reverend Mr M'Vey, mini-  
ster of Dreghorn. They were both  
carried to Down Castle, where Mr  
Witherspoon remained prisoner un-  
til after the battle of Culloden. Mr  
M'Vey was more fortunate. Being a  
man of little stature, he got himself  
dressed in woman's attire, and walked  
out of his prison, carrying a tea-kettle.  
Mr Witherspoon was at length set at  
liberty, though his health was consi-  
derably impaired by this confinement.  
He was afterwards translated from  
Beith to Paisley, and in 1768 went to  
America, where his political and mili-  
tary career is well known; and where,  
by his conduct, he shewed, that under  
whatever government he lived, it be-  
came him to be a faithful subject. He  
died in 1794. His works have been  
published in nine volumes. His me-  
mory is venerated wherever he was  
known, and he is yet talked of by  
many who remember him with unfeigned respect.

S. E.

#### ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OB- SERVATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1817.

MR EDITOR,

THOUGH I have already submitted to  
your readers an abstract of my meteor-  
ological observations for each month  
of 1817 separately, I hope it may not  
be uninteresting to any of them, but  
especially to such as may not be in  
possession of the earlier Numbers of  
your Work, to see an abstract for the

whole year. Some, perhaps, may be pleased to see, condensed into a small compass, a number of facts, which they would not think worth the trouble of collecting from the various Reports, while others, perhaps, who would be disposed to take that trouble, will thank me for relieving them of the task. In attempting to gratify them, I shall also have an opportunity of gratifying myself, by offering a few remarks for the consideration of those who have been, or who are about to be engaged in meteorological obser-

ations. For the information of such of your readers as have not been in the habit of perusing the Monthly Reports, I shall just observe, that the observations of all the instruments, mentioned below, are taken at ten o'clock, morning and evening, and that at the first of these hours, the highest point to which the thermometer has risen, and the lowest to which it has sunk, during the preceding twenty-four hours, are observed and recorded as the extremes of heat and cold, for the preceding day.

ABSTRACT OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS for 1817.  
Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

| 1817.<br>Months. | Thermometer.           |                        |                  |                  | Barometer.          |                  |             |           | Hygrometer. |             |           |      | Amount of Rain. |        | Amount of Evapor. |       | LESLIE. |       |       |       | ANDERSON. |       |
|------------------|------------------------|------------------------|------------------|------------------|---------------------|------------------|-------------|-----------|-------------|-------------|-----------|------|-----------------|--------|-------------------|-------|---------|-------|-------|-------|-----------|-------|
|                  | Mean of Greatest Heat. | Mean of Greatest Cold. | Mean Temp. 10 M. | Mean Temp. 10 E. | Mean of Ex- tremes. | Mean of 10 & 10. | Mean, 10 M. | Pressure. | Tem.        | Mean, 10 E. | Pressure. | Tem. | Mean, 10 E.     | 10 M.  | 10 E.             | Mean. | 10 M.   | 10 E. | Mean. | 10 M. | 10 E.     | Mean. |
| January          | 43.8                   | 34.7                   | 38.8             | 38.2             | 39.2                | 38.5             | 29.467      | 54        | 29.507      | 54          | 29.507    | 7.1  | 7.8             | 7.1    | 7.4               | 34.0  | 34.0    | 33.4  | 33.7  | 34.0  | 34.0      | 33.7  |
| February         | 46.7                   | 35.3                   | 41.6             | 38.7             | 41.0                | 40.1             | 29.515      | 52        | 29.481      | 52          | 29.481    | 6.3  | 12.1            | 7.3    | 9.7               | 34.5  | 34.0    | 34.0  | 34.2  | 34.5  | 34.0      | 34.2  |
| March            | 45.2                   | 33.8                   | 40.1             | 36.9             | 39.5                | 38.5             | 29.534      | 53        | 29.530      | 53          | 29.530    | 7.3  | 18.1            | 6.3    | 12.2              | 29.0  | 33.0    | 33.0  | 31.0  | 29.0  | 33.0      | 31.0  |
| April            | 53.4                   | 37.6                   | 47.6             | 41.7             | 45.5                | 44.6             | 30.148      | 54        | 30.136      | 54          | 30.136    | 9.8  | 33.4            | 3.127  | 33.4              | 27.0  | 36.0    | 31.5  | 27.0  | 36.0  | 31.5      |       |
| May              | 53.9                   | 38.7                   | 49.1             | 42.5             | 46.3                | 45.8             | 29.598      | 53        | 29.614      | 53          | 29.614    | 12.9 | 25.3            | 2.525  | 19.1              | 36.0  | 35.5    | 35.7  | 36.0  | 35.5  | 35.7      |       |
| June             | 63.0                   | 48.4                   | 57.2             | 51.6             | 55.7                | 54.4             | 29.643      | 59        | 29.662      | 59          | 29.662    | 10.5 | 24.2            | 2.050  | 17.3              | 47.5  | 47.0    | 47.2  | 47.5  | 47.0  | 47.2      |       |
| July             | 62.9                   | 49.2                   | 58.2             | 53.4             | 56.1                | 55.8             | 29.574      | 59        | 29.590      | 59          | 29.590    | 9.8  | 23.8            | 2.235  | 16.8              | 49.0  | 49.0    | 49.0  | 49.0  | 49.0  | 49.0      |       |
| August           | 60.8                   | 48.3                   | 56.6             | 51.7             | 54.5                | 54.1             | 29.498      | 58        | 29.515      | 58          | 29.515    | 8.9  | 20.9            | 1.774  | 14.9              | 48.2  | 48.2    | 48.2  | 48.2  | 48.2  | 48.2      |       |
| September        | 60.4                   | 46.7                   | 55.8             | 50.6             | 53.5                | 53.2             | 29.801      | 58        | 29.785      | 58          | 29.785    | 8.7  | 19.5            | 1.578  | 14.1              | 47.5  | 46.5    | 47.0  | 47.5  | 46.5  | 47.0      |       |
| October          | 48.1                   | 36.3                   | 42.9             | 39.9             | 42.2                | 41.4             | 29.886      | 47        | 29.893      | 47          | 29.893    | 5.9  | 12.7            | 1.104  | 10.5              | 35.1  | 34.5    | 34.8  | 35.1  | 34.5  | 34.8      |       |
| November         | 50.1                   | 40.1                   | 45.2             | 44.8             | 45.1                | 45.0             | 29.649      | 49        | 29.625      | 49          | 29.625    | 8.3  | 8.3             | 0.803  | 5.9               | 40.8  | 41.6    | 41.2  | 40.8  | 41.6  | 41.2      |       |
| December         | 39.1                   | 29.9                   | 34.8             | 33.4             | 34.5                | 34.1             | 29.393      | 40        | 29.391      | 40          | 29.391    | 6.5  | 6.5             | 0.602  | 5.6               | 30.1  | 29.7    | 29.9  | 30.1  | 29.7  | 29.9      |       |
| Averages         | 52.3                   | 39.9                   | 47.3             | 43.6             | 46.1                | 45.4             | 29.642      | 53        | 29.644      | 53          | 29.644    | 8.3  | 17.7            | 28.506 | 13.0              | 38.2  | 39.0    | 38.6  | 38.2  | 39.0  | 38.6      |       |

The above table exhibits the mean state of the atmosphere for the year; but to form an accurate idea of the nature of our climate, it is necessary also to observe the extremes. These, therefore, I subjoin, only remarking, that strictly speaking, it is the extreme *temperature* alone that I have recorded, the thermometer being the only self-registering instrument that I possess. A self-registering barometer, though easily constructed, does not admit of great accuracy; and though Leslie's hygrometer might easily be made to register the greatest dryness, it would be very difficult, I suspect, to construct it so as to mark the greatest degree of moisture. But on this subject I may perhaps trouble you with a few remarks on a future occasion.

Such of your philosophical readers as have perused the Article *HYGROMETRY* in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, will be glad to see the principles which the ingenious author of that article has there developed, verified in the first of the above tables. In the article above referred to, it is shewn that the mean point of deposition, or the temperature at which the atmosphere, on any given day, is incapable of holding more moisture in the form of vapour, must correspond nearly with the minimum temperature of that day; and it will be seen, by comparing the last column of the first table with the second figure column of the same, that the conclusion is confirmed by facts, the mean point of deposition calculated according to the author's formula corresponding nearly with the mean minimum temperature. There is, indeed, a very considerable difference between the two in the months of April and May, particularly the former, but it is easily accounted for. The first of these months, as well as the first ten days of the second, was *unusually* dry; Leslie's hygrometer standing nearly 9 degrees higher at 10 A.M. than during any other month, though the mean temperature was more than 10 degrees lower. This was probably owing in part to the dry state of the ground, which could not yield moisture sufficient to bring the atmosphere nearer the point of saturation; but the dryness, as indicated by the hygrometer, and according to which the point of deposition is calculated, was also apparently, though not in reality, increased by accidental circumstances. The wind, during the month of April, blew frequently from the N. W., N., or N. E., and the hygrometer, being placed in a northern exposure, was of course more frequently brought into contact with successive portions of dry air than it would otherwise have been. Evaporation was thus accelerated, and the instrument therefore indicated a greater degree of dryness than actually existed. Were it possible to estimate the error arising from this circumstance, there is little doubt that the result would be found to coincide with the beautiful and profound theory of the author referred to.

But the remarks that I am most anxious to submit on the present occasion, refer to a subject less intricate

| 1817.     | Thermometer. |          |         |       |       |      | Barometer. |         |        |        |    |          | Hygrometer (Leslie). |       |       |  |  |  |
|-----------|--------------|----------|---------|-------|-------|------|------------|---------|--------|--------|----|----------|----------------------|-------|-------|--|--|--|
|           | Months.      | Highest. | Lowest. | 10 M. | 10 E. |      | Highest.   | Lowest. | 10 M.  | 10 F.  |    | Highest. | Lowest.              | 10 M. | 10 E. |  |  |  |
| January   | 56.0         | 25.0     | 52.0    | 28.0  | 46.5  | 27.0 | 30.330     | 28.475  | 30.360 | 28.340 | 30 | 0        | 20                   | 0     |       |  |  |  |
| February  | 54.5         | 29.5     | 50.0    | 32.0  | 49.5  | 32.0 | 30.450     | 28.900  | 30.410 | 28.900 | 25 | 2        | 15                   | 0     |       |  |  |  |
| March     | 52.5         | 22.0     | 48.0    | 26.0  | 46.5  | 23.0 | 30.250     | 28.600  | 30.150 | 28.465 | 30 | 5        | 16                   | 0     |       |  |  |  |
| April     | 63.0         | 27.0     | 58.5    | 33.0  | 52.0  | 30.0 | 30.580     | 29.630  | 30.570 | 29.560 | 33 | 8        | 25                   | 0     |       |  |  |  |
| May       | 57.0         | 33.0     | 54.0    | 41.0  | 48.0  | 36.0 | 30.160     | 29.070  | 30.180 | 29.100 | 42 | 7        | 23                   | 2     |       |  |  |  |
| June      | 76.0         | 41.0     | 70.5    | 49.5  | 62.0  | 46.0 | 30.070     | 29.110  | 30.160 | 29.200 | 45 | 5        | 22                   | 2     |       |  |  |  |
| July      | 66.5         | 44.0     | 64.0    | 53.0  | 58.0  | 49.0 | 29.885     | 29.185  | 29.950 | 29.200 | 44 | 6        | 25                   | 2     |       |  |  |  |
| August    | 69.0         | 42.0     | 61.0    | 52.5  | 56.5  | 46.5 | 29.900     | 28.905  | 29.985 | 28.980 | 42 | 4        | 23                   | 0     |       |  |  |  |
| September | 65.0         | 35.0     | 64.0    | 43.0  | 59.0  | 41.0 | 30.090     | 28.680  | 30.050 | 28.490 | 35 | 3        | 18                   | 0     |       |  |  |  |
| October   | 51.5         | 29.0     | 48.5    | 37.0  | 45.5  | 34.5 | 30.330     | 28.555  | 30.345 | 28.750 | 36 | 3        | 16                   | 1     |       |  |  |  |
| November  | 56.5         | 30.5     | 54.0    | 33.0  | 54.0  | 33.0 | 30.250     | 29.050  | 30.230 | 28.890 | 15 | 0        | 15                   | 0     |       |  |  |  |
| December  | 48.0         | 15.0     | 47.5    | 23.0  | 45.0  | 18.0 | 29.956     | 28.293  | 29.925 | 28.320 | 14 | 1        | 12                   | 0     |       |  |  |  |

than the preceding, and perhaps more interesting to the generality of your readers. One of the acknowledged objects of recording and publishing meteorological observations, is to ascertain the comparative state of the atmosphere in different places, and thence to deduce the law which nature is supposed to follow in the distribution of heat and moisture through the different climates of the globe. This law, indeed, with regard to temperature, is supposed by many to have been already ascertained, at least in as far as it is modified by latitude and elevation; and tables have been constructed, exhibiting its variations through all the parallels, from the equator to the pole. It is not my design to call in question the accuracy, either of the data on which these tables are founded, or of the principles on which they have been calculated; but I conceive I am warranted in saying, that the meteorological observations which are every day accumulating in this country, cannot in general be fairly employed in developing the law to which I have alluded. Were the mean temperatures of the places where these observations are made, deduced from a mean of the daily extremes, they would perhaps be as accurate as it is practicable to ascertain them; but instead of this, we often find that stated as the mean temperature of a place, which in fact is the mean of observations made at hours arbitrarily chosen, and it may be widely different from the true mean. Nor are such observations useless only for ascertaining the actual mean temperature of the place; they are equally so for the purpose of comparison with other places, because two observers seldom keep exactly to the same hours. To remedy a defect which I have long regretted, I have now to make a proposal; but before doing so, I must request your meteorological reader to cast his eye over the two last columns under the head Thermometer, in the first of the above tables. He will observe, that the one is the mean of the daily extremes, and the other the mean of the temperature at 10 morning and evening. He will observe also, that the two scarcely ever differ so much as one degree, and that the difference of the mean annual results is only about half a degree. My proposal then is, that those who do

not possess a self-registering thermometer, or are unwilling to take the trouble of using it, should make their observations at 10 o'clock morning and evening, as the hours that will give the result little different from the true mean temperature. Whatever might have been my own motives for originally fixing on these hours, I make no pretensions either to superior skill or the honour of a discovery. All the merit I wish to claim, is that of directing the attention of your readers to the result of experience. All the argument I would employ in recommending my hours, is the argument of facts; and should any of your readers point out others more proper and accurate, I shall be the first to adopt them. My proposal, however, does not rest on the experience of a single year. All the observations I have made, since 1812, shew, that the mean of the daily extremes, and the mean of 10 morning and evening, differ only by a small quantity. Though, from accidents to which self-registering thermometers are ever liable, I have sometimes been obliged to suspend my observations for some months, they are nevertheless, I conceive, sufficiently numerous to warrant the proposal which I have taken the liberty of making. Taking both the means alluded to, as far as tenths or one decimal place, the difference between their average for every year or portion of every year, since 1812, is as follows:—For two months of 1812, nothing; eleven months of 1813, 0.3; for seven months of 1814, 0.7; for the whole of 1815, nothing; for eight months of 1816, 0.3; and for the whole of 1817, as above, 0.6; being, on an average of fifty-two months, little more than *three tenths* of a degree. In the general averages, the mean of the extremes, when there is any difference, is found to be always above the mean of 10 and 10; but it is not uniformly so in the monthly average, excepting last year, when the excess was always on the same side. This excess, however, scarcely ever amounts to a degree, and in the annual average to only about half that quantity. The fact is certainly an interesting one; and while I respectfully request your meteorological readers who may possess a self-registering thermometer, to inquire how far it holds true in other situations, I would also take the li-



erty of recommending to those who employ only a simple thermometer, to make their observations at 10 o'clock morning and evening. I intended to have offered some remarks on other facts contained in the above tables, but have already, I am afraid, encroached on the patience of your readers. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,  
R. G.  
8th January 1818.

being tormented by terrifying dreams of his father, and of spectres, and church-yards, he was seized with violent attacks of fainting, and strong shivering, and with such a weakness in his limbs, that he was forced to remain constantly in bed.

Dr Tritschler was called in to attend him on the 11th of November. He found him much emaciated; his face very pale, with an expression of distress and anxiety; the pupils remarkably dilated, and his pulse quick and intermitting. His speech was rapid and loud, and he complained often of violent pains in his body, of headach, sickness, and an inclination to vomit. He not only trembled when he attempted to move, but he had constant convulsions; sometimes in one limb, and sometimes in another; and the muscles of the face were often involuntarily contracted. Dr T. prescribed some medicine, and saw him again on the 13th. He was then much worse; and though his answers were quite coherent and distinct, yet he spoke with a rapidity that shewed he had as little control over his tongue as over the muscles of his limbs. There was in his physiognomy and appearance something remarkable and frightful. While Dr T. was admonishing his patient to be more quiet and composed, he, by mere accident, *stroked* the boy's face once or twice with his hand. Immediately the wildness in his looks vanished, and he became so calm, and spoke so gently, that Dr T. was astonished. For a moment he was confounded at the soothing influence of his *touch*; but then it struck him that it bore a strong resemblance to magnetism, and he determined to try what effect a sleep produced by magnetism would have in composing the nervous irritability of the poor boy. He therefore laid the palms of his hands, softly, for about a minute, on his forehead, and then (always touching him more with the palms than the points of the fingers) he drew his hands gently and slowly downwards to the toes, without dwelling particularly long on the region of the stomach. This was done three times running. As soon as Dr T. came near the stomach in the second *tour*, the patient shut his eyes; and at the third he fell asleep. The sleep continued for half an hour, and he awoke greatly better. The convulsions, and other

THE GERMAN SOMNAMBULISTS AND  
MISS M'AVOY.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE NOW to fulfil the promise which I came under in your Number for October last, to present your readers with an abstract of the case of a boy who was cured, in an astonishing manner, by animal magnetism, under the administration of Dr Tritschler of Cannstadt. The circumstances of this case bear a striking resemblance, in several of their features, to those of the interesting lady in Liverpool, of whom the world has heard so much within these few months; and as it is not unlikely that both cases may be found ultimately to admit of explanation on similar principles, and it is therefore desirable that your readers should be enabled to make an accurate comparison of the phenomena of the two, I have not studied brevity so much in my abridgment, as I should otherwise have been disposed to have done.

Dr Tritschler declares, that before this case came under his own observation, he had not the smallest belief in the higher powers of animal magnetism, but considered them entirely as a delusion, or a wilful act of deception. But in this instance, Dr T.'s constant attendance precluded all risk of the one, and the character of the individuals concerned, prevented all fear of the other.

Matheus Schurr, a fine lively open-hearted boy, thirteen years old, remarkable for his sincerity and vivacity, and possessing a very high degree of sensibility, was so much affected by the death of his father, on the 29th October 1816, that for some days after he was entirely overpowered by sorrow; and at the funeral, sank, half fainting, into the grave. Afterwards,

symptoms were much diminished. In this manner the boy was magnetised till the 19th of November. He was gradually recovering, but nothing remarkable occurred during the crisis, except that he spoke a good deal on various matters, and never had any consciousness of Dr Tritschler's being present. Though he distinguished the different touches of every one else in the room, he was insensible to the *magnetism*. All the questions put to him during the crisis by Dr T. he answered as if they had been addressed to him by his mother; and he used to reproach her for speaking in a much deeper voice than she generally used.

During the crisis on the 19th, some one came into the room to request Dr T. to visit a sick child. The patient heard the message, and insisted the doctor was not there, but at Cannstadt. When Dr T. rose from his seat to leave the room, he had scarcely moved eight steps towards the door, when the boy cried out sorrowfully, "What drags my feet so dreadfully, what pulls me out so?" He raised himself in his bed, with his face turned to the direction in which Dr T. meant to go; and the pleasant expression of his face, which was always remarkable during the crisis, was changed to one of the deepest pain and sorrow. His eyes as usual continued quite closed. This circumstance determined Dr T. to go no farther, but to return back to his seat. Immediately the patient sank softly down on his bed, and said with a cheerful voice, "Now it is right once more; now it is there again." To Dr T.'s question, "What is there again?" he replied, "Ah, now I am quite well; now it is there again." Dr T. repeated the same question, "What is there again?" but never could bring him to say what the *it* was. He now appeared to be asleep, and Dr T. thought he might venture to leave the room, and went softly towards the door. But the connexion between him and his patient was closer than could have been judged of by appearances; for no sooner had Dr T. approached the door, than the boy became again disturbed, and complained very mournfully of the dragging and pulling at his feet, and again sat upright in bed. The doctor, however, was obliged to go, and determined to return as soon as possible. From the boy's mother, and others present, he

learned the following particulars of his conduct during his absence, which was for about a quarter of an hour.

At the moment Dr T. passed the door he raised his body quite upright, though his eyes remained shut. His mother asked what he wanted, and he replied, with a sigh: "Ah, the doctor, and fell back in bed." After sleeping a few minutes, he awoke, but not so completely as usual, as his eyes had a drowsy heavy look, which was never the case when he awoke after the crisis. He complained of nothing, and asked for something to eat. He got some barley broth, which he ate with great appetite; but all of a sudden he threw away the spoon, and said, with a good deal of embarrassment and surprise, "The doctor is coming, take the broth away quickly; it is improper that I should be eating." A few moments afterwards the doctor made his appearance, to the great astonishment of all who were present. He had foretold the doctor's approach, when he was distant about forty-five or fifty steps from the house. By any of our common senses it was impossible he could have perceived his approach. There was a great noise in the street of horses, soldiers, &c.; the doctor had walked as softly as possible; and, besides, the patient had had no knowledge of the doctor's absence. He begged him now to tell him in what manner he was sensible of his approach. The boy replied, "I felt it—I felt it all at once, as when you have touched my face, and thus I knew your approach."

From the phenomena of this crisis, Dr T. deduced the following important conclusions.

"1st, During the crisis," says he, "when I was near the patient, I stood in so intimate a connexion with him, that my individuality was entirely lost, exactly as in all former instances.

"2d, By distance, I recovered, in a certain degree, my individuality, but the distance and separation was as painful to the patient, as if it had been a separation from himself.

"3d, The connexion between me and my patient was not removed by a considerable distance, because even then there remained a sensation with the boy, which could not be explained by any perception whatever; at least, not by the operation of any of our *five common senses*.

"How much these appearances

speaking in favour of the existence of an *imperceptible agent*, acting by means of magnetical influence, must be allowed, *because, without the adoption of this opinion, these appearances can in no way be accounted for.*"

On the 20th November the patient continued better, though he was still so weak that he was incapable of standing, and even could not sit up in bed without support. He had repeated, in many of the crisis, that he could only recover by means of animal magnetism; and as Dr T. foresaw that he would be often unavoidably prevented from giving him the constant attendance requisite, he determined to employ the boy's uncle, Mr Beutenmuller, as his magnetisor. He was led to make this choice, principally on account of the strong attachment that existed between his patient and this uncle. Before Dr T. left off magnetising the boy, he remarked, that after each manipulation, he had an uncommon sensation. On the 15th, while he employed the *pugnalic* method, he had a distinct pricking sensation in his thumbs, and felt once a similar sensation during a *palm-manipulation* over the whole palms of the hands.

Although *the unole* appeared to be very fond of the boy, and shewed a great degree of interest in him at all times, Dr T. was still anxious to place Beutenmuller in a *nearer relation* to himself, before he began the manipulation. For this purpose Dr T. laid his hands several times upon Beutenmuller's shoulders; brought them slowly down upon his arms, and pressed his hands, &c. close beside the bed of the patient.

Beutenmuller magnetised the boy on the 20th, according to the direction of Dr T., for about ten minutes, *à grands courans*, touching him more with the palms of his hands than with the points of his fingers. During the crisis he was sensible of the presence of Dr T., his mother, &c.; but it was impossible to convince him of the presence of his uncle. He insisted he was not there, but that he would magnetise him to-morrow. He knew exactly where every one stood in the room; and though they changed places several times very softly, he never made the least mistake. Dr T. took him by the left hand, and Beutenmuller by the right, without being aware that it was touched by

any one. Next day, during the manipulation, Beutenmuller became exceedingly thirsty, though he did not mention it; but the first words the patient uttered in the crisis were, "Give me something to drink—I am exceedingly thirsty." He drank a glass of water, and asked for another, as he was still thirsty; but, in the meantime, Beutenmuller had drunk two glasses of wine to quench his own thirst, and then the boy refused to drink any more. Beutenmuller took hold of him by the toes and the heels, and he instantly complained of burning heat there, but was sensible of no touch.

During the manipulation of to-day, the boy's pulse had become stronger; he complained of heat; and his face was redder than usual. Dr T. ascribed the increased action of the blood, and the quickness of pulse, to the influence of too much animal magnetism; and, in confirmation of this opinion, Beutenmuller told him, that he himself had had, for a day or two, the sensation of a *streaming out* from his hands during manipulation. Dr T. therefore desired him to do it more gently in future.

It may be remarked, that all objects held very near his eyes (which were generally quite shut during the crisis) were not remarked by him, though they were placed in the brightest light. On the contrary, objects at a distance, although in the greatest darkness, could not be concealed from him. The ear seemed likewise affected in the same manner.

Dr T. confesses, that at this time he did not give credit to the experiments made by Gmelin and others, with a view to prove that the sense of sight, when extinguished in the eyes, was *transplanted* into the regions of the nerves; yet it appeared to him, that many unquestionable phenomena, in his present patient, made it proper to attempt some trials relative to this point.

He therefore placed a card on the region of the boy's stomach, and asked him what card it was. The boy asked where the card was, for he did not see it. Dr T. pressed it pretty strongly with his fingers on the boy's stomach, and said, "there it is, don't you see it?" He replied immediately, "Oh yes; I did not see it sooner, because it was so dark in the room."

(The room was tolerably lighted by two candles.) After a pause of a few seconds, he said, (telling the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, softly) "It is a four card." When he was sure of the number, he spoke louder,—and he was perfectly right. After he had spoken, he drew a deep breath, as if he wished to get the better of an oppression in his breast, and repeated again, half sighing, "It is so dark—"

After a little while another card was placed on the same spot, and precisely the same things happened. The boy counted the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, with his fingers on the bed-cover, and cried out, in a triumphant tone, "It is the ten of hearts." Many other experiments were made, with cards, which were conveyed under the bed-clothes; the candles being previously removed, and every precaution being taken to prevent the possibility of any one in the room seeing the cards. The boy's answers were invariably correct. But after these experiments he generally appeared so much fatigued, that Dr T. was afraid to continue them.

On the 25th, Dr T. was not present during the magnetising. But the crisis was very remarkable, as during the whole time, the patient spoke French, without uttering a single German word. He likewise repeatedly requested all present to speak in the same language; and being asked the reason for this singular desire, he said he liked it, because the French language was much softer than the German. According to Beutenmuller's account, (who had lived long in France, and spoke the language uncommonly well) the boy spoke French with the greatest fluency, and with a good accent, precisely as if he had never spoken any other language. It must be remarked, that no previous association of ideas could have led to this singular change in the patient's language during the crisis. There had been no mention of France before the manipulation took place; he had read no French books during his illness; and had not heard French spoken for a considerable time. His own knowledge of it was very trifling. He could read it tolerably, but spoke it very badly.

Dr Tritschler was present next day, the 26th, during the manipulation and crisis. The doctor, in order to pre-

vent his patient from being disturbed, had hitherto prevented all strangers from being admitted during the crisis. But this day, he gave a lady permission to attend, upon the express condition, that she should mention to no one her intention of visiting the boy; and that also she should not come into the room till he had fallen into the magnetical sleep. This lady had a great interest in all magnetical cases, because a sister of hers had been cured by magnetism by Gmelin. As soon as the boy appeared to be quite asleep, the lady came very softly into the room by a back-door, and placed herself behind the stove. The candles had been previously placed on that side of the stove which was turned to the patient; so that one half of the room, and in particular the door through which the lady had entered, was quite in the shade. She was besides dressed in black, and never came within the sphere of vision of the patient. She neither spoke nor made the slightest noise. In short, she would have remained securely concealed from the patient had he been in a healthy or natural state. To the astonishment of Dr T. and those who had been present in the former crisis, the patient did not speak to-day, during the whole of the manipulation, although, the day before, he had begun to speak at the 5th or 6th minute after its commencement. Dr T. had made it a rule never to interrupt the silence of the patient during the crisis; and therefore, to-day, although those present spoke to each other as usual, no questions were addressed to the boy. He took no share in the conversation, but gave now and then a sort of half sigh; his countenance was darker than usual, and his eyes continued fast shut. Of course no notice was taken of the lady being present, and she never spoke a single word. At the end of three quarters of an hour, as the boy continued still silent, she rose and left the room in the same cautious manner in which she had entered it; and Dr T. and the others made a noise and spoke loud, on purpose to prevent the possibility of her footsteps, however light, being heard. Scarcely had she passed the door, when the patient breathed once or twice deeply and audibly, and said in French, "Ah, how well I feel now, since the woman has gone away." His uncle

asked him why he had been so long silent. He said, "the woman who was here caused my silence; she was a restraint on me." Dr T. inquired what woman he meant. "The woman in black," answered the boy. Dr T. replied there had been no stranger in the room; but the boy repeated, in rather a peevish tone, "There was an old woman dressed in black, who only went out this instant—she sat behind the stove." After the lady's departure, his countenance cleared up; he became very cheerful; and spoke a great deal, and constantly in French. The lady told Dr T. afterwards, that her presence had had the same effect upon some of Gmelin's somnambulists. As the patient still persisted in believing every thing that was said by Beutenmuller to be spoken by his mother, Dr T. asked him how he could possibly believe that his mother could speak to him in French, when he must be sensible she did not understand a syllable of that language. But he replied immediately, "oh, she learnt it yesterday; but she will only know it for three days." Before this the boy had said that he would only speak French for another day, and that afterwards, he would always speak in German. This really was the case; and his uncle had only occasion to speak in French during these three days.

The boy continued to recover; but as he was still weak, Dr T. had some intention of giving him a decoction of Peruvian bark; but this he had mentioned to nobody;—and although he had resolved to make no more experiments with him, yet he could not resist attempting another, in which he thought the cure of his patient might be intimately concerned.

On the 28th, during the crisis, Dr T. took the candles from the patient's room into the one adjoining, and wrote upon a slip of paper the word *china* (the German name for bark) in Roman characters. The doctor then gave it to Beutenmuller, at least six steps from the bed of the patient, the room still being in total darkness. He desired Beutenmuller to lay the slip of paper upon the boy's stomach, and keep it closely covered with his hand, and then ask the patient what was written upon it.

This was all done very exactly, and

he replied at first, as he had done with the cards, that the room was so dark he could not see. However, upon being urged by his uncle, he made out the letters one by one, and then exclaimed in a loud voice, "*China*." Immediately he said with enthusiasm, "Bark! that will do me good—that will give me strength again." After a little pause he continued, "I shall certainly become strong by taking bark; but I doubt much if it will be of any use to the palpitation of my heart." (Of this palpitation he complained often.) After another pause, to the great astonishment of Dr T., the patient told them what diet he should observe if he took the bark; which was in every respect the same that Dr T. had determined in his own mind he should follow.

On the 1st of December, Dr T. was prevented from attending; but Beutenmuller related some extraordinary circumstances that had taken place.

During the crisis, the boy suddenly became restless; raised himself up in bed, and repeated several times, that he wished to leave the room. Beutenmuller confessed, that, for the first time in his life, he had felt the magnetising a great burden to him; because he had some friends in another part of the house, who were waiting for him, and with whom he was very desirous to be. Of this wish, however, he had never given the smallest hint to any one; but as he was conscious he felt it, the boy's behaviour struck him exceedingly. A little while after, Beutenmuller did go to his friends, and remained with them for some minutes. Upon returning, the boy's mother told him, that all the time he was absent the boy seemed quite happy, and expressed great delight in hearing some music, which neither she nor any one else present had heard. This gave Beutenmuller still more astonishment, because he remembered, that while he was with his friends, (who, it must be remembered, were in a part of the house entirely detached from the boy's room) one of them had played upon a small pocket flute, and he had received great pleasure from hearing him. Although the music still continued after Beutenmuller's return, not a note of it could reach the patient's room, and he complained that it had suddenly stopped.

To be quite certain if what he had conjectured was right, he went for the flute-player, and brought him to the boy's room. He played some little air, and the boy exclaimed it was exactly the same sort of music he had heard before. Dr T. visited the patient upon the 2d December. He found him getting much better, but perceived that the effects of magnetising to-day were totally changed. In place of being in good humour during the crisis, he became restless and unhappy; and the approach of Beutenmuller never failed to increase his uneasiness. Beutenmuller confessed to Dr T., that the constant attendance upon his nephew had become extremely irksome to him; the loss of time was a great inconvenience; and he was anxious he might get quit of it as soon as possible. In short, it was very clear that he no longer felt the same interest in the boy he had formerly done. Nevertheless, he promised to Dr T. to continue the manipulation; and assured him, that no one had known, or should know, that he found it inconvenient.

During the crisis next day, Dr T. asked the patient if the magnetism should be continued any longer? The boy replied, "No: at present the bath is more necessary for me." Dr T. inquired if he would bathe to-morrow. "Yes," said he; "I will bathe to-morrow in this room." On the 4th of December he was put into the tepid bath. At first he felt tolerably well; but after being in it for ten minutes, he fainted. He was instantly put to bed, and soon recovered; but in a short time he fainted again, and afterwards fell into a nervous state resembling catalepsy.

In short, from the bath he entered into an idio-magnetic state, which continued till the 11th of December. Dr Tritschler can in no way account for the uncommon effects produced by the bath, except by supposing, that it had occasioned the sudden separation of all magnetical connexion between Beutenmuller and the patient; and thus the latter had remained in an isolated state of somnambulism. Dr T. might have been induced to make Beutenmuller renew his manipulation, in hopes of restoring the boy from his dreadful condition; but, on

the one hand, the boy shewed a decided aversion to his uncle, and, on the other, Beutenmuller was in no way inclined to recommence his operations. After administering, without effect, all the usual remedies for nervous diseases, Dr T. was resolved to magnetise the boy again himself. The remedies were therefore given up, and the magnetism begun, which had the usual effect of throwing the patient into a sleep. After the manipulation of the third day, the boy appeared in a deeper sleep than usual, and made no reply to any question put to him by Dr T.

The doctor now remembered some experiments of Petetin and others, and took hold of the thumbs of the patient, or laid his hand on his stomach, and spoke to him, when the boy immediately replied; but unless this were done, the patient continued silent. Dr T. relates the following singular conversation, which took place between him and his patient, while the doctor had hold of his thumbs:—

*Dr T.* How are you?

*Patient.* Quite well.

*Dr T.* Are you invariably quite well?

*P.* My lungs are sound, and my heart healthy, though somewhat large. My liver is sound; that I know for certain, although I cannot see it, owing to something which covers it. My stomach is sound, and so are my bowels.

*Dr T.* How do you know these things?

*P.* (In a tone of surprise) I see them? I see them within me.

*Dr T.* What appearance has the heart?

*P.* It is of a pale flesh-red colour, almost round, but tapering downwards (then he pointed in an oblique direction to the place of the apex); and out of it go two large vessels, near one another, through which the blood runs.

*Dr T.* When will you be quite healthy, if every thing goes on so well with you inwardly?

*P.* At Christmas I shall be well, and at the new year I may return to school.

*Dr T.* When will your attacks of cramp cease?

*P.* To-morrow: (after considering a little,) to-morrow at mid-day, ex-

actly at eleven o'clock by my watch, which hangs near me.

Dr T. would gladly have continued his questions, but the boy laid himself on his side, turned once or twice, and then awoke.

Next day he had his last attack of cramp (from which he had suffered greatly during his relapse) exactly at the hour he had foretold. Every succeeding day brought health and strength; and at Christmas he was, in truth, as strong and well as he had ever been. He sung, danced, and had nothing in the world to complain of.

Such is Dr Tritschler's account of the case of Matheus Schurr; and while your readers will easily perceive the points of resemblance between it and the *intermittent* of Miss M'Avoy, they will readily admit, that the almost miraculous powers of that interesting young lady are wholly eclipsed by the powers of this German somnambulist. That the phenomena in each case are dependent on the operation of some unknown or secret influence, the rules of strict induction lead us to conclude with confidence. But whether that influence consist in any fluid or ether, entitled to the appellation of animal magnetism, or in some other and still more *subtle* principle, can only be determined by a collection of such particulars as the following:—

“In October 1816, Mr Bradbury, author of *Travels in America*, accompanied by a friend, visited Miss M'Avoy. His friend had seen this young lady several times before, and, from witnessing some experiments that were tried upon her, was of opinion that she could see; but being anxious that Mr Bradbury should also observe her, he prevailed upon him to visit her. After a few experiments, Mr B. was so well satisfied that Miss M'Avoy could see *with her eyes*, that he ceased examining her further, and seated himself by the fire to wait until his friend was ready to depart. His friend made a few more efforts to be convinced whether the opinion he had previously entertained was well or ill founded, and proposed, as a final test of her powers, that she

should determine, with her hand behind her back, the colour of a piece of cloth, which he brought with him for that purpose.

“After feeling it for a short period, and being informed that she was mistaken in the colour that she guessed it to be, Miss M'Avoy requested permission to use her other hand, which, of course, was instantly acceded to. After some time had elapsed, in which she was unsuccessful in her efforts to determine the colour, her mother, who was in the room, and had been engaged in affixing leather to the goggles, handed them over to Mr B.'s friend, and asked his opinion, whether it was possible, in their amended state, for a person to see with them? He unwarily put them on him for a few moments, to ascertain the point demanded; and when he took them off, he was surprised to find that Miss M'Avoy could *then* state correctly the colour of the cloth. He shortly after took leave of her, as he was extremely desirous of learning from Mr B. what had transpired during the time he had incautiously put on the goggles. Mr B. was equally anxious to communicate what he had observed during that period; in which, although apparently heedless of what was passing, he was an attentive observer. Mr B. then related, that as soon as his friend had put on the goggles, he saw Miss M'Avoy rapidly glance at himself and his friend, and acting as from an apparent conviction of not being observed, drew the cloth from behind her back, gazed at it quickly, and restored it to its former situation, before the goggles were removed from his friend's eyes. This fact Mr Bradbury has related to several respectable gentlemen, who are fully satisfied of his candour and integrity.”

Few things are more desirable than that an interview should be brought about between Miss M'Avoy and the sleeping Matheus Schurr. It is reasonable to suppose, that a lady who can see with her fingers, and a lad with the pit of his stomach, could not fail reciprocally to see through each other.

G.

12th January 1818.

\* Hints to Credulity! or an Examination of the Pretensions of Miss M. M'Avoy, &c.; by Joseph Sandars. Liverpool, 8vo, 1817. pp. 50, 51.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

*November 17th.*—THE Royal Society having resumed their meetings after the summer vacation, the first part of a paper by Dr Ure of Glasgow was read, containing Experiments and Observations on Muriatic Acid Gas. After giving a condensed view of the present state of the chloridic controversy, he proceeds to detail a series of experiments, which he had recently executed, for the purpose of deciding this fundamental point of chemical doctrine. Considering the composition of dry sal ammoniac to be definitely fixed by the concurrence of his experimental results, published in the *Annals of Philosophy* last September, with those of M. Gay Lussac, at 32.24, ammonia + 67.76, muriatic acid gas, he exposed thin laminæ of the pure metals, silver, copper, and iron ignited in green glass tubes out of contact of air, to the action of the vapour of the above dry salt, and found in each case the metal converted into a muriate, whilst a portion of water, nearly equal to one-sixth the weight of the dry sal ammoniac, made its appearance. To this part of the paper is subjoined the description and drawing of a new, simple, and accurate exploding eudiometer, which the Dr employed for analyzing the gaseous products of the above experiments.

At the same meeting, a paper by Dr Fergusson, inspector of hospitals, was read on the Mud Volcanoes of the Island of Trinidad.

In the beginning of the year 1816, this gentleman was employed, along with the deputy quarter-master general of the colonies, and an officer of rank in the engineer department, to make a survey of the military stations in the West Indies, during which their attention was attracted to this extraordinary phenomenon in a district of country that had always been considered, according to their information, as strictly alluvial. It appeared to them to be so highly illustrative of the minor incipient degrees of volcanic agency in the formation of argillaceous hills, that they thought it would be right to mention it in their report, and Dr Fergusson was deputed to draw up the statement.

This gentleman found, that the eruptions of these semi-volcanoes, two in number, which are situated on a narrow tongue of land which points directly into one of the mouths of the Oronoko on the Main, about twelve or fifteen miles off, at the southern extremity of Trinidad, and not far from the celebrated Pitch Lake, are at all times quite cold. That the matter ordinarily thrown out consisted of argillaceous earth mixed with salt water, about as salt as the water in the neighbouring Gulph of Paria; but though cold at all times, that pyritic fragments were occasionally ejected along with the argillaceous earth. They also observed, that several mounts in the vicinity possessed the same character in all respects as the semi-volcanoes then in activity, having all the marks, except the actual eruption, of having been raised through a similar process to their existing altitude, of about ten feet; and that the trees around them were of the kind that are usually found near lagoons and salt marshes. The nature of the duties on which they were employed, did not permit their attempting any analysis of the air, water, or earths, furnished by the eruptions.

*November 24th.*—A general meeting of the Society having been held for the election of office-bearers, the following gentlemen were chosen.

*President.*—Sir James Hall, Bart.

*Vice Presidents.*—Right Honourable Lord Gray, and Lord Glenlee.

*Secretary.*—Professor Playfair.

*Treasurer.*—Mr Bonar.

*Keeper of the Museum.*—Thomas Allan, Esq.

*President of the Physical Class.*—Sir George Mackenzie, Bart.

*Secretary.*—Dr Hope.

*Councillors of the Physical Class.*—Lord Webb Seymour, Mr Leslie, Colonel Imrie, Mr Jameson, Dr Brewster, and Mr James Jardine.

*President of the Literary Class.*—Henry Mackenzie, Esq.

*Secretary.*—Thomas Thomson, Esq.

*Councillors of the Literary Class.*—Mr Pillans, Dr Macknight, Mr Dunbar, the Rev. Mr Alison, Lord Reston, and Rev. Dr Jamieson.



*December 1st.*—A paper, by Dr Brewster, was read on the Laws of Double Refraction and Polarisation.

This paper was divided into seven sections, of which only the two first were read.

I. On the crystals which produce double refraction, a property which the author has observed in 160 crystals.

II. On crystals with one apparent axis of double refraction. These crystals, which amount to twenty-two, were divided into two classes, positive and negative, and include all those whose primitive form is the hexaedral prism, the rhomboid with an obtuse summit, and the octohedron, in which the pyramids have a square base.

III. On crystals with two axes of double refraction and polarisation. These crystals, which amount to about eighty, include all those whose primitive form is not the hexaedral prism, the obtuse rhomboid, the octohedron with a square base, the cube, the regular octohedron, and the rhomboidal octohedron.

IV. On the resolution and combination of polarising forces, and the reduction of all crystals to crystals with two or more axes.

V. On crystals with three equal and rectangular axes. These crystals amount to twenty, and consist of those whose primitive form is the cube, the regular octohedron, and the rhomboidal dodecahedron.

VI. On the artificial imitation of all the classes of doubly refracting crystals.

VII. On the laws of double refraction, for crystals with any number of axes.

*December 15th.*—Dr Murray read a paper, announced at the first meeting of the session, containing “Experiments on Muriatic Acid Gas, with Observations on its Chemical Constitution, and on some other subjects of Chemical Theory.” After some observations on his former experiments in the controversy on the nature of muriatic acid—of procuring water from muriate of ammonia by exposure to heat—and by subliming it over ignited charcoal, he alluded to the experiment lately made by Dr Ure, of subliming it over ignited metals.—To avoid any fallacy which might ex-

ist in consequence of sal ammoniac which was used in that experiment, containing water from its mode of preparation, he employed the salt formed by the combination of the two gases; and in subliming it over ignited iron, found water to be produced. He then submitted muriatic acid gas to experiment. He transmitted it (previously exposed to dry muriate of lime) over ignited iron filings in a glass tube, and found, that with a production of hydrogen gas, there was a very sensible deposition of water; and in an experiment designed to obtain a more perfect result, in which zinc was submitted to the action of muriatic acid gas, at a moderate heat, a larger quantity of water was obtained. The apparatus was so adapted as to exclude all extraneous moisture, and it was shewn that the result could not possibly be ascribed to hygrometric vapour. The subject is to be prosecuted in a continuation of the paper, at the next meeting of the society.

*January 12th.*—The continuation of Dr Murray’s paper was read, containing several new and ingenious views on various subjects of Chemical Theory.

At the same meeting, Dr Brewster communicated a very interesting paper, consisting of extracts of letters from Mr Boog to his father, the Rev. Dr Boog of Paisley, giving an account of the recent discoveries respecting the Sphinx and the principal Pyramid of Egypt, which have been made by Captain C. and Mr Salt. By very laborious excavations, which were made in vain by the French savans, these gentlemen have discovered, that the sphinx is cut out of the solid rock on which it was supposed merely to rest. They found that the short descending passage at the entrance to the pyramid, which afterwards ascends to the two chambers, was continued in a straight line through the base of the pyramid, into the rock upon which the pyramid stands. This new passage, after joining what was formerly called the well, is continued forward in a horizontal line, and terminates in a well ten feet deep, exactly beneath the apex of the pyramid, and at the depth of 100 feet below its base. Captain C. has likewise discovered an apartment immediately above the king’s chamber, and exactly of the same size and the same fine workmanship, but only four feet in height.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY  
SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the Wernerian Natural History Society for this session took place in the College Museum on November 15. It was moved by Professor Jameson, and unanimously agreed to, that, in consequence of the melancholy event of the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the Society should immediately adjourn, without proceeding to business.

The Wernerian Natural History Society met again on the 6th instant, when the following office-bearers were chosen :

*President.*—Robert Jameson, Esq. F.R.S.

*Vice-Presidents.*—Colonel Imrie, F.R.S.; John Campbell, Esq. F.R.S.; Lord Gray, F.R.S.: Sir Patrick Walker, F.L.S.

*Secretary.*—P. Neil, Esq. F.R.S.

*Treasurer.*—W. Ellis, Esq.

*Librarian and Keeper of the Museum.*—James Wilson, Esq.

*Painter.*—P. Syme, Esq.

*Council.*—Dr Macknight, F.R.S.; C. S. Monteath, Esq. F.R.S.; Dr Wright, F.R.S.; Dr Yule, F.R.S.; D. Bridges, Esq.; Dr D. Ritchie, F.R.S.; Dr Falconer, F.L.S.; T. Sivright, Esq. F.R.S.

Professor Jameson at this meeting read a communication from William Scoresby, jun. M.W.S. &c. entitled, "Narrative of an Excursion upon the Island of Jan Mayen, containing some Account of its Appearance and Productions." This remote and desolate spot, situated in lat.  $70^{\circ} 49'$  to lat.  $71^{\circ} 8' 20''$  N. and long.  $7^{\circ} 25' 48''$  to  $8^{\circ} 44'$  W. was visited by Captain Scoresby, jun. on August 4, 1817. On approaching it, the first object which strikes the attention is the mountain of Beerenberg, which rears its icy summit to the height of 6840 feet above the level of the sea. At this time all the high lands were covered with snow and ice; and the low lands, in those deep cavities where large beds of snow had been collected, still retained part of their winter covering, down to the very margin of the sea. Between capes North-east and

South-east, Captain Scoresby observed three remarkable icebergs, having a perpendicular height of 1284 feet, and presenting a striking resemblance to frozen cascades. The beach where Captain Scoresby landed was covered to a great depth with a sand having the appearance of coarse gunpowder, and which was a mixture of iron-sand, olivine, and augite. Here and there he met with pieces of drift wood. As he advanced towards the rocks he found rolled masses of lava, blocks of burned clay, and masses of red-coloured baked clay. Numerous pointed, angular rocks, probably belonging to the floetz formation, were seen projecting through the sand. These were basaltic-vesicular, and with numerous and beautiful imbedded grains and crystals of olivine and augite. Along with these was a rock which appeared to be very nearly allied to the celebrated mill-stone of Andernach. After leaving the sea shore, Captain Scoresby met with no other rocks but such as bore undoubted marks of recent volcanic action, viz. cinders, earthy slag, burned clay, scoriæ, vesicular lava, &c. He ascended to the summit of a volcanic mountain, which was elevated 1500 feet above the sea, where he beheld a beautiful crater, forming a basin of 500 or 600 feet in depth, and 600 or 700 yards in diameter. The bottom of the crater was filled with alluvial matter, to such a height, that it presented a natural flat of an elliptical form, measuring 400 feet by 240. From this eminence the country in all directions appeared bleak and rugged in the extreme; and the rocks, and hills, and mountains, every where presented to the eye such appearances as seemed to indicate the action of volcanic fire. The plants are very few in number: he determined the *rumex digynus*, *saxifraga tricuspidata*, *arenaria peploides*; *silene acaulis*, and *draba hirta*: all the others were unfortunately lost. Near the sea shore he observed burrows of blue foxes, foot-marks of bears, and of another animal, which he conjectured to be the reindeer. But few birds were seen, such as fulmars, divers, puffins, and terns.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand that Dr Brewster has lately completed a series of experiments on the action of the surfaces of crystallized bodies in the polarisation of light; and that he has determined the laws according to which the forces, emanating from the surface, are modified by the polarising forces which emanate from the axes of crystals. As it had always been taken for granted, in consequence of some incorrect experiments by Malus, that these last forces had no influence on the first, the results obtained by Dr Brewster must be considered as very interesting and important; particularly as they lead to new views respecting the ordinary attractive and repulsive forces by which the phenomena of refraction and reflection are produced. *Brande's Journal of Science and the Arts.*

*New Barometer.*—A very ingenious Thermometrical Barometer for measuring altitudes, has been invented by the Rev. Francis John Hyde Wollaston, B. D. F. R. S. The heights are measured by observing the temperature at which water boils. A full account of the instrument will be found in the Philosophical Transactions for 1817. A similar idea had occurred to Fahrenheit, and also to the late Mr Cavallo.

*Prussic Acid.*—In a curious paper on the use of the prussic acid, in various diseases, Dr Magendie has given the following general results:

1. That pure prussic acid is a substance eminently deleterious, and altogether unfit to be used as a medicine.

2. That the prussic acid diluted with water is beneficial in cases of chronic and nervous coughs.

3. That the prussic acid may be useful in the palliative treatment of phthisis, by diminishing the intensity and frequency of the coughs, and in procuring sleep.

*Soda Water Apparatus.*—An improved apparatus for the manufacture of soda water, has been constructed by W. H. Pepys, F. R. S. A drawing and description of it will be found in *Brande's Journal.*

*New Comet.*—A new telescopic comet was discovered on the 1st November, by Dr Olbers of Bremen. He first saw it at seven o'clock in the evening, in the western shoulder of Serpentarius, between the stars K. and No. 104 of Bode's catalogue. It is small, and very brilliant, particularly in its centre, without any particular nucleus or tail. At 7<sup>h</sup> 14' its right ascension was 253° 13'; its north declination, 9° 14'; and the direction of its motion from east to south.

*Chromate of Iron in Shetland.*—Dr Hibern, who lately visited the Shetland Islands, with the view of determining their geognostical structure and relations, found in the island of Unst considerable masses of that valuable substance, the chromate of iron.

*Davy's Safety Lamp.*—An addition has been made to this valuable apparatus by Mr Newman, by which it appears probable that its utility will be increased. It consists in attaching to the lower part of the wire-gauze a convex lens. The effect of this is, that the miner will have it in his power to direct a strong light upon any particular part where it may be required, while the lens has the further advantage of covering a portion of the gauze, and preserving it from the coal dust and oil, by which, without considerable care, it is liable to be obstructed.

*Effect of Hot Water on Flowers.*—The following fact is deserving of record, as an interesting contribution to what has hitherto been discovered on the subject of vegetable physiology, and as enabling the lovers of flowers to prolong, for a day, the enjoyment of their short-lived beauty:—Most flowers begin to droop and fade after being kept during 24 hours in water: a few may be revived by substituting fresh water; but all (the most fugacious, such as the poppy, and perhaps one or two others excepted) may be completely restored by the use of hot water. For this purpose place the flowers in scalding water, deep enough to cover about one-third of the length of the stem: by the time the water has become cold, the flowers will have become erect and fresh: then cut off the coddled end of the stems, and put them into cold water. *Thomson's Annals.*

The First Part of Mr William Smith's Stratigraphical System of Organized Fossils, with reference to the Geological Collection deposited in the British Museum, showing their use in identifying the British Strata, has just made its appearance, price 15s. To simplify and elucidate geology, by exciting the attention of the curious to numberless new objects in nature, which may call forth the industry, talent, and capital of others, to explore and extract the subterranean wealth of the country, when the employment of the people is an object of legislative inquiry, must be nationally useful; nor can any one doubt the utility of such minute researches, who considers that his food, his clothing, and every article around him, comes directly or indirectly from the soil.—Part II. which completes Mr Smith's work on this branch of Geology, will be speedily published.

A Synoptical Catalogue of British Birds has been published by Messrs Nicholls and Co. intended to identify the species spoken of by different provincial names in various counties of Great Britain. It contains also, the valuable additions and generic arrangement of Dr Leach, from a catalogue he recently printed.

Perhaps no country is more abundant in mineral riches than Scotland, and few afford such facilities of exploring their hidden treasures. Deeply intersected by the sea on every quarter in its bold and indented shores, it lays open to view its various and interesting strata, while its irregular, rocky, and broken surface, save the miner the labour of penetrating through deep beds of clay, sand, or earth, to reach its mineral products. In Glenstrathfarar, not 30 miles from this, we learn that last summer a valuable mine of plumbago, or graphite, was discovered, which promises to be of great importance. This substance, commonly known by the improper name of black lead (for there is no lead in its composition) is of extensive use in the arts. It is formed into pencils, used for diminishing friction, and for giving a lustre to the numerous substances formed of cast iron. This mine is situated on the Lovat estate, in a schistose rock close to the Farar, and crops out to an extent of not less than 50 feet in five different seams, and some of them from 12 to 18 inches in thickness. Several tons of it were turned out last summer, and it seemed to improve much as the miners penetrated deeper; and the different seams or layers seemed also to thicken and to run into one. There are only two mines of it, as far as we know, in Britain, which are wrought, one near Cumnock in Ayrshire, and the other at Borrodale in Cumberland. The mineral found at Borrodale is of such value that the finer pieces sell for two or three guineas the pound weight. We anticipate, with pleasure, the good that would result from the successful working of this mine to this quarter of the country, and we are happy to learn that from the trials which have been made, there is every reason to expect success. *Inverness Courier, Jun. 15.*

*Steam Engines in Cornwall.*—The following were the respective quantities of water lifted one foot high with one bushel of coals by thirty-four engines, reported by Messrs Lean in the month of November:

|                       | Lbs. of water. | Load per sq. in. cylinder. |
|-----------------------|----------------|----------------------------|
| 26 com. engines aver. | 21,290,401     | various                    |
| Woolf's at Wheal Vor  | 34,376,633     | 19·4 lb.                   |
| Ditto Wh. Abraham     | 31,251,269     | 10·9                       |
| Ditto ditto           | 41,289,317     | 16·8                       |
| Ditto ditto           | 25,220,603     | 4·3                        |
| United Mines engine   | 55,247,509     | 18·1                       |
| Treskirby ditto       | 31,169,262     | 10·4                       |
| Wheat Unity (Woolf's) | 34,325,944     | 15·1                       |

*Boiling Springs of Java.*—The Penang Gazette of Feb. 10, 1816, contains the following article on the volcanic springs of boiling mud in Java:—Having received an extraordinary account of a natural phenomenon in the plains of Grobogna, fifty paals north-east of Solo; a party set off from Solo, the 25th Sept. 1814, to examine it. On approaching the dass or village of Kuhoo, they saw between two tops of trees a plain, an appearance like the surf breaking over rocks with a strong spray falling to leeward. Alighting, they went to

the 'Bluddugs,' as the Javanese call them. They are situated in the village of Kuhoo, and by Europeans are called by that name. We found them to be on an elevated plain of mud, about two miles in circumference, in the centre of which, immense bodies of soft mud were thrown up to the height of ten to fifteen feet in the form of large bubbles, which, bursting, emitted great volumes of dense white smoke. These large bubbles, of which there were two, continued throwing up, and bursting, seven or eight times in a minute, by the watch.—At times they threw up two or three tons of mud. They got to leeward of the smoke, and found it to stink like the washing of a gun-barrel. As the bubbles burst, they threw the mud out from the centre, with a pretty loud noise, occasioned by the falling of the mud on that which surrounded it, and of which the plain is composed. It was difficult and dangerous to approach the large bubbles, as the ground was all a quagmire, except where the surface of the mud had become hardened by the sun:—upon this we approached cautiously to within fifty yards of one of the largest bubbles, or mud-pudding, as it might properly be called, for it was of the consistency of custard pudding, and was about one hundred yards in diameter: here and there, where the foot accidentally rested on a spot not sufficiently hardened to bear, it sunk—to the no small distress of the walker.—They also got close to a small bubble, (the plain was full of them, of different sizes,) and observed it closely for some time. It appeared to heave and swell, and, when the internal air had raised it to some height, it burst, and the mud fell down in concentric circles; in which state it remained quiet until a sufficient quantity of air again formed internally to raise and burst another bubble, and this continued at intervals of from about half a minute to two minutes.—From various other parts of the pudding round the large bubbles, there were occasionally small quantities of sand shot up like rockets to the height of twenty or thirty feet, unaccompanied by smoke: this was in parts where the mud was of too stiff a consistency to rise in bubbles. The mud at all the places we came near was cold.—The water which drains from the mud is collected by the Javanese, and being exposed in the hollows of split bamboos to the rays of the sun, deposits crystals of salt. The salt thus made is reserved exclusively for the use of the Emperor of Solo: in dry weather it yields thirty dudgins of 100 catties each, every month, but in wet or cloudy weather, less.—Next morning we rode two paals and a half to a place in a forest called Ramsam, to view a salt lake, a mud hillock, and various boiling pools. The lake was about half a mile in circumference, of a dirty-looking water, boiling up all over in gurgling eddies, but more particularly in the centre, which appeared like a strong

spring. The water was quite cold, and tasted bitter, salt, and sour, and had an offensive smell.—About thirty yards from the lake stood the mud hillock, which was about fifteen feet high from the level of the earth. The diameter of its base was about twenty-five yards, and its top about eight feet—and in form an exact cone. The top is open, and the interior keeps constantly boiling and heaving up like the bluddugs. The hillock is entirely formed of mud which has flowed out of the top;—every rise of the mud was accompanied by a rumbling noise from the bottom of the hillock, which was distinctly heard for some seconds before the bubble burst;—the outside of the hillock was quite firm. We stood on the edge of the opening and sounded it, and found it to be eleven fathoms deep. The mud was more liquid than at the bluddugs, and no smoke was emitted either from the lake, hillock, or pools.—Close to the foot of the hillock was a small pool of the same water as the lake, which appeared exactly like a pot of water boiling violently;—it was shallow, except in the centre, into which we thrust a stick twelve feet long, but found no bottom. The whole not being perpendicular, we could sound it without a line.—About 200 yards from the lake were two very large pools or springs, eight and twelve feet in diameter; they were like the small pool, but boiled more violently, and stunk excessively. We could not sound them for the same reason which prevented our sounding the small pool.—We heard the boiling thirty yards before we came to the pools, resembling the noise of a waterfall. These pools did not overflow—of course the bubbling was occasioned by the rising of air alone. The water of the bluddugs and the lake is used medicinally by the Javanese."

*Lithography.*—The art of lithography continues to make most rapid progress in France, from the rival exertions of Count Lasteyrie and M. Englemann: their spirited emulation has done for it what a monopoly would not have accomplished in a century. Under Count Lasteyrie's care, it rivals copper in almost every line of engraving, and possesses, besides, advantages peculiar to itself. A series of lithographic prints, by Count Lasteyrie, is now publishing in Paris, under the title of "A Collection of different kinds of Lithographic Impressions, which may be advantageously applied to the Sciences, and the Mechanical and Liberal Arts." The second number, containing six plates, has just appeared; an account of them cannot fail to interest our readers. The first is the original design of a great master,—a pen-and-ink drawing, which is rendered with perfect fidelity and spirit. This plate offers, too, another species of interest, and that very important; the design has been traced on the stone upwards of sixteen years, and the proofs are as fine and spirited as if it had not been

done so many days. This is a triumphant proof that lithographic designs upon stone may be kept any length of time, like a copper-plate. The second plate is a pencil-drawing of a plant: we have seen an engraving of the same plant in a botanical work of great luxury of execution, and we hesitate not to prefer the lithographic impression. The third plate presents various specimens of writing—Italic, Roman, &c. and fac-similes of old Greek manuscripts. In this department the lithographic art is unrivalled; it presents the originals with an accuracy in every way that it is impossible for any branch of art ever to attain. The fourth plate is a topographic plan cut in stone, which produces a very striking and peculiar effect. The Count Lasteyrie's Battle of Austerlitz may be cited as a model of perfection in this way. The fifth plate is a pencil-design of a nosegay of roses: lithography seems excellently calculated to render, with truth, the various parts of flowers with a softness and precision resembling nature. The sixth plate is written music, or, as the lithographers denote it, *autographed music*. The method by which this plate is executed displays one of the most important advantages of lithography:—a person writes a letter, composes music, or makes a drawing on paper in the ordinary way, excepting that he uses a peculiar ink; this is transferred to the stone by simply passing it through the press, and the stone, without further preparation, is ready to print off thousands of proofs, all equally perfect. It is this quality of lithography that has secured its admission into all the French public offices; by its means 60,000 or 70,000 proclamations, in the autograph of the minister, may be taken off and despatched before the plate even could be engraved. In the branch of landscape, the Count Lasteyrie has recently surpassed his former efforts so far that they will not bear any comparison with each other: it is difficult to fix the limits of genius united with application, or we should be inclined to believe that he had very nearly attained the perfection at which it is possible for the art to arrive.

*A brilliant Meteor.*—*Ipswich, Dec. 18, 1817.*—On the 8th instant, at three minutes before one o'clock in the morning, about midway between the two horns of the Bull, whose position is near to the star in the bull's northern horn, a fiery body, resembling a red hot ball of iron, four or five inches in diameter, was suddenly perceived, which having passed three or four degrees, in a direction between the principal stars of Capella and Canis minor, burst into a spherical body of white light nearly as large as the full moon, of so great lustre as scarcely to be borne by the eyes, throwing out a tail about three degrees in length, of a beautiful rose colour, tinged round the edges with blue. It thus proceeded in its course without apparent diminution towards the principal star

in the head of Hydra, (very near to the ecliptic,) a little beyond which it suddenly disappeared (it is supposed) with an explosion, as a rumbling noise, like that of cannon discharged at a distance, was distinctly heard about ten or twelve seconds afterwards. Its duration, as nearly as could be estimated, was about five seconds, during which it traversed a space of nearly sixty degrees. It is scarcely possible to give an adequate description of the vivid splendour which characterised this extraordinary phenomenon. It cast a light around equal to the noon-day's sun; and could be compared to nothing so well as the beautiful dazzling light exhibited by the combustion of phosphorus in oxygen gas; its effect upon the organs of sight being analogous. The barometer was falling at the time, and in the course of the night fell altogether an inch and one tenth; the thermometer was at 42°. Within a quarter of an hour afterwards the atmosphere became entirely obscured by clouds; violent tempests of wind and rain succeeding, although the stars were previously visible, and the zenith free from vapours. It is supposed that the distance of this meteor must have been about two miles, and the height rather more than a mile and a half.

Proportion of  
Spirit per cent.  
by measure.

Table exhibiting the average quantity of Spirit in different Kinds of Wine. By W. T. BRANDE, Esq. Sec. R. S. &c.

|  | Proportion of<br>Spirit per cent<br>by measure. |
|--|---|
| 1. Lissa   | 26,47   |
| Ditto  | 24,35   |
| Average  | 25,41   |
| 2. Raisin wine   | 26,40   |
| Ditto  | 25,77   |
| Ditto  | 23,20   |
| Average  | 25,12   |
| 3. Marsala   | 26, 3   |
| Ditto  | 25, 5   |
| Average  | 25, 9   |
| 4. Madeira   | 24,42   |
| Ditto  | 23,93   |
| Ditto (Sercial)  | 21,40   |
| Ditto  | 19,24   |
| Average  | 22,27   |
| 5. Currant wine  | 20,55   |
| 6. Sherry  | 19,81   |
| Ditto  | 19,83   |
| Ditto  | 18,79   |
| Ditto  | 18,25   |
| Average  | 19,17   |
| 7. Teneriffe   | 19,79   |
| 8. Colares   | 19,75   |
| 9. Lachryma Christi  | 19,70   |
| 10. Constantia white,  | 19,75   |
| Ditto, red   | 18,92   |
| 12. Lisbon   | 18,94   |
| 13. Malaga (1666)  | 18,94   |
| 14. Bucellas   | 18,49   |
| 15. Red Madeira  | 22,30   |
| Ditto  | 18,40   |
| Average  | 20,35   |
| 16. Cape Muschat   | 18,25   |
| 17. Cape Madeira   | 22,94   |
| Cape Madeira   | 20,50   |
| Cape Madeira   | 20,51   |
| Average  | 18,11   |
| 18. Grape wine   | 18,11   |
| 19. Galcavella   | 19,20   |
| Ditto  | 18,10   |
| Average  | 18,65   |
| 20. Vidonia  | 19,25   |
| 21. Alba Flora   | 17,26   |
| 22. Malaga   | 17,26   |
| 23. White Hermitage  | 17,43   |
| 24. Rousillon  | 19,00   |
| Ditto  | 17,26   |
| Average  | 18,13   |
| 25. Claret   | 17,11   |
| Ditto  | 16,32   |
| Ditto  | 14,08   |
| Ditto  | 12,91   |
| Average  | 15,10   |
| 26. Malmsey Madeira  | 16,40   |
| 27. Lunel  | 15,52   |
| 28. Sheraz   | 15,52   |
| 29. Syracuse   | 15,28   |
| 30. Sauterne   | 14,22   |
| 31. Burgundy   | 16,60   |
| Ditto  | 15,22   |
| Ditto  | 14,53   |
| Ditto  | 11,95   |
| Average  | 14,57   |
| 32. Hock   | 14,37   |
| Ditto  | 13,00   |
| Ditto (old in cask)  | 8,88  |
| Average  | 12,08   |
| 33. Nice   | 14,63   |
| 34. Barsac   | 13,86   |
| 35. Tent.  | 13,30   |
| 36. Champagne (still)  | 13,80   |
| Ditto (sparkling)  | 12,80   |
| Ditto (red)  | 12,56   |
| Ditto (ditto)  | 11,30   |
| Average  | 12,61   |
| 37. Red Hermitage  | 12,32   |
| 38. Vin de Grave   | 13,94   |
| Ditto  | 12,80   |
| Average  | 13,37   |
| 39. Frontignac   | 12,79   |
| 40. Cote Rotie   | 12,32   |
| 41. Gooseberry wine  | 11,84   |
| 42. Orange wine—average of six<br>samples made by a London<br>manufacturer | 11,26   |
| 43. Tokay  | 9,88  |
| 44. Elder Wine   | 9,87  |
| 45. Cider, highest average   | 9,87  |
| Ditto, lowest ditto  | 5,21  |
| 46. Perry, average of four samples   | 7,26  |
| 47. Mead   | 7,32  |
| 48. Ale (Burton)   | 8,88  |
| Ditto (Edinburgh)  | 6,20  |
| Ditto (Dorchester)   | 5,56  |
| Average  | 6,87  |
| 49. Brown stout  | 6,80  |
| 50. London Porter (average)  | 4,20  |
| 51. Ditto small beer (ditto)   | 1,28  |
| 52. Brandy   | 53,39   |
| 53. Rum  | 53,68   |
| 54. Gin  | 51,60   |
| 55. Scotch Whisky  | 54,32   |
| 56. Irish ditto  | 53,90   |

At a meeting of the Royal Institution, consisting of Sir Joseph Banks, Messrs Brande, Hatchett, Wollaston, and Young, it was resolved :—

1. That Mr Stephenson is not the author of the discovery of the fact, that an explosion of inflammable gas will not pass through tubes and apertures of small dimensions.

2. That Mr G. Stephenson was not the first to apply that principle to the construction of a safety lamp, none of the lamps which he made in the year 1815 having been safe; and there being no evidence even of their being made upon that principle.

3. That Sir Humphry Davy not only discovered, independently of all others, and without any knowledge of the unpublished experiments of the late Mr Tennant on flame, the principle of the non-communication of explosions through small apertures, but that he has also the sole merit of having first applied it to the very important purpose of a safety-lamp, which has evidently been imitated in the latest lamps of Mr George Stephenson.

An Institution, with the title, and on the plan of those established in the metropolis, was lately opened in Liverpool. Its purposes are to concentrate, into one focus, the objects of science and art, and of moral and commercial improvement; which were neatly descanted upon in his introductory discourse, by Mr Roscoe. Mr R. contemplated the rise and fall of the arts in various countries; his observations tended to prove that their elevation, or depression, must depend on the efforts made for their support, rather than on any principle of vitality or decay within themselves; and that their excellence, in general, was in proportion to the facilities afforded for their cultivation, and to the energetic industry with which that cultivation was pursued. "Science and the arts," he added, "are neither the slaves of despots, nor the denizens of particular soils; a certain degree of political

freedom is always necessary to their progress." The audience consisted of from five to six hundred of the most respectable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood.

Recent accounts from Malta state, that the Weymouth store-ship, Mr Turner, has sailed from that island for Tripoli, to receive on board the curiosities collected at Lebida, (the site of the ancient Carthage,) and destined for the Prince Regent. They are represented as highly curious, consisting of massy columns of porphyry statuary, and other fragments of ancient art. This collection has been made under the direction of Captain Smith, who has been some time employed in surveying the African coast.

The altitude of remarkable hills in the counties of Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and Surrey, (from observations made in the course of the trigonometrical survey, under the direction of the Board of Ordnance,) is as follows:—Middlesex, (above the level of the sea,) Hanger-hill-tower, 251 feet; King's-arbour, 132.—Kent, Allington-knoll, 329 feet; Dover-castle, 469; Goodhurst, 497; Greenwich observatory, 214; Shooter's-hill, 446; Tenterden-steeple, 322.—Essex, High-beech, 790; Langden-hill, 620.—Surrey, St Anne's-hill, 240; Bagshot-heath, 463; Leith-hill, 993; Norwood, 389.

Mr C. A. Erb, professor of philosophy at Heidelberg, has invented a cheap and simple hydraulic apparatus, by which ships and vessels of all kinds, from the smallest to the largest, may be propelled, with a small exertion of force, against the most violent currents and storms, in constant uniform motion, with a rapidity capable of any increase, without the use of oars or sails. Sinking ships may be prevented from further sinking by this apparatus, according to the direction to be given to it. It governs the motion of the largest ship, so as to move it at pleasure, from a state of rest, by the small difference of an inch, or a line, or without progressive motion, to turn it round on one point in every direction.

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## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

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Mr Mill's History of British India is just ready for publication in 3 vols. 4to.

Speedily will appear, the first number of Excursions through Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, comprising brief historical and topographical Delineations of every Town and Village; Descriptions of the Residences of the Nobility and Gentry, Antiquities, and other objects of interest. The work will extend to 36 monthly numbers (12 for each county,) illustrated with 300 engravings in 8vo and 12mo. Arrangements are made for extending the plan to the other counties of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Mr J. Plumley, land-surveyor, is prepar-

ing for publication a copious Plan of the City of Bristol and its Suburbs, with illustrative Sections.

Mr John Mitford, jun. has in the press Observations, Moral, Literary, and Antiquarian, made during a tour through the Pyrenees, France, Switzerland, Italy, and the Netherlands, in two years, 1814-15.

The Rev. Thomas R. England is preparing for the press Letters from the Abbé Edgeworth to his friends, written between the years 1777 and 1807; with Memoirs of his Life, including some account of the late Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, Dr Moylan, and Letters to him from the Right

Hon. Edmund Burke, and other persons of distinction.

Early in January will be published, *A Cruise, or Three Months on the Continent*; by a Naval Officer, illustrative of Anecdotes of which the author was a witness, embellished with coloured plates.

Mr Rees Price, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, has in the press a Translation of the Memoirs of the celebrated Dr Gales of Paris, on the efficacy of sulphureous Fumigation in Cutaneous Affections, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Paralytic, and Scrophulous Affections, &c. It will be illustrated by several coloured engravings, a plan of an apparatus for applying the sulphureous acid gas, 120 cases, and copious observations by the translator.

Mr Donald Mackay has in the press, and will shortly publish, in one volume 12mo, *The Ladies' Encyclopædia*; being an Introduction to those branches of Science essential in the Education of Young Females; comprehending Chronology, Ancient History, Geography, Drawing, Music, Dancing, &c. from the French of Madame de la Mimardiere, author of *Moral Philosophy and Mythology for Young Ladies*, with considerable additions.

Early in the spring of 1818, the copper-plates and their impressions, the property of the late Messrs Boydell, will be sold by auction in London. This collection, the largest ever brought to the hammer, consists of upwards of 5000 copper-plates, engraved after the most capital pictures of the first-rate masters of the various schools of painting; among which are above 900 from the Italian school, 400 from the German, nearly 200 from the Flemish, about 300 from the Dutch, above 800 from the French, and about 2500 from the English. The catalogue of this immense stock will be published with all speed.

The second part of the second volume of the *Wernerian Natural History Society* will appear in a few days.

Dr Adams is about to publish a new edition of his *Life of Mr John Hunter*.

J. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P. is about to publish *Letters written during a Tour in Ireland*. They are principally on subjects connected with the agriculture and internal prosperity of that important portion of the United Kingdom.

A Poem, entitled *The Social Day*, by Mr Peter Coxe, will be published in the spring, embellished with twenty-eight engravings; by Messrs Burnet, Byrne, Bragg, Bond, Engelheart, Finden, Landseer, Middiman, Moses, Scott, Scriven, and C. Warren.

*Observations, Moral, Literary, and Antiquarian, made during a Tour through the Pyrenees, France, Switzerland, Italy, and the Netherlands, in the years 1814-15*; by John Milford, jun. late of St John's College, Cambridge, are in the press.

An Interesting Volume of *Travels* will

appear in the course of January, under the title of, *Travels through some parts of Germany, Poland, Moldavia, and Turkey*; by Adam Neale, M. D. late physician to the British Embassy at Constantinople, and physician to the forces. It will be illustrated by Views in Poland, Moldavia, Black Sea, Turkey, &c.; with costumes.

The *Memoirs*, with a Selection from the Correspondence, and other unpublished writings, of the late Mrs Elizabeth Hamilton, author of *Letters on Education, Agrippina, &c.*; by Miss Bengier, will appear in the Course of January.

Mr Campbell's *Selected Beauties of British Poetry, with Lives of the Poets, and Critical Dissertations*, will soon appear, in 4 vols post 8vo.

Speedily will be published, *Four Discourses on the Effects of Drinking Spiritous and other Intoxicating Liquors: with Notes and Appendix*; by James Yates, M.A.

The First Volume of the *Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay*, with plates, is in the press.

On January 31st, 1818, will be published, Number I. of a New Series of the *Female Preceptor*, a Periodical Miscellany, dedicated to Hannah More, and conducted by a Lady.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *Strictures on Dr Chalmers' Discourses on Astronomy*, shewing that his Astronomical and Theological Views are irreconcilable to each other; by John Overton.

N. G. Dufief has in the press, and will publish in the course of the present month, an elegant, highly improved, and much enlarged, British Edition of *Nature Displayed in her Mode of Teaching Language to Man, or a New and Infallible Method of acquiring Languages with unparalleled Rapidity*, deduced from the Analysis of the Human Mind, and consequently suited to every capacity; adapted to the French.

In the press, a New Edition, in a large octavo volume, of *Cantabrigienses Graduatii*, or an Alphabetical List of those Persons who have taken their Degrees at the University of Cambridge, from 1669 to the present time.

Dr Armstrong of Sunderland has in the press, a Work on *Scarlet Fever, Measles, Consumption, &c.* and his volume on *Typhus Fever* is reprinting, with considerable additions.

In a few days will be published, the First Number of a Periodical Work, under the title of the *Philosophical Library*; being a Curious Collection of the most Rare and Valuable Printed Works and Manuscripts, both Ancient and Modern; which treat solely of Moral, Metaphysical, Theological, Historical, and Philosophical Inquiries after Truth; edited by Josephus Tela.

Mr George Dodd, the Civil Engineer, announces a new publication on *Steam Engines and Steam Packets*, to be illustrated with engravings.



## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## ANTIQUITIES.

The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral of Winchester, by J. Britton, F.S.A. with thirty Engravings: comprising an original investigation into the early establishment of Christianity in the south-western part of the island, that is, among the West Saxons; an essay on the original and architectural styles of the present cathedral, and a description of that edifice; on account of its various and splendid monuments; biographical anecdotes of the bishops, &c. with ample graphic illustrations of the architecture and sculpture of the church; the latter chiefly engraved by J. and H. le Keux, from drawings by Edward Blore.

No I. of Illustrations of York Cathedral, with six engravings, by the two Le Keux's, Scott, &c. from drawings by Mackenzie and Blore; by J. Britton, F.S.A.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The Bibliographical Decameron, or ten days' pleasant discourse upon illuminated manuscripts, and subjects connected with early engraving, typography, and bibliography; 3 vols royal 8vo, with numerous cuts, portraits, engravings, &c. £9, 9s.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, bishop of Landaff; written by himself at different intervals, and revised in 1814. Published by his son, Richard Watson, LL.B. prebendary of Bath and Wells. With portrait, 4to. £2, 12s. 6d.

Biographical Conversations on the most Eminent and Instructive British Characters, for the use of young persons: by the Rev. Wm Bingley, M.A. F.L.S.

A Biographical Memoir of the Princess Charlotte's Public and Private life; with an engraved likeness, a view of Claremont, and a fac-simile of an original letter, 8vo. 12s.

Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. now first published from the Original MS. written by himself to a late period, and continued till the time of his Death, by his grandson, Wm Temple Franklin, Esq. 4to. £2, 2s.

Madame de Stael's Memoirs of the Private Life of her Father. To which are added Miscellanies by M. Necker. 12s. The same in French. 10s. 6d.

## DIVINITY.

A Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, with the Text at large. By the Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D. Complete in 48 parts, demy 8vo. 3s. each, or royal 8vo. 4s.

## DRAMA.

New Way to pay Old Debts, with a portrait of Mr Kean as Sir Giles Overreach; forming Part I. of a New English Drama,

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A History of the Theatres of London; containing an Annual Register of new pieces, revivals, pantomimes, &c. with occasional notes and anecdotes; being a continuation of Victor's and Oulton's Histories, from the year 1795 to 1817 inclusive; by W. C. Oulton. 3 vols.

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Remarks on a Course of Education, designed to prepare the Youthful Mind for a career of Honour, Patriotism, and Philanthropy; by T. Myers, A.M. 1s. 6d.

A Summary Method of Teaching Children to Read, upon the Principle discovered by the Sieur Berthaud; considerably improved, with an entire new arrangement, adapted to the English language: illustrated with plates; by Mrs Williams, 12mo, 9s.—royal 12mo, 12s.

Self-Cultivation, or Hints to a Youth leaving School; by Isaac Taylor of Ongar, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

A Companion to the Globes; comprising an astronomical introduction, the various problems that may be performed by the globes, preceded by the subject to which they refer, and accompanied by numerous examples, recapitulating exercises, &c.; calculated to convey a complete knowledge of the use of the globes, and of the principles on which the science is founded. By a private Teacher. 4s. 6d.

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Italian Extracts; being an extensive selection from the best classic and modern Italian authors; intended as a supplement to the above Grammar and Exercises. By A. Montucci Sanese, LL.D. *second edition*, 8vo. 9s.

A Greek Primer, by Dickinson; containing the various inflections of nouns, participles, and verbs, with numerous vocabularies, and an appendix of verbs, simple and compound, conjugated in full. 3s. 6d.

## GEOLOGY.

An Introduction to the Study of Geology; with occasional remarks on the truth of the Mosaic account of the Creation and the Deluge; by J. Sutcliffe, M.A. author of a Grammar of the English language, &c. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

The First Part of Mr William Smith's Stratigraphical System of Organized Fossils, with reference to the Geological Collection deposited in the British Museum, showing their use in identifying the British Strata, has just made its appearance, price 15s.

## HISTORY.

Mull's History of British India, 3 vols 4to, with maps, by Arrowsmith. £6, 6s.

## LAW.

First Part of the Institutes of the Laws of England, or a Commentary upon Littleton; by Sir Ed. Coke: revised and corrected, with notes, &c. by Francis Hargrave and Charles Butters, Esqrs. 2 vols 8vo. £3, 6s.

Statutes at Large, vol. 7th, part 1st, 57th Geo. III. 4to. £1, 5s.

## MEDICINE, SURGERY, &amp;c.

Observations on the Treatment of certain severe Forms of Hemorrhoidal Excrecence: illustrated with Cases; by J. Kirby, A.B. 8vo, with an engraving, 3s.

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The influence of the Atmosphere, more especially the Atmosphere of the British Isles, on the Health and Functions of the Human Frame; embracing observations on the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of the principal disorders resulting from sudden Atmospherical transitions; and unfolding original views and fundamental principles for the Prolongation of Life and Conservation of Health. By James Johnson, M.D. Surgeon to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. 8vo.

Results of an Investigation respecting Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, including Researches in the Levant respecting the Plague. By Charles Maclean, M.D. Vol. I. 8vo. 15s.

Observations relative to the Use of Belladonna in painful Disorders of the Head and Face, illustrated by Cases. By John Bailey, surgeon. 5s.

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Pickle's Club; illustrated by elegant engraving's on wood, from designs by Thurston. Royal 8vo. £1, 1s.—imp. drawing paper, £2, 5s.

Anecdotes respecting Cranbourn Chase, with a very concise account of it; together with the amusements it afforded our ancestors in the days of yore; by William Chaffin, clerk. 8vo. 4s.

Young's Night Thoughts, with Westall's Designs. foolscap, 12s.

A Report upon the Claims of Mr Geo. Stephenson, relative to the Safety-Lamp;

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An Appeal to the Citizens of London against the alleged Lawful Mode of Packing Special Juries; by T. J. Wooler.

Original Letters from Richard Baxter, Matthew Prior, Lord Bolingbroke, Alexander Pope, Dr Cheyne, Dr Hartley, Dr Samuel Johnson, Mrs Montague, Rev. William Gilpin, Rev. John Newton, George Lord Lyttleton, Rev. Dr Claudius Buchanan, &c. &c.; with Biographical Illustrations. Edited by Rebecca Warner of Beech Cottage, near Bath. 10s. 6d.

Mr W. J. Hooker and Dr Taylor have just published a work on the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland, entitled "Muscologia Britannica," which contains figures and descriptions of each Species native of these islands; together with plates illustrative of the Genera. 8vo.

Mr Hooker has likewise published the first Number of a work on the new and rare or little-known exotic Cryptogamic Plants; with which will be incorporated those Collected in South America by Messrs Humboldt and Bonpland, and various other interesting subjects in the possession of the author and his botanical friends. This will have numerous plates, and appear in an 8vo form.

## NOVELS.

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## ORNITHOLOGY.

A Synoptical Catalogue of British Birds: intended to identify the species mentioned by different names in several Catalogues already extant: forming a book of reference to observations in British Ornithology; by Thomas Forster, F.L.S. Corresp. Memb. Acad. Nat. Sciences at Philadelphia, &c. 8vo. 3s.

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The Edinburgh Almanack, or Universal Scots and Imperial Register for 1818, 5s. bound, or 4s. 6d. sewed. With Perth or Inverness lists, 1s. additional; with Glasgow or Fife lists, 6d. additional.

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Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal, No LVIII. 6s.

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illustrative of Scottish Characters and Manners in the Country; by Alexander For-  
dyce.

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Free Thoughts on the late Religious Celebration of the Funeral of the Princess Charlotte of Wales; by Scoto-Britannicus, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

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Proceedings of the Guildry of Edinburgh, 16th December 1817. 1s. 6d.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## SCOTTISH CHRONICLE.

*Scots Jury Court.*—A very satisfactory report has been made of the proceedings of this Institution, since its formation in 1815.

It appears that eighty-seven issues have been sent to the Jury Court in that period, from the two Divisions of the Court of Session, of which several were of great importance, and many of the causes have been finally decided, in consequence of the investigation and verdicts of Juries as to questions of fact. In the enumeration of the causes which had been in preparation for trial, ten are settled out of Court, or abandoned, having been brought to that conclusion by the precise and peremptory course of proceeding which the trial of issues has brought into Scotland, under the salutary regulations established by the Lord Chief Commissioner and the other learned Judges of the Jury Court, by which dilatory proceedings and sham defences are prevented. The questions of fact to be adduced to the Jury, and points of law to be put to the Court, are kept distinct; and thus both the length of time occupied in trials, and the expence attending them, will be greatly diminished. The report farther states the liberality, and the sound discretion and judgment, with which the Judges of the Court of Session have directed issues to be tried by juries, and the same liberality, discretion, and judgment, which have prevailed in directing issues, have been equally conspicuous in the treatment and discussions of the various applications which have been made for the correction of errors, or alleged errors, in the trial of those issues. The Lord Chief Commissioner, in consequence of the power vested in him by the Act of Parliament, has attended on the bench in the Court of Session, whenever motions for new trials have been under discussion. He has likewise had unreserved private and personal intercourse with the Judges, in whatever related to the continued and relative proceedings of the Courts.

In the report, the Judges make honourable mention of the patience, intelligence, and attention, displayed by the Juries of the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, on all the cases which have been brought before them; and the like tribute of due praise is also given to the Juries of Aberdeen, Ayr, Perth, and the other provincial towns where issues have been tried on the circuits.

In giving this brief summary of the progress of the new Jury Court of Scotland, it is but justice to observe, that much of its beneficial effects, in the prompt administration of justice, is due to the able and en-

lightened Judge who presides in this Court, in the formation of the rules and regulations adopted in the order of their proceedings, for which his long experience at the English bar so well qualified him. In this, and in every other point connected with the constitution of the Court, he has been ably supported by his learned coadjutors on the bench, Lords Pitmilley and Gillies.

The following is a case in which the greatest damages have been given in the Jury Court since its commencement:—

“A case of great importance to persons arrested in Scotland, on what is there termed a warrant *in meditatione fugæ*, was lately tried in the new Jury Court at Edinburgh. It arose from the detention of the American ship, *Perseverance*, in the river Clyde, and the arrest and imprisonment of the captain of that ship, on a warrant obtained by the defender, Thomson, on which the pursuer was compelled to give securities for his appearance, and for his remaining in Scotland during the dependence of suits which were instituted, or which might be instituted, against him. The action was originally brought by Captain Clark of the American ship, before the second division of the Court of Session, who, in the course of the proceedings, directed an issue to be tried before a Jury, to ascertain what damages were due to the pursuer, Clark, in such detention, extending to the period of five years and a half, and for the proceedings that took place in the different Courts of Law in consequence thereof, the plaintiff having obtained a judgment in his favour, on an appeal to the House of Lords. After a very long trial, in which a great number of witnesses were examined, the Jury gave a verdict for the pursuer, with exemplary damages. In this case the different kinds of damage were considered, and assessed by the jury, the Lord Chief Commissioner having summed up on each. The Jury found the defender liable to the pursuer in the sum of £101 for forty days' wages and maintenance of nine men—of £1320 for maintenance and travelling charges during the time the action was in dependence—of £600 a-year for the detention of his ship, as the profits that might have been made during the period of such detention—and also found him liable in the farther sum of £1000, on account of the detention and imprisonment of the pursuer's person, with £554 for his law expenses, and other items, amounting in the whole to the sum of £6562: 19: 1, for which a verdict was certified, and reported to the Court of Session. The pursuer

then put in a petition to the Court of Session praying their Lordships to decern against the defender for payment of the sums found due by the Jury. The defender, on the other hand, opposed any decree being pronounced for the damages assessed by the Jury for the personal detention of the pursuer. Their Lordships refused to allow the £1000 awarded by the Jury, on account of the detention and imprisonment of the pursuer, as being *ultra petita* in the original libel; as also, the £1320 in name of maintenance and travelling charges, as they considered that merged in the £600 a-year allowed for the profits that might have been made during his detention, and decerned for the sum of £4242 : 19 : 1. The pursuer has presented a petition against this interlocutor, praying their Lordships to alter it, in so far as to allow him payment of the £1320 and the £1000 in addition to the sum of £4242 : 19 : 1 already awarded him, with interest from the date of the verdict obtained in the Jury Court."

A most shocking accident took place at Galashiels on Monday last. Jonathan Shaw, from Marsden, near Huddersfield, who has been for some time in the employment of Messrs William & David Thomson, manufacturers there, when putting on the belt on the drum, his smock frock, of a strong texture, got entangled in the gar, or tooth and pinions, and in a moment his brains were scattered on the floor and walls, and his arm and neck also broken.

*General Meeting of the Inhabitants of this City.—Dec. 2.*—A general meeting of the inhabitants was held this day, to consider what measures should be adopted to prevent or lessen the serious injury done to the City by the manifest deviation from the plan of the New Town, in the buildings now erecting, and proposed to be erected, on both sides of the North Bridge.

The meeting was far more numerous, and attended by a greater proportion of respectable inhabitants, than we have ever witnessed on any former occasion. Before the hour of meeting, the Merchants Hall was crowded to excess, and an adjournment to Freemasons' Hall became necessary; but even there the accommodation was quite insufficient for the assemblage, and many of the most respectable inhabitants were obliged to retire without being able to get into the room.

Professor Playfair having been called to the chair by acclamation,

Mr James Stewart rose, and communicated to the meeting the letter requesting the Lord Provost to call this meeting, and his Lordship's letter declining to call it; and after addressing the meeting at some length, he moved, that the meeting should adopt the following resolutions, which being seconded, by Mr Francis Walker, were unanimously agreed to:—

1st, That, in the year, 1766, the Magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh ob-

tained an act of Parliament for extending the royalty over the lands on which the New Town has been built, and after having consulted with several noblemen of acknowledged taste, and with committees from the Supreme Courts, the Faculty of Advocates, and Society of Writers to the Signet, they agreed that the New Town should be built agreeably to a plan given by James Craig architect.

2d, That the feuars of areas for building in the New Town contracted with the Town upon the faith of Mr Craig's plan being adhered to, in which plan the whole of the space between Prince's Street and the North Loch was delineated as garden ground.

3d, That after the Town had, in 1771, granted building-feus of St Anne's Street, and the adjacent ground, certain feuars, founding on the contract they had entered into with the Town upon the basis of Mr Craig's plan, applied for and obtained an interdict against the farther progress of the buildings in St Anne's Street: That this question was, in 1776, disposed of, partly by a compromise, and partly by a decret-arbitral pronounced by the late Lord Justice-Clerk Rae, by which the Town were found liable to pay the expense of the legal proceedings, and by which it was fixed, that no buildings other than those then existing, should be erected on the ground opposite to Prince's Street, and eastward from St David Street. And that, in many of the charters of building areas, granted by the Town after the period of the decret-arbitral, it is expressly declared, that the ground between Prince's Street and the North Loch should remain in all time coming as is directed in the decret-arbitral.

4th, That the Magistrates have notwithstanding, repeatedly, and especially in 1779, 1800, and 1811, attempted to grant feus of parts of the ground opposite to Prince's Street; but that the remonstrances of the feuars on all these occasions prevented them from carrying their design into execution; and that the town was, in 1812, advised by the very eminent counsel whom they consulted, that Mr Craig's plan was of itself an effectual bar in the way of their granting feus on the south side of any part of Prince's Street.

5th, That the feuars of the west part of Prince's Street having agreed to permit a chapel to be built opposite to their feus, the Magistrates, in 1816, obtained an act of Parliament for that purpose, entitled, "An act to enable the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the City of Edinburgh, to carry into effect certain purposes in regard to the erection of a Chapel at the west end of Prince's Street, and for effecting certain improvements, in the neighbourhood thereof, and in other parts of the extended Royalty of the said city;" but they gave no notice of their intention to apply for that act, either to the feuars of the New Town, or to the Commissioners appointed for build-

ing the Regent's Bridge, either in the Edinburgh Gazette, or Edinburgh Evening Courant.

6th, That this act vests the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the City of Edinburgh, with power to proceed in and accomplish objects not only exceedingly injurious, according to their interpretation of them, to the grandeur and beauty of the city, but such as will, if not prevented, materially and permanently disfigure and deform it—first, by authorising the erection of buildings within twelve feet of each side of the North Bridge; and, secondly, by authorising the erection of houses and other buildings on the Earthen Mound.

7th, That this meeting having obtained the opinion of eminent counsel, that the Magistrates had no legal powers, in virtue of the foresaid act, or otherwise, to authorise the erection of such buildings as are now in progress on the west side of the North Bridge, Resolve to take immediate legal steps to prevent their being farther proceeded with, it being the understanding of this meeting, that no buildings higher than what may be necessary for a row of shops can be permitted to be erected on the North Bridge without serious injury to this city: And in order that all necessary steps may be taken with this view they appoint a committee, consisting of twenty gentlemen, to have power to confer, either by themselves or by a sub-committee, with the Lord Provost and Town Council, and with the commissioners appointed for building the Regent's Bridge, on this subject.

8th, That the same committee be authorised to take such steps as may appear proper to prevent the erection of any buildings upon the Mound that would be injurious to the beauty of the City.

9th, That the expense of the proceedings be defrayed by a subscription, to be forthwith commenced, on the understanding, that the subscribers are in no case to be called on to pay a larger sum than that subscribed by them individually.

10th, That these Resolutions be published in the Edinburgh newspapers.

Thereafter the thanks of the meeting were, upon the motion of Mr James Moncrieff, unanimously voted to Mr Stewart, for the trouble he had taken in arranging the meeting, and laying the subject before them;—and

On the motion of Mr Cockburn, the Preses was requested to accept the cordial thanks of the meeting, for having devoted so much of his valuable time to their service. (Signed) JOHN PLAYFAIR.

Immediately upon the adjournment of the general meeting, the committee proceeded to hold their first meeting, when they appointed a sub-committee, for the purpose of conferring with the Lord Provost and Magistrates, &c. consisting of nine gentlemen.

We have seldom if ever seen so large and so numerous a meeting of the inhabitants of this city. Above a thousand gentlemen were present, and many were obliged to go away for want of room.

*Melancholy Shipwreck off Montrose.—*

About mid-day on Sunday, the 14th ult. a vessel, supposed to be the *Forth* packet, Galloway, from Aberdeen to Leith, with a general cargo, was seen tossing about on the coast in a hurricane, seemingly in great distress. About two o'clock she made an attempt to take the harbour; but, having approached too near the land, struck upon the Annet, a sand bank which has proved fatal to thousands. In this situation they remained some little time, during which a great number of people on board were distinctly seen by the numerous spectators from the shore, some throwing themselves into the arms of one another, seemingly in the utmost despair, and others clinging to the rigging, and using every effort to preserve themselves from the devouring element. The life boat was instantly launched, and went out in defiance of the tempest; but, notwithstanding every exertion being used, could render them no assistance. It is impossible to describe the awful situation of the numerous passengers of various descriptions, who were then ascertained to be on board, among whom was discovered, as the most helpless victim, a young woman with a child at her breast. The vessel soon after lost her mast, and in a short time became a total wreck. In the course of a few minutes a soldier's knapsack was washed ashore, and, soon after, the pelisse of a little child. The wreck now began to appear in all directions, and so complete was the destruction, that in less than an hour it is believed that the whole of it was landed in pieces not exceeding the size of an ordinary plank. Only two of the bodies have yet been found, a man and a woman. The former was immediately recognized by many of the spectators present. It is supposed there were not less than between thirty and forty persons on board, all of whom perished in the view of some thousand spectators on the beach, without being able to afford them the least assistance.

The new military church in Edinburgh Castle was opened on Sunday, 14th December, for Divine Service, by the very reverend Principal Baird, with an elegant, impressive, and appropriate discourse on the occasion, from 1st Kings, 8th chap. 44th and 45th verses; and followed by the Rev. Mr Crawford, deputy garrison chaplain, with an elegant and suitable discourse from St John, 14th chap. 18th verse. The Commander in Chief, his Staff, and all the officers and non-commissioned officers in the castle, were present.

The improvements and repairs which have been some time past carrying forward on the Crinan Canal, under the direction

of Mr Telford, the engineer, are now brought to a conclusion. The extension of the pier at the entrance from Lochfine, together with the convenience of a light during the night, will afford great advantages; and we are informed, that as soon as the weather will permit in the ensuing season, the entrance to the harbour will be deepened, to admit of vessels entering at all times of the tide. The facility and safety with which vessels can now pass through this canal, since the lock-gates were renewed, and numerous acute rocky bends cut off, will occasion a great saving of time and expense, and entirely exclude the necessity of going round the Mull of Kintyre. We may add, when that great national work, the Caledonian Canal, is navigable, a regular communication may be established through both canals, by means of steam packets or otherwise, so as to afford a cheap and expeditious conveyance for goods or passengers to the most remote parts of the Highlands.

On Saturday night, about six o'clock, a fire broke out in the lower flat of a large tenement on the east side of Anderson's Close, middle of the West Bow. This close is a thoroughfare, by stairs, from the West Bow to the Cowgate-head, and is very narrow. The engines were with great difficulty brought to the place, and by nine o'clock the fire was got under, after destroying the two under flats. Great praise is due to those who had the direction of the engines, as by their exertions the upper part of the land was saved. At the beginning of the fire great apprehensions were entertained for two or three children, but they were happily relieved from danger without being hurt. The fire, it is said, was occasioned by a chimney taking fire. The two flats were inhabited by a number of poor families, who have lost all their furniture, and none of them are insured. The magistrates, constables, police, &c. attended, as did also a party of the 88th regiment from the castle. The engines that attended belonged to the Sun, Friendly, and Caledonian Insurance Companies.—There are ten poor families burnt out in the two flats, most of whom have lost their all. A subscription is on this account begun, and donations will be received by Alex. Johnstone, West Bow. It is proposed, if more money is received than will be required, that the surplus be turned over to the Society for Relief of the Destitute Sick, whose funds are just now in a very bad state.

*Another Shipwreck.*—*Aberdeen, Dec. 20.*—Yesterday morning, with nearly a calm, and a noise so dreadful as to resemble the rolling of thunder, the sea ran mountains high, portending an easterly gale, which commenced violently towards noon, when a brig was observed standing for the harbour. The most painful anxiety was naturally excited for the safety of the hapless vessel,

now surrounded with the most tremendous breakers, through which, however, she steered so steadily for a considerable time, as to give hopes of her safely gaining the port. But, alas! when within nearly a cable length of the pier, a heavy sea struck the starboard quarter, and the fresh in the river and ebb tide acting at the same time on the vessel, she broached to; and overwhelmed by the succeeding wave, and engulfed, with all on board, in the raging sea, to the inexpressible anguish of thousands, who witnessed the heart-rending scene. From part of the wreck, which was soon after cast ashore, the unfortunate vessel proved to be the Gleaner, John Cadenhead, of and for this place, from Shields, coal-laden. The crew consisted of five persons, two or three of whom have left families, who, in this trying and afflictive period, we trust, will share the public benevolence, so eminently conspicuous on all occasions of distress.

On Wednesday the 17th of December current, the body of a man, a stranger, was found in the loch at Haining, adjoining Selkirk, and from its appearance, it is likely it had been in the water for some days. It was decently interred in the church-yard. For the information of his relations, and others who may feel anxiety about him, the following description of his person is given:—He appeared to be about forty years of age, five feet ten inches high, of a black complexion, and black bushy hair, and was dressed in a brown coat, striped waistcoat, striped brown pantaloons, frilled shirt, and had a yellowish silk napkin, eightpence of copper in his pockets, but without any neckcloth, hat, shoes, or stockings, and had the appearance of a mendicant.

His Grace the Duke of Portland, in consideration of the bad harvest of 1816, has granted a deduction of rent to his tenants in Ayrshire of from 20 to 40 per cent. according to circumstances.

A boy about ten years of age, lately met his death in a singular manner, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. He was amusing himself in a stubble field, with some of his companions, by attempting to walk upon his hands and head, when one of the shaws of the wheat stubble passing up his nostril, entered the brain; and caused his death a few hours afterwards.

*Aberdeen, Dec. 27.*—*Fire.*—On Christmas day, just as the communion service had begun, one of the most alarming fires took place in St Andrews Chapel, King Street, which we have almost ever seen. At one time, we had not the smallest doubt but that this beautiful building would, in the course of a few hours, be a pile of ruins. As far as we can learn, the fire was occasioned by the overheating of the stoves, the flues of which having got red, communicated with the outer casing, and from thence to the pipes which pass under the organ gallery for the heating of the chapel. On the first



alarm, the congregation retired in a very orderly manner, without any accident; but, by the time the fire engines were brought, the flames had burst out from under the organ platform, and ascended more than half the height of the instrument. It is impossible to describe the feelings of the congregation, driven in an instant from the most sublime part of our service to God, nor of the immense crowd of people who had assembled in the street. Well aware of the nature of the interior of the building, they had not the smallest hope of its being saved. However, by the very great exertions of those who had the charge of the fire engines, and of the incalculable multitude that formed lines for the conveying of water from the various fire cocks and wells in the neighbourhood, and even from the harbour, the barrack-yard, and the farther extremity of North Street, very fortunately the fire was checked, and, by perseverance and the most judicious management of the water, it was ultimately subdued, without extending farther than the gallery, in which it originally began. The damage is but trifling, in comparison to what was apprehended, and, what is very singular, although the organ appears to have been surrounded with fire, yet no part of the instrument has been touched by it, and the only injury it has received was from the water, which was discharged in torrents from the engines, the pipes of which were conveyed to the roof.

*City of Aberdeen.*—A great deal has been published respecting the situation of the affairs of the town of Aberdeen. A report has been printed by the trustees for the creditors of the town, which states, that the property under the management of the trustees will afford a yearly revenue, sufficient, not only to pay interest at 5 per cent. on every debt, but also to leave a considerable surplus. It states, that the whole debts amount to £230,000; the interest of which, at 5 per cent., is £11,500, whereas the present revenue, feu-duties, &c. amount to £12,547 : 8 : 8, leaving a surplus of £1047, 8s. 8d. besides the value of the miltures of the Town's Mills, and other subjects. In estimating the value of this property, the trustees did not take the amount that it would produce, "if feued or sold off in small portions, in the course of a great many years, but such as it may yield, with a prospect of advantage to the purchasers, if brought into the market at the present moment, and therefore the property is estimated much below its real value.

The pilot boat, *Eliza*, in returning to Leith harbour on Friday night, about twelve o'clock (having taken the *Katy*, Glasgow trader, out of the harbour), was upset by a heavy sea, and a person, whose name we understand is *Joseph Jamson*, who for nearly eighteen years acted as a pilot at Leith, was unfortunately drowned; he has left a disconsolate widow to deplore his loss.

Three other persons who were in the boat, were saved by the laudable intrepidity of two of the Newhaven fishermen, whose conduct on the occasion is much to be applauded.

The newspapers report, almost every fall of the year, instances of pear, apple, or plum trees exhibiting second blossoms, and ascribe the phenomena to extraordinary mildness in the air;—but this inference, says an experienced gardener, is erroneous. Were the weather the cause, the blossoming would be general. The particular cases arise from unhealthiness in the tree.

*Domesticated Seal.*—A gentleman in the neighbourhood of *Burntisland* has completely succeeded in taming one of these animals. Its singularities daily continue to attract the curiosity of strangers. It appears to possess all the sagacity of the dog, lives in its master's house, and eats from his hand. He usually takes it with him in his fishing excursions, upon which occasion it affords no small entertainment. When thrown into the water, it will follow for miles the track of the boat; and although thrust back by the oars, it never relinquishes its purpose. Indeed, it struggles so hard to regain its seat, that one would imagine its fondness for its master had entirely overcome the natural predilection for its native element.

On the 11th instant, an Irishman of the name of *John Baird*, having obtained a recommendation from the minister of *Ruthwell*, was admitted into the Infirmary at *Dumfries*. This Hibernian, whose penurious habits probably led him to deny himself the common necessaries of life, and who was already beyond the power of medicine, died on the 12th, apparently the victim of destitution and disease. When admitted into the hospital, his appearance bespoke the greatest misery; and when interrogated as to his means, he declared that he had not a farthing in the world. His shoes and stockings wanted the feet, and the deceased had literally walked barefoot during the severe weather we experienced in the early part of December. A few days after he died, the housekeeper of the Infirmary offered to sell his old clothes to a woman for the trifling sum of 5s. The intending purchaser, however, declined giving so much; and it was while endeavouring to adjust this matter, that it occurred to her to examine the pockets of the deceased, when, to her no small surprise, she found *seventy-three pounds* in bank notes, carefully concealed in an opening, in the form of a pocket, at the back of the waistcoat! We believe the female broker will long regret that she did not take the housekeeper at her word.

*Douglas, 23.*—On Sunday last, a curious occurrence took place in the parish church of *Ballaugh*, in the *Isle of Man*.—During the time of divine service, one of the congregation discovering that a pipe of wine had been cast on shore at no great distance, com-

municated the *exhilarating* intelligence to a neighbour, who communicated it to a third, and so on, until it became pretty generally known; whereupon, as if moved by one simultaneous impulse, the congregation made an hasty exit,—hastened to the beach,—knocked out the head of the pipe, and made an abundant sacrifice to the long absent rosy god, who had in such an auspicious hour bestowed his generous beverage to heighten the *spirit* of their devotion. The officiating clergyman was, as we are informed, left to finish his service to his clerk, a few old women, and infant children, whose youth or infirmity rendered them unable to join the joyful throng assembled on the beach.

*Crim. Con.—Jury Court, Edinburgh.—Dec. 15—Kirk v. Guthrie.*—This we insert as the first action for *Crim. Con.* that ever came before a Scottish Jury, on that account it created a good deal of interest.

Mr Sandford opened the case as junior counsel for the pursuer. He stated that his client, who sued *in forma pauperis*, was a private soldier in the Royal Artillery, stationed at Leith Fort, and the defender was a Mr Wm Guthrie, a writer (attorney) in Edinburgh. In the year 1807, the pursuer, then a private in the Dumfries militia, was married to a girl named Elizabeth Cairns, who bore to him two children. Having volunteered into the Artillery, he removed to Woolwich, taking his wife with him, where they resided together happily and affectionately for some time, when he was ordered on the expedition to Walcheren, and no woman being permitted to accompany the troops, his wife returned home to her parents in Scotland. After the return of the troops from Walcheren, the pursuer was stationed in different places in England; during which time he and his wife corresponded in the most affectionate manner, and, in evidence of that, a letter of her's had been produced, written in the year 1814, when the pursuer expected to have been sent on foreign service, and which was couched in the most affectionate terms. In the beginning of the year 1816, the pursuer was ordered to Scotland, where he found his wife in the service of the defender; but he soon also found that her affections were totally alienated from him. In a short time, from the information he received, he had no doubt that a criminal intercourse subsisted between her and the defender. She was in the practice of dining at the same table, and accompanying him to the Theatre, things incompatible with the distance which ought to be observed between a master and servant; nay, he had been seen to dine with her in her bed-chamber; and upon one occasion had been seen lying in her own bed—Upon another occasion, the door of his bedroom was found in the morning locked; and upon being opened shortly afterwards, the pursuer's wife was observed to come out thinly dressed; and evidence would be laid

before the jury to give every reason to suspect that she, in the latter end of the year 1816, had borne a child. Here was an injury committed by the defender, who was perfectly aware that this woman was the wife of the pursuer. But not satisfied with thus severely hurting him in the nicest feelings, he added another injury; the pursuer's wife having been denied to him, he went one day to the defendant's house to demand access to her, when the defendant came out, and, after knocking him down stairs, added still a third injury, by writing a most false and calumnious letter to the pursuer's commanding officer. It was for these injuries that the pursuer now asked reparation at the hands of a jury of his country. The issues sent by the Court of Session to be tried by the jury were three:—1st, Whether in the course of the years 1814, 15, 16, and part of 17, the defender did seduce and maintain an adulterous connection, and commit adultery with the pursuer's wife; 2d, Whether the defender, being in the knowledge that the pursuer was the husband of Elizabeth Cairns, did violently assault and beat him, and deny him access to his said wife, then living in adultery with the defender; and 3d, Whether the defender did write the letter to the pursuer's commanding officer.

The counsel for the pursuer now proceeded to call, 1st, witnesses to prove the marriage; 2dly, that the parties lived happily together; 3dly, that the pursuer was a steady, sober, peaceable, and inoffensive man. One of the most material witnesses for the prosecution was the brother of the defender himself. He gave evidence to the defender being seen lying in Mrs Kirk's bed, in which he was corroborated by the defender's apprentice; and he also gave evidence to the pursuer's wife having been found early one morning in the defender's bed-room, with the door locked, the defender being in his morning gown. A number of other witnesses, some of them females, who had resided in the defender's house, were called to prove that an improper connection subsisted between him and the pursuer's wife, which closed the case for the prosecution.

Mr Jeffrey, with his usual flow of eloquence and ingenuity, stated the case for the defender, and commented upon the evidence which had been laid. Mr Jeffrey impressed upon the minds of the jury the impropriety of the conduct of the pursuer in leaving his wife four or five years unprotected, with a family of two children; and if she had gone astray, he was solely the cause of it. He contended, however, that the evidence was entirely circumstantial, and of the worst kind; there was no proof of the adultery having been committed. He proceeded to call the defender's witnesses.

These consisted chiefly of the mother and sisters of the pursuer's wife, who swore that the pursuer had behaved badly to her

before he left Scotland; and that since his return he had threatened the life of the defender. An attempt was also made to prove that the defender did not know that the pursuer's wife was a married woman.

Mr J. P. Grant, M. P. senior counsel for the pursuer, replied to the arguments of Mr Jeffrey.

At eleven o'clock at night, the Lord Chief Commissioner, (Baron Adam) proceeded to sum up. His Lordship went over the evidence at very considerable length.

The Jury retired out of court for about twenty minutes, and returned with a verdict for the pursuer.—Damages £30. The trial lasted 15 hours.

The interest created by the general desire for a reform in the constitution of the Royal Burghs, that so suddenly displayed itself throughout Scotland, still continues to be manifested by the meetings of the burgesses, and of the various corporations of the most populous cities. The resolutions of these meetings, which are in constant course of publication in the newspapers, particularly when no indignant feelings are aroused by the refusal of the Magistrates to join in the wishes of the brethren, describe the evils of the present system with that temper and good sense which so characterises the mass of the population of Scotland.

### COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Jan. 9, 1818.

*Sugar.*—The demand for this article, which had been dull and limited, became, towards the close of last month and the beginning of this, more lively and extensive. Considerable sales were effected, and at advanced prices. The holders anticipate a still farther rise. The demand for refined has been considerable, and the refiners expect still higher prices for the spring exports. The import of Sugar into London last year was 10,000 casks fewer than the former years, while the stock on hand exceeds the corresponding period of last year by 3000 casks. This stock is completely exhausted in the hands of the importers in Glasgow. The quantity taken out of bond, for home consumption for 1817, is 88,497 cwts. more than was taken out for the same purpose in 1816. There is a great probability of this article bearing a higher price than at present. The internal consumption of this article, from the general revival of trade in 1818, will certainly exceed what it did in 1817, while the late dreadful hurricane in the West Indies, which has occasioned such devastation in some islands, and material loss in all, will certainly decrease the quantity anticipated to be brought to market. The additional duty of 3s. per cwt. took place on the 5th, previous to which, and in one day, from 8 to £900,000 for duties was paid in London, in order to escape the advance. This is a striking proof of our commercial strength, and the immense value to this country of our West India colonies.—

*Rum.* This article is greatly declined in price. The spirit of speculation which raised it, is completely laid to sleep, and the report of its introduction into France for the use of the army, which occasioned the rise, appears to have been without foundation. The quantity taken out of bond for home consumption, at the ports in the Clyde, is nearly 16,000 gallons more in 1817 than the previous year. Scarcely any advance in price can take place for some time, as there appears no opening for export; and the price of Whisky, so low and on the decline, acts as a great drawback to the consumption of Rum, and consequently any advance in price.—*Molasses* continue in good demand. The imports of Rum for 1817 were nearly the same as in 1816. The stock is decreased.—*Coffee.* The demand for Coffee has been considerable, and at the advanced rates. Foreign chiefly is sought after. East India is but little sought after. The imports for 1817 were much the same as in 1816. The stock on hand at the beginning of 1818 is considerably decreased.—*Cotton.* This article continues in demand, and at steady prices. At Liverpool, in one day, the sales amounted to 14,000 bags, and though the supplies have been since considerable, the prices are fully maintained. The importations of last year greatly exceeded the former. Into the Clyde it amounted to 7370 packages, while the stock was much less on the 1st January 1818 than on the 1st January 1817. The increased consumption in this part exceeded 7000 packages, and when the annual accounts are made up, a similar proportion will no doubt be found in every other manufacturing district of the kingdom. A prodigious increase has taken place in the importations from the East Indies.—*Fresh Provisions* remain stationary in price, with the exception of Butter, which is rather on the decline from an extensive supply. The holders, however, anticipate higher prices.—*Corn.* The markets, of almost every description, have rather been on the decline.—*Rice,* only in the London markets, appears to be in demand at advanced rates.—*Tobacco.* But little business has been done in this article. The purchasers are almost wholly for the home supply.—*Oil.* There is little attention paid to the prices of Greenland oil. Spermaceti continues scarce. The holders anticipate higher prices for all kinds of Oils, and the general appearance of the market indicates improvement in this article.—*Naval stores.* There is little doing in *Tar, Pitch, or Rosin.* *Spirits* are without variation. There are arrivals at the London market of 1600 barrels of *Turpentine.*—*Tallow* is rather on the decline. The demand for *Hemp* has been extensive, and prices considerably advanced. *Flax* continues in good request.—*Fruit.* Considerable sales have been effect-

ed in the London market. The importation of Apples from the United States into the port of Liverpool and into the Clyde, have been frequent, and in quantity very great. This in some measure replaced the want felt from the total failure of that crop in this country. *Brandy and Hollands.* The latter has declined in price. The former continues very high, without an immediate prospect of any considerable reduction, from the great scarcity of the article. The price is rather on the decline from the relinquished demand, arising from the excessive price.—*Flax Seed.* This article is in demand.—Ashes are steady in price, but the demand is limited.—In *Wool, Cattle,* and in the different productions from the *agricultural* labours of this country, a general improvement has taken place. *Lead and Iron Mines,* almost abandoned, are resuming their former activity. The value of land is increased, and general confidence seems fast approaching, and settling upon a sure and solid foundation.

It is impossible to contemplate the present aspect of affairs in the United Kingdom, and compare them with the corresponding year that is gone, without being deeply grateful for the auspicious change. Then severe distress, arising from circumstances which no human power or wisdom could foresee, control, or remove, overspread the land. The resources of the country languished; manufactures and agriculture seemed equally depressed and at a stand, while a most unpropitious season and scanty crop, added to our calamities. The prospect is almost completely changed. The revenues of the state flourish, and hold out the cheering prospect of still greater prosperity. The capital of the country is fast calling its industry into activity. Agricultural interests are improved and improving. An abundant harvest over Europe has banished famine from the land. In the moist and higher districts of Scotland, and the north of England, much of the harvest has no doubt been lost, from the inclemency of the season. This, however, does not greatly affect the general supply, though it is most severe and distressing to numerous individuals, who have thus, two years successively, lost the fruits of their labour. This loss, however, the generosity of their countrymen will alleviate; and, let us hope, another season completely remove. Peace and harmony reign among the nations of the civilized world with which we are connected. Their reciprocal wants will call forth the energies of industry. The Cotton manufactures of the United States and Continental Europe have sunk before our own, and left us undisputed masters of this lucrative branch of trade. The general exports of this kingdom during last year will be found greatly to exceed in quantity most, if not all, those of every preceding year. Manufactures flourish and increase: work is abundant, and all hands employed. The wages in some branches are in comparison to the still high price of some necessaries of life, as yet but low, though much increased; while in most others these are not only good, but liberal. New openings still disclose themselves to British skill and industry. The immense shores of Hindostan, and the numerous fertile islands in the Eastern Ocean, open a wide field for our capital and enterprise. A new era is commenced in trade. Instead of these fertile regions, as formerly, draining Europe of the precious metals, their raw materials are returned to their hands with elegance that astonishes while it excites their wants, and draws forth all their productions in exchange. All South America, Loyal or Revolted, now, and likely to be, under a more liberal system than the policy of the mother country formerly allowed, opens a vast field for British capital, productions, and skill. Lastly, we anticipate, and at no distant day, a vast and beneficial trade opened up with the south-eastern coast of Africa, and both shores of the Red Sea. The total abolition of the slave trade by Spain, and which must soon also be adopted by Portugal, cuts off completely the rising prosperity of the cultivation of the insular possessions of the former power in the New World, and thus leaves our valuable West India Colonies the clear and decided preponderance in what is, properly speaking, called "Colonial Produce," now articles of absolute necessity to the nations of Europe. Such are the cheering prospects with which the year 1818 opens upon this great empire.

*Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th December 1817.*

|  | 1st.   | 8th.   | 15th.  | 22d.   | 29th.  |  |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| Bank stock, .....                              | 290 $\frac{1}{2}$                            | 292 $\frac{1}{2}$  | 294  | —  | —  |  |
| 3 per cent. reduced, .....                     | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$                             | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$   | 83   | 82   | 81 $\frac{1}{2}$                             |  |
| 3 per cent. consols, .....                     | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$                             | —  | —  | —  | —  |  |
| 4 per cent. consols, .....                     | 99   | 99 $\frac{3}{4}$   | 99 $\frac{3}{4}$                             | 99 $\frac{1}{2}$                             | 98 $\frac{1}{2}$                             |  |
| 5 per cent. navy ann. ....                     | 108  | —  | —  | —  | —  |  |
| Imperial 3 per cent. ann. ....                 | —  | —  | —  | —  | —  |  |
| India stock, .....                             | 247  | —  | —  | —  | —  |  |
| — bonds, .....                                 | 97 pr.                                       | 97 pr.   | 102 pr.                                      | 98 pr.                                       | 99 pr.                                       |  |
| Exchequer bills, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. p. d. .... | 25 pr.                                       | 24 pr.   | 25 pr.                                       | 24 pr.                                       | 17 pr.                                       |  |
| Consols for acc. ....                          | 84 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ | 84 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ | 81 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| American 3 per cents. ....                     | —  | —  | —  | —  | 65.6 cent.                                   |  |
| — new loan 6 p. cent. ....                     | —  | —  | —  | —  | 103, 103 $\frac{1}{2}$                       |  |
| French 5 per cents. ....                       | —  | —  | —  | —  | 63f. 85 cents                                |  |

Course of Exchange, Jan. 9.—Amsterdam, 37 : 6 B. 2 U. Antwerp, 11 : 12. Ex-Hamburg, 34 : 6 : 2½. U. Paris, 24 : 60. 2 U. Bourdeaux, 24 : 60. Frankfort, on Maine, 145 Ex. Madrid, 38½ effect. Cadiz, 38 effect. Gibraltar, 33. Leghorn, 49½. Genoa, 47. Malta, 49½. Naples, 42½. Palermo, 126s. per oz. Lisbon, 58. Rio Janeiro, 65. Dublin, 8 per cent. Cork, 8½. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £4 : 0 : 6. Foreign gold, in bars, £4 : 0 : 6. New doubloons, £4 : 0 : 0. New dollars, 5s. 3½d. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 3½d. New Louis, each, £0 : 0 : 0.

PRICES CURRENT.—Jan. 9, 1818.

|                              | LEITH. |           |     |     | GLASGOW. |     |     |    | LIVERPOOL. |     |     |    | LONDON. |       |    |    |
|------------------------------|--------|-----------|-----|-----|----------|-----|-----|----|------------|-----|-----|----|---------|-------|----|----|
| SUGAR, Musc.                 |        |           |     |     |          |     |     |    |            |     |     |    |         |       |    |    |
| B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.      | 75     | to        | —   | 71  | to       | 75  | 70  | to | 77         | 76  | to  | —  | 76      | to    | —  |    |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.     | 82     | —         | 86  | 76  | —        | 87  | 78  | —  | 91         | 82  | —   | —  | 82      | —     | —  |    |
| Fine and very fine, .        | 88     | —         | 92  | 88  | —        | 90  | 92  | —  | 95         | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  |    |
| Refined Doub. Loaves, .      | 150    | —         | 155 | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 1s.     | —     | —  |    |
| Powder ditto, . . . .        | 124    | —         | 128 | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 111     | —     | —  |    |
| Single ditto, . . . .        | 118    | —         | 124 | 116 | —        | 118 | 122 | —  | 126        | 109 | —   | —  | 109     | —     | —  |    |
| Small Lumps . . . .          | 114    | —         | 118 | 110 | —        | 112 | 125 | —  | 123        | 104 | —   | —  | 104     | —     | —  |    |
| Large ditto, . . . .         | 110    | —         | 114 | 105 | —        | 108 | 112 | —  | 12         | 105 | —   | —  | 105     | —     | —  |    |
| Crushed Lumps, . . .         | 65     | —         | 68  | —   | —        | —   | 66  | —  | 68         | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  |    |
| MOLASSES, British, . cwt.    | 38     | —         | —   | 36  | —        | 37  | 38  | —  | 38s 6      | 36s | —   | —  | 36s     | —     | —  |    |
| COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.       | —      | —         | —   | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | 106 | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  |    |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.     | 82     | —         | 92  | 80  | —        | 92  | 86  | —  | 96         | 90  | —   | —  | 90      | —     | —  |    |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.     | 95     | —         | 100 | 95  | —        | 100 | 97  | —  | 103        | 95  | —   | —  | 95      | —     | —  |    |
| Dutch, Triage and very ord.  | 74     | —         | 86  | —   | —        | —   | 75  | —  | 88         | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  |    |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.     | 88     | —         | 94  | —   | —        | —   | 90  | —  | 97         | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  |    |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.     | 95     | —         | 102 | —   | —        | —   | 98  | —  | 105        | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  |    |
| St Domingo, . . . .          | —      | —         | —   | 86  | —        | 90  | 93  | —  | 97         | 93  | —   | —  | 93      | —     | —  |    |
| PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.        | 9      | —         | 9½  | 9   | —        | 9½  | 9   | —  | 9½         | —   | —   | —  | 1s 8d   | —     | —  |    |
| SPIRITS,                     |        |           |     |     |          |     |     |    |            |     |     |    |         |       |    |    |
| Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.     | 5s     | 8d        | 3s  | 10d | 3s       | 10d | 4s  | 0d | 3s         | 4d  | 3s  | 6d | 3s      | 6d    | 0s | 0d |
| Brandy, . . . . .            | 14     | 0         | 14  | 3   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 13      | 9     | 0  | 0  |
| Geneva, . . . . .            | 4      | 6         | 4   | 9   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 4       | 3     | 0  | 0  |
| Grain Whisky, . . . .        | 7      | 9         | 8   | 0   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 13      | 6     | 0  | 0  |
| WINES,                       |        |           |     |     |          |     |     |    |            |     |     |    |         |       |    |    |
| Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.    | 48     | —         | 52  | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | £35     | 0     | 0  | —  |
| Portugal Red, . . . . pipe.  | 40     | —         | 45  | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 46      | —     | 0  | —  |
| Spanish White, . . . . butt. | 30     | —         | 55  | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| Teneriffe, . . . . . pipe.   | 30     | —         | 35  | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 27      | —     | —  | —  |
| Madeira, . . . . .           | 60     | —         | 70  | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| LOGWOOD, Jam. . . ton.       | £8     | 0         | £8  | 10  | 7        | 10  | 8   | 10 | 8          | 5   | 8   | 15 | 8       | 0     | —  | —  |
| Honduras, . . . . .          | 8      | —         | 9   | —   | 8        | 10  | —   | —  | 8          | 15  | 9   | 0  | 8       | 10    | —  | —  |
| Campeachy, . . . . .         | 9      | —         | 10  | —   | 9        | 0   | 10  | 0  | 10         | 0   | 10  | 10 | 9       | 0     | —  | —  |
| FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .         | 12     | —         | 13  | —   | 12       | 0   | 13  | 0  | 12         | 0   | 13  | 0  | 14      | 0     | —  | —  |
| Cuba, . . . . .              | 17     | —         | —   | —   | 17       | 0   | 17  | 15 | 17         | 0   | 17  | 15 | 18      | 0     | —  | —  |
| INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.   | 9s     | 6d        | 11s | 6d  | 8        | 6   | 9   | 6  | 9          | 0   | 11  | 6  | 10s     | 6d    | —  | —  |
| TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.    | 2      | 3         | 2   | 6   | —        | —   | —   | —  | 2          | 4   | 2   | 5½ | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| Ditto Oak, . . . . .         | 4      | 6         | 5   | 6   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | £7      | —     | —  | —  |
| Christiansand (dut. paid)    | 2      | 4         | 2   | 5   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 50      | —     | —  | —  |
| Honduras Mahogany            | 0      | 11        | 1   | 4   | 0        | 10  | 1   | 8  | 1          | 1   | 1   | 5  | 1s      | 0     | —  | —  |
| St Domingo, ditto            | —      | —         | —   | —   | 1        | 2   | 3   | 0  | 1          | 9   | 2   | 5  | 1       | 11    | —  | —  |
| TAR, American, . . . . bbl.  |        |           |     |     |          |     |     |    |            |     |     |    |         |       |    |    |
| Archangel, . . . . .         | 22     | —         | 23  | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | 17         | —   | 18  | —  | 19      | 6     | —  | —  |
| PITCH, Foreign, . . . cwt.   | 14     | —         | —   | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | 21         | —   | 23  | —  | 21      | 0     | —  | —  |
| TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.      | 80     | —         | —   | 80  | —        | 81  | 80  | —  | 82         | —   | —   | —  | 80      | —     | —  | —  |
| Home Melted, . . . .         | 82     | —         | —   | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| HEMP, Riga Rhine, . ton.     | 47     | —         | 50  | 48  | —        | 50  | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | £47     | 0     | —  | —  |
| Petersburgh Clean, .         | 47     | —         | 48  | 48  | —        | —   | 48  | —  | 49         | —   | —   | —  | 45      | —     | —  | —  |
| FLAX,                        |        |           |     |     |          |     |     |    |            |     |     |    |         |       |    |    |
| Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.     | 80     | —         | —   | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 82      | —     | —  | —  |
| Dutch, . . . . .             | 50     | —         | 120 | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 65      | —     | —  | —  |
| Irish, . . . . .             | 60     | —         | 62  | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| MATS, Archangel, . . 100.    | 115    | —         | —   | —   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | £5      | 10    | —  | —  |
| BRISTLES,                    |        |           |     |     |          |     |     |    |            |     |     |    |         |       |    |    |
| Petersburgh Firsts, . cwt.   | 16     | 10        | 17  | 0   | —        | —   | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 15      | 5     | —  | —  |
| ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .      | 60     | —         | —   | 68  | —        | 70  | —   | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 68s     | —     | —  | —  |
| Montreal ditto, . . . .      | 70     | —         | —   | 62  | —        | 64  | —   | —  | 63         | —   | —   | —  | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| Pot, . . . . .               | 61     | —         | —   | 60  | —        | —   | —   | —  | 57         | —   | 59  | —  | 58      | —     | —  | —  |
| OIL, Whale, . . . . . tun.   | 55     | —         | —   | 55  | —        | 56  | 55  | —  | 56         | —   | —   | —  | 58      | —     | —  | —  |
| Cod, . . . . .               | 55     | (p. brl.) | —   | 50  | —        | —   | 51  | —  | —          | —   | —   | —  | 49      | —     | —  | —  |
| TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.   | 9      | —         | 10  | 9½  | —        | —   | 0   | 8  | 0          | 9   | —   | —  | 8d      | —     | —  | —  |
| Middling, . . . . .          | 8      | —         | 8½  | 8½  | —        | 9   | 0   | 6½ | 0          | 7   | —   | —  | 7½      | —     | —  | —  |
| Inferior, . . . . .          | 7½     | —         | 8   | 7½  | —        | 8½  | 0   | 4½ | —          | —   | —   | —  | 6½      | —     | —  | —  |
| COTTONS, Bowed Georg.        |        |           |     |     |          |     |     |    |            |     |     |    |         |       |    |    |
| Sea Island, fine, . . . .    | —      | —         | —   | 1   | 7        | 1   | 10  | 1  | 6½         | 1   | 10½ | —  | —       | 1s 7d | —  | —  |
| Good, . . . . .              | —      | —         | —   | 2   | 7        | 2   | 10  | 2  | 6          | 2   | 8   | —  | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| Middling, . . . . .          | —      | —         | —   | 2   | 4        | 2   | 6   | 2  | 3          | 2   | 5   | —  | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| Demerara and Berbice,        | —      | —         | —   | 2   | 2        | 2   | 3   | 1  | 11         | 2   | 2   | —  | —       | —     | —  | —  |
| West India, . . . . .        | —      | —         | —   | 1   | 10       | 2   | 1   | 1  | 10         | 2   | 1½  | —  | 1       | 10    | —  | —  |
| Pernambuco, . . . . .        | —      | —         | —   | 1   | 8        | 2   | 0   | 1  | 8          | 1   | 9½  | —  | 1       | 8     | —  | —  |
| Maranham, . . . . .          | —      | —         | —   | 2   | 1        | 2   | 2   | 2  | 0½         | 2   | 1   | —  | 2       | 1     | —  | —  |
| —                            | —      | —         | —   | 2   | 0        | 2   | 1   | 1  | 11½        | 2   | 0½  | —  | 1       | 11½   | —  | —  |

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st December 1817, extracted from the London Gazette.**

- Ainsworth, R. & W. Davis, Botholt, near Bury, Lancashire, whitsters  
 Aldham, W. Great Totham, Essex, miller  
 Arnold, D. & N. Bristol, vellum manufacturers  
 Bailey, E. Preshute, Wilts, parchment maker  
 Banfield, E. St. Philip, and Jacob, Gloucestershire, cooper  
 Bath, W. Eshier, clothier  
 Baker, J. L. and G. Leeds, York, merchants  
 Bruce, A. J. Brown, and G. Scott, London, army clothiers  
 Cohen, E. H. Brighton, schoolmaster  
 Collyer, R. Cheltenham, porter dealer  
 Clark, J. Montreal, North America  
 Deacon, W. Bermondsey, baker  
 Denham, F. jun. King Street, Covent Garden, milliner  
 Dodman, M. Thornham, Norfolk, shopkeeper  
 Doswell, J. Winchester, butcher  
 Davies, J. Wells, Somerset, cabinet-maker  
 Elliot, J. Southampton, currier  
 Elliot, R. jun. Ilminster, Somerset, baker  
 Ellis, J. A. Great Yarmouth, vintner  
 Ellison, E. Torbeck, flour dealer  
 Elliot, J. Bristol, coal-factor  
 French, S. Merriot, Somerset, miller  
 Frodsham, S. Frodsham, Cheshire, draper  
 Futtitt, W. Workop, butcher  
 Gilbert, W. Bath, broker  
 Greensmith, J. Cark, Cartmel, cinderburner  
 Gibbon, T. Stratford, near Manchester, pork-dealer  
 Handey, J. Hornsey Lane, Middlesex, druggist  
 Haywood, J. Cheltenham, grocer  
 Holt, R. Lymme, Cheshire, draper  
 Hardy, R. Manchester, stone mason  
 Hughes, P. Sprats Slade, Staffordshire, innkeeper  
 Hitchen, William, St Peter's Hill, whalebone merchant  
 Henzell, J. H. South Shields, ship-owner  
 Jackson, J. B. Liverpool, cooper  
 Kirk, S. Leeds, alehouse-keeper  
 Kirkman, E. Portsmouth, milliner  
 Kirkby, J. Leeds, merchant  
 Ladbrooke, J. Draycote, Warwickshire, farmer  
 Langborn, J. Manchester, merchant  
 Lawrence, D. Chard, Somerset, linen-draper  
 Lloyd, T. H. Croydon, clothier  
 Lind, T. Hem-heath, Stafford, carpenter  
 Martin, P. Oxford Street, bookseller  
 Marshall, J. Clockheaton, Yorkshire, clothier  
 Mason, P. Newmill, Derby, shopkeeper  
 Needham, E. St Mary Axe, merchant  
 Payant, C. Manchester, auctioneer  
 Payne, W. York Street, Westminster, cheese-monger  
 Phelp, T. Newton Abbott, Devon, innholder  
 Pollock, R. Watling Street, merchant  
 Poole, W. Leicester, hosier  
 Ravenshaw, T. Liverpool, grocer  
 Rogers, J. Newland, Gloucestershire, tanner  
 Richardby, J. Durham, joiner  
 Setree, H. John Street, Holborn, money-scrivener  
 Stephens, R. Bermondsey, tanner  
 Stephens, J. Blackfriars Road, brewer  
 Steele, P. Bristol, druggist  
 Sutton, R. Hampton Wick, Middlesex, liner-draper  
 Shortman, P. Bristol, shopkeeper  
 Shiffner, G. St Michael's Alley, Cornhill, insurance-broker  
 Taylor, R. Pentonville, stage-master  
 Thwaytes, H. Upper Thames Street, paper merchant  
 Travers, J., J. T. Ross, and H. Jones, Lower Whitley, Cheshire, millers  
 Tomlinson, J. Frankley, Worcestershire, chapman  
 Wade, W. Holland Street, Oxford Street, baker  
 Wale, T. Lutterworth, draper  
 Whitbread, W. Bath, coal-merchant  
 White, H. Warminster, linen-draper  
 White, M. Lowdham, Notts, bleacher  
 Whitmore, D. Hurdfield, Cheshire, cotton-spinner  
 Wood, J. Liverpool, merchant  
 Wylie, H. and W. J. Richardson, Abchurch Lane, merchants  
 Williams, T. Leadenhall Street, broker  
 Wingfield, J. Long Lane, West Smithfield, saddler  
 Watson, G. Hatfield, York, butcher  
 Willis, G. Bath, upholsterer

**ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st December 1817, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.**

- Bethune, Donald, merchant in Kirkibole, by Tongue, Sutherlandshire  
 Boyd, James, baker in Bridgend of Perth  
 Elder, Andrew, coal-merchant and grocer in Edinburgh  
 Hargreaves, James, iron-founder and carrier in Glasgow, formerly an individual, afterwards the sole partner of Thomas Greener & Co. of the Caledonian Foundry, Glasgow  
 Lawrie, Andrew, & Son, upholsterers in Edinburgh, as a company; and Andrew Lawrie, one of the partners of that company, as an individual  
 Urquhart, William, merchant in Glasgow  
 Wilson, John, cattle-dealer in Guildhouse, in the county of Lanark  
 Dunlop, the deceased James, Esq. of Garnkirk; by Archibald Wallace, merchant, Glasgow: a final dividend  
 Farquhar, Alexander, merchant and fish-curer, Wick; by John Kirk, Wick, 19th January dividend of 5s. 1d. per pound  
 Garden, Francis, & Sons, merchants, Glasgow, and Garden, King, & Co. merchants, Demerara; by Macpherson & MacLachlan in Glasgow, 30th January: a third dividend  
 Gilchrist, James, late cotton-spinner, Eaglesham, now in Glasgow; by Robert Wight, accountant, Edinburgh  
 Hutton, Donald Fraser, merchant, Kirkaldy; by Thomas Ronald, the trustee  
 Lawson, George, tanner, Edinburgh; by John Learmonth, merchant there  
 Marr, Robert, merchant, Leith; by Alexander Anderson, merchant, South Bridge  
 Munro, John, drover and cattle-dealer in Achnacloch; by Robert Mitchell, writer in Tain, 20th January  
 Mackellar, Duncan, merchant, Glasgow; by Macpherson and MacLachlan, Glasgow  
 M'Dougall, John, late merchant in Perth; by Samuel Clark, High Street, Perth  
 Morrison, Lewis, late tenant, cattle-dealer, and horse-dealer, in Milling; by Archibald Lyell, at Easter Auchyle: a second dividend  
 M'Farlan, Robert, & Co. of Greenock, and M'Farlan, Scott, & Co. of Newfoundland, being one concern; and Robert M'Farlan, principal partner thereof, as an individual; by Dugald M'Ewen, merchant, Greenock  
 Oughterson, Arthur, & Co. merchants, Greenock; by William Leitch, merchant there  
 Souter, Mrs Janet, late ironmonger, Perth; by Ninian Hepburn, merchant there, 2d February  
 Smeal, John, boot and shoemaker, Glasgow; by James Birrel, leather-merchant, Glasgow, 5th January

**DIVIDENDS.**

- Adam, James, ship-owner, Arbroath; by the Dundee New Bank  
 Auchie, James, & Co. merchants, Glasgow, and Dollar, Auchie, & Co. merchants, Kingston, Jamaica; by William Carrick, accountant, Glasgow  
 Aitken, G. & W. manufacturers, Glasgow; by William Jeffrey, accountant there, 6th Jan.  
 Brown, Daniel, late baker and butcher, Stranraer; by the trustee at Stranraer  
 Bruce, Arthur, bookseller and stationer, Greenock; by William Scott, stationer, Greenock  
 Bremner, George, merchant, Wick; by John Kirk there  
 Ballantyne, Alexander, leather-merchant, Glasgow; second dividend at the office of James Peat, at the Glasgow tanwork  
 Brown, William, sen. manufacturer, Paisley; by John Murdoch, cotton-yarn merchant: a final dividend previous to 26th February  
 Cotton, Elijah, china-merchant, Edinburgh; by William Henry Brown, merchant, Edinburgh.  
 Campbell, John, watchmaker and jeweller in Edinburgh; by William Dalrymple, S.S.C. Nicolson Street, Edinburgh

Wilson, John, & Son, merchants and manufacturers, Dunfermline, and John Wilson of Franchise, only surviving partner of that company; by David Welsh, W.S.

Walker, Hugh, & Co. merchants, Paisley; by Mr Gilmour, merchant, Glasgow  
Zuill, Walter, maltster, and cattle-dealer at Mye; by William Galbraith, writer, Stirling

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

### I. CIVIL.

The Prince Regent has approved of James Colquhoun, Esq. as Consul-General for Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubek.

Robert Melvill, Esq. is appointed Consul for the ports of Amsterdam, the Helder, Vlieland, the Texel, Terschelling, and Harlingen, in the dominion of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands.

Sir Humphrey Trafford Campbell of Asknish, advocate, convener of the county of Argyll, is appointed his Majesty's Sheriff-depute of that county, in room of Donald M'Lachlan, Esq. deceased.

### II. MILITARY.

Brevet Major J. Thoyts, R. Horse Guards, to be Lt.-Col. in the Army 18th June 1815  
Capt. W. L. Gardner, h. p. to be Major in the Army 25th Sept. 1803  
1 D. G. R. Harvey to be Cornet by purch. vice Hamill, pro. 27th Nov. 1817  
2 Gent. Cadet Hon. R. S. Cotton to be Cornet by purch. vice Green, pro. 15th do.  
7 Geo. Stepany to be Cornet by purch. vice Warren, ret. 6th do.  
3 Dr. Lieut. M. Johnson, from h. p. to be Paym. vice Jones, res. 15th do.  
6 John Hunter to be Cornet by purch. vice Down, pro. 27th do.  
9 Major G. Gore to be Lieut.-Col. by purch. vice Newport, ret. 4th Dec.  
Capt. J. Delancey to be Major by purch. vice Gore do.  
Lieut. H. J. Richardson, to be Capt. by purch. vice Delancey do.  
Cornet G. M'Dowall to be Lieut. by purch. vice Richardson do.  
J. W. Melville to be Cornet by purch. vice M'Dowall do.  
11 Cornet P. H. James to be Lieut. by purch. vice Smith, pro. 6th Nov.  
R. Hollingworth to be Cornet by purch. vice Bullock, pro. 4th Dec.  
14 A. Douglas to be Cornet by purch. vice Brown, pro. 13th March  
19 G. E. Jolliffe to be Cornet by purch. vice Downes, 2 Dr. 6th do.  
Wm Adlam, to be Cornet by purch. vice Gregory, pro. 20th do.  
23 E. C. Southbrook to be Cornet by purch. vice Simpson, pro. 4th Dec.  
24 V. Beatly to be Cornet by purch. vice West, pro. 20th Nov.  
Hon. C. Westera to be Cornet, vice Alsop, pro. 1st Nov. 1816  
— Fisher to be Cornet, vice Maxwell, pro. 1st March 1817  
25 J. C. Ralston to be Cornet by purch. vice Brunton, pro. 27th Nov.  
3 F. G. Lieut. H. Colville to be Lieut. and Capt. vice Paxton, ret. 6th do.  
J. W. Gage, to be Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice Colville do.  
3 F. Lieut. H. Gillman to be Capt. by purch. vice Murphy, ret. 15th do.  
Ensign A. Moore to be Lieut. by purch. vice Gillman do.  
Wm Hill to be Ens. by purch. vice Moore do.  
13 Capt. B. Holgate to be Major by purch. vice Weller, ret. do.  
Lieut. H. Burnside to be Capt. by purch. vice Holgate do.  
Ens. J. H. Rawlins to be Lieut. by purch. vice Burnside 20th do.

13 C. H. L. Tining to be Ensign by purch. vice Rawlins 20th Nov. 1817  
14 Major W. Moore, from h. p. to be Major vice Coote, dead 22d Nov. 1816  
18 E. O'Hallaron to be Ensign, vice Despard, pro. 20th Nov. 1817  
24 E. W. Chamberlin to be Ens. vice Dickens, dead 4th Dec.  
Ser.-Major J. Murray to be Quart.-Master, vice Belcher, h. p. do.  
44 Ensign B. Whitney to be Lieut. vice Cruice, dead 20th Nov.  
G. Woollart to be Ensign, vice Whitney do.  
47 Ensign W. Murray to be Lieut. vice Robinson, dead 22d Jan.  
E. M'Carthy to be Ensign, vice Murray do.  
Assist. Surg. M. Griffith, from 94 F. to be Ass. Surg. vice Tushell, dead 27th Nov.  
59 Capt. G. W. Walker, from 8 Dr. to be Major vice Shaw, 84 F. 15th April  
E. Griffiths to be Ensign by purch. vice Monteath 1st Jan.  
61 Paym. J. Glass, from h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. to be Paym. vice Moss, retirees 13th Nov.  
66 Ensign T. Chatterton to be Lieut. vice Wogan, dead 2d Jan.  
— W. Hartford to be Lieut. vice Lam-brecht, dead 1st March  
George Wardell to be Ensign, vice Chatterton 2d do.  
67 Capt. A. Bowen, from 95 F. to be Capt. vice Mackenzie, ret. upon h. p. 3 Gar. Bat. 6th Nov.  
68 Assist. Surg. H. Clifford, from h. p. 83 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Fraser, dead 2d Oct.  
72 Charles Gore to be Ensign by purch. vice Lyster, pro. 20th Nov.  
80 Major J. Cookson, to be Lieut.-Col. vice Edwards, dead 7th Feb.  
Brevet Major D. Kingdon to be Major, vice Cookson do.  
Lieut. R. J. Castell to be Capt. vice Kingdon 27th Nov.  
Ensign J. M'Queen to be Lieut. vice Castell do.  
— Hayes to be Ensign, vice Clarke, 80 F. 1st March  
E. S. Toole to be Lieut. vice M'Queen 27th Nov.  
84 Brev. Lt. Col. M. Shawe, from 89 F. to be Lt.-Col. vice Campbell, dead 15th Ap.  
J. Robinson to be Ensign, vice Berkett, cancelled 20th Nov.  
86 T. Carroll to be Ens. vice Law, pro. do.  
Lewis Grant to be Ensign, vice Read, pro. 21st do.  
87 Capt. H. Browne to be Major, vice Desbarres, dead 22d April  
D. M. Birnie to be Ensign, vice R. Dover, dead 1st Jan.  
89 Lieut. T. Van Buerle, from 56 F. to be Lieut. vice Armstrong, dead 1st March  
Ensign A. Dowdall to be Lieut. vice Sanderson 27th Nov.  
C. A. Thursby to be Ensign, vice Dowdall do.  
J. W. Tottenham to be Ensign, by purch. vice Coventry, ret. 3d March  
90 Capt. C. Pollock, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bat. to be Capt. vice Bowen, 67 F. 6th Nov.  
94 James Birney to be Ensign by purch. vice Leslie, ret. do.  
Ass. Surg. R. Hewat, from h. p. 21 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Griffith, 47 F. 27th do.  
RifleBrg. R. N. Everard to be 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Fowler, pro. do.

3 W.I.R. T. French to be Ensign, vice M'Intosh, dead 4th Dec. 1817  
 R. Y. R. Lieut. J. Atkinson to be Capt. by purchase vice Hunt, sen. ret. 13th Nov.  
 Ensign C. H. Potts to be Lieut. by purchase vice Atkinson do.  
 W. E. Pickwick to be Ensign by purchase vice Potts do.  
 R.W.I.R. Ensign E. H. Langstaff to be Lieut. vice Hurst 3d do.  
 ——— J. Studdy to be Lieut. vice R. Langley 4th do.  
 J. Walker to be Ensign, vice Langstaff 3d do.  
 F. H. Johnston to be Ensign, vice Studdy 4th do.  
 Y. Chass. J. Dwyer, Gent. Cadet, vice Ashe, dismissed 20th Nov.  
 Black Garrisons Comp. for the defence and protection of the Bahamas—  
 1 Captain J. Roche, from 5 W. I. R. to be Capt. 25th June  
 Lieut. W. Leslie, from 5 W. I. R. to be Lieut. do.  
 ——— E. Codd, from 5 W. I. R. to be Lt. do.  
 Ensign J. Greenwood, from 5 W. I. R. to be Ensign do.  
 2 Captain J. Forrest, from 5 W. I. R. to be Capt. do.  
 Lieut. R. Hughes, from 5 W. I. R. to be Lieut. do.  
 ——— J. Gay, from 5 W. I. R. to be Lieut. do.  
 R. Art. Col. G. Salmon, from h. p. to be Col. vice Riou, dead 25th Oct.  
 Col. R. Wright, from h. p. to be Col. vice Hadden, dead 31st do.  
 2d Capt. R. H. Ord, from h. p. to be 2d Capt. vice Lord, dead do.  
 ——— J. Grant, from h. p. to be 2d Capt. vice Davies, h. p. 1st Dec.  
 1st Lieut. C. J. Kett, from h. p. to be 1st Lieut. vice Mitchell 4th do.  
 ——— G. Hare, from h. p. to be 1st Lt. vice Clark, res. 1st do.  
 11 Dr. J. S. Stewart to be Cornet by purchase. vice James, pro. 11th do.  
 14 W. T. Carruthers to be Cornet by purchase. vice Hammond, ret. do.  
 19 Lieut. R. J. Ruddack, from h. p. 20 Dr. to be Lieut. vice Rathbone ex. rec. diff. do.  
 6 F. Lieut. T. G. Cairnie, from h. p. of the Regt. to be Lt. vice Ormsby, ex. rec. diff. do.  
 7 Captain G. Berkeley, from h. p. 43 F. to be Capt. vice Mullins, ex. rec. diff. do.  
 20 Captain R. Gethen, from h. p. 31 F. to be Capt. vice Russel, ex. rec. diff. do.  
 28 Ensign W. W. Homan, from h. p. 34 F. to be Ensign, vice Simkins, exch. do.  
 43 Capt. W. Freer, from h. p. of the Regt. to be Capt. vice Morrison, ex. rec. diff. do.  
 58 Lieut. D. Morrison to be Adjut. vice Tipson, res. the Adjut. only do.  
 60 Lieut. W. Steele, from h. p. of the Regt. to be Lieut. vice Alcock, exch. do.  
 69 Lieut.-Col. J. A. Sturt, from 80 F. to be Lieut.-Col. vice Symes, ex. do.  
 78 Lieut. J. Chisholm, from h. p. of the Regt. to be Paym. vice Ferguson, dec. do.  
 80 Lt.-Col. W. Symes, from 69 F. to be Lt.-Col. vice Sturt, ex. do.  
 Lieut. J. Jackson, from h. p. of the Regt. to be Lieut. vice Trant, ex. rec. diff. do.  
 81 Lieut. D. Duval, from h. p. of the Regt. to be Lieut. vice Biggam, ex. rec. diff. do.  
 83 Paym. J. Harrison, from h. p. late Ger. Leg. to be Paym. vice Boulton, app. 5 Dr. G. do.  
 86 Capt. W. Gammell, from h. p. 104 F. to be Capt. vice Lunn, ex. rec. diff. do.  
 87 Paym. J. Sherlock, from h. p. of the Regt. to be Paym. vice Wetherall, h. p. do.  
 Rifle Br. Lieut. Illins, from h. p. 80 F. to be 1st Lieut. vice Dixon, ex. rec. diff. do.  
 2W.I.R. Lieut. T. Dely, from 1 W. I. R. to be Paym. vice Nosworthy, ret. do.

**Staff.**

Staff Surg. P. Hughes, M. D. from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces 31st Oct. 1817  
 Staff Surg. T. O'Maley, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Safe, dec. do.

**Exchanges.**

Colonel Sir J. Wardlaw, Bt. from 64 F. with Lt.-Col. M'Combe, 4 W. I. R.  
 Major Frith, from 12 F. with Major Graves, 72 F.  
 Brev. Lt.-Col. Walker, from 3 F. with Capt. Smith, h. p. Sicilian Reg.  
 Brev. Maj. Lepper, from 24 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Adair, h. p. 27 F.  
 Capt. Hon. J. Rous, from Coldest. F. G. with Capt. Kortwright, 93 F.  
 ——— Stedman, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Captain James, h. p. 90 F.  
 ——— Webster, from 39 F. with Capt. Dowbiggen, h. p.  
 ——— Palmer, from 67 F. rec. diff. with Captain Jones, h. p.  
 ——— W. Cameron, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Mill, h. p. 13 Dr.  
 ——— de Courey, from 96 F. with Capt. Willshire, h. p. 38 F.  
 ——— Harpur, from 30 F. with Capt. Grove, 80 F.  
 ——— Mellis, from 69 F. with Capt. Jones, 84 F.  
 ——— J. Goldie, from 6 Dr. G. with Brev. Major Jackson, 37 F.  
 ——— Judge, from 49 F. with Capt. Stevens, h. p. 11 F.  
 ——— Mercer, from York Ran. with Capt. O'Keefe, h. p. 6 W. I. R.  
 Lieut. Cole, from 21 F. with Lieut. W. Leavack, h. p.  
 ——— Wood, from 44 F. with Lieut. O'Neill, h. p. 40 F.  
 ——— Pillon, from 54 F. with Lieut. Slyfield, h. p.  
 ——— Gatty, from 60 F. with Lieut. Powell, h. p.  
 ——— M'Connell, from 63 F. with Lieut. Beverhoudt, h. p. 6 W. I. R.  
 ——— Urquhart, from 85 F. with Lieut. Dutton, h. p. 71 F.  
 ——— Brody, from 98 F. with Lieut. Senior, 2 W. I. R.  
 ——— Dug. Cameron, from Rifle Br. rec. diff. with Lieut. Saunders, h. p. 89 F.  
 ——— J. M'Pherson, from 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. Caldwell, h. p. 5 W. I. R.  
 ——— Parker, from 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Huntly, h. p. 1 D. G.  
 ——— Shotten, from 14 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Beckwith, h. p. 16 Dr.  
 ——— Freear, from 30 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M'Cready, h. p.  
 ——— Prideaux, from 53 F. with Lt. Burke, 80 F.  
 ——— Saunders, from 20 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Finch, h. p. 13 Dr.  
 ——— Higgins, from 1 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Macartney  
 ——— Shelton, from 28 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Hill, h. p.  
 Ensign Tamm, from R. York Ran. with Ensign Little, h. p. 6 W. I. R.  
 ——— Donald, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Strange, h. p. 89 F.  
 ——— Crawford, from 24 F. with Ens. Carr, 70 F.  
 ——— Bernard, from 60 F. with Ensign Jordan, h. p. 60 F.  
 Paym. Este, from 18 F. with Paym. Reilly, h. p. 57 F.  
 Quart.-Master Ottly, from 65 F. with Quart.-Master Johnston, h. p. 56 F.  
 Surgeon Currie, from 78 F. with Surgeon M'Roberts, h. p. 27 F.  
 ——— Hibbert, from 60 F. with Surgeon Cathcart, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.  
 Assist. Surg. Warren, 2 F. with Assist. Surg. Daly, h. p. 5 W. I. R.  
 ——— Stewart, from 92 F. with Assist. Surg. Huggins, h. p. 30 F.  
 ——— Miller, from 2 W. I. R. with Assist. Surg. Rhy's, h. p. 5 W. I. R.  
 ——— Milne, from 1 F. with Assist. Surg. O'Reilly, h. p.  
 Hosp. Assist. G. Jones, from full pay, with Hosp. Assist. Blake, h. p.

**Resignations and Retirements.**

Lieut.-Col. Newport, 9 Dr.  
 ——— Weller, 13 F.  
 Captain Paxton, 3 F. G.  
 ——— Murphy, 3 F.  
 ——— Hunt, sen. R. Y. R.  
 ——— W. A. Davies, R. Art.  
 Lieut. M. Clark, R. Art.  
 Cornet Warren, 7 Dr. G.



Ensign Coventry, 89 F.

—Leslie, 94 F.

Paymaster Jones, 5 Dr.

—Moss, 61 F.

—Colquhoun, 65 F.

Appointment Cancelled.

Ensign Scott, 84 F.

Dismissed.

Dep. Assist. Commissary Gen. Hood.

## Deaths.

|  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <i>Colonel.</i><br>Myers, 99 F. 3d Nov. 1817         | Cruise, 44 F. 12th Nov. 1817                    | <i>2d Lieut. and Ensign.</i><br>Walker, 62 F.            |
| <i>Lieut. Colonel.</i><br>Campbell, 84 F. 14th April | Mahon, 47 F. 28th May                           | E.S. Hall, R. Art. 30th Nov. 1817                        |
| <i>Majors.</i><br>Piercy, 55 F.                      | J. Wallace (drowned off Corunna) 60 F. 1st Nov. | <i>Quarter-Master.</i><br>Moorhead, 59 F. 28th April     |
| Keith, 62 F.   | Hayes (at sea), 60 F. 19th do.                  | <i>Surgeon.</i><br>Gray, Huntingdon Mil.                 |
| <i>Captains.</i><br>A. Maclauchlan, 1 F. 21st Mar.   | Hilliard, 60 F. 28th Aug.                       | <i>Veterinary Surgeon.</i><br>Morris, 25 Dr. 25th Feb.   |
| Vallancey, York Chass. 19th Oct.                     | R. Mackenzie, 60 F. 26th July                   | <i>Miscellaneous.</i><br>O'Connell, Staff Sur. 18th Oct. |
| Brauns, late Ger. Leg. 7th do.                       | Armstrong, 59 F. 25th Feb.                      | D. M'Donald, Hosp. Assist.                               |
| <i>Lieutenants.</i><br>M'Killigan, 1 F. 5d April     | Gough, 2 W. I. R.                               | Harrison, Dep.-Assist. Com. Gen.                         |
|  | Nelson, late 5 do. 6th Sept.                    |  |

## III. NAVAL.

## Promotions.

| Names.  | Names.                                | Names.                           |
|---|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <i>Captains.</i><br>Edward Barnard              | <i>Lieutenants.</i><br>George Harding | C. H. Hutchinson                 |
| <i>Commander.</i><br>Douglas Cox                | John Roberts                          | Hon. Edw. Gore                   |
| <i>Superannuated Commanders.</i><br>James Share | Thomas Marriott                       | Tho. B. Wells                    |
| Philip Justice                                  | Cha. C. Dent                          | <i>Surgeons.</i><br>Cha. Cameron |
|   | L. D. Mitchell                        | John Liddell                     |
|   | Right Hon. Lord H. F. Thynne          | W. T. Llewellyn                  |

## Appointments.

| Names.                             | Ships.              | Names.                                       | Ships.          |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|--|-----------------|
| <i>Captains.</i><br>Edward Barnard | Conway              | <i>Marines.</i><br>1st Lt. W. H. Strangeways | Glasgow         |
| Cha. H. Reid                       | Driver              | <i>Surgeons.</i><br>Charles Cameron          | Challenger      |
| Timothy Scriven, C. B.             | Erne                | James M'Connell                              | Cherokee        |
| Douglas Cox                        | Shearwater          | W. T. Llewellyn                              | Harrier         |
| <i>Lieutenants.</i><br>J. G. Nops  | Cadmus              | L. Armstrong                                 | Semiramis       |
| C. C. Dent                         | Challenger          | John Liddell                                 | Shearwater      |
| Adam Cuppage                       | Conqueror           | Wm Shoveller                                 | Sybill          |
| J. W. Cairnes                      | Island of Ascension | <i>Assistant Surgeons.</i><br>James Gregory  | Brazen          |
| M. T. Hare                         | Erne                | James Ellis                                  | Driver          |
| Wm Sanders                         | Ditto               | Alexander Anderson                           | Iphigenia       |
| H. Jellicoe                        | Ditto               | John Bill                                    | Minden          |
| John Barclay                       | Florida             | George Imlay                                 | Semiramis       |
| R. P. Madge                        | Fly                 | Eb. Johnstone                                | Shearwater      |
| Hon. Edward Gore                   | Ganymede            | Rob. Morrison                                | Sir Fran. Drake |
| C. R. Milbourne                    | Harrier             | James Sinyth                                 | Sybill          |
| T. B. Wells                        | Iphigenia           | <i>Pursers.</i><br>H. B. H. Long             | Beaver          |
| J. J. Onslow                       | Larne               | J. G. Rolls                                  | Erne            |
| L. D. Mitchell                     | Lee                 |  |                 |
| T. R. Brigstocke                   | Leveret             |  |                 |
| Vaughan Lloyd                      | Orlando             |  |                 |
| Geo. C. Gambier                    | Tagus               |  |                 |
| Lord H. F. Thynne                  |                     |  |                 |

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

DECEMBER has exhibited all the variety of a winter month, rain, snow, and frost, succeeding one another with the usual rapidity of a changeable climate. A considerable diminution of temperature took place at the commencement, and continued throughout, the *maximum* scarcely ever exceeding, and frequently falling far short of, the *mean* of the preceding month. The fluctuations of the barometer, especially about the middle of the month, were frequent and unusually great. On the morning of the 16th, it stood at 29½, at 3 in the afternoon of the 18th at 28¼, and in the evening of the 19th at 29¼. Though the weather about the same time was wet, and the wind at times brisk, there was nothing apparently to account for such sudden depressions and elevations in the barometrical column. It has appeared since, however, that about the same time a violent storm was experienced on the north east coast of Scotland, particularly about Aberdeen, and to that may perhaps be ascribed the fluctuations of the barometer.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

DECEMBER 1817.

| Means.                                 |  |          |  | Extremes.                              |             |          |        |
|--|--|----------|--|--|-------------|----------|--------|
| THERMOMETER.                           |  | Degrees. |  | THERMOMETER.                           |             | Degrees. |        |
| Mean of greatest daily heat,           |  | 59.113   |  | Greatest heat,                         | 5th day,    |          | 48.000 |
| ..... cold,                            |  | 29.855   |  | Greatest cold,                         | 22d,        |          | 15.000 |
| ..... temperature, 10 A.M.             |  | 34.839   |  | Highest, 10 A. M.                      | 5th         |          | 47.500 |
| ..... 10 P.M.                          |  | 35.387   |  | Lowest ditto,                          | 23d         |          | 25.000 |
| ..... of daily extremes,               |  | 34.484   |  | Highest, 10 P. M.                      | 4th         |          | 45.000 |
| ..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.              |  | 34.113   |  | Lowest ditto                           | 22d         |          | 18.000 |
| ..... 4 daily observations,            |  | 34.298   |  | BAROMETER. Inches.                     |             |          |        |
| BAROMETER. Inches.                     |  |          |  | THERMOMETER. Degrees.                  |             |          |        |
| Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 40)     |  | 29.593   |  | Highest, 10 A. M.                      | 25th        |          | 29.956 |
| ..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 40)       |  | 29.591   |  | Lowest ditto,                          | 18th        |          | 28.293 |
| ..... both, (temp. of mer. 40)         |  | 29.592   |  | Highest, 10 P. M.                      | 25th        |          | 29.925 |
| ..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 40)       |  | 29.592   |  | Lowest ditto,                          | 18th        |          | 28.520 |
| HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.) Degrees.        |  |          |  | HYGROMETER. Degrees.                   |             |          |        |
| Mean dryness, 10 A. M.                 |  | 6.451    |  | Highest, 10 A. M. 3d,                  |             |          | 14.000 |
| ..... 10 P. M.                         |  | 4.789    |  | Lowest ditto,                          | 21st,       |          | 1.000  |
| ..... of both,                         |  | 5.580    |  | Highest, 10 P. M. 28th                 |             |          | 12.000 |
| Mean point of deposition (Fahr.)       |  | 29.893   |  | Lowest ditto,                          | 16th,       |          | 0.000  |
| Rain in inches,                        |  | 2.409    |  | Greatest rain in 24 hours, 15th,       |             |          | 0.500  |
| Evaporation in ditto,                  |  | 0.602    |  | Least ditto                            | 5th,        |          | 0.027  |
| Fair days, or rain less than .01,      |  | 18       |  | Greatest mean daily evap. 6th to 10th, |             |          | 0.053  |
| Rainy days,                            |  | 13       |  | Least ditto,                           | 16 to 21st, |          | 0.008  |
| Wind from W. of meridian, including N. |  | 25       |  | Highest point of deposition, 1st,      |             |          | 44.200 |
| ..... E. of meridian, including S.     |  | 6        |  | Lowest ditto,                          | 28th,       |          | 16.000 |

General character of the month, cold and frosty, with sudden changes.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at eight o'clock in the morning, and eight o'clock in the evening.

|        | Ther. | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. |               | Ther.         | Barom. | Attach. Ther. | Wind. |       |                             |
|--------|-------|--------|---------------|-------|---------------|---------------|--------|---------------|-------|-------|-----------------------------|
| Dec. 1 | M. 48 | 29.311 | M. 47         | W.    | Cloudy.       | Dec. 17       | M. 39  | 28.926        | M. 39 | Cble. | Fair, rain evening.         |
|        | E. 42 | .282   | E. 45         |       |               |               | E. 40  | .708          | E. 40 |       |                             |
| 2      | M. 57 | .106   | M. 40         | N.W.  | Fair.         | 18            | M. 40  | .211          | M. 40 | W.    | Fair, rain afternoon.       |
|        | E. 36 | .180   | E. 40         |       |               |               | E. 37  | .205          | E. 39 |       |                             |
| 3      | M. 57 | .596   | M. 59         | N.E.  | Cloudy.       | 19            | M. 38  | .119          | M. 39 | E.    | Showery.                    |
|        | E. 35 | .461   | E. 40         |       |               |               | E. 39  | .920          | E. 39 |       |                             |
| 4      | M. 57 | .185   | M. 48         | N.W.  | Fair.         | 20            | M. 33  | 29.362        | M. 37 | S.E.  | Sleet fore. frost after.    |
|        | E. 44 | .425   | E. 42         |       |               |               | E. 30  | .529          | E. 34 |       |                             |
| 5      | M. 47 | 28.916 | M. 45         | W.    | Showery.      | 21            | M. 28  | .511          | M. 31 | S.E.  | Fair, frost. snow night.    |
|        | E. 40 | .891   | E. 41         |       |               |               | E. 27  | .329          | E. 31 |       |                             |
| 6      | M. 36 | .965   | M. 39         | N.W.  | Fair.         | 22            | M. 28  | .267          | M. 31 | S. E. | Fair.                       |
|        | E. 35 | .950   | E. 39         |       |               |               | E. 26  | .267          | E. 29 |       |                             |
| 7      | M. 37 | .930   | M. 40         | W.    | Fair.         | 23            | M. 30  | .229          | M. 30 | Cble. | Snow and frost.             |
|        | E. 36 | .722   | E. 39         |       |               |               | E. 30  | .454          | E. 31 |       |                             |
| 8      | M. 39 | .440   | M. 59         | E.    | Cloudy.       | 24            | M. 30  | .643          | M. 30 | N.    | Fair, frost.                |
|        | E. 38 | .874   | E. 39         |       |               |               | E. 31  | .765          | E. 31 |       |                             |
| 9      | M. 33 | .953   | M. 36         | W.    | Snow foren.   | 25            | M. 28  | .792          | M. 29 | Cble. | Fair, frost.                |
|        | E. 30 | .965   | E. 33         |       |               |               | E. 31  | .805          | E. 31 |       |                             |
| 10     | M. 29 | .974   | M. 32         | N.W.  | Fair, frost.  | 26            | M. 34  | .645          | M. 32 | S W.  | Fair, frost. aftern. fresh. |
|        | E. 29 | 29.145 | E. 32         |       |               |               | E. 39  | .342          | E. 36 |       |                             |
| 11     | M. 28 | .217   | M. 30         | W.    | Fair, frost.  | 27            | M. 37  | 28.987        | M. 35 | Cble. | Stormy, sleet and snow.     |
|        | E. 29 | .266   | E. 31         |       |               |               | E. 35  | 29.141        | E. 35 |       |                             |
| 12     | M. 28 | .302   | M. 29         | Cble. | Cloudy, frost | 28            | M. 31  | .532          | M. 34 | N.W.  | Fair, frost.                |
|        | E. 34 | .522   | E. 34         |       |               |               | E. 29  | .753          | E. 32 |       |                             |
| 15     | M. 34 | .365   | M. 34         | S.E.  | Fair, fresh.  | 29            | M. 31  | .719          | M. 31 | Cble. | Fair, frost. fresh aftern.  |
|        | E. 34 | .266   | E. 34         |       |               |               | E. 35  | .487          | E. 35 |       |                             |
| 14     | M. 37 | .126   | M. 36         | E.    | Cloudy.       | 30            | M. 33  | .562          | M. 33 | S.W.  | Fresh.                      |
|        | E. 39 | 29.925 | E. 39         |       |               |               | E. 36  | .586          | E. 36 |       |                             |
| 15     | M. 38 | .175   | M. 38         | Cble. | Fair.         | 31            | M. 36  | .592          | M. 36 | S.W.  | Frost mor. mild fore.       |
|        | E. 38 | 28.196 | E. 38         |       |               |               | E. 36  | .729          | E. 37 |       |                             |
| 16     | M. 38 | .362   | M. 38         | Cble. | Fair, frost.  | Rain .801 in. |        |               |       |       |                             |
| E. 38  | .926  | E. 38  |               |       |               |               |        |               |       |       |                             |

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

MUCH of the oat-crop still remained in the field after the date of our last Report, and even in the fertile valley of the Esks in Mid-Lothian, and on a level with Dalkeith, a large and thickly stoked field was still exposed to the weather on the 22d November, while two or three bands of shearers were busy on the higher grounds in view of the South East. We can account for this in no other way, than by supposing it the effects of luxuriant stooling too late in the summer, after the ravages of the grub-worm, or the great deficiency of plants from bad seed. As a contrast to this, we observed the crops all safely thatched fully a month before that time, in some central and high lying vallies.

During the course of such an irregular harvest, it is difficult to approximate to any thing like a correct estimation of the crops. The wheat and barley are perhaps a little better than we were led to suppose, and the oats are rather worse.

In Scotland, in average years, the value of a boll of wheat, and a load of oatmeal, are nearly equal; but just now there is a difference of more than a fourth, the average price of a boll of wheat being 38s. only, while the *second* price of a load of oatmeal at Dalkeith has not been lower than 54s. This is hardly what we would have expected in a dark and cold season, for oats will bear more of such weather than wheat or barley during the period of inflorescence, and not be injured. The fructification of these, like that of all the other gramina, is exposed to the action of the atmosphere, while the fructification of the cultivated oat takes place within the calyx or husk, which opens only a very little during the paroxysm; afterwards the valve closes entirely as before, and the infant grain ripens as in a box.

But we are inclined to think, from what we observed to occur last season, that oats, when they have arrived at such maturity as to be fit for seed, and remain exposed to very wet weather, are subject to a slight degree of matting; the germination being vastly slower than in either wheat or barley, is checked by the return of dry weather before it becomes perceptible, but thereby they are rendered entirely useless for seed.

The relative price of grain will probably lie more assimilated to that of former years upon the approach of the spring months. For farmers do not thrash their oats faster than they require the straw for their cattle, and they make use of the worst first at any rate; and now they are all wishing to reserve their good oats for seed, partly for themselves and partly in expectation of a great demand for them for that purpose in the spring. For this reason, the oats, that have been thrashed as yet, are yielding far below the usual quantity both of corn and meal.

It is natural to expect that this will be somewhat overdone; and in February and March, when the good oats will be brought more abundantly to market, the price will fall of course.

October and November were extremely favourable for the growth of turnips, which are a middling crop; and the severe frost they sustained in the end of September has had the same effect upon them as over early sowing, in one respect, for it has made them all begin to shoot during the very mild weather in the first weeks of last month, exactly similar to what takes place upon the return of spring, so they are in no danger now of being injured by any degree of frost that we may reasonably look for this season.

The weather has been very favourable for eating them off, and fat cattle and sheep meet with a brisk sale at prices that will remunerate the feeder. There have been few markets for lean stock since our last Report, but at these it underwent a considerable depression. But indeed this takes place more or less with respect to every article, as the time draws nigh when it is usually in demand. Few then sell but for some pressing reason, and few buy but when they flatter themselves with a good bargain. It is rather a favourable symptom that work horses continue to rise in price.

The young wheat came on prosperously until the latter end of last month, when the severe frost arrested its progress. Upon the return of open weather it looks as promising as before.

12th January 1818.

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 5.

|                 | s. | s. |     | s.           | s.       |
|-----------------|----|----|-----|--------------|----------|
| Foreign Wheat   | 58 | to | 68  | White pease  | 44 to 48 |
| Fine ditto      | 74 | to | 84  | Boilers      | 52 to 55 |
| Superfine ditto | 86 | to | 90  | Small Beans  | 42 to 56 |
| Old ditto       | —  | to | 92  | Tiek         | 34 to 42 |
| English Wheat   | 63 | to | 75  | Old do.      | 41 to 52 |
| Fine ditto      | 80 | to | 92  | Feed Oats    | 20 to 23 |
| Superfine       | 92 | to | 96  | Fine do.     | 26 to 50 |
| Old do.         | —  | to | 108 | Poland do.   | 24 to 30 |
| Rye, New        | 58 | to | 48  | Fine do.     | 32 to 34 |
| Barley, New     | 34 | to | 44  | Potato do.   | 26 to 30 |
| Superfine do.   | 50 | to | 54  | Fine do.     | 32 to 34 |
| Malt            | 60 | to | 75  | Fine Flour   | 75 to 80 |
| Fine do.        | 80 | to | 84  | Seconds      | 70 to 75 |
| Hog Pease       | 42 | to | 44  | Bran         | 11 to 12 |
| Maple           | 44 | to | 46  | Fine Pollard | 16 to 30 |

Seeds, &c.

|               | s.  | s. |      | s.                 | s.        |
|---------------|-----|----|------|--------------------|-----------|
| Must. Brown   | 12  | to | 22   | Ryegrass, (Pacc's) | — to —    |
| —White        | 6   | to | 12   | —Common            | 16 to 40  |
| Tares         | 9   | to | 15   | Clover, English    | —         |
| Turnip, White | —   | to | —    | —Red               | 50 to 120 |
| —Red          | —   | to | —    | —White             | 50 to 100 |
| —Yellow       | —   | to | —    | Trefoil            | — to —    |
| Canary        | 50  | to | 90   | Rib grass          | — to —    |
| Hempseed      | 82  | to | 86   | Caraway, Eng.      | 48 to 56  |
| Linseed       | 60  | to | 80   | —Foreign           | — to —    |
| Cinquefoil    | —   | to | —    | —Coriander         | 10 to 21  |
| New Rapeseed  | £52 | to | £54. |                    |           |

Liverpool, Jan. 10.

|                     | s.    | d.    | s.  | d. |                       | s. | d. | s. | d. |
|---------------------|-------|-------|-----|----|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Wheat,              |       |       |     |    | Rice, p. cwt.         | 38 | to | 48 | 0  |
| per 70 lbs.         |       |       |     |    | Flour, English,       |    |    |    |    |
| English,            | 15    | 0     | to  | 14 | p. 280 lb. fine       | 72 | 0  | to | 76 |
| Scotch              | 15    | 6     | to  | 14 | —Seconds              | 64 | 0  | to | 70 |
| Welch               | 13    | 6     | to  | 14 | Irish p. 240 lb.      | 0  | 0  | to | 0  |
| Irish,              | 12    | 0     | to  | 15 | Ameri. p. bl.         | 66 | 0  | to | 70 |
| Dantzic             | 14    | 0     | to  | 15 | —Sour do.             | 50 | 0  | to | 53 |
| Wisnar              | 15    | 0     | to  | 14 | Clover-seed, p. bush. |    |    |    |    |
| American            | 14    | 6     | to  | 15 | —White                | 0  | 0  | to | 0  |
| Barley, per 60 lbs. |       |       |     |    | —Red                  | 0  | 0  | to | 0  |
| English             | 6     | 6     | to  | 8  | Oatmeal, per 240 lb.  |    |    |    |    |
| Scotch              | 6     | 6     | to  | 7  | English               | 42 | 0  | to | 45 |
| Irish               | 6     | 0     | to  | 6  | Scotch                | 0  | 0  | to | 0  |
| Malt p. qrs.        | 12    | 0     | to  | 12 | Irish                 | 36 | 0  | to | 53 |
| Rye, per qr. 54     | 0     | to    | 56  |    |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Oats, per 45 lb.    |       |       |     |    |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Eng. pota. new      | 4     | 6     | to  | 5  |                       |    |    |    |    |
| —common             | 4     | 4     | to  | 4  |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Welch potato        | 4     | 6     | to  | 4  |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Scotch              | 0     | 0     | to  | 0  |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Foreign             | 4     | 3     | to  | 4  |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Rapeseed, p. l.     | £50   | to    | £52 |    |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Flaxseed, p. hd.    |       |       |     |    |                       |    |    |    |    |
| sowing              | 9     | to    | 10  |    |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Beans, pr qr.       | s. d. | s. d. |     |    |                       |    |    |    |    |
| English             | 54    | 0     | to  | 70 |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Foreign             | 0     | 0     | to  | 0  |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Irish               | 0     | 0     | to  | 0  |                       |    |    |    |    |
| Pease per quar.     |       |       |     |    |                       |    |    |    |    |
| —Boiling            | 56    | 0     | to  | 60 |                       |    |    |    |    |

Butter, Beef, &c.

|                   | s.  | s. |     | s. | s. |
|-------------------|-----|----|-----|----|----|
| Butter, per cwt.  | 116 | to | 114 |    |    |
| Belfast           | 116 | to | 114 |    |    |
| Newry             | 113 | to | 114 |    |    |
| Drogheda          | 0   | to | 0   |    |    |
| Waterford, new    | 0   | to | 0   |    |    |
| Cork, 3d.         | 106 | to | 0   |    |    |
| —New, 2d, pickled | 120 |    |     |    |    |
| Beef, p. tierce   | 95  | to | 100 |    |    |
| —p. barrel        | 60  | to | 65  |    |    |
| Pork, p. brl.     | 95  | to | 98  |    |    |
| Bacon, per cwt.   |     |    |     |    |    |
| —Short middles    | 0   | to | 0   |    |    |
| —Long do.         | 0   | to | 0   |    |    |

## EDINBURGH.—JANUARY 7.

| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease & Beans.    |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1st,.....43s. 6d. | 1st,.....37s. 0d. | 1st,.....31s. 0d. | 1st,.....36s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....41s. 0d.  | 2d,.....32s. 0d.  | 2d,.....25s. 0d.  | 2d,.....30s. 0d.  |
| 3d,.....37s. 0d.  | 3d,.....27s. 0d.  | 3d,.....20s. 0d.  | 3d,.....27s. 0d.  |

Average of Wheat, £1 : 16 : 1 per boll.

Tuesday, January 8.

|                        |                        |                       |                         |
|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) | 0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.     | Quartern Loaf         | . . 1s. 1d. to 0s. 0d.  |
| Mutton . . . . .       | 0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.     | Potatoes (28 lb.)     | . . 0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d. |
| Lamb, per quarter      | . 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.   | Butter, per lb.       | . . 1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.  |
| Veal . . . . .         | 0s. 9d. to 1s. 0d.     | Salt ditto, per stone | . 20s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.   |
| Pork . . . . .         | 0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.     | Ditto, per lb.        | . . 1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.  |
| Tallow, per stone      | . 11s. 6d. to 12s. 0d. | Eggs, per dozen       | . . 1s. 1d. to 0s. 0d.  |

## HADDINGTON.—JANUARY 9.

| NEW               |                   |                   |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease.            | Beans.            |
| 1st,.....42s. 6d. | 1st,.....38s. 0d. | 1st,.....32s. 0d. | 1st,.....32s. 0d. | 1st,.....28s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....40s. 0d.  | 2d,.....34s. 0d.  | 2d,.....27s. 0d.  | 2d,.....29s. 0d.  | 2d,.....25s. 0d.  |
| 3d,.....37s. 0d.  | 3d,.....31s. 0d.  | 3d,.....20s. 0d.  | 3d,.....26s. 0d.  | 3d,.....22s. 0d.  |

| OLD              |                  |                  |                   |                   |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Wheat.           | Barley.          | Oats.            | Pease.            | Beans.            |
| 1st,.....—s. 0d. | 1st,.....—s. 0d. | 1st,.....—s. 0d. | 1st,.....32s. 0d. | 1st,.....32s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....—s. 0d.  | 2d,.....—s. 0d.  | 2d,.....—s. 0d.  | 2d,.....29s. 0d.  | 2d,.....29s. 0d.  |
| 3d,.....—s. 0d.  | 3d,.....—s. 0d.  | 3d,.....—s. 0d.  | 3d,.....26s. 0d.  | 3d,.....26s. 0d.  |

Average of Wheat, £1 : 17 : 3 6-12ths.

Note—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

*Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 27th December, 1817.*

Wheat, 85s. 9d.—Rye, 50s. 0d.—Barley, 46s. 1d.—Oats, 28s. 5d.—Beans, 51s. 7d.—Pease, 51s. 11d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 54s. 5d.

*Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th Dec. 1817.*

Wheat, 73s. 1d.—Rye, 48s. 5d.—Barley, 42s. 6d.—Oats, 32s. 0d.—Beans, 53s. 10d.—Pease, 54s. 11d.—Beer or Big, 42s. 8d.—Oatmeal, 27s. 5d.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

July 11. At Bombay, the lady of Michie Forbes, Esq. of Crimond, Aberdeenshire, a son and heir.

Dec. 1. At Painthorpe, Yorkshire, the lady of Daniel Maude, Esq. a son and heir.—2. The lady of Captain Clarke, of Bemersyde House, a daughter.—In George Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieutenant-colonel Wardlaw a son.—Mrs Wallace, West George Street, Glasgow, a daughter.—4. Mrs Hopkirk, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, a son.—5. Mrs W. Anderson, Brown's Square, Edinburgh, a daughter.—6. The Hon. Lady Ferguson, a daughter.—The Marchioness of Sligo, a daughter.—8. At Edinburgh, Mrs James Simpson, Northumberland Street, a daughter.—9. At Ratho-house, Mrs Macknight Crawford, a daughter.—11. At Dublin, the Countess Talbot, lady of the Lord Lieutenant, a son.—13. Mrs Joseph Bell, 29, St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, a daughter.—14. Mrs

Edward Bruce, Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, a son.—At Haddo-house, the Right Hon. the Countess of Aberdeen, a son.—At Tarvit, Mrs Home Rigg of Morton, a daughter.—17. The lady of Thomas Bruce, Esq. of Arnot, a son.—26. In Dublin Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Craufurd of Auchinames, a daughter.—27. Mrs Crosbie, 56, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—At Cullen-house, the lady of Colonel Grant of Grant, M. P. a son.—29. Mrs Robinson, 70, Queen Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

Dec. 1. At Parkhead, Alexander Rae, coalmaster, late of Jamaica, to Miss Morton, daughter of James Morton, Esq. manufacturer there.—At Dumfries, the Rev. Mr James Hamilton, minister of Newabbey, to Miss Harriet Smith.—At Ayr, Peter M'Taggart, Esq. one of the magistrates of Ayr, to Miss Mary, second daughter of

Baillie John Aitken.—At Crieff, Robert Orr, Esq. of Lochwinnoch, to Miss Jessie Campbell, third daughter of D. Campbell, Esq. Killin.—4. John Mackenzie, Esq. merchant in Leith, to Mary Charlotte, eldest daughter of Robert Pierson, Esq. merchant, of Riga.—At Leith, Mr James Baxter, to Helen, daughter of Alexander Dick, Esq. collector of excise at the port of Leith.—8. At Stirling, Mr George Anderson, surgeon, Stirling, to Jane, only daughter of John Anderson, Esq. of St Croix.—At Charlotte Square chapel, Edinburgh, the Hon. Thomas Bowes, to Lady Campbell of Ardkinglass.—11. At Corbalton, Ireland, Lord Kilkeen, only son of the Earl of Fingal, to Louisa, only daughter of Elias Corbally, Esq.—At the municipality of the city of Lisle, in France, Louis Andre Levasseur, lieutenant in the Legion of Eure et Loire, and member of the Legion of Honour, to Anne, third daughter of the late Mr William Archibald, of Kelso, Roxburghshire.—15. At Stirling, W. A. Clark, Esq. of the 40th regiment, to Miss Smith.—23. At Bervie, Mr David Davidson, surgeon in Edinburgh, to Sarah Ann, daughter of the late Provost Hudson, manufacturer there.—24. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Alexander Welsh, minister of Heriot, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Lindsay Johnstone, Renfrewshire.—25. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Penn, South Bridge, to Miss M'George, Leith.—26. Mr John Binnie, jun. flesher, Edinburgh, to Miss Wardlaw, daughter of Mr William Wardlaw, merchant, Ratho.—27. At Ardcaple Castle, Miles Angus Fletcher, Esq. advocate, to Charlotte Catherine, only daughter of General and Lady Augusta Clavering.—29. At Drumpellier, Robert Graham, Esq. M.D. Glasgow, to Miss Elizabeth Belsches Buchanan, youngest daughter of David Buchanan, Esq. of Drumpellier.—At Stirling, Mr Robert Balfour, of the royal navy, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr George Edmond, merchant there.—At Edinburgh, Alexander Millar, Esq. merchant in Glasgow, to Miss Catherine Macnaughtan, St. James's Place, Edinburgh.—At Stirling, Mr James H. Kincaid, London Wharf, Leith, to Sara, second daughter of James Paterson, Esq.

## DEATHS.

April 19. At Seringapatam, Mrs Caroline Grant, the lady of Colonel J. G. Scott, of the Madras Artillery.—23. At Calcutta, James Philip Inglis, Esq.

Sept. 21. At the Cape of Good Hope, Lieutenant Robert Cullen, R. N.

Oct. 10. In Kingston, Jamaica, Mr John Bissland of Port-Glasgow. Mr B. was a young man of superior abilities: he was one of the passengers of the unfortunate brig Surprise of Glasgow, wrecked three years ago on the coast of Mogadore, and shared in the sufferings of the crew and passengers, which have already been laid

before the public.—15. At St Mary's, Jamaica, James W. Boyd, Esq. son of Thomas Boyd, Esq. Dumfries.

Nov. 8. Drowned on the coast of Spain, at the wreck of his Majesty's transport Ellice, for Gibraltar, Lieutenant James Wallace, of the 60th regiment, third son of the late Thomas Wallace, Esq. of Stockbridge, in the county of Ayr.—19. Suddenly, at Greenock, Mr John Campbell, merchant, island of Tyrie, Argyleshire, much regretted.—At his house, Tranent Lodge, aged 79, Mr William Wood, late of Gifford. He was amongst the first who introduced the two-horse plough into East Lothian.—27. At Viewfield, John Drysdale, Esq. of Viewfield.—28. At his residence, Sloane Street, Hyde Park, London, in the 43d year of his age, Lieut.-colonel Fraser, 76th, or Hindostan regiment. He was a brave and most meritorious officer.

Dec. 1. At Irvine, William Fullarton, youngest son of Colonel Fullarton of Fullarton.—2. At Hamble, Hants, Admiral Billy Douglas, in his 67th year.—At her house in Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Grant, relict of the Rev. Lewis Grant, late minister of Ardhattan.—At Tain, Mrs Mackain, wife of Lieutenant William Mackain, late of the Ross-shire militia.—At Wauchopo, after a few days illness, Ann Scott, aged 4 years and 9 months; and on the 6th, Charles Scott, aged 3 years and 6 months, children of Walter Scott, Esq. They were both interred in one grave, in the family burying-place, within Hawick church.—3. At St Andrews, Mrs Jane Tod, wife of William Fernie, Esq. of Newgrange.—At Mr Henderson's house, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Lindsay, relict of the Rev. William Lindsay, minister of Kilmarnock.—4. At Edinburgh, Jane Campbell, infant daughter of John Bowie, W. S.—At Edinburgh, Sarah, second daughter of Captain Kingdom, 94th regiment.—At Dumnicker-house, Richard Oswald, Esq. fourth son of the late James Townsend Oswald, Esq. of Dumnicker.—5. At Edinburgh, Mrs Swanston Kerr, wife of Mr James Robertson, baker, Calton.—Archibald Craufurd, eldest son of Archibald Craufurd, Esq. W. S.—6. At his house at Norwood, Mr James Lawson, of Dove Court, Lombard Street, aged 50. He was only taken ill on Thursday of a complaint in the windpipe, or quinsy, and died within 48 hours of the first attack, leaving a widow and eight children.—At Dornoch, aged 92, Miss Margaret Gordon, sister of the late Sir John Gordon of Embo, Bart.—At Gorgie, Mr William Ronaldson, in the 79th year of his age.—In the parish of Nigg, Ross-shire, Mrs Elizabeth Buchanan, aged 94, relict of the late Mr Patrick Buchanan, minister of the Associate Congregation there. She led a life at once pious, and, from her situation, exemplary.—7. In Bond Street, London, Vice-admiral William Bligh, F. R. S. of Farningham-

house, Kent.—8. At Edinburgh, Mrs Sangster, widow of Mr John Sangster of Tobago.—At Glasgow, Mr Gardner, jailor.—At the manse of Legerwood, Mrs Cupples, relict of the Rev. George Cupples, 44 years minister of the gospel at Swinton.—9. Mr Cuthbert Mills, of the Low Lights, Shields, ship-owner, aged 92. He was with Rear-admiral Hawke on the famous 14th of October 1747, and was accounted one of the most intrepid seamen in that glorious but running fight.—At Burntisland, Mrs Louisa Moodie, relict of Mr John Ogilvie, late of his Majesty's revenue service.—At Dunfermline, James Hunt, Esq. Queen Ann Street.—10. At his house, Canongate, Edinburgh, Mr James Kerr, aged 60 years.—At Carrickfergus, of a typhus fever, in the 25th year of his age, John Stewart, assistant surgeon 92d regiment, and second son of Patrick Stewart, Esq. merchant, Perth.—At George's Square, Edinburgh, Margaret, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-colonel Munro.—At his house in Howe Street, Edinburgh, Mr Paul Taylor, writer, whose memory will ever be respected by all those who knew him.—11. At Dunbar, Miss Elizabeth Gilloch.—At Jedburgh, aged 80, Mr William Christie, upwards of thirty years a teacher in that place.—Aged 102, in full possession of her faculties, Mrs Sarah Foster of Coats, near Whittless, who, till the last three months of her life, enjoyed most excellent health.—At Huntly, Mrs Isabella Christie, relict of Mr Alexander Thomson, surgeon there.—At the manse of Gartly, the Rev. James Scott, in the 88th year of his age, and in the 48th year of his ministry in that parish.—At Totteridge Parsonage, Hertfordshire, the Rev. T. C. Marsham, vicar of Kew.—At Edinburgh, John Ross, Esq. W. S.—At Portland Place, North Leith, Mrs Jane Ronald, relict of Mr Alexander Gibb, candlemaker, Leith.—12. At Shellburn Bank, by Newhaven, Captain David Wishart.—At his house in North Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, Sir John Henderson of Fordel, Bart.—13. At Edinburgh, John Irving, youngest son of A. R. Carson, one of the masters of the High School.—At her house in North Frederick Street, Edinburgh, Miss Agnes Farquharson, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Farquharson, Esq. of Micras.—At the Royal Military College, near Baggshot, Janet, the second daughter of Mr W. Wallace, one of the professors of mathematics in that institution, in the 16th year of her age.—14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Hutton, wife of Mr John Walton.—At Edinburgh, William Sibbald, Esq. merchant, and Admiral of Leith. He was one of the oldest and one of the most public spirited merchants in Leith. As a mark of respect to his memory, the magistrates, ministers of South and North Leith, and the masters of the four incorporations, with their assistants, on Thursday last, the day of the funeral, in their official capacity, met

the body at the foot of Leith Walk, and accompanied it to the family burying-place in South Leith church-yard, the church bells tolling at broken intervals. This gentleman's death will long be felt as a public loss to the town of Leith.—Drowned, off Montrose, in the wreck of the Forth packet, from Aberdeen, Mr Alexander Paterson, shoemaker, 63, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, son of the deceased David Paterson, manufacturer, Perth.—Drowned, off Montrose, in the Forth packet, from Aberdeen to Leith, in the 28th year of his age, Captain John Drysdale of Leith, late of the Royal Bounty Greenlandman of that port, in which service he had been upwards of 18 years, much and justly regretted by all who knew him.—Drowned, off Montrose, in the wreck of the Forth packet of Aberdeen, Mr Thomas Galloway, late master of said vessel.—At Glasgow, aged 73, Mr James Angus, manufacturer.—15. At Jedburgh, Dr James Harvey, physician.—16. Suddenly, at Renfrew, Miss Mary Orr, Hillhouse, parish of Lochwinnoch, authoress of "Letters from the Desert."—17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Esther Cleghorn, relict of John Westgarth, Esq.—At Stirling, Sally, youngest daughter of the late Mr Girvan, minister of Langton.—18. At London, Mrs Jackson, lady of Colonel Jackson of Enesive, and third daughter of William Blair, Esq. of Blair.—19. At Enniskillen, of fever, W. Wilson, Esq. surgeon, Royal Scots. This excellent and amiable man fell a victim to his humanity, having caught the contagion in attending and administering relief to the poor labouring under that direful malady, to whom he was not only an attentive physician, but a kind friend, and in whose service he spent almost every hour he had to spare from his regimental duties.—At Belsize-house, Hampstead, in the 28th year of her age, the Most Honourable the Marchioness of Ormonde, wife of the Marquis of Ormonde.—At Newburgh, from a gradual decay of nature, and within an hour of each other, Mr David Henderson, aged 74, and Mrs Jean Taylor, his wife, aged 71, after a long and harmonious matrimonial union of 45 years.—At Edinburgh, Helen, daughter of Mr C. Broughton, accountant, aged 8 years.—20. At Edinburgh, Mr John Smith, builder.—22. At his house, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Charles Bowman, Esq. one of the depute clerks of teinds.—At Cupar, in her 22d year, Isobel, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Adamson.—At London, William Thomson, Esq. son of the late John Thomson, Esq. secretary of excise for Scotland.—At Henry Davidson's, Esq. Bedford Square, London, Jane Todd, aged 18, daughter of Archibald Todd, Esq.—23. At the manse of Girthon, the Rev. Robert Gordon, in the 49th year of his age, and the 26th of his ministry.—24. At Spring Garden, Mrs Thomson, relict of John Thomson, Esq. secretary of excise for Scotland.—At Edinburgh, aged 15,

Margaret Helen, daughter of Mr Ainslie, saddler.—At Ballmartin, Islay, Donald Campbell, Esq.—25. At Gordonbank, Alexander Low, Esq. of Whitsomelaw.—At his house, Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico, London, Mr Robert Palmer, of Drury-Lane theatre, after a long and severe illness. He was in his 63d year, and was the father of the company to which he belonged for upwards of 50 years. Mr Palmer, like his brother, the celebrated John Palmer, was introduced to the stage under the patronage and tuition of Garrick. He was an actor of considerable merit.—26. At Crinan, Janet Malley, aged 108, who retained her senses to the day of her death. Last harvest she attended the field, and in one day cut down six stooks of corn.—At Leith, Mrs Ross, relict of Mr Donald Ross, writer in Edinburgh, in the 88th year of her age.—At Thurso, Mrs Mary Craddock, widow of William Innes, Esq. of Sandside, in the 78th year of her age.—28. At Edinburgh, in the 36th year of his age, Mr Robert Spiers, silversmith, much and justly regretted.—At Oakley Park, near Ludlow, in Shropshire, Lady Clive, at the advanced age of 83 years. Her ladyship was the relict of the first Lord Clive, mother of the present Earl of Powis, and grandmother to the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Harriet Wynne.—After a short illness, a few days before his attaining the age of 80 years, the Rev. Dr Charles Burney, rector of Deptford. He has long been known and eminently distinguished as one of the first Greek scholars of his time, and was of a family remarkable for literary and scientific eminence. His father was the celebrated Dr Charles Burney, Mus. D. His brother, still living, has published two or three volumes of *Voyages of Discovery*, &c.; and one of his sisters, also still living, is the celebrated authoress of the novels of *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, &c.; whilst another sister has published several pleasing and popular novels.—30. At Dumfries, in consequence of the small pox, Mr John Carlyle, inn-keeper, English Street.

*Lately*.—In Duke Street, Bristol, Elizabeth, the wife of Mr T. Hill. Her death was occasioned by her endeavouring to fasten a cup with crumbs in it on the outside of her bed-room window, for a robin-redbreast which had paid constant visits there for several weeks, and overreaching herself, she fell into the area, never to rise again.—At Colchester, Lieutenant John Andrews, in the 98th year of his age. He had been in various engagements, amongst which Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden, were those wherein he had principally distinguished himself; in the former of which he served as orderly nian to his present Majesty's grandfather, George II. His latter years were cheered by the munificence of his sovereign, who, upon the representation of the Duke of York, bestowed upon him a grant of £50 per annum, in addition to his

half pay.—At Ayr, Mr James Gregg, at a very advanced age, who, for many years, was well-known in Ayrshire, Galloway, and Dumfries-shire, as an eminent teacher of dancing.—At Cawnpore, East Indies, Lieutenant William Otto, 11th regiment native infantry, Bengal establishment, eldest son of the late Mr Otto, wine-merchant in Dalkeith.—The Hon. Charles James Fox Maitland, son of the Earl of Lauderdale.—At Oxhey, in Saddleworth, aged 91, Mr William Heginbottom. He was father to 10, father-in-law to 10, grandfather to 131, great-grandfather to 153, and great-great-grandfather to 1; in all, 305; the last of whom he walked thirty-two miles to see, in his 90th year. He saw his grandfather, his own father, his own sons, his grandsons, the sons of his grandsons, and the daughter of his grandson's son, even seven generations. He was followed to the tomb by nine of his own children (whose united ages amount to 533 years), and 59 of his grandchildren.—The famous Vizier Ali died last June in Fort William, where he had remained confined seventeen years, three months, and four days, on account of his treacherous murder of Mr Cherry and others, at Benares. His age was only 36. He was buried on the same day in Cassi Bagaun, adjoining the circular road, near the tomb of one of Tippoo Suldaun's sons. His corpse, covered with an elegant green shawl, and placed under a green canopy of state, was followed to the grave by four magistrates and a great concourse of people.—After a painful illness of many years, Mr Melvin, comedian, formerly of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.—At Dundee, Thomas Clark, a labouring man, 66 years of age, who, by dint of parsimony and saving, had accumulated property to the amount of from £800 to £1000. We have heard much these two last years of the sufferings of the lower orders from poverty and want; but there are perhaps few authenticated instances of endurance which this person did not voluntarily submit to, in order to gratify his ruling passion. He lived by himself in a small garret, situated in a filthy lane called Tindal's Wynd. His diet consisted of a little oatmeal, stirred about amongst warm water, which he begged from some one or other of the neighbours every morning, to save the expense of fuel. For many years he had laboured under a painful disorder, but could not find in his heart to put himself under the care of a surgeon, fearful of the cost. Driven at last to desperation by the intenseness of his sufferings, he about twelve months ago sent for Mr Crichton, who found him lying, in the most inclement season of the year, barely covered by an old tattered blanket. The furniture of the apartment consisted of about a dozen pairs of old shoes, some old tattered clothes, a ploughshare, a wooden dish and horn spoon, a pair of scales and weights, a tub for holding meal, and an old

crazy chair. Clark's disorder having been ascertained to be stone in the bladder, he was told that a surgical operation would be necessary for his relief. This he expressed the utmost willingness to undergo: but when informed it would also be necessary to have him removed to a comfortable room, &c. his heart died within him, and he said he must just then continue as he was, until death relieved him. In vain was he told that every thing needful would be provided: he still persevered in his determination. Leaving a trifle with him to procure necessaries, Mr Crichton descended from the garret, and made inquiry at the neighbours concerning this miserable object; from whom he received the account above narrated. Possessed of this information, he returned and rated the wretch for his miserable disposition; but all that could be obtained was a promise to procure some bed-cloths, and to allow the operation to be performed in a room belonging to one of the neighbours, and immediately after to be hoisted back to his own roost. The first morning after the operation, he was found quarrelling and abusing the old woman left in charge of him, for her extravagance in making use of soap to wash the cloths that were occasionally taken from under him; and he expressed great exultation when she was given to understand that soap was not absolutely necessary for the purpose. A dose of castor oil that had been prescribed for him, he would not allow to be sent for, but in its place swallowed a piece of soap, which, he said, would answer the purpose equally well, and at much less cost. The cure going on well, he was ordered some beef tea. The parting with three-pence every morning, to purchase half a pound of meat, was perfect torture. But recollecting a piece of old rusty bacon, which he had formerly picked up somewhere in his travels, he thought of the expedient of converting a piece of it into beef tea, and drank it with seeming relish. Next morning, however, the old woman, alarmed for the consequences, insisted peremptorily for money to purchase fresh meat, at the same time acquainting him that a supply of coals was wanted. "The coals consumed already! Impossible! They should have served him for the winter! She must surely have carried off some of them. Three-pence for meat and eight-pence for coals! It's extravagance; it's ruination! She must pack off immediately; she must not stay a moment longer in the house; but before going, she must give an account of the two shillings she received from him on the day of the operation!" The poor woman being no ready reckoner, and somewhat confused, could not for the life of her bring to recollection the disposal of more than one and tenpence. It was now perfectly clear the woman was plundering the house, carrying

off his coals, ruining him with her extravagance, and stealing his money. She must go to prison. "I'll send for Bailie George Thoms immediately, to put you in the Tol-booth!" By this time the garret was filled with the neighbours, alarmed at his noisy vociferations; and nothing they could say having the effect to pacify him, they sent for Mr Crichton, who, finding it in vain to struggle with habits so deeply rooted, thought it might be the wisest plan to leave him alone, and let him manage and feed himself in his own way. By the help of a good constitution, he soon recovered his health and strength; but never afterwards could forget the expense he had been put to during his confinement. The failure also of some people holding money of his in their hands, tended much to embitter the remainder of his life; and he was often observed wringing his hands and lamenting his misfortunes; frequently saying aloud, "All bankrupts should be hanged!" There would be no end to the detail of this poor creature's miserable eccentricities. The immediate cause of his death is not well ascertained. On Thursday fortnight, a most bitter cold day, he went into one of the neighbours' rooms to warm himself, before ascending to his roost. Next day, he did not make his appearance down stairs, and was found lying almost stiff with cold, and unable to move himself; the bed-clothes, which he had been made to provide himself with last year, lying folded up in a corner, as he had not the heart to use them. On Sunday he lost the use of all his faculties; and on Monday he breathed his last. His only surviving sister, a poor old woman, living somewhere in Strathmore, inherits all his property.—Letters are received from Calcutta, mentioning the death of James Campbell, M. D. apothecary-general in the service of the Hon. East India Company in Bengal. These letters, which are from his brother, Mr Alexander Campbell of Calcutta, confirm the report that had been in circulation last week among his friends, both in London and here; and also some private letters received, which left hardly any doubt of the truth of this afflicting intelligence. He died at Barrackpore, 15 miles from Calcutta, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, which had been for some considerable time back in a declining state. He has left three sons, the fourth having been lost in the Windsor, on the passage back to India. The eldest is in the civil service of the Company, the other two in the army. It is requested, that, as it has been impossible to avoid some omissions in the private notifications to Dr Campbell's numerous relatives and friends, they will kindly impute this to the want of recollection at the moment, and the distance and lapse of time since many of them ceased to have much intercourse with him.



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VOL. II.

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## EDINBURGH:

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Letter from Glasgow, purporting to be a refutation of "Dr Nicol Jarvie's Letter," respecting the management of the College Library, is in fact nothing more than a flaming eulogy on the abilities of the Professors. The Doctor's statements are at least plausible; and if they are unjust towards that learned body, we shall with pleasure insert any communication that exposes their fallacy. Error does not necessarily imply wilful misrepresentation; but, in this case, the error has not yet been pointed out. At all events, a little free discussion must be harmless to so respectable a seminary of education as Glasgow College.

Cambria in our next. We thank our Correspondent for the "Tour in Scotland," which he will observe in this Number.

The illustrious writer who has honoured us with "The Battle of Sempach," will accept of our most grateful acknowledgments for his exquisite translation. He cannot confer on us a more agreeable favour than by sending us, now and then, something of the same kind.

We have no objection to insert Z.'s Remarks on Mr Hazlitt's Lectures, after our present Correspondent's Notices are completed. If Mr Hazlitt uttered personalities against the Poets of the Lake School, he reviled those who taught him all that he knows about poetry.

The gentleman who wrote our account of Rob Roy, treats with scorn Sir John Macgregor Murray's insinuation, that he had made any unwarrantable use of letters that had come into his possession, and pledges himself for the accuracy of all his statements. For ourselves we beg leave to state, that the next time the Baronet has any thing to say to us, we wish he would write to us by the post. A century or two ago, when the Macgregors were no great scribes, it was necessary, perhaps, for them to communicate, by means of verbal messages, with those from whom they had driven cattle; but, at the present day, a Macgregor, who has seen the world, can say whatever he pleases to the Editor of a Magazine without taking the trouble to send a Duine-wassail,

"Like the wild envoy of a barbarous throne."

What could induce Sir John to bid his Ambassador deliver his credentials to our Publisher in an INN? Finally, we desire Sir John Macgregor Murray, Bart. to take notice, that the Salt-foot Controversy was intended for the good, not of one, but of many new-made baronets. *Verbum sapienti.* As Fairservice has it, "There's a braw time coming."

"Miss Spence and the Bagman" in our next.

The suggestion of our judicious Somersetshire Friend shall, if possible, be attended to.

We have again to apologise to H. M. for the delay of No IV. of the Analytical Essays on the Early Drama. It shall certainly appear in our next.

The gentleman who has sent us such a mouthing imitation of "the Emerald Isle" of Counsellor Phillips, reminds us of the following lines:—

—So when a fidler with unrosined string,  
On murderous gut assassinates a spring, (*Anglicè tune.*)  
In distant chamber breaks the slumberer's snore,  
And tramples wounded Time upon the floor,—  
Some wondering cur, scarce trusting what he hears,  
Turns to that fidler his upbraiding ears,  
And to the spot transfixed, in wild dismay,  
Howls a long chorus to the dire Strathspey.—OLD PLAY.

The Review of Mr Hogg's Dramatic Tales came unfortunately a little too late for this Number. Its author has shewn himself to be capable of understanding the true purpose and merits of works of genius. We shall at all times be happy to receive the communications of such a writer upon such a subject.

We shall be proud of any communications from the Accomplished Scholar, who intends to favour us with the Translations from Petrarch.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of Dr Chiel's second packet. We hope he will pardon the few verbal alterations we have made on his first paper, and believe that since the commencement of our Editorship, we have met with nothing more agreeable to us than the honour of his correspondence.

We have received the Critique on the New Tragedy by JURISCONSULTUS. This young gentleman might have engaged himself more profitably than in hissing during its performance, or attempting to ridicule afterwards upon paper a play, which, whatever may be its defects, is at least very evidently the production of a man of high talents, and contains many passages which our Critic, even though he could multiply his intellect as much as Kehama did his person, would still be incapable of comprehending. We know not any thing that shews greater weakness of head, and at the same time greater malevolence of heart, than such conduct as that of our Correspondent. A writer's apprentice, a boarding-school Miss, a quadriller, and a half-pay ensign, may be excused for laughing at the representation of an infant tragedy;—the first has no other time to laugh at all—and the other three have nothing to do but to shew their teeth. Jurisconsultus, however, occupies a different situation in life from any of these, and even although Mr Galt's legal phrases were not quite so good as he could have helped him to, he might have deferred his mirth till Parliament-house hours next morning.

A. T. E. has our warmest thanks for his beautiful Ode.

A regular series of Essays on agricultural subjects would not suit the plan of this Magazine. But we return our best thanks for the offer.

Dandie Diamond's two Letters are received. They are very lively and good-natured. Dandie "suits the action to the word," and is in great glee at the HOPE.

Can C. C. believe it possible to pass off on us, for an original composition, an extract from so popular a work as Mrs Grant's Essay on the Superstitions of the Highlands? May his plagiarisms, however, always be from works equally excellent.

C.'s Letter on the Manners of a certain Mercantile City is written with talent, but far too coarsely, and his statements are, we believe, in a great measure, destitute of any foundation in truth. There is no wit shewn in discovering that Cheapside is less genteel than Grosvenor Square; but we think our Correspondent might have seen that the former is, after all, a more useful place than the latter. Besides we have not the means of knowing, but we strongly suspect, that some of C.'s allusions are personal, which he might have foreseen would infallibly prevent his paper from being admitted. In his P. S. he proposes writing on the subject of certain abuses connected with the H. M. We shall be happy to receive his letter, and hope he will study to follow the good example another of our correspondents shewed him in No X. It is not our custom to compliment our correspondents, but we hope much from C.

The foolish parody which has been sent us, is inadmissible for two reasons; 1st, because it is malevolent; and, 2dly, because it is dull. As the poet sings,

“ So when the bird of Jove reposes  
In the darkness of the sky,  
Rooks and jackdaws shew their noses,  
And blinking owls scream lustily.  
Or so when master's gone to bed,  
And mistress to a rout or ball,  
Gay Grizzys for their lovers spread  
A greasy supper in the hall.  
Their betters mock with mimic airs,  
In champagne glasses small-beer swill,  
And jinking round the kitchen chairs,  
Talk about waltzing or quadrille.”—NEW SONG.

How could our Correspondent think of exerting the little wit he has upon such a subject?

We have been greatly pleased with the Introduction to a Tale, by Mr WILLIAM HOGG, brother to the ETRICK SHEPHERD. Will he send us the Tale itself, which we doubt not will be very interesting?

The Criticism on “ Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus,” is received.

Is the fact as P. Q. states it? Since the Elizabethan age, who has produced finer tragedies than Joanna Baillie?

To Correspondents.

We have received the Memoir signed Pluto; but it is too long and too minute for our purpose. We would advise its being sent to the Journal of the Royal Institution of London, for which, in our humble opinion, it seems admirably fitted. Being unwilling, however, entirely to disappoint the anxious wishes of this philosopher, who seems to believe what he writes, we may just inform our readers, that he maintains, with all becoming gravity and decorum, that, during the present year, a volcano will burst forth in the vicinity of Inverness, that point of Scotland where the energy of earthquakes is most concentrated. This fearful statement, our author, on the principles of common humanity, is most desirous to have communicated to the inhabitants of the capital of the Highlands, that they may prepare themselves for their sudden transportation from the smiling surface of the earth to the dark, and gloomy, and probably burning region of its centre. He concludes his communication with these particular words:—"The site of this former busy and animated capital of the North will be occupied with a raging and tumultuous volcano."

Eboracensis' Elegies are too extravagant. The following is the only one we can afford to quote:—Dialogue between a Traveller and some Inhabitants of Yorkshire (weavers of woollens) illustrating the age of the Yorkshire Giant, lately deceased.

TRAVELLER.

Why! I was told you woollen-weavers here  
Were starved outright for lack of all employment;  
But I perceive a very different cheer,  
Your looms are rattling all in full enjoyment,

INHABITANTS.

Oh! those that told you so, sir, told you right;  
We were indeed a woful famish'd crowd,  
But now the case is altered clean and quite,  
We have got the making of the Giant's Shroud.

And so on in the same strain of hyperbole for nearly 200 pages.

Notices of Reprints No III. in our next.

The "Press-gang," a poem suggested by Allan's unfinished picture on that subject, is received, and we hope to have room for it in our April Number.

The "Edinburgh Audience" soon.

No enlightened presbyter would coarsely rail at the ritual of the Episcopalian Church, and no man, however fastidious his taste, need be offended with such buildings as the two lately erected chapels in Prince's Street and York-Place. The days for such illiberal sentiments are gone by.

The "Comparative View of the Episcopalian and Presbyterian Forms of Worship" is received.

We regret that the poem of "The Fairies" was returned to us too late for insertion.

The Critique on Dr Lettson's Memoirs in our next.

We hope ——— has received his packet in safety. Before he thinks of troubling us with any more of his effusions, we beg to recommend to his perusal the satire in Juvenal which begins "Ecce iterum Crispinus!" or, in case he has forgot his Latin, the following verses from a much neglected, but excellent old English poet, may serve his turn:

"Ye ricketty boys, whose green and slender age  
Would fain assume the privilege of the sage,  
And cram into the ears o' th' unwilling town  
The filth which folly trickles through your own;  
Ye puny creatures, who mistake for wit  
The vapid flow that's most averse from it,  
And think, because you wield a slippery pen,  
That God has meant you to be wondrous men.

Pamphlet on pamphlet, book on book compose,  
Sermons in verse, and epigrams in prose,  
Courier, and Star, and Chronicle enrich,  
In each miscellany seek out a nich,  
Your works are pustules, your disease an itch."

STANIHURST.

We wish to have a complete list of Errata prefixed to our March Number, which completes our second volume. This can be best done by our Correspondents sending to us the Errata in their own Papers.

We have given a sheet and a half more this month than our stated number of pages, in order to relieve the press of matter.

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\* \* No XII. will be published in Edinburgh on the 20th March, and in London on the 1st of April.

A THIRD EDITION of No I. for APRIL 1817, is in the Press, and will be published in a few days.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XI.

FEBRUARY 1818.

VOL. II.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BISHOP WATSON.\*

BISHOPS, though in general a very respectable, are not, in our estimation at least, a very interesting class of men. They usually possess a decent share of classical knowledge, and therefore are entitled by English courtesy to be called learned; when they come before the world with a sermon or a charge, it is seldom discreditable to their literary talents; and their private lives have, without perhaps any exceptions, been long distinguished by a decent and becoming propriety. So far all is well. But to us severe Presbyterians, somehow or other various associations arise, along with the image of a lawn-sleeved Prelate, that are very far from being sublime. A certain pride, of demeanour at least, if not of character, is to our, perhaps, prejudiced eyes, pretty generally visible in these Dignitaries, and not altogether compatible with our notions of Christian humility; except in a few illustrious instances, their learning has been any thing rather than profound; a certain worldly prudence, bordering, if we may say it without offence, on time-observing servility, is no unusual accompaniment to the decorum of their moral life; and for these and other reasons, we cannot help attaching very different ideas to words that we willingly suppose might be synonymous, Bishop and Divine.

No great sensation, accordingly, is

\* Anecdotes of the Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff; written by himself at different intervals, and revised in 1814. Published by his Son, Richard Watson, LL.B. Prebendary of Landaff and Wells. Cadell and Davies, London. 1817. 4to. £2, 12s. 6d.

produced in this part of the Island when a Bishop dies; less indeed than might be expected, when we consider that the notice of his death is often the first thing that informs us he had existed; and that we learn from his funeral eulogy all that we did *not* know of his virtues, his talents, his learning, and his usefulness. With RICHARD WATSON, far indeed is this from being the case. He died full of years, and crowned with honours,—not with those honours only which perhaps he was a little too ambitious to gain and to see increased,—but with those that are true and imperishable, and for which he had wrought with zeal in the cell of Science and the sanctuary of Religion.

Independently of higher and nobler titles to our praise, we feel that the respect of every Scotsman is due to him for the liberality of his religious principles. That he was a sincere Christian, none but infatuated fanatics and flaming High-Churchmen think of denying; but though invested with Episcopalian dignity, we know that he felt and expressed a respect for our simpler Church; that though belonging himself to an establishment that acknowledges so many degrees of rank, he could yet look with complacency on that which acknowledges so few;—and that he had, unlike some of his brethren, too noble a mind not to venerate that Church which admits among its ministers scarcely any distinctions, save those of age, learning, and wisdom.

But though we have perused with interest the memoirs of this excellent man, we have nowish to conceal from our readers that our satisfaction has not always been unmixed,—and that the work would have been far more

delightful to us, had it been written altogether on a different plan. It has been the Bishop's almost sole design to give an account of his public, that is, his political life. Of his youth—his progress at college—his chemical experiments—his labours as a teacher—his theological writings—his opinion of books and great men of former days—we have few and scanty notices,—while we have reported speeches in Parliament, some good and some but indifferent—long and often worse than uninteresting correspondence with Ministers—letters to members of both Houses on personal matters, or those of transient general interest—county-addresses—various political schemes, for paying off the national debt, creating a permanent armed force, &c. &c. so that we are often tempted to suspect that he allowed such things to usurp a paramount power over far nobler pursuits, and such as would have been more beautifully consistent with his holy office, far more useful to mankind, and to himself infinitely more glorious.

Perhaps our feelings on this subject might have been different had nature designed him for a great statesman. But it was not so. He does not seem to have had profound knowledge of mankind,—his views of the Constitution of his own Country, though liberal and manly on the whole, are not marked by any peculiar wisdom,—and really his political and historical reading seems to have been confined within singularly narrow limits. He was, as a Politician, acute and sagacious enough, but neither in his opinions nor his prophecies do we discern that far-seeing perspicacity which pierces through the darkness of events, and enables its possessor to direct, without wavering and without fear, the destinies of his Country. He had surely formed, in this at least, far too high an estimate of his own talents. There is often a pomp in his utterance of the simplest political axioms, as if he thought them profound discoveries of his own; and it is amazing with what zeal and vehemence he has sometimes combatted for things in themselves very paltry and insignificant. There is, we think, a manifest want of grandeur and power in all his political speculations; and if they are on the whole not calculated to give us an adequate idea of his intellectual energies,—nei-

ther, we are afraid, are we to look to his political conduct for the best proof of the virtues of his moral character.

Are we, in expressing such sentiments, obeying the prejudices of our education—the prejudices (let us hope they are not ignoble ones) of our religious Faith? With us the Clergy have little or nothing to do with the affairs of state. They are provided for (moderately no doubt, perhaps too much so,) so as to remove from them almost all temptations of mere selfishness, to plot, intrigue, and intermeddle with secular concerns. Their duties, hopes, desires, and fears, lie within a narrow circle—the limits of their own parish. They are Politicians only, in as far as it is theirs to teach purely the principles of Christianity, which are the only foundation of civil liberty. It may without extravagance be said, that they are truly and exclusively dedicated to the service of God. That this is the best system we believe, and it would be despicable not to declare our belief. Without being at all blind to the merits of Episcopacy, we may, without illiberality, say, that it is from the influence which the plain, simple, unostentatious, and unworldly spirit of the Presbyterian Church has over our minds and hearts,—from the influence breathed over us by the corresponding lives of its ministers, and the congenial atmosphere in which they move, that we lament deeply that so highly-gifted, and we will add so noble-minded, a man as Bishop Watson should have wasted so many days, and nights, and months, and years in Politics, whether they were to our mind or not,—and that we should have regarded his memory with more unmingled veneration had he left Whigs and Tories to their own paltry wranglings—taken no greater part in affairs of state than becomes every lover of freedom however withdrawn—devoted his hours of leisure to those scientific pursuits in which he was by nature formed to excel, and explained and illustrated the beautiful and glorious truths of Christianity which lie encamped on those sacred heights which he himself had strengthened and defended against the baffled Infidel.

It is on these grounds that we feel Bishop Watson might have done more for religion: Had he weaned his mind from Politics, in which we will

venture to say he never did any great good at all, what benefit might not the Christian world have derived from his preaching, his writing, and the influence of his then more truly evangelical character. There had surely then been something more venerable—more august, in his image after death,—something to which the meek and humble Christian would have turned with a purer pleasure, and from which he might have drawn a stronger support. Might not the Politician have been sunk in the Bishop, and the Bishop changed into the Apostle. But peace to the ashes of a good, a great Man. Perhaps few could have mixed so eagerly with worldly spirits and worldly affairs, and have escaped with less diminution of consistency and independence. We have said thus much, because we love and respect his memory; but if even he, with all his virtue and vigour of mind, passed not through such scenes with untarnished purity of reputation, woe to less worthy and less powerful characters, who unnecessarily commit themselves unto the turbulence and agitation of political Life.

It is our duty, too, to remember that these memoirs were composed in old age, and must be expected to exhibit some traits of the weaknesses attendant on that melancholy season. Any little vanity, or egotism, or vain-glory, which the writer may have had in the strength of his best days, would then become more apparent, but surely less offensive, to all who know the weakness of human nature, and who have learnt to think with an awful pity on the loss or decay of what was once glorious in human Intellect. We are far from saying that any deplorable exhibitions occur in these memoirs of faded talents. But there are doubtless scattered over all their pages slight indications of something that has gone by. At times we hear the querulous voice of old age; and admissions are occasionally made by the good Bishop, which, though all who rely for a favourable opinion to themselves from their surviving brethren, upon the acknowledged frailty of the best human nature, must pass them over with gentleness and compassion—will nevertheless afford food to the rancour of the basest of all enemies—political ones,—and no doubt will cause his memory to be insulted by creatures

who, to a far greater degree, possess all his infirmities, without perhaps one of his many redeeming virtues.

RICHARD WATSON was born at Heversham in Westmoreland, in August 1737. His father, a man of talents and learning, had been headmaster of the school there, but had resigned the situation before the birth of his son. The reputation of the school had long sunk, and the Bishop regrets that he had not a better classical foundation. He very candidly acknowledges that he never mastered the minutiae of prosody, and that, on this account, he frequently felt considerable embarrassment in speaking Latin, which he was afterwards so often called upon to do at the University. This little trait of candour shews that, unlike many would-be linguists of some reputation, he feared not to admit his deficiencies, and never thought of priding himself on his ignorance of that which is necessary to the consummation of perfect scholarship.

“Soon after the death of my father, I was sent to the University, and admitted a Sizar of Trinity College in Cambridge, on the 3d of November 1754. I did not know a single person in the University, except my tutor, Mr Backhouse, who had been my father's scholar, and Mr Preston, who had been my own schoolfellow. I commenced my academic studies with great eagerness, from knowing that my future fortune was to be wholly of my own fabricating, being certain that the slender portion which my father had left to me (£300) would be barely sufficient to carry me through my education. I had no expectations from relations; indeed I had not a relation so near as a first cousin in the world, except my mother, and a brother and sister who were many years older than me. My mother's maiden name was Newton; she was a very charitable and good woman, and I am indebted to her (I mention it with filial piety) for imbuing my young mind with principles of religion, which have never forsaken me.

“Perceiving that the sizars were not so respectfully looked upon by the pensioners and scholars of the house as they ought to have been, inasmuch as the most learned and leading men in the University have ever arisen from that order (*Magister artis, ingenique largitor venter*), I offered myself for a scholarship a year before the usual time of the sizars sitting, and succeeded, on the 2d of May 1757. This step increased my expenses in college, but it was attended with a great advantage. It was the occasion of my being particularly noticed by Dr Smith, the then Master of the College. He was, from the examination he gave me, so well satisfied with the progress I had made

in my studies, that out of the sixteen who were elected scholars, he appointed me to a particular scholarship (Lady Jermyn's) then vacant, and in his own disposal; not, he said to me, as being better than other scholarships, but as a mark of his approbation; he recommended *Saunderson's Fluxions*, then just published, and some other mathematical books, to my perusal, and gave, in a word, a spur to my industry, and wings to my ambition.

I had, at the time of being elected a scholar, been resident in college for two years and seven months, without having gone out of it for a single day. During that period I had acquired some knowledge of Hebrew; greatly improved myself in Greek and Latin; made considerable proficiency in mathematics and natural philosophy; and studied with much attention Locke's works, King's book on the Origin of Evil, Puffendorf's *Treatise de Officio Hominis et Civis*, and some other books on similar subjects; I thought myself therefore entitled to a little relaxation: under this persuasion I set forward, May 30th, 1757, to pay my elder and only brother a visit at Kendal. He was the first curate of the new chapel there, to the structure of which he had subscribed liberally. He was a man of lively parts, but being thrown into a situation where there was no great room for the display of his talents, and much temptation to convivial festivity, he spent his fortune, injured his constitution, and died when I was about the age of thirty-three; leaving a considerable debt, all of which I paid immediately, though it took almost my all to do it."

This was noble, and it is related with the unconscious simplicity of a noble mind. The sternest moralist could not aver that it was incumbent on him to beggar himself by discharging debts, perhaps unnecessarily, contracted by his Brother. But the same virtuous pride, which makes him in old age avow his satisfaction in having been descended from ancestors who were "ut prisca gens mortalium, tillers of their own ground, in the idiom of the Country Statesmen," taught him in early youth to respect the honour of his Father's family; and, doubtless, by such a sacrifice he felt himself gloriously enriched. His was not a mind to feel fear or misgiving.

"My mind did not much relish the country, at least it did not relish the life I led in that country-town; the constant reflection that I was idling away my time mixed itself with every amusement, and poisoned all the pleasures I had promised myself from this visit; I therefore took an hasty resolution of shortening it, and returned to college in the beginning of September, with a determined purpose to make my *Alma Mater*

the mother of my fortune. That, I well remember, was the expression I used to myself as soon as I saw the turrets of King's College Chapel, as I was jogging on a jaded nag between Huntingdon and Cambridge."

Nothing can be more characteristic. To us there is something fine in the plain and boyish language in which the venerable old Man talks of his journey to that University, within whose courts he finally gained the noblest honours, and who must for ever regard him as one of her very best Worthies. With the same fearless simplicity he goes on to speak of his *College Life*, of which would that he had given us a fuller account.

"Whilst I was an under-graduate, I kept a great deal of what is called the best company—that is of idle fellow-commoners, and other persons of fortune—but their manners never subdued my prudence; I had strong ambition to be distinguished, and was sensible that, though wealth might plead some excuse for idleness, extravagance, and folly in others, the want of wealth could plead none for me.

"When I used to be returning to my room at one or two in the morning, after spending a jolly evening, I often observed a light in the chamber of one of the same standing with myself; this never failed to excite my jealousy, and the next day was always a day of hard study. I have gone without my dinner a hundred times on such occasions. I thought I never entirely understood a proposition in any part of mathematics or natural philosophy, till I was able in a solitary walk, *obstipio capite atque ex-porrecto labello*, to draw the scheme in my head, and go through every step of the demonstration without book or pen and paper. I found this was a very difficult task, especially in some of the perplexed schemes, and long demonstrations, of the Twelfth Book of *Euclid*, and in *L'Hospital's* Conic Sections, and in *Newton's Principia*. My walks for this purpose were so frequent, that my tutor, not knowing what I was about, once reproached me for being a lounger. I never gave up a difficult point in a demonstration till I had made it out *proprio Marte*; I have been stopped at a single step for three days.

But though I stuck closely to abstract studies, I did not neglect other things. I every week imposed upon myself a task of composing a theme or a declamation in Latin or English. I had great pleasure in lately finding among my papers two of these declamations, one in English, the other Latin; there is nothing excellent in either of them, yet I cannot help valuing them, as they are not only the first of my compositions of which I have any memorial remaining, but as they show that a long commerce in the public world has only



tended to confirm that political bent of my mind in favour of civil liberty, which was formed in it before I knew of what selfish and low-minded materials the public world was made.

“The subject of the English declamation is, ‘Let tribunes be granted to the Roman people;’ that of the Latin, ‘*Sociis Italicis detur civitas*,’ both of them were suggested to my mind from the perusal of *Vertot’s Roman Revolutions*, a book which accidentally fell into my hands. Were such kinds of books put into the hands of kings during their boyhood, and Tory trash at no age recommended to them, kings in their manhood would scorn to aim at arbitrary power through corrupted parliaments.

“I generally studied mathematics in the morning, and classics in the afternoon; and used to get by heart such parts of orations, either in Greek or Latin, as particularly pleased me. Demosthenes was the orator, Tacitus the historian, and Perseus the satirist, whom I most admired.

“I have mentioned this mode of study, not as thinking that there was any thing extraordinary in it, since there were many undergraduates then, and have always been many in the University of Cambridge, and, for aught I know, in Oxford too, who have taken greater pains. But I mention it, because I feel a complacency in the recollection of days long since happily spent; *hoc est vivere his vita posse priori frui*, and indulge an hope, that the perusal of what I have written may chance to drive away the spirit of indolence and dissipation from young men; especially from those who enter into the world with as slender a provision as I did.”

In 1759, he took his Bachelor of Arts’ degree, at Cambridge a great era in Academic Life. He was second wrangler, the leading Moderator having made a person of his own College, and one of his private Pupils, the first, in direct opposition to the general sense of the Examiners in the Senate-House. To Scotsmen, with whom academical honours may be said to have no existence, the Bishop’s warmth of feeling on this subject may perhaps appear absurd,—but we should consider that this Examination is rightly looked upon as a test of a young man’s acquirements in Science, and has a most important influence on his fortunes in the University,—and that therefore he is speaking of the first struggle of his mind in a contest both for advancement and reputation. And though men of high science, like Leslie or Playfair, may smile at the papers of a senior wrangler, it is indisputable that no youth ever gained that rank without knowing more of the mathe-

matics than perhaps above a dozen persons now alive throughout the whole of Scotland.

In September 1759, he sat for a fellowship unsuccessfully, but with great credit, the novel circumstance of his being a Junior Bachelor having prevented his election; and in October 1760, he was elected Fellow of Trinity, and became assistant Tutor of that celebrated College.

“About the same time I was offered by the Vice-Chancellor the curacy of Clermont, and advised to accept it, as it would give me an opportunity of recommending myself to the Duke of Newcastle, then Chancellor of the University; but then and always prizing my independence above all prospects, I declined accepting the offer. I might also soon after have gone chaplain to the Factory at Bencoolen, and I would have gone, but that I wanted several months of being able to take priest’s orders. The master of the College hearing of my intention sent for me, and insisted on my abandoning my design, adding, in the most obliging manner, ‘You are far too good to die of drinking punch in the torrid zone.’ I had then great spirits, and by learning, as I purposed, the Persian and Arabic languages, should probably have continued but a short time chaplain to the Factory. I have thanked God for being disappointed of an opportunity of becoming an Asiatic plunderer. I might not have been able to resist the temptation of wealth and power to which so many of my countrymen have unhappily yielded in India.”

He took his Master of Arts’ degree in 1762, and was made Moderator for Trinity College; and in 1784 he was Moderator of Christ’s. He gives a curious enough list of the questions which were subjects of disputation in the Sops School in 1762, and exultingly exclaims: “The depths of science and the liberality of principles in which the University of Cambridge initiates her Sons, would, had he been acquainted with them, have extorted praise from Mr Gibbon himself.” We doubt that. Certainly to have discussed any of these questions, with ability, in the Latin language,—comprehending as they do many important points in physics—morals—dialectics—and general politics,—a young man must have studied with great pain and perseverance. But would Mr Gibbon have thought public disputation in Latin the best mode of shewing a knowledge of such difficult subjects, or a preparation for such disputations, the likeliest means of gaining such knowledge?

On the 19th November 1764, on the death of Dr Hadley, he was unani-

mously elected by the Senate, assembled in full congregation, Professor of Chemistry.

“At the time this honour was conferred upon me, I knew nothing at all of Chemistry, had never read a syllable on the subject; nor seen a single experiment in it; but I was tired with mathematics and natural philosophy, and the *vehementissima gloria cupido* stimulated me to try my strength in a new pursuit, and the kindness of the University (it was always kind to me) animated me to very extraordinary exertions. I sent immediately after my election for an operator to Paris; I buried myself as it were in my laboratory, at least as much as my other avocations would permit; and in fourteen months from my election, I read a course of chemical lectures to a very full audience, consisting of persons of all ages and degrees, in the University. I read another course in November, 1766, and was made Moderator, for the fourth time, in October 1765.”

In 1766, after some trouble, he got a stipend of £100 a year annexed to the Professorship of Chemistry, “and the ice being then broken,” similar stipends have been since procured from the Crown, for the Professors of Anatomy and Botany, and for the recently established Professor of Common Law. But, says the Bishop,

“The University is now much richer than it was in 1766; and it would become its dignity, I think, to thank the King for his indulgence, and to pay in future its undowered Professors without having recourse to the public purse; not that I feel the least reluctance to dipping into the public purse for such a purpose, but I feel something for the independence of the University.”

In October 1767, he became one of the Head Tutors of Trinity, in room of Mr Backhouse, who resigned to him his pupils; and it is needless to add, that during the period he held that important office, he acquitted himself to the admiration of the College, and as a Teacher of Youth could not be excelled.

“In this, and the two following years, I read Chemical Lectures to very crowded audiences, in the month of November. I now look back with a kind of terror at the application I used in the younger part of my life. For months and years together I frequently read three public lectures in Trinity College, beginning at eight o'clock in the morning; spent four or five hours with private pupils, and five or six more in my laboratory, every day, besides the incidental business of presiding in the Sophs schools. Had so much pains and time been dedicated to Greek and Hebrew, and to what are called learned subjects, what tiresome collations of manuscripts, what argute emendations of text, what jejune criticisms, what dull disserta-

tions, what ponderous logomachies might have been produced, and left to sleep on the same shelves with bulky systems of German divinity in the libraries of Universities!!!

“In October 1771, when I was preparing for another course of chemistry, and printing a new chemical syllabus, Dr Rutherford, Regius Professor of Divinity, died. This Professorship, as being one of the most arduous and honourable offices in the University, had long been the secret object of my ambition; I had for years determined in my own mind to endeavour to succeed Dr Rutherford, provided he lived till I was of a proper age, and fully qualified for the undertaking. His premature and unexpected death quite disheartened me. I knew as much of divinity as could reasonably be expected from a man whose course of studies had been directed to, and whose time had been fully occupied in, other pursuits; but with this *curta suppellex* in theology to take possession of the first professional chair in Europe, seemed too daring an attempt even for my intrepidity.”

After a good deal of trouble and management, he attained the object of his honourable ambition.

“On the 14th of the ensuing November, I took the chair, made a long inauguration speech, and presided at my first act in the presence of a numerous audience.

“Thus did I, by hard and incessant labour for seventeen years, attain, at the age of thirty-four, the first office for honour in the University; and, exclusive of the Mastership of Trinity College, I have made it the first for profit. I found the Professorship not worth quite £330 a-year, and it is now worth £1000 at the least.

“On being raised to this distinguished office, I immediately applied myself with great eagerness to the study of divinity. Eagerness, indeed, in the pursuit of knowledge was a part of my temper, till the acquisition of knowledge was attended with nothing but the neglect of the King and his ministers; and I feel by a broken constitution at this hour, the effects of that literary diligence with which I laboured for a great many years.

“I reduced the study of divinity into as narrow a compass as I could, for I determined to study nothing but my Bible, being much unconcerned about the opinions of councils, fathers, churches, bishops, and other men, as little inspired as myself. This mode of proceeding being opposite to the general one, and especially to that of the Master of Peterhouse, who was a great reader, he used to call me *νο-ὀδδακτος*, the self-taught divine.—The Professor of Divinity had been nick-named *Malleus Hæreticorum*; it was thought to be his duty to demolish every opinion which militated against what is called the orthodoxy of the Church of England. Now my mind was wholly unbiassed; I had no prejudice against, no predilection for the Church of England; but

sincere regard for the *Church of Christ*, and an insuperable objection to every degree of dogmatical intolerance. I never troubled myself with answering any arguments which the opponents in the divinity schools brought against the articles of the church, nor ever admitted their authority as decisive of a difficulty; but I used on such occasions to say to them, holding the New Testament in my hand, *En sacrum codicem!*"

On this simple narrative it is quite unnecessary for us to make a single observation. It carries us along with it by the dignified force of truth. Few as the facts are, and told thus in their naked simplicity, without the most remote intention of winning our sympathies or creating an effect, the excellent Narrator inspires us with respect and affection, and we feel towards him a portion of that enthusiasm which was so strong a feature in his character, and thus raised him, without the sacrifice of one iota of integrity or independence, to the object of his most honourable ambition. In this slight and rapid sketch of his early life, we yet distinctly see the lineaments of a noble nature. We see the free play of a vigorous intellect and fresh heart, while the one rejoiced in the conquest of all difficulties, and the other disdained all unworthy or shuffling means to remove them. He left an obscure and ill-conducted village-school, with an imperfect education and small acquirements—and came at once, friendless but fearless, unpatronized but hopeful, into the courts of a College, filled with the Flower of the English Youth. To enable him to pursue his own early studies, he was necessitated to direct those of others, which, while a raw and uncouth stripling, he did, with zeal, ability, and judgment. By dint of towering talents, and manly independence, he soon was a distinguished object among the most distinguished. Each successive aim of a Collegian's ambition he attained without any interest but the overpowering interest of a high character,—and into whatever situation of trust and responsibility he was elevated by his great talents, he not only performed the established duties thereof, but in all cases opened out, by his energetic zeal and happy genius, new sources of advantage and improvement to the aspiring minds of youth, and felt no honour, no happiness in elevation, except in as far as

it enabled him to be more extensively useful. It would be gross injustice, not to think well of the general spirit of a University, where such a man could rise by such means, and DR RICHARD WATSON AND CAMBRIDGE had reason to be proud of each other. To us indeed it seems a little singular, that a Person should have been appointed Professor of Chemistry in a great University, at a time when he knew not even the simplest principles of that Science. But we presume the chair was considered as a sinecure. The ardent spirit of Watson could not bear to sit idle and dormant there. He lectured, and crowds attended. His progress in Chemistry is, indeed, a singular phenomenon in Philosophical History. He seems by nature to have been endowed with a genius for that Science. After two great revolutions in Chemistry, his name still stands high,—and we have the authority of certainly the most accomplished Chemist in Britain, Professor Thomson of Glasgow, for asserting that his Chemical Essays ought to be read by all students of that Science, not only for the many important facts they contain, and for some knowledge not elsewhere to be found, but for the admirable specimens which they exhibit of accurate analysis; and above all, for the true philosophical spirit of all their general investigations. But here we must stop short for the present. In our next Number we hope to carry on our notices of the life of this admirable Person. We have already hinted, that some little things occur in an after period, of which we cannot give our decided approval—but we trust we have already said enough to shew that we shall praise with pleasure, and censure with reluctance; and that the circumstances of Bishop Watson being rather too violent a Whig to our liking, sometimes a little of the Courtier, and not seldom even a political Partizan, will not blind our eyes to what all the world knows to have been noble in his character—his love of science, liberty, and truth—his integrity, which he held fast—his liberality, which made him something higher than a Church-man—and his enlightened piety, which made him what is most glorious in our human estate—a true Christian.—

## OBSERVATIONS ON CATULLUS, SUGGESTED BY A PIECE OF FRENCH CRITICISM.

OF all the foolish affectations of the French people, we are clearly of opinion, that the propensity to trace resemblances between themselves and the old Romans is by far the most absurd. They would fain argue us into the belief, that Paris is to the world now what the imperial city was in the days of the Cæsars, and look, or pretend to look, upon those who have tastes different from theirs, with the same sort of lordly contempt with which a *bel esprit* of the court of Augustus might have listened to the dissertations of a critic from the regions of the Dahæ. We are not disposed to deny that the French ladies lead the fashions in all matters pertaining to bonnets and tuckers, or that the French *incroyables* arrange their whiskers and neckcloths in a manner worthy of being envied by the most accomplished of our beaux. But we protest against carrying the thing any farther; we object to the whole system of French criticism; above all, to the French method of judging respecting Poets. They are as unfit to comprehend the nature of a great poem,—to enter for one moment into the spirit of an Æschylus, a Dante, or a Shakspeare,—as an Esquimaux milliner is to invent a fine *tête*, or a Patagonian clothopper to go through the *dos-a-dos*, *balancez*, and all the other mysteries of a quadrille. We should no sooner think of adopting a Frenchman's ideas in regard to the sublime or the beautiful, than we should of seeing Bailie Jarvie for an opinion concerning the picturesque.

A Parisian of the present day has no hesitation in telling us, that whoever wishes to see a complete facsimile of Roman physiognomy, costume, and character, needs only to go and see Talma. Talma bears just the same sort of resemblance to Nero which the Palais Royal does to the Domus Aurea. He has taken his ideas of a Roman, not from the calm contemplative statues of consuls and heroes in the Louvre, but from the rude vulgar maniacs who figure with flying togas and Brutus periwigs, in the Atelier of the Baron David. Among all the remains of Roman art, we do not remember to have seen a single countenance which was entirely ignoble.

There is always some redeeming trait of the *gens alta Quiritum*. We feel, when we look upon them—even upon the faces of the Liberti and Libertini of their funeral processions—that these were indeed the *prima virorum*. But Talma is the actor, and David the painter of the revolution. It is no wonder that they have both been busy in bringing down old associations of grandeur and dignity to the base level of their own thoughts.

It is, to be sure, disgusting enough to hear David compared to Apelles, and Talma to Roscius—the friend of Cicero; but as neither Apelles nor Roscius have left any thing behind them but the testimonies of their admirers, it must be allowed that we have only the opinion of the rest of the world to oppose to the opinion of the Parisians. The French critics, however, are not always so prudent as to provide themselves with so convenient a shelter. They make no difficulty of speaking concerning ancient authors, which are still in our hands, with the same freedom as concerning ancient painters and actors, whose merits we have no means of estimating for ourselves. In a late Number of this Magazine, was inserted an essay by Madame de Stael, in which that accomplished person talks quite seriously of the felicity with which Monsieur Delille has imitated the pomp and majesty of Virgil. The most simple and graceful of all poets, and all versifiers, is supposed to be adequately represented by the perpetual antitheses, prettinesses, *oh ciels!* and *helas!* of this affected little abbé. But Madame is only a lady, and may be supposed to have been no great classic. We believe she was quite as good a classic as most French authors and critics; and we are quite certain, that the absurdity of what she has said concerning Virgil, is far surpassed by what one of her cleverest contemporaries of the other sex has said of Catullus. “Ce poete,” says Chamfort, “a plus qu’aucun autre l’air Francois; ses poemes sont, pour le pluspart, des simples vers de societé.—Tendre, gentil, vif, et plein du sentiment, il étoit, sans doute, Le Chauvieu meme de la capitale.”—We confess it was not without a very considerable degree of surprise that we first read this *euloge*. We propose laying before our readers a few observations upon Catullus, and shall then leave them to form their own conclu-

sions concerning the respective characters and merits of M. Chamfort's favourite and our own.

Catullus was the contemporary of Cicero and Cæsar, and, with one exception, he is the most remarkable of all those Roman poets who flourished between the rude time of Ennius and the perfect refinements of Virgil and Horace. Like Lucretius, he has contrived to preserve the air of Roman originality, in the midst of the most studious imitation of Greek models. In one division of his works, he is entirely a Roman; in another, and that certainly the far more important part, he is a complete Greek. In both capacities, he is well worthy of more attention than is usually paid to him; and in neither, we venture to say, does he furnish any pretence for the equivocal praises of Monsieur Chamfort.

A few short poems of inimitable naivete and grace have, in every age, secured to this poet, with whom poetry was merely an amusement, a number of steadfast and passionate admirers. Who is such a Tyro in Latin Literature as to be ignorant of the charming song, "*Passer delicæ meæ puellæ?*" or who so unfeeling as not to have been melted by the tender lamentation over the same favourite bird, "*Lugete Veneres Cupidesque Et quantum est hominum venustiorum Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ, &c.?*"

The union of sportiveness with feeling is a thing extremely rare in the writings of the ancients. The play of mere fancy is indeed sufficiently common among the authors of the Anthology, but no class of compositions is in general more destitute of graceful sentiment than theirs. When they wish to be pathetic they always become either tragical or elegiac. It is on this account that the *LUCTUS* of Catullus is so valuable; its subject is indeed a trifling one, but the feeling of the poet, and the exquisite language in which it is conveyed, have rendered it one of the most universally pleasing and touching poems in the whole body of literature.\*

The lesser poems of Catullus have almost always a light, although, in some instances, by no means a ludicrous air. However different may be their subjects, whether they wear the

appearance of sentiment, of derision, or of mirth, they all bear the stamp of light feeling, and are quite destitute of the appearance of seriousness. This language is uniformly unlaboured. They are evidently the productions of a man of the world, who is impatient even of the appearance of labour, who in most cases lights at once upon the happiest words to express his sentiments, but who, even though he observes that his meaning is ill expressed, will rather leave it to its fate than take the trouble of searching for phrases more satisfactory. His versification is careless, but graceful. His feeling is sometimes weak, but always true. The poet has no inclination to appear any thing but what he is.

Nothing is more changeable than the idea of *bon ton*, *society*, and *the world*. The politeness of modern times was unknown to the ancients; and if we should suppose that the Roman word *urbanitas* expressed any thing of the same sort, we should be grievously mistaken. The art of making men pleased with themselves in the first instance, and consequently pleased with every thing about them, is one which could not have been brought to perfection at any time, excepting when the enjoyment of social intercourse was seriously looked upon as the last and highest purpose of human being. The habitual practice of deceit and hypocrisy from such motives as these, the public flattering of a private enemy, and the style of visiting those we would wish to ruin—these were things entirely unknown in ancient Rome. The Republican freedom was attended by an openness of expression which we have banished from all good society, under the name of coarseness, but of which Catullus made abundant use, both towards friend and foe, in those hendecasyllabics of his, which remind M. Chamfort of that very pink of *politesse*, the Abbé Chaulieu. What would the delicate Abbé have thought, had he heard himself likened to the author of the "*Annales Volusi, Cacata Charta*," or of the *Carmen in Egnatium*? His very periwig would have stood on end with horror. The great Romans, particularly in the last years of the Republic, were little acquainted with the delights of domestic and social life. The restlessness of their ambitious desires made their time too precious to be wasted even upon enjoyment or re-

\* The same thing may be said of these Poems—V. VII. IX. XIII. XX. XXXI.

pose. Their friendships were political connexions, regulated merely by the situation of public affairs, by the hopes and fears of the contracting parties. The dearest friends had no scruple in bespattering each other with the most bitter and unmerciful abuse, either in the Senate House or at the Forum, the moment they began to think differently about politics; and the aggravated resentments of years subsided in an instant into the most amiable expressions of mutual regard, at the least hint of interest or prudence.

The wicked and malevolent ridicule of Catullus drew upon him no reproaches from the critics of antiquity. His shafts were directed against his enemies, and in that warfare it was looked upon as quite fair to make use of poisoned weapons. Ridicule and raiillery were, in those unfastidious days, directed by mere ill-will, much more frequently than by wit. With us, on the contrary, ill-will is endured only when it has the address to clothe itself in the outward appearance of wit and levity. Invective is a dish too coarse for our appetites; but among the most refined noblemen of ancient Rome, no words were supposed to be unfitting, by which the bitterness of political animosity might be expressed; and an excess of spleen was accepted as a sufficient apology for a defect of wit. But all this, we are afraid, is quite irreconcilable with the *air Francois*.

There is another feature in the character of our poet, to which we suspect the good Abbé Chaulieu would have had no inclination to bear any resemblance—his indecency. Even this, however disgusting to modern readers, excited no displeasure of old; for the language of debauch, both at Rome and Athens, made use of very strong colours. The most accomplished writers were, in those days, far less delicate than nature herself, and the most elegant muse was content to want the most graceful of ornaments—a veil. The matrons were excluded from society and the theatres, and the muse was obliged to copy the manners of such females as were admitted. It must, however, be mentioned, in justice to Catullus, that his obscenity is seldom introduced altogether for its own sake. Like that of Swift, it is only the weapon of his

satire; and if success could justify the use of such instruments, there is no doubt that the inflictions of Catullus must have been quite as severe as those of the Prince of Libellers himself.

It is probable, that in reference to these *verses of society* alone, it was the intention of Chamfort to institute any comparison between his countryman and our poet. We imagine, that no eyes but those of a French critic could have discovered the resemblance of which he speaks, and shall for the present dismiss the subject altogether.—But since we have been led to speak at all of the poetical character of Catullus, it would be unfair to omit observing, that these sportive and satirical productions of his are in truth immensely inferior to some other compositions, to which it is probable neither Chamfort nor Chaulieu ever devoted much attention; we mean those serious poems of Catullus, in which he seems to have derived, like the most of the Roman poets, his chief inspiration from the study of the Greeks. The history of Roman literature is one which abounds in misfortunes; and among these, the most remarkable is, without doubt, the *date* of its first refinement. Had the Romans, occupied as they were in the first ages of their history with external wars and civil tumults, ever found leisure to apply themselves to the cultivation of letters, the works which might then have been produced would no doubt have partaken in those attributes of strength, life, and originality, which characterised the other exertions of Roman intellect. The poets of Rome, like those of Greece and of England, would then have been the contemporaries of the great active spirits, the heroes, the legislators, the politicians of their country; and the compositions which they would have left behind them, might have surpassed those which they actually have bequeathed to us, as much as the writings of the early Greek dramatists excel those of the Calimachuses and Appoloniuses of the Alexandrian age. It was the misfortune of the Roman poets, that they were too much the imitators of the Greeks; it was doubly their misfortune, that they did not begin their imitations till the Greek literature was already far on its decline. The defects of the courtly poetry of the age of Ptolemy

communicated themselves like infectious diseases to the young genius of Roman literature, and stamped upon it a character of false taste and excessive ornament, from which, with the exception of a few spirits of the first order, no Roman writers, either in prose or in verse, are entirely free.

It gives us a very high idea of the genius of Catullus, that, although he wrote before either Virgil or Horace, he has had the good taste to keep almost entirely free from those false Egyptianisms which have proved so fatal to almost all the poets of his country. He had, above all, the singular merit of resisting the bad example of Lucretius, supported as that example was, by a power of imagination, and a majesty of language, to which no parallel can be found in any later Roman poet. Catullus has imbibed the true spirit of Attic poetry, and tasted the waters of the unmingled Helicon. His Atys, his Manlius, and his Ortalus, have the air of literal translations from the pure age of Sophocles; and those who cannot read Greek, will gain a better notion of the Greek mode of writing from these than from any thing that we remember to have seen in Horace, Virgil, Ovid, or any one of the great demigods of Roman poetry. The Atys is our chief favourite. Catullus appears to us here no longer as the same light and amiable poet who used to count over the kisses of his mistress, and call upon the Cupids to lament her sparrow. His language is bold, and full of strength; he causes us to feel the utmost depth of that mental misery which invaded the priest of the Phrygian Goddess, and to follow him, as if under the influence of a kindred phrenzy, through all his wild traversings of wood and mountain. But the madness endures not; a sleep of weakness brings him to himself, and to the knowledge and repentance of his rashness; and we, our breasts penetrated with mingled emotions of terror and pity, are willing at the close to echo the wish of the poet,

Dea magna, dea Cybele, Didymi dea Domina,

Procul a mea tuus sit furor omnis, hera, domo,

Alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos.

The introduction of the Episode of Laodamia into the Elegy to Manlius manifests equal feeling, and almost

equal power; but we must not scruple to confess, that the matchless poem of Wordsworth upon the subject of that lady's sorrows, has greatly diminished the pleasure with which we used formerly to con over those exquisite lines, which even now we can scarcely transcribe without trembling:—

Conjugis ut quondam flagrans advenit amore

Protesilæam Laodomia Domum, &c.

But no comparisons can ever take away from the more simple and universal charm of the subsequent lines, in which he has commemorated the death of his brother:

To mea, tu moriens fregisti commoda Frater,

Tecum una tota est nostra sepulta Domus.

Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra

Quæ tuus in vitâ dulcis alebat amor.

Quem nunc tam longe non inter nota sepulcra,

Nec prope cognatos compositum cineres

Sed Troja obscenâ, Troja infelice sepultum

Detinet extremo terra aliena solo!

There are so many redeeming traces of good feeling, and so many unequivocal specimens of a most powerful genius in Catullus, that it is quite impossible to read his verses without regretting that he happened to be an idler, a man of fashion, and a debauchee. With talents such as he possessed, he might, had he made a proper use of his opportunities, have left behind him as great a name as any who now stand like landmarks in the distance of antiquity;—what is far better, he might have bequeathed to posterity works fitted to inspire sentiments of virtue and morality, instead of a book, the greater part of which must for ever remain sealed to all those who have any principle of human delicacy in their composition.

We wish some person would publish a castrated edition of the minor Latin poets. All that is worth inserting might be easily comprised in a small pocket volume. We are aware that Family Shakspeares, and so forth, afford much ridicule to the learned; but, for our own parts, we enjoy poetry not so much on account of the language in which it is written, and the notes with which it is accompanied, as of the sentiments which it expresses. When we take up our Catullus or our Propertius, the chances are, that we may open the book upon some such production as the “*Salax taber-*

na," &c. or the "O me felicem! O nox mihi candida!" &c.—and the jar which our feelings experience is sufficient to make us shut it for ever again in disgust. We need scarcely add, that we do not wish the task to be undertaken by any French critic—above all, by any one who imagines that Catullus was a person of the same class with the Abbé Chaulieu.

J. H. E.

POEMS BY THE LATE JOHN FINLAY,

*Never before Published.*

THE SOLDIER IN EGYPT.

FROM my slumber I woke at the dead hour of night,

And down to the ocean I sped;  
The moon on the billows was trembling and bright,

As it rose o'er the Pyramid's head.

Its beams lent a magic far dearer than sleep,  
As I trod my lone course on the sand;  
And dear was the blast as it blew o'er the deep,  
For it came from my native land.

The battle had ceased with the sweet setting sun,

But I heard its dread tumults again;  
I paused—it was nought but the answering gun  
Of the watchman afar on the plain.

I thought of the woe and the carnage again—  
I looked o'er the wave's distant foam;  
And the tear that had started at sight of the slain,  
I shed for the friends of my home.

Oh! pleasant it is, on a far foreign shore,  
To think on the days that are past—  
It awakes the dull spirit that slumbered before,

Like the rain 'mid the burning waste.

Was it hope or illusion my bosom that warmed,

When I thought on the birch of the grove;  
Like a wretch half-bewildered with magic that charmed,

I heard the sweet voice of my love.

To the spot O for ever be fettered my sight—  
With the sound ever charmed let me be;  
Even this corse covered strand is a couch of delight,

When such visions my fancy can see.

TO THE SWISS.

Ho! Swiss arise,  
The Gaul is on his way,  
His banner to the blast is flying—  
The peasants on thy hills are sighing,  
As they look at the long array,

Ho! Swiss arise,

The Gaul has doomed thee to death;  
Hark, hark to the groans and sighs,  
As they rise from the vales beneath.

Thy arm once was strong when the Austrian fell,

And his buckler was pierced by the arrow of Tell;

Though his horses were many as leaves of the spring,

And the eagle o'ershadow'd the land with his wing,

Yet he fell from his heights, while destruction and fear

Hung black as the shadow of night on his rear.

Ho! watchman of the night,

Dost hear the hoof on the plain?

Dost hear, in the spirits of affright,  
The voices of the slain?

I hear the horses hoof on the plain,

As he paces the distant bound;  
And the dying man, from the field of the slain,  
Slow breathes a mournful sound.

Bind, bind the shield on the arm—

Let loose the sword from its sheath;  
And the bells that welcome the victor home,  
Shall toll for the brave in death.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION FROM DEATH AT SEA.

MR EDITOR,

I SEND you a translation of a most interesting letter, addressed to a German gentleman, now resident in Hamburg, from whom I received it, with permission to make what use of it I should think proper. I have translated it most literally; and though perhaps rather long for your Miscellany, I was unwilling to weaken its effects by the omission of any passage. The writer is still living, a man of very rare endowments, and the author of several fine Poems, one of which, on the Immortality of the Soul, I hope to translate for some future Number.

H. M.

DEAR FRIEND,

You have often asked me to describe to you on paper an event in my life, which, at the distance of thirty years I cannot look back to without horror. No words can give an adequate image of the miseries I endured during that fearful night, but I shall try to give you something like a faint shadow of them, that from it your soul may conceive what I must have suffered,



I was, you know, on my voyage back to my native country, after an absence of five years spent in unintermitting toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven by a singular fatality. Our voyage had been most cheerful and prosperous, and on Christmas-day we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part, I was the very happiest man in existence. I had been unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence—my Parents were longing once more to behold their erring but beloved Son, and I knew that there was one dearer even than any parent, who had remained faithful to me through all my misfortunes, and would soon become mine for life.

About eight o'clock in the evening, I went on deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind, at the rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild grandeur in the night. A strong snow-storm blew, but steadily and without danger; and now and then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the sleety and misty darkness, we saw, for some distance round us, the agitated sea all tumbling with foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship kept boldly on her course, close-reefed, and mistress of the storm. I leant over the gunwale, admiring the water rushing past like a foaming cataract, when, by some unaccountable accident, I lost my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into the sea.

I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my body, and a hurried leaping of my heart, as I felt myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and afterwards a sensation of the most icy chilliness from immersion into the waves,—but nothing resembling a fall or precipitation. When below the water I think that a momentary belief rushed across my mind that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs, and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after me, as I thought, the body of some drowning wretch. On rising to the surface, I recollected in a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry of horror which is in my ears to this day, and often makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek of another person in the extre-

mity of perilous agony. Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment, and the cry I utter in my sleep is said to be something more horrible than a human voice. No ship was to be seen. She was gone for ever. The little happy world to which, a moment before, I had belonged, had swept by, and I felt that God had flung me at once from the heart of joy, delight, and happiness, into the uttermost abyss of mortal misery and despair. Yes! I felt that the Almighty God had done this,—that there was an act, a fearful act of Providence; and miserable worm that I was, I thought that the act was cruel, and a sort of wild, indefinite, objectless rage and wrath assailed me, and took for a while the place of that first shrieking terror. I gnashed my teeth, and cursed myself,—and with bitter tears and yells blasphemed the name of God. It is true, my friend, that I did so. God forgave that wickedness. The Being whom I then cursed was in his tender mercy not unmindful of me,—of me, a poor, blind, miserable, mistaken worm. But the waves dashed on me, and struck me on the face, and howled at me; and the winds yelled, and the snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes,—and the ship, the ship was gone, and there was I left to struggle, and buffet, and gasp, and sink, and perish, alone, unseen, and unpitied by man, and as I thought too, by the everlasting God. I tried to penetrate the surrounding darkness with my glaring eyes that felt leaping from their sockets, and saw, as if by miraculous power, to a great distance through the night,—but no ship—nothing but white-crested waves, and the dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked, and yelled, that I might be heard by the crew, till my voice was gone,—and that too, when I knew that there were none to hear me. At last I became utterly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud, there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion,—while the waves came upon me like stunning blows, reiterated and reiterated, and drove me along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

Once I muttered to myself, “this is a dream, and I shall awake.” I had often before dreamt of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek out, that the noise might a-

waken me. But oh! the transition, from this momentary and wild hope of its being all a dreadful dream, into the conviction of its reality! That indeed was something more hideous than a fanatic's thought of hell. All at once I felt my inmost soul throttled, strangled, and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That death, which to my imagination had ever appeared the most hideous, and of which I had often dreamt till the drops fell down my forehead like rain, had now in good truth befallen me; but dreadful as all my dreams had been, what were they all to this? I felt as if all human misery were concentrated in the speechless anguish of my own one single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of swimming; but I soon found that I had instinctively been exerting all my power and skill, and both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumultuous wake of the ship. Something struck me harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope of salvation came suddenly over me, and, with a sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew had thrown overboard every thing they thought could afford me the slightest chance of escape from death, and a hencoop had drifted towards me. At once all the stories I had ever read of mariners miraculously saved at sea rushed across my recollection. I had an object to cling to, which I knew would enable me to prolong my existence. I was no longer helpless on the cold-weltering world of waters; and the thought that my friends were thinking of me, and doing all they could for me, gave to me a wonderful courage. I may yet pass the night in the ship, I thought; and I looked round eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to see through the snow-drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship I knew could not be far off, but for any good she could do me, she might have been in the heart of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have altered her course, I must have drifted a long way to leeward, and in that dim snowy night how was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of lightning, and then there was thunder. It

was the ship firing a gun, to let me know, if still alive, that she was somewhere lying to. But wherefore? I was separated from her by a dire necessity,—by many thousand fierce waves, that would not let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed the sound, that scarcely heard above the hollow rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me, that the ship was farther and farther off, till she and her heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did they not send out all their boats to row round and round all the night through, for the sake of one whom they pretended to love so well? I blamed, blessed, and cursed them by fits, till every emotion of my soul was exhausted, and I clung in sullen despair to the wretched piece of wood that still kept me from eternity.

Was it not strange, that during all this time the image of my beloved friends at home never once flashed across my mind? My thoughts had never escaped beyond the narrow and dim horizon of the sea, at least never beyond that fatal ship. But now I thought of home, and the blessed things there, and so intensely bright was that flash of heavenly images, that for a moment my heart filled with happiness. It was terrible when the cold and dashing waves broke over me and that insane dreaming-fit, and awoke me to the conviction that there was nothing in store for me but an icy and lingering death, and that I who had so much to live for, was seemingly on that sole account most miserably to perish.

What a war of passions perturbed my soul! Had I for this kept my heart full of tenderness, pure, lofty, and heroic, for my best-beloved and long-betrothed? Had God kept me alive through fevers and plagues, and war and earthquake, thus to murder me at last? What mockery was all this? What horror would be in my gray-haired parents' house when they came to hear of my doom. "O Theresa! Theresa!" And thus I wept and turmoiled through the night. Sometimes I had little or no feeling at all—sullen and idealess. I wished myself drowned at once—yet life was still sweet; and in my weakened state I must have fallen from my frail vessel and been swallowed up, had I not, though even now I cannot remember when, or how,

bound myself to it. I had done so with great care—but a fit of despair succeeding, I forgot the circumstance entirely, and in that situation looked at myself with surprise and wonder.

That I had awful thoughts of the Eternity into which I felt gradually sinking, is certain; but it is wonderful how faintly I thought of the future world. All such thoughts were overthrown by alternate hope and despair connected with this life. Once, when I had resigned myself to death, and was supplicating the mercy of our Redeemer, I thought I heard the shrill cry of sea-birds flying over my head—and instantly I returned again to the hope of life. O for such wings! but mine I thought were broken, and like a wounded bird I lay floating powerlessly on the waves.

The night before I had had a severe rheumatism in my head, and now remembered that I had somewhere about me a phial of laudanum. I swallowed the whole of it—and ere long a strange effect was produced. I fell into a delirium, and felt a wild pleasure in dancing along over the waves. I imagined myself in a vessel and on a voyage, and had a dreamy impression that there was connected with it something of glory. Then I believed, in a moment after, that I had been bound, thrown overboard, and forsaken, by a mutinous Crew. As these various fancies alternated, I recollect, in my delirium, bursting out into loud peals of laughter—singing to myself—and huzzaing with a mad kind of enjoyment. Then, suddenly, a cold tremulous sickness would fall on me—a weight of sadness and despair. Every now and then there came these momentary flashings of reality; but the conviction of my personal identity soon gave way to those wilder fits, and I drifted along through the moonless darkness of the roaring night, with all the fierce exultation of a raving madman. No wonder. The laudanum, the cold, the wet, the dashing, the buffeting, the agony, were enough to account for all this, and more than my soul dare even now to shadow out to her shuddering recollection. But as God pitied the miserable, so also has he forgiven the wicked thoughts of that unimaginable night.

During one of these delirious fits,—whether it was a dream or a reality I know not,—but methought I heard

the most angelical music that ever breathed from heaven. It seemed to come on the winds—to rise up from the sea—to melt down from the stormy clouds. It was at last like a full band of instrumental music, soft, deep, wild, such as I have heard playing on board a ship of war. I saw a white gleam through the snow—I heard a rushing noise with the music,—and the glorious ghost of a ship went roaring past me, all illuminated with lamps—her colours flying—every sail set, and her decks crowded with men. Perhaps a real ship sailed by with festivity on board. Or was it a vision? Whatever it was, I felt no repining when it passed me by; it seemed something wholly alien to me; the delirium had swallowed up all fear, all selfishness; the past and future were alike forgotten, and I kept floating along, self-questioned no longer, assured that I was somehow or other a part of the waves and the tempest, and that the wonderful and beautiful vision that had sailed by me was an aboriginal Creature of the Ocean. There was unspeakable pride and grandeur in this delirium. I was more intensely conscious of a brightened existence than I ever was in the most glorious dream, and instead of fearing death, I felt as if I were immortal.

This delirium, I think, must have gradually subsided during a kind of sleep, for I dimly recollect mixed images of pain and pleasure, land and sea, storm and calm, tears and laughter. I thought I had a companion at my side, even her I best loved; now like an angel comforting me, and now like myself needing to be comforted, lying on my bosom cold, drenched, despairing, and insane, and uttering, with pale quivering lips, the most horrid and dreadful imprecations. Once I heard, methought, a voice crying from below the waves, “Hast thou forgot Theresa?” And looking down, I saw something like the glimmering of a shroud come slowly upwards, from a vast depth, to the surface of the water. I stooped down to embrace it, and in a moment a ghastly blue-swollen face, defeatured horribly, as if by gnawing teeth of sea-monsters, dashed against mine; and as it sank again, I knew well to whom belonged the black streaming hair. But I awoke. The delirium was gone,

and I was at once a totally different creature. I awoke into a low, heartless, quaking, quivering, fear-haunted, cowardly, and weeping despondency, in which all fortitude was utterly prostrated. The excitement had worn out my very soul. A corpse rising out of a cold clammy grave could not have been more woe-begone, spiritless, bloodless. Every thing was seen in its absolute dreadful reality. I was a Castaway—no hope of rescue. It was broad day-light, and the storm had ceased; but clouds lay round the horizon, and no land was to be seen. What dreadful clouds! Some black as pitch, and charged with thunder; others like cliffs of fire; and here and there all streamered over with blood. It was indeed a sullen, wrathful, and despairing sky. The sun itself was a dull brazen orb, cold, dead, and beamless. I beheld three ships afar off, but all their heads were turned away from me. For whole hours they would adhere motionless to the sea, while I drifted away from them; and then a rushing wind would spring up, and carry them one by one into the darkness of the stormy distance. Many birds came close to me, as if to flap me with their large spreading wings, screamed round and round me, and then flew away in their strength, and beauty, and happiness.

I now felt myself indeed dying. A calm came over me. I prayed devoutly for forgiveness of my sins, and for all my friends on earth. A ringing was in my ears, and I remember only the hollow fluctuations of the sea with which I seemed to be blended, and a sinking down and down an unfathomable depth, which I thought was Death, and into the kingdom of the eternal Future.

I awoke from insensibility and oblivion with a hideous racking pain in my head and loins, and in a place of utter darkness. I heard a voice say, "Praise the Lord." My agony was dreadful, and I cried aloud. Wan, glimmering, melancholy lights kept moving to and fro, I heard dismal whisperings, and now and then a pale silent ghost glided by. A hideous din was over head, and around me the fierce dashing of the waves. Was I in the land of spirits? But why strive to recount the mortal pain of my recovery, the soul-humbling grati-

tude that took possession of my being? I was lying in the cabin of a ship, and kindly tended by a humane and skillful man. I had been picked up apparently dead and cold. The hand of God was there. Adieu, my dear friend. It is now the hour of rest, and I hasten to fall down on my knees before the merciful Being who took pity upon me, and who, at the intercession of our Redeemer, may, I hope, pardon all my sins. Yours, \* \* \* \*

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TOPOGRAPHY OF TROY.

MR EDITOR,

THE following communication, sent me in a letter from my friend Mr Kirkpatrick, being of considerable importance in a question of classical topography which has excited much inquiry, I beg to send it you for publication in your Magazine; and I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

T. L. D.

"Athens, 14th July 1817.

—————"We visited both Clarke's and Chevalier's seat of Troy, and with regard to the former we made a curious discovery, which completely overturns his theory; viz. that what he calls the Simois, and was formerly called the Callifat Osmack, does not join the Scamander at all. We rode from the mouth of the Scamander up to the mountains, and did not find that any river joined it, not even the Thymbreck, as laid down in Kauffer's map. On the contrary, the Callifat Osmack and the Thymbreck join together, and run in a course of their own to the sea, near the tomb of Ajax. The mistake must have arisen from the quantity of rain which covers the plain in winter, and which probably causes a confusion in the discovery of the actual junction of the rivers. Chevalier's Troy is in a charming situation. We followed the course of the Scamander, which is now a marshy stream, down to what he calls the old channel, which is still perfectly distinct, and must have been a discovery that gave him great delight. The making of the new canal is in the memory of many persons living. We followed it till we reached the mills it was intended to turn," &c.

NOTICES OF THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

IN a late memoir of the Earl of Charlemont, written with that copiousness which belongs to modern biography, we are presented with a curious account of Dr Blacklock's connexion with Mr Hume. This account, which seems to be erroneous in every particular, is extracted from the papers of the noble earl; and his biographer must evidently have adopted it without examination, for the means of detecting its errors were sufficiently obvious. The subject is not in itself of very high interest or importance: the truth however of history can never be considered as immaterial; and my commentary on this passage may perhaps serve to evince with what extreme caution literary anecdotes ought frequently to be received.

"Of all the philosophers of his sect," says Lord Charlemont, "none, I believe, ever joined more real benevolence to its mischievous principles than my friend Hume. His love to mankind was universal and vehement; and there was no service he would not cheerfully have done to his fellow creatures, excepting only that of suffering them to save their souls in their own way. He was tender-hearted, friendly, and charitable in the extreme, as will appear from a fact, which I have from good authority. When a member of the university of Edinburgh, and in great want of money, having little or no paternal fortune, and the collegiate stipend being very inconsiderable, he had procured, through the interest of some friend, an office in the university, which was worth about forty pounds a year. On the day when he had received this good news, and just when he had got into his possession the patent, or grant entitling him to his office, he was visited by his friend Blacklock, the poet, who is much better known by his poverty and blindness, than by his genius. This poor man began a long descant on his misery, bewailing his want of sight, his large family of children, and his utter inability to provide for them, or even to procure them the necessaries of life. Hume, unable to bear his complaints, and destitute of money to assist him, ran instantly to his desk, took out the grant, and presented it to his miserable friend, who received it with exultation, and whose

name was soon after, by Hume's interest, inserted instead of his own. After such a relation, it is needless that I should say any more of his genuine philanthropy and generous beneficence." (*Hardy's Memoirs of the Earl of Charlemont*, vol. i. p. 16.)

From this statement, so utterly destitute of foundation, the character of Hume can derive no new lustre. In the first place, Mr Hume never held any office whatsoever in the university of Edinburgh, and therefore could never bestow its emoluments on Dr Blacklock. His only office of a literary denomination, was that of librarian to the Faculty of Advocates; but it is equally certain that this could not have been transferred to his amiable friend; and he represents its emoluments as amounting to little or nothing. Blacklock married in the year 1762, and from that period Hume could not be "destitute of money to assist him;" for his connexion with the Earl of Hertford commenced in 1763; and in 1769 he returned to Edinburgh with an income of one thousand pounds a year. (*Life of Hume*, p. 14.) After this preparation, the reader will not feel much surprise on being informed that Dr Blacklock never had any children, and that he was very far from living in a state of abject poverty. His widow, as I am assured by a gentleman who was well acquainted with her, was left in comfortable circumstances.

Having thus disposed of the facts which his lordship has been pleased to state, I may be permitted to remark, that I consider his criticism as equally liable to exception; nor will it be very generally admitted, that Blacklock "is much better known by his poverty and blindness, than by his genius." To the opinion of this noble writer, it may not here be improper to oppose that of Mr Mackenzie, certainly not a less competent judge of polite literature than the Earl of Charlemont. "It may be allowed me," he observes, "to express my opinion in general, that in this collection of poems, the reader will find those qualities of fancy, tenderness, and sometimes sublimity in the thoughts, of elegance, and often force in the language, which characterise the genuine productions of the poetical talent." (*Mackenzie's Life of Dr Blacklock*, p. 15, prefixed to his *Poems*. Edinb. 1793, 4to.) It is re-

marked by Mr Burke, that "few men blessed with the most perfect sight, can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man." (*Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful*, p. 324.) The subsequent passage of Denina, which has repeatedly been quoted, contains still higher praise; and it would be easy to subjoin the favourable testimony of many other respectable writers. "Blacklock sarà a' posteri una favola, come è adesso un prodigio. E' parà un finto problema, che un uomo affatto cieco dall'età di tre anni, oltre d'esser divenuto sì valente maestro di varie lingue, Greca, Latina, Italiana, e Francese, sia ancor nella propria lingua un gran poeta, e senza aver quasi mai veduto luce, sia singolarmente felice nelle descrizioni." (*Discorso sopra le Vicende della Letteratura*, p. 225. ed. Glasgow, 1763, 8vo.)

Some readers may perhaps consider me as guilty of trifling, if I should add that the Latin epitaph on Blacklock, written by his friend Dr Beattie, contains the following mistake:—"Thomæ Blacklock, D. D." that is, *Divinitatis Doctori*. See Dr Anderson's *British Poets*, vol. xi. p. 1156.—It is the more necessary to point out this mistake, as it may be found in many other Latin compositions. See, for example, the dedication of a late edition of the *Musæ Etonenses*, Popham, *Selecta Poemata Anglorum*, page 416. Wakefield, *Silva Critica*, par. iii. p. 90. In the preface to his edition of Lucretius, Wakefield speaks of "Gulielmus Jackson, B. D." D. I.

#### A PORTUGUESE MISS M'AVOY.

MR EDITOR,

I AM glad to see that your intelligent correspondent G. is going on with the subject of animal magnetism, which he commenced in a manner so amusing in your Number for October. With the present state of that controversy (if controversy it can be called) on the Continent, I am very imperfectly acquainted; but as every thing is useful which contains facts, I have resolved to send you an extract from an old German book which I picked up the other day at a sale. The story is so old, that it takes away all the charm of originality from the tales of Miss

M'Avoy and Mathæus Schurr. But G. will be best able to judge of its value.

"According to the reports of all travellers, there is at this moment in Lisbon a most remarkable woman, by name Donna Laura Pedegache, who possesses from heaven the gift of seeing into the bosom of earth, and through the body of man. This faculty was first discovered when she was only three years old, by the following circumstance. One day the maid brought her a dish of pottage at the usual time of supper; but the little donzella would none of it, exclaiming, 'No pottage, but the baby—the baby.' The maid replied, 'There is no baby; take your pottage:' but she still persisted; and being interrogated more closely by her mother, mentioned that she had seen a little baby in the inside of the maid. This was supposed at the time to be mere nonsense, but was soon after confirmed in a melancholy manner, the maid being found one morning hanged up in her garters, and a newborn infant in the bed. From this time the girl was carefully shunned by many acquaintances of the family, but received with great attention by others. Among the rest, a certain Duchess da Salina, wife to the Sicilian ambassador, sent for her one day, and addressed her in these words: 'I have been married these ten years, and have as yet had no family; but I perceive that my condition is now altered. If I have a son, then, blessed be God, the duke my husband shall not want an heir. Use the gift of God, and declare to me what is the truth.' The young girl, upon this, answered without the least hesitation, 'Your prayers have been heard: I perceive that there are in your womb two children, a girl with red hair, and a boy with black;—as was shortly afterwards proved to be the truth, to the great joy of the whole house of Salina.

"When she grew up, she proved a great protection to the family, for she detected all thefts of servants, even although these were committed in rooms far off, and separated from her presence by the thickest walls; inso-much, that when she was about the age of eighteen years, the Academy at Paris, having heard wonderful things of her, sent a request to her husband, that she might be allowed to display

her singular gifts in their hall. He, however, although he was himself a Frenchman, did not comply with their very reasonable entreaties, but answered them in these terms: 'Monsieur la Barre presents his compliments to Messieurs the Academicians, and would willingly have sent Madame, had he himself possessed the same power of seeing what passes at a distance, with which his wife has the good luck to be endowed.'

"A circumstance which occurred since that period has justified the prudential refusal of M. la Barre. Madame had been for some months suspected by several friends of carrying on an intrigue with a certain lord of the court. But to find any proof against her was extremely difficult, as she always had her wits about her, and discovered the approach of her husband, in particular, at the distance of half a French league. But Providence does not consent that its gifts should be abused to the promotion of guilt. The shock of an earthquake one day drove down the wall of the house, and discovered her with her paramour, to the whole crowd of the passengers. Her shame was now apparent, and her husband might easily have procured a divorce; but he was too cautious a person to adopt that measure, in regard to one endowed with gifts of so estimable a nature. His friends reproached him with his mean submission; but he told them plainly, 'That his wife had often excused him similar peccadillos, and that of a truth he could not afford to lose her.' The meaning of which was this: The donna seldom walks out into the fields, but she by her gift makes discovery of some pot of concealed treasure, diamonds, silver basins of antique workmanship, or the like, to the great profit of her husband's estate. She can see any thing of precious materials, even to the distance of thirty yards below the surface of the earth. Besides, she gains great advantage to her husband, who is a physician, by observing the secret internal causes of many of his patients' complaints. Extravasated blood, obstructions in the bowels, diseases of the liver, tumors and tubercles—nothing can escape the notice of this female Esculapius. She is the cause of more cures than any

doctor since the days of Machaon himself.

"Whether these admirable properties be natural in her body, or acquired by intercourse with some gnomes, or other creatures different from us, is still much doubted. The doctors of the Inquisition once threatened to examine her, and sent an alguazil to summon her. But she, instead of coming, sent such a letter to the president, that it is commonly said, thenceforth the holy brethren had more fear of her than she of them."

The book from which this is extracted is entitled, "*Lehrreiche Nachrichten für einen reisenden in verschiedene Europäische Staaten. Von P. G. v. K. Berlin, 1738.*" Who P. G. v. K. was, I leave to be discovered by those more deeply acquainted with German literature than I pretend to be. But the story he tells, whether true or false, is at least curious on this account, that it was written and published long before any one had heard either of Mesmer or of his discoveries. Your friend G. proposes a marriage between Mein Herr Schurr and Miss M'Avoy. From what I have heard of the Liverpool Miss, I have no doubt the match would do; but I doubt whether every Portuguese young lady would wish to have a Donna Laura for her bridesmaid. And remain your obedient servant,

C. W.

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VINDICATION OF DRUMMOND OF  
HAWTHORNDEN, AGAINST THE  
ATTACK OF MR GIFFORD IN HIS  
EDITION OF BEN JONSON.

MR GIFFORD is the most acute, learned, and judicious, of all the Commentators or Editors of our dramatic literature. But the temper of his mind is scornful and intolerant. He often treats the most venial errors—the slightest mistakes—the very semblance of ignorance in his predecessors, with unmitigable ferocity; while he attacks, what may appear to him more serious offences against morality or good faith, with such murderous inflictions, that we think less of the culprit than the executioner, and lose sight altogether of the crime in the punishment. There was much of this needless asperity in his celebrated satirical poem—

in his notes to Massinger, poor Messrs Coxeter and Monck Mason, enjoying no respite from the most lacerating flagellation—in the preface to his second edition he fleas alive the Edinburgh Reviewer of the first, and then rubs him over with gunpowder—in the Quarterly Review he has often revivified the obsolete practice of torture—and, in his life of Ben Jonson, leaving “such small gear,” he flies at nobler game, and aims to fix his poisonous talons in the heart of Drummond of Hawthornden,—who, as a Poet, stands confessedly in the very first rank of British genius; and who, as a man, was, we know, universally esteemed, honoured, and beloved.

We are desirous of speaking of Mr Gifford with the respect due to his character. But we think that in this he has, as it were, dug up with profane hands the consecrated ashes of the dead, and given them to the winds with mockery and insult. All that ever has been foolishly said against the character of Ben Jonson, by those ignorant writers whom Mr Gifford has refuted and exposed, fades into nothing when compared with his own wrathful denunciations against the memory of Drummond, whom he treats as if he had been the lowest, vilest, basest, and most wicked of mankind. His language respecting Drummond is indeed very like that of insanity—for, not satisfied with cursing the object of his hatred, he speaks spitefully of the country that gave him birth,\* and suffers his vigorous mind

to sink, like that of the meanest driver, into the very common sewer of filthy national prejudice.

known or thought little about Shakspeare. We are so little acquainted with his opinions of his contemporaries, that it is, at the best, rash to make any such assertion. But when Mr Gifford says, that Drummond probably never read a play of our great Poet—he speaks unadvisedly. He himself knows, that “*Love’s Labour Lost*” was in Drummond’s library; and he ought also to have known that “*Romco and Juliet*” was among the number of volumes given by him to the University of Edinburgh. When he places Shakspeare’s name after that of Sir W. Alexander, he is evidently not wishing to give any preference to the former, as Mr G. insinuates, but merely follows an accidental collocation,—and Mr G. does not seem to hold in mind, that D. is not speaking of Shakspeare as a Dramatic Poet at all, but as a writer of love-verses, and probably alludes to his sonnets, &c. At all events, it is truly ridiculous in Mr Gifford to call the simple mention of Shakspeare’s name by Drummond, “his character” of him. If Drummond was not well-acquainted with Shakspeare, it was, at least, not owing to any want of capacity to understand him. It may not be amiss to allude to another instance of Mr Gifford’s perverse dislike of this most amiable man. In the year 1626, (Mr G. says inaccurately about 1627,) Drummond gave to the library of his Alma Mater, a donation of books, which the editors of the folio edition call “a noble present.” Mr Gifford’s bile is raised by this very harmless and true expression—and forthwith declares it to have been “a collection of rubbish, not worth the hire of the cart that took it away.” It is not worth our while to give the lie to this very impudent assertion. The names of Churchyard, Derricke, Gawin Douglass, Earl of Surrey, Ben Jonson, Christopher Marlow, Shakspeare, Spenser, and Sydney, are all to be found in the catalogue reprinted in 1715. And perhaps Mr Gifford does not know, that the books contained in that catalogue, were little more than half of those which, at various times, Drummond presented to the same library. Mr Gifford speaks with delight of Ben Jonson’s great liberality in giving any books to his friends—but he will not allow any credit to the hated Drummond, for still greater generosity. This shews, as we said, the miserable perversion of his mind on every thing connected with the object of his abuse.—Let us conclude this long note with another still more glaring piece of injustice and misrepresentation. Drummond says of Jonson, “*he was for any religion as being versed in both.*” Mr Gifford on this remarks, “the logic of this passage is only to be equalled by its candour. *He was well versed in theology,*

\* He says to Mr A. Chalmers, who is really writing very temperately and judiciously respecting Drummond’s supposed offence, “Mr Chalmers has heard, perhaps, of a *legacy of half-a-crown left to a hungry Scotsman to fire off a pistol, which the ruffian who loaded it had not the courage to discharge!*” And yet Mr Gifford is a scholar and a GENTLEMAN. Such is his abhorrence of Drummond, that he would fain sink his poetical character entirely; and speaks of him just as he would of an ordinary person who possessed no superior endowments. He goes so far as to say, that his popularity is very much owing to a panegyric upon Shakspeare, attributed to him, and quoted by Jonson’s Biographers from the folio edition of 1711, but which does not exist there, being, as it is well-known, the fabrication of Shiels, who compiled, for the booksellers, “*Cibber’s Lives of the Poets.*” This is not a little whimsical. Mr Gifford also asserts, that Drummond seems to have



When or how Jonson's intercourse with Drummond commenced has never been detailed,—but every one has heard of his journeying on foot from London, to visit his friends in Scotland, and spend some time at Hawthornden. That he was gratified with the affectionate entertainment of his friends, and, in short, perfectly delighted with his excursion,—every testimony that is known expressly informs us.

While at Hawthornden, in an unlucky hour Drummond sat down and recorded part of the conversations he had with Jonson. His reasons for doing so may be easily guessed at, without recurring to the unworthy motives recently attributed to him. To talk of his competency, or his incompetency for such a task, is worse than idle,—the propriety of the action, with the manner he has performed it, are what alone should be inquired into, since this unfortunate paper having been brought to public view, he becomes amenable for the deed. That it was done with the desire of forming a malignant libel—that it proceeded from a spirit of deliberate falsehood, or the wish to injure or destroy the character of his friend (as has so fearlessly been asserted), no unprejudiced mind would venture to affirm,—and every fact with which we are acquainted, most positively contradicts Drummond's having entertained the most distant prospect, or the slightest wish, of the paper ever being transferred from the private recesses of his own study.

The whole matter of accusation is comprised in little more than two pages of Drummond's works, printed at Edinburgh 1711, wherein the offensive paper first appeared. This professes to give the "Heads," and but the *heads* only, of their Conversations on Literary Affairs; and from this Jonson's Biographers have derived some of the circumstances they relate of his private life. They express no doubts of their authenticity, as they allow them to have come from his own mouth. Mr Gifford, it is

*therefore he was without religion.*" Alas! Mr Gifford, is this your logic and your candour? We may well apply to you, what you most unjustly said of Drummond—"What religion Gifford was versed in, I know not; certainly not that which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'"

true, finds fault with their being so few and scanty, and on that score rails at Drummond's want of liberality. To this it may be answered, that Drummond perhaps gave all that he received, as every one knows how unpleasant all inquiries are, when too inquisitively made into private concerns, and how few feel at all disposed to relate minutely what may be connected with their personal history. Besides, what profession has he made of composing memoirs of the life of his friend.

Of this document, however, by far the greatest part consists of opinions which Jonson delivered of some poetical contemporaries, with his judgment of their works. Whalley (Mr G.'s predecessor) says, "Such was Jonson's opinion of authors ancient and modern; and if we except an instance or two, where he seemeth to have been influenced by personal prejudice, we may safely trust his integrity and judgment." According to Mr d'Israeli, they "shew the utter contempt he entertained of some spirits as noble as his own,"—and why should they be disputed, or discredited, since they are consistent with the sentiments on these points which Jonson is otherwise reported to have entertained, and when such contempt was sufficiently manifested in his conduct, to corroborate all that is there stated. Indeed, according to Mr Gifford, "Even thus, however, without one qualifying word, without one introductory or explanatory line, there is *little in them that can be disputed*; while the vigour, perspicuity, and integrity of judgment, which they uniformly display, are certainly worthy of commendation."

The passage, however, on which Mr Gifford founds his railing abuse of Drummond, is as follows:

"Ben Jonson was a great Lover and Praiser of himself, a Contemner and Scornor of others, given rather to lose a Friend than a Jest; jealous of every Word and Action of those about him, especially after Drink, which is one of the Elements in which he lived; a Dissembler of the Parts which reign in him; a Bragger of some Good that he wanted, thinketh nothing well done but what either himself or some of his Friends have said or done; he is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself interprets best Sayings and Deeds often to the worst. He was for any Reli-

gion, as being versed in both; oppressed with Fancy, which hath over-mastered his Reason, a general disease in many Poets. His Inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excelles in a Translation.”\*

Such is the face and front of Drummond's mighty offence; and, in truth, such a character from the pen of a professed friend, is not over flattering. But because unfavourable, must it therefore be the further from the truth? If our knowledge of the character of Jonson depended solely upon Drummond's report; were there no other information from other quarters to corroborate it; had the "Picture" of such a Man rested alone on this analysis of his temper and conduct;—we might with some reason feel inclined to disbelieve it, or wish to discredit it, or even attribute it to some base and unworthy motive. But is it not borne out by what is known otherwise of Jonson, and even by what may be found in Mr Gifford's own pages? Are not such opinions more likely to be correct, as formed from intimate acquaintance and personal observation, than the imaginary ideas of self-deluding writers of the present day, resting upon some scattered hints or obscure notices?

It may by some be thought necessary that, to vindicate Drummond, it should be shewn that his delineation is not surcharged—but this is far from our desire—and this has been too often,—and, in spite of Mr G.'s endeavours, has but too successfully been done. That it is severe need not be said—that it may even be somewhat heightened we may allow; but, might not Drummond feel symptoms of displeasure, or even disgust, when he had the opportunity of near observance of the habits, the temper, the conduct of his guest, and after all, the most sincere friendship for any one—does not necessarily suppose, that therefore we can approve or commend all his principles, his motives, or actions.

I need not quote all the senseless abuse which Mr Gifford has poured out against Drummond. Suffice it to say, that he asserts Jonson's reception at Hawthornden proceeded from the "mere semblance of affection," and that he was "inveigled there" by "a libeller" and "a treacherous ally," in order to injure him—to betray the

friendly confidence of his unsuspecting guest—to blazon forth his vices—and ruin his reputation for ever.

Drummond is said to have "had a depraved mind"—to have "caught the softest moment to destroy the confidence of his guest"—and that he "only sought to injure the man whom he had decoyed under his roof." "He was guilty of the blackest perfidy"—he was "an accomplished artificer of fraud"—and "complacently sat down after his prayers to destroy Jonson's character, as he fondly hoped, for ever!"

To show how groundless and malicious these railings at Drummond are—what influence could the heads of conversation have in contributing to (I use Mr Gifford's words) "the persevering enmity which pursued him (Jonson) through life?"—What effect could they have against one, who, in 1601, openly complained to the public of "Detractors" and "Detractions," when they were not written till 1619? Was it not natural to believe, that one, who, in 1607, speaks of

"—some, whose throats, their envy failing, Cry hoarsely, *all he writes is railing,*"

should expect to raise up enemies to himself, whose natural temper and arrogance were sufficient to arm many against him. Why then rail at Drummond as his only enemy?

What does Mr Gifford mean by saying, that this paper "was published without shame," when it remained unknown for more than half a century after Drummond's death! Should Mr G. find himself inclined to accuse Drummond for writing, or leaving behind in writing, what might be laid hold of by malice, or by prejudice,—let me ask him, is it fair or candid to do this so violently as he has done, on the credit of garbled excerpts?—I will not add, of falsified additions, as these Mr G. has himself exposed. The Editor of that paper speaks most explicitly, as to what he published, being merely the *heads of what was written*—nay, the paper itself bears marks decided enough of this.

Then, why presume to assert, on such slippery grounds, and directly in the face of the most positive evidence to the contrary, that Drummond "blazed forth the vices of Jonson,—and bequeathed them to posterity,"—that under the specious mask

\* Drummond's Works, 1711, p. 226.

of friendship, he inveigled him into his house, to "blast and ruin his reputation for ever." Had such been Drummond's desires, would all that is said have sufficed for their accomplishment? Might not he have rendered the whole tenfold more hideous, or more calumnious, without its appearing to be more unseemly than some would wish to make the little that is done? Had such been his wish, why did he not throw off his mask when the foe aimed at was unable to resist—at a time when others of "his enemies had too little respect for his enfeebled condition to forego so good an opportunity of insulting with impunity?"—or, if afraid of his convalescence, (as Drummond survived Jonson for twelve years,) why did he not, after Jonson's death, publish what he was afraid to do when alive?

We conclude, with an opinion from which we scarcely think any unprejudiced mind will dissent, that in committing to paper these heads of conversation, Drummond of Hawthornden had no evil intention whatever—that in them he has confined himself strictly to the truth—that though, doubtless, foolish persons have made use of them to calumniate Jonson, yet that, had they never existed, the charges contained in them against Jonson would, nevertheless, have been made, for in his life and conduct there is foundation for them all—that all Mr Gifford's talk about decoying, and enveigling, and betraying, and sacrificing of Jonson, is a foolish libel on Drummond—and that, as it has been said that all men are mad on one subject or other, this seems to be the one by which the reason of the Editor of Ben Jonson is oermastered. L.

LETTER TO MR JAMES HOGG.

MY DEAR HOGG,

I AM desirous of talking with you for a few minutes about a strange sort of an Essay, now publishing piecemeal in Constable's Edinburgh Magazine, on your life and writings. When I saw it announced in the Newspaper-advertisement, a cold tremor came over me, for I never doubted that you had died suddenly, and that your name had at last got into an Obituary. I am happy to understand, however,

that you are in good health and spirits at Eltrive-Lake, and preparing for publication two volumes of Tales, which I hope will be greater favourites with the world than some of your late works, and, may I add without offence, a little better deserving of popularity. This idea of publishing memoirs of the Life of a Man, before that life is terminated, seems to me not a little absurd; and, in the present case, the execution of the plan is as original as the conception. It really would seem as if the Writer had sat down with the intention of trying how ridiculous he could make both you and himself; and, though your genius and talents are proof against any such attack, I most willingly acknowledge, that the Essayist's efforts upon himself have been crowned with complete success, and that he has made himself the subject of very general and sincere merriment.

Poets, my good friend, are notorious for their vanity, and it is possible that you may be gratified by this outrageous eulogy. If so, pray consider for a moment what I now tell you. All the good folks in this Town, who know any thing of you or your writings, are walking about with a malicious grin on their faces, and asking one another "who can be the author of this alarming article?" There is a strong disposition to be merry at your expense,—while their curiosity to know the Critic is so great, that were he to exhibit himself in the George Street Assembly Rooms, at a shilling a-head, he would make more money than by writing in the new Series of the Scots Magazine all his days.

Take up your copy of that Magazine, and let us talk over the article paragraph by paragraph. Your Friend being, it is to be presumed, utterly ignorant of all languages but his own, and, as will be seen by-and-by, no great deacon in it, would fain persuade you and himself that nothing is so despicable and hurtful as Erudition. For this purpose, he draws the picture of a certain imaginary class of men, whom he must have seen in a dream, "who look down from their fancied elevation on all those who have not been taught to prate in trim phrase of the philosophical creed that happens to be in fashion, or of certain books written in languages that have ceased to be spoken for many centuries!

To an acquaintance with them every one must be trained, and on them his opinions must be formed, or he can hardly expect to be admitted into good society any more than he should if *his coat were not in fashion!*" Now, my dear Hogg, all this you well know is utter nonsense. I have seen you with my own eyes at a rout with top boots; and the flying Tailor of Ettrick, though like yourself a man of genius, never hits your shape, and leaves the tail of your coat infinitely too long. So far from Greek and Latin being universally studied in Edinburgh, and the knowledge of these tongues a necessary passport into good society, there are not above half-a-dozen people here who could translate your name into the genuine Doric; and I dined yesterday with seventeen young Lawyers of great promise, when one of his Majesty's Depute Advocates was fined in a bumper of salt and water for giving vent to three Latin words, from which fine he was saved by the timely suggestion of another, that he had committed three false quantities. This anecdote ought to set your friend's mind at ease. He is an alarmist. But let him be of good cheer, for, with the exception of Professors Christison and Dunbar, and perhaps the masters of the High-school, some of whom may, like these gentlemen, have a small smattering of Greek (among others your friend Gray), the inhabitants of this Town are as ignorant of that language as our Modern Palladios of the principles of architecture.

But, my worthy fellow, does not your own good sense lead you to despise the Writer who can speak slightly of the languages of the Lords of the ancient world? Though no scholar yourself, I know that you admire those who are, and regret that your want of Education has for ever shut you out from such sources of inspiration. Ignorant of ancient lore, as we are in this City, I did not think it contained such a Hun as the Writer of that Essay—one man who, with blinded eyes, could turn up his nose in derision of what his soul never could have understood. You have written some fine Poetry, and your name will descend to Posterity with credit among the Bards of Scotland; but believe me, that one Drama of a Greek Tragedian is worth all that you and all the other

uneducated Poets in the world ever wrote or ever will write. Do not therefore allow this person to cajole you into his foolish faith, nor believe it possible that you can be the better of sharing in his ignorance.

Having delivered this violent philippic against learning and education, two of the great evils of this life from which he congratulates himself and you on having escaped Scot-free, the old Gentleman (for he must be exceedingly old) proceeds to trace your genius "to what he conceives to be the most favourable situation for its developement." No Poet, he thinks, ever enjoyed such advantages as you. And, first of all, you had the supreme felicity, and incalculable benefit, of being born in Ettrick Forest, which we are told "combines almost all the soft beauty and wild sublimity that Highland scenery exhibits." This, my dear Hogg, you know to be a very great mistake, and that Ettrick Forest, though a most interesting district, scarcely possesses one of the characteristic features of our Highland scenery. He next tells you, what you never suspected before, and cannot possibly believe now, in the face both of tradition and authentic history, that every "cleugh in these vallies is sanctified by the blood of some martyr!" This is rather in contradiction with himself; for he says, in the very same paragraph, "that there the sturdy champions of the Covenant found an asylum," not a very comfortable one it would appear. The inhabitants of Ettrick Forest are, it seems, chiefly descended from these "sturdy champions of the Covenant," and "retain all the noble-mindedness that arises from the consciousness of an illustrious ancestry!" Here the old gentleman waxes still more animated, and declares, "that if he were asked *what People of Britain had suffered least from the evil consequences of excessive refinement, he should answer, without hesitation, the inhabitants of Ettrick and Yarrow!*" Truly, my dear James, every person who has seen you, or indeed any other South-Country Shepherd or Farmer, observes at once that you have suffered very little indeed from excessive refinement; but your Friend must pardon me for thinking that I could exhibit, against all Ettrick, a sturdy Celt from Lochaber or Badenoch, who would

put you all to shame, and shew, in unapproached perfection, all the beauty and glory of barbarism.

Your friend now ventures into particulars, and informs us, that your mother "was one of the most original of women,"—that she soon observed in you "a kindred spirit,"—that to her "the world is indebted for the Queen's Wake," a weight of national debt which can never be wiped off;—"that her mind of great original power was strenuously exerted in the formation of your heart, and the development of your understanding;"—and that she "held you in breathless silence, and fearful, though pleasing agitation, by stories of ghosts, and fairies, and brownies, and witches, and dead lights, &c. &c. &c." Her searching eye "soon marked your talent for versification, and she used to say, "Jamie, my man, gang ben the house and make me a sang." After all this, how distressing is it to find all at once that the old gentleman's memory is quite decayed. From this excellent mother, to whom you are represented as owing so much, indeed every thing, it appears you were separated entirely by domestic poverty, at the age of *seven years!* and that "your boyhood and youth were spent in the solitude of the mountains, with no other moral guardian than the good principles your parents had instilled into your mind, and your own reflections, and no other intellectual guide than nature (i. e. no intellectual or moral guide at all).

The old gentleman now informs us, in very pompous terms, that "you grew up to manhood in a state of servitude; but in you it produced no degradation, and could not repress the noble aspirings of a generous mind, conscious of its own value, leaning with confidence on its resources, and feeling itself equal to great undertakings." I have quoted this inflated passage principally to let it be contrasted with your own simple and beautiful narrative of your early life, in which it appears, that you struggled through many difficulties and hardships with an unshaken spirit; but that for many long years you felt your resources to be but small, and that, as for great undertakings, your ambition was confined to little poetical competitions with brother shepherds as ignorant as yourself, but not, as it afterwards appeared, blessed by Providence with the same genius. Surely

this writer never read your own admirable memoir of yourself; but, as I said before, his memory is sorely decayed.

Born in Ettrick—descended from the Covenanters—educated at home, and by such a mother, until the advanced age of seven years—saved from all the evils of school—with a mind crammed full of ghost-stories—early sent into servitude—untaught the dangerous and pernicious art of penmanship—and ere long imbued with the higher knowledge "of Hervey's Meditations, and an occasional Number of the Scots Magazine!" (then not a discreditable work,) we find you at last in a situation which the old gentleman thinks highly favourable for the development of your most extraordinary genius. "While his flocks were wandering on the summits of the mountains, or in the bosom of a sequestered glen, he had an opportunity of looking on nature freed from the mists of prejudice or the pedantry of books, where she is seldom seen (for seldom read never) in her original forms and native hues."

James, you, who were so long a shepherd, will laugh at all this. You are well acquainted with the hills and valleys of the south of Scotland, and have looked on them occasionally with a Poet's eye. But what is meant by the mists of prejudice? No, no, James, many a mist you have been in, and many a cold shower of sleet—many a blashing day and night has driven in your honest face—many a sore wetting have your good corderoy breeches endured—and many a glass of whisky has the necessity of your situation forced you to drink, much against your inclination, no doubt. This old gentleman, sitting probably at a good coal-fire, with a tumbler of hot toddy before him, and a Number of Constable's and of Blackwood's Magazines slumbering together in peaceful fellowship on his table, talks to James "of the doings of the elements," (and pretty doings they are in a hill-country) "mountain phenomena," "shadowy grandeur," "mysterious communings with thunder," (communings in which, from the strength of his lungs, and loudness of his voice, Thunder must have a manifest advantage over any man), and so forth; but he has never pictured to himself you, James Hogg, commonly called the Ettrick Shepherd, with a great lump of bread and cheese in your fist,

under the bleak shelter of a dripping rock, after a rainy night spent, without sleep, in gathering together the lambs, wearied and worn out into more than natural dulness and stupidity; and kept in life, not by the spirit of poetry, but of malt, and simply wishing that, for Heaven's sake, the weather would but take up a little.

The old gentleman now takes a new crotchet into his head, and is convinced "*that if you were to apply to art as a landscape-painter, you would have no rival.*" I may add, that as you are a man of talents, it is probable you might still make an excellent dentist, and perhaps no contemptible accoucher. But painting and poetry, though sisters, are very unlike each other, and there is no reason to suppose that you could become an equal favourite of both ladies. We, who are your intimate friends, indeed know, that you are wholly ignorant of painting, and that you probably would not admire the finest picture of Guido so much as that of the five rampant beasts on the grass-green cover of the New Series of the Scots Magazine.

I find I shall be too late for the post if I write any more—so good bye, Hogg—and believe me yours, with the sincerest affection, and, if you will have it so, admiration.

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

*Southside, Feb. 1, 1818.*

P. S. I shall write again when the next Number of the Scots Magazine appears.

LETTERS ON SHAKSPEARE.

No. I.—*On Hamlet.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MOST willingly adopt the idea suggested in your last letter, of making the divine Shakspeare the subject of our future correspondence. We have passed many happy hours together in talking over his wonderful creations, and there is something to me truly delightful in recalling to remembrance the dreams, and visions, and fancies, that in bygone times started up in our solitary rambles among the mountains of our magnificent country. Though hundreds of critics have written of him and his works, and though not only all his

characters, but even their most minute and unimportant expressions, have been weighed and sifted, yet such is the boundless range of his intellect, that each Play still retains all the charm of the very freshest novelty, and on each successive perusal a swarm of unexpected ideas seems to rise up from every page. Though the discussion of his genius has been thus incessant, the public mind is still unsated, and we all turn to any criticism upon Shakspeare with an interest and curiosity felt towards no other mortal being. We entertain a kind of religious faith in his Poetry. We have all rejoiced in the broad and open light of his inspiration; and in the midst of that doubt, and darkness, and perplexity, which often brood over his delineations of human passion, we eagerly turn to every voice that tries to explain or elucidate any of those solemn mysteries, being well assured that they all are the mysteries of nature.

On a theme so inexhaustible, and so delightful, there is great difficulty in knowing and in determining where to begin. Each Play seems in succession to be sanctified to our imaginations by some peculiar glory; and so many sublime associations are awakened by them all, that, rather than bind itself down by words and sensible images to the view of one definite subject, the soul loves to run the silent and solitary career of its own meditation. We take up a Play, and ideas come rolling in upon us, like waves impelled by a strong wind. There is in the ebb and flow of Shakspeare's soul all the grandeur of a mighty operation of nature; and when we think or speak of him, it should be with humility, where we do not understand, and a conviction that it is rather to the narrowness of our own ken, than to any failing in the art of the great magician, that we ought to attribute any sense of imperfection, and of weakness, which may assail us during the contemplation of his created worlds.

I believe that our admiration, and wonder, and love of our mighty dramatist are so intense, that we cannot endure any long, regular, and continued criticism upon him, for we know that there is an altitude of his soul which cannot be taken, and a depth that may not be fathomed. We wish rather to have some flashings of thought—some sudden streams of light

thrown over partial regions of the mental scenery,—the veil of clouds here and there uplifted,—and the sound of the cataract to be unexpectedly brought upon the silence. We ask not for a picture of the whole landscape of the soul, nor for a guide who shall be able to point out all its wonders. But we are glad to listen to every one who has travelled through the kingdoms of Shakspeare. Something interesting there must be even in the humblest journal; and we turn with equal pleasure from the converse of them who have climbed over the magnificence of the highest mountains there, to the lowlier tales of less ambitious pilgrims, who have sat on the green and sunny knoll, beneath the whispering tree, and by the music of the gentle rivulet.

All this is but a faint repetition of what you yourself have often said; but I feel the truth of it more forcibly now, that I endeavour to commit to paper any ideas or reflections on subjects so long familiar to me; and when I single out the Tragedy of HAMLET, I enter, as it were, into a wilderness of thought where I know my soul must soon be lost, but from which it cannot return to our every-day world, without bringing back with it some lofty and mysterious conceptions, and a deeper insight into some of the most inscrutable recesses of human nature.

Shakspeare himself, had he even been as great a critic as a poet, could not have written a regular dissertation on Hamlet. So ideal, and yet so real an existence, could have been shadowed out only in the colours of poetry. When a character deals solely or chiefly with this world and its events,—when it acts, and is acted upon, by objects that have a palpable existence, we see it distinctly, as if it were cast in a material mould,—as if it partook of the fixed and settled lineaments of the things on which it lavishes its sensibilities and its passions. We see, in such cases, the vision of an individual soul, as we see the vision of an individual countenance. We can describe both, and can let a stranger into our knowledge. But how tell in words, so pure, so fine, so ideal an abstraction as HAMLET? We can indeed figure to ourselves generally his princely form, that outshone all other manly beauty, and adorn it with the consummation of all liberal accomplishment. We can be-

hold in every look, every gesture, every motion, the future king,

“The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye,  
tongue, sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observ’d of all observers!”

But when we would penetrate into his spirit,—meditate on those things on which he meditates,—accompany him even unto the brink of eternity,—fluctuate with him on the ghastly sea of despair,—soar with him into the purest and serenest regions of human thought,—feel with him the curse of beholding iniquity, and the troubled delight of thinking on innocence, and gentleness, and beauty,—come with him, from all the glorious dreams cherished by a noble spirit in the halls of wisdom and philosophy, of a sudden into the gloomy courts of sin, and incest, and murder,—shudder with him over the broken and shattered fragments of all the fairest creation of his fancy,—be borne with him at once from calm, and lofty, and delighted speculations, into the very heart of fear, and horror, and tribulation,—have the agonies and the guilt of our mortal world brought into immediate contact with the world beyond the grave, and the influence of an awful Shadow hanging for ever on our thoughts,—be present at a fearful combat between all the stirred-up passions of humanity in the soul of one man,—a combat in which one and all of those passions are alternately victorious and overcome,—I say, that when we are thus placed, and thus acted upon, how is it possible to draw a character of this sublime drama, or of the mysterious being who is its moving spirit? In him, his character and his situation, there is a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity. There is scarcely a trait of frailty or of grandeur, which may have endeared to us our most beloved friends in real life, that is not to be found in Hamlet. Undoubtedly Shakspeare loved him beyond all his other creations. Soon as he appears on the stage, we are satisfied. When absent, we long for his return. This is the only Play which exists almost altogether in the character of one single person. Who ever knew a Hamlet in real life? Yet who, ideal as the character is, feels not its reality? This is the wonder. We love him not, we think of him

not, because he was witty,—because he was melancholy,—because he was filial. But we love him because he existed, and was himself. This is the grand sum-total of the impression. I believe that of every other character, either in tragic or epic poetry, the story makes a part of the conception. But of Hamlet, the deep and permanent interest is the conception of himself. This seems to belong, not to the character being more perfectly drawn (for in many things it is very imperfectly drawn, if we are to take them into account), but to there being a more intense conception of individual human life, than perhaps in any other human composition; that is, a being with springs of thought, and feeling, and action, deeper than we can search. These springs rise from an unknown depth, and in that depth there seems to be a *oneness* of being, which we cannot distinctly behold, but which we believe to be there; and thus irreconcilable circumstances, floating on the surface of his actions, have not the effect of making us doubt the truth of the general picture, and we are disposed to believe that all is natural and right, though we are not seldom unable fully to understand what we hear and see. When we know how unlike the action of Shakspeare's mind was to our own,—how deep and unboundedly various his beholdings of men's minds, and of all manifested existence,—how wonderful his celerity of thought, the dartings of his intellect, like the lightning-glimpse, to all parts of his whole range of known being,—how can we tell that we have attained the purposes of his mind? We can reconcile what perhaps others cannot. How can we tell that he could not reconcile what we cannot? We build up carefully our conception of a character. He did not. He found springs of being in his man, and he unlocked them. How can we tell, whither, to his conception, these flowings might tend? How can we know what he meant, by so much in all Hamlet's discourse, in his madness, and every where else, that seems to us to have no direct meaning, no derivation from Hamlet's mind? It is most true, that they do not seem to agree with our ideal conception of Hamlet; but that is what we find in living men; and he would indeed be a sorry philosopher who should be startled by the exhibition of some feeling or passion

in a character from which he had no reason to expect it, as if there were general laws unerringly to guide all the operations of “that wild tumultuous thing the heart of man.”

Indeed there are a thousand suppositions on which many of the most difficult things in this Play may be plausibly explained. Suppose, for example, that Shakspeare meant to indicate the pain and impatience of Hamlet's spirit; and that, ranging wildly and impetuously through its regions of thought, it seizes irregularly and intemperately on what it finds, before it has justified such feelings to itself, or even felt them at all. It stumbles upon them, as it were, in the dark, and utters itself in them, merely because they lie in its way. A sentiment of this kind is to be found in Othello, when we are told that the minds of men, when beset by strong passion, often “love to wrangle with indifferent things.” How do we know what degree or strength of continued passion was meant to be given to the character? We know what degree of passion Shakspeare chose Hamlet to express when surrounded by the poor creatures of a court—coxcombs, and sycophants, and flatterers; but how do we know what he meant him to feel, or conceived of his feelings, waking or sleeping in his bed? He might say, “He has agonies, but I will not shew them. They are not for mens' eyes, nor altogether in my way. But I will indicate them. I will shew them, not in their hidden selves, but in results that are dim shadows of them.”

Indeed, I have often thought, that it is idle and absurd to try a poetical character on the stage, a creature existing in a Play, however like to real human nature it may be, precisely by the same rules which we apply to our living brethren of mankind in the substantial drama of life. No doubt a good Play is an imitation of life, in as far as the actions, and events, and passions, of a few hours can represent those of a whole lifetime. Yet, after all, it is but a segment of a circle that we can behold. Were the dramatist to confine himself to that narrow limit, how little could he achieve. He takes, therefore, for granted, a knowledge, and a sympathy, and a passion in his spectators, that extends to, and permeates the existence of his characters long



anterior to the short period which his art can embrace. He expects, and he expects reasonably, that we are not to look upon every thing acted and said before us absolutely as it is said or acted. It is his business to make us comprehend the whole man from a part of his existence. But we are not to be passive spectators. It is our business to fill up and supply. It is our business to bring to the contemplation of an imaginary drama a knowledge of real life, and no more to cry out against apparent inconsistencies, and violations of character, as we behold them in poetry, than as we every day behold them exemplified by living men. The pageants that move before us on the stage, however deeply they may interest us, are, after all, mere strangers. It is Shakspeare alone who can give to fleeting phantoms the definite interest of real personages. But we ought not to turn this glorious power against himself. We ought not to demand inexorably the same perfect, and universal, and embracing truth of character in an existence brought before us in a few hurried scenes (which is all a Play can be) that we sometimes may think we find in a real being, after long years of intimate knowledge, and which, did we know more, would perhaps seem to us to be truth no longer, but a chaos of the wildest and darkest inconsistencies.

It is, you know, the fashion, and more particularly in Scotland, to deny the genius and the philosophy of Aristotle. This is to be regretted on many accounts, and more especially, because none of the most illustrious Scottish philosophers who have spoken slightly of his works, seem deeply to have read them. His treatise on Poetry is alone worth all the body of modern criticism; and every line that he has written on the Drama is pregnant with wisdom. He says that Tragedy is the representation, (*μimesis*) not of men, but of some action of human life; that therefore, what is most important, is not the characters, but the *συκαρισ* or constitution of the fable, to which the men are merely subordinate. It might seem that Shakspeare's Tragedies are in reversal of this. I think they essentially coincide with it. To our remembrance, the characters appear every thing, and the fable nothing. But of Aristotle's

Tragedy, and of Shakspeare's, the essence is this,—a portion of human life, or of the goings-on of the world, having in itself oneness, that is, a beginning, a middle, and an end, separating it from every thing else, and thus being within itself unity. But Aristotle conceived this internal unity could only be effected by linking together the successive parts of the action, like a chain of causes and effects. Shakspeare knew better. Whatever in nature had unity to his Imagination, afforded subject-matter for a Tragedy; and you will find in all his great Tragedies, that though the characters appear so prominent, the story is yet most essential, gives the sublimity to the whole play, and has in itself a strange undefined completeness. I say it gives the sublimity, because it is the story that binds all the characters to real human life. His Dramas never appear merely like works of Fiction. Each appears like a portion of the real history of Mankind, only with Poetry cast over it. An action (*ακταις*) could never have appeared of such importance to Aristotle, as to be the paramount ground-work and essence of Tragedy, but because it is this which binds the Play to human life, and imparts to it a dignity drawn from our reverence for the destinies of Mankind. A Tragedy is a leaf torn from the Book of Fate. Shakspeare's Story is like nature in this, that you do not see the links of action, but you see powers manifesting themselves with intervals of obscurity. To improve the Plots of his Plays, with all their apparent faults, would be something like improving the History of England. We feel that the things have happened in nature, and for whatever has happened, I presume there is a good reason. Shakspeare's soul is like Intellect, descending into the world, and putting on human life, faculties, and sense, whereby to know the world. It thus sees all things in their beauty and power, and in their true relation to man, and to each other; but not shaken by them, like man. He sees beauty in external nature,—in men's souls,—in children,—in Ariel,—in Imogen,—in thought,—in fancy,—in feeling,—in passion,—in moral being,—in melody,—not in one thing; but wherever it is, he has the discernment of it. So also of Power, and of all other relations and properties of being which the hu-

man Spirit can comprehend. I think that what his character wanted is purity and loftiness of Will, and that almost all the faults of his Plays, and above all, his exceedingly bad jokes belong to this defect. In these he yielded from his nature, though we cannot doubt that his nature had pure delight in all things great and good, lofty, pure, and beautiful. If this be not the truth, where is the solution of the difficulty to be found? Not surely in his yielding in base subservience to the spirit of the age. He was above that, as Milton was above it, and as all the noblest spirits of earth have been before and since.

I feel that I should be guilty of presumption, were I, after all that has been said of Hamlet's character, to attempt giving a regular delineation of it even to a friend. Surely there is in his nature all that exalted and potent spirit, entered into union with bodily life, can produce, from the ethereal breathings of his mind down to the exquisite delicacy of his senses. If there be any thing disproportioned in his mind, it seems to be this only,—that intellect is in excess. It is even ungovernable, and too subtle. His own description of perfect man ending with "In apprehension how like a god!" appears to me consonant with this character, and spoken in the high and over-wrought consciousness of intellect. Much that requires explanation in the Play, may perhaps be explained by this predominance and consciousness of great intellectual power. Is it not possible that the instantaneous idea of feigning himself mad belongs to this? It is the power most present to his mind, and therefore in that, though in the denial of it, is his first thought to place his defence. So might we suppose a brave man of gigantic bodily strength counterfeiting cowardice and imbecility till there came a moment for the rousing up of vengeance—so Brutus, the lover of freedom, assumed the manners of an idiot-slave, till the destined call was heard that brought him out to the deliverance of his country. I scarcely think that moral sensibility was the chief characteristic of his mind, as Richardson has said in his excellent essay, and still less morbid sensibility, as many others have affirmed. But I should say, that the spiritual nature is strong in his mind and per-

fect,—that therefore he is moral and just in all his affections, complete in all his faculties. He is a being of power by high and clear intuition, and not by violence of Will. In him Will seems an exceedingly inferior faculty, only arising at times, in obedience to higher faculties, and always waiting the termination of their conflict.

If there be truth in these very imperfect notions, I do not see why we should wonder greatly at Hamlet's extreme perplexity, depression, and irresolution. All at once there was imposed upon him a greater duty than he knew how to execute. Had his soul been unshaken, and in possession of all its clearness of power, perhaps even then such duty had been too great. It was his business to kill his uncle, without decidedly endangering his own life, and also justifiably to the country. For a mind, which till then had lived only in speculative thought, to find, upon entering the world, such a fearful work to be done in it, was perplexing and appalling. He comes at once into contention with the great powers of the world,—he is to preserve himself among them, and to employ them for the destruction of another. To a high intellectual mind, there is perhaps something repugnant at all times in meddling with such powers, for there is something blind and violent in their motion, and an intellectual mind would desire in action the clearness of thought. Hamlet therefore never gets farther, I believe, than one step—that of self-protection in feigning himself mad. He sees no course clear enough to satisfy his understanding; and with all due deference to those critics in conduct who seem disposed to censure his dilatoriness, I should be glad if any body would point out one. He is therefore by necessity irresolute; but he feels that he is letting time pass; and the consciousness of duty undone weighs down his soul. He thus comes to dread the clear knowledge of his own situation, and of the duties arising from it. He dreads the light of the necessities that are upon him; and when the hour to act comes, he hides himself from it. Sometimes he sets illusions between himself and truth, and sometimes he merely passes, by simple transition, from the painful faculties of his mind, to those he likes better,

We are not justified in asserting that Hamlet had not faculties for action, and that he was purely a meditative spirit. The most actively heroic would have paused in a situation of such overwhelming exigencies, and with such an unhinging shock of feelings. When he does act, he acts with great energy, decision, directness, skill, and felicity of event. Nothing undertaken against him succeeds, except murder, which will succeed against any man; and, perhaps more ostentatious heroes, after they had received their own death-wound, would, unlike Hamlet, have allowed the incestuous king to escape their vengeance.

It has been much canvassed by critics, whether Hamlet's madness was altogether feigned, or in some degree real. Most certain it is, that his whole perfect being had received a shock that had unsettled his faculties. That there was disorder in his soul, none can doubt,—that is, a shaking and unsettling of its powers from their due sources of action. But who can believe for a moment, that there was in his mind the least degree of that, which, with physiological meaning, we call disease? Such a supposition would at once destroy that intellectual sovereignty in his being, which in our eyes, constitutes his exaltation. Shakspeare never could intend that we should be allowed to feel pity for a mind to which we were meant to bow; nor does it seem to me consistent with the nature of his own imagination, to have subjected one of his most ideal beings to such mournful mortal infirmity. That the limits of disorder are not easily distinguishable in the representation, is certain. How should they? The limits of disorder, in reality, lie in the mysterious and inscrutable depths of nature. Neither, surely, could it be intended by Shakspeare, that Hamlet should for a moment cease to be a moral agent, as he must then have been. Look on him upon all great occasions, when, had there been madness in his mind, it would have been most remarkable;—look on him in his mother's closet, or listen to his dying words, and then ask if there was any disease of madness in that soul.

It has often struck me, that the behaviour of Hamlet to Ophelia has appeared more incomprehensible than it really is, from an erroneous opinion generally entertained, that his love for

her was profound. Though it is impossible to reconcile all parts of his conduct towards her with each other, or almost any theory, yet some great difficulties are got over, by supposing that Shakspeare merely intended to describe a youthful, an accidental, and transient affection on the part of Hamlet. There was nothing in Ophelia that could make her the engrossing object of Passion to so majestic a spirit. It would appear, that what captivated him in her, was, that being a creature of pure, innocent, virgin nature, but still of mere nature only,—she yet exhibited, in great beauty, the spiritual tendencies of nature. There is in her frame, the extacy of animal life,—of breathing, light-seeing life betraying itself, even in her disordered mind, in snatches of old songs (not in her own words), of which the associations belong to a kind of innocent voluptuousness. There is, I think, in all we ever see of her, a fancy and character of her affections suitable to this; that is, to the purity and beauty of almost material nature. To a mind like Hamlet's, which is almost perfectly spiritual, but of a spirit loving nature and life, there must have been something touching, and delightful, and captivating in Ophelia, as almost an ideal image of nature and of life. The acts and indications of his love seem to be merely suitable to such a feeling. I see no one mark of that love which goes even into the blood, and possesses all the regions of the soul. Now, the moment that his soul has sickened even unto the death,—that love must cease, and there can remain only tenderness, sorrow, and pity. We should also remember, that the sickness of his soul arose in a great measure from the momentary sight he has had into the depths of the invisible world of female hollowness and iniquity. That other profounder love, which in my opinion he had not, would not have been so affected. It would either have resisted and purged off the baser fire victoriously, or it would have driven him raving mad. But he seems to me to part with his love without much pain. It certainly has almost ceased.

His whole conduct (at least previous to Ophelia's madness and death), is consistent with such feelings. He felt that it became him to crush in Ophelia's heart all hopes of his love. Events had occurred, almost to obli-

terate that love from his soul. He sought her, therefore, in his assumed madness, to shew her the fatal truth, and that in a way not to humble her spirit by the consciousness of being forsaken, and no more beloved; but to prove that nature herself had set an insuperable bar between them, and that when reason was gone, there must be no thought of love. Accordingly, his first wild interview, as described by her, is of that character,—and afterwards, in that scene when he tells her to go to a nunnery, and in which his language is the assumed language of a mind struggling between pretended indifference and real tenderness, Ophelia feels nothing towards him but pity and grief, a deep melancholy over the prostration of his elevated soul.

“O what a noble mind is here o’erthrown.”

Here the genius of Kemble seemed to desert him, and he threw an air of fierceness and anger over the mein and gestures of Hamlet, which must have been far indeed from the imagination of Shakspeare. It was reserved for Kean to restore nature from her profanation. In his gesticulations there is nothing insulting towards such an object. There is a kind of wild bitterness, playing towards her in the words merely,—that she might know all was lost,—but, in the manner of delivering those speeches, he follows the manifest exertion of the divine Bard, and gives to them that mournful earnestness with which a high intellectual mind, conscious of its superiority, and severed by pain from that world of life to which Ophelia belonged, would, in a situation of extreme distress, speak authoritative counsel to an inferior soul. And when, afraid lest the gentle creature whom he deeply pities,—and whom, at that moment, it may well be said, he loves,—might in her heart upbraid him for his cruelty, in spite even of the excuse of his apparent madness,—Kean returns to Ophelia, and kisses her hand; we then indeed feel as if a burst of light broke in upon the darkness,—and truth, and nature, and Shakspeare, were at once revealed.

To you who are so familiar with this divine drama, I need not quote passages, nor use many arguments to prove my position, that Shakspeare never could have intended to represent Hamlet’s love to Ophelia as very profound. If he did, how can we ever

account for Hamlet’s first exclamation, when in the church-yard he learns that he is standing by her grave, and beholds her coffin?

“What, the fair Ophelia!”

Was this all that Hamlet would have uttered, when struck into sudden conviction by the ghastliest terrors of death, that all he loved in human life had perished? We can with difficulty reconcile such a tame ejaculation, even with extreme tenderness and sorrow. But had it been in the soul of Shakspeare, to show Hamlet in the agony of hopeless despair,—and in hopeless despair he must at that moment have been, had Ophelia been all in all to him,—is there in all his writings so utter a failure in the attempt to give vent to overwhelming passion? When, afterwards, Hamlet leaps into the grave, do we see in that any power of love? I am sorry to confess, that the whole of that scene is to me merely painful. It is anger with Laertes, not love for Ophelia, that makes Hamlet leap into the grave. Laertes’ conduct, he afterwards tells us, “put him into a towering passion,—a state of mind which it is not very easy to reconcile, with almost any kind of sorrow for the dead Ophelia. Perhaps, in this, Shakspeare may have departed from nature. But had he been attempting to describe the behaviour of an empassioned lover, at the grave of his beloved, I should be compelled to feel, that he had not merely departed from nature, but that he had offered her the most profane violation and insult.

Hamlet is afterwards made acquainted with the sad history of Ophelia,—he knows, that to the death of Polonius, and his own imagined madness, is to be attributed her miserable catastrophe. Yet, after the burial scene, he seems utterly to have forgotten that Ophelia ever existed; nor is there, as far as I recollect, a single allusion to her throughout the rest of the drama. The only way of accounting for this seems to be, that Shakspeare had himself forgotten her,—that with her last rites she vanished from the world of his memory. But this of itself shews, that it was not his intention to represent Ophelia as the dearest of all earthly things or thoughts to Hamlet, or surely there would have been some melancholy, some miserable hauntings of her image. But even as it is, it seems

not a little unaccountable, that Hamlet should have been so slightly affected by her death.

Of the character of Ophelia, and the situation she holds in the action of the play, I need say little. Every thing about her is young, beautiful, artless, innocent, and touching. She comes before us in striking contrast to the Queen, who, fallen as she is, feels the influence of her simple and happy virgin purity. Amid the frivolity, flattery, fawning, and artifice of a corrupted court, she moves in all the unpolluted loveliness of nature. She is like an artless, gladsome, and spotless shepherdess, with the gracefulness of society hanging like a transparent veil over her natural beauty. But we feel from the first, that her lot is to be mournful. The world in which she lives is not worthy of her. And soon as we connect her destiny with Hamlet, we know that darkness is to overshadow her, and that sadness and sorrow will step in between her and the ghost-haunted avenger of his father's murder. Soon as our pity is excited for her, it continues gradually to deepen: and when she appears in her madness, we are not more prepared to weep over all its most pathetic movements, than we afterwards are to hear of her death. Perhaps the description of that catastrophe by the Queen is poetical rather than dramatic; but its exquisite beauty prevails, and Ophelia, dying and dead, is still the same Ophelia that first won our love. Perhaps the very forgetfulness of her, throughout the remainder of the play, leaves the soul at full liberty to dream of the departed. She has past away from the earth like a beautiful air—a delightful dream. There would have been no place for her in the agitation and tempest of the final catastrophe. We are satisfied that she is in her grave. And in place of beholding her involved in the shocking troubles of the closing scene, we remember that her heart lies at rest, and the remembrance is like the returning voice of melancholy music.

With all the mighty power which this tragedy possesses over us, arising from qualities now very generally described; yet, without that kingly Shadow, who throws over it such preternatural grandeur, it never could have gained so universal an ascendancy over

the minds of men. A spectre in a play of genius is always terrible. When it appears, there seems an end of acting—it is reality. The stage is a world of imagination disclosed to our waking, seeing eyes,—but often, men acting men, are not the apparent agents of the imagination. To children, and to the people, the unrealizing parts of the apparatus, the dresses, scenery, &c. are sufficiently powerful to wrap the real men from their eyes; and such spectators see before them the personifications of the Poet. To them a king is a king. We are past this. To us, a play loses its power by want of its hold on the imagination. Now, the reality of a ghost is measured to that state of imagination in which we ought to be held for the fullest powers of tragedy. The appearance of such a phantom at once throws open those recesses of the inner spirit over which flesh was closing. Magicians, thunder-storms, and demons, produce upon me something of the same effect. I feel myself brought instantaneously back to the creed of childhood. Imagination then seems not a power which I exert, but an impulse which I obey. It would be well for Poetry if more of this kind of imagination remained among us. It would seem that the Greeks preserved it during their highest civilization. Without it, the Gods and Goddesses of the Greek Theatre would have been ludicrous and offensive; but with it they were beautiful, august, glorious—or awful, appalling, terrible. Thus were the furies of Æschylus too fearful to be looked on; and thus does the Ghost in Hamlet carry us into the presence of Eternity.

Never was a more majestic spirit more majestically revealed. The shadow of his kingly grandeur, and his warlike might, rests massily upon him. He passes before us, sad, silent, and stately. He brings the whole weight of the tragedy in his disclosures. His speech is ghost-like, and blends with ghost-conceptions. The popular memory of his words proves how profoundly they sink into our souls. The preparation for his first appearance is most solemn. The night-watch—the more common effect on the two soldiers—the deeper effect on the next party, and their speculations—Horatio's communication with the shadow, that seems as it were half-way between

theirs and Hamlet's—his adjurations—the degree of impression which they produce on the Ghost's mind, who is about to speak, but for the due ghost-like interruption of the bird of morning—all these things lead our minds unto the last pitch of breathless expectation; and while yet the whole weight of mystery is left hanging over the play, we feel that some dread disclosure is reserved for Hamlet's ear; and that an apparition from the world unknown is still a partaker of the noblest of all earthly affections.

The depths of Hamlet's heart unclose 'at the spectral likeness of his father. Henceforth we see in him a personification of filial love. That love had been impressive, had it merely wept over a father's grave. But it assumes a more awful character, when it at once possesses the tenderness and reverence of filial piety, joined to the superstitious,—the religious fear breathed from the pale countenance of the returning dead. There is, in this strong possession of love, something ideally beautiful, from the unlikeness of his father's character to his own,—a man, kingly and heroic,—not in the least degree withdrawn (as Hamlet was almost altogether) from the vehemence of human passions, but enjoying life, in the full power and glory of impassioned nature. Hamlet, who discerns all things in their truth, is not able to avoid saying, that he was killed "full of bread, with all his sins broad blown, as flush as May;" yet, in saying so, he does not in his heart depart from feelings of religious filial reverence. He sees the fine consistency of the whole character, and feels that, "take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again." I think the great beauty of these two lines, in part arises from this dissimilitude. There is in Hamlet a kind of speculative consideration of his father's character and being; and yet, in the pride and power of the consciousness of his own intellectual endowments, he does not for one moment doubt that he ought to bow down before the majesty of mere human life in his father, and serve as a mere instrument of his revenge. He thus at once adopts, blindly and instinctively, a feeling which perfectly belonged to his father's human life, but which, for himself, could have no part in his own.

The effect at first produced by the apparition is ever afterwards wonderfully sustained. I do not merely allude to the touches of realization which, in the poetry of the scenes, pass away from no memory,—such as, "The star,"—"Where now it burns,"—"The sepulchre,"—"The complete steel,"—"The glimpses of the moon,"—"Making night hideous,"—"Look how pale he glares,"—and other wild expressions, which are like fastenings by which the mind elings to its terror. I rather allude to the whole conduct of the ghost. We ever behold in it a troubled spirit leaving its place of suffering to revisit the life it had left, to direct and command a retribution that must be accomplished. He speaks of the pain to which he is gone, but that fades away in the purpose of his mission.—"Pity me not."—He bids Hamlet revenge, though there is not the passion of revenge in his discourse. The penal fires have purified the grosser man. The spectre utters but a moral declaration of guilt, and swears its living son to the fulfilment of a righteous vengeance.

I had intended making a few farther remarks on this subject, and on the behaviour of Hamlet, as connected with the Apparition; but I find that my letter has already far exceeded any moderate limits. I must therefore defer what I have to say on that and some other points in the Play, until my next letter.—I am, your's ever,

T. C.

#### SONNETS TO MR WORDSWORTH.

##### No I.

BEHOLD yon Moon!—with what a sober joy  
She treads her destined path! her quiet beam  
Sinks to the heart, and bids its vital stream  
Flow on in peace. She gazes from on high  
With looks of love. Her comprehensive eye  
Takes in the visible world—which then doth  
    seeth  
With conscious bliss to flash, and spread,  
    and gleam,  
And kindle into brightness far and nigh.  
Such, Wordsworth, is thy song—such is  
    its power,  
Its purity, its beauty. Thus it moves  
"In naked majesty,"—tho' tempests lour,  
And threaten and deform the land it loves,  
Athwart the gloom its warning splendors  
    fall;  
Those splendors borrow'd from the source—  
    the SUN of all! P. G. P.  
London, Sept. 1813.

## No II.

WORDSWORTH, thy name is precious to mine ear!

It comes not on my spirit like the shout  
Of riotous mirth,—scattering its noise about  
Till joy becomes half intermix'd with fear,—  
But to my heart it sinks in tones of clear,  
Deep, pure, perpetual music. Mists of  
doubt,

That cling around my being, and put out  
The lights of life, at that name disappear.

O, for a poet's voice, that I might frame  
A lay of fitting thanks! I would not sing,  
Like the proud nightingale's, a song of flame;  
But, like the stock-dove's—ever murmuring  
Of quiet, inward bliss—ever the same;—  
Perpetual as my thanks—pure as their spring.  
London, 1817. P. G. P.

## LETTER FROM A YOUNG FELLOW.

MR EDITOR,

I OBSERVE in your Magazine for last month, a letter signed “An Old Fellow,” containing some animadversions on the ladies of Edinburgh, which I think ought not to pass without reprehension. I am willing to give your correspondent full credit for the motives of his letter, but I cannot overlook its tendency to throw an unnecessary reflexion on my fair country-women, and to cast a veil over the brightest ornaments of my native land.

And first, let me tell my venerable friend, that if he is tired of the display which it has lately been fashionable for the ladies to make of their charms, I am not, neither are a great majority of their admirers; and let me assure the ladies, that he speaks for himself alone, when he represents their influence as diminished and diminishing. His maxim, that there may be too much of a good thing, may be admitted as a general truth, but matters must be pushed a great deal farther than they have yet been, before I can admit that it is in the least degree applicable to the present subject.

In the next place, I would observe, that his complaint of the shortening of the petticoat, and of the lengthening of the neck, is one which has been made hundreds of times in other periodical works, at least since the time of the Guardian; and I may remark by the way, that I do not recollect to have observed in such works any intimation of the contrary changes having

taken place; so that, judging from these documents, one would be disposed to think that a lady of the present day in full dress must be reduced to a condition, which it is easier to conceive, than to describe in becoming language.

I should wish, therefore, to impress upon your fair readers, that in shortening the petticoat, and in diminishing, nay in wholly abolishing, the tucker, they are doing no more than their grandmothers and great-grandmothers (both of happy memory, and whom they must have been accustomed to regard as models of purity,) did before them; and I should wish to impress upon your correspondent, that in his remarks on these changes, he is observing and reprobating what our grandfathers and great-grandfathers (great fools for their pains,) observed and reprobated before him; and foolishly, and as experience has since shewn, *erroneously* regarded as symptoms of declining virtue.

In saying this, I do not intend to detract from the merits of these gentlemen in other respects, but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*, and I must confess, that some of the admonitions even of Nestor Ironsides (otherwise a very wise man) upon this subject, addressed to the ladies, appear to me to savour neither of wisdom nor prudence.

Lastly, I would remark, that your correspondent must really be “an Old Fellow,” if he has not observed, that the change which has been going on for many months past in the ladies' dress, (prompted, no doubt, by some Old Fellow above stairs,) is the very reverse of that which he reprobates. In the upper regions, indeed, affairs are not so desperate; but, adverting to their lower garments, I think I may safely say, that the average length of these has increased in the last eighteen months, eight inches at the least; and unless matters take a more favourable turn, there is strong reason to apprehend, that in a few months more, the ankle itself will become enveloped in the cumbrous load of descending petticoats. And is this a time, I would ask, for an Old Fellow to endeavour, by obtruding his exploded notions on the public, to accelerate and increase a change, which every walker on Prince's Street has already so much reason to deplore?

Under the present circumstances,

nothing has afforded me so much consolation as to observe, *first*, the slow, gradual, progressive, apparently reluctant manner, in which this last change of fashion has been effected,—so different from the rapid and decisive steps which marked the progress of the fashion of short petticoats from one end of the kingdom to the other;—and *secondly*, the persevering spirit, with which not a few ladies, of acknowledged beauty and symmetry, have resisted all innovations upon this most laudable fashion. These two considerations appear to me to place beyond all doubt, the partiality of the ladies themselves to the short petticoats. And this point being once established, I beg to ask, is it the gentlemen's business to object to that fashion?

For my own part, were I a despotic sovereign, or, according to the wish of a benevolent old lady of my acquaintance, were I an act of Parliament, I should be disposed to take "a short way with the dissenter" upon this subject, and with all fellows, whether old or young, who would presume to oppose the wishes of the more amiable half of our species, in a branch of legislation so peculiarly their own; for, in all such matters, I am much of the same way of thinking with honest Squire Inglewood,

And he that would say  
To a pretty girl, Nay,  
I would wish for his cravat—a tether.

In comparison with all who entertain the antiquated notions of your former correspondent, I hope long to consider myself

A YOUNG FELLOW.

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#### IMPROPRIETIES IN COMMON SPEECH.

MR EDITOR,

AMONG the minor services which a periodical miscellany, such as your's, may render to the public, an attention to the purity of our language, by the exposure of improprieties in common speech, ought not in my opinion to be overlooked. By denouncing a barbarous word, or incorrect phrase, on its first appearance, it may be possible to stop its currency, and to chase it out of society before it has got possession of its strong holds. Most of your readers will recollect exam-

ples of such innovations, which, through neglect, have at last become inveterate evils. It is enough to notice the use of the verb *to lay*, as a neuter, which for a certain time was acknowledged to be an error, and reprobated by all who had a regard to propriety, but which has, I suppose, now unfortunately taken root, and may bid defiance to grammarians, and all their enmity.

It is surely of consequence to make an early stand against such vulgarisms, for which reason I would call your attention, and that of your readers, to another not less offensive, which has lately made its appearance even in polite society. I allude to the phraseology, now too frequent, by which, instead of being told that a certain person has left a particular place, we are only informed, that he "*has left*, or that he "*is to leave*;" but what or whom the said person has left, or intends to leave, is itself altogether left in the dark. This frightful barbarism, sir, is making rapid strides, and ought to be strenuously resisted. It is evident, that the impropriety consists in the ellipsis, or omitted sense; for the *hiatus* is certainly too great to be at all consistent with perspicuity; and, to complete the objection, there is no elegance in the expression to compensate this fault, if any thing could be a compensation for it.

We cannot always trace these illegitimate creatures to their birth. The present seems to have been, if not produced, at least very early adopted, by the public journalists, perhaps for brevity, perhaps through inadvertence, in admitting the stile of those correspondents from the antichamber, part of whose more important functions it is to transmit an account of arrivals and departures, as well as of dinner engagements, and other matters equally necessary for the information of the world. We find, Mr Editor, that instruction and knowledge do not always descend from the better to the worse taught, but sometimes take the opposite and less natural direction. More especially is it so with language, of which the present affords an apt illustration, since the graceful idiom in question has already passed from the servants' hall, where, in all probability, it first saw the light, to the parlour and the drawing-room, where it is now in current use, and may soon



be expected to make its way even to the library.

Hitherto this violent specimen of the ellipse has been exhibited only in the case of the unfortunate verb "to leave." But what security have we against a farther extension of it? Why should it be thus confined! Would not this stile, to take an instance nearly allied to the above, have the same application, and do equal service in the verb "to reach!" Thus, instead of being told that a certain person reached London or Edinburgh on a particular day, may it not be announced more briefly, that Lord A., we shall suppose, "*reached on Monday?*" or, "that Lady B. and the Honourable Miss B.'s are all *expected to reach on Tuesday?*" and so on. I do not say that this, while it is certainly more concise, would also be more perspicuous, or more elegant, than the old phraseology. But no more do I think that the other expression, against which I have declared hostility, has any pretension to these latter qualities.

If you agree with me, sir, I hope you will find a corner in your next Number for this caveat and remonstrance. There is no time to be lost; and I remain, Mr Editor, your obedient servant,

G. I.

Edinburgh, 5th February 1818.

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LINES TO CROOKSTON CASTLE.

## 1.

THOU proud memorial of a former age,  
Time-ruined Crookston; not in all our Land,  
Romantic with a noble heritage  
Of feudal halls, in ruin sternly grand,  
More beautiful doth tower or castle stand  
Than Thou! as oft the lingering traveller  
tells;

And none more varied sympathies command;  
Though where the warrior dwelt, the raven  
dwells,  
With tenderness thy tale the rudest bosom  
swells.

## 2.

Along the soul that pleasing sadness steals,  
Which trembles from a wild harp's dying fall,  
When fancy's recreative eye reveals  
To him, lone musing by thy mouldering wall,  
What warriors thronged, what joy rung  
through thy hall,  
When royal Mary, yet unstained by crime,  
And with love's golden sceptre ruling all,

Made thee her bridal home.—There seem  
to shine

Still o'er Thee splendours shed at that high  
gorgeous time.

## 3.

How dark a moral shades and chills the heart,  
When gazing on thy dreary deep decay!  
To think what thou hast been, what now thou  
art!

Bleak desolation holds a reckless sway  
Where pomp and grandeur marshalled their  
array,

And gallant crowded many a noble guest,  
Till all was splendour, joy, and revelry;  
And Beauty smiled within thy sheltering  
breast,

Lulled in Love's radiant dreams of pure  
celestial rest.

## 4.

Of what thou wert, the shattered remnant  
now!

Age-worn to shapes fantastic! the clear sky  
Is all thy roof; the bramble on thy brow,  
Where waved thy banner, nods in mockery!  
Even like the tombstones of the years gone by,  
Thy fragments sleep around with briars en-  
twined;

The clamorous wild birds, wheeling o'er thee  
fly,

And claim thee for their own; and every wind  
Among thine ivied clefts its harp of woe may  
find.

## 5.

In cultured fields the lusty peasant plies,  
And numerous stand the cheerful mansions  
round,

But sad and still thy form is seen to rise  
In solitude, as from a funeral mound.  
Thou to the living by no tie art bound;  
O'er thee the cold airs breathe, the spirit broods  
Of ages gone, whose reverie profound,  
Lulled by the rushing wave, the sighing  
woods

Is startled when one sound or passing step  
intrudes.

S. P.

Renfrewshire.

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ON A DYING SISTER.

(From the German of Stolberg.)

ROSE-BUD! ne'er did the teeming lap of May  
Yield such a gem! Of all her fragrant trea-  
sures,

Their bosoms, glittering with the drops of  
morn,

Effusing vernal freshness,—none so sweet!

And, droopest thou, then, poor rose, thy  
faint—alas,

Thy withering head? A few Suns more,—  
and thou,

All lovely as thou art, 'midst heavenly flowers,  
Shalt bloom a lovelier still! Already, sweetest!

Upon thy feeble stem the Tree of Life  
Scatters its quickening influence, and weeps  
Its kindest balm ! O'er the meek sufferer's  
head,

Lo ! Heaven's eternal Summer-gale waves  
high,

Exulting waves the Palm of holy triumph ;  
And from each tyrant pang, that rent, ere  
while,

Thy gentle breast, a golden floweret springs,  
To grace the chaplet destined for thy brows !  
But, whence, my best one, that celestial glow  
Quick-mantling o'er thy cheek ? Say, whence  
the light

Of beaming rapture in thy gaze ? Already,  
Seest thou thy guardian Seraph, from the  
skies,

Point to the glorious wreath, thy bright re-  
ward ?

Convulsed with strong emotion, I ap-  
proached thee,

And speechless on thy dear, dear bosom sunk,  
Dissolved in tears ! One kiss, Sweet Inno-  
cence !

(A tender smile still lingering in thine eyes)  
One parting kiss thy quivering lips essayed—  
In vain !—Now, all at once, in bitterer  
streams,

Alas ! gushed forth a brother's anguish,  
bathing

Thy lovely cheeks the while :—but life had  
fled ! R. T.

“ Yet didst thou know how deep I mourn,  
Thou'dst bend thine infant ear,  
Thy little heart would sighs return,  
Thine eyes an answering tear.

“ O sink, ye stormy winds, to rest !  
Be still, thou troubled deep !  
O sleep, ye sorrows in my breast,  
And let me cease to weep !

“ Sleep, sleep, my Child, and may thine eyes  
These sorrows never see !  
On thee may brighter fortunes rise  
Than ever shone on me !

“ Almighty Jove ! to whom alone  
The way of fate belongs,  
O spare, O spare this little one  
To wreak his mother's wrongs !”

METEOR OBSERVED BY DR CLARKE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

WE have received intelligence from Professor E. D. Clarke of Cambridge, of a large and luminous meteor, seen by the Professor himself, and two other persons, as they were walking in the environs of the University, at two of the clock, P. M. on Friday, Feb. 6. It descended vertically from the zenith towards the horizon, in the northern part of the hemisphere. The most remarkable circumstance attending this phenomenon is, that it was visible in broad day-light ; being opposed to the sun's orb, which was at that time shining with great splendour in a cloudless sky. Both the form of the meteor, and its rapid vertical course, seemed to indicate a fall of matter from the atmosphere ; and the Professor ascribes the intense light by which it was accompanied, to the heat evolved during the transition of a body from the *aeriform* to the *solid* state.

The same meteor was seen at Swaffham in Norfolk, precisely at the same time. An account of it has appeared in the “*Norwich Mercury*” for Saturday, Feb. 14., where it is described as “a well-defined orb of white light, giving off flame backwards.” Accounts have also been received from *Koningsby* in *Lincolnshire*, that the inhabitants were alarmed, as by the shock of an earthquake, about the time this meteor descended.

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK FRAGMENT  
OF SIMONIDES.

Ὅτι λαοὶ καὶ ἐν δαιδαλοῖς ἀνιμῶς  
ἔρρηξεν ἔρρηξεν πνεύων.

AROUND the helpless wandering bark  
The gathering tempest howled,  
And swelling o'er the Ocean dark  
The whitening billows rolled.

The fair one feared : she turned her eyes,  
Her eyes with anguish filled,  
To where her sleeping infant lies,  
She looked, and clasped the child.

“ What griefs oppress this wearied breast !  
Yet nought oppresses thine ;  
No sorrows break thy placid rest :  
Ah ! were these slumbers mine !

“ Here e'en denied one scanty beam  
The gloomy night to cheer,  
Yet soft thou sleep'st, nor dost thou dream  
Of tempests raging near.

“ O lovely Babe ! around thy brow,  
Unharm'd the curlets play ;  
Not all the angry blasts that blow  
Can draw one sigh from thee.

EXTRACT FROM AN OLD TOUR IN  
SCOTLAND.

[The following Extract is taken from a MS. which was in the possession of the late Mr Johnes of Haford, the well-known translator of Froissart, Joinville, &c. Nothing is known with regard to the author, but it appears probable that he was a Londoner.]

AND now being in Scotland, this 11th of April 1704, I passed over severall champaign open grounds, and down severall steep rocky hills, but commonly over a hard way, except on some moors and heaths, that are so strangely rotten and barren, that they bear only a sort of moss, and some gorse, ling, or furze, and some places of these even on hills will swallow up a horse. I came also through severall poor small villages, as Corkborn's-park or Coburn's-path, Dunglass, and such like, and at some small distance between Dunbar and Hudingtown or Hadyntoun, which seem'd larger than the rest. As I came a little beyond Dunbar, I saw, off at sea, and seeming to be about a mile from the shoar, the famous Bass, which is a high hillock in the sea, and looks, at a distance, like a white rock. I took it to be but small; but it seems it is a large mile round it; has had houses and inhabitants vpon it; and is so high, and the cliffs are so steep vp to it, that they say 'tis impregnable: but then I suppose it must be more then a mile from the shoar, else cannon from thence might annoy it mightily. But I did not go to it, so cannot be very particular. King James the 2d was wont to call it his storehouse. It shewed to me to be of a circular bulke, and to be flatt at top.

Near this town of Dunbar was fought the battle of Dunbar, between Oliver Cromwell and the Scotts, in 1649.

This was a fine sunshiny day, and a very hott one, perhaps, as ever was known for the time of year; and as I passed along over severall brookes, were women washing their linnen after the manner of their country, which I was altogether unacquainted with. Their way was, they putt their linnen in a tubb about knee-high, and putt water to it, and gott into the tubb without shoes or stockings; and so standing upon their linnen, and holding vp their cloaths to their middles,

to save them from soap, trode round and round vpon the linnen till the water was foul, and then poured it out and putt in clean, till the linnen was so white as they thought fitt. At first I wondered at the sight, and thought they would have been ashamed, as I was, and have lett down their cloaths till I were by; but tho' some would lett them down halfe way their thighs, others went round and round, sometimes with one side towards me, and sometimes with another, without letting down their cloaths at all, or takeing any notice of me; and particularly a couple of young wenches that were washing together, at my coming by, pulled vp their cloaths the higher, and, when I was by, stood still and fell a-laughing. I was surpris'd at this, and was resolv'd to say somewhat to the next I came to, that shewed no more modesty than these had done. It happened the next was a sturdy old woman; and the water spattering vp, and the sun shining hott on her skin, I told her she would spoile her breeches. And looke, your honour, (says she) these are but old ones; † \* \* \* \* \*

When you go to England, I must gett you to buy me a new pair. So being out of the reach of her thumb and nailes, I ventured to looke back, and saw her holding vp one legg as if she meant to shew me what a dismall condition those breeches of hers were in, and still she had something to say. Spoile my breeches, brother! (quoth she.) I never durst to say any thing to any of them afterwards. In a village in this country, I saw a young wench a-washing in this manner, when an old fellow sate leaning with his elbow on his knee, and smocking his pipe, with his nose at the very taile of her; and severall boys were playing about her, and other people were sitting at their doors hard by her; so vsuall a thing is this odd way in this country.

I came this night to Trinant, or Tranent, and my horse being tired, I travelled an hour in the darke in an open vnkown country; for I intend'd for Mussleburgh, and 'twas by mis-

† Some part of this conversation, which struck our traveller with dismay, is omitted. We regret that we have been obliged to curtail, in any degree, so interesting a record.

take I came to this town. But 'twas well I came hither, for I should have been troubled to have gott my horse to any place at a farther distance; and here I could gett no hay, but only straw for him. This is an old decayed town, and is governed by a bayliffe. Here I lay, having the good luck to bring my supper with me; for on a heath I found a bird much like a partridge, but larger, and was rough about the leggs, which a hawke had struck down just before me, and had hurt it only about the neck. This bird I tooke from the hawke, and ask'd at a small village what it was, and were told it was worth 6d. which is mony in this country. I could not understand by them the right name, but I suppose it to be a grouse or heathcock. This I ordered to be broiled, and brought vp without any sawce to it; for I had heard much of their cookery, and did not care how little they shewed their skill in it.

Hard by this town is an old house of the Earle of Winton's, and he is lord of this town.

12 April 1704.—I came thro' Musleburgh, a small poor town, tho' somewhat bigger then Tranent; but has all the marks possible of poverty, as indeed had most of the towns I had been in since in Scotland. And from hence I came to Leyth, a good Scotch town, and a seaport; and thro' it runs a river that comes from out of the country, and emptyes itself here into the sea, and makes a harbour for shipping. The buildings here are old, but mostly tall, and in the fronts of the houses are a sort of boarded balconys.

A mile from this town is Edinburgh; and at the north side of the road at the way from hence thither, is a raised walke, very even at the top, for people on foote to walke on. Now help me, Art, to describe this mighty city and univrsity, the metropolis of this ancient kingdom of Scotland, that tooke me vp a full halfe day to see thoroughly. This town extends itself east and west in lenght, and consists chiefly of one wide streete of tall building, with some piazzas of the sides. Its scituation is on a steep hill between 2 larger hills, and so the ffronts of the houses towards the streetes are not so high as the backward parts are, they being left further down the sides of the hill, according to the pre-

cipice of the hill on which part they stand. And some of these houses are 7 and 8 storys high towards the streete; and more backward, and in the Parliament Close, it seems there were houses 14 storys high before they were burnt down by a late fire;\* but I suppose it was of the back parts they were so high, for the hill there is very steep.

On the east end of this town stands the Queen's House, called the Abbey, or Holy Road House, a regular handsome square building of free stone; 'tis built about a square court, which is in the middle of it, with piazzas about it, but it is but small for such a queen:† the rooms of it are good for what there are of them, and the Duke of Hamilton inhabits there now.

Of the west end of this town is a large castle on a steep stone rock, they say the strongest in the world, unless that at Namur outdoes it, but they have no water in it other than which falls from the clouds, by reason of its situation. At the entrance into it is placed a vast large gun they call Muns Megg, and is so large that they say a tinker gott his girll with child in it. Here is likewise in this castle a brass gunn they call the Green Dragon, which they say shoots the best of any gun in Europe, with a great many other fine pieces both of brass and iron. Here is also a good armory, and the castle seems very strong, and is well fortified, especially of the south side.

Of the upper end of the great streete, towards this castle, is the Parliament House, where the Lords and Comons sitt together in the form of an halfe moon below stairs; and above stairs sitt the Commissioners for hearing causes; and in another room the Lords of the Treasury meet about their business.

Of the back side of this building (the Parliament House) is a small open square they call the Change, and of the fore part of it a larger, called the Parliament Close; and further behind it is a large library, called the Advo-

\* The fire which consumed the buildings on the east and south sides of the Parliament Close, happened, about four years before the author's visit, on 3d February 1700.

† Yet the tourist might, in his candour, have added, superior to any palace in England except Windsor.

cates Library. Of the fore part (another side) of the Parliament House is a church they call the High Church, which was a cathedrall, but is now divided into 4 parts, and serves 4 severall parishes. On the tower of this church is fine arch'd work, with 4 supporters, which represents a crown every way, and I think is before that on St Nicholas Church at Newcastle.

This town consists of 8 parishes, and the High Church serving for 4 parish churches, there are but 4 more, which are of no great note, and so there are, in all this city, but 5 churches.

On the hill of the south side of the town is a pretty bagnio and an hall, belonging to the Society of Chirur-gions. This hall is newly built, and the rooms of it are hung round with pictures of some of the great men of the country, and of most of the surgeons belonging to it, and here is somewhat of a collection of anatomys, &c.

On the same hill is the college belonging to the vniversity of this city, which is a large but ordinary building, and has in it a good library. The scholars do not inhabit this college, but are lodged about the town.

On this same hill, more westward, and over against the castle, is a fine stone building, founded by one Harrett for the education of poor boys. I had good French wine at this town, and payd 20d. a quart for Burdeaux wine, and 10d. for Burgundy and Champaign.

This town is very populous, and has abundance of poor people in it, so that the streetes are crowded with beggars, but I don't take it to be so large as York or Newcastle, tho' indeed neither of them have so wide a streete, or are of so tall buildings as the great streete here. The people here are very proud, and they call the ordinary tradesmen merchants; there is no large rivers up to this town, but of the north side of it, at some distance, is a small one. Att the best houses here they dress their victuals after the french method, tho' perhaps not so cleanly, and a soop is comonly the first dish, and their reckonings are dear enough. The maid servants attended without shoes or stockings.

13 April 1704.—I sett out for Glasgow, and came thro' Lethcoe or Linlithquo, a poor but not very small town.

And from thence thro' ffalkirk, much such another town.

And so thro' Kelsith, a smaller town.

And to Calder, a small village, and hard by there lay this night, at a minch-house\* in the road, being a good inn for this country, for most of the publick houses I mett with before in country places were no better than ale-houses, which they call here minch-houses. Att this place I was taken lame in the joynt of my great toe, and forced to ride with one boote off for all the day afterwards.

The 14th of April I came to Glasquo or Glasgow, the second town in Scotland, and an vniversity, which tho' perhaps is not so large as Edynburgh, nor are the buildings quite so high, nor is the town so populous, yet 'tis a more regular built and a shower town, and has more good streets in it than Edenburgh has, and the buildings are as handsome as those at Edenburgh, or are rather before them. The town consists of two open long strait streets, which cross one another in the middle, and make the town of the forme of a cross, and the streetes are well paved. This crossing of the streetes in the middle makes a pretty open place or quadrimur, in the middle of the town, which serves for their Change; and on every side are piazzas or small arches under the houses, where the merchants walk and skreen themselves in bad weather, for this is a trading town, and many merchants live here; and at this open place, at the corner of a streete, is a fine goal.

Of the west end of the town is the river Clyde, a large tho' shallow river, by which boats come up and bring merchants goods, the tide coming up hither, and over it here is a good stone bridge. Of this side the town is a house for decayed merchants, that has on it a fine steeple.

In the east streete of this town is the college belonging to this vniversity, which is all in the town, and, I think, is a more regular building than the college at Edenburgh, tho' not so large. Here are 40 scholars that lodge in the college, but there are 200 or 300 that belong to it, and all wear red gowns, as do likewise those at Aberdeen and St Andrew's, the 2 other vniversities of this kingdom.

\* He seems to mean a change-house.

In the front of this college, towards the streete, is a good library, and this college is about the middle of this streete.

At the east end of this streete is a gate, and by it the High Church, as they call it, which was a cathedrall church till bishops were layd aside in this kingdom; and this seems to be a better church then the great church at Edenburgh; but neither of them is comparable to most of our cathedralls in England, tho' they account this very tall. This has a tall window in proportion to the church, but nothing like that at Westminster abbey. This church is divided, and serves two parishes; and there are 4 other churches in the town, so that there are 6 parishes and 5 churches, besides meetings, which are of the episcopal communicants, for they are dissenters from the national church here, presbitery having been settled in this country ever since the beginning of the late King William's reign. In a little room joyneing to the High Church, is the synod held for 13 presbiterys.

From this town I came to Hamilton, a small town of no great note, but of the east end of it stands Duke Hamilton's house, which is a large fine building of free-stone, the best I saw in Scotland; this house was square, but the Duke has lately made two long wings to it of noble architecture, of the south side, and they say he intends to make two more of the north side, and then 'twill be of the form of a Roman H. This village is situate in a pleasant open country free from hills.

15th April 1704.—I sett out from Hamilton early in the morning, having no good vsage there, and came for Lesmaga or Lesmahaga, but before I could reach that village, my horse tired, and I could not gett him nearer then within a mile of Lesmaga, so seeing a small village at a small distance from me, I halted to it, and at the first house enquired for some beer; the woman there pointed to another woman, and told me that goodwife would help me to it, for I was very dry myself, and thought beer would refresh my horse too; but that goodwife acquainted me that there was neither beer or ale in the town (besides beer in which is meal and barley), or any meat, but that the people there drank water and eat a sort of pancakes (some of which she shewed me) made of peas

and barley together; and she sayd that they eat no meat, nor drank any thing but water all the year round, and the comon people go without shoes or stockings, especially the women. I pityed their povertie, but observed the people were fresh and lusty, and look'd healthy and strong, and did not seem to be under any uneasiness with their way of living. They called their barley here beer,\* and the difference between beer and barley it seems is, that barley is a summer grain, and beer a winter grain; some of this I gave my horse, and gott to Lesmahaga, which I found to be but a small village, but in it is a sort of inne,† or minsh-house, of considerable note, kept by a farmer of great dealings; and here I had an inclosed room to myself, with a chimney in it, and dined on a legg of veale, which is not to be had at every place of this country. Being refreshed there, I came to Duglas or Dowglas, a small market-town, on a small line, and between high hills; of the north side of which, at some small distance, is an ancient house of Duke Dowglas's, where he lives. It is but a small house, tho' somewhat tall, and stands on a small rising ground by the side of a small river, but I think is an ordinary house for a Duke, and this is the last nobleman's that I saw in Scotland, and all that I did see were old, and most of them ruinous, except Duke Hamilton's. At this town I lay at a tolerable house for this country, and was civilly used by the people here, and so indeed I was in most places where I had been in Scotland, for the noblemen and gentry keep the comon people in mighty subjection, and generally, upon all occasions of speaking to me, they cried in their Scotch tone, "and like your honour," tho' I found the people comonly blown up with a strange prejudice to the English in general.‡

16th April 1704.—I sett out from hence into a very mountainous country, and found myself in a sort of Highlands, and were told they call

\* Bear or bigg.

† The tourist seems to make another attempt to get at the proper spelling of the word *change* house.

‡ The traveller seems to have returned the prejudice in full force, for he finds an invidious way of accounting even for the civility with which he was treated by the Scotch,

this the West Highlands\* of Scotland. And now I was in the wildest country I ever yett travelled into, I went over abundance of barren heaths, and moorish grounds, and over vast high hills, and saw at a distance many more, and at the tops of severall of these hills I saw snow lying in heaps, tho' there had fell none since the day I came from Yorke; but it seems it sometimes lyes on these hills the year round, and they are seldom free from snow on them 2 months in a year, and houses are mighty rare here; however, I gott safe to Crawford John or Crawford Jhon, a small poor village of 2 or 3 poor houses, and a poor church; one of which houses happened to be a minsh-house or ale-house, and here I sett up my horse in a little hurdled confinss of a stable, hardly fitt for a hog-house, and went into the minsh-house. The houses here are of much such building as those at Dullwish-wells near London, the walls are either of earth or loose stones, or are radled, and the roofes are of turfe, and the floors of the bear ground; they are but one story high, and the chimney is a hole in the rooffe, and the fire-place is in the middle of the floor; their seats and bedds are of earth turfed over, and radled up near the fire-place, and serve for both vses; their ale which they sell is pale, small, and thick, but at the most ordinary minsh-houses they comonly have good French brandy, and often French wine, so comon are these French liquors in this country. This village is situate in a botton amongst high hills; the church indeed is of somewhat better building then the houses, but such an one in most parts of England would be taken for a barne. This being Sunday, I went to church here, and found the church mightily crowded, and 2 gentlemen's seats in it with deale tops over them. They begin service here about 9 in the morning, and continue it till about noon, and then reasé, and the minister goes to the minsh-house, and so many of them as think fitt, and refresh themselves; and the rest stay in the church-yard, for about half an hour, and then service begins again, and continues till about 4 or 5. I suppose the reason of this is, for that most of the congrega-

tion live too farr from the church to go home and return to church in time. Their church and way of service putts me in mind of a story of a Scotchman that lived far from church, and having hardly ever been there, was prevailed with to go and pray to God Almighty; and afterwards gave an account of his being there, and by my saul mon (says he), it is like a great bawrne; and when Ise were gang'd in a man came to me and tolds me Ise must voile my bonnett, and Ise ask'd him whose house that was? he sayd it was God's house. And Ise told him I would speake with the master of the house then, but he chid me; and afterwards (says he), the people were muckle merry, but the deel a drop of drink they had. And how then (sayd his friend)? Why then (quoth he), a dawpper lad got up into a cupboard, and talk'd by himself for twa hours, and the deel take me (says he), if ever Ise gang there again.

I minded that most of the men, especially the meaner sort, wear thrumb caps in Scotland, which they call bonnetts.

From this place I went over mighty hills, sometimes being amongst the clouds, and sometimes amongst boggs (I think without seeing a house or any body but a poor sheppard's boy), to Elwin ffet,\* a poor sorry place of 2 or 3 houses; and here is a rapid river that tumbles over a rocky bottom, tho' it is not deep. Of the west side of the river is a minsh-house, and another small house or rather hovell; of the east side a somewhat better house, which I tooke for the minsh-house (being told before that there was one here), but it seems was the Laird of Newtown's house; and had it not been that his lairdship should have wanted a house, I had some thoughts of bringing it away on my back.

I should not have travelled on this day, being Sunday, but I was willing to get out of this country as soon as I could; oh, the curse that attended it! I was got past Elwin ffet, and the road, or rather sheep tracts (for since I left Douglas I hardly saw any other) were so obscure, I could hardly find a way, and the rocks were so thick and close, that I had often much ado to get myself and horse between them. Now I were on a vast precipice of a

\* Not the Highlands of Argyleshire, now called the Westlands, but the mountainous country at the head of Clydesdale.

\* Elvan-foot.

high rock, with the river running under me, and anon I was in a bog, and by and by my horse began to tyre and jade. I gave him good words, and now and then a blow, but he still minded little, and what was worse, going down a very high boggy hill of the other side of the sun, there came a dark cloud between the sun and me, and I left my old friend and constant guide, and could not tell south from north, or east from west; and out of this cloud fell such a shower of rain, that I was wett thro' presently; and it grew so sudenly dark, that I could hardly see my hands. I got down and groped with my hands for a path, but quickly found the sheep-tracts had misled me. I began to sink in halfe way vp the legg, and my horse more, and now and then I tumbled over a bank, but what sort of ane I could not tell; and now I ranne so near the river that I heard it roar dismally, and did not know but every step I went I might tumble down a steep cliffe, or fall into the river annon. This I thought dreadful enough, and I had eat nothing since morning, or hardly drank, and very wett I was, and indeed had not the least occasion for a mistress. I fell to hallowing, but could gett no answer, and farther towards the river I durst not go; and considering that I was in the South Highlands, and did not know how I might be besett, I moved further vp the hill side-ways of it, from the place where I had hollowed, and had like to have tumbled down somewhere, but I know not where; and when I now gott somewhere off, I hung my pistolls on my wrist, and slipt my horses bridle, to let him seek the earth, for grass there was hardly any, and I lean'd vpon his saddle to compose my selfe to sleep, but when I began to sleep, my harness failed me, and so I tooke off the saddle and layd it on the ground, and with my knees on the harnessing layd along on the saddle, but my knees and harnessing sunk into the bog, and the weather beat into my neck, so that this way would not do neither. Wherefore I layd the saddle on the horse again, and presently I thought I saw something black burst by me, I cocked a pistoll, and threatened hard, but thought fit to move from this place too further vp the hill. I often groped my watch, and wish't for morn-

ing, and thought this a very long night, and still it rained and was very dark, and sometimes it came in my head what I should do if it proved a foggy morning; for I know not to which hand I had mist my way, and I had neither hedge or ditch to guide me. I applyed to patience, my old acquaintance, and spent the night as cheerfully as I could. As the day began to dawn, I hop'd it fair, but fear'd a fog sometimes. I thought I saw a light at a distance, and sometimes a house, but plainly discovered that if I had gone lower down the hill, I had gone into a deep bog by the river side. I went a mile one way, and then back again, and a mile the other, but could see neither house or road, at length I resolved to go on eastward, for that seem'd the best country, and the morning happened to prove fair, till at length I came to a steep cliffe of a stone-rock, and just under it saw a village of 10 or 12 houses. I went round the rock, and came down from it, and call'd at several houses, but nobody would rise to direct me; but I could hear them grumbling in bed. My patience had served me almost all it would, and I threatened to break their windows, but could not find a pane of glass in the town. I then fell to unthatching a house, and pulled off some of the turfs, at which a fellow came angrily out, but when he saw me, was very humble, and directed me over this small river Annan, and in the way to Moffat, for which I rewarded him, and so this 17th of April 1704, I got to Moffat. This is a small stragglng town among high hills, and is the town of their wells. In sumer time people comme here to drink waters, but what sort of people they are, or where they get lodgings, I can't tell, for I did not like their lodgings well enough to go to bedd, but got such as I could to refresh me, and so came away\*.

From hence I came through Pudeen, and to Annan or Annand House, both small villages, and at the last place I dined at a good Scotch house, and so came to Lockerby, a small town, where I lay. It had rained all this day from before noon till night; and to com-

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\* Those who know the waste mountains between Elvan-foot and Moffat, will scarce think the traveller's account of his distresses much exaggerated.



fort me more, the room whereih I was to lay was overflown with water, so that the people layd heaps of turf for me to tread on to gett from the door to the fire place, and from thence to the bed ; and the floor was so worn in holes, that had I tread aside a turf, I might have sunk up to my knees in mudd and water, and no better room was to be had in this town ; nay, what was worse, my room had but halfe a door, and that to the street ; and the wall was broke down between the gable, so that the room lay open to the stable. This was but a comfortless night's lodging after my last on the bogg, but I was forced to bear it so, layd 2 case of pistolls (that I had with me) by my bedd's head, and slept dogg's sleep till morning, and had the advantage of overhearing if any one attempted to steale my horse : and yet the people here had French wine, though it was always spoiled for want of being well cellar'd.

I went out early in the morning the next day, and came through Arkle Forken, (Ecclefeachen) a small village, and so to Allison Bank, another small village, and the last I was at in Scotland ; and here I dined, and soon after, setting out for Carlile, I passed a small stream, and was to my joy on English ground, and hope I shall never go into such a country again. I had heard much talk of it, and had a mind to see it for variety, and indeed it was so to me, for I thank my God, I never saw such another, and must conclude with the poet, Cleveland, that

Had Cain been Scott, God sure had changed  
his doom,  
Not made him wander, but confined him  
home.

Though the people of this country are poor, they are proud, and seem to have a spirit for glory and handsome things, would their soyle and scituation give room for it, and were not the meaner sort so kept under as they are by the great men ; and were there not some oldd hindrances, for the common people hold by very slavish tenures of the great men of the country\*.

(\* The preceding extract forms about one half of the whole tour. As the other part of the MSS. referring to the north of England, contains also some singular observations, the publisher of this Magazine has printed a few copies of the whole, for the use of the amateurs.)

## ANECDOTES OF THE FIFE GYPSIES.

## No. II.

MR EDITOR,

I SHALL, without preface or preamble, forthwith proceed to the continuation of the Account of the Fife Gypsies from your Number of December last.

Hugh Graham, brother to Charlie Graham who was executed at Perth, was, with a small knife, in Aberdeenshire, stabbed by his own cousin, John Young. These two powerful gypsies never fell in with one another but a wrestling bout commenced. Young generally came off victorious, but Graham, although worsted, would neither quit Young nor acknowledge his inferiority of strength. Young frequently desired Graham to keep out of his way, as his obstinate disposition and temper would prove fatal to one of them some time or other. They however again met, when a desperate struggle ensued.—Graham was the aggressor ;—he drew his knife to stab Young, but Young wrested it out of his hand, and laid his opponent dead at his feet by stabbing him in the upper part of the stomach, close to the breast, a place at which the gypsies appear generally to strike in their quarrels. In this battle the female gypsies, in their usual manner, took a conspicuous part, by assisting the combatants on either side. Young was one of seven sons, and although he was about five feet ten inches high, his mother called him “ the dwarf o' a' ma' bairns.” He was condemned, and hanged at Aberdeen, for the murder\*.

This man wrote a good hand, and the country people were far from being displeas'd with his society while he was employed in repairing their pots and pans in the way of his vocation. Sarah herself, his mother, was of the highest tinkler mettle,—she lost a fore finger in a gypsey fray.

Peter Young, another son of Sarah Graham's, was also hanged at Aberdeen, after he had broken a number of prisons in which he was confined. He is spoken of as a singular man ; and such was his generosity, that he

\* I believe the John Young here mentioned, and the individual of that name noticed in the First Number of your Magazine, is one and the same person.

always exerted himself to the utmost to set his fellow prisoners at liberty if possible, although they happened not to be in the same apartment with him in the prison. The life of this man was printed and published about the time of his death. When any one asked old John Young where his sons were, his reply was, "They are a' hanged."

I was informed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, that this gang of Youngs were related to the Yetholm gypsies, which proves the connexion between the gypsies of Lochgellie and those on the Scottish borders, and shows that they are all sprung from one common stock.

Jenny Graham, sister to the Grahams already mentioned, was kept by a gentleman as his mistress; but although she was treated with affection, such was her attachment to her old wandering way of life, that she left her protector and wealth, and rejoined her erratic associates in the gang. She was a remarkably handsome and good looking woman, and while she traversed the country, she frequently rode upon an ass saddled and bridled. She was herself sometimes dressed in a blue riding-habit, with a black beaver hat. It was generally supposed, that the stolen articles of value belonging to the family were committed to the care of Jenny.

Megg Graham, another sister of these Grahams, is still living, and is a woman of uncommon bodily strength; so much so, that she is considered to be a good deal stronger than the generality of men. She is married to William Davidson, a gypsy at Wemyss. They have a large family, and sell earthen ware through the country.

In this family the gypsy language is spoken at this day, and to Megg Graham I was directed for information on this subject; but I obtained the specimen which I have of their speech from gypsies in another quarter. The first expression which I received in July last, was "*char achauvie*," which they translated to me into English thus, "*rob that person*."\* It appears, by Mr Hoyland's Survey of the Gypsies in England, that their appellation

among the Arabians is "*charami*," signifying, it seems, in the Arabic, *robbers*. This is a very singular coincidence both in the sound and signification of these two expressions. The most prominent features of the gypsy character are certainly theft and petty robbery, and it is somewhat remarkable, that the word or expression which signifies a thief or robber, should be almost the same in the Hindostanee, in Arabic, in the gypsy language on the continent, and in the gypsy language at Lochgellie.

I believe it is not generally known, that the gypsies have actually among themselves *outcasts* and *vagabonds*, as are in all other societies of mankind. The outcasts and vagabonds are by them termed "*waffies*." These gypsy waffies must be in a most deplorable condition, and are certainly in the lowest degree of human degradation. They seem to be in the same predicament as those individuals who have lost their cast in Hindostan.

The Grahams who were at Lochgellie, the Wilsons who were at *Raploch near Stirling*, and the Jamisons who were once in the neighbourhood of *Linlithgow*, were all, by the female side, immediately descended from old Charlie Stewart, a gypsy chief, at one period of no small consequence among these hordes. When I asked if the Robinsons, who were once in *Menstry*, were related to the Lochgellie band, the answer which I received from the gypsy, my informant, was, "*the tinklers are a' sib*," meaning, that they are all connected by the ties of blood, and considered as one family. This is a most powerful bond of union among these desperate clans, and almost bids defiance to the breaking up of their strongly cemented society.

As Stewart was once crossing the Forth, chained to his son-in-law Wilson, both in charge of messengers, he, with considerable shame in his countenance, observed a man whose father kept an inn in which he had frequently, with his merry companions, regaled himself with a bottle of ale. Stewart called this man close to him, took five shillings from his own pocket, and gave them to him, with these words, "Hae Davie, there are five shillings to ye, drink my health man, I'll laugh at them a'."—He did laugh at them all, for nothing could be proven against him, and he was accordingly set at

\* Or "*steal from that person*." Both these expressions are by the gypsies considered to have one and the same meaning.

liberty, it being "the auld thing again, but nae proof."

This old gypsey is described to me as a stout good-looking man, with a fair complexion; and I am informed he lived to a long age. He affirmed wherever he went that he was descended from the royal Stuarts of Scotland\*. He died within these twenty years, and his posterity still assert that they are sprung from that race. In support of this strange pretension, Stewart, in the year 1774, at a wedding in the parish of Corstorphine, actually wore a large cocked hat, decorated with a beautiful plume of white feathers, in imitation of the white cockade of the pretender, Prince Charles Stuart. He was also dressed at this wedding in a short coat, philibeg and Highland purse, with tartan hose. He wore some times a piece of brass as a star on his left breast, with a cudgel in his hand. This ridiculous dress corresponds exactly with the taste and ideas of a gypsey. There were at this wedding five or six gypsey females in Stewart's train. He did not allow males to accompany him on these particular occasions. At some distance from the people at the wedding, but within hearing of the music, these females formed themselves into a ring, with Charlie in its centre. Here, in the middle of the circle, he capered and danced in the most antic and ludicrous manner, sweeping his cudgel around his body in all directions, dancing at the same time with much grace and agility. He sometimes danced round the outside of the ring, putting the females to rights when they happened to go wrong. The females courted and danced to him in their turn, as he faced about to them in his capers. Every one of the sweeps with the stick was intelligible to these women. It was by the different cuts, sweeps, and

twists of the club, that the whole of the turns and figures of the dance were, regulated. One twirl dismissed the females, another cut recalled them, and a third sweep ordered them all to sit down squat on the ground. Another twist again called them up in an instant to the dance. In short, Stewart distinctly spoke to his female dancers by means of his stick, commanding them to do whatever he pleased in these operations, without opening his mouth to one of them\*.

Geordie Drummond, the gypsey chief mentioned in my former communication, and of whom I shall have yet occasion sometimes to speak, danced with his seraglio of females in the very same manner as Stewart, without the slightest variation, except that his gestures were on some occasions extremely lascivious. He threw himself into almost every attitude into which the human body can be formed, while his stick was flying round his person with great violence. All the movements of this dance of Geordie's were regulated by the measures of an indecent song, and always at the chorus of which the circular motion of the cudgel ceased, and one of the females joined him with her voice when their gestures became exceedingly obscene, Geordie's appearance, while dancing, is described to me, by a gentleman of observation, exactly like a human figure cut out of wood or pasteboard, with the odd capers of which I have seen children amusing themselves by drawing strings fixed to cords leading from the legs and arms of the whimsical figure. The gypsies at Lochgellie had also a dance peculiar to themselves, and during which they sung a song in the gypsey language, which they called a "*crune*."

In Dr Clarke's Travels through Russia we find a description, by that author, of a gypsey dance at Moscow, very similar in all respects to the dance performed by Stewart and Drummond. These travels only came into my hands about three months ago, after I had taken notes of the dances already mentioned. Napkins appear to have been used by the gypsies in Russia, whereas sticks were employed by our Scottish gypsies. No mention, how-

\* It would seem that the gypsies, from policy to save themselves from being apprehended, merely because they were gypsies, have in my opinion laid aside their own original names, and have in general assumed the surnames of our noble families, from ostentation as well as for protection; but I never heard of any of them tracing their descent from these families but Stewart. There is nothing improbable in one of our kings having been enamoured of some beautiful gypsey girl. Tradition has handed down several curious anecdotes of the intercourse the *gaberlunzie* man had with the gypsies.

\* This dance is taken from the mouth of an eye-witness, of whose veracity I entertain not the smallest doubt.

ever, is made by Dr Clark, whether the females in the dance at Moscow were guided by signs with the napkin, in the manner in which Stewart and Drummond, by their cudgels, directed the women in their dances in Lothian and Fife. The eyes of the females were constantly fixed upon Stewart's cudgel. Dr Clark is of the opinion, that the national dance in Russia, called the *barina*, is derived from the gypsies. This celebrated traveller also thinks it probable, that our common *hornpipe* is taken from these insignificant wanderers. It appears, by Mr Hoyland's account, that the gypsies in Russia correspond exactly in language, manners, and habits, with those in Britain.

Upon inquiry, I find that the gypsies have had also a particular method of their own in handling the cudgel in their battles; and I am inclined to think, that part of the Hungarian sword exercise, at present practised in our cavalry, is founded upon the gypsey manner of attack and defence. In their mode of fighting with the stick, they seem to have with considerable accuracy exhibited almost all the six cuts or strokes in the Hungarian exercise, even including the *direct thrust to the front*, which they perform with the club. One of blind Pate Robison's daughters has been frequently heard giving her father a sort of regular word of command in the following manner, when he could not see to lay on the blows himself in their fights. She called to him to "*strike down—strike laigh—strike amawin (athwart)—strike haunch-ways—strike shoulder-ways,*" &c.—Here are nearly all the cuts or strokes of the above-mentioned exercise of the sword. Almost all the gypsies were trained to this art of attack and defence by the club, in which they were in general dexterous; and when in the army, I have heard they were considered superior swordsmen.

So dexterous was Tam Gordon\*, captain of a numerous band of "*gillie wheesils,*" (signifying, in the west of Fife, the lads who take the purses,) at this art of the cudgel, that being once detected picking pockets at a fair

in Dunfermline, he set his back to the old Abbey wall, and defended himself against all who attempted to seize him. Forming with rapidity the different guards, and striking with vigour, he swept his bludgeon around the front of his body with great violence, drawing as it were a semi-circle, and all that came within its reach went to the ground. One stout weaver in particular made a bold effort to break in upon him. Tam laid his arm in pieces for his temerity. He at last, like a deer, sprang through an immense crowd, cleaving the mob with his person, brandishing his cudgel in his front, and in his flight crossed the Forth at Queensferry for the south.

As I conceive the manners of the gypsey chief, Geordie Drummond, to be very original, and himself a complete husband in real life, for Jean Gordon, alias *Meg Merrilies*, the sibyl in the celebrated novel *Guy Mannering*, the following extract from a communication of a friend of considerable observation, who has often seen Drummond, may be worth preserving. So terrified were some of the inhabitants of Fife for individuals of the gypsey women who followed Geordie, that the moment they entered the door, salt was thrown into the fire, to set at defiance the *witchcraft*, of which they believed these gypsies were possessed. One female, called *dancing Tibby*, was in particular an object of considerable apprehension and suspicion. Superstition is still far from being eradicated from the minds of the lower classes in this county; and the gypsies here seem to have been of a ruder cast than those in the southern shires.

13th May 1817.—“On a traveller coming towards him (says my friend), Geordie had an invariable custom of immediately advancing with antic gestures several yards a-head of his *concupines*, capering and dancing, and singing some stanza of a warlike jacobite song\*, twirling his pike-staff around his head with uncommon dexterity†. He would also go through a kind of sword exercise over the head of the

\* If the gypsies had any political principles at all, they were certainly jacobitism.

† Drummond was so excellent at the cudgel, that very few could cope with him. One battle he had with a stout sailor is particularly mentioned.

\* I have every reason to believe, that this person is the Tam Gordon, late captain of the Spittal Gypsies, mentioned in the Sixth Number of your Miscellany.

astonished traveller, who commonly stood arrested and motionless by these eccentric salutations. Geordie would then shoulder his staff, and with a humble, though apparently uncouth manner, supplicate "a bawbee for poor Geordie." His merry fascinating behaviour, and robust manly appearance, with his clouted drap great coat, and goat-skin wallet on his back, which contained his rough implements for compressing horns, of which he made spoons, together with his very ancient cocked hat, surmounting dishvelled and silvery locks, seldom failed to excite charity."

This strange man, when provoked, always expressed his contempt, by spitting bitterly, like a wild Arab when insulted. He was supposed to be fully ninety years of age when he died; and notwithstanding this assumed merry fascinating manner, he was at bottom a shrewd, designing, cunning, surly gypsey, and frequently beat his concubines unmercifully\*. He was from his youth impressed with a belief that he would die in the same house in which he was born. He had travelled over part of the Continent while a soldier in the army; was in several engagements; and, amongst others, he fought in the battle of La Val. And perhaps, during his long and wayward life, he never had any other residence than merely lodging in the out-houses of the farms at which he halted when travelling the country. He fell sick when he was at some distance from the house in which he prophesied he would die, but he hired a cart or chaise, and drove with haste to his favourite spot. To this house he was allowed admittance, where he closed his earthly career in about forty-eight hours after his arrival.

In all these particular traits, relative to this man, there is something in them entirely foreign to the manners and habits of any class of our own countrymen. That of capering and dancing on the highways, for the purpose of gaining money from the pub-

lic, corresponds with the practice of the Indian dancers in Hindostan.\*

The gypsies attended our large country-weddings in former times, both as musicians, and for the purpose of receiving the fragments at these entertainments. At the wedding in the parish of Corstorphine, already mentioned, Charlie Stewart entered into familiar conversation with individuals; joking them about their sweethearts and love matters; telling them he noticed such a one, at such a place;—observing to another, that he saw him at a certain fair—and so on. He inquired about their masters and places of abode, with other particulars.

Here the gypsey character displays itself—here Stewart, while he seems a mere merry-Andrew to the heedless merry-making people at the wedding, is, with a deep sagacity, actually reading the characters—ascertaining the connections, and places of residence, of every individual in the country through which he travels. Continually roaming up and down the kingdom individually, in *disguise* on particular occasions, as well as in large bands; not passing one house in their route; observing every thing that passes in partial assemblies, at large weddings, and general gatherings of the people at fairs in old times; together with their great knowledge of human character; scanning with the eye of a hawk, both male and female, for the purpose of robbing them, the gypsies became thoroughly acquainted, in their own breasts, with every particular incident concerning each individual in the whole population of the country. Hence proceed, in a great measure, the *warlockry* and *fortune-telling* abilities of the shrewd sagacious gypsies. It is however singular, that the method of *divining by the cup*, practised by the ancient Assyrians, Chaldees, and Egyptians, with a trifling variation in respect to the qualities of some of the *ingredients* therein employed, is the same as that practised by our female gypsies in Scotland.

W. S.

10th January 1818.

\* Although some of the gypsies treat the female sex with great severity, yet, were they deprived of the aid and careful assiduity of their wives, they would, in *their* manner of life, be helpless wretches indeed.

\* But it likewise appears, by Abbé Raynal, that at an early period *Egyptian dances* were practised at festivals by the *Priests* in Italy, as well as in India.

## THE DAMPERS.

MR EDITOR,

IN the last Number of your Magazine I alluded to the sect or fraternity of Dampers, who have an establishment not only in every town, but also extend their beneficial influence, like parish banks, to every village. Free-Masonry itself is not more ancient. Indeed I have no doubt of the *dampers* having been active and eminent at the court of King Solomon; and that neither the splendour of that monarch, nor the beauty and accomplishments of the Queen of Sheba, escaped their philanthropic observations. This society differs, however, from the *craft* in several respects, being compounded of male and female members, and perhaps the females are the most adroit dampers,—neither is there any necessity among them for the seal of secrecy (which is indeed sufficiently evident from the component parts of the society); on the contrary, the dampers are extremely communicative, though they deal pretty much in what is called inuendo; and I do not believe there is any Shibboleth among the initiated.

I have formerly given the dampers full credit for disinterestedness in their praiseworthy efforts to cure, or at least to repress, the pride and vanity of their neighbours, as never taking any thing from the general stock of their endeavours to themselves. Indeed this disinterested spirit extends so far, that I rather think they are apt to allow the *qualities* (if one may call them such) which they are so constantly and kindly endeavouring to counteract in others, to acquire greater strength in their own persons, a pitch of zeal for the good of their friends which cannot be too highly appreciated. But in order to explain the proper office of a damper, I shall relate what happened at a dinner party where I had the honour of being a guest.

My friend Mr Cheerwell entertains as handsomely as any body, and as his lady perfectly understands the economy of the table, at their houses one meets with not only the best wines, but the best dinners *in town*. Those articles, although some people think they cannot always secure good society, are leading cards towards attracting what is commonly called the *best company*; and whether it be ow-

ing to the cook, or the wine-merchant, or to their own selection, I shall not pretend to say, but Mr and Mrs Cheerwell contrive to have for their guests, not only the best, but the very best company in Edinburgh, which generally embraces a considerable portion of dampers.

One day, the beginning of last October, I dined at Mr Cheerwell's, and most fortunately, out of sixteen people, five dampers were present. At the bottom of the table appeared a superb haunch of venison, of which my friend seemed not only to be vain, but actually proud, having got it from England in a present from the Duke of R—; and after discharging the arduous duty of helping the company, and having *damped* his own appetite with a couple of slices, he very naturally, as I thought, began to descant on the great superiority of English venison over that fed in our own country, when Mr Bitterbile, a damper, who had consumed three slices of it, besides occasional supplies of fat, interrupted him by observing, that such might possibly be the case, but it was of little consequence, as, in his poor judgment, a leg of good Highland mutton was far better than any venison that ever came upon a table. Our host was immediately *damped*, and no wonder, at his friend the Duke of R's venison being so degraded, but contented himself with saying, that he heartily wished the haunch, of which Mr Bitterbile had just contrived to swallow three slices, had been Highland mutton for his sake.

The first course having been removed, during which several less palpable hits at damping was practised, the second course was put upon the table, and at top there was a fine pheasant. Our hostess asked Lady Dowager Dimpleton if she should have the honour of helping her ladyship to a wing, an offer which seemed to be every way agreeable to the Dowager, but when it was nearly finished, this Right Honourable person was pleased to remark, rather wittily, that a pheasant *might* do sometimes, but, in her opinion, a barn door fowl was the best of all game. Mrs Cheerwell was *damped*, but recovered in a moment, and politely said, she was happy to know her ladyship's taste, which should be carefully studied on a future occasion. On the removal of the second course,

some Parmezan cheese and a plate of fine Gorgona anchovies were introduced, when I heard something advanced in favour of an old ewe-milk cheese, and good Lochfine herrings, by two dampers respectively near the top and bottom of the table; but as I was seated about the middle of it, I lost the force of these very seasonable remarks. Thus four dampers had exerted their talents, in order to check the exultation of these entertainers over their good things, when the wines and dessert were put upon the table; and nothing having been said for a good while by any of the dampers, I was afraid we should not be favoured with any more of their laudable observations. But Mrs Cheerwell having requested a young gentleman to oblige the company with the song of "I'll never leave thee," he very readily complied, and, to my ears, seemed to sing it extremely well; but just as he had finished, a lady damper, who sat opposite to him, said, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "Pray, Mr Warble, did you ever hear Jamie B——r sing that song?" The singer looked a little *flat*, as might be expected, but remarked, that unfortunately Mr B. had died a year or two before he was born; "true," replied the lady, "how vastly stupid in me to forget! Poor Jamie! HE sung that song with a world of taste." Now I will venture to say, that there is no reader of this Magazine who has not heard similar observations *thrown in* by some of the dampers, and when he happens to hear the like again, he will be at no loss to know the society to which such well intentioned observers belong, although they may happen to officiate like the brethren of the Society of Jesus in disguise.

When walking along Prince's Street the other day, I met my friend General Rampart, who requested my company to a silversmith's shop, that we might examine a vase which had been presented to him by the officers of his regiment. It was most beautiful; and while we were admiring the design and workmanship, who should come into the shop but Mr Sneer the damper! My friend, in the fulness of his vanity, or his pride, or perhaps a better feeling, asked Mr Sneer if he did not think the piece of plate extremely handsome?—"O, y-e-s," replied Sneer, "if it had been gilt."

But there are dampers who are constitutionally so, and perform the office almost as well, though with none of that transcendent merit by which the intentional dampers are distinguished. I happened to dine with my friend Jeremiah Grumble, Esq. at his seat of Grumblethorp, when the news came of the victory at Aboukir, and that only *two* of the enemy's ships had escaped to tell the story. This glorious affair put the company into outrageous spirits, with the exception of Mr Grumble, who assumed an aspect of the most lugubrious construction. "What *is* the matter with you, Grumble," asked one of the guests, "you seem to have no relish for the glorious news." 'God forbid,' replied Grumble, 'God forbid! for depend upon it gentlemen, *thae twa* ships will play the vera deevil in the Mediterranean.' But perhaps it may be thought, that my friend belongs to the worshipful company of *crokers*, rather than to the society of true dampers.

The natives of Hindostan, when speaking of the East India Company, use the appellation *Madam Company*, and I shall employ a similar personification when approaching the Edinburgh Review. With respect to our national concerns, it cannot, I hope, be denied, that *Mr Review* is a mighty pretty damper; for, besides having all the merit of an intentional performer in point of *design*, he possesses the additional merit of having rendered the art of damping a lucrative as well as a pleasurable and praiseworthy profession. *Mr Review* knows well, that there are many people in those realms, especially south of the Tweed, who expect to have a mess of misery served up to them for their ready money; therefore he very laudably assumes the cap and apron, and condescends to officiate as cook on the occasion.

To illustrate this remark, I shall only refer to an article which appeared in the last Review on the power and policy of Russia, wherein *Mr Review* most powerfully and pathetically deplores our loss of character as a nation—our degradation in the eyes of all Europe—the crimes of the cabinet—the fatal consequences of the late war—the inefficiency of the sinking fund—the futility of an income tax as a source of future supply—the impos-

sibility of raising new taxes—the danger of perishing by famine, or falling by the sword—squandered resources—sullied fame—and above all, the balance of power! fire and fury for the balance of power! neglected or misunderstood by a blind and bungling administration, who doubtless might have been illuminated, had they solicited light from the Edinburgh Reviewers, not in the form of that most obnoxious instrument, a treasury warrant, which would have been spurned at, but *in forma pauperis*, as best befitting them. Of all this dread catalogue of ills past, present, and to come, I am afraid the bulk of our countrymen have no adequate conception—buoyed up by the issue of a few skirmishes in the Peninsula, which have been magnified into victories—by the chance-medley business of Waterloo—by the restoration of three or four *legitimate*, mark that, *legitimate* crowns—by the acquisition, at the peace, of certain cumbersome territories in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—by the blockhead Wellington being selected to command the allied army—and by our mean turnkey triumph over a mighty but unfortunate monarch,

“The greatest man that ever was or ever will be—quite a jewel of a man.”

They rashly consider the nation as standing on a higher pinnacle of renown than it ever attained in former times; whereas, were these unfortunates capable of a moment's consideration, and would they carefully read the Edinburgh Review, they could not fail to contemplate with horror the yawning gulf that is ready to devour them.

One ray of comfort, however, has been kindly emitted by *Mr Review*, for it would seem that the conduct of a certain individual in the affair of Lavalette, has not only exalted his own character, but that of the *British nation*, in the eyes of all Europe. Here, along with a crumb of comfort, we have a display of the true art of damping; and it will doubtless have a salutary effect in subduing the pride and spirit of this once mighty nation, to have it established, that her degradation was sealed, unless it had been redeemed by *Major-General Sir Robert Wilson*. Yet this saviour of his country's fame has, O shame! been hunt-

ed by the whole pack of treasury minions. The underlings of underlings, and all the ministerial tools—bitter words these—have opened in full cry against the hero whose generous gallantry has redeemed the character of the Queen of the Ocean, merely because he had doubted the doctrines of legitimacy, and was an enemy to arbitrary power. How much are we indebted to Sir Robert Wilson, and how much more to *Mr Review*, for informing us of our high obligation, of which it is possible we might otherwise have remained an ignorant people.

I shall conclude with a proposal, which I hope will not be disagreeable to conversational dampers, that when any observation is made, with the obvious intention of correcting superabundant pride, or vanity, or even the excess of good humour and contentment (for every excess requires correction), some person in the company shall call out with an audible voice, *A Damper*, by which means the notice of all present will be immediately directed to the benevolent individual, thereby obtaining for him that tribute of respect to which he is so well entitled, and which I am positively determined, such amiable, useful, and well bred persons shall always receive from

AN OLD FELLOW.

P. S.—Being desirous of saving my friends unnecessary trouble, I hereby intimate to the fraternity of dampers, that when they meet with turtle and champagne at a friend's table, it is unnecessary for them to remark, that calf's head and perry are much better things, the observation having been often hazarded, but without the desired effect.

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#### THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

SIR,

The verses inclosed are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July 1386, the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence. The author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker.



He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a *Meistersinger* or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Eschylus, that—

Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,  
But reached from Virtue's hand the patriot steel.

The circumstance of their being written by a poet returning from the well-fought field he describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and therefore some part of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's feeling it a duty to keep as closely as possible to his original. The various puns, rude attempts at pleasantry, and disproportioned episodes, must be set down to Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelried, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in these iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their defensive armour, rendered the Austrian gentry a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German men-at-arms, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of foppery, often mentioned in the middle ages. Leopold III. Arch-duke of Austria, called "The handsome man-at-arms," was slain in the battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

'Twas when among our linden trees  
The bees had housed in swarms;  
And grey-hair'd peasants say that these  
Betoken foreign arms.

Then look'd we down to Willisow,  
The land was all in flame;  
We knew the Archduke Leopold  
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow,  
So hot their heart and bold,  
On Switzer carles we'll trample now,  
And slay both young and old.

With clarion loud, and banner proud,  
From Zurich on the lake,  
In martial pomp and fair array,  
Their onward march they make.

"Now list, ye lowland nobles all,  
Ye seek the mountain strand,  
Nor wot ye what shall be your lot  
In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, shrive you of your sins,  
Before you further go;  
A skirmish in Helvetian hills  
May send your souls to wo."

"But where now shall we find a priest  
Our shrift that he may hear?"  
"The Switzer priest\* has ta'en the field,  
He gives a penance drear."

"Right heavily upon your head  
He'll lay his hand of steel;  
And with his trusty partizan  
Your absolution deal."

'Twas on a Monday morning then,  
The corn was steep'd in dew,  
And merry maids had sickles ta'en,  
When the host to Sempach drew.

The stallwart men of fair Lucerne  
Together have they join'd;  
The pith and core of manhood stern  
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,  
And to the Duke he said,  
"Yon little band of brethren true  
Will meet us undismay'd."

"O Hare-castle, † thou heart of hare!"  
Fierce Oxenstern replied,  
"Shalt see then how the game will fare,"  
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,  
And closing ranks amain;  
The peaks they hew'd from their boot-points  
Might well nigh load a wain. ‡

\* All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in this patriotic war.

† In the original, *Haasenstern*, or *Harcstone*.

‡ This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the middle ages, of wearing boots with the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer.

And thus, they to each other said,  
 " Yon handful down to hew  
 Will be no boastful tale to tell,  
 The peasants are so few."

The gallant Swiss confederates there,  
 They pray'd to God aloud,  
 And he display'd his rainbow fair  
 Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throb'd more and more  
 With courage firm and high,  
 And down the good confederates bore  
 On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion\* 'gan to growl,  
 And toss his mane and tail ;  
 And ball, and shaft, and cross-bow bolt,  
 Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halberd, mingled there,  
 The game was nothing sweet ;  
 The boughs of many a stately tree  
 Lay shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,  
 So close their spears they laid ;  
 It chafed the gallant Winkelried,  
 Who to his comrades said—

" I have a virtuous wife at home,  
 A wife and infant son ;  
 I leave them to my country's care,—  
 This field shall soon be won.

These nobles lay their spears right thick,  
 And keep full firm array,  
 Yet shall my charge their order break,  
 And make my brethren way."

He rushed against the Austrian band,  
 In desperate career,  
 And with his body, breast, and hand,  
 Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splintered on his crest,  
 Six shivered in his side ;  
 Still on the serried files he press'd—  
 He broke their ranks, and died.

This patriot's self-devoted deed,  
 First tamed the lion's mood,  
 And the four forest cantons freed  
 From thralldom by his blood.

Right where his charge had made a lane,  
 His valiant comrades burst,  
 With sword, and axe, and partizan,  
 And hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted lion 'gan to whine,  
 And granted ground amain,  
 The mountain bull †, he bent his brows,  
 And gored his sides again.

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with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.

\* A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

† A pun on the Urus, or wild bull, which gives name to the canton of Uri.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,  
 At Sempach in the flight,  
 The cloister vaults at Konig's field  
 Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold,  
 So lordly would he ride,  
 But he came against the Switzer churls,  
 And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,  
 " And shall I not complain ;  
 There came a foreign nobleman  
 To milk me on the plain."

" One thrust of thine outrageous horn  
 Has gall'd the knight so sore,  
 That to the churchyard he is born,  
 To rule our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,  
 And fast the flight 'gan take ;  
 And he arrived in luckless hour  
 At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd,  
 (His name was Hans Von Rot)  
 " For love, or meed, or charity,  
 Receive us in thy boat."

Their anxious call the fisher heard,  
 And glad the meed to win ;  
 His shallop to the shore he steer'd,  
 And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind  
 Hans stoutly row'd his way,  
 The noble to his follower sign'd  
 He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,  
 The squire his dagger drew,  
 Hans saw his shadow in the lake,  
 The boat he overthrew.

He 'whelm'd the boat, and as they strove,  
 He stun'd them with his oar,  
 " Now, drink ye deep my gentle sirs,  
 You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

" Two gilded fishes in the lake  
 This morning have I caught,  
 Their silver scales may much avail,  
 Their carrion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe  
 Has sought the Austrian land ;  
 " Ah ! gracious lady, evil news !  
 My lord lies on the strand.

" At Sempach, on the battle field,  
 His bloody corpse lies there :"  
 " Ah gracious God !" the lady cried,  
 " What tidings of despair !"

Now would you know the minstrel wight,  
 Who sings of strife so stern,  
 Albert the Souter is he hight,  
 A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,  
 The night he made the lay,  
 Returning from the bloody spot,  
 Where God had judged the day.

## THE PASSION.

[From the Old Spanish.]

EARTH and Heaven bewailing,  
 The Light at mid-day failing,  
 The sea, that sparkled cheerily,  
 Rolling black waves drearily ;  
 It was an hour of dread,  
 When the Saviour said,  
 "Eli, Eli," from the tree;  
 "Lord, I yield my soul to thee."  
 It was an hour of grieving,  
 To angel and to man ;  
 A quick convulsive heaving  
 Through nature's bosom ran.  
 Jehovah, the great Maker,  
 Of human pangs partaker !  
 The God that gave us breath,  
 For us to die the death !  
 It is a thought for gazing eyes,  
 But not for words, nor tears, nor sighs—  
 Jesu's dying agonies !

Mary, mother, humbly kneeling,  
 I see a smile of radiance stealing—  
 A holy smile, I see it break,  
 A moon-beam o'er thy pallid cheek.  
 O who may utter, who may think,  
 What joy is mingled with thy fears,  
 While Golgotha's dry dust doth drink  
 Jesu's blood and Mary's tears !

## LINES,

*From the German of the late Prince Louis  
 of Prussia.*

THE soul that inwardly is fed  
 On solemn thoughts of sorrow bred,  
 On aspirations pure and high,  
 On wishes, that in breathing die,  
 Like morning webs of gossamere,  
 The mysterious hours that cheer,  
 But when the day shines disappear—  
 The soul, that in its serious mood  
 O'er melancholy dreams doth brood,  
 And nourisheth the lonely eye  
 With wells of untold misery—  
 The soul that, were it open laid,  
 Would make the boldest heart afraid  
 To think that woes so dark can rest  
 Within a human brother's breast—  
 O how can such a spirit be  
 Concealed beneath a mask of glee ?  
 A soul so stately, sad, and pure,  
 How can it such a mien endure,  
 Light, careless, airy, and secure ?  
 Alas ! go ask why flowers unfold  
 Their glories o'er the grave's black mould.  
 Go ask, why the dark sea reflects  
 The sky's bright beams and purple specks.  
 Go ask, why man received so strange a birth,  
 So near to heaven, and yet so bound to earth.

A. W. S.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN IDIOT  
 GIRL.

(By a Lady.)

WHO, helpless, hopeless being, who  
 Shall strew a flower upon thy grave ;  
 Or who from mute Oblivion's power  
 Thy disregarded name shall save.

Honour, and wealth, and learning's store,  
 The votive urn remembers long,  
 And e'en the annals of the poor  
 Live in the bard's immortal song.

But a blank stone best stories thee,  
 Whom wealth, nor sense, nor fame could find ;  
 Poorer than ought beside we see  
 A human form without a mind.

A casket gemless ! yet for thee  
 Pity shall grave a simple tale,  
 And reason shall a moral see,  
 And fancy paint for our avail.

Yes, it shall paint thy hapless form,  
 Clad decent in its russet weed ;  
 Happy in aimless wanderings long,  
 And pleas'd thy father's flock to feed.

With vacant, artless smile thou bor'st  
 Patient, the scoffer's cruel jest ;  
 With viewless gaze could pass it o'er,  
 And turn it pointless from thy breast.

Though language was forbid to trace  
 The uniform'd chaos of thy mind,  
 And thy rude sound no ear could guess,  
 But through parental instinct kind,

Yet unto ev'ry human form  
 Clings imitation, mystic pow'r !  
 And thou wert fond, and proud to own  
 The school-time's regulated hour,

And o'er the mutilated page,  
 Mutter the mimic lesson's tone ;  
 And e'er the school-boy's task was said,  
 Brought ever, and anon thine own ;

And many a truant boy would seek,  
 And drag reluctant to his place ;  
 And oft the master's solemn rule  
 Would mock with grave and apt grimace.

And every guileless heart would love  
 A nature so estrang'd from wrong,  
 And every infant would protect  
 Thee from the traveller's passing tongue.

Thy primal joy was still to be  
 Where holy congregations bow ;  
 Wrapt in wild transport when they sung,  
 And when they pray'd, would bend thee low,

Oh, Nature, wheresoe'er thou art,  
 Some latent worship still is there ;  
 Blush, ye whose form, without a heart,  
 The Idiot's plea can never share.

Poor guiltless thing ! Thee eighteen years  
Parental cares had rear'd alone ;  
Then, least thou e'er should want their care,  
Heav'n took thee spotless to its own.

For many a watching eye of love  
Thy sickness and thy death did cheer ;  
Though reason weeps not, she allows  
The instinct of a parent's tear.

Poor guileless thing ! forgot by man,  
The hillock's all remains of thee ;  
To merely mortal man it may,  
But Faith another sight can see.

For what a burst of mind shall be,  
When, disencumber'd from this clod,  
Thou, who on earth could'st nothing see,  
Shalt rise to comprehend thy God.

Oh ! could thy spirit teach us now,  
Full many a truth the gay might learn ;  
The value of a blameless life,  
Full many a sinner might discern.

Yes, they might learn who waste their time,  
What it must be to know no sin ;  
They who pollute the soul's sweet prime,  
What to be spotless pure within.

Whoe'er thou art, go seek her grave,  
All ye who sport in folly's ray ;  
And as the gale the grass shall wave,  
List to a voice that seems to say—

“ 'Tis not the measure of thy powers  
To which the Eternal Meed is given ;  
'Tis wasted or improved hours  
That forfeit or secure thy Heaven.”

REMARKS ON THE LIVERPOOL ROYAL  
INSTITUTION, AND MR ROSCOE'S  
DISCOURSE.\*

NOTHING, we will venture to say, could be farther from the intention of Mr Roscoe, and nothing, we are quite certain, can be farther from ours, than to underrate in any way the two English universities. We are partial to our own system of education, but we have no disrespect for that of our neighbours. We venerate their noble institutions for preserving alive among their youth those branches of ancient and abstruse learning, from which all the master-spirits of England have derived their earliest and best nourishment,—by which the genius of our Lockes and our Newtons has been

strengthened, and that of our Miltons, our Barrows, and our Johnsons, has been enriched and refined. Yet we think that no intelligent foreigner, in the present day, will question the justice of our opinion, that the position of these illustrious seminaries is exceedingly unfortunate ; in little country towns, namely, where the teachers and the taught are obliged to converse entirely among themselves,—where tutors and professors have no opportunities of mingling freely with men engaged in the active pursuits of professional, mercantile, and political ambition,—where the young men are withdrawn altogether out of the humanizing sphere of female society,—where, in short, many of the worst abuses of monastic life are still kept alive with the most unremitting devotion.

But the great expense attending academical education in England (exceeding, in an enormous proportion, what is known in any other country) is perhaps the weightiest of all our objections to Oxford and Cambridge in their present state. We believe that things are not quite so bad as they used to be ; but still the mode of life generally adopted in the English colleges is extravagant beyond all pardonable limit ; and this circumstance, particularly in the remoter counties of Wales and the north, has long been felt by most parents as an insurmountable obstacle to giving their sons an university education. A few years ago, an attempt was made by the bench of bishops to refuse orders to all persons unprovided with degrees ; but in the districts to which we have alluded, it was soon found that the measure was impracticable, and by far the greater proportion of the clergymen in those quarters are actually, at this moment, persons who never received any academical education at all.

The effect of this is, of course, extremely hurtful to these parts of the country, and is so considered by all those who are best acquainted with their interests. The present excellent bishop of St David's, Dr Burgess, has been engaged, ever since his accession to that diocese, in arranging plans for the establishment of a seminary which may supply the inhabitants of Wales with the opportunity of educating their children in their own province ; and we rejoice to learn that his enlightened

\* A Discourse delivered on the opening of the Liverpool Royal Institution, 25th November 1817. By William Roscoe, Esq. 4to. 5s. Liverpool, 1817.

schemes have of late received one mark of great and effectual encouragement, from the munificence of the late Colonel Johnes of Hafod, who has bequeathed his most valuable library to the future institution. What the learned and benevolent prelate of St David's has been trying to do for Wales, the generous and enlightened merchants of Liverpool have now begun, with far more immediate prospects of success, to do for the northern counties of England. The wealth of these intelligent and patriotic citizens has at all times been at the disposal of every one who proposed to them any measure truly deserving of such patronage as theirs; and now, we think, we may with great safety congratulate them upon having found a subject infinitely more worthy of all their exertions and all their liberality than any which has ever before become candidate for their approbation.

With whom the first idea of forming an "institution for the promotion of literature, science, and the arts, in Liverpool," originated, we have no means of knowing. But if, as we suspect, the honour of the conception belong to the same distinguished individual whose opening lecture to the friends of the establishment now lies upon our table, the whole world, we believe, will be very ready to unite with us in congratulating him on his having now added to the name of Roscoe by far the most enduring of all its laurels. With what a feeling of calm and manly satisfaction must this venerable man survey the long tenor of his most elegant and most useful life! With what admiration and affection must his fellow citizens witness the triumph of his declining days! With what gratitude and love will his memory be hallowed in the breasts of those who shall reap in future years the fruits of this good man's zeal!

The terms of which we have been making use will not, we imagine, appear in any degree exaggerated to those who peruse the report of the committee, and the discourse delivered by Mr Roscoe. It appears, that on the 31st of March 1814, a meeting of many of the first gentlemen of Liverpool and its vicinity was held, at which it was agreed, that a subscription should be immediately commenced, for the purpose of founding an esta-

lishment of liberal education in that city; and it was suggested, that a sum of £30,000 would be sufficient. £22,000 was subscribed in the course of a few months, and the committee have been so active, that, in the space of less than three years, buildings have been bought or erected, adapted for all the purposes of the institution; arrangements have been entered into with several eminent persons, who are to officiate as lecturers—and that, in short, the public may now expect to see the active operations of the establishment commenced in the course of a very few months from this time. Of all examples of prompt and enlightened liberality among English merchants, we do not hesitate to say, that we consider this as by far the most remarkable. If things go on as they have begun, we expect that ere long the effects of their exertions will be such as not only to create a mighty improvement in their own neighbourhood, but to excite in many other quarters a spirit of honourable emulation. They have perhaps commenced a system which may form one of the most distinguished features in the English history of our age.

The plans of the institution are not as yet quite completed, but a general idea of their extent may be gathered from the following sketch, which was laid before a meeting of the proprietors on the 18th August 1814.

“The purposes of the Institution are proposed to be accomplished,—

I.—By *Academical Schools.*

II.—By *Public Lectures.*

III.—By *the Encouragement of Societies who may unite for similar Objects.*

IV.—By *Collections of Books, Specimens of Art, Natural History, &c.*

V.—By *Providing a Laboratory and Philosophical Apparatus.*

VI.—By *Association of the Proprietors.*

I.—*Schools.*

They will consist of three departments;—1. Literary; comprehending the ancient and modern languages, with a particular attention to English grammar and composition.—2. Scientific; including arithmetic, algebra, geometry, mechanics, navigation, and the other branches of the mathematics.—3. A School of Design, for instruction in drawing, as subservient to professions, mechanical employments, or the study of the fine arts.

The masters will be appointed by the committee of the institution.

The schools are intended to supply the higher advantages of education, as preparatory either to entering at a university or engaging in business, to such pupils as have already made some proficiency at an elementary school: the pupils therefore will not be admitted under the age of twelve years, nor without a previous examination as to their attainments. The proficiency to be required, as the condition of admission into each school, will be defined and made public; and no pupil shall be examined as to any other qualification.

The number of pupils shall be limited; and the proprietors, individually, shall have a priority of nomination for each share, subject to future regulations. Other pupils to be admitted by priority of application, provided they appear duly qualified when examined.

The pupils will be required to pay a reasonable sum for instruction, except in cases which may hereafter be defined.

At Midsummer and at Christmas, in each year, the pupils shall be examined in the lecture-room of the institution, in the presence of the committee, and of any others of the proprietors who may choose to attend, as to the progress they have made during the preceding half year; and cases of extraordinary merit shall be rewarded by prizes.

The general discipline of each school shall be conducted by means of a system of rewards and punishments, under the superintendance and at the discretion of the master; with the exception of corporal punishments, which are in no case to be inflicted; and of expulsion, which shall not take place without the decision of the committee.

### II.—Lectures.

The committee will make arrangements for the delivery of lectures on the following subjects, and on such others as may from time to time be approved:—1. Philology, or the structure of the ancient and modern languages, chiefly with a view to the attainment of correctness and elegance in our own.—2. History, ancient and modern.—3. Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, the latter including Commerce.—4. Chemistry, including its application to the arts.—5. Natural History, including Geology and Mineralogy.—6. Natural Philosophy; the mechanical branches to be illustrated by models of the most approved machinery.—7. Botany, Horticulture, and Agriculture.—8. Anatomy, Physiology, Surgery, and Medicine.

The lectures shall be open to the public on such terms as may be approved by the committee.

### III.—Literary Societies and Academies of Art.

The Institution proposes to provide suitable accommodations for the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, and for such other societies as may appear to the committee calculated to promote the objects of the Institution: also, to provide an

exhibition room for pictures, and other works of art; and rooms for the practice of drawing from models or figures, to be used by an academy or society of painters, on such terms as may be agreed on between the institution and the academy.

### IV.—Collection of Books, Specimens of Natural History, &c.

The Institution will gladly receive donations of books, or of specimens in natural history, models of inventions, &c. which will be carefully preserved, and the names of the donors inserted in the records of the institution.

### V.—By Providing a Laboratory and Philosophical Apparatus.

A laboratory shall be erected for chemical experiments, and a philosophical apparatus provided, to be used by the lecturers, or others, as may be regulated by the committee.

### VI.—By Association of the Proprietors.

It is proposed, that a public room shall be open for the accommodation of the proprietors, where they may assemble for the communication of literary and philosophical intelligence, at stated hours to be hereafter fixed. This room is intended to be supplied with the periodical works of the united kingdom on literary and scientific subjects, with the literary journals of foreign countries, and with such other works of an occasional nature as the committee may from time to time judge to be conducive to the objects of the institution; but no newspapers or journals, unconnected with such objects, shall be admitted into the public room.

The proprietors shall each be furnished with a silver ticket, the production of which shall obtain free admission to the lectures, and to the public meetings and exhibitions of the literary societies and academies.

Arrangements have, we believe, been already formed, for reducing to practice the greater part of these proposed measures. Among other things, the public will hear with great pleasure, that lectures on different branches of natural history are to be delivered by Dr Traile and Dr Vose; that Dr Bos-took is to lecture on Physiology; that the department of Botany has been undertaken by Sir James Edward Smith, the president of the Linnæan Society; and that of Literary History by Mr Thomas Campbell, whose admirable prælections at the London Institution have satisfied all who heard them, that the acuteness and depth of his criticism do no discredit to the splendid reputation he has already acquired as a poet.

On the 25th of December 1817, the halls of the new institution were for

the first time opened, and Mr Roscoe then delivered the discourse to which we have already made some allusions.

The title of it is so comprehensive, that it may be perceived the author has been under the necessity of treating his subject in a very general manner. But so much the better; he has given a general and a masterly outline of the history of intellectual cultivation, and a clear train of proof that all true human happiness, all liberty of thought and of action, are the fruits of man's own labour; he has shewn, that literature, science, and the arts, are the noblest accompaniments, and most graceful ornaments of periods distinguished by political freedom and independence; that without these, all the best blessings which our nature is capable of possessing—wealth, victory, liberty itself, soon become debased, and degraded from the dignity of their original destination. Surely no topics of reflection more suitable than these could be laid before men assembled together to witness the first transactions of an institution such as this. Neither, we will add, could the inhabitants of Liverpool have found any stranger better qualified to do justice to such a theme, than their own illustrious fellow citizen, who has long afforded, in his own person, a far better proof than any general arguments could have conveyed, of the truth of all that he is most anxious to support; who stood before the assembly of that day, a living witness that in no situation is elegant literature irreconcilable with attention to the more active duties of life—that the same pursuits which form the best recreation of the clergyman, the barrister, and the senator, may grace with equal propriety the retirement of the British merchant. To Mr Roscoe belongs the distinguished honour of having revived among us the study of Italian literature, of restoring to our familiarity those long neglected models of graceful and natural composition, which had been supplanted during a full century by the stiff and affected literature of the French, but which have now here and elsewhere, in a very great measure, by his means (for his works are quite as much known and admired on the Continent as they are at home) recovered that share of attention which they once universally received, and which they so well repaid to the great fathers of English poetry

and eloquence. The labours of Mr Roscoe have erected for him a monument of unperishable honour in the gratitude of Italy and of England, and in the respect and admiration of all the rest of cultivated Europe. To say any thing of him, or of his great works, is needless; it is sufficient praise of the present production, that it is not unworthy of the author. It is composed in the same simple and elegant style of which the author has hitherto furnished many examples; it exhibits the same powers of extensive reflection, copious illustration, and apt allusion, by which his histories are distinguished; and warmed, as well he might be, by the occasion, it displays a vigour and energy, both of moral and intellectual strength, considerably above the usual tone of any thing that we at present recollect in those delightful compositions. We would willingly enter more at large into the analysis of the discourse, but find that quite impossible at present. We must, however, make room for one pretty considerable quotation, in which the most important argument of the essay is summed up, and in which the ulterior prospects of the infant institution are described in a manner which we hope and trust posterity will have no occasion to complain of as having been more sanguine than judicious.

“From the preceding observations may we not then be allowed to conclude, as the result of our present inquiry, that with regard to taste and science, as well as in other respects, mankind are the architects of their own fortunes; and that the degree of their success will, in general, be in proportion to the energy and wisdom of their exertions. To suppose that the human race is subjected to a certain and invariable law, by which they continue either to degenerate or to improve; to presume that the progress of civilization, science, and taste, is limited to certain climates and tracts of country; or to adopt the idea, that when they have arisen to a certain degree of excellence, they must, in the common course of affairs, necessarily decline, is to deaden all exertion, and to subject the powers of the mind to the operations of inert matter, or the fluctuations of accident and chance. Experience, however, demonstrates, that it is to the influence of moral causes, to those dispositions and arrangements in the affairs of mankind that are peculiarly within our own power, that we are to seek for the reasons of the progress or decline of liberal studies. It is to the establishment of rational liberty—to the continuance of public tranquillity—to successful industry and national prosperity, and to

the wish to pay due honour to genius and talents, that we are certainly to refer the improvements that take place. The true friends of literature will therefore perceive, that nothing which relates to the condition and well-being of mankind can be to them a matter of indifference; and that it is not by a confined and immediate attention to one single object that we are to hope for success.—The result of these studies may be compared to the delicious fruit of a large and flourishing tree; but if we wish to obtain it in perfection, our attention must be paid to the nurture of its roots and the protection of its branches. Whatever therefore tends to debilitate the minds of youth; to alienate them from graver pursuits; and to call them away from those more serious and indispensable obligations, which ought to form the column on which the capital may at length be erected, is not only injurious to the concerns of real life, but actually defeats its own object. It is to the union of the pursuits of literature with the affairs of the world, that we are to look forward towards the improvement of both; towards the stability and foundation of the one, and the grace and ornament of the other; and this union is most likely to be effected by establishments in the nature of the present institution, founded in the midst of a great commercial community, and holding out opportunities of instruction, not only to those intended for the higher and more independent ranks of life, but for those who, amidst the duties of an active profession, or the engagements of mercantile concerns, wish to cultivate their intellectual powers and acquirements.

“Nor is it to the period of youth alone that the purposes of this institution are intended to be confined. Education is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives; and they who, satisfied with their attainments, neglect to avail themselves of the improvements which are daily taking place in every department of human knowledge, will in a few years have the mortification to find themselves surpassed by much younger rivals. In order to afford the best possible opportunity of preventing such a result, it is the avowed object of this institution, not only to establish a system of academical education, but to draw from every part of the united kingdoms the best instructors that can be obtained, on those subjects which are of the first importance and the highest interest to mankind. By these means an establishment will be formed, original in its plan, and efficient in its operation; affording to the inhabitants of this great town an opportunity of domestic instruction for their children, equal, it is hoped, to any that can elsewhere be obtained; and preventing the necessity of resorting to those distant seminaries, where, amidst the promiscuous society of youthful associates, the character is left to be formed as chance and circum-

stances may direct. Nor will the course of instruction cease with the period of manhood; but will be continued for the use of those who may choose to avail themselves of it in future life; thereby carrying the acquirements of youth into real use; applying them to the practical concerns of the world, and preventing, as far as possible, that absurd and entire relinquishment of the benefits and attainments of education, which generally takes place at the precise time when they should be converted to their most useful and important purposes.

On the present occasion I shall not trespass further on your indulgence, than to mention one other object, which appears to me to be perfectly within the scope of this institution. The great end of all education is to form the character and regulate the conduct of life; and every department of it must be considered merely as auxiliary to this purpose. Experience, however, shews, that it is one thing to acquire the knowledge of rules and precepts, and another to apply them to practice; as a mechanic may possess the implements of his profession without having acquired the skill to use them. The same observation applies, perhaps yet more strongly, to all those precepts which are intended to influence the moral character and regulate the conduct of life. For this purpose various systems of ethics have been formed, by which the rules of moral duty are laid down in the most explicit and satisfactory manner: nor has there, perhaps, been any neglect in inculcating these systems on the minds of our young men, who, in many instances, study these works as an essential part of their education, and become no unskilful disputants on their most important topics. But between the impressing these systems on the memory, and the giving them an operative influence on the conduct and on the heart, there is still an essential difference. It is one thing to extend our knowledge, and another to improve our disposition and influence our will\*. It seems then essentially necessary to a complete system of education, that the principles of moral conduct, as laid down by our most distinguished writers, should be enforced and recommended to practice by every inducement that instruction and persuasion can supply. It is therefore my earnest wish, that, in addition to the various scientific and literary subjects already proposed by this institution, a series of lectures should be delivered on the formation of character, and the conduct of life; intended to exemplify the rules of

\* It is well observed by a celebrated foreign writer, that “a cultivated understanding without a good and virtuous heart, taste and information without integrity and piety, cannot produce happiness either to ourselves or others; and that so circumstanced, our souls can reap only everlasting shame, instead of honour from our acquirements.” *Gellert, Moral Lessons, i. 262.*



morality, and to enforce the practice of them, not merely by a scientific elucidation, but by a practical view of the affairs of the world, the consequences of a neglect or performance of the various duties of life, by the influence of the feelings, the dictates of conscience, and above all, by the sublime sanctions of the religion we profess. By these means, and by these alone, the various acquisitions made in every department of science or taste will be concentrated in one point, directed to one great object, and applied to their proper purpose—the illustration and perfection of the human character.

We hope a second report may ere long be published, and shall have great pleasure in laying before our readers any intelligence which may reach us respecting the future proceedings of an institution from which we expect so much. H. H.

OPINION ON THE SCOTS LAW OF DIVORCE, IN THE CLEAR BUT COMMON PLACE MANNER OF A LATE CELEBRATED JUDGE.\*

I AM decidedly of the opinion given by Lord Meadowbank, and that the Commissaries were egregiously wrong. Will any body tell me, that a stranger without a domicil here, is to be refused justice for any guilt or crime done to him? Is a man who marries in England, and commits adultery in Scotland, to be out of the reach of the Scots law against adultery? Such man may turn his wife out of doors too,—may even go farther against her and her children,—and all with impunity, upon the feigned supremacy of the *lex loci contractus*. In short, if a man comes to Scotland *sine animo remanendi*, and, *cum animo peccandi*, steals my horse, are we first to inquire into his domicil, and the laws of his country respecting theft? Now I am clearly of opinion, that he ought to be hanged upon our own law:—and a decree of divorce, *a vinculo matrimonii*, ought equally to follow the commission of adultery here.

But, *2dly*, should any of the English divorced parties be averse to our consistorial decree, he may, on his return to England, apply to a court of law, by recapitulating *our* decision, and get it altered to one, *a mensa et thoro*; and when no such application

\* See *Horæ Juridicæ*, in the Magazine for November.

has been made, the parties may truly marry without the risk of bigamy, or the insecurity of a new family, unless the English courts, of which I *dinna know much*, are senseless and absurd. Indeed, their decision *a mensa et thoro* is like our *Jack and the Bean*, an absurd nothing, till Parliament, and a huge expence, commissary it (I may say) into our form. We must follow our own laws; and should our Southerners deem them improper, and have no remedy, let them procure an Act of Parliament, declaring that any person feeling hurt by the Scots decree, may, within six weeks after his arrival in England, apply to a court of law there, and get the Scottish decree altered to an English one; and should no application during that time be made, the party or parties may marry at pleasure, and their offspring be protected by law. If England requires much time and money to procure a parliamentary divorce, why should not our Scottish “good cheer and good cheap ca’mony customers,” as our proverb says?

ALPINA’S REPLY TO “AN OLD INDIAN.”

MR EDITOR,

HAVING just finished a careful perusal of a letter in your last Number, subscribed by “an Old Indian,” I take up my pen to express, however feebly, my disgust and terror at the prospect of an innovation so odious as that proposed by your correspondent. The Magazine came here very late in the evening of Tuesday, and as we were engaged to three parties, and Muggerland was at the door, there was no possibility of reading it till the day after it came out, as mamma always makes us go to bed whenever we come home. Bearing freshly in mind, as we all did, the delightful impression made by the last rout of the preceding night (I went to supper with the deputy-manager, as we all call him, who told me so many funny stories about Liston and Mathews), it is easier to imagine than describe the feelings which crowded upon us, on reading the feeble aspirations of your worthy valetudinarian after the delectable tea-parties of the olden time. You would have been so amused, if

you had heard the undisguised manner in which my youngest sister Lucy, who is just coming out this winter, expressed herself on the subject.

I assure you, sir, the situation of the Old Indian has excited among us the utmost merriment. Does he really suppose, that because he has broiled himself to a stick by labouring beneath a tropic sun for five-and-thirty years, till he is no longer able to bear the fatigue of attending balls and routs, that the young, the beautiful, and the gay, are also to be deprived of such amusements? Has the thought for a single moment entered his superannuated pericranium, that because the lumbago in his back, and the rheumatism in his knees, render it impossible for him to stand, that we also are to range ourselves like so many Egyptian mummies round a huge mahogany table, and receive with outstretched arms each decoction of warm water, and brown sugar, and blue milk, which any old maid may choose to favour us with? Or is he serious in giving it as his opinion, that there is greater room for flirtation at an old-fashioned tea-drinking party than in the very thickest of a route? or the centre of a ball-room? or the delightful crushing in a lobby? or the squeezing in a stair-case? or the concentration of all crowds, when supper is first announced, as having hidden its diminished head in a third drawing room? Really the Indian coup de soleil must be more than usually desperate in the case of your unfortunate patient.

But the cause of all his complainings, and repinings, and misgivings, may easily be traced. We all know perfectly well who he is, and where he is, and what he is, although our poor aunt Deborah has a decided advantage over us in her knowledge of what he has been. He himself talks as learnedly as Dr B. could do about cause and effect, though he seems wonderfully deficient in the power of applying his knowledge to his own unhappy case. Does he think that we are ignorant of the effect produced upon him by his residence in the East? or that we can for a moment forget the cause of his having been rejected three different times by three different young ladies last summer at Helensburgh, where he had gone for the benefit of sea-bathing; or does he think that he is still

young, and healthy, and blooming, because the cold blasts of his native Caledonia have conjured upon his palid face two shining spots of winter red? Has he indeed allowed such things to escape him, and has he been so long beside himself as to have forgotten how sorry any young woman would be to add one to the party? Yet he has had the assurance to write as he has done. Had he only given birth to such ideas in conversation, when his anger or spleen had roused him to it, when the cause of such effect, to use his own terms, might have been traced to the slim firm foot of some young lady at a crowded rout, having inadvertently (as he may be well assured) planted itself amid his gouty toes, it would have been less a matter of re- crimination. But to come forward, as he has done, so unnecessarily, and with so little provocation, with the intention of blasting for ever the prospects of an innocent and rising generation, by the introduction of so unendurable a state of society, really exhibits a picture of more cool and deliberate selfishness than we had hoped existed in the world.

But I must not permit the feelings of the moment to overcome my sense of propriety, though at the same time some latitude may be allowed to the warmth of my expression, in advocating the cause of injured beauty and youth, against the aspersions of too aspiring, and consequently disappointed and peevish, old age. Let me assure you, however, Mr Editor, that both my sisters and myself could easily adduce ample proof that the vile and injurious proposal of your correspondent is not the result of his real sentiments regarding the present constitution of fashionable society, but merely the effect produced by his own utter inability, either to enjoy the delights of the gay ball and the crowded assembly, or to contribute to such enjoyment in others. *He* is indeed the last person to talk of a round table. Had all the knights so named been like him, King Arthur would have been very slightly known.

Believe me, sir, I would not have deemed it necessary to have troubled you in the manner I am now doing, had every inmate of our house been like myself and sisters, or even like mamma. But you must know, sir, that my aunt Deborah has come to

town, and proposes spending the winter with us. Now as she, from her long connexion with General D., has been able to promise an ensigncy to Tom, and has been otherwise very serviceable to the family, her opinion has lately acquired considerable weight with the "ancients," as Tom calls his father and mother; and it unfortunately happens, that your Old Indian's logic has made a convert of this worthy maiden, of her "long choosing and beginning late." This probably arises from there being so many points of resemblance between her situation and his, for she too waxeth in years, and has long since, for what reason I cannot guess, forsworn all flirtation and marriage. Be this, however, as it may, there is no reason that we (I mean myself and sisters) should be the victims of her conversion. It is through the fear of such an event that I have ventured thus publicly to address you; and I now call upon all young women, whose age is not much removed from my own (I am just seventeen), to hold themselves in readiness to resist both the theory and practice of so ruinous an infringement of our privileges. You promise to insert four additional letters of this same Old Indian. I sincerely trust, for the honour of the sex, that some of them may meet with a more signal and efficient exposure than I can give them, and I invoke every blue stocking, of whatever calling or denomination, to rise up in defence of their rights as women, by using their powers as men. Now is the time for them to step forward, or never.

Having thus imperfectly expressed myself regarding a few of those ideas which disturb and enrage me beyond measure, whenever I think on the aim and object of that calumnious letter, I shall again read it over, and then proceed as dispassionately as possible to offer a few remarks on some particular paragraphs, with the view of obviating, in as far as I am able, any painful anticipation of future misery which it may have already been the contemptible means of exciting in the bosoms of my fair friends.

The Old Indian informs us, in the first place, that he has been four-and-thirty years absent from his native country, and that he is an idle man, and a bachelor. I have often heard my father say, that idleness usually led to

all manner of wickedness, and that an old bachelor was the most useless member of the community. I was never, however, so strongly convinced of the truth of such an assertion till now; and I see no reason why your correspondent should have returned home at all, if he has nothing better to do than to ruin our prospects in life. In the description which he gives of himself, he mentions, that he is "a plain, well-meaning, common-place man." That he is abundantly plain, we all know, for even little Jess used to scream when she saw him; and he is known in one family by the name of the "monster;" as to his "well-meaning," I believe you will admit, from the circumstances to which I have already alluded, that his motives and grounds of complaint are exceedingly questionable; and in regard to his being a "common-place man," we do not exactly understand the term, though we all agree in most earnestly hoping, that such a "man" will never be common in any place where we visit.

He is next at considerable trouble to explain exactly his own ideas concerning the changes which have taken place in this country since the year 1780, when, it seems, the island was happily relieved of his presence. He observes, "I do not mean changes in dress, houses, and equipages,—for these, I frankly acknowledge, have all been altered greatly for the better;—neither do I mean to insinuate, that the belles of the present day are less beautiful than those whom I remember, although such an opinion is, I confess, not unfrequently broached at the Edinburgh India Club, of which I have the honour to be a member. I allude to changes in the arrangements of social intercourse, of which none, I think, have so much reason to complain as the young ladies, although, perhaps, the evil occasioned to the youth of my own sex be much more considerable than they are pleased to imagine." Let me assure you, however, Mr Editor, on the word of a young lady, that he alludes neither to the one or to the other of these changes, but to the much more distressing ones which have taken place in his own debilitated constitution; and in which, in fact, originate all his grievances and disappointments. His fear of being swept over the bannisters, or pushed into the fire, or driven through the

window, or trodden under foot, is apparent, whenever the image of a ball or of a rout enters his mind. He finishes the paragraph by the following sagacious remarks: "You must know, in fact, that the prevailing system of balls, and routs, and evening parties, is my abhorrence; and the matrons who think, as I have heard, that in establishing the fashion of these entertainments, they have achieved a great triumph in favour of their own sex, and more especially of their own daughters, may rest assured, that it would have been far wiser in them to have allowed the old usages, which they dislodged, to remain *in statu quo*. The matron mind is not yet ripe for conviction on this head; but I doubt not, the experience of other ten years will abundantly do the business." Whatever effect the experience of other ten years may have upon the "matron mind," it is pretty evident, that the lapse of such a period will "abundantly do his business."

He next proceeds to gratify himself and your readers, and at the same time still further to strengthen his arguments, by exhibiting the following beautiful picture of genteel life (which would be death to any of us), as it existed in the days of other times, still fresh in his recollection. "The young gentleman dressed himself for an assembly as he would have done for court, and gazed upon the elegant creatures who glided before him with high heels, powdered locks, and evanescent waists, with somewhat the same feelings of distant reverence and admiration, with which a benighted poet might be supposed to contemplate the revealed gambols of a groupe of fairies or mermaids." Who can think now-a-days, without laughing, of such grotesque figures. I am sure, none of us ever enter the library where mamma's grand-aunt's pictures are hanging, without blessing the stars whose benign influence prevented our appearance in the world prior to the present generation. Believe me, I have seen Lucy's eyes filled with tears of gratitude, while she indulged in such reflections. But, besides, what do you think of the absurdity of the comparison? In what manner could such incongruous things call up ideas in any degree similar, or what points have they in common with each other? Whoever heard tell of a powdered

fairy? or of a young woman with a long tail like a fish's? or of a mermaid with high heels? What is meant by evanescent waists, and what can the Old Indian know about such things? I am sure that he, though verily no "poet," is now fairly "benighted" in the darkness of his own intellect.

He proceeds:—"But now-a-days there is a ball every night, and such illusions, if they do occur, are extremely short-lived. By dint of going through a few hot campaigns, the most awkward recruit becomes a fearless veteran; and the beau who dances every night, for three or four seasons together, learns to face the most deadly artillery of smiles and dimples, without betraying any symptom of emotion." Now, Mr Editor, be so obliging as to mark the contradiction of his own principles, which is here involved,—a contradiction which should give the finishing blow to the faith of all those who believe that he is actuated by any other or more noble feelings than those created by disappointed vanity (for *love* it cannot be called, as in his case the reign of the little god has long since terminated), and a desire of revenge—for the very next paragraph commences with,—“But this is not all. In the days when there were fewer balls, there were more tea-parties, and there is always more occasion for flirtation at one tea-table than at twenty great assemblies, exactly as there is more room for the display of individual heroism in a skirmish than in a general engagement.” Does he not endeavour to establish in the former quotation, that the ordeal of flirtation which young men must undergo in dancing every night, for several successive seasons, tends to blunt their feelings, and render them less susceptible than they might otherwise be found? and in the latter, does he not assert that there is more room for flirtation at one tea-table than at twenty great assemblies; and then gives the preference to the one, on account of its being more imbued with the essence of that very thing, for the possession of which he had rejected and reviled the other? Is it not self-evident, Sir, that it is not our cause which he is advocating, but that of his own old gouty legs? The “individual heroism,” as he calls it, of the tea-table, and which he seems to prefer to the “general engagement,” and also I have no doubt

to any engagement (I trust I shall never be engaged to such a person), is, after all, neither more or less than the prosing of an old woman, or the tiresome garrulity of some liverless bachelor. A most desirable "display" indeed!

"When Raphael was consulted about the disposal of one of his great pictures, his answer was, "*place it by itself*;" and when Lucy was asked what should be done to the Old Indian, she replied, "*hang him any where*."

He again proceeds as follows: "The truth is, and matron or maid may doubt it if she will, that a marriage is becoming every day a greater rarity among us. At first sight, it may appear that I am ill entitled to handle this topic, and I may incur some danger of having the old adage, about the devil reproving sin, thrown in my teeth." I should greatly doubt, whether the increase either of marriages or of any thing else, can ever be much promoted by the return of such people as your correspondent. But what business has he ever to mention such a word as "teeth?" Has he so soon forgotten the joke about the "hippopotamus, or river horse," and "Mr Scott the dentist?" Did he never hear of the elephant, "the armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger?" In short, can he aver, on the honour of a gentleman, that he has one steadfast proper human tooth in either of his two jaws? I leave it to himself to declare it.

"But," he continues, "my fair readers must remember, that Old Indians have better excuses than most other old bachelors. In their youth they have scarcely any opportunity of falling in love, and in their old age they have other things to think of." To this we answer, that their want of opportunity in youth is their own fault. Is it not their love of "lucre vile" which prompts them to sacrifice all affection, and push their fortunes beyond seas, to the manifest detriment of the population of the mother country? In regard to his last proposition, I deny the fact. Whether they have other things to think of than love, I know not, and care not to know; but of this I am certain, that it is the very first object of their ambition, on their return home, to procure young and handsome wives, whose peace of mind they do not hesitate to

sacrifice to the indulgence of their silly vanity—for it is vanity alone which prompts them to the commission of such a deed. If this be denied, let me ask what other motive was it which induced a certain old gentleman, not long since, to purchase a new carriage from Crichton, and which rolled about the streets for a whole winter with the "poor lad," as aunt Deborah called him, (Heaven preserve me from such a lad) shivering by himself in a corner, till it was proverbially known under the name of the "Girl-trap?"

But I have neither time or patience to follow your correspondent through every maze of error in which he is bewildered. Nor in truth do either myself or my sister altogether comprehend the manner in which he endeavours to illustrate certain "modes, signs, shows, and forms" of courtship, by what he emphatically denominates "*a snuffing, and worrying, and wagging of the tail*."

Besides, mamma promised to take me to a literary party to-day, in Mr Millar's back shop; and I expect her return from the Persian Theorems in half an hour, so that I shall have just time to put on my spencer and bonnet, and to run up stairs to look at myself for a moment in the large glass which is kept in Tom's room. We have also to call at Mrs A.'s, to ask leave to take Mr C., and young T., and perhaps Captain M., with us to her rout on Monday, for it's so awkward entering a crowded room entirely by one's self, I mean merely with four sisters and one brother—and then people are sure immediately to find out that he is only your brother.

I shall avail myself of the very first opportunity which occurs of addressing you again on the same or a similar subject; and I sincerely trust that you will excuse the hurry I have been in, and insert this in the very next Number of your Magazine, with all its imperfections, (I mean the imperfections of this communication.) Mr Editor, thine,

ALPINA.

January 1818.

P. S. Should aunt Deborah find out that I have written this, and should she call at Mr Blackwood's to see the manuscript, do say that you have long since consigned it to the flames. "One word respecting a-

nonymous contributions." I do not doubt that your rule concerning these, however general, was never intended to include the ladies, on which account I have only subscribed my Christian name.

LETTER ON THE SCENERY OF THE  
NORTH OF ITALY.

Florence, Dec. 1, 1817.

MR EDITOR,

A FEW cursory observations on the scenery and manners of some of the most celebrated districts of *Italy*, will not, it is hoped, prove altogether unacceptable to your readers. The features of that country have an interest which belongs to hardly any other religion; and the innumerable associations with which it is blended, in every cultivated mind, add immeasurably to the delight which it awakens. Most of its scenery has indeed been again and again described; and, in particular, in Eustace's beautiful Tour, the principal cities and monuments which it presents are rendered almost as familiar to the reader, through his eloquent descriptions, as if the originals were themselves before their eyes. But it is principally the antiquities and monuments of art in Italy which attracted his attention; and it is impossible to conceal, that he has frequently dwelt less on the characteristic feature of its natural scenery than their real beauty deserved. Many persons, after reading his enthusiastic description, will be disappointed with the general appearance of Rome or Florence; but there is none who visits the passes of the Simplon, or the lake of Como, or the bay of Naples, who will not regret that he has not turned the powers of his mind more to the delineation of the beautiful and and sublime in natural scenery.

Among the parts of Italy which are the most cursorily passed over in his work, the *Italian lakes* are particularly remarkable. He has devoted only a few pages to them, and his visit appears to have been of the most hurried description. Nevertheless they are, in point of natural beauty, perhaps the most remarkable combination which exists in Europe; and as they are generally one of the first objects which attract a traveller upon his entry into Italy, a more minute ac-

count of them may be not improperly given.

The scenery of *Switzerland* is of a dark and gloomy description. In the higher Alps, which lie between the canton of Berne and the plains of Lombardy, the great elevation of the mountains, the vicinity of perpetual snow, the tempests which frequently occur, and the devastations of the avalanches, have imprinted a stern and dismal aspect on the scenery. As the traveller ascends any of those paths, which lead from the canton of Berne over the ridge of the central Alps to the Italian bailiwicks, he gradually approaches the region of eternal desolation. The beech and the oak successively give place to the larch and the fir, and these in their turn disappear, or exhibit only the stunted forms and blasted summits which are produced by the rigour and severity of the climate. Towards the summit of the pass, even these marks of vegetation disappear, and huge blocks of granite, interspersed with snow, or surrounding black and dismal lakes, form the only features of the scenery.

To the eye which has been habituated for a few days only to these stern and gloomy objects, there is no scene so delightful as that which is exhibited by the vallies and the lakes which lie on the southern side of the Alps. The riches of nature, and the delights of a southern climate, are there poured forth with a profusion which is hardly to be met with in any other part of Europe. The vallies are narrow and precipitous, bounded on either side by the most stupendous cliffs, and winding in such a manner as to exhibit, in the most striking point of view, the unrivalled glories of the scene. But though the vallies are narrower, and the rocks are higher on the southern than the northern side of the Alps, yet the character of the scene is widely different in these two situations. The larch and the fir form the prevailing wood in the higher vallies to the north of the St Gothard; but the birch, the chesnut, and the oak, clothe the sunny cliffs which look to the Italian sun. Every crevice, and every projecting point on which vegetation can grow, is covered with brushwood; and, instead of the gray masses of granite which appear on the northern side, the cliffs of the southern vallies seem to have caught the warm glow and

varied tints of the Italian sky. Nor is the change less apparent in the agricultural productions of the soil. At the foot of the stupendous cliffs, which bound the narrow vallies by which the mountains are intersected, the vine, the olive, and the maize, ripen under the rays of a vertical sun, while the sweet chesnut and the walnut clothe the sloping banks by which the wider parts of the vallies are surrounded. While sinking under the heat of a summer sun, which acquires amazing powers in these narrow vallies, the traveller looks back with delight to the snowy peaks from which he had so lately descended, whose glaciers are softened by the distance at which they are seen, and seem to partake in the warm glow by which the atmosphere is illuminated.

There is another feature by which these vallies are distinguished, which does not occur in the Swiss territories. Switzerland is a country of peasants: the traces of feudal power have been long obliterated in its free and happy vallies. But on the Italian side of the Alps, the remnants of baronial power are still to be seen. Magnificent castles of vast dimensions, and placed on the most prominent situations, remind the traveller that he is approaching the region of feudal influence; while the crouching look and abject manner of the peasantry, tells but too plainly the sway which these feudal proprietors have exercised over their vassals. But whatever may be the influence of aristocratic power upon the habits or condition of the people, the remains of former magnificence which it has left, add amazingly to the beauty and sublimity of the scenery. The huge towers and massy walls of these Gothic castles, placed on what seem inaccessible cliffs, and frowning over the villages which have grown up beneath their feet, give an air of antiquity and solemnity to the scene, which nothing else is capable of producing; for the works of Nature, long as they have stood, are still covered with the verdure of perpetual youth. It is in the works of Man alone that the symptoms of age or of decay appear.

The Italian lakes partake, in some measure, in the general features which have been mentioned as belonging to the vallies on the southern side of the Alps; but they are distinguished also by some circumstances which are pe-

culiar to themselves. Their banks are almost everywhere formed of steep mountains, which sink at once into the lake without any meadows or level ground on the water side. These mountains are generally of great height, and of the most rugged forms; but they are clothed to the summit with luxuriant woods, except in those places where the steepness of the precipices precludes the growth of vegetation. The continued appearance of front and precipice which they exhibit, would lead to the belief that the banks of the lake are uninhabited, were it not for the multitude of villages with which they are every where interspersed. These villages are so numerous and extensive, that it may be doubted whether the population any where in Europe is denser than on the shores of the Italian lakes. No spectacle in nature can be more beautiful than the aspect of these villages, all built of stone, and white-washed in the neatest manner, with a simple spire rising in the centre of each, to mark the number and devotion of the inhabitants, surrounded by luxuriant forests, and rising one above another to the highest parts of the mountains. Frequently the village is concealed by the interventions of some rising ground, or the height of the adjoining woods; but the church is always visible, and conveys the liveliest idea of the peace and happiness of the inhabitants. These churches are uniformly white, and their spires are of the simplest form; but it is difficult to convey, to those who have not seen them, an idea of the exquisite addition which they form to the beauty of the scenery.

On a nearer approach, the situation of these villages, so profusely scattered over the mountains which surround the Italian lakes, is often interesting in the extreme. Placed on the summit of projecting rocks, or sheltered in the defile of secluded vallies, they exhibit every variety of situation that can be imagined; but wherever situated, they add to the interest, or enhance the picturesque effect of the scene. The woods by which they are surrounded, and which, from a distance, have the appearance of a continued forest, are in reality formed, for the most part, of the walnuts and sweet chesnuts, which grow on the gardens that belong to the peasantry, and conceal beneath their

shade, vineyards, corn fields, and orchards. Each cottager has his little domain, which is cultivated by his own family; a single chesnut, and a few mulberry trees, with a small vineyard, constitutes often the whole of their humble property. On this little spot, however, they find wherewithal both to satisfy their wants and to occupy their industry; the children take care of the mulberries and the silk worms, which are here produced in great abundance; the husband dresses the vineyard, or works in the garden, as the season may require. On an incredibly small piece of ground, a numerous family live, in what appears to them, ease and affluence; and if they can maintain themselves during the year, and pay their rent at its termination, their desires never go beyond the space of their own employment.

In this simple and unambitious style of life, it may easily be conceived what the general character of the peasantry must be. Generally speaking, they are a simple, kind-hearted, honest people, grateful to the last degree for the smallest share of kindness, and always willing to share with a stranger the produce of their little domains. The crimes of murder and robbery are almost unknown, at least among the peasantry themselves, although, on the great roads in their vicinity, banditties are sometimes to be found. But if a stranger lives in the country, and reposes confidence in the people, he will find himself as secure, and more respected, than in most other parts of the world.

There is one delightful circumstance which occurs in spring in the vicinity of these lakes, to which a northern traveller is but little accustomed. During the months of April and May, the woods are filled with nightingales, and thousands of these little choristers pour forth their strains every night, with a richness and melody of which it is impossible to form a conception. In England we are accustomed frequently to hear the nightingale, and his song has been celebrated in poetry from the earliest periods of our history. But it is generally a single song to which we listen, or at most a few only, which unite to enliven the stillness of the night. But on the banks of the lake of Como, thousands of nightingales are to be found in every wood; they rest in every tree,—they pour

forth their melody on the roof of every cottage. Wherever you walk during the delightful nights of April or May, you hear the unceasing strains of these unseen warblers, swelling on the evening gales, or dying away, as you recede from the woods or thickets where they dwell. The soft cadence and melodious swelling of this heavenly choir, resembles more the enchanting sounds of the Eolian harp, than any thing produced by mortal organs. To those who have seen the lake of Como, with such accompaniments, during the serenity of a summer evening, and with the surrounding headlands and mountains reflected on its placid waters, there are few scenes in nature, and few moments in life, which can be the source of such delightful recollection.

The forms of the mountains which surround the Italian lakes are somewhat similar to those that are to be met with in the Highlands of Scotland, or at the Lake of Killarney; but the great superiority which they possess over any thing in this country, consists in the *gay and smiling aspect* which nature there exhibits. The base only of the Highland hills is clothed with wood; huge and shapeless swells of heath form the upper parts of the mountains; and the summits partake of the gloomy character which the tint of brown or purple throws over the scene. But the mountains which surround the Italian lakes are clothed to the summit with life and animation. The woods ascend to the highest peaks, and clothe the most savage cliffs in a robe of verdure; white and sunny villages rise one above another, in endless succession, to the upper parts of the mountains; and innumerable churches, on every projecting point, mark the sway of religion, even in the most remote and inaccessible situations. The English lakes are often cold and cheerless, from the reflection of a dark or lowering sky; but the Italian lakes are perfectly blue, and partake of the brilliant colours with which the firmament is filled. In the morning in particular, when the level sun glitters on the innumerable white villages which surround the Lago Maggiore, the reflection of the cottages, and steeples, and woods, in the blue and glassy surface of the lake, seems to realize the description of the poet, even with finer objects than he was describing.



“ The weather tinted rock or tower,  
 Each drooping tree, each fairy flower ;  
 So pure, so fair, the mirror gave,  
 As if there lay beneath the wave,  
 Secure from trouble, toil, and care,  
 A world, than earthly world more fair.”

The *Lago Maggiore* is the most celebrated of these lakes, because it lies most in the way of ordinary travellers ; but in variety of forms, and in the grandeur of the surrounding objects, it is decidedly inferior to the *Lago Lugano*, which is, perhaps, upon the whole, the most beautiful lake in Europe. The mountains which surround this lake, are not only very lofty, from 4000 to 5000 feet high, but broken into a thousand fantastic forms, and split with chasms of the most terrific description. On one of the loftiest of these pinnacles, immediately above the centre of the lake, is placed the castle of St Salvador ; and the precipice, from its turrets to the surface of the water, is certainly not less than 2000 feet. Nevertheless, this stupendous cliff is clothed, in every crevice where the birch can fix its root, with luxuriant woods ; and so completely does this soft covering change the character of the scene, that even this dreadful precipice is rather a beautiful than a terrific object. The great characteristic and principal beauty of the *Lago Lugano*, arises from its infinite variety, occasioned by the numbers of mountains which project into its centre, and by presenting an infinite variety of headlands, promontories, and bays, give it rather the appearance of a great number of small lakes connected together, than of one extensive sheet of water. Nor can imagination itself conceive any thing equal to the endless variety of scenery, which is presented by following the deeply indented shores of this lake, or the varied effect of the numberless villages and churches, which present themselves at every turn, to relieve and animate the scene.

Foreigners, from every part of Europe, are accustomed to speak of the *Boromean Islands* with a degree of enthusiasm which raises the expectation to too high a pitch, and of course is apt to produce disappointment. They are laid out in the Italian style of gardening, with stiff alleys, marble fountains, statues, terraces, and other works of art. But this style, however curious or meritorious in itself, and as a specimen of the skill or dexterity of

the gardener, is universally allowed to be ill adapted to the scenery of real nature, and is more particularly out of place in the Italian lakes, where the vast and broken ridge of the Alps forms the magnificent distance, and gives the prevailing character to the scene.

The *Isola Madre* is the most pleasing of these celebrated islands, being covered with wood in the interior, and adorned round the shores with a profusion of the most beautiful flowering shrubs. It is difficult to imagine a more splendid prospect than the view from this island, looking towards the ridge of the Simplon. Numerous white villages, placed at intervals along the shore, enliven the green luxuriant woods which descend to the lake ; and in the farther distance, the broken and serrated ridge of the Alps, clustering round the snowy peaks of Monte Rosa, combines the grandeur of Alpine with the softness of Italian scenery. The buildings, which are so beautifully disposed along the shore, partake of the elegance of the scene ; they are distinguished, for the most part, by the taste which seems to be the native growth of the soil of Italy ; and the lake itself resembles a vast mirror, in which the splendid scenery which surrounds it is reflected, with more even than its original beauty.

The lake of Como, as is well known, was the favourite residence of Pliny ; and a villa on its shore bears the name of the *Villa Pliniana* ; but whether it is built on the scite of the Roman philosopher's dwelling, has not been ascertained. The immediate vicinity, however, of the intermitting spring, which he has so well described, makes it probable that the ancient villa was at no great distance from the modern one which bears its name. Eustace has dwelt, with his usual eloquence, on the interest which this circumstance gives to this beautiful lake.

Towards its upper end, the lake of Como assumes a different aspect from that by which it is distinguished at its lower extremity. The hills in the vicinity of Como, and as far to the north as Menagio, are soft in their forms, and being clothed to their summits with vineyards and woods, they present rather a beautiful than a sublime spectacle. But towards the upper end the scene assumes a more savage character. The chesnut woods and orange groves no longer ap-

pear; the oak and the fir cover the bold and precipitous banks which hang over the lake; and the snowy peaks of the Bernhardin and Mount Splügen rise in gloomy magnificence at the extremity of the scene. On approaching *Chiavenna*, the broad expanse of water dwindles into a narrow stream; the banks on either side approach so near, as to give the scenery the appearance of a mountain valley; and the Alps, which close it in, are clothed with forests of fir, or present vast and savage precipices of rock. From this point there is an easy passage over the Bernhardin to the Rheinthal, and the interesting country of the Grisons; and the *Val de Misox*, through which the road leads, is one of the most beautiful on the southern side of the Alps, and particularly remarkable for the magnificent castles with which its projecting points are adorned.

The tour which is usually followed in the Italian lakes, is to visit first the Lago Maggiore, and then drive to Como, and ascend to the *Villa Pliniana*, or to *Menagio*, and return to Como or Lecco. By following this course, however, the *Lago Lugano* is wholly omitted, which is perhaps the most picturesque of all the three. The better plan is to ascend from Bavino, on the *Lago Maggiore*, to the upper end of that lake; and after exploring its varied beauties, land at Luvino, and cross from thence to *Ponte Tresa*, and there embark for *Lugano*, from whence you reach *Porlezza* by water, through the most magnificent part of the *Lago Lugano*; from thence cross to *Menagio*, on the lake of Como, whence, as from a central point, the traveller may ascend to Chiavenna, or descend to Lecco or Como, as his time or inclination may prescribe.

It is one most interesting characteristic of the people who dwell on these beautiful lakes, that they seem to be impressed with a genuine and unaffected piety. The vast number of churches placed in every village, and crowning every eminence, is a proof of how much has been done for the service of religion. But it is a more interesting spectacle, to behold the devotion with which the ordinances of religion are observed in all these places of worship. Numerous as the churches are, they seem to be hardly able to contain the numbers who frequent them; and it is no unusual spectacle

to behold crowds of both sexes kneeling on the turf in the churchyard on Sunday forenoon, who could not find room in the church itself. There is something singularly pleasing in such manifestation of simple devotion. Whatever may be the diversity in points of faith, which separate Christians from each other, the appearance of sincere piety, more especially in the poorer classes, is an object of interest, and fitted to produce respect. We are too apt to imagine in England, that real devotion is little felt in Catholic states; but whoever has travelled in the Alps, or dwelt on the Italian Lakes, must be convinced that this belief is without foundation. The poor people who attend these churches, are in general neatly, and even elegantly, dressed; and the Scripture pieces which are placed above the altar, rude as they may be, are distinguished by a beauty of expression, and a grace of design, which proves in the most striking way how universally a taste for the fine arts is diffused throughout the peasantry of Italy. While gliding along the placid surface of these lakes, the traveller beholds with delight the crowds of well-dressed people who descend from the churches that are placed along their shores; and it is sometimes a most interesting incident, amidst the assemblage of forests and precipices which the scenery presents, to see the white dresses of the peasantry winding down the almost perpendicular face of the mountains, or emerging from the luxuriant forests with which their sides are clothed.

The *climate* in these lakes is delightful. The vicinity of the mountain indeed attracts frequent rains, which has rendered Como proverbial in Lombardy for the wetness of its climate; but when the shower is over, the sky reassumes its delicious blue, and the sun shines with renovated splendour on the green woods and orange groves which adorn the mountain sides. Perhaps the remarkable and beautiful greenness of the foliage, which characterises the scenery of all these lakes, is owing to the frequent showers which the height of the surrounding mountains occasions; and if so, we owe to them one of the most singular and characteristic beauties by which they are distinguished. I am, sir, &c.

C. M.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW MINERAL,  
CALLED PARGASITE.

ALTHOUGH this new and interesting mineral has been discovered some time ago, yet, so far as we know, there has been no account of it published in this country. The specimens we have seen were sent to Thomas Allan, Esq. by Mr Tullin of Abo, last summer; but it is only within these few days that the mineralogical description of it arrived, from which we have extracted and translated the most prominent and interesting facts. This memoir, entitled *Tentamen Mineralogico-Chemicum de Pargasite*, is written by M.M. P. A. Bonsdorff and C. F. Lindevall, and was published at Abo in Finland, towards the end of the year 1816.

The new mineral was found at the village of Ersby, in the insular parish of Pargas, near Abo. It occurs in calcareous spar, and is often accompanied with mica, crystallized in hexangular prisms.

The colour is generally green, but is sometimes greyish green, leek green, or dark green.

When the crystals are found in a solitary state, they have the form of an octohedron, with a rhomboidal base, the angles of the rhomboidal base being  $110^\circ$  and  $70^\circ$ . It is said, however, to occur also in *regular octohedrons*, without any truncations, and also with truncations on the apex, and on the margins of the acute angles. It likewise occurs, but rarely, under the form of the *Octaedre Segminiforme* of Haüy. In the truncated varieties of the regular octohedron, the truncating planes are sometimes as large as the lateral plane, so as to make the crystal resemble a six-sided prism.

We have no doubt, however, that the ingenious authors of the memoir are mistaken in considering some of the octohedral forms which they have mentioned as the *perfect or regular octohedron*; for it appears from the experiments of Dr Brewster, who has examined the optical structure of pargasite, that it has the property of double refraction, and of producing the systems of coloured rings by polarised light, properties which are never found in crystals whose primitive form is the cube, the regular octohedron, or the rhomboidal dedecahedron.

The size of the crystals is very various. In some, the distance between the summit of the two pyramids is about one inch and a quarter, while others are so small, that they are scarcely visible with the naked eye.

The fracture of pargasite is equable, lamellar, and it has three cleavages, one of which is transverse to the base, while the remaining two, intersecting each other at angles of  $59^\circ$ , are parallel to the narrower lateral planes. The direction of these cleavages may be distinctly seen, by holding some of the smaller crystals opposite to the light. These lines may however be the edges of oppositely crystallized veins, and not the indication of real cleavages.

Some of the smaller crystals are wholly transparent, but the larger ones are translucent only at the edges, though they may be reduced to transparent laminae.

Pargasite is harder than fluor spar, but less hard than quartz. It scratches glass, but yields to the file, and does not give sparks with steel.

It has an argillaceous odour, indicating the presence of alumine as one of its ingredients.

It does not obey the magnet, and exhibits no phosphorescent light when rubbed upon steel in the dark, or when its dust is thrown upon a hot iron.

The specific gravity of the blackish green crystals, at the temperature of  $15^\circ$  of Celsiusus's thermometer, was 3.11.

The colour of pargasite does not seem to be permanent in atmospheric air. It sometimes grows whiter, and sometimes acquires a yellowish hue.

Before the blow-pipe, it melts with difficulty into a globule, and is converted into a vesicular mass of a pearly white colour.

The following is the result of its chemical analysis:

|                                    |   |   |   |        |
|------------------------------------|---|---|---|--------|
| Silex,                             | - | - | - | 42.01  |
| Magnesia,                          | - | - | - | 18.27  |
| Lime,                              | - | - | - | 14.28  |
| Alumine,                           | - | - | - | 14.08  |
| Oxide of iron,                     | - | - | - | 3.52   |
| Oxide of manganese,                | - | - | - | 1.02   |
| Oxide of a metal not investigated, | - | - | - | 0.33   |
| Fluoric acid and water,            | - | - | - | 3.90   |
| Loss,                              | - | - | - | 2.59   |
|                                    |   |   |   | 100.00 |
|                                    |   |   |   | B,     |

## MEDICAL REPORT OF EDINBURGH.

IN our former Reports it was stated, that contagious fever, commonly denominated Typhus, from which Edinburgh has been in general remarkably exempted, had, during the last year, prevailed to an unusual degree. It was also stated, that it was probable that during the winter this fever would increase. We are sorry to say that this conjecture has been well founded, and that the fever has, during the last three months, spread extensively, numerous instances of it having occurred

in the families of the poor in almost every part of the Old Town, and several in different parts of the New Town, inhabited by this class. The following view of the cases of fever that have occurred in the New Town Dispensary, with the practice of which the Reporter has opportunity of being acquainted, will, in some degree, illustrate the extent to which this has taken place. The table exhibits the number of fevers which presented themselves, compared with the whole treated at that Institution since 1st March 1816.

|                                  | Number of Cases of Fever | Whole Cases. | Proportion of Fevers. |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------|-----------------------|
| In Quarter ending June 1, 1816.— | 26 in 1098               | = 1 in 42    | $\frac{1}{42}$        |
| ..... September 1, 1816.—        | 22 in 1416               | = 1 in 64    | $\frac{1}{64}$        |
| ..... December 1, 1816.—         | 28 in 1730               | = 1 in 61    | $\frac{1}{61}$        |
| ..... March 1, 1817.—            | 49 in 1595               | = 1 in 32    | $\frac{1}{32}$        |
| ..... June 1, 1817.—             | 74 in 1530               | = 1 in 20    | $\frac{1}{20}$        |
| ..... September 1, 1817.—        | 77 in 1890               | = 1 in 24    | $\frac{1}{24}$        |
| ..... December 1, 1817.—         | 173 in 2091              | = 1 in 12    | $\frac{1}{12}$        |
| And during the last two months   | 306 in 1724              | = 1 in 5     | $\frac{1}{5}$         |

In the Royal Infirmary, also, the number of patients affected with fever appears to have been unusually great during the last year. The remarkable increase in the number of fevers received into the Clinical wards, during the summer course, was frequently noticed by the Clinical Professor in his lectures; during the autumn, the ordinary fever wards were not sufficient to contain the fever patients; and, in the beginning of November, the managers found it necessary to open additional wards for their reception. We know that this has been of essential use in affording relief to the poor; but, notwithstanding the increased accommodation which these wards have afforded, and every exertion on the part of the physicians of the Infirmary to receive the patients who presented themselves, it has been found impossible to procure admission into the hospital for a considerable number of those for whom applications have been made. In the Infirmary itself too, the fever has spread; and, within the last three months, we are informed, several of the nurses, two of the clerks, and some of the patients admitted for other complaints, have been seized with it. We observe, from a statement published in the Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany, for November 1817, that the number of cases of fever, treated at the Infirmary during the first 10

months of last year, have been 347; and there is reason to believe that the number admitted during November and December, was greater than in the preceding month, when it was 54.

It cannot be ascertained what the numbers have been in former years, but the deaths from fever in this institution are stated, in the publication to which we have referred, to have been, in the years 1815 and 1816, 12 in each year; and in the first ten months of last year, before the increase of the wards, they were already 21, nearly double those of the former years, though the fever has been considered as mild in its nature. It has also been reported on good authority, that the usual average of fever patients in the Infirmary is from 30 to 40; but, during the last two months, that the number in the house has considerably exceeded 100. From these circumstances it would appear, that the number of fevers treated in the Infirmary during the last year, and, in particular, during the latter months, has been considerably greater than usual; and, from every information we have been able to procure, we are satisfied that it has been much greater than has occurred for many years, and led to believe, that it has not been exceeded, if equalled, at any period since the establishment of the hospital.

The separation which the division of the Old from the New Town produces in the residences of the poor from the rich in Edinburgh, in some degree protects the latter, more than in most other towns, from the danger of contagion from fever which may exist among the poor. But even among the rich this disease has been caught in many instances, several of which have fallen under the Reporter's observation; and the considerable number of deaths that has ensued from it, in this class, has not failed to excite much interest and anxiety. It is often difficult, if not impossible, to trace in these cases the source of the contagion; but to those who are in the habit of visiting among the poor, and of observing the degree of intercourse which, in various unsuspected ways, may take place between them and the rich, it will not appear surprising that the contagion is sometimes communicated.

The circumstances we have stated, appear to us to prove that there has for some time existed an unusual degree of fever in Edinburgh, and to an extent which cannot fail to excite the interest of the community. We know, however, that this has been doubted on various grounds. We are aware, that when the true state of the matter is inquired into, the arguments against this conclusion must appear unsatisfactory,—yet as these, when advanced by persons who may be considered of good authority, may produce an impression, and may impede (and we are sorry to be obliged to believe that they have already had that effect,) the attempt to diminish the evil which exists, we think it right to take some notice of them.

It has been said, that the number of cases of fever reported by the Dispensaries, or the increased number of those in the Infirmary, cannot be considered as evidence of an unusual prevalence of fever in Edinburgh; for these may be explained by the increased exertions of the Dispensaries, in searching out cases of fever, and by the endeavours of these Institutions, and of the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick, in removing those which they find into the Infirmary, many of whom would otherwise never have thought of seeking admission into that institution. In so far as this may be applied to the action of the New Town Dispensary, we know this

supposition to be erroneous. Since the commencement of that Institution, in September 1815, its medical officers have been in the constant habit of visiting the sick poor in every part of the town, where, if fevers had existed, there can be no doubt that they would have fallen under their observation, equally as during the last year. Yet the number of fevers which occurred during last year (511), amounted to considerably more than four times the number which occurred in the preceding year; or, to state a fact still more striking, the number during last December (160), exceeded greatly the number in that year, which was only 119. With regard to the Infirmary being filled by the exertions of the Dispensaries, and of the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick, we can say that the medical officers of the New Town Dispensary have been always as anxious as lately, as we believe all medical men, aware of the evils which must result from permitting patients affected with contagious fever to remain at their own houses, must in every case be, to send those affected with fever into the Infirmary; and in fact we know, that previously to November, to which period only we possess accurate documents with regard to the Infirmary, when the number of fever patients in that institution had been 347, only 65 had been sent by the Dispensary, many of whom, it may be fairly supposed, would have gone thither without the interference of that institution. Still less can the meritorious exertions of the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick be considered as a principal cause of the unusual number of cases of fever in the Infirmary during the last year. For that Society (the members of which, we can with confidence affirm, have more knowledge of the state of the poor in this city than any other class of persons,) has existed for thirty years, and has inquired into the state of all poor persons who have applied for its assistance; and it has all along been a general practice of the visitors, to recommend such as were confined to bed, and not provided with medical assistance, either directly to the Hospital, or to certain medical gentlemen connected with the society itself, who have uniformly sent all fever patients, when they could, to the Infirmary. It is true, that this Society has lately made

some additional regulations, with the view of inducing poor people to go into the Infirmary when ill of fever, but these regulations were only adopted about three weeks before the expiration of the ten months to which we have alluded, when the Infirmary was already crowded with fever patients; and they were made, not for the purpose of searching out fevers, but because the Society were convinced, both from the knowledge of their own visitors, and from the representations which had been made to them, that fever was unusually prevalent, and that it was most desirable that some means should be devised for the purpose of checking its progress.

It has also been said, that it was improper and unnecessary to draw the attention of the public to the state of the fever in Edinburgh, on account of the alarm it must excite; and that in former periods fever has frequently been as prevalent as now, and has passed over without any evil consequences, and without the distress which accompanied it being known, except to the medical attendants, or those whose benevolence may have led them to visit the habitations of the poor.

Unfortunately no official documents farther back than those to which we have alluded, have been preserved at the medical charities of Edinburgh, from which it is possible to judge of the comparative prevalence of the fever at present and at former periods. In an extract from the minutes of a meeting of the managers of the Public Dispensary, published in November, in which our reports were noticed as having tended to produce a considerable alarm with regard to the prevalence of fever, it has been stated, that from an inquiry instituted by the Royal College of Physicians, in consequence of a letter from the Lord Provost, it appeared, that in reality contagious fever was at that time *much less* prevalent in Edinburgh than it had been at many former periods. Though this minute proceeded from a body, of which several of the Fellows of that College are members, and has hitherto remained uncontradicted, we have reason to know, that in the answer to the Lord Provost, it was stated, not that fever was *much less* prevalent, but that it was *not more* prevalent than it had been at former periods. We are not aware of what the grounds are on

which the opinion was founded, nor have we been able to learn, from any inquiries we have made, to what period the College alluded, at which fever prevailed in Edinburgh to the extent it does at present; and we know, that the Lord Provost, at the same time, had obtained from other quarters, information much more precise and accurate, than any contained in the report of the College, with regard to the existence and increase of fever in Edinburgh.

The increase of the population, particularly in the number of the lower class of Irish, and the great degree of distress among the poor, which has been produced by the pressure of the times, render it probable that a contagious fever, introduced into Edinburgh, should prevail now more extensively than at former times. But whether fever has been more severe or more prevalent at former periods is of little consequence, and cannot affect the question, whether, when it is known to exist, at least to an unusual extent, it is not right for the public of Edinburgh to adopt the same means for the relief of the poor, and the protection of the rich, which have been adopted, and been found highly beneficial in other parts of the kingdom?

What the great evils may be, which can arise from it being known to the public that a fever exists in the town, it is impossible for us to conjecture. We know that it has been said, *at this time, when the alarm of fever has extended over the whole empire, that artful men, both unconnected with, and belonging to, the profession, are taking advantage of it, to promote their own private interest.* But this aspersions appears to us to be illiberal, unfounded, and absurd. Circumstances may be imagined, in which men might conceive that their more immediate interests might be served, by concealing the prevalence of a contagious disease in the place where they reside, but it is difficult to imagine any in which they could benefit themselves by exciting an alarm where there is no foundation for it. That it would be cruel and even criminal to agitate the public mind by exciting fears when no danger exists, is readily admitted; but when danger is known to exist, and when, if the source of it be pointed out, precautions may be taken to prevent its approach, it seems equally cruel and criminal in those who are aware of it, to conceal it.—

The alarm arising from the existence of a contagious disease, appears to us more likely to be useful than otherwise; and that which has arisen among the poor, not from the reports which have gone abroad, but from their suffering themselves, or seeing their neighbours suffer, from the effects of the fever, has induced them now to apply earlier for assistance, and to adopt the measures which may be advised for the checking the contagion much more readily than before. The knowledge of the prevalence of a contagious fever may be an evil in so far as it may excite in individuals an anxiety for the safety of themselves, or their families, and induce them to seek for visits of their medical attendants on slight or unnecessary occasions; but surely the concealment of it may be productive of more serious mischief, by preventing the exertions which might be made for checking the extension of fever among the poor, and by the risk which it would produce of real danger to the rich by its being communicated to, and spreading in, their families, from the neglect of the necessary precautions against it.

It has been said, that the fever which prevails has been improperly denominated typhus. The consideration of this objection reduces itself merely to the determination of the proper meaning of this term, to which different acceptations may be attached by different individuals. To us, however, it appears, that it has been correctly applied in the present case. That the fever is contagious, and has evidently arisen from exposure to contagion in a very large proportion of those who have been affected with it, there can be no doubt in the minds of them who have had opportunity of witnessing its progress; and in its other characters also, it corresponds exactly with that which is usually denominated Typhus in this country, and has been described as such by Cullen, by Currie, by Dr Hamilton, and by Dr Armstrong. Dr Hamilton, than whom no better authority can be adduced, particularly with regard to the diseases of Edinburgh, in his valuable and popular work on the Utility of Purgative Medicines, has the following passage:

“Dr Cullen admits two genera of fever only, the intermitting and the continued; of the latter, typhus or nervous fever is most frequent, and is indeed so general, as to be endemial to every country with which we

are acquainted. It is so common in Britain, that few in this island reach the years of manhood without having passed through it. Symptoms peculiarly distressing always accompany it, and in no instance can it be said to be without danger.

“Different opinions have been entertained respecting the cause of typhus fever; but physicians seem now to be agreed in referring its origin to contagion.”

A description of typhus fever is subjoined, and illustrated by a number of cases, which corresponds very exactly with that of the fever which now exists, except that the cases which are related appear to have been less severe, and of shorter duration than many of those which have occurred in the present epidemic.

But it has been affirmed, that the present fever is not typhus, because typhus is a disease which proves fatal to one in ten of those who are affected with it. Without inquiring here how far this definition of the term typhus may be considered as correct or scientific, we shall merely say, that it must be obvious that we have not applied it in this sense to the fever we have described. We have stated, that in general this fever has been mild, and has proved fatal in a very small proportion of those whom it has attacked; but we are aware, that its character may be varied at different periods, and according to the situations or constitutions of the patients; and we have had frequent opportunities of being confirmed in the opinion almost universally entertained, that the mild and malignant typhus are diseases of the same nature, as we have repeatedly seen severe cases of the fever arise from the contagion of those who had it in a mild form, and reversely, mild cases from those which were severe, in the same manner as the distinct and confluent small pox, the simple scarlet fever and the malignant sore throat, or the mild and the dangerous measles, mutually give rise to each other. If any alarm has arisen in the minds of the public from the use of the term Typhus, does it not seem probable that it has been produced rather by this new explanation of its meaning, emanating, it is said, from high authority, than by its employment, according to its usual acceptation, by those who have applied it to the fever which at present prevails?

Since the commencement of winter, the cases of fever which have come

under notice have frequently been more severe than at the period of our last report; but they have seldom assumed the character of malignant typhus. The disease has been frequently long in its duration, and the recoveries from it have been slow, and many patients have suffered one or more relapses, often brought on by even slight exertion, or by what might appear trivial irregularities in diet. We have frequently had the pleasure of observing among the poor the efficacy of removing the sick, and cleaning the apartments from which they had been taken, in checking the progress of the contagion; and among the better classes we have had farther proofs of what we formerly advanced, that if ventilation be kept up, and attention be paid to prevent unnecessary communication between the sick person and the rest of the family, and to the purifying of the infected apartments and clothing, there is little danger of the infection spreading in the house.

In our last report, we stated that the Society for the relief of the Destitute Sick had undertaken to attempt a plan for checking the progress of contagion among the poor. Since that period they have put it in execution, and have, in many cases, removed those ill of fever from their families into the Infirmary, and have fumigated and cleaned their rooms, and purified the infected bed-clothes which had been used by them. We have the satisfaction to know that these measures have, in many instances, had the effect of preventing the progress of contagion in the families in which they have been employed. In other instances, however, these means have not been so successful in stopping the contagion; but even in these they have contributed materially to the comfort of the families in which fever existed.

There are various circumstances, we know, which must have frequently impeded the success of these measures. In many instances the contagion has established itself before the necessary measures could be employed, and, after the houses have been cleaned, has afterwards made its appearance in those who had been previously infected; in others, those affected with fever have been children who could not be received to the Hospital; and lately, the impossibility of obtaining admission into the Infirmary, for many of those who required

it, has, in a great measure, put a stop to the operations of the society. This last difficulty, however, it is to be hoped, will be obviated by the accommodation which will be afforded in Queensberry-barracks, a part of which is now fitting up for the reception of fever patients. We must confess, that it appears to us surprising that this society, in the prosecution of an object of so much importance to the welfare and safety of the community, should not have met with that degree of patronage and support which might have been expected; and we regret, that there is but too good reason to believe, that this has in some degree arisen from the circumstance of some individuals, without opportunity of being themselves sufficiently informed in the matter, having set their opinions in opposition to those which had been advanced after a careful inquiry into the state of fever among the poor, and probably misled by their prejudices having been busy in throwing discredit on the statements and motives of those who were induced to bring the subject into notice, solely with the view of promoting a plan for diminishing the danger and distress which they believed to exist.

It is with much regret we have to add, that we have learnt that the other benevolent and laborious avocations of the members of the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick, render it impossible for them to continue to give that attention to the plan for the prevention of contagious fevers which it requires, and that, in consequence, they will find it necessary to give up the further charge of it. Convinced of the great necessity which at present exists for such a plan, and of the advantages which at all times might be derived from it, we trust that others may be found who will take charge of it, and that a permanent association for the prevention of contagious fever will be established in Edinburgh. At the present time, when fever is so prevalent, it appears to us that great facilities might be afforded in forming and executing such a plan, were it connected with the establishment at Queensberry-house. We must add, that on looking back on the progress which contagious fever has made in Edinburgh, we cannot avoid believing, that if active measures had been taken to prevent contagion, when it



was first observed to spread, much of the misery which has since ensued might have been prevented.

It is well known, that it is not in Edinburgh alone that this fever has appeared, for there are accounts of its having spread in various other parts of the empire, in which there is little doubt that its prevalence has arisen from the same cause as in this city. In Ireland, where unhappily the lower orders are in a peculiar degree subjected to the evils of poverty and wretchedness, contagious fever at all times prevails in the larger towns; but during the last year it has spread in various parts of that country to an alarming extent. In London, where, as we stated in our last report, cases of typhus for a considerable number of years have been very rare, it would appear from the records of the fever institution, that they have been lately much more numerous, though the disease does not seem to have spread extensively in that city. In various other large towns in England and Scotland, and in several districts of the country, contagious fever has appeared to an unusual degree. We observe, that in some of these, as here, this has been denied by members of the medical profession; and in London one physician has maintained, that no such thing as contagious fever ever existed, and endeavoured to prove, that the doctrine of the contagion of fever was invented and promulgated by Pope Paul III. for a certain political purpose. We are disposed, however, to doubt the accuracy of this opinion; for in this country, where the doctrines and practices of the church of Rome have been so thoroughly scrutinized, we conceive that this alleged trick of Pope Paul must have been found out, and that the belief in the contagious nature of fever would long ere this have been abjured with the other errors of Popery.\*

J. W. T.

February 1st, 1818.

\* An abstract of the burials in Edinburgh during the last quarters of the last three years, has been lately published in the different newspapers, from which it appears, that the number in the quarter ending 26th January 1818, has been considerably less than in the quarter ending 26th January 1817, and does not exceed that in the quarter ending 26th January 1816.

This of itself by no means affords, as it may at first appear to do, an accurate

THE JUMPERS, A NEW SCHOOL OF POETRY.

“Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!”

*Twelfth Night, Act I. Scene III.*

MR EDITOR,

WHY should there not be a school of “Jumpers” and “Shakers” in poetry as well as in religion? The “Jumpers,” as is pretty well known, are a sect of methodists, who had their origin (according to historians) in Wales, about the year 1760. But however remarkable this gymnastic system may be in the dictionary of religions, I believe I am indisputably the first person who ever thought of combining it with the study of poetry. From my earliest years I have never felt, thought, or acted like any other being on earth. Poetry, like religious devotion, took possession of my whole faculties; and for this pursuit I gave up worldly fortune, peace of mind, contemporary approbation, and every degree of what is called *common sense*. Hitherto, that is, until within the last month or six weeks, my studies have been in all respects unsuccessful; for I have never till now been satisfied with my own progress. But as it began to appear to me at last, that it was the duty of every person of genius to form an entirely new school of his own, I determined to proceed on principles altogether original and unknown in the present age; not only to differ from all my neighbours, but even to quarrel with myself. *Nature* and the *devil*, therefore, I hold to be in effect synonymous. He who loves rest, let him labour; and he who is partial to

means of judging of the healthfulness of the city during these periods. It confirms, however, the statements which have so frequently been made of the mildness of the fever which at present prevails, and shews that it has been by no means so fatal as the severe epidemic of measles which prevailed so extensively last winter. At the same time, too, it must be considered, that though the number of deaths from the fever has been smaller, yet the distress arising from it must have been much greater than from the measles. For the measles, a disease of short continuance, were almost entirely confined to the children, whereas the fever has equally affected the parents of families, who are disabled by it for a long period from exerting themselves for those who wholly depend on them for support.

turtle and venison, punch and champagne, let him adhere invariably to bread and water. On these principles, as I am by nature the most indolent of all beings, and could luxuriate in absolute *quietism* from one year's end to the other, I resolved to become a "Jumper." The method of practice I proposed to myself was, to jump violently two or three dozen times in succession, (accompanying this exercise with loud and deep intonations of voice) then to stop, take out pen, ink, and paper, and write down a couplet or stanza. In this way I have already finished a poetical romance in ten books, besides minor pieces without number. At first, I practised in my own library; but the neighbours began to complain of violent and most unaccountable noises; besides, I broke several chairs and a table, and bruised myself very much by some severe falls. I then tried to study in the garden which is behind the house in which I reside. But a party of ladies in a neighbouring balcony interrupted my progress, at first by sounds of merriment imperfect and suppressed, but soon afterwards with screams of undisguised laughter. Some young gentlemen also were in a short time added to the party, who joined in with clapping of hands, and cries of "bravo!" Disgusted by these illiterate and senseless observers, (among whom, I am sorry to say, was a young lady of decided beauty, in whom such conduct seemed to me quite inexcusable) I was at last compelled to leave the "haunts of men" altogether, and betake myself to the wild and lonely vale (vulgarly called the "Hunter's Bog") between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craig. Here I have continued to prosecute my studies through this winter without molestation. I am surprised (by the way) at your correspondent Z.'s insensibility to the merit of Mr Leigh Hunt's versification. To me it seems excellent; and I doubt not you will perceive in my double endings and other irregularities, a great resemblance to "Rimini." But remember this is not an effect of *imitation*, but a genuine result of my own peculiar system. I therefore hereby give public notice, that I am the *founder* of a new School of Poetry, wholly distinct from the Romantic School, the Eastern School, the Lake School, and the Cockney School. I am the HEAD of

the Jumping School, and have already caused twenty-five gold and silver medals to be struck off, with the figure of a "Jumper" in the act of composition on one side, and a Greek inscription on the other. These I shall hereafter distribute among my followers, whom I limit to twenty-five, for no other reason than because I *will* it, just as the first writer of a sonnet *willed* it to be fourteen lines. You will receive inclosed a large packet of minor poems, which I request you will insert from time to time, and am, yours, &c.  
H. R. M.

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NOTICE OF A COURSE OF LECTURES ON  
ENGLISH POETRY, NOW DELIVER-  
ING AT THE SURREY INSTITUTION,  
LONDON, BY W. HAZLITT, ESQ.

No I.

*Lecture First.—On Poetry in general.*

THE lecture commenced by defining poetry to be the natural impression of any object or feeling, which, by its vividness, excites a voluntary movement of imagination or passion, and produces, by sympathy, a certain modulation of voice or sound expressing it. In treating of poetry, he proposed to speak, first, of the subject matter of it,—next, of the forms of expression to which it gives birth,—and lastly, of its connexion with harmony of sound. Poetry, he continued, relates to whatever gives immediate pleasure or pain to the human mind. It is not a mere frivolous accomplishment, the trifling amusement of a few idle readers, or leisure hours,—it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages. He who has a contempt for poetry, cannot have much respect for himself or any thing else. Poetry is to be found every where. Wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony, *there* is Poetry. The materials of poetry lie deeper even than those of history. This latter treats only of the external forms and appearances of things,—but poetry is the very substance of which our being is made. The passions and affections of the human mind, whether good or bad, are all poetry. Mr Hazlitt went on to give instances of the truth of these positions, and continued, if poetry is a

dream, the business of life is much the same. Poetry, though an imitation of nature, is not a mere description of natural objects or feelings—these, to become poetry, must be heightened by the imagination. The light of poetry, while it shows us the object on which it falls, throws a radiance on all around it. It suggests forms and feelings, chiefly as they suggest other forms and feelings. The poetical impression of any object is, that uneasy, exquisite sense of beauty or power, that cannot be contained within itself, that strives to link itself to some other object of kindred beauty or grandeur; to enshrine itself in the highest forms of fancy, and to relieve the aching sense of pleasure or pain, by endeavouring to express it in the boldest manner, and by the most striking examples of the same quality in other instances. Poetry is the language of the imagination, and the imagination is that faculty which represents objects, not as they are in themselves, but as they are moulded by our thoughts and feelings. This language is, therefore, not the less true to nature because it is false in point of fact; but so much the more true and natural, if it conveys the impression which the object, under the influence of passion, makes upon the mind. For example, the imagination will distort or magnify any object presented to the senses, when under the influence of fear, and convert it into the resemblance of whatever is most likely to encourage the fear. Here followed numerous and striking illustrations of some of the foregoing positions. Poetry, continued the lecturer, is the highest eloquence of fancy and feeling. As, in describing natural objects, it gives to sensible impressions the forms of fancy, so it describes the feelings of pleasure or pain, by blending them with the movements of passion and the forms of nature. Impassioned poetry is an emanation of the intellectual part of our nature, as well as the sensitive—of the desire to know, the will to act, and the power to feel; and in order to be perfect, ought to appeal to all these. It is for this reason that the domestic tragedies of Moore and Lillo are less natural than those of Shakspeare—for they appeal to the sensibility only. The pleasure derived from tragic poetry, however, springs from our love of strong excitement—for objects of terror or

pity hold the same controul over the mind as those of love or beauty. Poetry is the highest eloquence of passion, the most vivid form of expression that can be given to our impression of anything, whether pleasurable or painful, whether mean or dignified. It is the perfect coincidence of the word and thought, with that which we wish to express.

Poetry, then, being the language of imagination and passion, of fancy and will, it is absurd to attempt to reduce the language of poetry to the standard of common sense and reason. The impressions of passion and of indifference can never be the same, therefore they can never be expressed by the same language.

After numerous illustrations, Mr Hazlitt observed, “that the progress of knowledge has undoubtedly a tendency to narrow the limits of the imagination, and clip the wings of poetry; for the province of the imagination is the unknown and undefined. The progress of experimental philosophy has driven the heavens farther off, and made them astronomical—so that there can never be another Jacob’s dream.”

Mr Hazlitt went on to describe the operations of fancy and imagination on the unknown and the undefined, and the effects which knowledge and civilization have produced on these operations; and then drew a parallel between poetry and painting, in which he described the former as much more poetical than the latter, because it gives much more scope to the powers of the imagination—and incidentally spoke of the Greek statues, as seeming, by their beauty, to be raised above the frailties of our nature, and therefore not claiming our sympathy.

The subject matter of poetry Mr Hazlitt described to be, natural imagery or feeling, combined with passion and fancy; and its mode of conveyance, the ordinary use of language combined with musical expression.—He then entered, at some length, into the question, whether verse be *essential* to poetry? and named the Pilgrim’s Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and Boccaccio’s Tales, as the three works coming the nearest to poetry without being so. They are in fact poetry *in kind*, and worthy to become so *in name*, by being “married to immortal verse.” Mr Hazlitt gave examples from these works, and then spoke of

Richardson's romances as intensely interesting from their truth and feeling, but not poetical, on account of the infinite number of circumstances by which that interest is brought about. He described all these writers as possessing true poetical genius, but said, that that of Richardson was shackled and confused by circumstances, and, like Ariël in the pine-tree, required artificial aid to set it free.

Mr Hazlitt concluded his introductory lecture with some remarks on the peculiar characteristics of four of the principal works of poetry in the world, viz. Homer, the Bible, Dante, and Ossian. "In Homer the principle of action or life predominates,—in the Bible the principle of faith and the idea of providence;—Dante is a personification of blind will;—and Ossian exhibits the principle of privation, the decay of life, and the lag end of the world. Homer, in the vigour of his intellect, grapples with all the objects of nature, and enters into all the relations of life. There is prodigious splendour, and truth, and force, and variety, in Homer—he describes the bodies as well as souls of men—you see his heroes go forth to battle in their glittering armour, and the old men on the walls of Troy rise up with reverence as Helen passes by them. The poetry of the Bible is abstract, not active—immense, but not multitudinous—the poetry of power but not of form. It does not divide into many, but aggrandises into one. It is the poetry of faith and of solitude. The idea of God, as it became farther removed from humanity and a scattered polytheism, became more profound and intense. Dante exhibits a perpetual struggle of mind to escape from the thralldom in which it had been held by Gothic darkness and barbarism. He stands bewildered, but not appalled, on that dark shore which separates the ancient and modern world. His genius is not like that of Homer, a sparkling flame, but the sullen heat of a furnace. He is power, passion, self-will personified. He is wanting in the fanciful and descriptive part of poetry, but there is a gloomy abstraction—a terrible obscurity—an identity of interest that moulds every object to its own purposes, and clothes all things with the passions of the human soul,—that makes amends for all other deficiencies. His mind, instead of bor-

rowing the power of the objects it contemplates, lends its own power to them; and the impression is conveyed to the reader, not from the object to which his attention is directed, but from the impression which he perceives that object to make upon the poet. The immediate objects he brings before the mind are deficient in beauty, and grandeur, and order; but they become effective by means of the force of character which he impresses upon them. He is the severest of all writers—he relies the most on his own power and the sense of it in others, and leaves most to the imagination of his readers. Dante habitually unites the local and individual with the greatest wildness and mysticism—thus half the persons in the *Inferno* are his own acquaintance." Lastly, Mr Hazlitt spoke of Ossian, whom he could not persuade himself to consider as a mere modern. "Ossian is the decay and old age of poetry. He lives only in the recollections and regrets of the past. There is in Ossian a perpetual sense of privation—a feeling of total desolation—an annihilation of the substance, and an embodying the shadow of all things." Mr Hazlitt concluded, by referring the reader to the lamentation of Selma for the loss of Selgai, as the finest of all in this way.—"If," said he, "it were indeed possible to shew that this writer was nothing, it would only be another blank made in existence,—another void left in the heart,—another confirmation of that feeling which made him so often repeat 'Roll on, ye dark brown years, ye bring no joy on your wing to Ossian.'"

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*Lecture Second.—On Chaucer and Spenser.*

MR HAZLITT began by observing, that both Chaucer and Spenser were under considerable obligations to the early poets of Italy, of whose productions they were in the habit of availing themselves without scruple or acknowledgment. He proceeded to give a short sketch of the life of Chaucer, and then entered into an examination of their respective characteristics as poets. "It is not possible," said he, "for any two writers to be more opposite to each other than Chaucer and Spenser, in that particular part of the poetical character

which springs from personal temperament. Chaucer delighted in severe activity of mind—Spenser in luxurious enjoyment. Chaucer was the most practical of poets, the most a man of business and of the world,—while Spenser was in the highest degree romantic and visionary. Chaucer's poetry has, at least in the relator's mind, the downright reality of daily life. The similes by which he illustrates his images or sentiments have a complete identity with the feeling or thing to which they are compared." Mr Hazlitt gave numerous beautiful examples of this, and continued: "Chaucer speaks of what he wishes to describe with such accuracy and discrimination, that what he relates seems to have actually happened to himself. He dwells precisely on that which would have been dwelt on by the persons really concerned. Yet he never omits any material circumstance, and therefore frequently becomes tedious by keeping close to his subject, as other writers do by digressing from it. The chain of his story consists of many small links closely connected together, and rivetted by a single blow." After illustrating these remarks by examples, Mr H. continued: "Chaucer was content to find grace and beauty in truth; he therefore exhibits the figure with very little drapery thrown over it. His metaphors, which occur but seldom, are for use, not ornament. He does not endeavour to exhibit his power over the reader's mind, but that which his subject held over his own. The readers of Chaucer feel more nearly what the persons he describes must have felt than perhaps those of any other poet; for the sentiments are not the voluntary effusions of the poet's fancy, but are founded on the natural impulses, and habitual prejudices, of the characters he represents. He makes no artificial display of his materials, but, on the contrary, seems to withhold them from a strict parsimony. His characters have always a sincerity of feeling, and an inveteracy of purpose, which never relaxes. His muse is no 'babbling gossip of the air,' fluent and redundant—but, like a stammerer, or a dumb person that has just found the use of speech, crowds a number of things together with eager haste—making anxious pauses, and fond repetitions, to prevent mistakes. In consequence of the state of poetry

at the time Chaucer wrote, he was obliged to look into nature for himself—to feel his way, as it were—so that his descriptions have a tangible character, which gives them almost the effect of sculpture. In Chaucer the picturesque and the dramatic are closely blended together, for he had an equal eye for the truth of external nature and the discrimination of moral character: and these two qualities were so intimately united in him, that he principally describes external appearances as they indicate internal sentiment. He discovers a meaning in what he sees, and it is this which catches his eye by sympathy." As illustrations of this, Mr H. referred to the dress and costume of the Canterbury pilgrim—of the knight, the squire, the Oxford scholar, &c.

Chaucer's descriptions of natural scenery possess a great deal of *gusto*. They have a certain local truth and freshness, which gives back to the reader the very feelings which belong to the scene. As a striking instance of this, and one of the finest parts in Chaucer, the lecturer referred to the beginning of "The Flower and the Leaf," where a young beauty sits listening to the song of the nightingale. In this description there is no affected rapture, no flowery sentiment—all seems an ebullition of natural delight swelling out of the heart. "Nature," continued Mr Hazlitt, "is the soul of art,—there is a strength as well as simplicity in the imagination, that relies entirely on nature, that nothing else can supply. It was this which enabled Chaucer to describe a deep, internal, and sustained sentiment with more power and pathos than any other writer except Boccaccio." Numerous instances of this were mentioned, particularly his description of the patience of Griselda, the faith of Constance, &c. Chaucer also resembled Boccaccio in this, that he could at will pass from the most intense pathos to the most extravagant humour, though he never blended the two styles together, but was always intent on what he was about, whether it was jest or earnest. The story of the Cock and Fox was instanced as being full of character and satire, and the Wife of Bath's Prologue as a comic description, which is perhaps unequalled. Mr H. concluded his account of Chaucer by observing "that

his versification, considering the time at which he wrote, is not one of his least merits;—it has considerable strength and harmony, though it may be apparently deficient in the latter respect, from the changes which have since taken place in accent and pronunciation.

“ Though Spenser, like Chaucer, was engaged in active life, the genius of his poetry,” said Mr H. “ was not active. It was inspired by the love of ease and relaxation. He is the most *poetical* of poets. The two worlds of reality and fiction are poised on the wings of his imagination. Yet his *ideas* seem even more distinct than his *perceptions*. He is the painter of abstractions; but he at times becomes picturesque from his intense love of beauty. Indeed the love of beauty, not of truth, is the moving spring, and the guiding principle, of his mind and imagination. But Spenser has been falsely charged with a want of passion and of strength. He has both in an immense degree. But his pathos is not that of immediate action or suffering, but that of sentiment and romance—that which belongs to distant and imaginary distress.” After giving examples to illustrate the foregoing remarks, Mr H. continued: “ The language of Spenser is full and copious, even to overflowing, and is enriched and adorned with phrases borrowed from many of the languages of Europe, both ancient and modern. His versification is at once the most smooth and sounding in the language. Indeed the sweetness of it would become cloying, but for its infinite variety of modulation, which is always adapted to the changes of the action and sentiment.”

Mr Hazlitt gave examples of the peculiar characteristics of Spenser's versification, and concluded by combating the opinion, that the poetry of Spenser is spoiled by the allegory. “ If the reader does not meddle with the allegory,” said he, “ the allegory will not meddle with him. If he does not like the allegory, he need only attend to the truth and beauty of the descriptions and sentiments, which are in no degree affected by it.”

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*Lecture Third.—On Shakspeare and Milton.*

MR HAZLITT began by noticing the the peculiar quality of Shakspeare's

writings, with reference to, and as distinguished from, those of the other three great poets of England, viz. Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton. “ Chaucer,” he said, “ excelled as the poet of manners or real life—Spenser as the poet of romance—Shakspeare as the poet of nature,—and Milton as the poet of morality. Chaucer describes things as they are—Spenser as we wish them to be—Shakspeare as they would be—and Milton as they ought to be. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity—of Spenser remoteness—of Milton elevation—of Shakspeare every thing.

“ Shakspeare differed from the great men of his own age in this, that in his own genius he combined the peculiar characteristics of all theirs. His mind had no one peculiar bias more than another, but had a universe of thought and feeling within itself, and the power of communication with all other minds, which was indeed its distinctive faculty. He was just like any other man, only that he was like *all* other men. It was not possible to be less of an egotist; for he was nothing in himself, but he was all that others were, or that they could become. His mind reflected ages past, and present, and to come. With him there was no respect of persons; his genius shone alike on the evil and on the good—on the wise and the foolish—the king and the beggar. Every state and condition of mankind was open to his searching glance—even the secrets of the grave was scarcely hid from him. He looked into the hearts and minds of all people, and saw what they did not see or acknowledge even to themselves. Even the world of spirits was not closed to him,—he was familiar with that as with the world of real men and women. He had only to think of a character to become that character, and to be acquainted with every thing belonging to it, to see the very objects by which it would be surrounded—the same local accidents.” Examples of this were given, and the lecturer continued: “ You do not merely read what Shakspeare's characters *say*, you see how they look—their peculiar physiognomy—the very carriage of their body. That which more than any thing else distinguishes the dramas of Shakspeare from all others, is the wonderful truth and individuality of the characters. Each one is as much itself, and as indepen-

dent of the rest, and of the author, as if they were real persons. Shakspeare identifies himself with his characters in such a manner that his soul seems to pass into their bodies, and to become subject to all their previous associations, and habits, and passions. His plays are not *descriptions*, but *expressions* of the passions. One might suppose that he had stood by and overheard what passed. The dialogues in Shakspeare are carried on without any apparent consciousness of what is to follow—each person comes forward to be asked all sorts of questions, none of which he can anticipate or be prepared for." Here Mr H. illustrated some of the foregoing remarks by references to the characters in Chaucer, and pointed out the distinctive difference between his and Shakspeare's. He then proceeded to describe the delineation of passion in Shakspeare as of the same kind with that of character. "It is not passion growing out of itself, and moulding every thing else to itself, but passion as it is moulded by passion, or habit, or circumstance—by all that is within or without us. It is not like the course of a river, strong and progressive, but like the sea agitated this way and that, lashed by the loud tempest—while in the still pauses of the blast we distinguish only the cries of despair, or the silence of death!"

(Mr Hazlitt here digressed into some observations on a certain modern school of poetry; but as his remarks seemed to apply to the personal characters of those writers, and not their works, it is unnecessary to repeat what he said.) He went on to describe Shakspeare's imagination to be of the same plastic nature as his conception of character or passion. It unites the most opposite extremes. It is at once rapid and devious, "glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven." He takes the widest possible range, and, consequently, has the choice of the greatest variety of materials. He brings things together the most like, and yet placed at the greatest distance from each other; and the more they are strangers to each other, and the longer they have been kept asunder, the more intimate does their union seem to become. After illustrating the foregoing observations by numerous striking examples, Mr Hazlitt spoke of Shakspeare's language and versification. "They," said the lec-

turer, "are like the rest of him." He has a magic power over words—they come at his bidding, and seem to know their places. His language is hieroglyphical—it translates thought into visible images. It abounds in sudden and elliptical expressions, which are in fact the cause of his mixed metaphors, they bring only abbreviated forms of speech. But these have ceased to be offensive, from their having become idioms of the language. "If one happen to forget a word in any other author," said Mr Hazlitt, "one may, in trying to recollect it, chance to stumble upon another as good; but this could never be the case in Shakspeare." The impassioned language of Shakspeare is always the best, because it is always his own; whereas in ordinary conversation, it sometimes partakes of the affectation of the time. The versification of Shakspeare is at once varied, and sweet, and powerful. His is the only blank verse, except Milton's, that is readable for itself. It is not stately and uniformly swelling, like Milton's, but broken and modified by the inequalities of the ground that it goes over. After speaking of the faults of Shakspeare, and attributing them chiefly to the universality of his genius, and his indifference about fame, and praising his female characters as the finest in the world, Mr Hazlitt concluded his account by saying, "Shakspeare was the least of a coxcomb of any that ever lived, and much of a gentleman."

Mr Hazlitt described Milton as a direct contrast to Shakspeare in every particular. His works are a perpetual invocation to the muses—a hymn to fame. He described the effect of Milton's religious zeal and his political opinions, on his poetical character, and continued, "Milton had a high standard, with which he was always comparing himself. His thoughts dwelt apart from the world, among the nobler forms and fancies that his imagination had created for itself, or that he had found among the mighty models of antiquity." It appears from his prose writings, some of which Mr Hazlitt quoted, that Milton had determined to devote his life to the building up of some mighty work for the delight and wonder of posterity. He did not write from impulse, but girded himself up to the service which he seemed to feel himself called upon

to perform. He always labours, and almost always succeeds. He strives to say the finest things in the world, and he does say them. He adorns and dignifies his subject by all possible means. In his descriptions of beauty, he loads sweets on sweets, "till the sense aches" at them. Milton has borrowed more than any other writer, and yet he has so completely stamped the impress of his own genius, so appropriated it, that it has become his own. His learning has the effect of intuition—he describes objects that he could only have read of in books with the vividness of actual observation. His words tell as pictures. After illustrations of the foregoing, Mr Hazlitt went on to remark, that the interest of the *Paradise Lost* arises from the passion thrown into the character of Satan, and the account of the happiness of our first parents in Paradise. He then entered at considerable length into the character of Satan, whom he described as the most heroic subject that was ever chosen for a poem, and spoke of the execution being as perfect as the design was lofty. The lecture was closed by some remarks on the particular kind of interest we take about Adam and Eve, and the sources of that interest. Theirs was a situation of perfect enjoyment and repose. The blessings of life were all there, and its ills all to come. It was the first delicious taste of existence—the dawn of the world. All was new, and all was beautiful, and all was good. Their Maker conversed with them—ministering angels attended their steps, and winged messengers from heaven descended in their sight. "Was there nothing in all this," asked Mr Hazlitt, "to interest a certain modern critic? What need was there of action, when the heart was full of bliss without it? They had nothing to do but to enjoy. 'They toiled not, neither did they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' They stood a while perfect, but afterward they fell, and were driven out of Paradise, tasting the first fruits of bitterness, as they had of bliss. But even then their tears were 'such as angels weep.' The pathos is of that mild and contemplative kind which arises from the sight of inevitable fate. The chief beauty of this part of the picture is, that there is no intemperate passion, no mental

agony, no turbulent action—all is submissive devotion. They received their happiness as a gift from their Creator, and they resign it into his hands, not without sorrowing, but without repining.

'Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;  
The world was all before them, where to chuse  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ENSIGN AND ADJUTANT ODOHERTY, LATE OF THE 99TH REGIMENT.

IF there is something painful to the feelings in the awful ceremonial of consigning a deceased friend to the grave, there is something equally consolatory to our affection in perpetuating the remembrance of his talents and virtues, and gathering for his grave a garland which shall long flourish green among the children of men. This may indeed be termed the last and highest proof of our regard, and it is this task which I am now about to discharge (I fear too inadequately) to my deceased friend, Ensign and Adjutant Odoherly, late of the 99th or king's own Tipperary regiment. In offering to the public some account of the life and writings of this gentleman, I have pleasure in believing that I am not intruding on their notice a person utterly unknown to them. His poems, which have appeared in various periodical publications, have excited a very large portion of the public curiosity and admiration; and when transplanted into the different volumes of the *Annual Anthology*, they have shone with undiminished lustre amid the blaze of the great poetical luminaries by which they were surrounded. Never was there a man more imbued with the very soul and spirit of poetry than Ensign and Adjutant Odoherly. Cut off in the bloom of his years, ere the fair and lovely blossoms of his youth had time to ripen into the golden fruit by which the autumn of his days would have been beautified and adorned, he has deprived the literature of his country of one of its brightest ornaments, and left us to lament, that youth, virtue, and talents, should



afford no protection from the cruel hand of death.

Before proceeding to the biographical account of this extraordinary person, which it is my intention to give, I think it proper previously to state the very singular manner in which our friendship had its commencement. One evening, in the month of October 1812, I had the misfortune, from some circumstances here unnecessary to mention, to be conveyed for a night's lodging to the watch-house in Dublin. I had there the good fortune to meet Mr Odoherty, who was likewise a prisoner. He was seated on a wooden stool, before a table garnished with a great number of empty pots of porter.\* He had a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and was talking with great gallantry to two young ladies of a very interesting appearance, who had been brought there under similar circumstances to himself. There was a touching melancholy in the expression of his countenance, and a melting softness in his voice, which interested me extremely in his favour. With all that urbanity of manner by which he was distinguished, he asked me "to take a sneaker of his swipes." I accepted the invitation, and thus commenced a friendship which ended only with his life, and the fond remembrance of which shall cease only with mine.

Morgan Odoherty was born in the county of Kilkenny, in the year 1789. His father acted for many years as a drover to the Right Honourable Lord Ventry, at that period an eminent grazier; and on that gentleman's being raised to the peerage, he succeeded to a very considerable portion of his business. He had certainly many opportunities of amassing wealth, but the truth is, he only provided *meat* for others, with the view of getting *drink* for himself. By his wife he had acquired a small property in the county of Carlow, which it was his intention to have kept as a provision for his family. His business, however, gradually decreased, and on the last settlement of his accounts, when he came to liquidate the claims of his creditors on his estate, he found, to

his astonishment, that he had long since *liquidated* his own. The discovery was fatal. The loss of his credit with the world he might have survived, but the loss of his credit with the *whisky merchant* drove him to despair. He died in the year 1798, a melancholy monument of an ill-spent life.

Of his mother, Mr Odoherty was ever in the habit of talking with gratitude and respect, and the manner in which she discharged the duties of her situation to himself and his three sisters, I have every reason to believe was highly exemplary. And with the exception of the circumstance of a posthumous child making its appearance about fourteen months after the death of her husband, there occurred nothing which could raise a doubt of her being the most virtuous of her sex. Being endowed with a considerable taste for letters, Mrs Odoherty determined that her son should receive a *liberal* education, and accordingly sent him to a charity school in the neighbourhood. At this school, I have reason to believe, he remained about four years, when, by the interest of his uncle, Mr Dennis Odoherty, butler to the Right Honourable Lord Muskerry, he was received into his Lordship's family as an under-domestic. In this noble family Ensign and Adjutant Odoherty soon became an universal favourite. The sweetness of his temper, the grace and vigour of his form, which certainly belonged more to the class of Hercules than the Apollo, rendered him the object of the fervent admiration of the whole female part of the family. Nor did he long remain in a menial situation. By the intercession of Lady Muskerry, he was appointed under-steward on the estate, and on his Lordship's being appointed Colonel of the Limerick Militia in 1808, his first care was to bestow a pair of colours on Mr Odoherty. Never surely did a gift bestow more honour on the giver, and Lord Muskerry had the satisfaction of raising, to his proper station in society, a youth whose talents were destined, not only to do honour to the Limerick Militia, but to his country and the world. In this situation, it is scarcely necessary to state, he was the very life and soul of society wherever he was quartered.

\* We beg leave to hint to our Irish correspondent, that if the *pots* were empty, they could scarcely be termed *pots of porter*.

Not a tea-party could be formed, not an excursion could be planned in the neighbourhood, without Mr Odoherly's being included in it. In short he was like the *verb* in a sentence, quite impossible to be wanted. I have been informed by several officers of the regiment, that he was the greatest promoter of conviviality at the mess. His wine, to use their own expression, was never lost on him, and, towards the conclusion of the third bottle, he was always excessively amusing. When quartered with his regiment at Ballinasloe, in the year 1809, he became smitten with the charms of a young lady of that city, who, from what I have heard of her person and temper, was all

“That youthful poets fancy when they love.”

Her father was a man of considerable wealth, and what is called, middle-man, or agent to several of the noblemen and gentlemen of the country. Her name was Miss Augusta M'Craw, and her family were believed to be descended from the M'Craws of Inverness-shire, a house which yields to none in the pride of its descent, or the purity of its blood. Mr M'Craw, indeed, used to dwell, with great complacency, on the exploits of an ancestor of the family, Sir John M'Craw, who flourished in the reign of James III., who not only defeated a Sir James M'Gregor, in a pitched battle, but actually kicked him round the lists, to the great amusement of the king and all his court. In this exercise, however, there is a tradition of his having dislocated his great toe, which ended in a whitlow, of which he died about three years afterwards, leaving his fate as a lesson to his successors, of the consequences attending such un-knightly behaviour. To this lady, as I already mentioned, Mr Odoherly formed a most devoted attachment, and he accordingly made her an offer of his heart and hand. The young lady returned his attachment with sincerity, but her father and mother were most unaccountably averse to the connexion. On stating to them the affection he entertained for their daughter, and soliciting their consent to its legal consummation, he was treated with the utmost indignity, and desired to quit the house immediately.

On his remonstrating against this improper treatment, the brother of the lady attempted to pull him by the nose, and Mr Odoherly retreated with the very proper resolution of demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman. He accordingly sent him a message the next day, and a meeting was the consequence. On this occasion Ensign Odoherly behaved with all the coolness of the most experienced veteran. They fired nine shots each without effect, but, in the tenth round, Mr Odoherly received a wound in the cheek, which carried off three of his jaw teeth, and entirely demolished one of his whiskers. On receiving the wound, he raised his hand to his face, and exclaimed, with the greatest coolness, “a douce in the chops, by God.” By this wound he was unfortunately ever afterwards much disfigured, and was afflicted with a stiffness in the neck, from which he never recovered. Miss Augusta M'Craw was married, a short time afterwards, to a lieutenant of artillery, and Mr Odoherly very feelingly expressed his regret and sorrow on the occasion, by two odes on the inconstancy of women, which appeared in the Irish newspapers, and were afterwards recorded in the *Lady's Magazine* for October 1811.

Let it not be supposed, however, that, in the progress of the events which I have been relating, his poetical talents had remained dormant. Although we do not find, in his pieces of this period, the same lofty degree of excellence which was afterwards so prominent in his more mature productions, yet they are all imbued with very considerable spirit and imagination. They had hitherto been generally rather of a light and amatory nature, but of his talents for satire, I believe the following epigram, on a certain amorous dowager, will afford not an unfavourable specimen.

If a lover, sweet creature, should foolishly  
seek

On thy face for the bloom of the rose,  
Oh tell him, although it has died on thy  
cheek,

He will find it at least on thy nose.

Sweet emblem of virtue! rely upon this,  
Should thy bosom be wantonly prest,  
That if the rude ravisher gets but a kiss,  
He'll be ready to fancy the rest!

I also find, among his papers, an unfinished Tragedy, which, I con-  
jecture

ture, must have been composed about this time. It is entitled Euphemia, and, in my opinion, displays an uncommon degree of genius. I shall only extract part of one scene, which strikes me as being executed in the most masterly manner. The Princess Euphemia is represented as passing a sleepless night, in consequence of the imprisonment of her lover Don Carlos. Towards morning, she breaks out into the following impassioned reflections.

*Euphemia.* Oh, 'tis a weary night ! Alas, will sleep

Ne'er darken my poor day-lights ! I have watched

The stars all rise and disappear again ;  
Capricorn, Orion, Venus, and the Bear :

I saw them each and all. And they are gone,  
Yet not a wink for me. The blessed Moon

Has journeyed through the Sky : I saw her rise  
Above the distant hills, and gloriously

Decline beneath the waters. My poor head aches  
Beyond endurance. I'll call on Beatrice,

And bid her bring me the all-potent draught  
Left by Fernando the apothecary,

At his last visit. Beatrice ! She sleeps  
As sound as a top. What, ho, Beatrice !

Thou art indeed the laziest waiting maid  
That ever cursed a princess. Beatrice !

*Beatrice.* Coming, your highness, give  
me time to throw

My night-gown o'er my shoulders, and to put  
My flannel dicky on ; 'tis mighty cold

At these hours of the morning.

*Euphem.* Beatrice !

*Beat.* I'm groping for my slippers ; would  
you have me

Walk barefoot o'er the floors ? Lord, I  
should catch

My death of cold.

*Euphem.* And must thy mistress, then,  
I say, must she

Endure the tortures of the damned, whilst  
thou

Art groping for thy slippers ? Selfish wretch !  
Learn, thou shalt come stark-naked at my

bidding,

Or else pack up thy duds and hop the twig.

*Beat.* Oh, my lady, forgive me that I  
was so slow

In yielding due obedience. Pray, believe me,  
It ne'er shall happen again. Oh, it would

break

My very heart to leave so beautiful  
And kind a mistress. Oh, forgive me ! (*weeps.*)

*Euphem.* Well, well ; I fear I was too  
hasty :

But want of sleep, and the fever of my blood,  
Have soured my natural temper. Bring me

the phial

Of physic left by that skilful leech Fernando,  
With Laudanum on the label. It stands

Upon the dressing-table, close by the rouge  
And the Olympian dew. No words. Eva-

porate.

*Beat.* I fly !

[*Exit.*

*Euphem. (sola.)* Alas, Don Carlos, mine  
own

Dear wedded husband ! wedded ! yes ; wedded  
In th' eye of Heaven, though not in that of  
man,

Which sees the forms of things, but least  
knows

That which is in the heart. Oh, can it be,  
That some dull words, muttered by a parson

In a long drawling tone, can make a wife,  
And not the—

—*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beat.* Laudanum on the label ; right :  
Here, my lady, is the physic you require.

*Euphem.* Then pour me out one hundred  
drops and fifty,

With water in the glass, that I may quaff  
Oblivion to my misery.

*Beat.* 'Tis done.

*Euphem. (drinks.)* My head turns round ;  
it mounts into my brain.

I feel as if in paradise ! My senses mock me :  
Methinks I rest within thine arms, Don

Carlos ;

Can it be real ? Pray, repeat that kiss !

I am thine own Euphemia. This is bliss

Too great for utterance. Oh, ye gods

Of Hellespont and Greece ! Alas, I faint.

[*faints.*

The heart of Mr Odoherly was of the tenderest and most inflammable description, and he now formed an attachment to a lady Gilhooly, the rich widow of Sir Thomas Gilhooly, knight, who, on account of some private services to the state, was knighted during the lieutenancy of Lord Hardwicke. His love to this lady was of the most modest and retiring nature, and he never ventured to make a personal declaration of his passion. He has commemorated it, however, in the following beautiful and pathetic stanzas :

Oh, lady, in the laughing hours,  
When time and joy go hand in hand ;  
When pleasure strews thy path with flowers,  
And but to wish is to command ;  
When thousands swear, that to thy lips  
A more than angel's voice is given,  
And that thy jetty eyes eclipse  
The bright, the blessed stars of heaven ;  
Might it not cast a trembling shade  
Across the light of mirth and song,  
To think that there is one, sweet maid,  
That loved thee hopelessly and long ;  
That loved, yet never told his flame,  
Although it burned his soul to madness ;  
That lov'd, yet never breathed thy name,  
Even in his fondest dreams of gladness.  
Though red my coat, yet pale my face,  
Alas, 'tis love that made it so,  
Thou only canst restore its grace,  
And bid its wonted blush to glow.  
Restore its blush ! oh, I am wrong,  
For here thine art were all in vain ;  
My face has ceased to blush so long,  
I fear it ne'er can blush again !

This moving expression of passion appears to have produced no effect on the obdurate fair one, who was then fifty-four years of age, with nine children, and a large jointure, which would certainly have made a very convenient addition to the income of Mr Odohertry. He now resolved on volunteering into the line. He was unwilling that his services should be confined to the comparatively inactive and inglorious duties of a militia officer, and he therefore determined to wield his sword, or, as he technically called it, his *spit*, wherever the cause of his country should demand it. He was soon after appointed to an ensigncy in the 44th regiment, then in the West Indies; and, on the 14th of August 1814, he embarked at Dover in the schooner John Dory, Captain Godolphin, for Jamaica. He experienced a tedious passage, and they were unfortunate enough to fall in with an American privateer, from which, however, after a smart action, they had the good luck to escape. The following *jeu d'esprit* gives so favourable a specimen of his talent for humour, that I cannot refuse the reader the pleasure of submitting it to his perusal.

Captain Godolphin was a very odd and stingy man,

Who skipper was, as I'm assur'd, of a schooner-rigg'd West Indiaman;

The wind was fair, he went on board, and when he sail'd from Dover,

Says he, "this trip is but a joke, for now I'm half seas over!"

The captain's wife, she sail'd with him, this circumstance I heard of her,

Her brimstone breath, 'twas almost death to come within a yard of her;

With fiery nose, as red as rose, to tell no lies I'll stoop,

She looked just like an admiral with a lantern at his poop.

Her spirits sunk from eating junk, and as she was an epicure,

She swore a dish of dolphin fish would of her make a happy cure.

The captain's line, so strong and fine, had hooked a fish one day,

When his anxious wife *Godolphin* cried, and the dolphin swam away.

The wind was foul, the weather hot, between the tropics long she stewed,

The latitude was 5 or 6, 'bout 50 was the longitude,

When *Jack* the cook once spoilt the *sauce*, she thought it mighty odd,

But her husband bawl'd on deck, why, here's the Saucy Jack,\* by God.

The captain sought his charming wife, and whispered to her private ear,

"My love, this night we'll have to fight a thumping Yankee privateer."

On this he took a glass of rum, by which he showed his sense;

Resolved that he would make at least a spirited defence.

The captain of the Saucy Jack, he was a dark and dingy man;

Says he, "my ship must take, this trip, this schooner-rigg'd West Indiaman.

Each at his gun, we'll show them fun, the decks are all in order:

But mind that every *lodger* here, must likewise be a *boarder*."

No, never was there warmer work, at least I rather think not,

With cannon, cutlass, grappling-iron, blunderbuss, and stink-pot.

The Yankee captain, boarding her, cried, either strike or drown;

Godolphin answered, "then I strike," and quickly knocked him down.

The remaining thirty verses of this poem, giving an account of the action and the subsequent voyage to Jamaica, of how Mrs Godolphin was killed by a cannon ball lodging in her stomach, and how Captain Godolphin afterwards died of the yellow fever, I do not think it necessary to insert. It is sufficient to say, they are fully equal to the preceding, and are distinguished by the same quaintness of imagination, and power of ludicrous expression.

On his arrival at Jamaica, he found it the rendezvous of the force destined for the attack of New Orleans, under the command of the brave though unfortunate Sir Edward Pakenham. Of this force the 44th regiment formed a part, and the heart of Mr Odohertry throbbed with delightful anticipation of the high destiny to which he felt himself called. A circumstance now occurred, however, which bid fair to cloud his prospects for ever. On the evening before the sailing of the armament for its destination, Mr Odohertry had gone on shore. He there chanced to meet with an old schoolfellow, who filled the situation of slave-driver or whipper-in to a neighbouring plantation. This gentleman invited him to his house, and they spent the night in pouring forth the most liberal libations of new rum, which they drank fresh from the boilers. The consequence was, that next morning, on the sailing of the fleet, Mr Odohertry was absent. His friend the whipper-in, however, who was less drunk than his

\* A celebrated American privateer.

guest, had the good sense to foresee the consequences of his being left behind on so pressing an occasion. He hired a couple of negroes to row after the fleet, had Ensign Odoherty carried insensible to the boat, and he was conveyed to his ship, as he himself humorously termed it, "as drunk as David's sow." The commanding officer immediately placed him under an arrest, and it was only on his expressing the most sincere contrition for his folly, joined with many promises of amendment, that he was again allowed to perform the duties of his situation. After this, few of the officers of the regiment thought proper to associate with him; and with the exception of some who had formerly been his companions in the militia, he was placed in Coventry by the whole corps.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN  
LONDON.

No II.

SINCE our last, Miss O'Neil has appeared for the first time in *Bertha*, in a revived play called "The Point of Honour." It was our intention to have given sketches of the principal London performers, as they came forward, from time to time, in new characters; because we must not take it for granted that Edinburgh readers are as familiar with their merits as London ones,—and we have seen Miss O'Neil in this play; but it affords so little scope for the exercise of her charming talents, and is, besides, so execrable in itself; that we shall defer speaking of her at any length till we come from seeing her in *Juliet*, or some other of her best characters. We shall then write of her while the delightful impression is full upon our mind and heart,—and it is then, and only then, that we shall have a chance of doing justice either to her or to ourselves.

For Miss O'Neil in no respect resembles Mrs Siddons. *She* came upon us like some stately vision, to be seen once and remembered for ever. *She* passed before our eyes like a visible god—on the earth, but not of it. *She* haunted the imagination like a tale of ancient chivalry,—and, like that, was not made for our age or country. We

sometimes wonder how, in these times, and in this city, Mrs Siddons came to be appreciated as she was, for the peculiar character of her talents was certainly very well understood among us. But we hope and believe (or is it that we only believe *because* we hope?) that, after all, nothing can quite extinguish the godlike in man: there is, and will be for ever, a voice within us that *will* respond to the music which has now almost become that of another sphere. Mrs Siddons was made for the best ages of Greece or Rome—times that nothing can bring back but a new deluge. She ought to have been *indeed* the mother of Coriolanus. Living in our day, she was, like the Apollo Belvedere, a kind of tacit satire on the species. Perhaps Mrs Siddons was, taken for all in all, the grandest and most glorious specimen of a human being that was ever created.

Nothing of all this applies to Miss O'Neil; and we mention the contrast here, only for the purpose of observing, that her talents, or rather qualifications—for they should hardly be called talents—are of a kind which, to be appreciated justly, must be spoken of while the impression they make is full and vivid, for they appeal to the heart, and to that only; and it must be confessed, that impressions made *there* are very apt to wear out. Here, however, Miss O'Neil is absolute, yet without seeming to feel her power. The memory of her glides into the bosom, and nestles there almost without our knowing it—but yet we feel the happier for it.

Perhaps we were more disgusted by this revived play, the *Point of Honour*, than we should otherwise have been, from being obliged to sit, and see, and hear Miss O'Neil's delightful voice and looks cast away upon it.—Though they have chosen to call it a play, it is one of that herd of Gallo-germanic monsters which have visited us of late years, under the name of Melo-Dramas; and which ought to have been confined, "as rarer monsters are," to Bartholomew fair. It makes the ladies in the galleries and dress-boxes shed those maudlin tears that always flow when weak nerves are (by no matter what means) over-excited: for the low vulgar are quite as nervous as the high—only they don't know it.—The *Point of Honour* is what the aforesaid

weepers call an "interesting" play. The story is this:—a young man, "for something or for nothing," deserts from his regiment, and, after a time, takes refuge in the house of a widow lady, who has a daughter. Between the young people a mutual attachment of course takes place, and "to-morrow" they are to be married; but, unfortunately, "to-day" the regiment, of which the father of the young man is major, enters the town where the latter is concealed, and a rival, who is of course provided for the occasion, of course finds out the secret, and makes it known. All are now in consternation. The lady screams and prays—the lover whines and prays—and the father stamps and prays; but all to no effect. At length the lover is brought on the stage to be shot at by a detachment of soldiers—but he is not shot, as the reader will easily guess—for his father is the officer whose duty it is to give the word "fire!" and he takes care not to do so till he has rushed in between the muskets and the mark at which they aimed—and the soldiers, not thinking it right to shoot their major, stop a little till somebody runs and fetches a pardon. All this time the young lady is kept in an agony of suspense, which is at length changed into certainty by the report of muskets. She then takes it for granted that all is over, and faints away,—but the next minute she recovers and finds that all is right. This is bringing things home to men's bosoms and business with a vengeance! Is not the reader sick of it?

We wonder somebody has not thought of making a Melo-Drama about the sailors that have been starving in our streets of late. They might have laid the first scene on London Bridge at midnight, during a hard frost,—the second in the committee-room of the King's Head Tavern,—the third in the Poultry Counter,—and given it a happy ending on board the hulk!—The reader will not suspect us of feeling lightly on such a subject as this, however we may write about it. But we are disposed to conceal behind a forced smile, the indignation we are almost ashamed to express openly against any thing at once so contemptible and so mischievous as these interesting "Melo Dramas."

After seeing Miss O'Neil, we sel-

dom destroy the impression she leaves, by staying the farce; but we did so on this evening, for we were glad to forget that we had seen her in such company. The farce was *Bombastes Furioso*, in which Liston was, as usual, delicious. It would require as much genius to describe this actor properly, as he himself possesses, so we shall not attempt it. The scene in which he determines that he will "not make himself away," but "go mad," is the very climax of romantic fun; and his wig, with the queue cut off, and its rats tails hanging down behind, "the sport of every breeze," is really, in the French sense of the word, superb. As Justice Greedy says of a loin of veal, "we do reverence" the man who invented the wig. It is a sovereign cure for the spleen. Mr Blanchard performed the king very well, but yet we missed our favourite Mathews. We cannot guess why Mr Mathews is not engaged in London, and hear that he is now delighting our Edinburgh friends. We congratulate them. Mathews is incomparably the best mimic on the stage; but he is something incomparably better than a mimic. His performance of Sir Fretful Plagiary would alone stamp him as an actor of the first class in that particular line of pure comedy—for this part of the Critic is pure comedy. His Sir F. Plagiary is a classical performance. Mathews is always in his character, and his character is always in him. They act and re-act reciprocally upon each other, and upon the audience. This is as it should be; and without this no actor can succeed, or deserve to succeed. Mathews is no doubt playing the Actor of All Work at Edinburgh. The piece itself, with the exception of "the immortal Mr Garrick, deceased," is wretched, but Mathews makes it very amusing, though we must warn the reader not to take his imitation of Talma for any thing like that admirable performer. Talma is undoubtedly the best tragic actor in the world, except Kean; and in some particulars, though not the highest or most delicate, he is greatly superior even to him. We believe, when Mathews played the Actor of All Work in London, he had not seen Talma on the stage—only at the recitations he gave at the Opera Concert-room.

We have been told, we know not

how truly, that Mathews has not been well used in his late engagements at Covent Garden Theatre. That he has been designedly kept from the public, or brought before them only in low farce. We seem to have observed that this latter *has* been the case.

On the 28th of January, a new Melo-Drama, called the Turret Clock, was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre. If it did not afford us any amusement in seeing, it did the next morning, in reading an account of it in the newspapers, one of the most respectable of which goes on for ever so long in this style about it:—"We have dwelt at greater length on the circumstances of this plot than we are in the habit of doing generally, in the case of such *light* performances. In fact, they are more interesting, better connected and diversified, and therefore more worthy of notice, than the common run of our minor dramas." There must be some mystery in this. The judicious critic who writes this paper knows better,—he must have been hoaxed by some wag,—the thing is without comparison the worst of the kind we ever saw, which is saying a great deal indeed.—But it will be dead and gone long before this account of it reach our readers; and we should not have taken the trouble to disturb its slumber, if its virtues had not been lauded in the above strain, by several other of the daily critics. It is very well to have a friend in court to say a word in time of need; and even if one of the judges should happen to be hood-winked now and then, when a friend is in the case, it may be forgiven—it is human nature. But when the whole bench seems to have been corrupted, it is time for one of the jury to speak—and it is they who give the verdict after all.

On February 2d, another new melo-drama was produced at Covent-Garden theatre. "Another and another!" If "yet a fourth" should come, we shall certainly continue the quotation, and exclaim, "We'll see no more." The Illustrious Traveller, or the Forges of Kunzel, is, as usual, a business of pursuits and escapes, of rocks and waterfalls, of thunders and lightnings, of crimes and pardons, and so forth; but it is not a bad one of its kind. The scenery of Norway is beautiful; and

Mr M'Cready plays the part of an unfortunate, but guiltless, exile very well. There is a fine melancholy depth and richness about the voice of this actor, which that of no other on the stage possesses; and he has very excellent judgment to supply the place of genius.

A partridge is a good thing; and yet even "*Toujours Perdrix*" is not to be borne. But a melo-drama is a bad thing; what then shall we say of "*Toujours melo-dramas*?"—Scarcely had we protested above against being over-run with these "wonders, to make up a shew," than the merciless managers come upon us with "yet a fourth,"—"bearing a glass which shows us many more!"—for this last, and "least in our dear love," is from Lord Byron's Poems; and if the public receive it kindly, it will, no doubt, "increase and multiply" from the same stock—for the most noxious creatures are generally the most prolific.

The melo-drama before us was produced at Drury-Lane theatre, on the 5th of February, under the *alias* of "a New Tragic Play." It is called the Bride of Abydos. Great pains had been taken to make the public believe that the incidents, sentiments, language, scenery, &c. of this play had been taken from Lord Byron's poem of the same name. Used as we are to these tricks, we were taken in once more; and went to see the Bride of Abydos rather than Fazio, which was performed for the first time on the same evening at Covent-Garden. If the sentiments and language of this play are indeed taken from Lord Byron, the theft must have been committed by a not unskilful person, for he has so carefully picked out all the marks, that his lordship would be sorry to swear to his property. The poem bears the same sort of resemblance to the play, as the once beautiful, vigorous, healthful, happy, and well-dressed child, does to what it becomes when stolen from its parents, and converted into the little, miserable, puling, deformed, half-starved climbing boy, decked out in his paltry finery for May-day; and the parent would find equal difficulty in recognising his offspring. Its form and features are so begrimed with paint and gilding, that we shall not attempt to describe them. Suffice it to repeat, that the Bride of Abydos is of the melo-drama breed,

but "of a larger growth;" and it is more disagreeable than most of its kindred, because it makes greater pretensions than they do, and introduces itself to us with a lie in its mouth. There are not less, however, than half a dozen battles to the sound of music,—processions, in which the persons employed multiply themselves, as Kehama did, and seem to enter by several ways at once,—singings, dancings, choruses, banquettings, &c.—and a grand "blow up" at the last.—The scenery of this piece is beautiful throughout; and the water most admirably managed. The performers had nothing to do, and they did nothing. Mr Holland seemed to have got his words in a mill, and he ground them out as if he was aware that they were old, and wanted to be made young again. Mrs Mardyn looked charmingly in Zuleika, though not quite young enough; but she was affected instead of being affecting. There is about this lady a fine high-spirited consciousness,—a proud, glowing, self-complacency,—which is called *affectation* in modern life; but it is far from being without its attractions, especially on the stage, and in comedy. She marches up to you with all the "insolence of power," and lays claim to your heart as if she felt herself entitled to it;—and you instantly feel that she *is* entitled to it. But all this would be sadly out of place in Zuleika—and Mrs Mardyn seemed to think so; but not knowing how to get rid of it gracefully, she diluted it into a mawkish mixture which retained no character at all,—something like warm water, with just enough spirit and sugar to make you sick. Mr Kcan had a few points to make, and he made them; but, upon the whole, he appeared to feel a due contempt for the character he had to perform, and scorned to endeavour to make something out of nothing. We were glad to see this. It was a proper answer to those who would put his fine genius to such paltry uses. As we understand this great actor is to perform at Edinburgh in the Passion week, we shall endeavour to give a sketch of his merits and defects in our March Number; we may also defer our account of Fazio till then, as it will not be repeated in time for us to speak of it in this.

Will the reader have the goodness to rectify the following *errata* in our last Num-

ber?—Page 427, second column, top line, for "heart-rending," read "heart-ennobling." Same page and column, sixth line from bottom, for "worse," read "averse." Page 428, first column, fourteenth line from bottom, for "In," read "For." Same page, thirty-fourth line from top, for "perhaps," read "properly."

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 HORTÆ SCANDICÆ.

## No I.

*Notice of the "Maga, Stormbojurs Trollkona Skiækia," an Icelandic Poem, in Five Books.*

(Communicated by the REV. DR CHIEL.)

THERE has lately been published at Copenhagen, a translation into Danish, of a very singular poem in the Icelandic language, entitled, "Maga, the Lewd Witch of Stormboje," supposed to have been written in the tenth century, by Solva Klofa, a prince of the same illustrious house which produced the conqueror, Kaldur Klofa. The subject is of the most picturesque and truly Scandinavian character. Maga, the witch, is introduced, at the beginning of the first book, as renewing her youth and beauty by means of a decoction of the bodies of different disgusting animals; she is seen dancing round her cauldron; she then leaps into it—old, haggard, and frightful.

"She as lean and cold appears,  
As if she had been dead ten years;  
As if the worms had eat her through,  
Her skin it is so dry and blue."

A sound is heard, as if of a red-hot poker thrust into a basin of water; a thick smoke arises and fills the whole atmosphere, which, however, is by degrees dissipated, and Maga reappears, in the radiance of youth and loveliness, clothed in a robe of green, and riding high overhead in a chariot drawn by an unicorn, a lamb, a lion, a bear, and a stag. She is only recognised by her voice, which continues to be feeble and shrill as before,—a circumstance which is accounted for by the omission of some important ingredients in her cauldron of incantation. Her lamentation over this accident closes the first book, and is conceived with a fervency of wrathful and bitter emotions, the expression of which, in the wild accents of the



original, produces an effect altogether sublime. It appears, from the tone of the complaint, that Maga has laboured to produce the metamorphosis in her person, in order that she may be able to entrap and ensnare to her love three young men of the north, of whom she has not successively, but simultaneously, (the vile witch!) become very deeply enamoured. Two of them immediately appear, and, as might be expected, fall in love with the sorceress. But the Danish Translator has, in this part of his work, been obliged very much to abridge the details of the original. These amours occupy the whole of the second and third books.

In the fourth book, Maga is again introduced alone, singing in a low, broken, and mysterious voice, the words of a song of invocation to Hecate.

“ Queen of air, queen of heaven,  
Two—two only hast thou given.  
One is good—two are better—  
Hecate! Hecate! I'm thy debtor.  
Two have I, but more I want,  
Hecate! for the third I pant,  
Give the shepherd to my arms,  
My soul is ravished by his charms,

His beauty let me see.  
Buck-like teeth and lips of red,  
And brown locks clustering from his head—  
From the region of the lake,  
Hecate! for my service' sake,  
Bring the coy shepherd unto me.”

Hecate now descends from the bosom of a black cloud, and leading in her hand the shepherd, of whose person there follows a long, and what is odd enough in such a place, a strictly anatomical description. He is, it seems, the best runner in the district of his birth, the inventor of divers improvements in the care of cattle, and withal an excellent poet. He has already been beloved by several fairies, and other supernatural beings of the female sex, (among the rest by a witch of Scotland, *Suth ra Fivi*) nor has he been unwilling to accept of their favours. Maga is in raptures with the success of her prayer, and in the tumults of her passion, forgetting the defects of her voice, she begins to sing a love-song to the shepherd, in accents so squeaking and senile, as at once to destroy the effects which the bloom of her countenance and the magnificence of her attire had begun to have upon the imagination of this Endymion. Maga perceives the alteration in his thoughts, but her love being violent rather than delicate, she goes on to court him to her arms, by

promises which, perhaps, our readers will agree with us in thinking it required an excess of virtue to resist.

“ Thou upon my car shalt ride  
In radiance of unearthly pride,  
The surly bear shall lick thy feet,  
The lowly lamb before thee bleat,  
And unicorn and stag rejoice  
To hear the bidding of thy voice;  
E'en the proud lion his long tail  
Shall, fawning, curl my love to hail,—  
Come, oh, come! no earthly maid

Woos thee to her frail embrace;  
Mine are charms that never fade,

Eternal beauty beams on Maga's face;  
Soon as age and care begin  
My curls of flowing gold to thin,  
Soon as the morn of jocund glances,  
In my coal-black eye that dances,  
Wrapped in the twilight of decline,  
Appears less sportively divine,  
There is a charm which I command,

I will not breathe it to the spheres,  
And at the waving of my hand,  
A miracle appears.—

In short, it seems that the lady has actually in her possession the *elixir vitæ*, and that, like Mr Godwin's St Leon, or the Scots Magazine, whenever Maga begins to feel the effects of old age and dotage, she has it in her power to become at once as young and beautiful as ever, by commencing a new *Series* of her existence. She is too cautious to disclose her secret to the shepherd, but she assures him, that

“ Even now, tho' seventy years have sped  
Their with'ring flight o'er Maga's head,  
Rich are the tendrils of my hair,  
My bosom's graceful swell is fair,  
My luscious lips as rosy red  
As when at first they ripened

In the Scandinavian air.  
My robe of green as proudly flows  
As when my youthful form arose  
'Mid Hecla's sempiternal snows;  
Wooers, husbands, many a score,  
Have sought my love in days of yore.

Now, even now, I've lovers two,  
Ardent lovers, two or three,  
Yet a maid is come to woo,

List, gentle shepherd, list to me!”

And so on, for a page or two more, does she talk about her own charms, and her lovers.

But the shepherd is a perfect Joseph Andrews in his way, and Maga, like Potiphar's wife and Lady Booby, when she discovers that she has no prospect of success, changes at once from the utmost tenderness of desire to the most demoniacal excess of rage and indignation. She curses the swain, and vanishes in a clap of thunder. The growling and snarling of her beasts is heard

afar off, and the virtuous shepherd de-  
part in an agony of terror.

So far the poem is conducted with considerable regularity of design and execution; the verse is more harmonious than is at all usual, either in the *Lodbrokar quida*, or any other of the remains of Icelandic poetry; the imagery is of a nature very pleasing, and withal somewhat novel in its character. The succeeding parts of the fiction are impregnated with a darker interest; the ear is bound down to the story, and the eye fastened on the strange workings of the sorceress with an ever increasing degree of attention, till, in the last dreadful scene, the emotion is lifted beyond the permitted limit of agitation. The author of this fearful fable would indeed, if born in happier days, have gone down to posterity in the same rank with Dante, or Shakspeare, or any of the first masters of poetic terrors. The witch, being resolved to revenge herself on the haughty shepherd, holds a council of war, at which there assists as strange an assembly of unearthly advisers as could well be imagined.

“ The first came with a pilgrim’s shell,

As if from far beyond the sea;

Where he had been I may not tell,

But a faint and weary wight seemed he.

I heard the men around me say,

That inch deep on his shoon there lay

The desert dust of Africa;

Though others told, a dreaming nap

Had seized him o’er a wondrous map,

Where Nile and Niger dimmed his eyes,

Most like to wild realities.

So when he woke, his friends scarce knew

The sorely-altered ghastly hue,

Till laughter-fits, long, sudden, loud,

As if a goblin blackcock crowed,

Revealed, unchanged by toil or clime,

The traveller of the eternal prime.

—Wild eldritch sounds of mirth and awe,

A death-scream mix’d with a guffa,

As if a gravestone, suddenly

Heaved up, had let a corpse’s cry,

Half-smothered in the dust, break out,

Commingling with the unearthly joy

Of a hideous vampire’s hungry shout.

The pilgrim smiled benignantly.

‘ I love this shepherd well,’ quoth he;

Seek other weapons, witch, than me.

Lover was I once of thine,

And harmless damsel wast thou then;

But now thine amorous glances shine

On crowds of weak and wicked men.

And evil purpose hast thou caught;

From love like theirs, and envious thought:

Ne’er was told in fabling saga,

Such a change as thine, O Maga !”

The second is a new and striking personification of envy.

“ He is lean and wondrous tall,

Flesh is on him none at all,

In his sides the ribs are bare,

His legs like spiders, long and spare,

His eyes have a smooth glassy glare,

Black his beard and black his hair;

You see in his cold sleepy stare

The impotence of envious care,—

Never rested human sight

On so pitiful a wight.

What is good, and bright, and fair,

To others’ view, he cannot bear;

But ever carping, ever biting,

Ever with his weak darts smiting;

He vainly trieth to bring down,

What others, where it stands, admire—

The leaves of glory’s laurel crown,

To which himself may not aspire,

He fain would tear them with the thorn

In his tiny fingers borne, &c.”

“ Where the light sinks in the watery west,

Of old was nursed the shadowy pest;

But now his exhalations vile,

Of rancour, jealousy, and bile,

The envenomed urchin spitteth forth,

To taint the ether of the north.

The creature’s ineffectual sting

Afar the poison may not fling:

Back on himself the fetid dew

Corrosive drops, and, soaking through

The feeble fabric of his clay,

Wastes the poor shivering ghost away,

With self-inflicted and unmourned decay!

’Tis thus he speaks, (cold, raw, and fleet,

The words come like a gush of sleet,)—

‘ Maga, a covenant let us make!

I hate the shepherd of the lake—

I hate the beauty of his lay,

And will with usury repay

The scorn he shews thy charms this day.

My sting unscen the churl shall smite;

And then beneath the clouds of night,

Thou, my buxom leman, prest

By the grim chronicler of the west,

Shalt still fulfil Heaven’s glad decree,

Which says, *Increase and multiply.*”

This creature, of course, enters with great readiness into the plot against the virtuous and ingenious shepherd, and so indeed do almost all members of this diabolical diyan. Among the most violent is

“ A sour and foul-mouthed ugly sprite,

With secret harness doth he walk;

In him no eye can take delight,

No ear can listen to his talk.

“ He long had dwelt with the painted men,

Barbaric, in their gloomy den;

His eye, accustomed to their night,

Gleams clear and red in God’s fair light;

Within his thick bald skull there lies

A register of treacheries;

And now right gladly doth he go

To work the gentle shepherd wo.”

But it would be quite endless to go through the whole list of vile personages, who offer advice and co-operation to the insulted Maga. The two which

we have noticed above are preferred to any of the rest; and Maga, the council being closed, unharnesses the bear from her chariot, upon whose back they are immediately conveyed to the cavern of Lirir Virkingr, where various schemes are suggested for annoying the innocent swain. Six different attempts against him are made by this junto, but all without effect, and we begin to hope that the righteous cause may, after all, triumph over its foes; but Maga is not so soon satisfied. She resolves, that since nothing short of this will do, she will go boldly and seize the object of her resentment *in propria persona*. The shepherd is at home among the hills, feeding his flocks by the side of a lake, and holding rapturous communings with a certain mysterious being concealed in that neighbourhood, when all of a sudden his guiltless retirement is invaded by Maga, careering at full speed with her strange team of animals, and attended in her chariot by a confederate, who is described, shortly indeed, but in a way calculated to impress the mind with a vague sentiment of undefinable horror.

“ His hair is black, and yet 'tis gray,  
Gray floats his awful beard away,  
His eye gleams fury and dismay.  
He urges on the witches team  
With a loud and bellowy blustering;  
The chariot wheels do creak and scream,  
And the beasts do snort and fling—  
The bear doth growl, the lion howl,  
The lamb doth moan, so dire the tone—  
(So urchins tremble when the wand  
Is quivering in the master's hand.)  
Never heard earth, sea, or sky,  
So long, and yet so loud a cry:  
That horrid cry to the Graybeard's ears  
Is music sweeter than the spheres,  
And ever croaking in his pride,  
He drowns the voice of all beside;  
Yet even the beasts that Maga yokes,  
Cannot abide the demon roar;  
Ne'er pierced the hag's accursed spokes,  
So dark a thunder cloud before,  
As that into whose gloomy centre  
Now the startled team doth enter.”

The two alarming visitants take up the poor shepherd, and carry him, while he lies senseless in a swoon, to the car of the Witch. The Graybeard, and Maga, then bind him with cords to the floor, and the punishment begins. Although the whole process is gone through without the least appearance of horror on the part of either of the executioners, we cannot think of laying before our readers any part of the detail given

by the Icelandic narrator. The poor shepherd is flayed in the first place, then greased all over like the ration beef of a Russian private, and last of all, eat alive by his two enemies with a ferocious joy, and screams of a most anthropophagic ecstasy. The cannibals, when they had done with their meal, dip their fingers in flaming brimstone, and wipe their mouths with the tail of the bear. Hecate then meets them in the clouds, and they commence a wild song of exultation, a *sigr-saungr*, in the measure of the celebrated

“ Vitt er orpinn  
Tyrít Valfalli, &c.”

It begins thus:

“ Slain the foe is  
Of Maga the queenly;  
We have slain by our prowess,  
And eat in our ire,  
A banquet, uncleanly,  
Of flesh without fire.  
*We have slain, we have eat!*

Slain the swain is,  
Her love that scorned.  
Not vain was the menace  
Our weapons to tinge;  
And the feast, unadorned,  
Had the sauce of revenge.

*We have slain, we have eat!*

Slain the churl is,  
As a hog at the stall is,  
Who had ventured to hurl his  
Despise at her head;  
Now the maw of our malice  
Is plenteously fed.  
*We have slain, we have eat.”*

The burden bears a strong resemblance to that in the death-song of Lodbrok:

“ Hiuggom ver med hiaurvi—  
*We hewed with our swords;*”

and it appears that, like it, the whole song was of the kind called *twi-saungr*. But as many leaves are wanting in the MS. a great part of this epiniceum is unfortunately lost. It is still more to be lamented, that the fifth, and, as tradition says, the finest book of the poem, has as yet been sought for in vain through all the libraries of the north. It is said, by an old gentleman of Elsinore, who heard the poem recited in his youth, that in this canto, or *fit*, the Witch and the Graybeard become mortally sick in consequence of their inhuman repast; that a benign sorceress, beloved by the shepherd, had provided for his safety by administering to him a divine draught before the assault of his enemies; that as soon

as the fragments of his body had been disgorged by the afflicted cannibals, through the operation of this charm, the principle of life was again restored to his members, and they arranged themselves into their former shape without retaining any appearance of the horrible treatment which they had undergone. The benign sorceress having inflicted signal chastisement on Maga, and banished the Graybeard to a receptacle of imps, the poet brings about, *selon les regles*, a marriage between her (although she is already provided with one husband) and the swain; and the *fit* closed with a brüdersaungr, or epithalamium, chanted over their bridal-bed by the whole of the good spirits of the north.

The following is said by some critics to be a genuine fragment of their nuptial song; but in the opinion of Dr Horn, it is rather the composition of the Icelandic poetess, Kärleck.

“ Closely kiss,  
Happy swain,  
Look for bliss  
Such as this  
Ne'er again.  
*Kiss, kiss thy bride,  
Kiss none beside.*

Comb thy hair,  
Wash thy face,  
Come Debonnair,  
To meet a fair  
Of such a race.  
*Kiss, kiss thy bride,  
Kiss none beside.*

Throw thy crook  
To the wind,  
She will not brook  
To see thee look  
In aught a hind.  
*Kiss, kiss thy bride,  
Kiss none beside.*

And sing, sing on  
Wild ditties to her.  
For this alone  
Her favour shone  
On such a wooer.  
*Kiss, kiss thy bride,  
Kiss none beside.*

Let the race,  
From thee proceeding,  
Not disgrace  
Their high place  
By their breeding.  
*Kiss, kiss thy bride,  
Kiss none beside.”*

In a future Number we shall translate the preliminary dissertation of the Danish editor, Dr Horn. We hope also very shortly to give some

account of a publication on which he is at present employed,—we mean “the Jealous Witch,” another Icelandic poem, founded, as we understand, upon nearly the same basis with “the Lewd Witch of Stormboye.” The success with which the scholars of Denmark are elucidating the antiquities of their own country, and of all the Gothic nations, entitles them to the admiration of the world, and affords a singular contrast to the miserable state of antiquarian learning in Scotland. Although we have a numerous and grave society of antiquaries, who assemble once a week to listen to dissertations about Roman walls, Pictish caverns, and Celtic Poems; who receive presents of rusty dirks and green farthings; and once in the twenty years, publish such a volume of TRANSACTIONS as any clever man, with the assistance of Sandy Gordon's Itinerarium, Dr Jameson's Dictionary, and Anderson's Diplomata, would think it no great job to manufacture in a fortnight; we have at this day no antiquaries in Scotland who are worthy of the name, except John Pinkerton, Walter Scott, and Robert Jamieson. Denmark, on the contrary, can boast of many names equally distinguished as that of the eminent person to whom we have at present been so much obliged.

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WILBERFORCE AND FOSTER.

MR EDITOR,

ON reading an article in your last Number, entitled “On some Calumnies against the Dead,” I was not a little surprised to find the scope of it, an attack upon two individuals who have both been eminently useful in promoting the greatest and most important interests of mankind.—It is *Wilberforce* and *Foster*, whom the author of the article alluded to, attempts to stamp as calumniators. From the manner in which *Euthus* sets out with his alarming charge, one would naturally imagine that he alluded to something of recent occurrence. Now, sir, instead of that being the case, the whole of his charge against Mr Wilberforce, is founded on certain remarks which that gentleman had made on the intimacy of Dr Robertson and

the celebrated Gibbon, and this in a work published so far back as the end of last century. But it may be well to inquire what is there said: Mr Wilberforce, in talking of those who consider themselves more closely united by literature, than severed by the widest religious differences, says "It is with great pain that the author feels himself compelled to place so great a writer as Dr R. in this class." Mr Wilberforce, to be sure, goes on to state, that he does not consider Dr Robertson's account of the Reformation as satisfactory enough; but let me ask Euthus, if this remark is not completely justified and confirmed by the subsequent historical researches and illustrations of Dr M'Crie. Every person of intelligence and taste admires Dr Robertson as a historian, but surely it is not calumniating him to say, that, in his historical works, he did not do all that he might have done, particularly on the score of religion. But the truth is, sir, that many literary divines have been led away to the very contrary extreme, by the fear of showing too much zeal, or professional bias, on the subject of religion: forgetting that *there* lies the great concern of all mankind. Let me then ask wherein Euthus is entitled to brand Mr Wilberforce with the epithet, "Calumniator!"

I felt still greater anxiety to discover the grounds on which Euthus had come forward with the same charge against the original and eloquent John Foster. I am acquainted, sir, with no single work, the production of the present century, which abounds with so much striking, original, and useful, moral and religious thinking, as the "Essays" of Mr Foster, and that too, combined with a diction as clear, perspicuous, and classical, as that of any author in the English language. These Essays constitute in fact a perfect concentration of mind; and it is certainly refreshing, amid the many silly productions of the present generation, to meet with such a work in such a field; and I fear, sir, that he who can only make such a use of it as to extract a charge of calumny against its author, is indeed a person totally unfit to appreciate his merits. I would apply to Euthus, in this case (and I trust your readers will perceive the application to be just), the words of the eloquent writer he has attacked. When speaking of the invaluable Howard, "Ye

*mere men of taste,*" says he, "*be silent regarding such a man as Howard, he is above your sphere of judgment!*" But Euthus will allege that all this is mere declamation, and no refutation of his charge. Even this is more, it is a reference to the Essays themselves, which would fully accomplish the refutation to every candid reader. It is, however, fortunately, easy to condescend upon the particular passages to which Euthus alludes. The accuser sets out with saying, that Mr F. has devoted one of his Essays to shewing that Evangelical Religion has at all times been despised by men of taste and genius. Now, sir, I deny the fact, and I think I may challenge contradiction, when I say that Mr F. never makes such an assertion; and far from attempting to prove such an appalling proposition, gives us himself instances to overturn it, by referring to the sublime *Pascal* and *Milton*, and the amiable *Cowper* and others. He merely states, that the general scope and tenour of our polite literature is not in unison with Christian sentiment and doctrine, and that too many of the British literati of former ages have been hostile, or at least strangers, to true Christianity. Propositions which I think no one, whose compass of reading or acquaintance with English literature is at all great, can take upon himself to deny. Euthus, however, lays the great foundation of his charge on what he is pleased to style Mr Foster's contempt for the religion of Addison and Dr Johnson, and he alleges that these great men are considered as 'Heathens' by Mr Foster. It is only to those who have never seen the admirable "Essays" I am defending, that a refutation of this charge can be at all necessary. To be brief then:—With regard to Addison, Mr Foster expresses no "contempt" for his religious sentiments, but only expresses his regret that, in the course of the "Spectator" and some other of his writings, he should have so seldom taken occasion to introduce the peculiar doctrines of Christianity. Next, with regard to Dr Johnson, Mr Foster, in his observations on *his* character, pays the highest tribute to his genius, and to the warmth of his piety; he only adds, "but it is too probable that his social life was eminently unfavourable to a deep and simple consideration of Christian truth, and the cultivation of Christian sentiment." And Mr F.

then goes on to express a doubt, that the majestic mind of Johnson was contented merely with the negative effect of *repressing irreligion* among his eminent literary companions. These, sir, are unquestionably the passages on which the attack of Euthus is founded, and your readers must be by this time fully convinced of its futility. I am unwilling to attribute to him malicious motives, but I would certainly advise him to beware of allowing his zeal for the memory of the dead to hurry him into an unfounded attack upon the character of the living.

I shall not regret, Mr Editor, having taken up the defence of Mr Foster, if it shall prove the means of directing to his "Essays" the attention of any who may hitherto have been unacquainted with them. I think they are calculated to be of the highest use in forming and maturing the moral and religious character; and I think every person must come away from their perusal with the highest veneration for the genius and character of their author. It may perhaps heighten the curiosity of some, with regard to Mr Foster, when I mention, that it has often occurred to me, that the mind and style of Dr Chalmers has been in some degree formed under the tutoring influence of his "Essays."—I conclude this paper by observing, that it is pleasing to consider that, at the present moment, we have alive in this country three writers in the field of theology, of such attractive, original, and kindred genius, as Mr Foster, Dr Chalmers, and Mr Hall of Leicester,—each of them too, powerful and accomplished orators, particularly the latter, whose productions I conceive to be models of pure and dispassionate eloquence:—A few more such writers—above vulgar prejudices, and aware of the true merits of the cause they plead—and Christianity would flourish as much among literary men as with the poorest peasant of the land. J. A.

Edinburgh, 31st Jan. 1818.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL'S VOYAGE TO  
LOO-CHOO.\*

WHILE Lord Amherst and the embassy were engaged in dignified discussion

\* An Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the Western Coast of Corea, and the Great

with the flower of the human race, the Mandarins of China, Captain Maxwell in the *Alceste* frigate, and Captain Hall in the *Lyra* brig, achieved a short but important voyage of discovery, through seas hitherto partly unexplored by any European vessel. The voyage of the *Alceste* has been narrated with much simplicity and animation, by Mr M'Leod, surgeon of that ship; and the gallant and accomplished Captain of the *Lyra* has now given his journal to the public. It is a truly delightful work, exhibiting throughout all the very best qualities both of head and heart, essential to the character of a genuine British naval officer. The Captain has had his wits about him at all times, and being as little of a pedant as may be, he tells us what he has seen, without much attempt at theorizing or fine writing, the consequence of which is, that his remarks are unostentatiously acute and sagacious, and his style full of ease, spirit, and vivacity. Indeed, we scarcely know any book of the kind with which readers, for mere amusement, will be more delighted; the nautical details are not only highly creditable to his scientific acquirements, but in themselves of very considerable importance; while, to the philosopher, there is presented much curious information respecting the habits, manners, and customs, of a very singular and interesting people.

It is quite impossible, within our narrow limits, to give any thing like a satisfactory abridgement of this Journal, and equally so, an intelligible analysis of the valuable scientific information contained in the appendix. We must therefore confine ourselves almost entirely to a kind of chapter of contents, from which will at once be seen the character of the volume.

The Embassy having landed in great state near the mouth of the Pei-Ho river, on the 9th August 1816, on the 11th the *Alceste* and *Lyra* parted

Loo-Choo Island, in the Japan Sea, in his Majesty's Ship *Lyra*; by Captain Basil Hall, R.N. F.R.S. L. & E. With a Vocabulary of the Language of that Island, by Lieutenant Clifford, R.N.; and an Appendix, containing Charts and various Hydrographical and Scientific Notices. Illustrated by eight coloured engravings, after drawings by Havell, of Scenery, and the Costume of the People of Corea, and particularly of the more interesting Inhabitants of Loo-Choo, 4to, price £2, 2s. John Murray, London. 1817.

company, the former taking a northerly, and the latter a southerly direction, in the Gulf of Pe-che-lee, the Yellow Sea, of the navigation of which a complete knowledge has been obtained. In the Appendix, Captain Hall has given a chart of this Gulf, with very distinct explanatory notices—the northern part having been taken from a chart by Captain Ross of the Bombay marine, commanding a squadron, employed for upwards of nine years, by the East India Company, in surveying the China Seas.

On the 22d of August the two ships met in the appointed place of rendezvous, in Che-a-tou Bay, latitude  $37^{\circ} 35' 30''$ , longitude  $121^{\circ} 29' 30''$ , and instead of waiting for the change of the monsoon, which, as Mr Ellis remarks, they might have done, without having disappointed any expectations originally formed of them, on the 29th of August they reached a group of islands (Sir James Hall's group), lat.  $37^{\circ} 50'$  north, long.  $124^{\circ} 40' 30''$  east, near the coast of Corea.

Of the west coast of Corea (a country separated on the north and north-west from the Tartar provinces by a chain of mountains—at one part from Lea-Tong by a barrier of balisades,—bounded on the west by the Yellow Sea, and on the east by the Sea of Japan,) nothing has hitherto been accurately known to Europeans. The coast laid down in most charts has been taken from the celebrated map of the Jesuits, which is correct with regard to China, but erroneous with respect to Corea. The information concerning it, in Captain Hall's work, is therefore curious and important, as well as of that Archipelago “of a thousand Isles” that exists along the southern part of the coast. Of the manners, customs, and character, of the Coreans, little could be learned, except from the visit of an old Corean chief to the two vessels, for their policy imperiously forbade any visit of the strangers into the interior.

But the most delightful part of the volume is occupied with the details of a visit to the island of Loo-Choo. Of these interesting islanders, it is our intention to lay before our readers a full account in our next Number. They belong to the Chinese race, and are therefore sprung from a people eminently distinguished amongst the nations of the earth for their cunning,

deceit, cowardice, and cruelty; and hence we naturally expected to have found them exhibiting some of these traits of character. But our wonder and curiosity are excited, when we learn that the interesting groupes met with by Captain Hall were kind-hearted and polite, acute and inquisitive, and much freer from vice than most of the inhabitants in insular situations in the great ocean. Captain Hall has pourtrayed them in so agreeable a manner, that we foresee some enthusiasts will adduce the inhabitants of Loo-Choo as a striking example of the blessings of semi-barbarism. We trust, however, the reign of such visionaries has gone by, and that apparently insulated facts will not again be intruded on the world in favour of an opinion so frantic and absurd.

We have mentioned that there is subjoined to this account of the people, and the relation of the incidents of the voyage, a valuable series of tables and papers. The first articles are explanatory of the charts that accompany the work. These we esteem as very favourable specimens of Captain Hall's skill in the more immediate business of his profession, as is also the case with the interesting series of observations made with Dr Wollaston's Dip Sector. The meteorological journals which follow have our unqualified approbation, and indeed are so important that we intend to make them the subject of a future paper. The last article communicated by Captain Hall, is entitled “Geological Memorandum.” We regret the mineralogical notices in this memorandum are so short; but the rapidity of Captain Hall's motions, and the state of the weather, we believe, prevented more distinct and accurate investigation. The facts communicated are too few to admit of theorising, and we therefore object to Captain Hall's Huttonian speculations, although we cordially agree with him in the propriety of the compliment paid by Captain Murray to our ingenious and distinguished countryman Dr Hutton. There is, besides, a looseness of expression in the mineralogical descriptions; thus, what are we to understand by *Whin dykes*? Are they veins of basalt, green-stone, clinkstone, felspar, or sand-stone? for all these are known under that name.

But we have not leisure for further

remarks, and shall therefore conclude this short sketch with an account of the geognostical observations of our author.

At *Macao* the rocks are granite, traversed with veins of quartz. The island of *Hong-Kong*, an island off *Macao*, is of quartz rock, resembling that met with so frequently in the Hebrides and northern districts of Scotland. *Great Lemma*, an island off *Macao*, is entirely of coarse granular granite.

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#### SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE YELLOW SEA.

*Che-a-Tow*.—Gneiss, with beds of lime-stone and quartz, and imbedded ore of iron.

*Cung-Cung-Cheen Islands*.—Gneiss.  
*Oei-Hai-Oei*.—Gneiss.

*Lung-Cung-Tao Islands*.—Gneiss.

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#### WEST COAST OF COREA.

An island in lat.  $37^{\circ} 45' N.$ —Clay slate, with beds of lime-stone and of hornblend rock.

*Hutton's Island*.—Lat.  $36^{\circ} 10' N.$ —The north-east end of this island is of granite—the middle part of the island of mica-slate, inclined to the south-west. These strata intersected by a vein of granite, in some places forty feet wide, and also by veins of whinstone (probably green-stone). The south-west part of the island is of a conglomerate, composed of portions of slate, quartz, and some other rocks.

*Main Land of Corea*.—Mica slate in lat.  $36^{\circ} 10' N.$  and longitude  $126^{\circ} 48' E.$ —Direction of the strata north-east and south-west.

*Island off the Coast of Corea*.—Lat.  $34^{\circ} 23' N.$  long.  $126^{\circ} E.$ —Quartz rock, with felspar. This rock is one of the most general in this range of islands. It seems the same with the quartz rock of *Jura*, one of our Hebrides.

#### *Great Loo-Choo Island.*

The north-end of this island is gray compact lime-stone, disposed in highly inclined strata. It forms hills from four to five hundred feet in height. The whole of the south-west and southern parts of the island appear to be composed of fawn-coloured granular foliated lime-stone. The cliffs of this rock on the west are hollowed into horizontal caves, situated above the

present level of the sea. Caves of the same description occur in Scotland. Had we time, we could demonstrate that they have been formed by the action of the sea at its present level, and cannot therefore be adduced, as is done by Captain Hall, in proof of the raising of the land by a subterranean power.

#### *Sulphur Island*

Lies in  $27^{\circ} 5' N.$  lat. long.  $128^{\circ} 25' E.$  Captain Hall could not land upon this island, owing to the violent surf. It appeared to be composed of a reddish coloured stratified rock, traversed by veins. There is a crater on the left side, with a sulphureous smoke issuing from it.

Lieutenant Clifford has added a very valuable vocabulary of the language spoken at the great *Loo-Choo* island, which cannot fail to prove interesting to those who study the affinities and relations of languages, and endeavour to trace out how their agreements and differences are connected with the former and present distribution of the various tribes of the human species.

We take leave for the present of this admirable work, with some observations which very naturally rise from its perusal.

No class of men have greater opportunities of extending our knowledge of the natural history of the earth and its productions, than the officers of the British navy. They are naturally acute, observing, and active, and are thus admirably fitted to become excellent naturalists. But hitherto their course of education has not led them to study natural history, and hence the information we have derived from them, in regard to the productions of different countries, although often curious and important, wants that accuracy which is so imperiously demanded by the man of science. Who can read the voyages of a *Dampier*, for instance, without regretting his ignorance of natural history? and where is the naturalist who does not rise with disappointment from the perusal of the greater number of the printed relations of voyagers? The intensity of this disappointment is increased by the conviction that many of these, otherwise accomplished and enterprising men, if possessed of a knowledge of natural history, could have contributed in a most eminent degree to its advancement. We cannot, it is true, expect



this kind of information from all our commanders, but it ought certainly to form an essential and indispensable branch of knowledge with the whole medical department of our navy. But this, unfortunately, is neither generally nor frequently the case. There was indeed a time when navy surgeons were considered as mere *medical artists*; and nothing more was required from them than a knowledge of the practical details of their own limited profession. But now the improved and extended education of the whole marine has occasioned a corresponding one in the medical department, and the mere surgeon will now find himself, in place of being the adviser, friend, and companion of the highest officers, but a comparatively subordinate being. We think we can already perceive a change in this respect. Medical men are becoming more sensible of the utility and importance of this science, not only as an useful and indispensable branch of education, but as a very powerful means of advancing them in their profession. Even officers of the navy do not now consider themselves out of their sphere, when devoting a portion of their time to the study of natural history, and entering, with their characteristic enthusiasm, into those feelings which this science naturally excites. We know officers of high rank in the navy, who, on foreign stations at present, occupy their leisure hours, not in idle sauntering, nor in silly parade, but in the active and successful investigation of the structure and composition of hitherto unexplored regions of the earth. Captain Hall is an officer of this description. He possesses, in an eminent degree, the characteristic activity of his profession, joined to an unbounded zeal and ardour in the prosecution of science. He indeed promises to become an eminent practical and philosophical navigator, and, like his predecessors in the vast field of maritime adventure and discovery, to add to the glory of the British name. The work now before us, which opens most auspiciously the literary career of this young officer, proves that he writes agreeably, and observes well, but his descriptions of natural productions betray a want of that minute and particular knowledge which we are confident will soon be supplied by those hours of leisure which the retirement of peace affords.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

January 12.—THE reading of Dr Murray's paper on Muriatic Acid was resumed. In the preceding part of it, a variety of experiments had been stated, proving the production of water from the action of metals on muriatic acid gas. This is a result which is obviously incompatible with the doctrine, that oxymuriatic acid is a simple body, which, with hydrogen, forms muriatic acid. But it also presents a considerable difficulty on the opposite doctrine, for although muriatic acid gas is held to contain a considerable portion of combined water, this water must be expended in the oxidation of the metal in its combination with the acid, and none remains to be liberated. This difficulty Dr M. solves, on the principle that a supermuriate is formed; and he found, in conformity to this, that the products in these combinations had an excess of acid. He pointed out also, in the sequel, another view on which the result may be explained.

The remaining part of the paper is devoted to the illustration of some new views of chemical theory. The progress of discovery has so far modified the doctrine of Lavoisier, as to prove clearly that oxygen is not exclusively the principle of acidity. Hydrogen gives rise, in some cases, to the same quality. And this fact Dr M. considers as forming the only argument of any weight in support of the doctrine of the simplicity of chlorine, and of its forming, by combining with hydrogen, muriatic acid. Admitting water then to be obtained from muriatic acid gas (a result which excludes that doctrine), how far is the conclusion to be drawn from this to be modified by the principle thus established? It does not necessarily follow that this water has pre-existed in the gas; it is possible that its elements only have been present, and that in the cases in which water is obtained, it has been formed by these elements having been brought into action by the attractions exerted. On this view of the subject, oxymuriatic acid will be a binary compound of a radical, at present unknown, with oxygen, and muriatic acid a ternary compound of the same radical with oxygen and hydrogen. And if this be ad-

mitted, a similar view will fall to be applied to the other acids supposed to contain combined water. Sulphurous acid is a binary compound of sulphur and oxygen; sulphuric acid, a ternary compound of sulphur, oxygen, and hydrogen; and nitric acid is a ternary compound of nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen. It appears also, that the combined action of these elements gives rise to a higher degree of acidity than is produced by either alone. Sulphur with hydrogen, forms a weak acid; with oxygen, another acid of somewhat superior strength; and with oxygen and hydrogen, one of much higher power. Nitrogen, with hydrogen, forms a compound which has no acidity; with oxygen in two proportions it forms oxides; with oxygen and hydrogen it forms a very powerful acid. Carbon, with hydrogen, forms compounds which retain inflammability, without any acid quality; with oxygen it forms in one proportion an inflammable oxide, and in another a weak acid; with oxygen and hydrogen, in different proportions, it forms in the vegetable acids compounds having a high acidity.

This view farther explains a number of facts otherwise not well accounted for. It accounts for the peculiarity of oxymuriatic acid in its acidity being inferior to that of muriatic acid, though it contains more oxygen. It is so, precisely as sulphurous acid, from not containing hydrogen, is inferior in acid strength to sulphuric acid. And accordingly the closest analogy exists between sulphurous acid and oxymuriatic acid; and any deviation from this evidently arises from the excess of oxygen which the latter contains. The peculiar characters of the compounds of oxymuriatic acid with inflammable bodies are better explained on this system than on either of the others, and it accords perfectly with the relations of Iodine.

Dr M. extends the same view to the chemical constitution of the alkalis. The fixed alkalis, the earths, and the metallic oxides, form a series distinguished by the same leading character of neutralizing acids; and all of them contain oxygen as a common element. Ammonia, which has the same character, and all the other alkaline properties, stands isolated in containing no oxygen, an anomaly so great, as to have led to the hypothesis very generally received by chemists, that this element must exist in one or other

of its constituents. It is better accounted for without any hypothesis on the present view. As hydrogen, like oxygen, confers acidity, so it may communicate alkalinity; and ammonia is thus a compound, of which nitrogen is the base, and hydrogen the alkaline principle, standing thus in the same relation to the other alkalis, that sulphuretted hydrogen does to the acids. Potash, soda, barytes, strontites, and lime, have been supposed to contain combined water essential to them in their insulated form. It is more probable that they contain the elements of water in direct combination; and thus the whole series will exhibit the same relations as the acids: some being binary compounds of a base with oxygen, ammonia being a compound of a simple base with hydrogen, and potash, soda, &c. being compounds of a base with oxygen and hydrogen. And these last exceed the other in alkaline power.

In conformity to these doctrines, the neutral salts may be either composed of two binary compounds, one the radical of the acid with oxygen, the other of the radical of the base with oxygen or hydrogen, agreeable nearly to the common opinion. Or what is more probable, they are ternary compounds of the two radicals with oxygen.

All these views display more clearly the important relations of hydrogen and oxygen, and prove that the influence of the former, as a chemical element, is nearly as great as that of the latter.

The original paper will be speedily published.

January 19.—The second part of Dr Ure's paper on Muriatic Acid Gas was read. In this part the author shewed that the azote of the ammonia has no concern in the production of the water; for the whole azote, competent to the weight of salt employed, is recoverable in a gaseous form. It is then experimentally demonstrated, that the sal-ammoniac, resulting from the union of the two dry constituent gases, yields water in similar circumstances. No water could be obtained, however, by heating dry sal-ammoniac alone, or in contact with charcoal, or even by passing its vapour through ignited quartz powder. Hence Dr Ure infers, that the traces of moisture, formerly observed by Dr Murray, on ex-

posing sal-ammoniac to heat, must have been the hygrometric water of the imperfectly dried salt. In confirmation of this opinion, Dr Ure finds that both common sal-ammoniac, and that condensed from the component gases, attract moisture from the air to the amount of six or seven per cent. The latter preparation, from its being more finely comminuted than the other, becomes even pasty when exposed for a day to the humid atmosphere of this country. By the cautious application of heat, this hygrometric water may be entirely expelled, when the salt resumes exactly its pristine weight and dryness. Dr Ure's concluding experiment consists in the transmission of dry muriatic acid gas over ignited turnings of pure iron, when a portion of water or liquid acid, corresponding in quantity to the proportion of muriate of iron formed, always makes its appearance. The muriate of iron seems peculiar. It is in small plates, or spangles, of a micaceous lustre, and appears to contain a smaller proportion of iron, and that in a lower state of oxidizement than the common muriated black oxide. The doctor infers, from the whole of these researches, that chlorine is oxymuriatic acid; and that the hydro-chloric gas of Sir H. Davy and M. Gay Lussac consists of an atom of dry muriatic acid united to an atom of water, like gaseous sulphuric and nitric acids.

At the same meeting a paper by Dr Brewster was read, on a singular affection of the eye in the healthy state, in consequence of which it loses the power of seeing objects within the sphere of distinct vision. When the eye is steadily fixed upon any object, this object will never cease to become visible; but if the eye is steadily directed to another object in its vicinity while it sees the first object indirectly, this first object will, after a certain time, entirely disappear, whether it is seen with one or both eyes, whatever be its form or colour, or its position with respect to the axis of vision. When the object is such as to produce its accidental colour before it vanishes, the accidental colour disappears also along with the object. The preceding experiments have no

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connexion whatever with those of Mariotte, Picard, and Le Cat, relative to the entrance of the optic nerve. In the course of this investigation, Dr Brewster was led to a new theory of accidental colours, which will be read at a future meeting.

*January 26.*—A general meeting having been held for the annual election of members, the following gentlemen were admitted members of the society.

The Hon. Capt. Napier, R. N. of Merchistoune.

Sir William Hamilton, Bart.

Major Alston.

Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of Applecross.

Capt. Thomas Brown, F.L.S.

Dr William Fergusson, Inspector of Hospitals.

Dr John Watson of Edinburgh.

John Craig, Esq.

John Hope, Esq.

Mr Richardson, surgeon, Harrowgate.

Dr Harry William Carter, Oxford.

Mr Nathaniel Bowditch, Salem, Massachusetts.

Dr Patrick Miller, Exeter.

*February 2.*—Mr Thomas Allan read a very interesting paper on the Geology of the country round Nice; a country which, from the circumstances detailed in the paper, appears to be peculiar, or at least not hitherto observed with that accuracy which it merits, from the interesting facts it presents. It appears evident, that many revolutions have taken place in this quarter,—that the rocks have not only been deranged, but that the sea has stood at a much higher level. The fissures in the rocks are often filled with marine shells, of the same species now alive in the Mediterranean; and shells of a similar kind are often found high among the alluvial soil, and down by the sea from the Parmetine countries above. Among the fossil shells found in the peninsula of St Boassure, more than twenty species hitherto undiscovered, have been found.

At the same meeting Mr Playfair communicated a paper, by General Sir Thomas Brisbane, on the Determination of the Time by Equal Altitudes.

*February 16.*—Mr Napier read a paper on the Philosophy of Bacon,

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Graphite in Scotland.*—Mr Bakewell, in a letter published in Thomson's Annals for February, says, that the discovery of graphite, imbedded in micaceous schistus, at Strathfarran, near Beauly, Inverness-shire, has not been publicly noticed. Dr Davidson, professor of natural philosophy at Aberdeen, had examined the beds a short time previously to his arrival at that city in September last, and communicated to him the following account:—"There are three beds of compact graphite, varying in thickness from fifteen to eighteen inches; they are separated by intervening beds of micaceous schistus, about four yards in thickness. The beds dip at an angle of about 25°. The schistose laminae of the rock dip in the same direction, and at the same angle. The beds of graphite appear to extend from the top of the hill to the bottom, as far as can be discovered. Workings have been commenced in these beds, but have not been continued far enough to discover what may be the quality of the mineral at a distance from the surface." The specimens given to Mr B. by Dr Davidson, though greatly inferior in lustre to the best graphite of Borrowdale, yet possess all the characters of true graphite; they are soft and sectile, and leave as distinct a mark on paper as the best specimens from Cumberland. These specimens have the curved laminar structure of many varieties of mica slate, and the surface, which is weathered, has a very close resemblance to that rock. Internally, the mineral appears to be composed of minute laminae, like mica, which are, however, true graphite.—The circumstance of mica slate impressing its form and structure on the imbedded mineral, so different in composition, may appear at first extraordinary; but it is an effect analogous to what may be observed in other situations. The great unctuousity of the Borrowdale graphite is, as I have reason to believe, derived from that of a soft adjacent bed which accompanies it. The peculiar unctuousity of the Ulverstone iron ore is derived from the same cause; and numerous instances might be mentioned where the quality of metallic ores, and of the metals obtained from them, appear to be affected by the rock through which they pass. To this cause may probably be ascribed the different qualities of the copper obtained from the Ecton mine, and the mines of Cornwall.

*Mineralogy.*—Mr Laidlaw, the naturalist, who left Scotland about a year ago, and accompanied Sir John Malcolm to India, has, we are informed, commenced his scientific labours in the East. Immediately on his arrival at Calcutta, he was appointed by

the Marquis of Hastings to investigate the natural history, and particularly the mineralogy of Nepal, and was ordered to connect his investigations and operations with those of the gentlemen now employed in constructing maps of that striking country. Mr Laidlaw's appointment is, we understand, extremely liberal, and reflects the highest honour on the India Directors, and the illustrious Governor-General. We consider the grand career of mineralogical discovery as thus most auspiciously opened in our Indian empire. But in so great a field there must be many cultivators; we therefore trust, that the highly honourable and liberal views entertained by the Governor of India, will induce those destined for that country to study with zeal and ardour the different branches of natural history, in order that they may be prepared to assist in the grand and magnificent plans which must be in agitation for the investigation of the physical condition of that colossal empire.

*Civil Engineers.*—A Society has recently been instituted in London, by some young men following the profession of civil engineers, for the purpose of mutual communication on the many important topics immediately, or more remotely, connected with their professional pursuits. The principle of their association is the diffusion of useful knowledge among all the members; on which account the Society is restricted to practical engineers, and to such students of general science as have especially directed their attention to those subjects which particularly concern the civil engineer. The meetings are held once a week during the winter season; business commences with the reading of an original essay, to which succeeds the discussion of a topic previously agreed upon at a former meeting: information relative to projects, inventions, public works in progress, &c. closes the sitting. A Society so constituted, and sustained with spirit, cannot but prove of great advantage, both to the individual members and to the public at large.

*Explosion in a Coal-Mine in the County of Durham.*—The following account of another of these fatal accidents, is taken from the Tyne Mercury, Dec. 23:—"On Thursday, Dec. 18th, an explosion of fire-damp occurred in the Plain pit at Rainton colliery, near to Houghton-le-Spring. The total number of lives lost amounts to twenty six—ten men and sixteen boys. The explosion took place at three o'clock in the morning, before the hewers had descended the pit; and from this circumstance about 160 lives have been preserved. Every exertion was made to render assistance to those

in the mine, and we regret to add, that two of the above men fell a sacrifice to their humane endeavours, having been suffocated by the impure air. The viewers and agents were extremely active, and had nearly shared the same fate. A correspondent, who visited the pit, says—'After particular inquiries, I found that though Dr Clanny's safety lamps have been generally employed in the collieries of Lady F. Ann Vane Tempest, it so happened that this pit has heretofore been so free from fire-damp that no safety-lamp had ever been used in it.' All the dead bodies were got out by Sunday; thirteen were buried at Houghton, and four at Chester, on Saturday evening; and the remaining nine were interred at the former place on Sunday."

*Steam Engines in Cornwall.*—From Messrs Leans' report for December 1817, it appears, that during that month the following was the work performed by the engines reported, with each bushel of coals.

|  | Pounds of water lifted 1 foot high with each bush. | square inch in cylinder. |
|--|--|--------------------------|
| 25 common engines averaged                                     | 22,409,878   | various.                 |
| Woolf's at Wheel Vor,  | 29,167,621   | 17.2 lib.                |
| Ditto at Wheel Abraham,  | 38,812,075   | 16.8                     |
| Ditto ditto,   | 27,236,924   | 4.76                     |
| Ditto at Wheel Unity,  | 32,265,991   | 15.0                     |
| Dalcouth engine,   | 39,561,904   | 10.1                     |
| Wheel Abraham ditto,   | 51,060,512   | 10.9                     |
| United Mines engine,   | 31,515,595   | 17.3                     |
| Treskirby ditto  | 38,187,872   | 10.7                     |
| Wheel Chance ditto,  | 30,555,439   | 15.1                     |
| Erratum in November report; Woolf's engine at Wheel Vor, read, | 29,695,915   |                          |

On Friday, the 16th of May, an almost total eclipse of the sun was observed at Madras. The following is the result of the observations of Capt. Basil Hall of his Majesty's ship *Lyra*:—"From the difficulty of observing the first contact, the time of its occurrence is perhaps, as usual, recorded somewhat too late; but the termination was, I think, observed with precision. The latitude of the station is  $13^{\circ} 5' 7''$  N. being N.  $37^{\circ}$  E. distant  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the Madras Observatory, and west two miles from the Flag Staff of Fort St George.

*Mean Time.*

|                           | H. | M. | S. |
|---------------------------|----|----|----|
| Beginning of the eclipse, | 10 | 39 | 55 |
| End of the eclipse,       | 2  | 31 | 59 |
| Duration,                 | 3  | 52 | 4  |
| Greatest obscuration at   | 0  | 38 | 8  |

[nearly.

Digits eclipsed, - - - 10 d. 36 m.

"The thermometer stood at  $106^{\circ}$  in the sun before the eclipse, and fell to  $90^{\circ}$  at the greatest obscuration.

"The day was beautifully serene and favourable for the observation of this interesting phenomenon, and not a passing cloud intervened to interrupt the observation of the progress of this eclipse."

Considerable interest, we are told, was excited at Madras by the disagreement between the English and the Hindoo anticipation of this eclipse, as given in their respec-

tive local almanacks. The Hindoo estimation proved by much the most accurate.

The bashaw, or viceroy of Egypt, has reopened the intercourse with India by way of the Red Sea as formerly, for the purpose of obtaining supplies of Indian merchandise. The goods are first brought to Suez, and conveyed from thence across the Isthmus to Alexandria. The bashaw paid his late tribute to the Grand Seigneur in Mocha coffee.

A letter from Sierra Leone mentions the return to that place of the British scientific expedition for exploring the interior of Africa. They were completely unsuccessful, having advanced only about a hundred and fifty miles into the interior from Rio Nunez. Their progress was there stopped by a chief of the country; and after unavailing endeavours for the space of four months, to obtain liberty to proceed, they abandoned the enterprise and returned. Nearly all the animals died. Several officers died, and, what is remarkable, but one private, besides one drowned, of about two hundred. Capt. Campbell died two days after their return to Rio Nunez, and was buried, with another officer, in the same spot where Major Peddie and one of his officers were buried on their advance.

*Georgiewsk, in the Government of Caucasus, November 1st (O.S.)*—On the road to Georgia, between Darfel and Kasbeck, on the 21st of October, an immense avalanche, which had been formed on the mountain of Kasbeck, fell down and covered the road for the distance of three wersts, fifty fathoms deep. It had entirely filled up the bed of the rapid river Terek, which has, however, since worked its way through it. This event impeded for a time the communication with Georgia. Happily there were no travellers on the road. According to the observations of the mountaineers, such avalanches usually fall in summer once in seven years, but this time there has not fallen one for nine years. In the mountains on the road to Koby and Kaischauer, such avalanches often fall, and are very dangerous to travellers; they are more frequent, but smaller, and are therefore more easy to be removed or dug through.

The vessels for exploring the northern regions have begun to be equipped. Two are to endeavour to penetrate through Davis's Straits, and two to reach the North Pole, if possible; by which means it is expected to ascertain whether Greenland is an island, or part of the continents of Asia or America. The vessels are to be stored with every requisite in provisions, nautical instruments, &c. The crew, it is said, will consist of fifty men, including officers, in each vessel. They will also be provided with every appendage used by the Greenland ships, and some experienced men in that service are to go in the vessels. It is understood they will not sail before March next, as the weather will not be sufficiently open until that period. We hear from the Treasury, that

Government have no doubt of the fact of the ice (it is said to the extent of upwards of 50,000 square miles) having broken up and cleared away in the immediate neighbourhood of the North Pole, which is attributed to incessant falls of heavy rain. This route, if practicable, will greatly facilitate the communication to China, as a ship might probably perform the voyage from Great Britain in the short space of two months.

M. Humboldt has lately published at Paris, a Work on the Geographical Description of Plants, according to the Temperature, Latitude, Elevation of the Soil, &c. He offers some interesting views with regard to Vegetable Forms. On comparing, in each Country, the Number of Plants of certain well-determined Families with the whole number of Vegetables, he discovers numerical ratios of a striking regularity. Certain forms become more common as we advance towards the Pole, while others augment towards the Equator. Others attain their maximum in the temperate zones, and diminish equally by too much heat and too much cold; and, what is remarkable, this distribution remains the same round the old globe, following not the geographical parallels, but those which Humboldt calls *isothermic*; that is, lines of the same mean temperature. These laws are so constant,

that if we know in a country the number of species of one of the families, we may nearly conclude from it the total number of Plants, and that of the Species of each of the other Families.

M. Girard, of the Institute, has published, in a Treatise on the Valley of Egypt, an analysis of the mud of the Nile, so celebrated by the fertility it communicates to the soil of that country. It appears from chemical experiments made by M. Regnault, that of a hundred parts in the mud, there are eleven of water, nine of carbon, six of oxide of iron, four of silice, four of carbonate of magnesia, eighteen of carbonate of lime, and forty-eight of alumen. The quantities of silice and alumen vary according to the places where the mud is taken; that on the banks of the river contains a great deal of sand, while in that at a distance the argil is almost pure. The abundance of this earth in the mud renders it proper for the purposes of the arts. They make excellent brick of it, and vases of different forms; it enters into the fabrication of pipes; the glass-makers employ it in the construction of their furnaces; the inhabitants of the country parts cover their houses with it, and consider it as a sufficient manure for their lands.

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## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

### LONDON.

Letters written during a tour through Ireland, by J. C. Curwen, Esq. M.P. are announced, in two volumes octavo.

Mr Nichols will soon publish a third volume of the Illustrations of Literary History, including Memoirs of George Hardinge, Esq.

A Topographical and Perspective Survey of the *Campagne di Roma*; exhibiting to the traveller and classic scholar every object of interest in that celebrated country; illustrated by a plan on an extended scale, and by views referring to the plan, and forming a complete panorama of the ancient territory of Rome; by Dr F. Ch. L. Sickler, member of the Academy of Antiquities at Rome,—is in great forwardness.

Part the first, with plates, of Surgical Essays; by Mr Astley Cooper and Mr Benjamin Travers, will shortly appear.

Mr Nicholas Carlisle's History of the Endowed Grammar Schools, is sent to the press, and is expected to be published in the month of May next. The work will make at least two large octavo volumes, ornamented with engravings.

A Narrative will speedily be published of a Voyage to Barbary, and of a Residence at Algiers; comprising sketches of the Dey and his ministers, anecdotes of the late war,

with observations respecting the relations of the Barbary States with the Christian powers, and on the necessity of their complete subjugation; by Signor Pananti; with notes, by Edward Blaquiére, Esq.

Mr Woodley, editor of the Cornwall Gazette, is preparing an Account of his Literary Life, with anecdotes of many distinguished literary characters.

Mr Coleridge intends to give a course of Literary Lectures, which, if filled up according to his outlines, cannot fail of being, to a large portion of society, of considerable interest and attraction.

The Suffolk Garland, a Collection of Poems, Songs, Tales, Ballads, &c. relative to that country, is in the press.

Mr Percy intends to publish by subscription, Cawood Castle, and other poems, with engravings in the first style of the art, by Finden, from sketches by the author. The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be procured.

Samor; Lord of the Bright City. A Poem, in Twelve Books. By H. H. Milman, M.A. Fellow of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford, Author of Fazio. 8vo.

An Account of the Life, Writings, and Ministry of the late Dr John Fawcett of Halifax, will soon be published by his Son.

The Selected Beauties of British Poetry, with Lives of the Poets, and Critical Dissertations. To which will be prefixed, an Essay on English Poetry. By Thomas Campbell, Esq. Author of the Pleasures of Hope. 5 vols. post 8vo.

Aedes Althorpianae; or, a descriptive catalogue of the Pictures, and of a portion of the Library, in the ancestral residence of George John Earl Spencer, K. G. &c. &c. &c. at Althorp: by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin. This Publication will comprise the following subjects:—I. An account of all the portraits at Althorp, with occasional anecdotes and particulars of the characters whom they represent; embellished with copperplate engravings of a few of those which are the most interesting and valuable, and particularly of some which have never been before engraved. These embellishments will be executed by artists of the first eminence; the author trusting that the decorations of the Bibliographical Decameron will be considered a pledge of the sincerity of this declaration.—II. A catalogue of the Italian Books; with some account of curious and magnificent copies of works, including a great number of such as are upon large paper; with a list of those which belonged to De Thou, &c.—III. An account of the illustrated copies of Shakspeare, in folio and octavo; and of the illustrated Oxford edition of Clarendon.—IV. Descriptive catalogue of Books, printed in the fifteenth century, which have been acquired since the publication of the Bibliotheca Spenceriana.—This publication will form one handsome imperial octavo volume, of the same size as those of the work just mentioned; to which it may be considered a necessary and splendid Appendix. It may also be esteemed a desirable acquisition to the lovers of topography and fine engraving—as well as of bibliography; and will be printed with a new type, upon paper of the finest quality. Price £6, 6s. the small, and £12, 12s. the large paper. One-third of the subscription money to be paid at the time of subscribing; and letters, post paid, are requested to be addressed to the author, at Mr C. Lewis's, 29, Duke Street, Piccadilly, or at Kensington. A list of subscribers will be published.

The Rev. W. Hett of Lincoln has in the press, in two 8vo volumes, Discourses on Several Subjects and Occasions.

Lieut Edward Chappell will soon publish, a Narrative of a Voyage to Newfoundland and the Coast of Labrador, illustrated by a map and other engravings.

Mr George Dyer is printing, in two large 8vo vols. the Privileges of the University of Cambridge.

Prince Hoare, Esq. is engaged on a Life of the late Patriot and Philanthropist, Granville Sharp, Esq.

G. Arnold, Esq. is preparing for publication, a History of the Civil Wars of England, illustrated by 200 engravings, from original paintings.

To be published by subscription, in 1 vol. 4to., with numerous engravings, a Geological Survey of the Yorkshire Coast; by the Rev. George Young, and John Baird, artist.

Dr Bushby has in the press, a New Grammar of Music, which will include the whole compass of the Science.

The Rev. Thomas Gisborne has in the press, the Testimony of Natural Theology to Christianity.

Mr Robert Macwilliam, architect, has in the press, an Essay on the Origin and Operation of the Dry Rot, in a 4to volume, with plates.

The Rev. C. I. Latrobe, will soon publish a Narrative of his late Tour in South Africa, with some Account of the State of the Missions in that Country.

The Rev. C. Philpot, Rector of Ripple, is preparing a History of the French Protestants and the Reformed Church of France, from the Introduction of Protestantism to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Mr R. Bloomfield is engaged in a descriptive poem of Southill, near Bedford, the seat of the late Mr Whitbread.

Mr Chambers has in the press, Geographical Questions and Exercises, interspersed with Historical and Biographical Information.

John Bramsen, Esq. is printing, in two 8vo vols. Letters of a Prussian Traveller, interspersed with numerous anecdotes, descriptive of a Tour through Sweden, Germany, Hungary, &c.

The Rev. E. W. Grenfield of Bath, has in the press, the Connexion of Natural and Revealed Theology.

The Rev. T. T. Haverfield has in the press, a volume of Lectures on the Church Catechism.

Mr Bakewell is preparing for publication, a Treatise on Practical Geology, illustrated by engravings.

A Collection of the Poems of Arthur Brook, Esq. of Canterbury, is in the press.

Epistolary Curiosities, or Unpublished Letters of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, Prince Rupert, Gen. Lord Astley, Gen. Fairfax, &c. edited by Rebecca Warner, will appear next month, in an 8vo vol.

Thomas Bowdler, Esq. is preparing a new edition of the Family Shakspeare; which will contain all Shakspeare's Plays, with the omission of some expressions not proper to be read aloud in a family.

Felix Alvarez; or, Manners in Spain: containing descriptive Accounts of the principal Events of the late Peninsular War, and Authentic Anecdotes illustrative of the Spanish Character, interspersed with Poetry, original, and from the Spanish; by Alexander R. C. Dallas, Esq. in 3 vols 12mo.

Memoirs of Madame Manson, explanatory of her Conduct with regard to the Murder of M. Fualdes; written by herself, and addressed to Madame Engelran, her Mother; with a portrait, &c.: translated from the French.

European Commerce; being an Account of the Trade of the principal Commercial Places on the Continent of Europe; also their Monies, Exchanges, Weights, and Measures, with their Proportion to English; their Charges, Duties, &c.; by C. W. Rordanz, in Svo.

### EDINBURGH.

We understand our worthy old friend Jedediah Cleishbotham, has a continuation of *Tales of My Landlord* in the press.

The *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, and other *Tales* (in prose); by the *Etrick Shepherd*, in 2 vols 12mo, will be published next month.

*Lewellyn*, or the *Vale of Plenimmon*, a novel, in 3 vols, is in the press.

An *Elementary Treatise on Astronomy*; or an *Easy Introduction to a Knowledge of the Heavens*. Intended for the use of those who are not much conversant with *Mathematical Studies*; by the *Rev. A. Mylne*, A.M. Minister of *Dollar*, F.A.S. &c. The *Second Edition*, corrected and improved, is preparing for publication.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols foolscap 8vo, a new edition of *Dr Granger's West Indian Georgics*, the *Sugar Cane*, and an *Index of the Linnean Names of Plants*, &c. with other *Poems*, now first printed, from the *Originals* communicated to the *Editor* by the late *Bishop Percy*; and an *Account of the Author's Life and Writings*; by *Robert Anderson*, M.D.

*Mr Robert Kirkwood* proposes to publish by subscription, a *Plan and Elevation*, on a *New Principle*, of the *New Town of Edinburgh*.—*Conditions*.—I. That this *Plan and Elevation* shall be projected on a scale of 36 inches to the mile, and its dimensions about 45 by 27 inches, occupying two sheets of *Columbier paper*.—II. That it shall be bounded on the *South* by *Shandwick Place*, *Prince's Street*, and the *south side* of the *Calton Hill*; on the *East* by *Nelson's Monument* and *Gayfield Square*; on the *North* by the *south side* of *Canonmills Loch*, and near to *Stockbridge*; and on the *West* by *Drumsheugh Policy* and *Melville Street*.—III. That it shall be delineated with the

same minuteness, and equal, in point of engraving and precision, to the specimen which will be shewn.—IV. That the price shall not exceed *One Guinea* in sheets, to be paid on delivery.—V. That unless *Subscribers* be obtained (in a reasonable time) to defray half the expense, the undertaking must be relinquished.

The *Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair*, *Bart.* is preparing a *Work* for the press, which is to be entitled, "*The Code of Political Economy, founded on Statistical Inquiries.*" The plan of the *Work* shall be briefly explained. It is proposed, I. To inquire into "*the Internal Structure of a Political Community*;" describing the various classes into which its population is divided, according to sex,—age,—place of birth,—residence in the metropolis, in towns, in villages, or in the country;—occupations, &c.—II. To explain "*the Sources whence Individuals, in a great Political Community, derive the Means of their Subsistence*;"—these are,—agriculture,—manufactures,—commerce,—mines,—fisheries,—the employment of capital,—and professions.—III. To point out "*the Sources of Accumulating Wealth*;" as land,—labour,—capital,—and—circulation; the latter a subject hitherto but imperfectly understood, though on it depends both the happiness of the individual and the prosperity of the state.—IV. To consider "*the Political State of a Country*;"—comprehending the following particulars:—*Constitution*, or form of government,—*laws*, civil and criminal,—*public revenue*;—*public expenditure*,—*public means of defence*, or its military and naval strength,—*ecclesiastical state*,—*judicial state*,—*police*, state of the poor, and—*corporations*.—V. The last, and the most important object of the whole inquiry is, "*to ascertain the means of Improving the Circumstances, and Promoting the Happiness of the People.*" Under this general head, the following particulars are included:—*education*,—the arts and sciences,—*manners*,—*health*,—*providing food*,—*furnishing employment*,—*promoting industry*,—*providing for the aged and infirm poor*,—and *inculcating morality and religion*.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### LONDON.

#### ANTIQUITIES.

*History and Antiquities of Croydon*; by the *Rev. D. W. Garrow*, B.D. Svo. 14s.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## SCOTTISH CHRONICLE.

Jan. 1. The gold prize-medal, given annually by the Duddingston Curling Society to the victor, was played for upon Duddingston Loch, on Thursday the 1st instant, and won by the Rev. Dr David Ritchie.

An excellent full-length likeness of Mary Queen of Scots, taken shortly before her decapitation, and presented to the Scots College at Douay, had been hid during the furor of the Revolution in a chimney of the College, but was lately brought from its place of concealment, and sent to the Scots College in Paris, where it has been repaired, and is now an attractive object to visitors.

The exterior of the grand public museum in the College is now finished, and is allowed to be one of the most beautiful and chaste pieces of architecture in Scotland. Preparations are making for fitting up the interior according to the classical plan conceived by Mr Playfair, junior. The apartments are on a great scale, and when furnished with the numerous objects of natural history in the present museum, and distributed throughout different parts of the College, and with such collections as may be added by the liberality of Government, and the patriotism of individuals, will contribute in an eminent degree to the advancement of natural history in this kingdom. It gives us much pleasure to inform the public, that already individuals, sensible of the importance of a national museum in the metropolis of Scotland, have intimated their intention of contributing in various ways to its support and increase. Colonel Imrie, well known to the public by his mineralogical writings, has been the first to set the example of contributing to this public establishment. We understand he has presented to the College Museum the valuable Collection of Minerals he made in Greece, and the Greek islands, and has accompanied this interesting donation with a splendidly printed catalogue, and engravings of classic Grecian scenery, made from original drawings, and engraved at his own expense by one of our most eminent artists.

Yesterday the Presbytery of Edinburgh met here. At last meeting a petition was laid before them, from several gentlemen and heads of families who have purchased the Episcopal Chapel at the foot of the Cowgate, praying to erect it into a Chapel of Ease under the acts of the General Assembly. The Presbytery resumed the consideration of the petition, and after hearing Henry Cockburn, Esq. for the petitioners, several members delivered their opinions for

and against the petition. The Presbytery, by a great majority, rejected the prayer of the petition, in respect that the erection of the proposed Chapel is, in the opinion of the Presbytery, unnecessary and inexpedient. Against this decision the petitioners protested, and appealed to the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. Only one member of Court joined in the protest against the decision.

*Melancholy Shipwreck.*—The following most distressing detail of the melancholy fate of a part of the crew of the brigantine Fidelity of Aberdeen, Captain Murray, is contained in a letter from the agent for Lloyd's, dated Lerwick, Zetland, December 21st:—Permit me to acquaint you, that I received information about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, that a water-logged brig was driven ashore on the coast between Laxfrith and Catfrith Voe. I immediately proceeded to the place, accompanied by Capt. Creaser, of the late brig Helmsley, and Mr James Greig, of this place, both very intelligent seamen. On our arrival we found the vessel was the Fidelity of Aberdeen, Alexander Murray master, from Memel, with a cargo of timber and deals, for Liverpool; that she had left Memel fifteen days before, and was proceeding on her passage, when she was overtaken by a very heavy gale of wind, and a tremendous sea; that lying to, on Monday night, the 15th inst. she was struck with a very heavy wave, in consequence of which she became very leaky, when they were obliged to cut away the main-mast, in order to get her before the wind, which they succeeded in being able to do until Wednesday night, when she was struck again with two very heavy seas, and immediately became completely water-logged, the sea making a passage over her, sweeping every thing off the deck. All hands were then obliged to repair to the fore-top, where, in consequence of extreme fatigue, hunger, and cold, they successively perished, except Captain Murray, and James Spander, one of the seamen. Besides the ship's company, there were two seamen passengers. The deck of the vessel, having seven dead bodies lying on it, exhibits a scene the most deplorable that can be imagined. Captain Murray had been thirty hours in the fore-top without food, or even a great-coat to keep him warm; yet he is in good health, except that his feet and hands are much swelled, and the seaman is also tolerably well. The vessel had drifted on shore upon an exposed rocky part of the

coast, where the least puff of easterly or southerly wind must have broke her to pieces. We succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations in taking her out of this dangerous situation, and carried the vessel, by towing with boats (the fore-top-sail being only left without its halyards), into a place where she now lies in perfect safety.

8. *Benefit Societies.*—A case of some importance, relative to these institutions, was on Thursday tried before his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Perth. The King's Freemen Friendly Society summoned two of its members, who had neglected for some time to contribute to the funds of the society without having intimated their resignation, to pay up their arrears. The defenders refused to comply, on the ground that, by ceasing to contribute, they had lost all claims to any benefit from the society, and, of course, were virtually no longer to be considered as members. The Court, however, decided that every member of the institution is bound to pay up all arrears of subscriptions, fines, &c. till he has formally given notice of leaving the society.

*High Court of Justiciary.*—Yesterday came on, before this Court, the trial of Robert Tennant, accused of theft and house-breaking. The indictment stated, that on the 19th of February 1817, the pannel broke into the mill of Binny, or West Binny, in Linlithgowshire, and did steal therefrom twelve bolls of oat-meal; and that, being conscious of his guilt, he did abscond and fly from justice. The pannel pleaded *Not guilty*, and a jury being chosen, the trial proceeded.

It appeared from the evidence adduced, that the mill of Binny had been broken into on the day libelled, by means of entering a small window above the kiln-house; that the door had been opened in the inside, and the meal put into a cart and drove away. The person who had the charge of the mill gave the alarm in the morning, and the mill-master followed the tract of a horse and cart for a considerable time, until he lost it: he had a strong suspicion that the horse and cart belonged to the pannel (who had formerly been in his service), from a peculiarity about the feet of the horse. After losing all trace of the horse and cart, he came to Edinburgh, but could not hear of his meal. Next morning the search was renewed, when the mill-master and one of his servants heard that the pannel had passed through Polkemmet toll-bar with a cart of meal. He was immediately pursued, and overtaken some miles to the west of the Kirk of Shotts, when the meal was taken possession of by the mill-master, without any resistance on the part of the pannel. The cart was afterwards drove to Airdrie, where the meal was sold to a dealer, the pannel assisting to deliver it. No information of this transaction was given to the Magistrates of

the county, and it was a considerable time afterwards that Tennant was apprehended.

The Lord Advocate addressed the Jury for the Crown (in the course of which he restricted the libel to an arbitrary punishment), and by Mr D. M'Neil for the pannel. The Lord Justice Clerk summed up the whole in his usual accurate manner. The jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of *Guilty*. After a suitable admonition from the Lord Justice Clerk, he was sentenced to be transported beyond seas for fourteen years.

Tennant is a middle aged man, and has a wife and five children. We understand the jury gave part of their money for the relief of the family.

12. We understand that for some time past an investigation of the public accounts of the burgh of Inverury has been going on under the direction of a Committee of Burgesses, the result of which has proved so unsatisfactory, that an action of count and reckoning has been instituted in the Supreme Court against the Magistrates, and a very considerable sum raised by subscription for carrying it on. At the same time we have learned, that the exhibition of the accounts, at first by the Magistrates, was a voluntary act of their own; and on it being signified that objections were stated, an offer was made by them before any action was commenced, to submit these accounts to arbitration.—*Aberdeen Chronicle.*

*New Bayonet Exercise.*—In order to evince the superiority of the new exercise, detachments of the 90th and 64th regiments were lately ordered to assemble on Mount Wise, Plymouth Dock, and came to the charge in presence of Maj.-General Brown, Captain Faden (the inventor), a number of military officers, and of a numerous assemblage of spectators. The utmost caution was used to prevent accidents, and the points of the bayonets were enveloped in a ball or foil, which, being sprinkled with a white powder, would show the number of thrusts received by either party. It soon, however, became necessary to separate the combatants, as the lounges of the 90th, who practised the new exercise, enabled them to overreach the 64th, their supposed opponents; and the latter, not being inclined to recede, received the thrusts with no great complacency. After some deliberation, the men were marched into George's Square, and the gates were closed to all but officers. Several charges were given and received, in bodies and in individual attacks; but the superiority of the new exercise was such as to render it evident, that combatants on the old plan would be destroyed on the first moment of onset.

We understand Mr Stevenson, civil engineer, has nearly completed his survey of the line of the Mid-Lothian railway, a projected undertaking of great public interest; for, to borrow the words of a Committee of

the House of Commons—"Next to the general influence of the seasons, upon which the regular supply of our wants and a great proportion of our comforts so much depends, there is perhaps no circumstance more interesting to men in a civilized state than the perfection of the means of interior communication."

The general state of the coal-trade is likely to come under consideration early in the next session of Parliament. It is a subject of deep interest to the public at large, and should be entered upon, divested of all local or interested feelings. We are satisfied that a small and equal duty on coals generally, excepting such as are used in manufactures, would be much more productive to the revenue than the present heavy duties imposed on sea-borne coal. It would fall generally, not partially, on the country, and would enable thousands of our poor industrious individuals in the maritime districts to provide themselves with this necessary article, in severe seasons, at a low price.

*Brig Perseverance.*—On the morning of Saturday last, about half-past two, the brig *Perseverance*, Philip, of this port, from Pictou, with timber, having, as is said, mistaken a light on the shore, near Belhelvie, for the light on the pier-head, was put ashore on the sands there. The master and crew took to their boat, together with a man and woman, passengers, in all ten persons; when, in making for the shore, the boat swamped betwixt Collieston and Newburgh, and, melancholy to relate, five of the crew, with the two passengers, perished. The captain, carpenter, and one of the crew, with difficulty saved themselves. It is reported that the vessel was in little danger; the best proof of which is, that she floated off next tide, and was brought round in safety to the harbour, and with no other damage than what arose from the crew leaving a light burning on board when they abandoned the ship, whereby a part of her decks were consumed, a cable burned, &c. The people in the neighbourhood got on board of her at low water, and extinguished the fire, otherwise the vessel and cargo might have been entirely destroyed.—*Aberdeen Journal*.

15. We have inserted a number of particulars relating to the late storm of wind. It began to blow on Monday night from the south-west, and continued at intervals, accompanied with heavy showers of sleet and rain, until Thursday evening, when the force of the wind became tremendous, and more like a tropic hurricane than any gale we have witnessed in this climate. It was general over all the country, and in some districts accompanied with lightning and loud thunder. Stacks of corn and old houses were blown down in great number. On Monday a considerable part of the lead on the dome of St George's Church was stripped off; at the same time, the large wooden building erected on the Moun for showing Polito's Menagerie of wild beasts, and since used for

exhibitions of lesser note, was blown to pieces, and a great part of it carried into the North Loch; part of another temporary wooden erection, presently occupied as a wood-yard, was likewise blown down, and strewed in various directions; fortunately no person was hurt.—We are much afraid the gale will have been productive of the most disastrous and melancholy consequences among the shipping on our coasts. On Thursday between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the wind shifted into the north-west, with showers of hail, and shortly became a most violent hurricane. About half-past four, the turrets and other ornaments upon the tower of Bishop Sandford's elegant new chapel, at the west end of Prince's Street, were blown down with a dreadful force; some of them falling upon the roof, went quite through into the interior of the church, and did great damage; some of the others, in their fall, struck the building and injured it very materially. To get it finished as speedily as possible, the workmen, for some time past, have been working by candle light; most providentially, however, they happened to be at dinner at the time the accident occurred, or it might have been attended with fatal consequences. A number of the windows have also been much shattered. The damage is calculated at £1000.

The North Bridge, the Mound, and several parts of the Town, were in darkness during the night, many of the lamps being blown down, and those in exposed situations it was found impossible to get lighted. The number of chimney-cans and slates falling from the house-tops, in all directions, rendered it very unsafe for those who were under the necessity of being upon the streets.

About seven o'clock the storm abated considerably, but betwixt eleven and twelve it renewed with great violence, accompanied by a tremendous fall of snow.

Part of the small turrets on the top of Libberton Kirk, in the neighbourhood of this city, were blown down, and being forced through the roof, did considerable damage.

Tuesday forenoon, a man and his wife, both very old people, who had been visiting their friends the preceding day, in going home from Libberton Kirk to Gilmerton, were blown into a ditch, and both unfortunately perished.

*Glasgow, Jan. 16.* Since Monday evening last, the weather has been very stormy in this city, accompanied with heavy rain, but the gale of wind was uncommonly severe yesterday from the westward, which increased in the afternoon to as violent a tempest as we ever recollect to have witnessed in this country. One of the distilleries at Port-Dundas, three houses in Brownfield, one of them newly built, three stories high; part of the gable of a house in Bridgegate, two chimnies in Gallowgate, and three large trees in the Green, were blown down; and a house in St Mungo's Lane was unroofed.

A number of other casualties might be mentioned, but so far as we have heard, no person was hurt. Upon the river, which was swollen to a magnificent size, its effects were very remarkably displayed; the wind being in opposition to the rapid current, the whole surface was converted into a sheet of foam, and clouds of spray, raised sometimes to a height of twenty or thirty feet, were driven furiously along. Most of the shops in town were shut up at an early hour last night, and business for some time suspended.

On Thursday afternoon, about five o'clock, a gentleman's carriage, with a gentleman in it, was completely blown over by the violence of the wind, between Glasgow and Bishop's Bridge, on the Kirkintulloch road. The gentleman was not hurt.

At Paisley the wind blew more tempestuously on Thursday than on any of the preceding days, particularly towards the evening. Two buildings were overturned by the violence of the storm in the tanwork of Mr Thomson, New Sneddon Street; part of the newly erected dye-work of Mr Scroggie, in the same street, was demolished; a barn in Love Street was blown down; and the gable of a house in New Street considerably injured. Great damage was done to chimney tops, and roofs of houses, and the broken materials every where strewed on the streets.

The Regent of Leith, James Aitken, master, from Ipswich to Grangemouth, with beams, while riding at anchor under Inchkeith, was caught by the hurricane on the 15th instant, when she drove by the storm within one mile of the Gullaness; the crew seeing the breakers, and nothing but death before them, betook themselves to the desperate circumstance of cutting away their masts, by which means they saved their own lives and the ship and cargo. Too much praise cannot be paid to Captain Aitken for his perseverance; although cut in the head by the fall of the fore-mast, and almost blind with his own blood, he proceeded and cut the main-mast away in the height of the storm, and sometimes up to the neck in water.

*Inverness.*—There has been an unusual commotion in the elements during the week; boisterous westerly winds, accompanied with alternate torrents of rain and snow showers, have been almost unceasing for the last eight days. The river Ennerie, in Urquhart, came down with such rapidity on Tuesday, that it swept before it every obstacle in its course; among others, it carried away the bridge at Drumnadrochit, and two wooden bridges, a short distance farther up the same stream, shared a similar fate. The Ness has been seldom so much swollen as it now is.

*High Court of Justiciary.*—On Monday came on before the Court (all the Judges being present) the case of Roderick Dingwall, from Fearn, Ross-shire. He was accused

of attempting to commit murder, by poisoning his wife. When brought before the Court formerly, objections were stated to the relevancy of the indictment, when the Court ordered memorials to be given in. That for the pannel was drawn up by Mr John Hope, and for the crown by Mr James A. Macnochie.

Their Lordships severally delivered their opinions, and were unanimous in finding, "that the attempting to commit murder, by means of poison, as also the wickedly and feloniously procuring poison, with intent to commit murder," were irrelevant; but that the third charge, "the wickedly and feloniously attempting to prevail upon any physician or surgeon, by promises of reward, or by other means, to enter into a conspiracy to commit murder, by furnishing poison, for the purpose of being administered to any of the lieges, more especially when the murder so attempted or intended to be committed, is by a husband upon his own wife," &c. was relevant to infer an arbitrary punishment.

The trial on this point was fixed to come on in the course of next month.

*22. North Bridge Buildings.*—Saturday, the question relative to the buildings presently erecting on the North Bridge came before the Second Division of the Court of Session. The bill of suspension and interdict, presented by certain feuars in Prince's Street, had been followed by long answers for the Magistrates and other parties interested in the buildings; and Mr Moncrieff, as counsel for the suspenders, was heard, and made a very able speech. Mr Clerk, as one of the counsel for the Magistrates, prayed the Court, owing to the new matter that had come out in Mr Moncrieff's speech, to allow him and his learned friends on the same side some time to answer. The Court accordingly delayed farther hearing in the cause until Tuesday. The Court was so excessively crowded that a great many gentlemen could not get admittance.—On Tuesday, Mr Robert Forsyth replied in a speech of two hours length for the builders and feuars. The Court was equally crowded as on Saturday. The Duke of Atholl sat on the bench with the Judges during the whole of the proceedings.

The farther hearing was then put off until Friday 23d, and on that day the Court was exceedingly crowded at an early hour, to hear Mr Cranstoun, who delivered one of the most able, luminous, eloquent, argumentative, forcible, and masterly speeches ever pronounced in a court of law.

Mr Cranstoun argued, that the buildings in question are not protected by the act of Parliament, obtained with the view to the erection of them, because there previously existed four servitudes, which are not taken away by that act of Parliament; a servitude upon the area of St Anne Street, between the houses and the Bridge—a servitude as to the houses in St Anne Street, as standing



there, and the height of these houses—a servitude on the ground to the west of Mr Trotter's shop, between that and the Mound—and a servitude possessed by Mr Wilkie on the area before the houses in Canal Street. He gave the history of these servitudes, stated how they were constituted, and discussed whether, and to what extent, they had been modified, or taken away, either by legislative or judicial authority; and he contended that, in order to the erection of the new buildings, the feuars of the New Town, and in particular, the feuars whose charters contain a reference to Mr Craig's plan of the New Town, and the feuars whose charters contain a reference to a decree arbitral pronounced 19th March 1776, by the late Lord Justice Clerk Rae (then Mr David Rae, advocate), in a question in which the Magistrates were a party, and the feuars in Canal Street, should have been made parties to the act of Parliament—should have been mentioned in it, and their servitude specifically described. He considered the act of Parliament to be perfectly valid as far as it goes.

On Tuesday Mr John Clerk is to be heard in reply for the Magistrates, and on Saturday next, the 31st current, the Judges will deliver their opinions on the cause.

*Dundee Burgh Reform.*—The second meeting of the Dundee Burgesses was held on Wednesday the 14th, in the Steeple Church; Provost Riddoch in the chair. Its object was to consider the report of the committee on the constitution of the burgh, and to adopt additional steps for securing the reform. A more gratifying result could not have been desired by the most sanguine friends of the cause. The various shades of opinion which appeared at the outset, were softened down in the progress of the discussion, till all was melted into harmony at the end.

24.—A commission has been appointed to open the crown-room in the castle, for the purpose of searching for the crown and other insignia of royalty of Scotland, which are supposed to be there deposited. Wednesday was the day appointed for this interesting search, but, owing to the absence of a noble duke, one of the commissioners, we understand it has been put off till the 4th of February.

A few weeks ago, a labourer, in the parish of Glencairn, was suddenly attacked by six weasles, which rushed upon him from an old dyke, in the field where he was at work. The man, alarmed at such a furious onset, instantly betook himself to flight, but he soon found he was closely pursued; and although he had about him a large horse-whip, with which he endeavoured by several back-handed strokes to stop them, yet so eager was their pursuit, that he was on the point of being seized by the throat, when he luckily noticed at some distance the fallen branch of a tree, which he made for, and hastily snatching it up, he manfully rallied upon his enemies, and as fortune

favours the brave, he had such success, that he killed three of them, and put the remaining three to flight. Our readers may have some idea of the man's danger, when it is known that two of them are a match for a dog. We are assured the above anecdote is authentic, and have often been astonished at the proofs of the instinct by which the brutes seem to measure their relative powers of defence and aggression, but we had no idea that any animal so insignificant as the weasel had become acquainted with the principle of combination by which the weak have so often triumphed over the strong.—*Dumfries Courier.*

*Inverness.*—*The late Hurricane.*—The bridge of Toragoil, over the river Morrison, has been broken down by the force of the current, and the road leading through Glenmorrison considerably injured. An immense number of felled trees, amounting, it is said, to 10,000, belonging to the Scots Patent Cooperage Company of Greenock, which were lying on the banks of the river ready to be floated down, were hurried into Lochness. It is a somewhat singular circumstance, that a gentleman happened to be passing over the bridge of Toragoil, and before his servant could follow him, it had burst away, leaving them on opposite sides of the river. The Ness was for some days truly magnificent; but it is now receding into its wonted channel, and has occasioned no inconvenience, save a temporary suspension of the salmon fishery.

27.—On Tuesday forenoon, one of the Newhaven boats, while dredging, swamped off the beacon, and two men were unfortunately drowned. Their names are, Alexander Ramsay and Thomas Hume, the latter of whom has left a widow and one child. Ramsay was unmarried. Boats have been since employed in dredging for the bodies of the two sufferers; and on Sunday about 60 fishermen were employed in this melancholy search, when the body of Hume was found under circumstances peculiarly interesting. One of the boats was dredging within a few yards of the spot where the accident happened, and a brother of Hume's was anxiously looking over the side, when the body came to the surface with such force, that the faces of the two brothers touched each other, which so deeply affected the surviving brother, that he instantly fainted away. The body of Ramsay has not yet been found.

*Court of Session.*—*Second Division.*—*New Buildings at the North Bridge.*—*Bill of Suspension and Interdict, Mr Stewart and others v. the Magistrates and others.*—Yesterday the Court was much crowded, and Mr Clerk, whose acuteness and logic are well known, spoke three hours and a half in answer to Mr Cranstoun. Besides the merits of Mr Cranstoun's speech as a law-argument, it was admired by all who heard it, for the elegance, the grace, and the dignity, which distinguished both its

composition and delivery.—Mr Clerk argued the case with the greatest ability. The proposition upon which he chiefly insisted was, that the Court must necessarily give effect to the intent of the act of Parliament obtained in May 1816, and consequently, that the suspenders should have applied to Parliament for a repeal of that statute, instead of applying to this Court for suspension and interdict against the buildings. He said, the act of Parliament is of the class of local and personal acts, with a clause, declaring they shall be deemed public acts, which is a class altogether different from that of private acts declared public, which, generally, are merely agreements or conveyances of private parties, ratified by the legislature. He also strongly insisted that the suspenders are barred by homology from obtaining a suspension in the case. And he concluded by denying the existence of any one of the servitudes founded upon by Mr Cranstoun.

On the 4th Dec. last came on the election of the office-bearers of the Edinburgh Subscription Library, when the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen for the year ensuing.

Charles Stuart of Dunearn, M. D. *President*; James Bonar, Esq. *Treasurer*; John Wardrop, Esq. *Secretary*.

*Committee*—James Peddie, D. D.; Jas. Ogilvie, Esq.; Rev. Thomas Thomson; William Braidwood, junior, Esq.; Rev. Christopher Anderson; James Hall, D. D.; Horatius Cannan, Esq.; Charles Stewart, Esq.; Robert Paul, Esq.; John Manderston, Esq.; Thomas M'Crie, D. D.; Robt

Stevenson, Esq.; Richard Poole, M. D.; William Ritchie, Esq.; and Thomas Shell Jones, Esq.

31. On Thursday the 15th inst. during the great storm of wind, a fine old horse-chesnut tree, in front of the castle of Eglington, which has long been so much admired for its stately appearance, received considerable damage. This tree, rising from three conjoined stems, overspread an area of about thirty yards diameter, or better than the eighth part of an English acre; one of these was separated from the two others and blown down. The main hole of it is fourteen feet in length and nine feet in girth, and with its several branches measures of saleable timber more than one hundred and thirty-four cubical feet. The remaining two stems are of similar dimensions, so that taking it in all, this tree has contained about four hundred feet of timber. Till this accident happened, the stalk was so closely connected as to have always been considered as one solid trunk. It is supposed to be very aged—more than two centuries. If it is the Spanish chesnut, this *may* be the case, for it is a native of England; but the *Æsculus glippo castanum*, or horse-chesnut, which is a native of the north of Asia, is generally understood to have been introduced into this country only about the end of the 17th century.

The Crown has instituted two new professorships in the University of Glasgow—chemistry and botany. To the former chair Dr Thomas Thomson has been presented, and Dr Robert Graham to the latter.

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## COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Feb. 9, 1818.

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*Sugar*.—Owing to the vast quantity purchased, and taken out of bond previous to the 5th of last month, in order to evade the additional duty of 3s. per cent. which took effect on that date, the demand for this article continued languid till the close of the last month. Since that period, a considerable revival has taken place in the market, both for home consumpt and exportation. The demand for the latter in particular continues brisk, and prices are a shade higher. The importers, however, bring the article freely to market, and accept the current prices. The increased inquiry and demand is chiefly after new Sugars, as these suit the grocers and refiners. There is however a general movement for the better in the Sugar market. The price of Sugar is likely to maintain its present rate, and perhaps advance, as few supplies can for some months reach the market; and it will be found, before the planter proceeds far with his crop, that much greater injury has been sustained from the hurricane on the 21st October last, than has hitherto been believed. There is considerable inquiries after Foreign Sugars, but there is but few offering. The market for Refined remains steady, and rather looking to an advance. The holders are firm, though the accounts from the Continent are not favourable for this article.—*Molasses* remain steady.—*Cotton*. Owing to very heavy importations, the prices of this article felt some depression. In the face, however, of continued importations, and the declaration of a sale by the East-India Company for the 6th inst. Cotton is become an article of considerable demand in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow. In the metropolis, the extensive demand is made chiefly on speculation for the French market. The sales were principally Pernambuco's. In Glasgow and Liverpool, the prices have gradually improved. The sales in Liverpool, about the beginning of this month, exceeded 20,000 bags in a few days, and the importations in a short period amounted to 33,461 bags, of

which 15,386 were from America, and 11,907 from the Brazils and Lisbon. The imports into Glasgow from 31st January to 7th inst. were 3550 bales.—*Coffee*. In this article there has been extensive public sales in the metropolis lately. The demand continues brisk. The accounts from the Continent are favourable. The price has advanced from 3s. to 4s. per cwt. and it is expected still to look upwards. Considerable sales have been effected, and the approach of the spring exports are likely to keep this article in demand, and at advanced prices. The stock is greatly decreased at every port. The quantity on hand is not very extensive.—*Corn*. In the London market the prices of the finer kinds of grain have lately rather been on the advance, but the ordinary kinds remain steady. In Glasgow, Oats continue in good demand, and at an advance of 1s. in price. The business done in other kinds of grain has for some time past been trifling, and at no alteration in price. From Ireland, between the 3d and 17th January, there were imported into the Clyde 50,200 barrels of Oats, and from 31st January to 7th February, there were imported 6151 barrels.—*Linseed* is in demand, and a considerable advance has taken place in the prices for the superior qualities of Red Clover Seed.—*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow*. The demand for Tallow in the London market has rather given way, yet, for the expected arrivals, the business done has been extensive. In Liverpool, this article is purchased before its arrival at the port. The Soap trade is nevertheless bare, and the stock of the principal holders does not exceed 1000 casks. On this account, an advanced price and increased demand for Tallow may be fairly anticipated. In London, *Hemp* and *Flax* are not much inquired after, and consequently but little variation in the prices. The demand for *Hemp* at Liverpool is expected to be considerable during the spring, and an advance in price confidently expected. The stocks will be found to be below the ordinary quantity which is consumed in that part of the kingdom.—*Flax* in the Liverpool market has been looking down in price. There is little Foreign Flax remaining, but as the stock of Irish is increasing, the holders seem disposed to reduce their prices.—*Oils*. In London there has been little business done in Greenland, and the prices nominal. Linseed commands attention, and considerable sales of it have been effected. A considerable parcel of Spermaceti offered at public sale sold readily, though of an inferior quality. The market in other respects remains without variation. In Liverpool, during last month, common Oils found a regular, and indeed an increasing demand. Cod Oil has also found ready buyers, and is likely to continue so. Rape Oil commands little attention, but Linseed is in good demand. Palm Oil has reached £60 per ton, and a high price is expected for a small parcel of Olive Oil which has lately arrived in the market.—*Aspics*. In the Liverpool market, Petersburg ashes have been selling at 60s. and are heavy at that price. Finland brings 56s. and 57s. The Pot and Pearl Ashes of Canada and the United States have been borne up by the spirit of speculation to a point which they can scarcely exceed, and a slight reduction in price is confidently expected.—*Naval Stores*. There has been considerable arrivals of *Turpentine*, yet the prices at Liverpool have advanced, and still higher prices are demanded for the stock on hand. The quantity expected from America is supposed to be inadequate for the spring demand, and which no doubt keeps up the price in the face of other arrivals. *Tar* has improved in price, and the arrivals of this article has lately been much below the usual quantity. For *Spirit of Turpentine* and *Rosin* the manufacturers are asking advanced prices.—*Tobacco*. There has been considerable transactions for Tobacco in the London market. The demand is chiefly for home manufacture and on speculation. The prices are without much variation. Good Virginia has been sold in Glasgow to speculators at 9½d. per lb.—*Fruit*. In the London market there has been considerable inquiry for Currants and Turkey Raisins.—*Spices* are in request, with the appearance of advancing currency.—*Rice* has rather given way in price. *Cocoa* has been sought after, the sales, however, are but limited.—*Irish Provisions*. There is little variation in the price of, or in the demand for, these articles.—*New Pork* is in short supply.—*Bacon* is steady.—*Butter* is in extensive request, and the holders sanguine of obtaining a considerable advance of price.—*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands*. In Rum there has been little business transacted. The demand is limited, and prices almost nominal. The internal consumpt is greatly fallen off. The lowness of the price is expected to occasion some demand for spring exportation, and unless this takes place, Rum cannot rise in value.—*Brandy* continues excessively scarce and dear. The short price is 14s. and duty nearly 19s. per gallon. No reduction in the price of this article can take place till the fate of the next vintage in France is ascertained.—*Hollands* are rather lower, but there is but little inquiry after this article at present.—*Wines*. The demand is increasing, and the prices consequently advancing, particularly for Port and Sherry of good qualities. The growers in Portugal and Spain are confidently expecting still higher prices for the spring shipments, and there is the greatest probability of their expectations being realised.

Now that the annual returns of the different branches of our trade are made up, it may be interesting to our readers to have a summary of the two following branches, namely, the cotton trade, and the trade to our West India Colonies, placed before them.

The quantity of Cotton imported into Great Britain during 1817 amounted to the

amazing quantity of 477,160 packages, weighing about 131,951,200 lbs. and worth at least ten millions Sterling. This importation exceeds that of 1815 and of 1816 by 117,000 packages, and the importation of the three previous years, by 227,000 packages. Of this immense importation, 314,330 packages were brought into the port of Liverpool alone. The imports of this article from the East Indies exceeded, during last year, every expectation. Into the port of London, the imports from that quarter was above 90,000 bags, and into Liverpool above 20,000 bags, besides a quantity into the Clyde. The quality of the East India Cotton is greatly improved, and the expectations are not too sanguine, which look forward to this branch of trade being carried to such an extent as will render us completely independent of the United States for supplies of this useful material. Nearly the whole of this vast importation has been manufactured in this country, the export to the Continent being only estimated at 30,000 packages. The stock on hand is not a great deal larger than it was at the beginning of last year, while the stock of Manufactured Goods is also very small in comparison to the quantity on hand at the same period. Nothing can shew the vast activity of our trade in a more striking point of view than this statement. The demand of Cotton Goods for home use is rapidly and extensively reviving, while the exports of these fabrics have for several months been very great. Between the 10th October 1817, and 5th January 1818, a period of three months, there was exported from the port of Liverpool alone 24,855,335 yards Cotton Stuffs, and 380,544 pairs of Cotton Stockings, together worth at least £1,300,000 Sterling. When we recollect the quantity of Cotton manufactured (above 400,000 packages), and reflect upon the high value which a pound of Cotton-wool bears after being manufactured into different articles, it forms a sum which appears incredible. Taking the value of each lb. in this state at an average of 10s. it exceeds £55,000,000.

The next branch we are to consider is a trade purely British. It is British capital, British subjects, and British ships which carry it on, and the whole produce of which is brought to this country, and every supply which the population which carries it on requires, is taken from the produce and industry of this country. This is the trade to our West India colonies. It is not the child of fancy nor the creature of fashion. No interest of friends, or violence of foes, can wrest it from us. It must remain our's while we remain true to our national interests, and while the Sugar Cane remains superior to every plant on the face of this globe for the production of Sugar.

The importations into every part of the United Kingdom during 1817, may be taken, without any material error, at the undermentioned quantity, and most moderate rates, viz.

|                                   |                             |            |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|------------|
| Sugar, - -                        | 280,000 casks,—gross value, | £9,100,000 |
| Rum, - -                          | 57,700 pun. ditto,          | 1,000,000  |
| Cotton, say                       | 200,000 cwt. ditto,         | 2,000,000  |
| Coffee, say                       | 400,000 do. ditto,          | 2,000,000  |
| All other produce may be taken at |                             | 2,000,000  |

Total, £16,100,000

Exclusive of the duties levied by government upon these articles. The value to separate classes stands nearly as follows, viz.

Taken out of bond in London during 1817, for home consumpt, 161,731 casks,

|                       |                |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| say - - -             | 2,100,000 cwt. |
| Other ports, at least | 1,000,000 do.  |

|   |                                 |            |
|---|---------------------------------|------------|
|   | 3,100,000 cwt. at 27s. duty, is | £4,185,000 |
| Rum, 19,220 puncheons, or 2,120,000 gals, at 13s. is  |                                 | 1,378,000  |
| Cotton, duty at 8s. 7d. per 100 lbs. is   |                                 | 86,000     |
| Coffee, being given in bags, barrels, tierces, difficult to estimate, but cannot be less than |                                 | 220,000    |
| All other produce, at least   |                                 | 400,000    |

Total duties to government, £6,269,000

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| Freight and charges on sugar to persons in Britain, | £1,680,000 |
| Ditto ditto on rum, cotton, and coffee,             | 1,060,000  |
| All other produce exclusive of specie,              | 360,000    |

Total to individuals not proprietors, £3,100,000

Which, deducted from £16,100,000, the gross value leaves 13 millions sterling for the landed proprietors in the colonies, for their creditors in Britain, and to pay for supplies drawn from this country.

Besides this trade, the imports to the colonies from our possessions in North America, and from the United States, exceed 3½ millions sterling annually, and the export from the islands to these places amount to at least half that sum. This valuable trade, in Dry Pro-

visions, Fish, Lumber, and Staves, is now solely confined to British bottoms, and ere long will be wholly supplied by our own colonies.

As all property in our West India possessions may justly be considered as commercial capital, it may not be uninteresting to bring the value of the whole before the public in as short a compass as follows:—

|   |   |   |   |                     |
|---|---|---|---|---------------------|
| 700,000 slaves, worth, on an average, £75 sterling, is                    | - | - | - | £52,500,000         |
| Lands, buildings, stock, crops on ground, &c. double                      | - | - | - | 105,000,000         |
| 100,000 slaves, employed as tradesmen, sailors, servants, &c. at £140, is | - | - | - | 14,000,000          |
| Property in houses, goods, &c. in towns,                                  | - | - | - | 16,000,000          |
| Outstanding debts due merchants, &c.                                      | - | - | - | 10,000,000          |
| 800 sail ships in European trade,   | - | - | - | 4,000 000           |
| 200 ditto in Canadian, &c. ditto, and colonial shipping,                  | - | - | - | 1,500,000           |
|   |   |   |   | Total, £202,000,000 |

The exports to the West Indies for their internal consumpt amount at least to £6,000,000  
Ditto from North America, - - - - - 3,500,000

Total, £9,500,000

Exclusive of all that vast trade carried on with the Spanish American possessions, amounting to many millions annually. Notwithstanding the restoration of several colonies, the trade yet employs above 800 sail of ships, and 20,000 seamen, while the building, repairs, and outfit of the ships, give employment and wealth to thousands in this country. This is a trade, and these are possessions, worth our attention, and require our utmost protection and fostering care. When we reflect, that all the vast returns in produce is raised under the direction and skill of probably not more than 20,000 of our countrymen, employed as planters, it is quite evident that their occupation must be of a very different and more honourable nature than what, by many, it is so often represented to be.

Into the ports of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow, there were imported during the year 1817, viz.: 261,800 casks British Plantation, and 75,400 packages East India and Foreign Sugars; 53,700 puncheons Rum; 43,800 casks, and 87,600 barrels and bags Coffee, exclusive of that from the East Indies; from all different parts of the world, 477,100 packages Cotton.

From the East Indies, during the same period, there was imported into London 381,789 chests Tea; 43,800 bags Coffee; 59,379 bags and peculs of Sugar; 90,000 packages Cotton (included and in general account); 13,630 boxes and chests Indigo; 57,872 bags Rice; 6,204 bags Pepper; 1700 bags Cinnamon; 89 bags Cloves; 46 packages Mace; 6 packages Nutmegs; 11,068 bales piece goods; 4,312 packages Silk; 4,989 packages Shumac; and 96,706 bags Saltpetre, exclusive of what was brought into Liverpool and Glasgow.

*Erratum in our last Commercial Report. p. 463, for "Fresh Provisions," read "Irish Provisions."*

*Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th January 1818.*

|                               | 1st. | 8th.   | 15th.   | 22d.  | 29th.  |
|-------------------------------|------|--|---|---|--|
| Bank stock, .....             | —    | 291½   | —   | 291   | 288  |
| 3 per cent. reduced.....      | —    | 82   | 81 <sup>9</sup> / <sub>16</sub>                                 | 81 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>  | 80 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub>   |
| 3 per cent. consols,.....     | —    | 81 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub> <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> | 80 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub> <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>      | 81 80 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>   | 79 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>   |
| 4 per cent. consols,.....     | —    | 99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>                             | 99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>                                  | 99 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>  | 99   |
| 5 per cent. navy ann.....     | —    | 106 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>                            | 105 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>8</sub>                                 | 105 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>   | 105 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>  |
| Imperial 3 per cent. ann..    | —    | —  | —   | —   | —  |
| India stock, .....            | —    | —  | —   | —   | 240  |
| — bonds, .....                | —    | 105 pr.  | 108 pr.   | 108 pr.   | 107 pr.  |
| Exchequer bills, 2½ d. p. day | —    | 27 pr.   | 30 pr.  | 27 pr.  | 27 pr.   |
| Consols for acc. ....         | —    | 82 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub> | 82 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> , 81 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> | 81 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 80 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> 81 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> 81 | 79 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub> <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub> <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> |
| American 3 per cent. ....     | —    | —  | —   | —   | 65   |
| — new loan, 6p. cent.         | —    | —  | —   | —   | 103, 103 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>   |
| French 5 per cents. ....      | —    | —  | —   | —   | 66f. 75 cents  |

*Course of Exchange, Jan. 9.*—Amsterdam, 36 : 10 B. 2 U. Paris, 24 : 25 : 2 U. Bordeaux, 24 : 25. Frankfort on Maine, 142 Ex. Madrid, 40 effect. Cadiz, 39<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> effect. Gibraltar, 35. Leghorn, 51<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. Genoa, 47<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>. Malta, 50. Naples, 44. Palermo, 129 per oz. Lisbon, 59. Rio Janeiro, 65. Dublin, 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> per cent. Cork, 9. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £0 : 0 : 0. New doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. New dollars, 0s. 0d. Silver, in bars, stand. 0s. 0d. New Louis, each, £0 : 0 : 0.

## PRICES CURRENT.—Feb. 7, 1818.

|                                 | LEITH.       |        | GLASGOW. |       | LIVERPOOL. |       |        |       | LONDON. |        |         |  | DUTIES. |                   |  |
|---------------------------------|--------------|--------|----------|-------|------------|-------|--------|-------|---------|--------|---------|--|---------|-------------------|--|
| SUGAR, Muse.                    |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         |                   |  |
| B. P. Dry Brown, . . cwt.       | 75           | to     | 70       | to    | 74         | 70    | 77     | 74    | to      | 76     |         |  |         |                   |  |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.        | 82           |        | 86       |       | 85         | 78    | 89     |       | 81      |        | 85      |  |         | } £1 10 0         |  |
| Fine and very fine, . .         | 88           |        | 90       |       | 84         | 87    | 90     |       | 95      |        | 87      |  |         |                   |  |
| Refined, Doub. Loaves, . .      | 150          |        | 155      |       | —          | —     | —      |       | 144     |        | 162     |  |         |                   |  |
| Powder ditto, . . . . .         | 124          |        | 128      |       | —          | —     | —      |       | 110     |        | 124     |  |         |                   |  |
| Single ditto, . . . . .         | 118          |        | 124      |       | 116        | 118   | 122    |       | 125     |        | 109     |  |         |                   |  |
| Small Lumps . . . . .           | 114          |        | 118      |       | 110        | 112   | 124    |       | 126     |        | 104     |  |         |                   |  |
| Large ditto, . . . . .          | 110          |        | 114      |       | 105        | 108   | 112    |       | 118     |        | 115     |  |         |                   |  |
| Crushed Lumps, . . . . .        | 65           |        | 68       |       | —          | —     | 66     |       | 70      |        | 64      |  |         |                   |  |
| MOLASSES, British, cwt.         | 38           |        | 40       |       | 35         | 56    | 58s 6d |       | —       |        | 34      |  |         | } 0 7 6½          |  |
| COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.           |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         |                   |  |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.        | 95           |        | 105      |       | 90         | 98    | 92     |       | 99      |        | 98      |  |         |                   |  |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.        | 105          |        | 110      |       | 100        | 102   | 101    |       | 107     |        | 105     |  |         |                   |  |
| Dutch, Triage and very ord.     | 90           |        | 94       |       | —          | —     | 86     |       | 94      |        | 90      |  |         |                   |  |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.        | 95           |        | 105      |       | 92         | 99    | 96     |       | 103     |        | 102     |  |         | } 0 0 7½          |  |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.        | 104          |        | 110      |       | 99         | 107   | 104    |       | 109     |        | 106     |  |         |                   |  |
| St Domingo, . . . . .           | 100          |        | 105      |       | 98         | 100   | 96     |       | 102     |        | 103     |  |         |                   |  |
| PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.           | 9            |        | 10       |       | 8½         | 9     | 9      |       | 9½      |        | 8½d. 9d |  |         | } 0 0 9½          |  |
| SPIRITS,                        |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         |                   |  |
| Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.        | 3s 8d        | 3s 10d | 5s 6d    | 3s 7d | 3s 4d      | 3s 6d | 3s 4d  | 3s 6d | 3s 4d   | 3s 5d  | 3s 5d   |  |         |                   |  |
| Brandy, . . . . .               | 14           | 0 14 3 | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | 12      | 0 12 3 | 3       |  |         |                   |  |
| Geneva, . . . . .               | 4            | 6 4 9  | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | 3       | 8 3 10 | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 0 17 0½  |  |
| Grain Whisky, . . . . .         | 7            | 9 8 0  | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | 13      | 6      | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 0 17 11½ |  |
| WINES,                          |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         |                   |  |
| Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.       | 48           |        | 52       |       | —          | —     | —      | —     | £35     |        | 60      |  |         | } (B.S.) 143 18 0 |  |
| Portugal Red, . . . . .         | 40           |        | 45       |       | —          | —     | —      | —     | 46      |        | 54      |  |         | } (F.S.) 148 4 6  |  |
| Spanish White, . . . . .        | 30           |        | 55       |       | —          | —     | —      | —     | 25      |        | 65      |  |         | } (B.S.) 95 11 0  |  |
| Teneriffe, . . . . .            | 30           |        | 35       |       | —          | —     | —      | —     | 27      |        | 40      |  |         | } (F.S.) 98 16 0  |  |
| Madeira, . . . . .              | 60           |        | 70       |       | —          | —     | —      | —     | 60      |        | 66      |  |         | } (B.S.) 96 13 0  |  |
|                                 |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         | } (F.S.) 99 16 6  |  |
| LOGWOOD, Jam. . . . . ton.      | £8 0         | £8 10  | 7 10     | 8 10  | 8 10       | 8 17  | 8 0    | 8 10  | 8 0     | 8 10   | 8 10    |  |         |                   |  |
| Honduras, . . . . .             | 8            | 9      | 8 10     | —     | 9 0        | 9 5   | 8 5    | 8 10  | 9 0     | 10 0   | 10 0    |  |         | } 0 9 1½          |  |
| Campeachy, . . . . .            | 9            | 10     | 9 0      | 10 0  | 10 0       | 10 10 | 9 0    | 10 0  | 9 0     | 10 0   | 10 0    |  |         |                   |  |
| FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . . . .      | 12           | 15     | —        | —     | 12 0       | 14 0  | 14 0   | 15 0  | 14 0    | 15 0   | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Cuba, . . . . .                 | 18           | —      | —        | —     | 17 0       | 17 10 | 18 0   | 18 10 | 18 0    | 18 10  | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.      | 9s 6d        | 11s 6d | 8 6      | 9 6   | 9 0        | 11 0  | 10 6d  | 11    | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } 0 0 4½          |  |
| TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.       | 2 4          | 2 6    | —        | —     | 2 5        | 2 6   | —      | —     | £6      | —      | —       |  |         | } 0 2 4½          |  |
| Ditto Oak, . . . . .            | 5 0          | 5 6    | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } 0 5 6½          |  |
| Christiansand (dut. paid)       | 2 4          | 2 5    | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Honduras Mahogany               | 1 0          | 1 6    | 0 10     | 1 8   | 1 1        | 1 5   | 1s 0   | 1 2   | 1s 0    | 1 2    | —       |  |         | } 3 16 0          |  |
| St Domingo, ditto               | —            | —      | 1 2      | 3 0   | 1 9        | 2 5   | 1 11   | 2 2   | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } 8 14 2          |  |
| TAR, American, . . . . . brl.   | —            | —      | —        | —     | 19         | 20    | 19 6   | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 1 1 4½   |  |
| Archangel, . . . . .            | 22           | 23     | —        | —     | 21         | 23    | 22 0   | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (F.S.) 1 2 11½  |  |
| PITCH, Foreign, . . . . . cwt.  | 14           | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | 15     | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 1 8 6    |  |
| TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.         | 80           | 81     | 85       | 84    | 82         | —     | 82     | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (F.S.) 1 10 1   |  |
| Home Melted, . . . . .          | 82           | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } 0 3 2           |  |
| HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.          | 47           | 48     | 48       | 49    | —          | —     | —      | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Petersburgh Clean, . . . . .    | 46           | 47     | 46       | 47    | 49         | 50    | 46 10  | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 0 9 1½   |  |
| FLAX,                           |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         |                   |  |
| Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.        | 79           | 80     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 82     | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Dutch, . . . . .                | 50           | 120    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 65     | —     | 80      | —      | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 0 0 4½   |  |
| Irish, . . . . .                | 60           | 68     | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (F.S.) 0 0 7½   |  |
| MATS, Archangel, . . . . . 100. | 115          | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | 5 10    | 5 15   | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| BRISTLES,                       |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         |                   |  |
| Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.        | 16 10        | 17 0   | —        | —     | —          | —     | —      | —     | 14 10   | 15 0   | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 1 3 9    |  |
|                                 |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         | } (F.S.) 1 4 11½  |  |
|                                 |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         | } (B.S.) 0 3 6½   |  |
|                                 |              |        |          |       |            |       |        |       |         |        |         |  |         | } (F.S.) 0 3 11½  |  |
| ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . . . . . | 58           | 60     | 60       | —     | —          | —     | 58s    | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 0 4 6½   |  |
| Montreal ditto . . . . .        | 68           | 70     | 66       | 68    | 65         | —     | 68s    | 70s   | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (F.S.) 0 6 4    |  |
| Pot, . . . . .                  | 62           | 63     | 65       | 65    | 57         | 59    | 58s    | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } 0 1 7           |  |
| OIL, Whale, . . . . . tun.      | 55           | —      | 55       | 56    | 55         | 56    | £56    | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Cod, . . . . .                  | 55 (p. brl.) | —      | 50       | —     | 51         | —     | 47     | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.      | 9½           | 10½    | 9½       | 10½   | 0 8        | 0 9   | 7d½    | 8½    | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Middling, . . . . .             | 8½           | 9      | 8½       | 9     | 0 6½       | 0 7   | 6½     | 7½    | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } 0 10            |  |
| Inferior, . . . . .             | 7½           | 8      | 7½       | 8     | 0 4½       | 0 5   | 6½     | 6½    | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| COTTONS, Bowed Georg.           | —            | —      | 1 7      | 1 10½ | 1 6        | 1 8½  | 1s 7d  | 1s 9½ | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Sea Island, fine, . . . . .     | —            | —      | 2 11     | 3 3   | 2 9        | 2 11  | 2s 3d  | 2s 10 | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| good, . . . . .                 | —            | —      | 2 9      | 2 10  | 2 6        | 2 8   | —      | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| middling, . . . . .             | —            | —      | 2 7      | 2 8   | 1 11       | 2 2   | —      | —     | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Demerara and Berbice, . . . . . | —            | —      | 1 10     | 2 1½  | 1 10       | 2 1½  | 1 11   | 2 1   | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (B.S.) 0 8 7    |  |
| West India, . . . . .           | —            | —      | 1 8      | 2 0   | 1 8        | 1 9½  | 1 10   | 1 11  | —       | —      | —       |  |         | } (F.S.) 0 17 2   |  |
| Pernambuco, . . . . .           | —            | —      | 2 2      | 2 2½  | 2 0        | 2 1   | 2 0½   | 2 1½  | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |
| Maranham, . . . . .             | —            | —      | 2 0      | 2 1½  | 1 11       | 2 11½ | 1 11½  | 2 0½  | —       | —      | —       |  |         |                   |  |

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st January 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Adamson, E. Liverpool, tobaccoist                | Cox, W. H. Broad Street, warehouseman              |
| Akers, J. Charles Street, City Road, corn-dealer | Day, J. Bride Road, Surrey, auctioneer             |
| Burgess, H. Birmingham, factor                   | Dellow, J. Milk Yard, Lower Shadwell, basket-maker |
| Buckley, J. Laurenlane, warehouseman             | Dawks, T. Bath, horse-dealer                       |
| Cliffe, C. Commercial Road, victualler           | Davies, W. Neston, Chester, draper                 |
| Child, R. Waltham, St Lawrence, Berks.           | Elliot, J. Bath Street, City Road, baker           |
| Clarke, W. Sheffield, master builder             | Ellis, E. Manchester, joiner.                      |
| Crowther, J. Huddersfield, York, wood-turner     |  |

Favens, G. Cophall Court, Throgmorton Street, bill and exchange broker  
 Feather, R. Romford, Essex, carpenter  
 Gray, R. Norwich, broker  
 Grace, E. Seaton Cottage, Northumberland, farmer  
 Haudley, W. Stretton en le field, grocer  
 Harvey, G. Lane End, Staffordshire, draper  
 Haslam, J. Kettleholme, Chester, calico-printer  
 Hadley, T. G. Jacob Street, Dockhead, baker  
 Harrison, J. Manchester, gun-maker  
 Hewlett, W. Solwell, Gloucestershire  
 Hilliar, H. St James's Street, umbrella-manufacturer  
 Holroyde, J. Halifax, merchant  
 Houston, J. Manchester, and T. Smith Middleton, cotton-spinners  
 Hockley, D. and W. Snooke, Brooke Street, Holborn, working-goldsmith  
 Irving, P. Liverpool, merchant  
 Irving, Wm do. do.  
 Jordan, T. Bristol, dealer  
 Jump, J. & T. Hargroves, Fore Street, London, hat-manufacturers  
 Jones, T. Deritend, Birmingham, picture-maker  
 Kirkham, J. Leek, Staffordshire, farmer  
 Lea, J. late of Nantwich, Cheshire, corn-dealer  
 Legeyt, J. Lugwardine, Herefordshire, farmer  
 Lloyd, William junior, Findon, Sussex, farmer  
 Marsden, W. N. Salford, corn-dealer  
 M'Michael, W. Bristol, merchant  
 Matthew, W. Usk, Monmouthshire, scrivener  
 Marshall, J. Manchester, draper  
 Masters, G. Langston, Monmouth, dealer and chapman  
 Mitchell, S. Dorking, Surrey, linen-draper  
 Newell, W. N. Derby, cheese-factor  
 Nye, J. Tunbridge, baker  
 North, B. B. Manchester, factor  
 Oliver, J. Newington Causeway, cordwainer  
 Ollerton, R. Bradford, Wilts, shopkeeper  
 Oddey, G. Silver Street, Golden Square, soup-maker  
 Pawsey, J. and J. W. Haywood, Blackman Street  
 Peel, J. Southwark, potato-merchant  
 Pilkington, J. late of Preston, grocer  
 Powis, J. Minford Place, Tottenham Court Road  
 Procter, G. Birmingham, optician  
 Picton, W. Liverpool, timber-merchant  
 Powis, R. Grosvenor Mews, Grosvenor Street, veterinary surgeon  
 Redmayne, T. Preston, linen-draper  
 Rush, J. Haverfordwest, linen-draper  
 Scott, R. Liverpool, merchant  
 Shuttleworth, J. S. Stratford-on-Avon  
 Starkey, W. Gutter Lane, silk-manufacturer  
 Stansfield, J. Stockport, butcher  
 Swainson, J. Manor Row, East Smithfield, merchant  
 Strachan, R. and T. Stubbs, Cheapside, warehousemen  
 Sanders, J. Chichester, Sussex, grocer  
 Snuggs, J. Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, grocer  
 Taylor, J. and J. and J. Leigh, Agecroft, Lancashire calico-printers  
 Thomas, D. Carmarthen, grocer  
 Thomson, E. Ferry-hill, Durham, farmer  
 Trout, T. Bishopgate Street, linen-draper  
 Turner, F. Doncaster, cordwainer  
 Turner, W. B. Normanton, York, merchant  
 Utting, J. H. Norwich, upholsterer  
 Upson, J. Park Street, Southwark, baker  
 Waddington, S. Halifax, corn-factor  
 Walker, W. and J. Pall Mall Court, army agents  
 Watts, G. and W. Bush, Bristol, colourmen  
 Wart, H. V. Birmingham, merchant  
 Wigney, G. A. and G. Seymour, Chichester, brewers  
 Wills, G. Monument Yard, wine-merchant  
 Williams, D. Carmarthen, currier  
 Woods, W. Crawford Street, Mary le bone, linen-draper  
 Wright, P. Kennington Lane, brewer  
 Wright, E. Stafford, alehouse-keeper  
 Woolsey, W. Great Mary le bone Street, haberdasher  
 Wilson, J. Beverley, Yorkshire, manufacturer  
 Watmough, J. Liverpool, joiner  
 Wall, G. Brownyard, Hereford, farmer  
 Wagstaff, G. Dirsting, Glossop, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st January 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Berrie, Robert, drover and cattle-dealer in Thomastown  
 Cogill, James, senior, merchant, Wick  
 Macmillan, William and Thomas, merchants and drapers, Castle Douglas, and William and Thomas Macmillan, the individual partners of that company  
 Ormond, Roderick, brewer, Dundee  
 Stewart, John, and Co. merchants and manufacturers, Paisley, and John Stewart and James Whyte, the individual partners of that company  
 Hunter, William, carrier, Arbroath; by Patrick Bruce, merchant there  
 Lawson, James, flesher and ship-owner, Dundee; by Patrick Anderson, merchant there  
 Morris, William and Patrick, merchants, Greenock; by John Lamont, writer there, 3d Feb.  
 Macarthur, John, merchant, Glasgow; by John Macgavin, accountant there  
 Milne, William, merchant, Dundee; by Joseph Johnston, merchant there; on 27th February, to those creditors whose claims were too late for obtaining a share of the first dividend  
 Mitchell, Andrew, in Whiteness of Slains; by David Hutcheson, advocate, Aberdeen  
 M'Ghie, Philip, shipmaster, Greenock; by J. and A. Muir, merchants there; 20th February  
 Stewart John, manufacturer in Snedden of Paisley; by Patrick Douglas, merchant, Glasgow  
 Sinclair, David, merchant, Edinburgh; by Charles Cowan & Co. Leith  
 Walker, Thomson, & Co. merchants, Leith, and James Walker, merchant there, the only remaining partner of that Company; by John Campbell, tertius, W. S. Edinburgh  
 Walker, Peter, merchant, Stirling; by William Sanderson, merchant, Edinburgh

DIVIDENDS.

Butterworth, Michael, merchant, Dundee; by Joseph Johnston, merchant, Dundee, on 9th March, to those creditors whose claims were too late for obtaining a share of the first dividend  
 Brooks, Adam, and Co. merchants, Edinburgh, and Adam Brooks, merchant there, deceased; by John Macdowall, merchant, Leith  
 Campbell, Alexander and Daniel, late merchants, Glasgow; by Alexander Campbell, writer there, 2d March  
 Christie, Alexander, merchant, Aberdeen; by David Hutcheson, advocate there

EDINBURGH.—JANUARY 7.

| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease & Beans.    |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1st,.....44s. Od. | 1st,.....36s. Od. | 1st,.....38s. Od. | 1st,.....33s. Od. |
| 2d,.....40s. Od.  | 2d,.....30s. Od.  | 2d,.....30s. Od.  | 2d,.....30s. Od.  |
| 3d,.....37s. Od.  | 3d,.....27s. Od.  | 3d,.....25s. Od.  | 3d,.....27s. Od.  |

Average of wheat, £1 : 18 : 5 5-12ths per boll.

Thursday, Feb. 12.

|                        |                      |                       |                     |
|------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) | Os. 4d. to Os. 7d.   | Quartern Loaf         | 1s. 0d. to 1s. 1d.  |
| Mutton                 | Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.   | Potatoes (28 lb.)     | Os. 10d. to Os. 0d. |
| Lamb, per quarter      | 10s. 0d. to 15s. 0d. | Butter, per lb.       | 1s. 2d. to Os. 0d.  |
| Veal                   | Os. 8d. to 1s. 0d.   | Salt ditto, per stone | Os. 0d. to Os. 0d.  |
| Pork                   | Os. 6d. to Os. 7d.   | Ditto, per lb.        | Os. 0d. to Os. 0d.  |
| Tallow, per stone      | 11s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. | Eggs, per dozen       | Os. 11d. to Os. 0d. |

HADDINGTON.—JANUARY 9.

| Wheat.            | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease.            | Beans.            |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1st,.....43s. 0d. | 1st,.....36s. 0d. | 1st,.....32s. 0d. | 1st,.....31s. 0d. | 1st,.....31s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....40s. 0d.  | 2d,.....32s. 0d.  | 2d,.....26s. 0d.  | 2d,.....28s. 0d.  | 2d,.....28s. 0d.  |
| 3d,.....37s. 0d.  | 3d,.....28s. 0d.  | 3d,.....20s. 0d.  | 3d,.....25s. 0d.  | 3d,.....25s. 0d.  |

Average of wheat, £1 : 17 : 6 : 9-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

London, Corn Exchange, Feb. 9.

|                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Foreign Wheat, 60 to 70 | Boilers . . . . 50 to 52 |
| Fine do. . . . 74 to 85 | Small Beans 42 to 52     |
| Superfine do. 86 to 88  | Old do. . . . 54 to 62   |
| Old do. . . . — to —    | Tick do. . . . 36 to 45  |
| English Wheat, 65 to 75 | Old do. . . . 42 to 50   |
| Fine do. . . . 86 to 94 | Feed Oats, . . 22 to 24  |
| Superfine do. 95 to 98  | Fine do. . . . 26 to 30  |
| Rye, new . . . 40 to 50 | Poland do. . . 24 to 30  |
| Barley, new . 30 to 44  | Fine do. . . . 32 to 56  |
| Superfine do. 48 to 53  | Potato do. . . 28 to 30  |
| Malt, . . . . 60 to 74  | Fine do. . . . 54 to 58  |
| Fine do. . . . 76 to 80 | Fine Flour, . . 75 to 80 |
| Hog Pease . . 40 to 45  | Seconds, . . . 70 to 75  |
| Maple . . . . 42 to 48  | Bran . . . . 11 to 12    |
| White Pease 44 to 48    | Fine Pollard 16 to 30    |

Seeds, &c.

|                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Mustard, Brown, s. s.   | Ryegrass (Pace's) — to — |
| New, . . . . 12 to 22   | Common . . . 16 to 40    |
| White . . . . 6 to 12   | Clover, English,         |
| Tares . . . . 9 to 13   | Red, . . . . 50 to 120   |
| Turnip, White — to —    | White . . . . 50 to 100  |
| Red . . . . — to —      | Trefoil . . . . — to —   |
| Yellow . . . . — to —   | Rib grass . . . — to —   |
| Canary . . . . 50 to 90 | Carraway, Eng. 48 to 56  |
| Hempseed . . 82 to 86   | Foreign . . . . — to —   |
| Linseed . . . 60 to 80  | Coriander . . . 10 to 21 |
| Cinquefoil . . — to —   |                          |

New Rapeseed, £52 to £54.

Liverpool, Feb. 7.

|                                    |                             |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Wheat, per 70 lbs.                 | Rice, p. cwt. 0 0 to 0 0    |
| English . . 13 0 to 14 6           | Flour, English,             |
| Scotch . . 13 0 to 13 9            | p. 280lb. fine 72 0 to 74 0 |
| Welch . . 13 6 to 14 0             | Seconds 64 0 to 68 0        |
| Irish . . . 11 6 to 12 6           | Irish p. 240 lb. 0 0 to 0 0 |
| Dantzic . . 14 6 to 15 0           | Ameri. p. bl. 56 0 to 60 0  |
| Wismar . . 15 0 to 14 0            | Sour do. 48 0 to 50 0       |
| American . 14 0 to 15 0            | Clover-seed, p. bush.       |
| Quebec . . 12 0 to 12 6            | White . . . 0 0 to 0 0      |
| Barley, per 60 lbs.                | Red . . . . 0 0 to 0 0      |
| English . . 6 6 to 7 6             | Oatmeal, per 240 lb.        |
| Scotch . . 6 6 to 7 6              | English . . 44 0 to 45 0    |
| Irish . . . 6 0 to 6 6             | Scotch . . . 0 0 to 0 0     |
| Malt p. 9 gals. 11 6 to 12 0       | Irish . . . . 39 0 to 41 0  |
| Rye, per qr. 54 0 to 56 0          |                             |
| Oats, per 45 lb.                   |                             |
| Eng. pota. new 4 8 to 5 2          |                             |
| Welsh potato 4 6 to 4 11           |                             |
| Scotch . . . 4 8 to 5 1            |                             |
| Foreign . . 4 5 to 4 8             |                             |
| Rapeseed, p. l. £50 to £52         |                             |
| Flaxseed, p. bus. sowing . 9 to 10 |                             |
| Beans, pr qr. s. d. s. d.          |                             |
| English . . 54 0 to 70 0           |                             |
| Foreign . . 0 0 to 0 0             |                             |
| Irish . . . . 0 0 to 0 0           |                             |
| Peas, per quar.                    |                             |
| Boiling . . 56 0 to 60 0           |                             |

Butter, Beef, &c.

|                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| Butter, per cwt. s. s.    |  |
| Belfast . . . 156 to 0    |  |
| Newry . . . 150 to 0      |  |
| Drogheda . . 0 to 0       |  |
| Waterford, new 0 to 0     |  |
| Cork, 3d . . . 0 to 0     |  |
| New, 2d, pickled 140      |  |
| Beef, p. tierce 95 to 100 |  |
| p. barrel 60 to 65        |  |
| Pork, p. brl. 95 to 102   |  |
| Bacon, per cwt.           |  |
| Short middles 66 to 68    |  |
| Long do. . . 0 to 0       |  |

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 24th January 1818.

Wheat, 84s. 6d.—Rye, 50s. 11d.—Barley, 45s. 8d.—Oats, 27s. 5d.—Beans, 49s. 3d.—Pease, 51s. 5d.—Oatmeal, 31s. 11d.—Barley or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th January 1818.

Wheat, 73s. 2d.—Rye, 58s. 3d.—Barley, 40s. 8d.—Oats, 32s. 3d.—Beans, 55s. 8d.—Pease, 54s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 29s. 2d.—Beer or Big, 39s. 5d.

PROMOTIONS, APPOINTMENTS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Sir Thomas Plumer, knight, has been appointed Master or Keeper of the Rolls and Records of the Court of Chancery, on the surrender of the Right Hon. Lord Wm Grant.

Sir Wm Knighton, Bart. has been appointed Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, and Secretary and Keeper of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's Privy Seal and Council Seal, in the room of the Right Hon. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, K. C. B. resigned.

Major-General Sir Peregrine Maitland, K. C. B. has been appointed Lieut-Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, in the room of Francis Gore, Esq. resigned.

Major-Gen. Sir John Keane, K. C. B. has been appointed Governor and Commander in Chief of the Island of St Lucie, in the room of Major-Gen. Seymour, deceased.

Sir John Leach, knight, has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of England, in the room of the Right Hon. Thomas Plumer, appointed Master or Keeper of the Rolls and Records of the Court of Chancery.

II. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. Lord George Lennox, 9 Dr. to be Major in the Army 25th Oct. 1817

T. Poppleton, 55 F. to be Major in the Army 25th Dec. do.



- 8 Dr. Gen. Sir B. Tarleton, Bart. from 21 Dr. to be Col. vice Sir J. Floyd, dead  
18th Jan. 1818
- 9 Ass. Surg. J. Tobin, from 50 F. to be Ass. Surg. vice M'Andrew, h. p. 84 F. 1st do.
- 11 J. K. Stewart, to be Cornet by purch. vice James, pro. 11th Dec. 1817
- 14 W. T. Carruthers, to be Cornet, by purch. vice Hammond, ret. do.
- 20 R. B. Russel, to be Cornet by purch. vice Wilcox, pro. 1st Jan. 1818
- 21 Maj.-Gen. Lord R. E. H. Somerset, K.C.B. to be Col. vice Sir B. Tarleton, 8 Dr. 15th do.
- 23 C. Phillips, to be Cornet by purch. vice Bacon, pro. 11th Dec. 1817
- 3 F. G. W. H. Judd, to be Ass. Surg. vice Tyndal, res. 1st Jan. 1818
- 8 F. Brevet Lt.-Col. W. Jervois, from h. p. 57 F. to be Capt. vice Bradbridge, h. p. 25d Dec. 1817
- Capt. T. Cross, from h. p. to be Capt. vice Davis, h. p. 24th do.
- 28 Lieut. R. P. Gilbert, to be Capt. by purch. vice English, ret. 18th do.
- Ensign T. Wheeler, to be Lieut. by purch. vice Gilbert do.
- J. C. Browne to be Ensign by purch. vice Wheeler do.
- 34 Lieut. G. J. Bower, from 14 F. to be Lieut. vice Hamilton, h. p. 14 F. 1st Jan. 1818
- 45 J. W. Birch to be Ensign by purch. vice Bolton, ret. 18th Dec. 1817
- 50 Ass. Surg. J. M'Donnell, from 84 F. to be Ass. Surg. vice Tobin, 9 Dr. 1st Jan. 1818
- 53 Brevet Lt.-Col. R. Frederick to be Lt.-Col. vice Alen, ret. 25th Dec. 1817
- 58 Lieut. D. Morrison to be Adj. vice Tipson, res. Adj. only 11th do.
- 60 W. J. Percival to be Ensign by purch. vice Somerset, pro. do.
- 64 Lieut. J. T. Walford to be Adj. vice Moore, res. Adj. only 1st Jan. 1818.
- 67 Ensign J. Robinson, from 84 F. to be Ensign, vice Brady, h. p. 84 F. do.
- 73 Capt. A. Coane to be Major by purch. vice Gordon, ret. 24th June 1817
- 76 Brevet Major A. M'Donald to be Major, vice Fraser 25th Dec. 1817
- Lieut. J. Fraser to be Capt. vice M'Donald do.
- Ensign R. N. Frizell, to be Lieut. vice Fraser do.
- 78 Lieut. J. Chisholm, from h. p. to be Paymaster, vice Ferguson, dead 11th do.
- 83 Paym. J. Harrison, from late Ger. Leg. to be Paymaster, vice Boulton, 5 Dr. G. do.
- 84 Thomas M'Bean to be Ensign by purch. vice Daunt, pro. 1st Jan. 1818
- 87 Paym. J. Sherlock, from h. p. to be Paymaster, vice Wetherall, ret. upon h. p. 11th Dec. 1817
- 92 Surg. A. Anderson, from h. p. 61 F. to be Surg. vice Hicks, dead 1st Jan. 1818
- 97 Ensign W. Mansell, from h. p. 39 F. to be Ensign, vice Grant, res. 18th Dec. 1817
- 99 Brevet Major J. Martin to be Major, vice Meyers, dead 4th do.
- Lieut. J. Armstrong, to be Capt. vice Martin do.
- Ensign J. Taylor to be Lieut. vice Armstrong do.
- Aird to be Ensign, vice Taylor 11th do.
- 2W. I. R. Lieut. T. Dely, from 1 W. I. R. to be Paym. vice Nosworthy, ret. 11th Dec.
- R. W. I. R. Lieut. J. Grant, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. to Lieut. vice Flood, dead 25th do.
- Y. Chass. Capt. S. Noel, from h. p. 7 W. I. R. to be Capt. vice Vallancey, dead 18th do.
- Ensign W. H. Souper, to be Lieut. vice Hemmings, res. 25th do.
- Gen. Cadet T. Richardson to be Ensign, vice Souper do.
- 2 Cey. R. Lieut. J. Bell, from 3 Cey. Regt. to be Lieut. vice Roberts, dead 25th Nov.
- R. Art. 1 Lieut F. A. Griffiths to be 1 Lieut. vice Bland, superseded 1 Jan. 1818
- Garri. Lt.-Gen. Sir Lowry Cole, G. C. B. to be Governor of Gravesend and Tilbury Port, vice Sir J. Floyd, dead 15th do.
- Brevet Major P. Anderson, att. to Port. Army, to be Lt.-Col. in Port. Serv. 4 Sept. 1817
- 3 F. G. Capt. J. Elrington to be Adj. vice Murray, res. the Adj. only 8th Jan. 1818
- 34 F. Ensign J. Reed, from h. p. Reg. to be Ensign, vice Trewitt, ex. rec. diff. do.
- 47 Lieut. E. Dundee, from 86 F. to be Lieut. vice Young, exch. do.
- 51 J. Meade to be Ensign by purch. vice Lord Hay, 85 F. do.
- 55 Capt. A. Macdonald to be Major by purch. vice Frederick, pro. do.
- Lieut. T. G. Peacocke to be Captain by purch. do.
- Ensign I. Heard to be Lieut by pur. do.
- H. M. St. V. Rose to be Ens. by pur. do.
- 60 Lieut. J. P. Passley to be Captain, vice Bower, dec. do.
- 63 Lieut. W. Wood, from h. p. 40 F. vice Lieut. Lowman, exch. do.
- 85 Ensign W. G. Lord Hay, from 51 F. to be Ensign, vice Hamilton, ret. do.
- 86 Lieut. W. Young, from 47 F. to be Lieut. vice Dundee, exch. do.
- 91 B. Lieut.-Col. T. H. Blair to be Major by purch. vice Meade, ret. do.
- Lieut. R. G. Lavers to be Capt. by purch. do.
- Ensign W. H. Barker to be Lieut. by pur. do.
- A. Maclean to be Ensign by purch. do.
- 96 Capt. Hon. H. F. C. Cavendish, from h. p. 25 F. to be Capt. vice F. Glassc, exch. rec. diff. do.
- 1W. I. R. Lieut. S. Gordon to be Captain, vice Burdett, dec. do.
- Lieut. R. Wickham, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. to be Lieut. do.
- 2 Lieut. J. Hylton, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. to be Lieut. vice Walsh, exch. 25th Dec. 1817
- C. Corps. Ensign O. G. Stockenstroem to be Lieut. 8th Jan. 1818
- Lieut. C. H. Somerset, from 60 F. vice Walsh, exch. 9th do.
- J. Van Ryneweld to be Ens. vice Stockenstroem 8th do.

### Staff and Miscellaneous.

- Lieut.-Col. Lord Cha. Manners, 3 Dr. to be Extra Aide-de-Camp to H. R. H. the Prince Regent, with the rank of Colonel, vice Baron Eben, dismissed 8th Nov. 1817
- Lieut.-Col. F. Cockburn to be Dep. Quar.-Master-Gen. to the Forces in Canada, vice Myers, dead 25th Dec.
- Lieut. T. Hill, from h. p. to be Adj. of a Rec. District, vice Gladwin, h. p. 18th do.
- Staff Surg. T. O'Maley, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Safe, dead 11th Dec.

### Exchanges.

- Lieut.-Col. Symes, from 69 F. with Lieut.-Col. Sturt, 80 F.
- Bailey, from 50 F. with Maj. Dalrympton, 80 F.
- Brevet Major Russel, from 20 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Gethin, h. p. 31 F.
- Jones, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Brev. Major Loftie, h. p. 81 F.
- Capt. Shaw, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Brev.-Major Weare, h. p.
- Mullins, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Captain Berkeley, h. p. 48 F.
- Morrison, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Freer, h. p.
- Lunn, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Gam-mell, h. p. 104 F.
- Walsh, from 8 F. with Capt. Ball, h. p. 34 F.
- Rossie, from 1 Ceylon Regt, with Captain Cleather, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
- Fitz Clarence, from Staff in Ionian Islands, with Capt. Wharton, h. p. 75 F.
- King, from 87 F. with Capt. Fitz Clarence, h. p. 75 F.
- Lieut. Rathbone, from 19 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ruddack, h. p. 20 Dr.
- Ormsby, from 6 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Carnie, h. p.
- Alocck, from 60 F. with Lieut. Steele, h. p.
- Trant, from 80 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. In-son, h. p.

Lieut. Biggam, from 81 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Duval, h. p.  
 — Macleod, from 85 F. with Lieut. Dixon, h. p. 29 F.  
 — Dixon, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lieut. Illius, h. p. 80 F.  
 — Keogh, from 54 F. with Lieut. Makepeace, 58 F.  
 — Orr, from 89 F. with Lieut. Hewson, h. p.  
 — Fraser, from 4 W. I. R. with Lieut. Purdon, h. p. 16 F.  
 — Pollington, from 1 Ceylon Regt. rec. diff. with Lieut. Tranchell, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.  
 — Virgo, from 1 Ceylon Regt. rec. diff. with Lieut. Tulloh, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.  
 — Kellet, from 2 Ceylon Regt. with Lt. Hay, 3 Ceylon Regt.  
 2d Lieut. Abbot, from 1 Ceylon Regt. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Minter, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.  
 — Fleming, from 1 Ceylon Regt. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Newnan, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.  
 — C. Smith, from Rifle Brig. with Ensign Sievwright, h. p. 25 F.  
 Ensign Simkins, from 28 F. with Ensign Homan, h. p. 34 F.  
 — Wilson, from 39 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Hunter, h. p.  
 — Nixon, from 66 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Gould, h. p. 4 F.  
 Assist. Surg. Hurst, from 33 F. with Assist. Surg. Stobo, h. p. 37 F.

— Mackay, from 35 F. with Assist. Surg. Spray, h. p. 2 Gar. Bat.

### Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Col. Alen, 55 F.  
 — Gordon, 73 F.  
 Capt. English, 28 F.  
 — Seward, R. Art.  
 Lieut. Hemmings, York Chas.  
 Cornet Hammond, 14 Dr.  
 Ensign Bolton, 45 F.  
 — Grant, 97 F.  
 Paym. Garthwaite, 1 Surrey Mil.  
 Surgeon Houlton, East Norfolk Mil.  
 Assist. Surg. Tyndal. 3 F. G.

### Superseded.

1st Lieut. Bland, R. Art.

### Cashiered.

Lieut. Mockler, 84 F.

### Dismissed.

Lieut. Ruxton, 69 F.

### Removed.

Lieut. Driscoll, 99 F.

### Deaths.

*Generals.*  
 Morse, Roy, Eng. 28th Jan. 1818  
 Sir J. Floyd, Bt. 8 Dr. 10th do.  
*Lieut. General.*  
 Johnstone, R. Mar. Jan. 1818  
*Major General.*  
 Seymour 24th Oct. 1817  
*Lieut. Colonels.*  
 Fraser, 76 F.  
 Baynes, R. Art. 18th Jan. 1818  
*Majors.*  
 Chapman, 3 Dr. G. Jan. 1818  
 Langwerthy, h. p. 24 F.  
 Burdett, 1 West India Regt. 21st Oct. 1817

*Captain.*  
 Bower, 60 F. 1st Jan. 1818  
*Lieutenants.*  
 Allen, 24 F. 26th May 1817  
 Beale, h. p. 56 F. 8th Nov.  
 Baylee, h. p. 58 F. 12th Jan. 1818  
 Rogers, 58 F. 16th do.  
 Parkinson, Royal York Rang. 26th Oct. 1817  
*Ensign.*  
 Wm Silk, late Invalids Jan. 1818  
*Paymaster.*  
 Lieut. Philby, Sussex Militia 27th Dec. 1817  
*Surgeon.*  
 Hicks, 92 F.

*Assistant Surgeons.*  
 Shannan, 14 F. 19th June 1817  
 Nixon, R. Art. 25th Dec.  
 Baker (drowned off St Lucia), R. Art. 21st Oct.  
*Staff and Miscellaneous.*  
 Bolton, Inspector of Hospitals 9th Jan. 1818  
 Woulfe, Staff. Surg. at Dominica 15th Nov. 1817  
 Birmingham, Hosp. Assist. to the Forces at Dominica 6th do.  
 Oliver, do. at Antigua 22d do.  
 Wm Williams, do. at Dominica 18th Oct.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

WITH the commencement of the new year, we have made some additions to our meteorological observations, which it may be necessary to explain to our readers. Under the head Thermometer, in the first column, we have given the mean daily range of that instrument, that is, the mean difference between the maximum and minimum, and also the mean temperature of spring water from three monthly observations. This water is brought from a distance of some hundreds of yards in pipes, at the average depth of about three feet below the surface, and must therefore give nearly the mean temperature of the earth at that depth. The object of recording this temperature we shall endeavour to explain on some future occasion.—Under the head Barometer is given the mean daily range of the mercurial column, that is, the difference between the morning and evening observation is recorded as the range of the barometer during the day, and the difference between the evening and the morning of the next day, as the range during the night. The sum of these differences is then carried to another column, as the range of the barometer for the whole twenty-four hours. This of course is to be considered only as an approximation to the true barometrical range, as, without a self-registering instrument, the extremes cannot be exactly ascertained.—Under the Hygrometer is given the mean point of deposition both for the morning and evening; and in the following Report we have stated the results of the rat's-bladder hygrometer invented by Mr Wilson. These results, however, are given separately; because, from the delicate nature of the instrument, we cannot promise our readers a continuation of them, and we are unwilling, in case of such an accident, to derange the plan of the Report. In the second column are given the extremes corresponding to the additional means stated in the first, viz. the extreme range of the thermometer and barometer. The Report, in other respects, is the same as formerly.—The month of January has been extremely variable, and at times very stormy. The

mean temperature is nearly two degrees lower than the same month last year, and the quantity of rain nearly an inch greater.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

JANUARY 1818.

| Means.                              |          | Extremes.                         |          |
|-------------------------------------|----------|-----------------------------------|----------|
| THERMOMETER.                        |          | THERMOMETER.                      |          |
|                                     | Degrees. |                                   | Degrees. |
| Mean of greatest daily heat,        | 42.1     | Maximum, 12th day,                | 52.0     |
| ..... cold,                         | 32.1     | Minimum, 1st,                     | 22.0     |
| ..... temperature, 10 A. M.         | 37.8     | Lowest maximum, 1st,              | 30.0     |
| ..... 10 P. M.                      | 35.4     | Highest minimum, 9th,             | 43.5     |
| ..... of daily extremes,            | 37.1     | Highest, 10 A. M. 15th,           | 50.0     |
| ..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.         | 36.6     | Lowest ditto, 1st,                | 27.5     |
| ..... 4 daily observations,         | 36.8     | Highest, 10 P. M. 9th,            | 47.5     |
| Whole range of thermometer,         | 507.5    | Lowest ditto, 1st,                | 22.5     |
| Mean daily ditto,                   | 9.9      | Greatest range in 24 hours, 15th, | 20.0     |
| ..... temperature of spring water,  | 37.7     | Least ditto, 4th,                 | 4.5      |
| BAROMETER.                          |          | BAROMETER.                        |          |
|                                     | Inches.  |                                   | Inches.  |
| Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 40) | 29.372   | Highest, 10 A. M. 2d,             | 30.135   |
| ..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 40)   | 29.369   | Lowest ditto, 15th,               | 28.688   |
| ..... both, (temp. of mer. 40)      | 29.370   | Highest, 10 P. M. 1st,            | 30.090   |
| Whole range of barometer,           | 12.423   | Lowest ditto, 27th,               | 28.824   |
| Mean daily ditto,                   | .401     | Greatest range in 24 hours, 21st, | .975     |
|                                     |          | Least ditto, 26th,                | -.030    |
| HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)              |          | HYGROMETER.                       |          |
|                                     | Degrees. |                                   | Degrees. |
| Mean dryness, 10 A. M.              | 7.4      | Highest, 10 A. M. 31st,           | 15.0     |
| ..... 10 P. M.                      | 6.0      | Lowest ditto, 1st,                | 0.0      |
| ..... of both,                      | 6.7      | Highest, 10 P. M. 27th,           | 18.0     |
| ..... point of deposition, 10 A. M. | 33.0     | Lowest ditto, 1st,                | 0.0      |
| ..... 10 P. M.                      | 31.0     | Highest P. of D. 10 A. M. 15th,   | 48.0     |
| ..... of both,                      | 32.0     | Lowest ditto, 3d,                 | 22.0     |
| Rain in inches,                     | 2.858    | Highest P. of D. 10 P. M. 20th,   | 42.0     |
| Evaporation in ditto,               | 1.031    | Lowest ditto, 1st,                | 22.0     |
| Mean daily Evaporation,             | .953     |                                   |          |
| WILSON'S HYGROMETER.                |          | WILSON'S HYGROMETER.              |          |
|                                     |          |                                   |          |
| Mean dryness, 10 A. M.              | 18.0     | Greatest dryness, 27th, 10 P. M.  | 43.0     |
| ..... 10 P. M.                      | 16.7     | Least ditto, 1st, 10 A. M.        | 6.0      |

Fair days 13; rainy days 18. Wind west of meridian 26; east of meridian 5.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at eight o'clock in the morning, and eight o'clock in the evening.

|        | Ther. | Barom. | Attac Ther. | Wind.  |                            | Ther.   | Barom. | Attac Ther. | Wind. |      |                          |
|--------|-------|--------|-------------|--------|----------------------------|---------|--------|-------------|-------|------|--------------------------|
| Jan. 1 | M.32  | 29.792 | M.55        | Chble. | Cloudy, frost              | Jan. 17 | M.52   | 29.151      | M.35  | W.   | Stormy. snow, frost.     |
|        | E. 27 | .909   | E. 35       |        |                            |         | E. 35  | .160        | E. 35 |      |                          |
| 2      | M.52  | .954   | M.35        | S.E.   | Ditto, fresh.              | 18      | M.52   | .284        | M.34  | N.W. | Fair, frost.             |
|        | E. 33 | .785   | E. 55       |        |                            |         | E. 30  | .815        | E. 33 |      |                          |
| 3      | M.31  | .472   | M.34        | E.     | Snow, frost.               | 19      | M.37   | .964        | M.35  | W.   | Fresh.                   |
|        | E. 35 | .258   | E. 35       |        |                            |         | E. 39  | .953        | E. 38 |      |                          |
| 4      | M.56  | .102   | M.55        | S.E.   | Snow, sleet, rain, frost.  | 20      | M.45   | .683        | M.42  | S.W. | Showers.                 |
|        | E. 38 | 28.993 | E. 35       |        |                            |         | E. 45  | .469        | E. 44 |      |                          |
| 5      | M.55  | 29.976 | M.35        | S.E.   | Frost morn. fresh aftern.  | 21      | M.48   | .141        | M.42  | N.W. | High wind, showers.      |
|        | E. 37 | .153   | E. 37       |        |                            |         | E. 38  | .651        | E. 40 |      |                          |
| 6      | M.55  | .607   | M.35        | W.     | Frost morn. mild fore.     | 22      | M.44   | 29.994      | M.42  | S.W. | Stormy, and rain after.  |
|        | E. 40 | .368   | E. 38       |        |                            |         | E. 36  | .849        | E. 41 |      |                          |
| 7      | M.42  | .403   | M.42        | W.     | Showery, high wind.        | 23      | M.31   | .958        | M.35  | W.   | Snow drift, wind high.   |
|        | E. 37 | .216   | E. 40       |        |                            |         | E. 31  | .958        | E. 34 |      |                          |
| 8      | M.56  | .514   | M.37        | N.W.   | Frost fore. fresh. aftern. | 24      | M.54   | .952        | M.35  | N.W. | Fresh fore. frost after. |
|        | E. 38 | .761   | E. 39       |        |                            |         | E. 32  | 29.370      | E. 55 |      |                          |
| 9      | M.45  | .506   | M.42        | W.     | Frost morn. fresh thr. day | 25      | M.51   | .515        | M.31  | W.   | Frost morn. fresh after. |
|        | E. 46 | .338   | E. 45       |        |                            |         | E. 44  | .307        | E. 42 |      |                          |
| 10     | M.47  | 28.991 | M.45        | S.W.   | Showery, lightning.        | 26      | M.40   | .214        | M.40  | W.   | High wind, fresh.        |
|        | E. 40 | 29.005 | E. 42       |        |                            |         | E. 35  | .191        | E. 36 |      |                          |
| 11     | M.58  | .126   | M.40        | W.     | Rain morn. snow day.       | 27      | M.34   | .254        | M.36  | S.W. | Ditto, very cold.        |
|        | E. 35 | 28.992 | E. 40       |        |                            |         | E. 38  | 28.785      | E. 39 |      |                          |
| 12     | M.52  | 29.373 | M.36        | S.W.   | Mor. frost. fresh thr. day | 28      | M.32   | .927        | M.35  | S.W. | Snow, frost, high wind.  |
|        | E. 37 | .240   | E. 38       |        |                            |         | E. 34  | .883        | E. 36 |      |                          |
| 13     | M.51  | 28.751 | M.47        | S.W.   | Wind high, with rain.      | 29      | M.36   | .938        | M.36  | W.   | Fresh fore. frost after. |
|        | E. 38 | 29.242 | E. 42       |        |                            |         | E. 34  | .998        | E. 36 |      |                          |
| 14     | M.38  | .514   | M.39        | S.W.   | High wind and rain.        | 30      | M.36   | .719        | M.37  | E.   | Showery.                 |
|        | E. 37 | .104   | E. 40       |        |                            |         | E. 36  | .719        | E. 37 |      |                          |
| 15     | M.52  | 28.640 | M.48        | W.     | Hh wnd, rain               | 31      | M.34   | .811        | M.35  | W.   | Frost.                   |
|        | E. 38 | .804   | E. 41       |        |                            |         | E. 33  | .768        | E. 34 |      |                          |
| 16     | M.34  | 29.251 | M.37        | W.     | Snow, rain, and sleet.     |         |        |             |       |      |                          |
|        | E. 35 | .101   | E. 37       |        |                            |         |        |             |       |      |                          |

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

July. At Madras, the lady of Captain George Cadell, adjutant-general's department, a son.

Dec. 19. At Glenkindy, the lady of Sir Alexander Leith, a son and heir—and soon after, a second son, who died immediately after birth.—23. At Dunmow, in Essex, the lady of George Wade, Esq. her *sixteenth* child, of whom *fifteen* are living.—28. At Caen, in Normandy, the lady of Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Hay, a son.—30. At Banff, the lady of Patrick Rose, Esq. a son.

Jan. 2. At Preston, the lady of Major Hartwell, 6th dragoon-guards, a daughter.—4. Mrs Dr Gordon, Castle Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—5. At Portobello, the lady of Archibald Napier, Esq. a daughter.—At Dunbar, Mrs Captain Hunter, a still-born daughter.—At Leith, Mrs D. Burnett, a daughter.—The lady of Major-general Sir William Anson, K. C. B. Devonshire Place, London, a daughter.—The lady of James Colquhoun, Esq. of St James's Place, London, a daughter.—6. At Ruchill, the lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine, a daughter.—7. Mrs Col. Rose, of Kilravock, a son; still-born.—The lady of Captain Romer, royal artillery, a daughter.—8. At St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Geo. Robertson, a son.—10. The lady of John Bruce, Esq. of Grenada, a son.—12. Mrs Hogarth, Hart Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—13. Mrs Alexander Smith, West Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, a son.—12. At his seat, Liaston-house, Suffolk, the lady of the Right Honourable Lord Huntingfield, a son.—At Valenciennes, the lady of Robert John Saunders, Esq. R. A. a daughter.—13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Cochran of Ashkirk, a daughter.—14. At Newton, Aird, the lady of Major L. Stewart, 24th regiment, a son.—16. The lady of Lieutenant-general M. Hunter, Queen Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—17. At Glasgow, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Hastings, a daughter.—At Aberdeen, the lady of Major Ernest Leslie, younger of Balquhain, a daughter.—18. At Battle Abbey, the lady of Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart. a son.—At York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Foulis of Woodhall, a son.—19. At Catharine Bank, Mrs Ireland, a daughter.—The Honourable Mrs Dundas of Dundas, a daughter.—20. At Norfolk-house, St James's Square, London, the Countess of Surrey, a son.—22. At Eskbank, Mrs Wood, a daughter.—23. Mrs Morehead, wife of the Rev. R. Morehead, a son.—At Lambton Hall, Lady Louisa Lambton, lady of G. Lambton, Esq. M. P. a son and heir. Her ladyship is the eldest daughter of Earl Grey.—28. Mrs Campbell,

27, Castle Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—Mrs Alexander Wood, Charlotte Square, a son.—31. Mrs D. Gordon, 6, George Square, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

Dec. 6. At Fordoun-house, Mr Barclay, farmer in Killhill of Halkerton, to Catharine, daughter of the late Thomas Christie, Esq. formerly in Balmanno.—22. At St George's, Bloomsbury, Lonon, W. A. Venour, Esq. of the Bengal military establishment, to Helen, daughter of R. Davidson, Esq. Findhorn.—24. At her father's house at Paris, in the presence of his Excellency the English Ambassador, Matilda, eldest daughter of the Right Honourable Lord Robert Fitz-Gerald, to the Chevalier Victor de Marion Gaja, cadet of that noble family at Languedoc.—31. William L. Fox, Esq. second son of James L. Fox, Esq. of Branham Park, Yorkshire, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the Honourable John Douglas, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Harewood.

Jan. 1. Mr John Mason, deputy-clerk of Canongate, Edinburgh, to Agnes, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Wharton of Norham, in the diocese of Durham.—6. In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Edward Poore, Esq. nephew of Sir John Methuen Poore, Bart. to Agnes, third daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart.—7. At Dundee, Mr William Bell, merchant, Edinburgh, to Miss Jean Thomson, eldest daughter of Mr John Thomson, baker, Dundee.—At Achadashenaig, in the island of Mull, Robert Maxwell, Esq. chamberlain of Tyree, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Robert Stewart of Sorn.—8. At Bishop's Waltham, Charles C. Johnson, Esq. captain in the 85th regiment of light infantry, third son of Sir John Johnson, Bart. of Montreal, Lower Canada, to Susan, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Griffith, of North Brookhouse, Hants.—12. At Linton, John Bruce, Esq. of St Elizabeth's, Jamaica, to Janet, daughter of the late Mr John Cunningham, Dirlerton.—At Cupar-Fife, Mr Thomas Dryburgh, writer, to Elizabeth, second daughter of George Aitken, Esq. of Todhall.—13. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Russell, writer, to Margaret, second daughter of Robert Johnston, Esq.—Jewish Nuptials—Mr Jacob Valentine, junior, son of the famous Hebrew bard, to Miss Levy, of Rathbone Place, London. The ceremony took place in Moor's great rooms, in Brewer Street, Golden Square. Amongst the company were, Sir George Cockburn and his nephew, Lady G. Gordon, and Lady Franklin. When the bridegroom had signed an obligation, which compels him to

protect the bride during his life, and her father and brother had bound themselves to protect her after his death, the happy couple repaired to the middle of the room, under a rich canopy, borne by four near relations, where, amidst the chaunting of the prayers, the bride and bridegroom were each presented with a glass of wine. The bride then broke her glass under her feet, in remembrance of the destruction of Jerusalem. An excellent dinner was served up, and dancing continued till one o'clock.—16. At George's Square, Edinburgh, Mr Adam Black, Clifton, to Jessie, eldest daughter of the late James Brunton, of Lugton, Bridge-end, Esq.—At Edinburgh, Mr James Yule, baker, to Alison, daughter of the late Mr Andrew Thomson, farmer in North Berwick Mains.—At Edinburgh, Alexander Stewart, Esq. Finsburgh Square, London, to Agnes Marshal, eldest daughter of William Logan, Esq. Queen Street.—At Leith, Mr Alexander Macnaughton, Kathrine Street, Edinburgh, to Miss Catherine Harper, Leith.—17. Major Keane, 7th hussars, aide-de-camp to Major-general Sir Hussey Vivian, K. C. B. and third son of Sir John Keane, Bart. to Anne, third daughter, and also John Grove, M. D. of Salisbury, second son of Thomas Grove, Esq. of Fern, in the county of Wilts, to Jean Helen, fourth daughter of Sir William Fraser, Bart. Bedford Square, London.—19. At Edinburgh, Mr William Sinclair, merchant, Lerwick, to Miss Jessie Thomson, daughter of Mr Andrew Thomson, Bewlie, Roxburghshire.—At Glasgow, Mr John Black, manufacturer, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr Malcolm Maclean, calenderer.—At Middlefield, Mr Thomas Kincaid, Carronflats, to Isabella, third daughter of the late Mr William Balloch, Falkirk.—At Stonehaven, John Fleming, Esq. merchant there, to Jane Fordyce, eldest daughter of Dr William Nicol of Findon, Kincardineshire.—At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Mallach, writer, Dunblane, Perthshire, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the deceased Mr George Ferrer, writer in Edinburgh.—20. At Edinburgh, Alexander Heastie, Esq. surgeon, R. N. to Isabella, only daughter of the late Richard Baxter, Esq. of Demerara, and grand-daughter of Andrew Macfarlane, Esq. late of Jamaica.—22. At Ramsay Lodge, Laurieston, Mr James Sanson, merchant in Edinburgh, to Mary, eldest daughter of William Laing, Esq.—23. At Edinburgh, Mr John Drysdale, shipmaster, Kincardine, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr Andrew Anderson, merchant there.—26. Mr John Laing, merchant, Glasgow, to Jean, only daughter of Andrew Monach, Esq. Mount Helen.—At Greta Green, Lieut. John George Green, of the Queen's Bays, to Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John William Alburt, Esq. of London, niece to Sir M. Lopez, Bart. M. P.—At Bath, Rear-Admiral Macnamara, to Mrs Charleton,

widow of the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Charleton.—The Baron Etienne de Pully, to Miss Elizabeth Martin of Sloane Street, London.—At Paris, Major F. Fuller, of the 59th regiment, to Emelia, second daughter of Lieut.-General F. Fuller.—28. Mr Joseph Wilkinson of Newcastle, to Miss Vernon Scougall, eldest daughter of Mr James Scougall, designer, Arthur Place, Edinburgh.—29. At Barnton-house, James Cunningham, Esq. of Balgownie, to Agnes, third daughter of the late George Ramsay of Barnton, Esq.

## DEATHS.

June 27. Near Ghazypoor, in Bengal, of a fever, Lieutenant Greenhill, 17th foot, in the 27th year of his age, second son of Charles Greenhill, Esq. of Fearn.

Aug. 13. At Madras, Lieutenant James G. Brunton, of the 25th light dragoons.

Lost, in the ship *Anne*, on entering the river Plate, on the night of the 17th September, Mr Francis Sommers, of the house of Sommers and Ewing, Rio de Janeiro, when all on board (consisting of five passengers, the captain, and crew) perished, except the chief mate, who, being dashed on shore by the violence of the gale, was not discovered till the third day after the shipwreck, when he was found by the natives in a very forlorn condition, with a broken leg, and otherwise much injured.

Oct. 25. At Savannah, Georgia, Mr James Smith, second son of Mr John Smith, Largo, Fife.

Jan. 1. Miss Isabella Blake, daughter of Sir Francis Blake, Bart. of Twisel Castle, Durham.—At Doonside, Captain James Robertson Crawford of Doonside, of his Majesty's 21st dragoons.—At his house, in Duke Street, St James's, Count Zenobio, in his 56th year. The count was descended from the first family in Europe among the noblesse, being not only a prince in the Venetian republic, but also a prince of the House of Austria. Count Zenobio was also the nephew of Emo, the late admiral of Venice; he was the owner of two of the finest palaces in the world, Emo and Zenobio.—At his father's house, Rosebank, Bonnington, in the 21st year of his age, Mr John Pitcairn Thomson, surgeon;—and at the same place, on the 26th, in the 25th year of his age, Mr Alexander Thomson, lieutenant in the Durham militia, sons of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, St James's Place chapel, Edinburgh.—Suddenly, aged 65, at the Friend's Meeting-house, Edinburgh, Joseph Atkinson of Manchester, a member of the Society of Friends.—2. At Aberdeen, Captain John Coutts, in the 73d year of his age.—At Bath, William Balderston, Esq. W. S.—3. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Marr, late piano-forte-maker.—At Southampton, Sir Richard Onslow, Bart. K. G. C. B. admiral of the red, and lieutenant-general of the royal marines. He

was the next father of the fleet to Earl St Vincent.—4. At his house in South Castle Street, Andrew Liddell, Esq. in the 74th year of his age.—At Cowes, the lady of James Macdonald, Esq. M. P.—At Woodhead, near Borrowstounness, Charles Addison, Esq.—At his house in the Canongate, Edinburgh, James Baillie, Esq. of Culterallers, aged 86.—5. At her house in Heriot Row, Edinburgh, Lady Hope, relict of Sir Archibald Hope of Craighall, Bart.—Mr Michael Morrison, modeller, Katharine Street, Edinburgh.—At Springfield, Mrs Isobel Ritchie, relict of James Anderson, cooper in Leith.—At Perth, after a short illness, Mr John Scott, one of the English teachers of that city.—6. At Prestonpans, Mrs Fergusson, wife of Mr James Fergusson, examiner of excise.—Mr John Grieve, Simon's Square, Edinburgh.—At Drochill Castle, Mrs Marion Tweedie, spouse of James Murray, Esq. of Craigend.—At his seat, Fitzwalters, Essex, Thomas Wright, Esq. of Henrietta Street, Covent-Garden, London, banker, aged 65.—At Greenock, Mrs Campbell, jun. of Strachurr, Argyllshire.—At Glasgow, Mr Richard Thomson, preacher of the gospel. He had the misfortune in infancy to lose his sight by the small-pox. Having shewn an early and very strong desire of knowledge, his parents were induced, notwithstanding the unhappy deprivation he had sustained, to place him in the school of the late Mr John Hall, and, owing to the progress he made under the tuition of that excellent teacher, to gratify him still farther by sending him to the high school, and, on the completion of the four years' course there, to the college. His brother and other friends who associated with him, employed much of their time in reading to him; and through their means, and by the exertion of his wonderful memory, he was able not only to perform the usual tasks prescribed in the course of a classical and philosophical education, but to make such proficiency in learning, as excited the astonishment of every one, and gained for him several premiums expressive of the high opinion entertained of his extraordinary talents. Having at length completed his theological studies, he applied to the presbytery of Glasgow for license to preach. It is a law of the church, passed at the time of Dr Blacklock, whose case was similar to Mr Thomson's, that presbyteries shall obtain the permission of the General Assembly before receiving a blind person upon trials for the ministry. Considering the matter apart from any particular instance, it was impossible not to hesitate upon the ground of general expediency about acceding to the application made to them. But there was only one sentiment among the members of the Glasgow presbytery as to the abilities and merits of the present applicant; all being agreed, that if ever the church were to grant the license requested,

Mr Thomson's was the case worthy of privilege. The presbytery received his application; and having transmitted a petition on his behalf to the assembly, and being allowed to proceed, they proposed to Mr Thomson the usual preliminary trials, through the whole of which he acquitted himself to the surprise and satisfaction of his examiners. He was licensed to preach accordingly, and was heard, by the crowded audiences whom the peculiarity of his situation attracted, with great interest and delight. He was spared by Providence, however, only for a short time, to discharge the duty on which he had so early set his heart, and to prepare himself for which he had patiently overcome so many difficulties. A cold, caught by him in the course of his professional exertions, settled itself down upon his lungs. He fell into a consumption, and, after having lingered for some months, the breaking of a blood-vessel at length hastened his dissolution. The talents and dispositions of this uncommon young man were worthy of high admiration and esteem. Notwithstanding the obstacles that opposed his acquisition of knowledge, obstacles which, to others who are more happily situated, appear almost insuperable, his progress in his studies was rapid, and his acquirements were great. His acquaintance with the principles of his own language, and of the learned tongues, was accurate. His knowledge of philosophy was intimate. His information in history, theology, and general literature, was extensive, varied, and well arranged. His memory, as will be supposed, in making such acquisitions, was quick and retentive, and the soundness of his judgment, at the same time, equal to the excellence of his memory. His powers of conversation rendered him an instructive, and his amiable and cheerful disposition a pleasing, companion. Above all, there was added to his other endowments a pure and humble piety, a love of religion that was, at once, ardent and rational. He uniformly lived under the influence of that gospel which it had been his early ambition to preach, and he died peaceful in the faith of its blessed and glorious prospects.—7. At the very advanced age of 100 years, Mr Eldred, page to the king. His first master was George II.—At Leith, Mr Jonathan Donaldson, of the exchange hotel.—After a short illness, at Dublin, William Burton, Esq. of Burton Hall, county of Carlow. He for many years represented that county in parliament.—8. At his house, Bath Street, Mr John Walker, manufacturer, Glasgow.—At his house, 9, James's Place, Mr Stewart Benny, painter.—9. At Strathaven, in the 63d year of his age, and 32d of his ministry, the Rev. John Kirkwood, minister of the Relief Congregation there.—10. At his house, Royal Crescent, Bath, John Robertson, Esq. late of Chesterhall.—At his house in Mansfield Street, London, General Sir John Floyd, Bart.

colonel of the 8th light dragoons, and governor of Gravesend and Tilbury forts.—At Forge Lodge, Dumfries-shire, William Henry, the infant son of Pulteney Mein, Esq.—At Edinburgh, Thomas Allan, Esq. of Linkfield, Westbarns, in his 45th year.—11. At London, after a few hours' illness, Harriet Jane Leslie Melville, eldest child of the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville.—At Edinburgh, in his 88th year, Mr James Miller, glover in Edinburgh. During the whole period of his long and active life, having carried on business for upwards of 60 years, he was eminently distinguished by unremitting industry, uniform cheerfulness, benevolence, and public spirit; warm, unaffected, and practical piety. Indeed there has been, perhaps, no citizen of Edinburgh, whose virtues and amiableness of character obtained from all who knew him more heartfelt affection and esteem. Mr Miller had fifteen sons, four by a first marriage, now dead, and eleven by a second, of whom six survive him. By the blessing of God upon his unwearied exertions, in a business of very moderate extent, he had the satisfaction of rearing and educating his family in a creditable and liberal manner. He was the second time a widower, about 13 years before his death, and was able to attend to business for some time after he had reached his 80th year.—12. At her son's house in St John's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ballantyne, senior, relict of Mr John Ballantyne, merchant in Kelso.—At Castlecraig, Miss Janet Maitland Carmichael, third daughter of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart.—At the Royal College, Greenwich, Capt. William Gordon Rutherford, R. N.—13. At his lodgings in Park's land, north end of the Old Bridge, Glasgow, in the 53d year of his age, Edward Hazelrig, Esq. author of those popular papers, entitled "The Attic Stories."—At Banff, Mr William Wilson, merchant.—At Dunjop, in Galloway, Walter Paterson, Esq. of Dunjop.—At an advanced age, the Right Hon. George Rose, so long known to the political world, breathed his last at his seat at Cuffnel. He had for some months been in a very ill state of health, from which his advanced age afforded no reasonable hope of recovery. He was distinguished for his unwearied application to business, and for his extensive knowledge of detail, in which he was equalled by few; and by these qualities he rendered himself so useful, that he rose to some of the most lucrative and important offices in the state. He was treasurer of the navy, president of the board of trade, clerk of parliament, keeper of the records in the receipts side of the exchequer, one of the lords of his Majesty's privy council, and elder brother of the Trinity House, verderer of the New Forest, Hants, and member of parliament for the town of Christ Church. At an early period of his life, his arithmetical talents and extensive financial knowledge recom-

mended him to the particular attention of the Earl of Shelburne, (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne) who was then the first lord of the treasury, and he was soon after appointed one of the secretaries to the treasury, but resigned on the formation of the coalition administration of Lord North and Mr Fox. On the subsequent elevation to the premier-ship of his friend and patron, Mr Pitt, he was again appointed one of the secretaries to the treasury, and continued as senior in that situation for many years. On the retirement from office of Mr Pitt and his immediate political adherents, Mr Rose resigned his situation, and was shortly after sworn of his Majesty's privy council. He was subsequently, on the return of Mr Pitt to office, one of the paymasters-general of the forces; and on the retiring of the Fox administration from power, Mr Rose was appointed treasurer of the navy, which important office he held to the time of his death. Mr Rose was the son of the Rev. David Rose of Lethnet, in Scotland, by Margaret, daughter of Donald Rose of Westerlune, and descended by his father from the ancient family of Rose of Kilravoc, in the county of Nairn. He was born June 11, 1744, in the county of Brechin, but was educated in England from the early age of four years. He was therefore, at the time of his death, 73 years and a half old.—14. At Keith, Mr Alexander Forsyth, son of Mr John Forsyth, manufacturer there.—At Queensferry, Robt Cameron Henderson, aged 17 years, son of the Rev. John Henderson, minister of that parish.—At Carron-house, John Ogilvie of Gairdoch, Esq.—15. At Greenock, aged 64, Mrs Christian Alexander, widow of the Rev. John M'Queen, late preacher of the gospel. She has bequeathed £10 to the Greenock Infirmary, £10 to the Female Benevolent Society, £5 to the kirk session of the new parish, and £15 to three indigent persons.—At London, Mr Thomas Millar, late ensign 37th regiment.—At Edinburgh, Janet, eldest daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, Esq.—At Perth, the infant daughter of Capt. James Ross, of the honourable Company's ship *Carmarthen*.—At his house in South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, London, Alexander Brodie, Esq. father to the Marchioness of Huntly.—16. At Redgatchhead, near Annan, Mr John Graham, late of Howes, land-surveyor, aged 88.—At his house at Hammersmith, A. B. Turnbull, Esq. For about eight months previous to his illness, he edited *The Public Ledger*. He was conversant with most of the ancient and modern languages.—At Steuart Lodge, Fife, Miss Lindsay Steuart, second daughter of the late William Steuart Barclays Esq. of Cullarnie.—At Maxwellton, Mrs Euphemia Stewart, wife of Mr Zachariah Cowan, and daughter of William Stewart, Esq. of Shambelly.—17. At Old Windsor, the Right Hon. Lord Walsingham.—At

Rosebank, near Falkirk, James Henderson, Esq.—At Edinburgh, Donald Cameron, Esq.—At No 13, Charlotte Street, Dunbar Davidson, only child of the late Major George Davidson, of the 42d regiment, aged 14 years.—18. At Bloomsbury Square, London, Lieut.-Colonel Baynes, assistant-deputy-adjutant-general, royal artillery.—Mrs Pollock, South Bridge, relict of Mr James Pollock, Edinburgh.—At London, Mrs Lilly Liddell, spouse to Mr A. Hall of London.—19. At her son's house, Park Street, aged nearly 80, Mrs Mackay, relict of Mr John Mackay, in Clyth, Caithness.—At Annan, Mrs Agnes Irving, relict of Mr John Irving, farmer, aged 81.—At Dumfries, Miss Martha Hannah, daughter of Mr John Hannah, cabinet-maker there.—At Wigton, Dr Robt Couper.—20. At Edinburgh, Hugh Ross, Esq. of Kerse.—At Musselburgh, in the 26th year of his age, Captain James Stirling, late of the 42d regiment, son of Major-General Stirling.—21. At Leith, Mrs Magdalene Ferguson, relict of Francis Sharp, late comptroller of the customs there.—At Dumfries, Miss Henrietta Hope.—22. At Aberdeen, Mrs Ann Brown, spouse of Dr James Brown, physician there, and second daughter of the late Joseph Cumine of Auchry, Esq.—At Glasgow, Mrs Christian Cameron, wife of Henry Monteith, Esq.—At Kinloss, the Rev. John Hoyer, minister of that parish, in the 74th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry. A widow and family of nine children lament his death.—At the Water of Leith, Mr Alexander Stiven, aged 74, 52 of which he was brewer there.—At her house, Greenhead, Glasgow, in the 88th year of her age, Mrs Mary Campbell, widow of the Rev. George Lawrie, D. D. minister of Loudon, and daughter of the learned and celebrated Dr Archibald Campbell, late professor of divinity in the University of St Andrews.—At Fern Tower, Miss Esther Caroline Baird, second daughter of the late Major-general Joseph Baird, and niece to General Sir David Baird, Bart. G. C. B.—24. At his mother's house, Lawn-market, James Henderson, writer, late of Falkirk.—24. At Edinburgh, Robert Beatson, Esq. LL. D. late barrack-master at Aberdeen.—At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Murray, aged 72, eldest daughter of the deceased Mr James Murray, winemercant, head of Todrick Wynd.—At Craig, Robert Gordon, Esq. of Craig.—25. At Dumfries, Joseph, youngest son of the late Mr Joseph Broom, merchant.—At Edinburgh, Mr William Baillie, accountant to the British Linen Company.—At House of Hill, Mrs Isabella Hill, spouse of Mr Archibald Wilson.—At Edinburgh, Andrew Macfarlane, Esq. late of Jamaica, uncle of Lieutenant-general Sir Robert Macfarlane of Gartartan, K. C. B.—26. At Collpriest, in Devonshire, James, youngest

child of James Hay, Esq. of Collpriest.—27. At Gifford's Park, Edinburgh, in the bloom of youth, Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Daniel Macnaughton of the Excise.—At Bentley Priory, Stanmore, John James Hamilton, Marquis of Abercorn, K. G. &c. The fatal complaint existed in the stomach, said to be attended by an enlargement of the liver. The noble lord suffered much previous to his demise. The Marchioness and Lady Maria Hamilton, his daughter, were present. By the death of this nobleman the poor have sustained an incalculable loss. He was in his 64th year. His lordship had been thrice married. His first wife was Catharine, daughter of Sir J. Copley, by whom he had a son, James, the late Viscount Hamilton, who died leaving a son, born in 1811, now Viscount Hamilton. His second wife was Lady Cecil Hamilton, his marriage with whom was dissolved by act of parliament in 1798; and his third wife was Lady Anne Hatton, daughter of the Earl of Arran, who survives him.—29. At Edinburgh, after a short illness, in the 40th year of his age, Mr George Adamson, printer.

*Lately*—At the advanced age of 99, John Smith, who had been porter at the King's printing-house, London, for more than 60 years. He wore a cocked hat, according to the ancient costume, and enjoyed uninterrupted health almost to the time of his decease.—At Coventry, in his 87th year, Robert Simson, Esq. M. D. for more than half a century an eminent and highly respected physician in that city. He was son of Dr Thomas Simson, late professor of medicine and anatomy in the University of St Andrews, and nephew of the late Dr Robert Simson, the celebrated professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow.—At Hampton Court Palace, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Herbert, sister to the late Duke of Manchester.—At Cheltenham, Alexander Peterkin, Esq. of Chatham, in the island of Jamaica, and of Greshope, in the county of Moray.—At London, Lieut.-general William Souter Johnston. This officer was at the siege of Quebec in 1759, and distinguished himself in the memorable battle of Bunker's-hill, where he was severely wounded.—At Ormly, John Rose, Esq. sheriff-substitute of Caithness.—At Hastings, Sussex, H. Martelli, Esq. of Norfolk Street, London, whose eldest son, a boy of eleven years old, was, a short time since, left by his grandfather one hundred thousand pounds, to be placed to the best advantage until he attains the age of twenty-one.—Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Bart. D. C. L. for near half a century receiver-general of droits of Admiralty.—At Keil, Mr Alexander Stewart, late tacksman of Inshaig, in the 83d year of his age.—At her house, No. 45, North Frederick Street, Mrs Jane Walker.



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## EDINBURGH:

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SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE Review of Captain Tuckey's interesting Narrative shall appear in our next Number.

The Letter from Berkshire has been received by us as a very particular favour. The practice of which our friend disapproves, has not, we assure him, been adopted without considerable reflection, and now that it is fairly established, we feel unwilling to depart from it.—The Essays on Italian Literature, and particularly on the Modern Italian Drama, which he expresses so much anxiety to see, are in an advanced state of preparation, and shall make their appearance in the course of our next Volume. Any communications from our respected correspondent will be most acceptable.

"Cambria" is unavoidably deferred till next Number. We hope the promised communications from the same quarter may arrive in time to bear it company in our next.

The "Critique on Mr Yates" (the new actor), and the "Remarks suggested by the Dinner given in this City to Mr Kemble," have come too late for this Number.—Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to insert a regular account of the "Acted Drama in Edinburgh," nor do we know any person to whom we could more willingly intrust it than our correspondent. We agree with him in thinking that the present condition of our Scottish Theatricals reflects great discredit, not on our actors (for these are good, and would become much better were their exertions properly stimulated or rewarded), but upon the corrupt and effeminate taste of the public, who seem to have pretty nearly lost all relish for the rational amusements of the preceding generation.

The "Essay on Party Spirit" soon. Also the "Testimonia."

The Remarks on the Lyrical Poets of the Old Testament, if possible, in No XIV.

We hope the Author of the Account of the Kraken will pursue his interesting speculations.

We shall at all times be most happy to insert the communications of Y. whose abilities we highly respect, when they do not accidentally interfere (as in the case of his criticism on Dryden's Dramatic genius), with arrangements previously made with other correspondents.

"Answers to Queries on the Poor Laws, &c." in our next. This correspondent's communications shall always meet with attention.

Want of room prevents us from noticing, at present, the communications of a vast number of other correspondents.

A friend whom we permitted, for a different purpose, to have access to our Cabinet of Communications, has amused himself by drawing up the humorous "Notices" on the opposite page. We do not insert them, as he wished us to do, by way of serious answers to our correspondents; but merely because we wished our readers to partake in a *jeu d'esprit*, which afforded so much pleasure to ourselves. Subscribers can either drop or retain the pages as they please, when they send their sets to the binder.

## NOTICES.

CONTRIBUTORS to Blackwood's Magazine,  
Our honoured Correspondents one and all,  
Ye who in Blackwood's shop are never seen,  
And ye who once *per diem* use to call.

When thro' the following pages ye shall look,  
Some will seem grim among you, and some gay;  
Joyous the scribblers who have found a nook,  
Gruff those deferred till April or till May.

Necessity, quoth Horace, hath no legs!  
'Twould ruin Ebony to print the whole;  
The veiled Conductor your forbearance begs;  
We can't afford twelve sheets, upon our soul!

E., N., T. R., A. P., L., F., and H.,  
Each several man, we much approve thy article;  
We laugh'd at thine, friend S. (you wicked wretch!)  
But fear we dare not print a single particle.

Last month we ventured on some savoury bits,  
A few good things, exactly to your *gout*,  
They threw the prudish back-shop into fits,  
And made even *Cognoscenti* to look blue.

My lady swears she will no more take in  
A journal which such tinker-stories tells;  
And now the winter's o'er, the Magazine  
Can't walk *perdue* in muff of modest belles.

Therefore we henceforth purpose ne'er to swerve  
From the exactest and most nice *morale*;  
Even Constable's wise herd shall not preserve  
Such parlour-window ethics as we shall.

No—not that journal, most unlaughable  
Decorous, issuing from that lordly shop;  
Which gentle Bob, in vain attempts to sell,  
While in his trim boudoir blue stockings stop.

(Divine boudoir, and kind obliging Bobby!  
One moment on your charms we pause with joy;  
That back-shop is the Muse's airy lobby,  
And her most graceful usher, thou, my boy!

Let Musty Laing a pedant crowd convoke,  
'Mid the tall folios of his dungeon drear;  
Let shirtless students tolerate the smoke  
Of grim Carfrae's putrescent atmosphere;

Let prosing Gazetteer and smart Reviewer,  
In Constable's dark den their fingers cool;  
Let jocund Johnny's sale-room still secure  
The tea-pot buying, missal-gazing fool;

Let solemn Dominies to Skelly run,  
Let Theologians haunt the Bailie's still;  
Dim Antiquarians croak with Jamieson,  
And Dilettanti prate with Peter Hill.

But while the young, the beauteous, and the gay,  
In circles sit where much-lov'd Miller bows;  
*There* let us lounge the idler hours away,  
And chase the wrinkles from our critic brows.)

But to return—next month we mean to handle  
Thy yet unrifed treasures, *Peu-de-mots*,  
Nor shall we scruple, Beppo (*sink the scandal*)  
To analyze thine exquisite *morceau*.

Take care, Guiseppé, times are altered much,  
Since charming Fulci and thy Lafontaine;  
If the Suppression get thee in their clutch,  
Ne'er shalt thou sing Venetian Dames again.

Of all the blockheads that have sent us verse,  
Sure thou, Philemon, art the most obtuse,  
Of articles our Blackwood must be scarce,  
E'er we waste paper upon such a muse.

Tickler! thy letters, full of point and flame,  
May do some good to boys with inky fingers;  
Mysterious is the change from Hogg to Grahame  
Yet not behind our next the paper lingers.

We're glad to see that Hogg takes no offence  
At Timothy;—and why indeed should he?  
Genius is coupled well with manly sense;  
Kilmeny's Bard may bear all jokes with glee.

We'll soon insert the letter, dated "Humber,"  
But thee "Philander" we with scorn dismiss.  
"Juridicus" has sent us perfect lumber;  
"The Florist" does not suit a work like this.  
We much suspect, "Alpina," in last Number,  
Was written by a Master—not a Miss.

Best thanks and compliments to Dr Jarvie—  
We've two small questions, worthy buck, to ask ye:  
Will fewer personalities not serve you?  
Why do you always quiz our friends in Glasgow?

Good "Civis Glasguensis," we must beg ye  
To pay attention to our friendly hint,  
We can't insert your Life of John Carnegie,  
Unless he authorises us to print.

We much admire the genius and acumen,  
Y., of thine essays on the plays of Dryden;  
But H. M., all our English stage will do, man,  
Thou surely giv'st the Bard too sore a hiding.

Of pimpled Hazlitt's coxcomb lectures writing,  
Our friend with moderate pleasure we peruse.  
A. Z., when Kean's or Shakspear's praise in-  
diting,  
Seems to have caught the flame of either's muse.

Thanks to thee, Lauerwinkel, thanks Mein-herr,  
And thanks to thee, our young friend, who dost  
render him:

It seldom happens, that, when Britons err,  
Their German allies sapient counsel tender 'em.

Euphrastes, we declare, is in a phrenzy,  
We send him back his papers with our thanks,  
"Scots Worthies, Number One, Kincaid Mac-  
kenzie,"  
And Number Two, Sir John Marjoribanks.

Dear Cambrian friend! you've heard a genuine  
story,

The ancient Editors have lodged their summons  
'Gainst Blackwood (that devout and ill-used Tory);  
'Mong wits such measures certainly are rum ones.

Tho' thistles spring profuse on Scottish ground,  
And few, few roses lift their heads among 'em,  
Yet where the lovely stranger flowers are found,  
V. P. believe us, Scottish eyes don't wrong 'em.

We do request thee, MAKER, from our clay,  
To mould us men: we do solicit thee,  
From darkness to promote us into day,  
The prayer is bold.—Yet our Prometheus be!

A Berkshire Rector has been pleased to wonder  
Why we've dismissed the primitive arrangement,  
He hates, he says, from verse to prose to blunder,  
Our quick transitions seem to him *derangement*.

Begging our good friend's pardon, we prefer  
To mix the *dulce* with the *utile*,  
And think it has in fact a charming air  
Such different things in the same page to see.

To Correspondents.

À sonnet there, a good grave essay here,  
Chalmers, Rob Roy, Divorce-law, the New Play,  
Next (our divan, amid their toils to cheer)  
Some squib upon our neighbours o'er the way.

We leave to Mr Constable's wise set,  
"Repository," "Notice Analytical,"  
And whomsoever such omissions fret,  
We must say we esteem him hypercritical.

The pompous airs of that exploded journal,  
We own do most immensely tickle us;  
We never saw, or Corporal or Colonel,  
Make of such little things so great a fuss.

Touches original they say they give one!  
Some patch from Hazlitt's lectures (see our notice  
of 'em,

Translations from French Journals, don't deceive one,

We hope themselves are sensible, how low 'tis  
of 'em.

Then comes some song from Albion's Anthology,  
Copied per favour of our good friend Sandy;  
Dry jokes by the great Author of Petralogy,  
And ballads to the tune of Jack-a-dandy.

In all the Magazines for twenty years  
The Old Bohemian Gypsy cuts a figure,  
And now the hag in Constable's appears,  
And sits by Maga's side in youthful vigour.

We mention this, because it was not fair,  
In D. from old wives tales this one to single,  
To send it to us for insertion here,  
And lest we smok'd him, to cheat Mr Pringle.

The old Scots Magazine was, in its time,  
A decent reputable plundering book;  
We don't think Cleghorn's prose, or Pringle's  
rhyme,

Will ever give the work a better look.

But if they really wish to make a stir,  
What hinders them from taking in James Graham?  
Malthus, Clieshbotham, Bentham can aver  
How great Helvidius heaped them all with  
shame.

Just here and there, in a few hundred years,  
If with keen eye the stream of time we scan,  
A Bacon, Newton, or James Graham, appears  
To renovate the intellect of man.

Illustrious youth, though envious dulness sneer  
At the bright radiance of thy rising day,  
Pursue thy heaven-decreed sublime career,  
Be not discouraged though thy works don't pay.

The midnight oil that wastes thy feeble body  
Trains and refreshes the immortal soul;  
Far wiser ink consume than whisky-toddy—  
A proof-sheet's better than a flowing bowl.

Printer, Compositor, Pressman, are quaking,  
And Oliver and Boyd themselves perplexed,  
With our learned paper on that monstrous Kraken,  
By the same hand the "Sea Snake" in our next.

The "Feræ" make sad work, but Dr Horn  
Maintains the thing's a sort of allegory.  
We burn'd to-day the "Sonnet to the Morn,"  
And likewise made short work of a "Long Story."

"Bess on Flirtation" is but sorry stuff,  
While Belles are beautiful, Beaux will be civil.  
"Satan Avaunt" is humorous enough;  
But we much fear, would vex our printers' devil.

We send our best respects to Dr Chiel,  
And thank him for his poem called "The Race."  
The doctor uses nimbly hand and heel.  
The "Weel-faur'd Hizzie" shall not want a place.

But this is nothing to the purpose—Q,  
Did you think we should not detect your humming?  
Why hear we not more frequently from you,  
D. I.? We hope Sir Thomas Craig is coming.

The "Necromancer" is no witch, we fear,  
And the "Young Lady" like an old one writes  
This Number of our Work completes the year,  
P. will observe. Pray where have prick'd "The  
Knights

Errant? They should not stop with Number  
ONE.

"T. C. on Shakspeare" doth himself surpass.  
B's correspondence we would wish to shun.  
The man who writes "On Baxter" is an ass.

Few things more sweetly vary civil life  
Than a barbarian savage tinkler tale.  
Our friend who on the Gypsies writes in Fife,  
We verily believe, promotes our sale.

From various quarters we have understood,  
A certain Baronet is waxing wroth,  
So we incline, ere long, to cool his blood,  
And give the Knight some salt unto his broth.

Fitted to give an Editor the vapours,  
Thine essay, "Crito," is, we frankly tell ye,  
Quite otherwise with three ingenious papers,  
Named "Rembrandt, Galileo, Machiavelli."

The last of these our present Number decks;  
Unto its author we are grateful debtors;  
Though things anonymous our tempers vex,  
On this occasion, thank ye, "MAN OF LETTERS."

"Bibliopola Londinensis," deem  
Not fudge the whole of these appalling rumours;  
A deep and bigot horror, it would seem,  
Some brethren have conceived 'gainst Blackwood's  
humours.

The most are sadly under one huge thumb—  
Even Pat, we hear, upon his last sale dinner,  
Tipped Bill a hint in private, not to come,  
The pious can't eat salt with such a sinner.

There are some things that do one good in hearing,  
Some jokes that should on no account be lost;  
What think ye of our Prince of Pisos, swearing  
That Blackwood should to Beelzebub be tost?

And why? O portent rare of matchless brass!  
For publishing "a parody profane."  
How think ye will his own offences pass?  
Does the Review a Christian air maintain?

Among those pamphlets stitched in blue and yellow,  
Should any searcher take the pains to peer,  
How easily could he prove, my worthy fellow,  
That all your wits against the Gospel sneer!

And now, in the old business style to stop,  
Next Number shall grace April's 20th day,  
By May the 1st they'll be in Baldwin's shop.

\* \* To Correspondents—Pray the postage pay.

## To the Publisher.

WERE I A KING, MY BLACKWOOD, I WOULD RAISE  
ON HIGH A PARIAN STATUE TO THY FAME,  
RIGHT AT DUNEDIN'S CROSS. THERE MEN SHOULD GAZE,  
AND WITH THEIR JUST AND HONOURABLE PRAISE  
SHOULD CONSECRATE THY MEMORABLE NAME.  
AND YET SUCH TOIL WERE VAIN. FOR IN THE PAGE  
OF THINE OWN MAGAZINE SHALL IT GO DOWN  
TO DISTANT GENERATIONS. MANY AN AGE,  
FAR IN THE WOMB OF TIME, THY BROWS SHALL CROWN  
WITH LEAVES OF DEATHLESS LAUREL. GAY AND SAGE,  
AND YOUNG AND OLD, AND MAID, AND MATRON HOAR,  
DO COUNT UPON THEIR FINGERS THROUGH THE LAND,  
AND WHEN THE TWENTIETH OF THE MOON'S AT HAND,  
●ONE BREATHLESS HUSH EXPECTANT REIGNS FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

James Hogg.



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XII.

MARCH 1818.

VOL. II.

REMARKS ON FRANKENSTEIN, OR THE  
MODERN PROMETHEUS; A NOVEL.\*

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me?—

*Paradise Lost.*

THIS is a novel, or more properly a romantic fiction, of a nature so peculiar, that we ought to describe the species before attempting any account of the individual production.

The first general division of works of fiction, into such as bound the events they narrate by the actual laws of nature, and such as, passing these limits, are managed by marvellous and supernatural machinery, is sufficiently obvious and decided. But the class of marvellous romances admits of several subdivisions. In the earlier productions of imagination, the poet or tale-teller does not, in his own opinion, transgress the laws of credibility, when he introduces into his narration the witches, goblins, and magicians, in the existence of which he himself, as well as his hearers, is a firm believer. This good faith, however, passes away, and works turning upon the marvellous are written and read merely on account of the exercise which they afford to the imagination of those who, like the poet Collins, love to riot in the luxuriance of oriental fiction, to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens. In this species of composition, the marvellous is itself the principal and most important object both to the author and reader.

To describe its effect upon the mind of the human personages engaged in its wonders, and dragged along by its machinery, is comparatively an inferior object. The hero and heroine, partakers of the supernatural character which belongs to their adventures, walk the maze of enchantment with a firm and undaunted step, and appear as much at their ease, amid the wonders around them, as the young fellow described by the Spectator, who was discovered taking a snuff with great composure in the midst of a stormy ocean, represented on the stage of the Opera.

A more philosophical and refined use of the supernatural in works of fiction, is proper to that class in which the laws of nature are represented as altered, not for the purpose of pampering the imagination with wonders, but in order to shew the probable effect which the supposed miracles would produce on those who witnessed them. In this case, the pleasure ordinarily derived from the marvellous incidents is secondary to that which we extract from observing how mortals like ourselves would be affected,

By scenes like these which, daring to depart  
From sober truth, are still to nature true.

Even in the description of his marvels, however, the author, who manages this style of composition with address, gives them an indirect importance with the reader, when he is able to describe, with nature and with truth, the effects which they are calculated to produce upon his dramatic personæ. It will be remembered, that the sapient Partridge was too wise to be terrified at the mere appearance of the ghost of Hamlet, whom he knew to be a man dressed up in pasteboard armour for the nonce: it was when he saw the "little man," as he called

\* Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus. 3 vols 12mo. 16s. 6d. Lackington and Co. London. 1818.

Garrick, so frightened, that a sympathetic horror took hold of him. Of this we shall presently produce some examples from the narrative before us. But success in this point is still subordinate to the author's principal object, which is less to produce an effect by means of the marvels of the narrations, than to open new trains and channels of thought, by placing men in supposed situations of an extraordinary and preternatural character, and then describing the mode of feeling and conduct which they are most likely to adopt.

To make more clear the distinction we have endeavoured to draw between the marvellous and the effects of the marvellous, considered as separate objects, we may briefly invite our readers to compare the common tale of Tom Thumb with Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag; one of the most childish fictions, with one which is pregnant with wit and satire, yet both turning upon the same assumed possibility of the existence of a pigmy among a race of giants. In the former case, when the imagination of the story-teller has exhausted itself in every species of hyperbole, in order to describe the diminutive size of his hero, the interest of the tale is at an end; but in the romance of the Dean of St Patrick's, the exquisite humour with which the natural consequences of so strange and unusual a situation is detailed, has a canvass on which to expand itself, as broad as the luxuriance even of the author's talents could desire. Gulliver stuck into a marrow bone, and Master Thomas Thumb's disastrous fall into the bowl of hasty-pudding, are, in the general outline, kindred incidents; but the jest is exhausted in the latter case, when the accident is told; whereas in the former, it lies not so much in the comparatively pigmy size which subjected Gulliver to such a ludicrous misfortune, as in the tone of grave and dignified feeling with which he resents the disgrace of the incident.

In the class of fictitious narrations to which we allude, the author opens a sort of account-current with the reader; drawing upon him, in the first place, for credit to that degree of the marvellous which he proposes to employ; and becoming virtually bound, in consequence of this indulgence, that his personages shall conduct themselves, in the extraordinary circum-

stances in which they are placed, according to the rules of probability, and the nature of the human heart. In this view, the *probable* is far from being laid out of sight even amid the wildest freaks of imagination; on the contrary, we grant the extraordinary postulates which the author demands as the foundation of his narrative, only on condition of his deducing the consequences with logical precision.

We have only to add, that this class of fiction has been sometimes applied to the purposes of political satire, and sometimes to the general illustration of the powers and workings of the human mind. Swift, Bergerac, and others, have employed it for the former purpose, and a good illustration of the latter is the well known Saint Leon of William Godwin. In this latter work, assuming the possibility of the transmutation of metals and of the *elixir vitæ*, the author has deduced, in the course of his narrative, the probable consequences of the possession of such secrets upon the fortunes and mind of him who might enjoy them. *Frankenstein* is a novel upon the same plan with Saint Leon; it is said to be written by Mr Percy Bysshe Shelley, who, if we are rightly informed, is son-in-law to Mr Godwin; and it is inscribed to that ingenious author.

In the preface, the author lays claim to rank his work among the class which we have endeavoured to describe.

“The event on which this fiction is founded has been supposed by Dr Darwin, and some of the physiological writers of Germany, as not of impossible occurrence. I shall not be supposed as according the remotest degree of serious faith to such an imagination; yet, in assuming it as the basis of a work of fancy, I have not considered myself as merely weaving a series of supernatural terrors. The event, on which the interest of the story depends, is exempt from the disadvantages of a mere tale of spectres or enchantment. It was recommended by the novelty of the situations which it develops; and, however impossible as a physical fact, affords a point of view to the imagination for the delineating of human passions more comprehensive and commanding than any which the ordinary relations of existing events can yield.

“I have thus endeavoured to preserve the truth of the elementary principles of human nature, while I have not scrupled to innovate upon their combinations. The *Iliad*, the tragic poetry of Greece,—Shakspeare, in the *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—and most especially Milton, in



*Paradise Lost*, conform to this rule; and the most humble novelist, who seeks to confer or receive amusement from his labours, may, without presumption, apply to prose fiction a license, or rather a rule, from the adoption of which so many exquisite combinations of human feeling have resulted in the highest specimens of poetry."

We shall, without farther preface, detail the particulars of the singular story, which is thus introduced.

A vessel, engaged in a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, having become embayed among the ice at a very high latitude, the crew, and particularly the captain or owner of the ship, are surprised at perceiving a gigantic form pass at some distance from them, on a car drawn by dogs, in a place where they conceived no mortal could exist. While they are speculating on this singular apparition, a thaw commences, and disengages them from their precarious situation. On the next morning they pick up, upon a floating fragment of the broken ice, a sledge like that they had before seen, with a human being in the act of perishing. He is with difficulty recalled to life, and proves to be a young man of the most amiable manners and extended acquirements, but, extenuated by fatigue, wrapped in dejection and gloom of the darkest kind. The captain of the ship, a gentleman whose ardent love of science had engaged him on an expedition so dangerous, becomes attached to the stranger, and at length extorts from him the wonderful tale of his misery, which he thus attains the means of preserving from oblivion.

Frankenstein describes himself as a native of Geneva, born and bred up in the bosom of domestic love and affection. His father—his friend Henry Clerval—Elizabeth, an orphan of extreme beauty and talent, bred up in the same house with him, are possessed of all the qualifications which could render him happy as a son, a friend, and a lover. In the course of his studies he becomes acquainted with the works of Cornelius Agrippa, and other authors treating of occult philosophy, on whose venerable tomes modern neglect has scattered no slight portion of dust. Frankenstein remains ignorant of the contempt in which his favourites are held, until he is separated from his family to pursue his studies at the university of Ingolstadt. Here he is introduced to the wonders

of modern chemistry, as well as of natural philosophy, in all its branches. Prosecuting these sciences into their innermost and most abstruse recesses, with unusual talent and unexampled success, he at length makes that discovery on which the marvellous part of the work is grounded. His attention had been especially bound to the structure of the human frame and of the principle of life. He engaged in physiological researches of the most recondite and abstruse nature, searching among charnel vaults and in dissection-rooms, and the objects most insupportable to the delicacy of human feelings, in order to trace the minute chain of causation which takes place in the change from life to death, and from death to life. In the midst of this darkness a light broke in upon him.

"Remember," says his narrative, "I am not recording the vision of a madman. The sun does not more certainly shine in the heavens than that which I now affirm is true. Some miracle might have produced it, yet the stages of the discovery were distinct and probable. After days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more, I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter."

This wonderful discovery impelled Frankenstein to avail himself of his art, by the creation (if we dare to call it so) or formation of a living and sentient being. As the minuteness of the parts formed a great difficulty, he constructed the figure which he proposed to animate of a gigantic size, that is, about eight feet high, and strong and large in proportion. The feverish anxiety with which the young philosopher toils through the horrors of his secret task, now dabbling among the unhallowed reliques of the grave, and now torturing the living animal to animate the lifeless clay, are described generally, but with great vigour of language. Although supported by the hope of producing a new species that should bless him as his creator and source, he nearly sinks under the protracted labour, and loathsome details, of the work he had undertaken; and scarcely is his fatal enthusiasm sufficient to support his nerves, or animate his resolution. The result of this extraordinary discovery it would be unjust to give in any words save those of the author. We shall give it at length, as an excellent specimen of the style and manner of the work.

"It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

"How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful!—Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set—his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

"The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed; when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did

not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the court-yard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

"Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

"I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly, that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others, I nearly sank to the ground, through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror, I felt the bitterness of disappointment: dreams, that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space, were now become a hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

"Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered, to my sleepless and aching eyes, the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court, which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although wetted by the rain, which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

"I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavouring, by bodily exercise, to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear; and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me: 'Like one who, on a lonely road,

Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And, having once turn'd round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread\*."

He is relieved by the arrival of the diligence from Geneva, out of which jumps his friend Henry Clerval, who had come to spend a season at the college. Compelled to carry Clerval to his lodgings, which, he supposed, must still contain the prodigious and hideous specimen of his Promethean art, his

\* Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

feelings are again admirably described, allowing always for the extraordinary cause supposed to give them birth.

“ I trembled excessively ; I could not endure to think of, and far less to allude to, the occurrences of the preceding night. I walked with a quick pace, and we soon arrived at my college. I then reflected, and the thought made me shiver, that the creature whom I had left in my apartment might still be there, alive, and walking about. I dreaded to behold this monster ; but I feared still more that Henry should see him. Entreating him, therefore, to remain a few minutes at the bottom of the stairs, I darted up towards my own room. My hand was already on the lock of the door before I recollected myself. I then paused ; and a cold shivering came over me. I threw the door forcibly open, as children are accustomed to do when they expect a spectre to stand in waiting for them on the other side ; but nothing appeared. I stepped fearfully in : the apartment was empty ; and my bed-room was also freed from its hideous guest. I could hardly believe that so great a good fortune could have befallen me ; but when I became assured that my enemy had indeed fled, I clapped my hands for joy, and ran down to Clerval.”

The animated monster is heard of no more for a season. Frankenstein pays the penalty of his rash researches into the *arcana* of human nature, in a long illness, after which the two friends prosecute their studies for two years in uninterrupted quiet. Frankenstein, as may be supposed, abstaining, with a sort of abhorrence, from those in which he had once so greatly delighted. At the lapse of this period, he is made acquainted with a dreadful misfortune which has befallen his family, by the violent death of his youngest brother, an interesting child, who, while straying from his keeper, had been murdered by some villain in the walks of Plainpalais. The marks of strangling were distinct on the neck of the unfortunate infant, and a gold ornament which it wore, and which was amissing, was supposed to have been the murderer's motive for perpetrating the crime.

At this dismal intelligence, Frankenstein flies to Geneva, and impelled by fraternal affection, visits the spot where this horrid accident had happened. In the midst of a thunder-storm, with which the evening had closed, and just as he had attained the fatal spot on which Victor had been murdered, a flash of lightning displays to him the hideous demon to which he had given life, gliding towards a neigh-

bouring precipice. Another flash shews him hanging among the cliffs, up which he scrambles with far more than mortal agility, and is seen no more. The inference, that this being was the murderer of his brother, flashed on Frankenstein's mind as irresistibly as the lightning itself, and he was tempted to consider the creature whom he had cast among mankind to work, it would seem, acts of horror and depravity, nearly in the light of his own vampire let loose from the grave, and destined to destroy all that was dear to him.

Frankenstein was right in his apprehensions. Justine, the maid to whom the youthful Victor had been intrusted, is found to be in possession of the golden trinket which had been taken from the child's person ; and, by a variety of combining circumstances of combined evidence, she is concluded to be the murderess, and as such condemned to death, and executed. It does not appear that Frankenstein attempted to avert her fate, by communicating his horrible secret ; but, indeed, who would have given him credit, or in what manner could he have supported his tale ?

In a solitary expedition to the top of Mount Aveyron, undertaken to dispel the melancholy which clouded his mind, Frankenstein unexpectedly meets with the monster he had animated, who compels him to a conference and a parley. The material demon gives an account, at great length, of his history since his animation, of the mode in which he acquired various points of knowledge, and of the disasters which befell him, when, full of benevolence and philanthropy, he endeavoured to introduce himself into human society. The most material part of his education was acquired in a ruinous pig-stye—a Lyceum which this strange student occupied, he assures us, for a good many months undiscovered, and in constant observance of the motions of an amiable family, from imitating whom, he learns the use of language, and other accomplishments, much more successfully than Caliban, though the latter had a conjuror to his tutor. This detail is not only highly improbable, but it is injudicious, as its unnecessary minuteness tends rather too much to familiarize us with the being whom it regards, and who loses, by this *lengthy* oration, some part of the mysterious sublimity

annexed to his first appearance. The result is, this monster, who was at first, according to his own account, but a harmless monster, becomes ferocious and malignant, in consequence of finding all his approaches to human society repelled with injurious violence and offensive marks of disgust. Some papers concealed in his dress, acquainted him with the circumstances and person to whom he owed his origin; and the hate which he felt towards the whole human race was now concentrated in resentment against Frankenstein. In this humour he murdered the child, and disposed the picture so as to induce a belief of Justine's guilt. The last is an inartificial circumstance: this indirect mode of mischief was not likely to occur to the being the narrative presents to us. The conclusion of this strange narrative is, a peremptory demand on the part of the demon, as he is usually termed, that Frankenstein should renew his fearful experiment, and create for him an helpmate hideous as himself, who should have no pretence for shunning his society. On this condition he promises to withdraw to some distant desert, and shun the human race for ever. If his creator shall refuse him this consolation, he vows the prosecution of the most frightful vengeance. Frankenstein, after a long pause of reflection, imagines he sees that the justice due to the miserable being, as well as to mankind, who might be exposed to so much misery, from the power and evil dispositions of a creature who could climb perpendicular cliffs, and exist among glaciers, demanded that he should comply with the request; and granted his promise accordingly.

Frankenstein retreats to one of the distant islands of the Orcades, that in secrecy and solitude he might resume his detestable and ill-omened labours, which now were doubly hideous, since he was deprived of the enthusiasm with which he formerly prosecuted them. As he is sitting one night in his laboratory, and recollecting the consequences of his first essay in the Promethean art, he begins to hesitate concerning the right he had to form another being as malignant and blood-thirsty as that he had unfortunately already animated. It is evident, that he would thereby give the demon the means of propagating a hideous race, superior to mankind in strength

and hardihood, who might render the very existence of the present human race a condition precarious and full of terror. Just as these reflections lead him to the conclusion that his promise was criminal, and ought not to be kept, he looks up, and sees, by the light of the moon, the demon at the casement.

"A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfilment of my promise.

"As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and, with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew."

At a subsequent interview, described with the same wild energy, all treaty is broken off betwixt Frankenstein and the work of his hands, and they part on terms of open and declared hatred and defiance. Our limits do not allow us to trace in detail the progress of the demon's vengeance. Clerval falls its first victim, and under circumstances which had very nearly conducted the new Prometheus to the gallows as his supposed murderer. Elizabeth, his bride, is next strangled on her wedding-night; his father dies of grief; and at length Frankenstein, driven to despair and distraction, sees nothing left for him in life but vengeance on the singular cause of his misery. With this purpose he pursues the monster from clime to clime, receiving only such intimations of his being on the right scent, as served to shew that the demon delighted in thus protracting his fury and his sufferings. At length, after the flight and pursuit had terminated among the frost-fogs and icy islands of the northern ocean, and just when he had a glimpse of his adversary, the ground sea was heard, the ice gave way, and Frankenstein was placed in the perilous situation in which he is first introduced to the reader.

Exhausted by his sufferings, but still breathing vengeance against the being which was at once his creature and his persecutor, this unhappy victim to physiological discovery ex-

pires, just as the clearing away of the ice permits Captain Walton's vessel to hoist sail for their return to Britain. At midnight, the demon, who had been his destroyer, is discovered in the cabin, lamenting over the corpse of the person who gave him being. To Walton he attempts to justify his resentment towards the human race, while, at the same time, he acknowledges himself a wretch who had murdered the lovely and the helpless, and pursued to irremediable ruin his creator, the select specimen of all that was worthy of love and admiration.

"Fear not," he continues, addressing the astonished Walton, "that I shall be the instrument of future mischief. My work is nearly complete. Neither yours nor any man's death is needed to consummate the series of my being, and accomplish that which must be done; but it requires my own. Do not think that I shall be slow to perform this sacrifice. I shall quit your vessel on the ice-raft which brought me hither, and shall seek the most northern extremity of the globe; I shall collect my funeral pile, and consume to ashes this miserable frame, that its remains may afford no light to any curious and unhallowed wretch, who would create such another as I have been.—"

"He sprung from the cabin-window, as he said this, upon the ice-raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves, and lost in darkness and distance."

Whether this singular being executed his purpose or not must necessarily remain an uncertainty, unless the voyage of discovery to the north pole should throw any light on the subject.

So concludes this extraordinary tale, in which the author seems to us to disclose uncommon powers of poetic imagination. The feeling with which we perused the unexpected and fearful, yet, allowing the possibility of the event, very natural conclusion of Frankenstein's experiment, shook a little even our firm nerves; although such, and so numerous have been the expedients for exciting terror employed by the romantic writers of the age, that the reader may adopt Macbeth's words with a slight alteration:

"We have supp'd full with horrors:  
Direness, familiar to our "callous" thoughts,  
Cannot once startle us."

It is no slight merit in our eyes, that the tale, though wild in incident, is written in plain and forcible English, without exhibiting that mixture of hyperbolical Germanisms with which

tales of wonder are usually told, as if it were necessary that the language should be as extravagant as the fiction. The ideas of the author are always clearly as well as forcibly expressed; and his descriptions of landscape have in them the choice requisites of truth, freshness, precision, and beauty. The self-education of the monster, considering the slender opportunities of acquiring knowledge that he possessed, we have already noticed as improbable and overstrained. That he should have not only learned to speak, but to read, and, for aught we know, to write—that he should have become acquainted with Werter, with Plutarch's Lives, and with Paradise Lost, by listening through a hole in a wall, seems as unlikely as that he should have acquired, in the same way, the problems of Euclid, or the art of book-keeping by single and double entry. The author has however two apologies—the first, the necessity that his monster should acquire those endowments, and the other, that his neighbours were engaged in teaching the language of the country to a young foreigner. His progress in self-knowledge, and the acquisition of information, is, after all, more wonderful than that of Hai Eben Yokhdan, or Automathes, or the hero of the little romance called The Child of Nature, one of which works might perhaps suggest the train of ideas followed by the author of Frankenstein. We should also be disposed, in support of the principles with which we set out, to question whether the monster, how tall, agile, and strong however, could have perpetrated so much mischief undiscovered; or passed through so many countries without being secured, either on account of his crimes, or for the benefit of some such speculator as Mr Polito, who would have been happy to have added to his museum so curious a specimen of natural history. But as we have consented to admit the leading incident of the work, perhaps some of our readers may be of opinion, that to stickle upon lesser improbabilities, is to incur the censure bestowed by the Scottish proverb on those who start at straws after swallowing *windlings*.

The following lines, which occur in the second volume, mark, we think, that the author possesses the same facility in expressing himself in verse as in prose.

We rest; a dream has power to poison sleep.

We rise; one wand'ring thought pollutes the day.

We feel, conceive, or reason; laugh, or weep,

Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away;

It is the same; for, be it joy or sorrow,

The path of its departure still is free.

Man's yesterday may ne'er belike his morrow;

Nought may endure but mutability!

Upon the whole, the work impresses us with a high idea of the author's original genius and happy power of expression. We shall be delighted to hear that he has aspired to the *paullo majora*; and, in the meantime, congratulate our readers upon a novel which excites new reflections and untried sources of emotion. If Gray's definition of Paradise, to lie on a couch, namely, and read new novels, come any thing near truth, no small praise is due to him, who, like the author of Frankenstein, has enlarged the sphere of that fascinating enjoyment.

#### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

ERE Margaret was three months old,  
Her Father laid her in the mould!  
Poor Babe! her fleeting visit here  
Was mark'd by many a sigh and tear,  
And sudden starts of unknown pain  
Oft seem'd to shake her little brain!  
Scarcely unto her ear was known  
A yearning Mother's gentle tone;  
She could not by her smiles repay  
The sleepless night, the anxious day;  
And yet, at times, her eyes would rest  
With Gladness on that Mother's breast,  
And sinking, with a murmur there,  
Like a hush'd stir of vernal air,  
We saw her little bosom move  
Blest by the genial fount of Love!

Gently the stroke of death did come,  
And sent her to a heavenly home;  
Ev'n like the wild harp's transient strain,  
She slept—and never woke again!  
And now, beneath her spotless shroud,  
Like a pale star behind a cloud,  
Or a young Flower that dies in May,  
Child'd by hoar-frost—the Baby lay.  
Ah, me! it was a sad delight,  
Through the dim stillness of the night,  
While grief the glimmering air possesseth,  
To mark her little bed of rest!  
The sweet Child bore no looks of death,  
She seem'd alive, though 'rest of breath;  
Her lips retained their sunny glow,  
But her cold cheek was pale as snow!  
While thus she lay, no painful trace  
Broke the fair silence of her face;  
But something like a smile did play  
Over the dead insensate clay,  
As if a happy dream had shed  
A halo round that guiltless head.

At morning light we took our way,  
To drop the dear Babe in the clay.  
No mourners might that corse attend,  
Save Father—Servant—Neighbour—Friend;  
For none but real weepers gave  
A blessing to mine Infant's grave.  
The vernal noon was soft and mild,  
Meet for the funeral of a child;  
Round the small grave the sunbeams stole,  
Pure as the Infant's sainted soul!  
And th' opening heavens appear'd to shed  
A loving lustre o'er the dead.  
The fair unfolding buds of Spring  
Sustain'd our quiet sorrowing;  
For wide o'er the rejoicing Earth  
Wild flowers were springing in their mirth,  
Of many a bright and heavenly die,  
Emblems of sinless Infancy.  
Oh! fairer, sweeter far than they,  
My Flower now dropt into the clay!  
Shut by the sod roof, smooth and even,  
Her blossoms from the dews of heaven!

When evening came, the silent hearth,  
Two nights before alive with mirth,  
With dim and languid lustre shone,  
As if it knew our Babe was gone.  
At once our spirits felt beguil'd  
Of grief—we spake not of our child—  
Yet every word we softly said,  
Told that our thoughts were with the dead.  
I look'd into the Mother's face,  
And a calm smile had taken place  
Of tears, by Jesu's self approved!  
Our only Child, so much beloved,  
Had left us for a cradle blest  
Beyond a mortal mother's breast.—  
We knew—we felt that God was kind—  
What awful bliss to be resigned!

And is our Home a silent cell  
Moved only by the passing-bell,  
That on that May-day morning clear  
All our kind Village wept to hear?  
No—it is filled from morn till night  
With smiles, shouts, dances of delight,  
And songs of nature's bursting glee,  
And wild Elves' mimic minstrelsy;  
And rosy cheeks are sparkling there,  
And orbs glide by of golden hair;  
And white arms wreathed in loving ring,  
While Innocence is dallying  
With that bright shape—her brother Joy!  
—Who gave them may again destroy—  
But dance along ye blythesome crew,  
And I will join the pastime too;  
For whether on Life's mystic Tree  
Fair Blossoms shine resplendently,  
Or one chill blast of passing air  
Hath swept its broken branches bare,  
The tempests blow—the sunbeams shine,  
Alike, from Mercy's awful Shrine.

Edinburgh.

N.

#### PEACE.

I COULD believe that sorrow ne'er sojourned  
Within the circle of these sunny hills.  
That this small Lake, beneath the morning  
light,

Now lying so serenely beautiful,  
Ne'er felt one passing storm, but on its breast  
Retained for aye the silent imagery  
Of those untroubled heavens.

How still yon Isle,  
Scarcely distinguished from its glimmering  
shadow

In the water pure as air! Yon little Flock,  
How snow-white lying on the pastoral mount,  
Basking in the sunshine. That lone Fisher-  
man,

Who draws his net so slowly to the shore,  
How calm an Image of secluded Life!  
While the boat moving with its twinkling oars,  
On its short voyage to yon verdant point,  
Fringed with wild birch-wood, leaves a shin-  
ing track,

Connecting by a pure and silvery line  
The quiet of both shores.

So deep the calm  
I hear the solitary Stock-dove's voice  
Moaning across the Lake, from the dark  
bosom

Of the old Pine Grove. Hark, the village clock  
Tolls soberly, and, 'mid the tufted Elms,  
Reveals the spire still pointing up to Heaven.  
I travel on unto the noisy City,  
And on this sunny bank mine hour of rest,  
Stream-like has murmured by—yet shall  
the music

Oft rise again—the Lake, Hills, Wood, and  
Grove,  
And that calm House of God. Sweet Vale,  
Farewell!

EREMUS.

Marischal College, Aberdeen.

## SONNET.

THE Lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand  
The little billows, hastening silently,  
Came sparkling on, in many a glad some band,  
Soon as they touched the shore, all doom'd  
to die!

I gazed upon them with a pensive eye.  
For on that dim and melancholy strand,  
I saw the image of Man's destiny.  
So hurry we, right onwards, thoughtlessly,  
Unto the coast of that Eternal Land!  
Where, like the worthless billows in their glee,  
The first faint touch unable to withstand,  
We melt at once into Eternity.  
O Thou who weigh'st the waters in thine hand,  
My awe-struck spirit puts her trust in Thee!

EREMUS.

Marischal College, Aberdeen.

## THE ROSES.

Inscribed to Miss T.

Two Roses, just culled, and yet glistening  
with dew,  
As fair as a garden e'er graced,

Were twined with the breast-knot and rib-  
band of blue,

That bound Anna's delicate waist.

The one, like the bosom it peered from, was  
white,

The other, in hue was the same  
As the cheek of the fair, when the gossip in  
spite

Hath blabbed out some favourite name.

I gazed on the roses, but quickly bethought  
Of an object more lovely to view:

But still as the fair one my truant eye caught,  
To the flowers, as a shield, it withdrew.

But Anna, half frowning, her blushing cheek  
fanned,

And strove from my glances to fly;  
As the sensitive plant shuns the touch of the  
hand,

Her modesty shrinks from the eye!

Yet quickly relenting, she said, looking kind,  
As she drew from her bosom the flowers:

A covetous eye speaks a covetous mind,  
So take them—the roses are yours.

Scarce pausing to thank her, I snatched  
them in haste;

And when to my lips they were pressed,  
I could number each blossom her breath  
had embraced,

So fragrant it seemed by the rest.

Yeu frowned, lovely maid! when I dared  
to avow,

That I coveted more than you named;  
And I fear, while you live, and are peerless  
as now,

For this fault I shall often be blamed!

But would you reform the offender you chide,  
O let him not covet in vain!

The earth holds no treasure he prizes beside,  
And he never would covet again!

Dumfriess.

M'D.

FURTHER ANECDOTES OF THE SHEP-  
HERD'S DOG.

Eltrieve-Lake, Feb. 22, 1818.

MR EDITOR,

IN a former Number of your Miscel-  
lany there appeared an affecting in-  
stance of the sagacity of a Shepherd's  
Dog, the truth of which I can well at-  
test, for the owner, John Hoy, was  
my mother's sister. He was all his life  
remarkable for breeding up his dogs to  
perform his commands with wonder-  
ful promptitude and exactness, especi-  
ally at a distance from him; and he  
kept always by the same breed. It may  
be necessary to remark here, that there  
is no species of animals so varied in  
their natures and propensities as the

shepherd's dog; and these propensities are preserved inviolate in the same breed from generation to generation. One kind will manage sheep about hand, about a bught, shedding, or fold, almost naturally; and those that excel most in this kind of service, are always the least tractable at a distance: others will gather sheep from the hills, or turn them this way and that way, as they are comanded, as far as they can hear their master's voice, or note the signals made by his hand, and yet can never be taught to command sheep close around him. Some excel again in a kind of social intercourse. They understand all that is said to them, or of them, in the family; and often a good deal that is said of sheep, and of other dogs, their comrades. One kind will bite the legs of cattle, and no species of correction or disapprobation will restrain them, or ever make them give it up; another kind bays at the heads of cattle, and neither precept nor example will ever induce them to attack a beast behind, or bite its legs.

My uncle Hoy's kind were held in estimation over the whole country, for their docility in what is termed *hirsels rinning*; that is, gathering sheep at a distance, but they were never very good at commanding sheep about hand. Often have I stood with astonishment at seeing him standing on the top of one hill, and *the Tub*, as he called an excellent snow-white bitch that he had, gathering all the sheep from another with great care and caution. I once saw her gathering the head of a hope, or glen, quite out of her master's sight, while all that she heard of him was now and then the echo of his voice or whistle from another hill; yet, from the direction of that echo, she gathered the sheep with perfect acuteness and punctuality.

I have often heard him tell another anecdote of *Nimble*, she of whom your Correspondent writes; that one drifty day in the *seventy-four*, after gathering the ewes of *Chapelhope*, he found that he wanted about an hundred of them. He again betook him to the heights, and sought for them the whole day without being able to find them, and began to suspect that they were covered over with snow in some ravine. Towards the evening it cleared up a little, and as a last resource, he sent away *Nimble*. She had found the

scent of them on the hill while her master was looking for them; but not having received orders to bring them, she had not the means of communicating the knowledge she possessed. But as soon as John gave her the gathering word, she went away, he said, like an arrow out of a bow, and in less than five minutes he beheld her at about a mile's distance, bringing them round a hill, called *The Middle*, cocking her tail behind them, and apparently very happy at having got the opportunity of terminating her master's disquietude with so much ease.

I once witnessed another very singular feat performed by a dog belonging to John Graham, late tenant in *Ashiesteel*. A neighbour came to his house after it was dark, and told him that he had lost a sheep on his farm, and that if he (Graham) did not secure her in the morning early, she would be lost, as he had brought her far. John said, he could not possibly get to the hill next morning, but if he would take him to the very spot where he lost the sheep, perhaps his dog *Chieftain* would find her that night. On that they went away with all expedition, lest the traces of the feet should cool; and I, then a boy, being in the house, went with them. The night was pitch dark, which had been the cause of the man losing his ewe; and at length he pointed out a place to John, by the side of the water, where he had lost her. "Chieftain, fetch that," said John; "bring her back, sir." The dog jumped around and around, and reared himself up on end, but not being able to see any thing, evidently misapprehended his master; on which John fell a cursing and swearing at the dog, calling him a great many blackguard names. He at last told the man, that he must point out the *very track* that the sheep went, otherwise he had no chance of recovering it. The man led him to a gray stone, and said, he was sure she took the brae within a yard of that. "Chieftain, come hither to my foot, you great numb'd whelp," said John. Chieftain came. John pointed with his finger to the ground, "Fetch that, I say, sir, you stupid idiot—bring that back away." The dog scented slowly about on the ground for some seconds, but soon began to mend his pace, and vanished in the darkness. "Bring her back away, you great calf," vociferated



John, with a voice of exultation, as the dog broke to the hill; and as all these good dogs perform their work in perfect silence, we neither saw nor heard any more for a long time. I think, if I remember right, we waited there about half an hour; during which time, all the conversation was about the small chance that the dog had to find the ewe; for it was agreed on all hands, that she must long ago have mixed with the rest of the sheep on the farm. How that was, no man will ever be able to decide. John, however, still persisted in waiting until his dog came back, either with the ewe or without her; and at last the trusty animal brought the individual lost sheep to our very feet, which the man took on his back, and went on his way rejoicing. I remember the dog was very warm, and hanging out his tongue—John called him all the ill names he could invent, which the other seemed to take in very good part. Such language seemed to be John's flattery to his dog. For my part, I went home fancying I had seen a miracle, little weeping that it was nothing to what I myself was to experience in the course of my pastoral life, from the sagacity of that faithful animal the shepherd's dog.

My dog was always my companion. I conversed with him the whole day—I shared every meal with him, and my plaid in the time of a shower; the consequence was, that I generally had the best dogs in all the country. The first remarkable one that I had was named Sirrah, he was beyond all comparison the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly unsocial temper—disdained all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master's commands and interests never will again be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time that I saw him a drover was leading him in a rope; he was hungry, and lean, and far from being a beautiful cur, for he was all over black, and had a grim face striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings, somewhere on the Border, and doubtless had used him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation, so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated the captive to myself. I believe there

never was a guinea so well laid out; at least, I am satisfied that I never laid out one to so good purpose. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every way deliberately, till he found out what I wanted him to do; and when once I made him to understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he very often astonished me; for, when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty. Were I to relate all his exploits, it would require a volume; I shall only mention one or two, to prove to you what kind of an animal he was.

I was a shepherd for ten years on the same farm, where I had always about 700 lambs put under my charge every year at weaning-time. As they were of the *short*, or *black-faced* breed, the breaking of them was a very ticklish and difficult task. I was obliged to watch them night and day for the first four days, during which time I had always a person to assist me. It happened one year, that just about midnight the lambs broke and came up the moor upon us, making a noise with their running louder than thunder. We got up, and waved our plaids, and shouted, in hopes to turn them, but we only made matters worse, for in a moment they were all round us, and by our exertions we cut them into three divisions; one of which ran north, another south, and those that came up between us straight up the moor to the westward. I called out, "Sirrah, my man, they're a' away;" the word, of all others, that set him most upon the alert; but owing to the darkness of the night, and blackness of the moor, I never saw him at all. As the division of the lambs that ran southward were going straight towards the fold, where they had been that day taken from their dams, I was afraid they would go there, and again mix with them; so I threw off part of my clothes, and pursued them, and by great personal exertion, and the help of another old dog that I had beside Sirrah, I

turned them, but in a few minutes afterward lost them altogether. I ran here and there, not knowing what to do, but always, at intervals, gave a loud whistle to Sirrah, to let him know that I was depending on him. By that whistling, the lad who was assisting found me out, but he likewise had lost all traces of the lambs whatsoever. I asked if he had never seen Sirrah. He said, he had not; but that after I left him a wing of the lambs had come round him with a swirl, and that he supposed Sirrah had then given them a turn, though he could not see him for the darkness. We both concluded, that whatever way the lambs ran at first, they would finally land at the fold where they left their mothers, and without delay we bent our course towards that; but when we came there, we found nothing of them, nor was there any kind of bleating to be heard, and discovered with vexation that we had come on a wrong track.

My companion then bent his course towards the farm of Glen on the north, and I ran away westward for several miles, along the wild track where the lambs had grazed while following their dams. We met after it was day, far up in a place called the Black Cleuch, but neither of us had been able to discover our lambs, nor any traces of them. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life! We had nothing for it but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs to him, and knew not what was become of one of them.

On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs, which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation, for it was about a mile and a half distant from the place where they first broke and scattered. But what was our astonishment, when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my com-

prehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the Forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can say farther is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning.

I remember another achievement of his which I admired still more, but which I cannot make an Edinburgh man so thoroughly to understand. I was sent to a place in Tweeddale, called Stanhope, to bring home a wild ewe that had strayed from home. The place lay at the distance of about fifteen miles, and my way to it was over steep hills, and athwart deep glens;—there was no path, and neither Sirrah nor I had ever travelled the road before. The ewe was brought in and put into a barn over night; and, after being frightened in this way, was set out to me in the morning to drive home by herself. She was as wild as a roe, and bounded away to the side of the mountain like one. I sent Sirrah on a circular rout wide before her, and let him know that he had the charge of her. When I left the people at the house, Mr Tweedie, the farmer, said to me, “Do you really suppose that you will drive that sheep over these hills, and out-through the midst of all the sheep in the country?” I said I would try to do it. “Then, let me tell you,” said he, “that you may as well try to travel to yon sun.” The man did not know that I was destined to do both the one and the other. Our way, as I said, lay all over wild hills; and through the middle of flocks of sheep. I seldom got a sight of the ewe, for she was sometimes a mile before me, sometimes two; but Sirrah kept her in command the whole way—never suffered her to mix with other sheep—nor, as far as I could judge, ever to deviate twenty yards from the track by which he and I went the day before. When we came over the great height towards Manor Water, Sirrah and his charge happened to cross it a little before me, and our way lying down hill for several miles, I lost all traces of them, but still held on my track. I came to two shepherd's houses, and asked if they had seen any thing of a black dog, with a branded face and a long tail, driving a

sheep? No; they had seen no such thing; and, besides, all their sheep, both above and below the houses, seemed to be unmoved. I had nothing for it but to hold on my way homeward; and at length, on the corner of a hill at the side of the water, I discovered my trusty coal-black friend sitting with his eye fixed intently on the burn below him, and sometimes giving a casual glance behind to see if I was coming:—he had the ewe standing there, safe and unhurt.

When I got her home, and set her at liberty among our own sheep, he took it highly amiss. I could scarcely prevail with him to let her go; and so dreadfully was he affronted that she should have been let go free after all his toil and trouble, that he would not come near me all the way to the house, nor yet taste any supper when we got there. I believed he wanted me to take her home and kill her.

He had one very laughable peculiarity, which often created disturbance about the house,—it was an outrageous ear for music. He never heard music, but he drew towards it; and he never drew towards it, but he joined in it with all his vigour. Many a good psalm, song, and tune, was he the cause of being spoiled; for when he set fairly to, at which he was not slack, the voices of all his coadjutors had no chance with his. It was customary with the worthy old farmer with whom I resided, to perform family worship evening and morning; and before he began, it was always necessary to drive Sirrah to the fields, and to close the door. If this was at any time forgot or neglected, the moment that the psalm was raised, he joined with all his zeal, and at such a rate, that he drowned the voices of the family before three lines could be sung. Nothing farther could be done till Sirrah was expelled. But then! when he got to the peat-stack knowe before the door, especially if he got a blow in going out, he *did* give his powers of voice full scope without mitigation, and even at that distance he was often a hard match for us all.

Some imagined that it was from a painful sensation that he did this. No such thing. Music was his delight: it always drew him towards it like a charm. I slept in the byre-loft—Sir-

rah in the hay-nook in a corner below. When sore fatigued, I sometimes retired to my bed before the hour of family worship. In such cases, whenever the psalm was raised in the kitchen, which was but a short distance, Sirrah left his lair; and laying his ear close to the bottom of the door to hear more distinctly, he growled a low note in accompaniment, till the sound expired; and then rose, shook his lugs, and returned to his hay-nook. Sacred music affected him most; but in either that or any slow tune, when the tones dwelt upon the key-note, they put him quite beside himself, his eyes had the gleam of madness in them; and he sometimes quitted singing, and literally fell to barking. All his race have the same qualities of voice and ear in a less or greater degree.

The most painful part of Sirrah's history yet remains; but, in memory of him, it must be set down. He grew old, and unable to do my work by himself. I had a son of his coming up that promised well, and was a greater favourite with me than ever the other was. The times were hard, and the keeping of them both was a tax upon my master which I did not like to impose, although he made no remonstrances. I was obliged to part with one of them; so I sold old Sirrah to a neighbouring shepherd for three guineas. He was accustomed, while I was smearing, or doing any work about the farm, to go with any of the family when I ordered him, and run at their bidding the same as at my own; but then, when he came home at night, a word of approbation from me was recompense sufficient, and he was ready next day to go with whomsoever I commanded him. Of course, when I sold him to this lad, he went away, when I ordered him, without any reluctance, and wrought for him all that day and the next as well as ever he did in his life. But when he found that he was abandoned by me, and doomed to be the slave of a stranger for whom he did not care, he would never again do another feasible turn for him in his life. The lad said that he run in among the sheep like a whelp, and seemed intent on doing him all the mischief he could. The consequence was, that he was obliged to part with him in a

short time ; but he had more honour than I had, for he took him to his father, and desired him to foster Sirrah, and be kind to him as long as he lived, *for the sake of what he had been* ; and this injunction the old man faithfully performed.

He came back to see me now and then for months after he went away, but afraid of the mortification of being driven from the farm-house, he never came there ; but knowing well the road that I took to the hill in the morning, he lay down near to that. When he saw me coming, he did not venture to come to me, but walked round the hill, keeping always about 200 yards' distance, and then returned to his new master again, satisfied for the time that there was no more shelter with his beloved old one for him. When I thought how easily one kind word would have attached him to me for life, and how grateful it would have been to my faithful old servant and friend, I could not help regretting my fortune that obliged us to separate. That unfeeling tax on the shepherd's dog, his only breadwinner, has been the cause of much pain in this respect. The parting with old Sirrah, after all that he had done for me, had such an effect on my heart, that I have never been able to forget it to this day ; the more I have considered his attachment and character, the more I have admired them ; and the resolution that he took up, and persisted in, of never doing a good turn for any other of my race, after the ingratitude that he had experienced from me, appears to me to have a kind of heroism and sublimity in it. I am, however, writing nothing but the plain simple truth, to which there are plenty of living witnesses. I then made a vow to myself, which I have religiously kept, and ever shall, never to sell another dog ; but that I may stand acquitted to you, sir, of all pecuniary motives, which indeed those who know me will scarcely suspect me of,—I must add, that when I saw how matters went, I never took a farthing of the stipulated price of old Sirrah.

I have Sirrah's race to this day ; and though none of them have ever equalled him as a sheep dog, yet they have far excelled him in all the estimable qualities of sociality and humour. The history of his son, the renowned

Hector, shall form the subject of another letter when I have leisure.

JAMES HOGG.

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BUCKHAVEN.

THE following queries are addressed to the author of the account of the gypsies of Fife, being suggested by the research and industry which he has displayed in collecting memorials of that vagrant race. They relate to a class of persons, who, distinguished for honest industry in a laborious and dangerous calling, have only this in common with the Egyptian tribes, that they are not originally natives of the country which they inhabit, and are supposed still to exhibit traces of a foreign origin. I mean the colony of fishermen (Danish, as has been presumed) settled in the village of Buckhaven in Fife, unless my memory deceives me, (for I have not at present leisure to verify the fact) by King James V., among other honourable attempts to introduce arts and civilization into his kingdom.

There is a foolish little book, called the History of Buckhaven, still, I believe, hawked about by pedlars, and well known to the curious students in stall pamphlets and penny histories, amongst whom I respectfully ask leave to enroll myself. It contains a series of idle jests and stories, like those fathered on the Wise Men of Gotham, tending chiefly to ridicule the good people of Buckhaven, for their alleged ignorance of all that is unconnected with their own maritime employment ; nor is it by any means devoid of a strain of low and coarse humour. Yet even this vituperative and injurious account of the honest fishers of Buckhaven and their wives, contains, or rather indicates, some peculiarities respecting them which irritate the curiosity of a local antiquary. In my copy of this respectable treatise, the title-page professes to give "the antiquities of their old dress, the bucky-boat with a flag of green-tree, with their dancing, Willie and his trusty rapier," &c. In this, however, as in too many cases of more importance, we may adopt the old caution, *fronti nulla fides* ; for little or nothing is said in the treatise itself of the matters thus formally announced in the title. It is

however stated, that the fishers still retain a dialect quite different from any other in Scotland, and, as the author expresses it, almost shift the letter H, and employ the letter O in its stead. I cannot however trace, in the examples he has given us of their conversation, any thing illustrative of this peculiarity, nor do I observe any very peculiar word, excepting the epithet *rollicouching*, with the derivation and meaning of which I am not acquainted, unless it be the same with *rollochin*, a word given in Dr Jamieson's Dictionary, as applicable to a frolicsome wench.

It might however be worth the while of your correspondent, to inquire whether this people have still any phrases or dialect peculiar to themselves, as indicative of a northern origin. The dance mentioned in the title-page of the penny chronicle of Buckhaven, and all mention of which is so culpably omitted in the body of the chronicle, (*tantamne rem tam negligenter!*) has often excited my curiosity. It is well known that the dances of the northern people were one of their favourite festive amusements, remains of which may be traced wherever the Scandinavian rovers acquired extensive settlements. The Pyrrhic dance of the Goths, performed with naked swords in the hands of the dancers, by pointing and uniting which they formed various figures, and particularly that of a hexagon or rose, are mentioned by Olaus Magnus, as well as their ring-dance, and other exercises of the same nature. The same dances are repeatedly noticed in the Northern Ballads, translated by Mr Robert Jamieson; and every thing serves to show that the exercise was a favourite amusement with the northmen.

In modern times we find traces of this custom. The author of the history of Whitby mentions the sword-dance, as practised by the modern Northumbrians, the direct descendants of the followers of Inguar and Hubba, the sons of Regnar Lodbrog. Like the Swedes, in the time of Olaus, one of the various combinations of the sword dance at Whitby consists in imitating the form of an elegant hexagon or rose, which rose is so firmly made, that one of the party holds it up above their heads while they are danc-

ing, without undoing it. The dance concludes with taking it to pieces, each man resuming his own sword.

In some of the remote Shetland islands the sword-dance is also still practised. But in general it is so little known, that, some few years since, a party of dancers from the Island of Papa came to Lerwick and represented it, as a public exhibition, with great applause. As described to me, there were eight persons on this occasion, seven of whom, supposed to represent the seven champions of Christendom, were supposed to perform their exercise for the amusement of the eighth, who represented a sovereign or potentate. Some rude couplets were recited (of which I could obtain no copy), and the dance was performed with evolutions similar to those I have described. Some of the performers were very old; and there is reason to believe this Pyrrhic dance will be soon altogether forgotten. I am desirous to know if any vestiges of it can yet be traced among the Fife fishermen; and, in general, whether they have any thing in the customs, traditions, or superstitions, differing from those of the inland people, and allied to the manners of Scandinavia.

I make no apology to your respectable correspondent for engaging him in a troublesome, and yet a trivial, research, upon such authority as the penny history of Buckhaven. The local antiquary of all others ought, in the zeal of his calling, to feel the force of what Spencer wrote and Burke quoted:—"Love esteems no office mean."—"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands."—The curious collector, who seeks for ancient reliques among the ruins of Rome, often pays for permission to *trench* or dig over some particular piece of ground, in hopes to discover some remnant of antiquity. Sometimes he gets only his labour, and the ridicule of having wasted it, to pay for his pains; sometimes he finds but old bricks and shattered pot-sherds; but sometimes, also, his toil is rewarded by a valuable medal, cameo, bronze, or statue. And upon the same principle, it is by investigatng and comparing popular customs, often trivial and foolish in themselves, that we often arrive at the means of establishing curious and material facts in history.

Edinburgh, 8th March.

## LETTER OF JAMES VI.

MR EDITOR,

THE original of the subjoined is among the papers of an old and loyal family in Ayrshire, whom I prevailed on to permit this communication. The letter seems an admirable companion to those Royal Epistles with which you have already favoured the public; \* but the comments that might be made on it are chiefly anticipated in your former Number.

L. H.

Glasgow, 2d March.

To our richt traist freind the Laird of Caldwell.

RICHT TRAIST FREIND,

WE greit you hertlie weill Having directit our other lres unto zou of befoir desyring zou according to the custome observit of auld be our maist nobill progenitours in sic caises to haif directit hither to the Queine our Bedfallow ane haiknay for transporting of the Ladies accompanying her Quhareupoun we vpoun zour stay haif tane occasioun to mervell Zit thinking to try forder the concept quhilk we haif of zour affectioun in furtherance of honorabill adois as ony wayis concerne ws We ar movit as of befoir to visie zou be thir prëtis Requeisting zou maist effectuaslie to deliver and direct hither with this berair ane haiknay to quhom we haif gevin our comission for the samyn effect In doing quhareof ze will do ws richt acceptabill pleasour to be rememberit in ony zour adois quhare we may gif zou pruif of our remembrance of zour guid weill accordinglie *Otherwise* vpon the informatioun we haif resaivit of sic as ze haif we will caus the reddiest ze haif be taine be our auctory and brocht in till ws Hoping rather ze will do zour dewtie benevolentlie Thus lukeing that our desire tending to the custome observit of auld in sic caises sall be satisfieit and the berair not return empty We comit zou to the protection of God From Hali-rudhous the fyrst day of October 1590.

(Signed) JAMES R.

## THE DAMPERS.

MR EDITOR,

I OBSERVED, in the last Number of your Magazine, an article on the sub-

ject of Damping, signed "An Old Fellow," and being perhaps the most veteran Damper in Edinburgh, having belonged to the society upwards of sixty years, I presume, in name of all the Dampers in and about town, no despicable array, to thank your correspondent for the very handsome manner in which he has been pleased to notice a fraternity, of which your readers will probably think I have not been an unworthy member, after they shall have perused the following narrative.

The first time I had the pleasure of plying as a Damper, was soon after the appearance of the tragedy of Douglas. The nation, I mean the Scottish nation, felt proud of the success of their *first*, may I call it their *first*? legitimate drama; and Mr Home's vanity as an author was not inconsiderable. By dividing the merits, it was evident that it would be decreased in a much greater ratio than a half, so I whispered that the real author, *mirabile dictu*, was no less a personage than John, Earl of Bute. The inuendo was eagerly listened to; and poor Home, shorn of his tragic beams, was doomed to suffer all the rage of presbyterian persecution, while the unconscious peer was clothed in his literary splendour. *Time*, however, a gentleman who has always been a bitter enemy to the results of Damping, has officiously interposed, and rendered my whispers inaudible to posterity.

My next appearance was some time after the appearance of Ossian's Poems. The people were still more proud of their ancient than they had been of their modern bard; and I exerted my energies in moderating their transport, until I was actually called the modern Zoilus. Recourse was again had to my former expedient of dividing the merits, and I most boldly contended, that many of the best poems were written by the editor, though I knew that he could as well have written the Iliad. By this proceeding, I took a great deal of merit from our Gaelic Homer, and conferred very little on M'Pherson; thereby keeping the vanity of the nation rather *under par*, if I may use a mercantile expression in a literary concern. On a later day I furnished a brother Damper with some of his most plausible objections to the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, inspiring him with a style at

\* See No IX.

once clear, classical, and altogether unrivalled, unless by the precious fragment of history consecrated to the posthumous fame of his great friend Mr Fox, by a most judicious kinsman.

Although the nation was plunged into the Slough of Despond in consequence of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army at York Town, yet many people were not a little proud of the commander, who, under a circumstance so depressing, could pen such elegant and interesting despatches. But as the misfortunes of the hero were likely to be lost in the contemplation of his other fine qualities, I contrived to insinuate that Captain Ross had written the letter so justly admired, although an officer who was aide-du-camp to the second in command (General O'Hara) informed me, that he was in Lord Cornwallis's tent, and not only saw his lordship write the letter *currente calamo*, but heard him read the greatest part of it in presence of the staff. "Evil may be done that good may come of it," is an established rule and doctrine of our order, and will doubtless place my conduct in this affair in its proper point of view.

When Rodney defeated De Grasse, I made it clear, that he had no merit in the business of the day, the principal share of glory being due to a worthy citizen of Edinburgh, and a small dividend to Sir Charles Douglas and Captain Young, who favoured his lordship with their advice on that memorable occasion. After the battle of Camperdown, I was equally alert in opining, that Lord Duncan knew no more of what was doing in the action, than if he had been walking in the area of George's Square, and that his merit extended no farther than fighting his own ship *like the devil*—a sort of infernal desert, of which I did not choose altogether to deprive him.

I shall pass over my manœuvres during the piping times of peace, and the first scenes of the war, though I cannot help claiming, by the way, some merit, as having done *mon possible* towards damping the ardour of our volunteers, and checking the inordinate pride of the nation, in their *apparent* zeal and loyalty, and shall dash at once into the Peninsular war, during which I was obliged to be a

very busy man, as Wellington had got into a way of committing so many lucky blunders, that he would have absolutely required a brace of seasoned Dampers for his *own particular*. First and last, he has cost me inconceivable trouble; and though "I say it who should not say it," THE TALENTS are more deeply indebted to me for some of their most sapient, though not wholly verified, observations on the progress and events of the Spanish war than they are willing to allow, for alas! the greatest men have their failings. The ingenuity was all my own, with which the Patriot made it appear, that the battle of Salamanca, instead of being a victory on the side of Lord Wellington, was in fact a defeat; and I have the pleasure of meeting with several most liberal and intelligent gentlemen in this *gude town*, who did most valiantly maintain that position, and I have no doubt they would do so still, were it not obviously unnecessary. But I know not how it happened, whenever I threw a wet blanket on one part, the flames burst out with double fury in another, till at length the conflagration terminated on the field of Waterloo. It is undeniable, however, that Wellington, poor devil, was surprised on that occasion—and if it had not been for Blucher!!—Besides, his lordship made a very poor figure in the affair of Marshal Ney, and has lately been—cast in a civil suit at Brussels. All these things, however, won't do,—the rogue seems to set damping at defiance; and even the episode of Lady W. W. has not availed to keep him in check.

It may be readily conjectured, that I was not an idle Damper during the *bullion business*. To sap the credit, and pull down the pride of the Bank of England, by depreciating the value of bank-notes, when there was almost no other circulating medium, thereby presenting to the nation the full cup of calamity, was an object too important to be neglected. I begin to think, however, that our reasoning was rather too theoretical, don't read *theatrical*, and perhaps was not *perfectly* understood even by the Lords Lauderdale and King, those mirrors of political economy. It would doubtless be superfluous, to expect that Noble Lords should *themselves* understand all that

they write on a subject so very dry. Indeed I consider it quite sufficient, and perhaps more than ought to be required, if they can render it intelligible to *others*. This way of writing is quite familiar to the Noble Earl, only his Lordship boldly goes the vole, as may be learned by reference to his "Inquiry on Public Wealth." But a vast deal of mischief has been *practically* done to the bullion cause by a parcel of ninnies, who persist, notwithstanding all my honest endeavours, in preferring a twenty-one-shilling-note to a golden guinea! To combat such perverse infatuation would be unavailing; and unless the novelty of the SOVEREIGNS now issuing shall create a diversion in our favour, I am fearful that even Mr Huskisson, in his new office of commissioner of woods, &c. &c., will not be able to consider, with perfect complacency, what he has formerly said and written concerning the predominant value of the precious metals over a Bank of England billet-doux.

Not considering the present moment *very* propitious for the exercise of public damping, notwithstanding the suspension of the habeas corpus, and the consequent enormities committed by the *suspension* of many innocent citizens, merely for walking about for their amusement, in London and in the country, and now and then committing murder and treason *pro bono publico*,—I mean to rest, as it were, on my oars. However, I have several matters in embryo, which may *tell* ere long—such as a much injured emper-  
 or, a banished princess, disputed succession to the crown, dragoons in Pall Mall, and grenadiers in white gaiters, &c. &c. But I must not discover all the secrets of my art, nor display the extent of my resources prematurely, thereby anticipating the speeches and motions of my patriot friends in parliament, whose stock of eloquence and argument, though great, will not, at the present eventful crisis, admit of any deduction. I shall therefore conclude this long letter, with the assurance that I am very much at your devotion, Mr Editor, on terms consistent with the purity of patriotism, whenever you shall stand in need of the sly services of one who has so long discharged, and, I may say, fulfilled, all the duties of

A DAMPER.

#### NARRATIVE OF A FATAL EVENT.

[The following melancholy relation has been sent us without a signature or reference. It is contrary to our general rule to insert any communication under such circumstances, but we are unwilling to give any additional pain, and besides, there is something in the querulous tone of it, that seems to plead for indulgence, &c. and we would be glad to have it in our power to "administer to a mind diseased."]

IF it could alleviate in the smallest degree the intense sufferings that have preyed upon my mind, and blasted my hope, during a period now of almost seven-and-thirty years, I would account the pain I may feel, during the time I am attempting to narrate the following occurrence, of no more consequence than the shower of sleet that drives in my face while I am walking home from the parish church to my parlour fire.

I already remarked, it is within a few months of being thirty-seven years since I left the university of Glasgow, in company with a young person of my own age, and from the same part of the country. I shall speak of him by the name of Campbell; it can interest few but myself now, to say that it is not his real name. We had been intimately acquainted for years before we came together to the college, and a predilection for the same studies, a strong bias for general literature, and more especially for those courses of inquiry which are the amusement rather than the task of minds given to the pursuit of knowledge, had, in the course of four swift years, bound us together in one of those friendships which young men are apt to persuade themselves can never possibly be dissolved, while no sooner are they separated for a time, than every event they meet with in the course of common life tends insensibly to obliterate this youthful union; as the summer showers so imperceptibly melt the wreath of snow upon the mountain, that the evening on which the last speck disappears passes unnoticed.

But our friendship was not destined to be subjected to this slow and wasting process: it was suddenly and fearfully broken off. It is now seven-and-thirty years, next June, since the



event I allude to; and I still flatter myself, that had I had the courage to have saved Campbell's life when probably it was in my power, our mutual regard would have suffered no diminution, wherever our future lots might have been cast.

The teachers of youth, in the university of the western capital of the kingdom, had fallen, about that time, into the great and presumptuous error of letting their pupils loose in a desert and boundless field, as if the truth could be found every where by searching the wilderness; and error was only to be stumbled upon by chance, and immediately detected and avoided. Wiser surely it had been to consider truth and error as at least equally obvious to the youthful mind, and therefore to rein in the minds of their pupils, and oblige them to conform to the safe and long established modes of reasoning and thinking.

One lamentable consequence of this presumptuous system was, the effect it had upon the young men of my own age, in arousing in our minds a disregard for the standards of our faith in religion; for instead of studying nature by the help of revelation, we reversed the order of induction, and, pretending to follow the works of the Deity as our principal guide, endeavoured to illustrate the revealed will of God by the analogy of nature. This may appear somewhat foreign to the subject, but a similar train of thought always mingles with my recollections, and it is not the least cause of my unceasing regret, that I should, in the pride and rashness of youthful enthusiasm, have encouraged Campbell, and even often led the way in these dangerous speculations. It was our last year at Principal \_\_\_\_\_'s\* class! and, alas! I have to endure the remembrance that my friend was snatched to a premature death, while he was yet an unbeliever in some of the most sublime mysteries of our holy faith.

As I said already, Campbell and I, after a winter of hard study, proposed to ourselves, and set out on, a journey of six weeks, in order to indulge our predilection for natural history, among the mountains and isles of the Highlands.

We had one morning ascended a high mountain in Knapdale. Many objects were either new to us or unobserved before, or we saw them under new views. Poor Campbell's spirits seemed to rise, and his mind to take wilder flights, in proportion as he looked to the barometer that he carried, and observed the sinking of the mercury. "This *Cannach*," said he, "that blooms here on the mountains of Scotland, unseen, save by the deer and the ptarmigan, is not it more delicately beautiful than the *gloriosa* of Siam, or the rose of Cashmere? and if, as philosophers assert, there is an analogy through all the works of nature, and the meaner animals proceed from the parent as slumbering embryos, and the more perfect are produced nearly as they afterwards exist—why do we meet here in this cold and stormy region with the *Festuca vivipara*, which has flowers and seeds in the warmer valleys below? Does this puny grass adapt its economy to its circumstances, and finding that the cold and the winds render its flowers abortive, does it resolve to continue its species by these buds and little plants, which it is observed to shake off when they can provide for themselves? These and similar speculations enlivened our botanical labours.

The day was calm, the sky resplendent, and a view of the sea and the islands, from the point of Cantyre, on the south to Tiree and Coll on the N. West (the most picturesque and singular portion of our native country), was pourtrayed on the expanse before us. The scene had its full effect upon the mind of my friend, fitted alike to concentrate itself upon the most minute, and expand itself to grasp the most magnificent, objects in nature; he had not been more charmed with the most diminutive plants than now, when he took a rapid review of the vast ocean, with all its mighty movements of tides and currents; of the joint and contending influence of the sun and moon; of the agency of a mass of matter, inert in itself, revolving at a distance, and with a velocity alike inconceivable, and even moving, as by a mysterious cord, the vast pivot around which it rolled; and of the progressive power of man, originally fixed below his tree, and comparatively ignorant, listless, and blind, who had formed unto himself

\* Last year of attendance on the course of Theology.

new senses, and new powers and instruments of thought, until he at last weighed the sun as in a balance, and seemed to have gained a view of the infinitude of space, and was lost in the fearful extent of his own discoveries.

We descended towards the shore of what is called the Sound of Jura, through many a dell and bosky wood, sometimes loitering as we stopped to examine the objects of our study—sometimes gayly walking over the barren moor.

The sea-shore presented us with a new field of inquiry, and a new class of objects; many curious and beautiful species of *fuci* grow on these shores, and of several of the smaller and finer kinds we were enabled to acquire specimens, with the view of enriching our common herbarium. "On the summit of Knockmordhu," said Campbell, "we were talking of the wonderful adaptation of plants, but is there not something in the economy of these algæ, that shews a wise and intelligent provision, as clearly as does the conformation of any part of the human body? How comes it that the invisible seed of the lichens should be of the same specific weight, or lighter than the air, so that the most precipitous rock that the wind blows upon is furnished with them in abundance? And their sister tribe, these *fuci*, that thrive only within reach of the wave, the seeds of these are almost equally minute, that they too may be fitted to lodge in the asperities of the rock, and they are of the same weight of the sea water, and float about in it continually; so that every dash of the spray is full of them, and they fix upon every fragment that is detached from the cliff."

As the ebbing tide began to discover to us the black side of the rocky islets, we procured a boat at a small hamlet that overhung a little bay, and went on a mimic voyage of discovery. While we returned again to the main land, the warmth of the day, and the beautiful transparency of the water, which, as the whole extent of the west coast is rocky shore, is highly remarkable, tempted Campbell to propose that we should amuse ourselves with swimming. Owing to a horror I had acquired when a boy, from an exaggerated description of the danger of the

convulsive grasp of a person drowning, or *dead grip* as it is called, I always felt an involuntary repugnance to practise this exercise in company with others. However, we now indulged in it so long, that I began to feel tired, and was swimming towards the rocky shore, which was at no great distance. Campbell, who had now forgot his philosophical reveries, in the pleasure of a varied and refreshing amusement, was sporting in all the gayety of exuberant spirits, when I heard a sudden cry of fear. I turned, and saw him struggling violently, as if in the act of sinking. I immediately swam towards him. He had been seized with cramp, which suspends all power of regular exertion, while at the same time it commonly deprives its victim of presence of mind; and as poor Campbell alternately sunk and rose, his wild looks as I approached him, and convulsed cries for assistance, struck me with a sudden and involuntary panic, and I hesitated to grasp the extended hand of my drowning friend. After a moment's struggle he sunk, exclaiming, My God! with a look at me of such an expression, that it has ten thousand times driven me to wish my memory was a blank. A dreadful alarm now struck my heart, like the stab of a dagger, and with almost a similar sensation of pain; I rushed to the place where he disappeared, the boiling of the water, caused by his descending body, prevented a distinct view, but on looking down, I thought I saw three or four corpses, struggling with each other, while, at the same moment, I heard a loud and melancholy cry from the bushes on the steep bank that overhung the shore. As the boiling of the water settled, I was partly relieved from extreme horror; but I had the misery to see Campbell again; for the water was as clear as the air. He stood upright at the bottom among the large sea-weeds—he even reached up his arms and exerted himself, as if endeavouring fruitlessly to climb to the surface. I looked in despair towards the shore, and all around. The feeling of hopeless loneliness was dreadful. I again distinctly heard the same melancholy cry. A superstitious dread came over me as before, for a few seconds; but I observed an old gray goat, which had advanced to the jutting point of a rock; he had perhaps been alarmed from the unusual appearance in the sea below,

and was bleating for his companions. I now recollected the boat, and swam exhausted to the shore, while every moment I imagined I saw before me the extended hand of my friend which I should never more grasp. I rowed back more than half distracted. The water, when Campbell had sunk, was between twelve and fourteen feet deep, and, as I said before, remarkably transparent. Some people are capable of sustaining life under water far longer than others, and poor Campbell was of an extremely vigorous constitution. I saw him again more distinctly, and his appearance was in the utmost degree affecting. He seemed to be yet alive, for he sat upright, and grasped with one hand the stem of a large tangle; the broad frond of which waved sometimes over him as it was moved by the tide, while he moved convulsively his other arm and one of his legs.\* I remember well, I cried out in agony, O if I had a rope! With great exertion, and by leaning over the boat with my arm and face under water, I tried to arouse his attention, by touching his hands with the oar. I was convinced that, had there been length of rope in the boat, I could have saved him. He evidently was not quite insensible, for upon repeatedly touching his hand, he let go his hold of the angle, and after feebly and ineffectually grasping at the oar, I saw him once more stretch up his hand, as if conscious that some person was endeavouring to assist him. He then fell slowly on his back, and lay calm, and still, among the sea weed.

Unconnected ravings, and frantic cries, could alone express the unsufferable anguish I endured.—His stretched out hand!—I often, often see it still! yet it is nearly thirty-seven years ago. But the heart that would not save his friend, that saw him about to perish, yet kept aloof in his last extremity, perhaps deserves that suffering which time seems rather to increase than alleviate.

It is in vain that I reason with myself,—that I say, “all this is too true,—I hesitated to save him,—I kept aloof from him,—I answered not his

last cry for help,—I refused his outstretched hand, and saw him engulfed in the cruel waters,—but yet surely this did not spring from selfish or considerate care for my own safety. Before and since I have hazarded my life, with alertness and enthusiasm, to rescue others,—no cold calculating prudence kept me back; it was an instinctive and involuntary impulse, originating from a strong early impression, and on finding myself suddenly placed in circumstances which had been long dreaded in imagination!

But all this reasoning avails nothing. I still recollect the inestimable endowments and amiable disposition of my early and only friend,—memory still dwells upon our taking leave of the city,—our passage of the Clyde,—our researches and walks in the woodlands and sequestered glens of Cowal,—our moonlight sail on Lochfine,—our ascent of the mountain,—the splendid view of the sea and islands,—and our conversation on the summit,—the first cry of alarm,—the out-stretched hand and upbraiding look,—the appearance of the sinking body,—the bleating of the goat,—my friend's dying efforts among the sea-weed!

It is nearly seven and thirty years now; yet, day or night, I may almost say, a waking hour has not passed in which I have not felt part of the suffering that I witnessed convulsing the body of my poor friend, under the agonies of a strangely protracted death. Why then, will the reader say, does the writer of this melancholy story now communicate his miseries to the public? This natural question I will endeavour to answer. The body of Campbell was found, but the distracting particulars of his fate were unknown. They were treasured in my own bosom with the same secrecy with which a catholic bigot conceals the *discipline*, or whip of wire, which, in execution of his private penance, is so often dyed in his blood. I avoided every allusion to the subject, when the ordinary general inquiries had been answered, and it was too painful a subject for any one to press upon me for particulars. It was soon forgotten by all but me; and a long period has passed away, if not of secret guilt, at least of secret remorse. Accident led me, about a month since, to disclose the painful state of my mind to a friend in my neighbourhood, who

\* This appearance might arise from the refraction of the agitated water, as well as from the excited imagination of the narrator.

pretends to some philosophy and knowledge of the human heart. I hardly knew how I was surprised into the communication of feelings which I had kept so long secret. The discourse happened to turn upon such moods of the mind as that under which I have suffered. I was forced into my narrative almost involuntarily, and might apply to myself the well-known lines :

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a strange agony,  
Which forc'd me to begin my tale,  
And then it left me free.

My friend listened to the detail of my feelings with much sympathy. "I do not," he said, when my horrid narrative was closed, "attempt by reasoning to eradicate from your mind feelings so painfully disproportioned to the degree of blame which justly attaches to your conduct. I do not remind you, that your involuntary panic palsied you as much as the unfortunate sufferer's cramp, and that you were in the moment as little able to give him effectual assistance, as he was to keep afloat without it. I might add in your apology, that the instinct of self-preservation is uncommonly active in cases where we ourselves are exposed to the same sort of danger with that in which we see others perishing. I once witnessed a number of swimmers amusing themselves in the entrance of Leith harbour, when one was seized with the cramp and went down. In one instant the pier was crowded with naked figures, who had fled to the shore to escape the supposed danger ; and in the next as many persons, who were walking on the pier, had thrown off part of their clothes and plunged in to assist the perishing man. The different effect upon the bystanders, and on those who shared the danger, is to be derived from their relative circumstances, and from no superior benevolence of the former, or selfishness of the latter. Your own understanding must have often suggested these rational grounds of consolation, though the strong impression made on your imagination by circumstances so deplorable, has prevented your receiving benefit from them. The question is, how this disease of the mind (for such it is) can be effectually removed?"

I looked anxiously in his face, as if in expectation of the relief he spoke of.

"I was once," said he, "when a boy, in the company of an old military officer, who had been, in his youth, employed in the service of apprehending some outlaws, guilty of the most deliberate cruelties. The narrative, told by one so nearly concerned with it, and having all those minute and circumstantial particulars which seize forcibly on the imagination, placed the shocking scene as it were before my very eyes. My fancy was uncommonly lively at that period of my life, and it was strongly affected. The tale cost me a sleepless night, with fervor and tremor on the nerves. My father, a man of uncommonly solid sense, discovered, with some difficulty, the cause of my indisposition. Instead of banishing the subject which had so much agitated me, he entered upon the discussion, shewed me the volume of the state trials which contained the case of the outlaws, and, by enlarging repeatedly upon the narrative, rendered it familiar to my imagination, and of consequence more indifferent to it. I would advise you, my friend, to follow a similar course. It is the secrecy of your sufferings which goes far to prolong them. Have you never observed, that the mere circumstance of a fact, however indifferent in itself, being known to one, and one only, gives it an importance in the eyes of him who possesses the secret, and renders it of much more frequent occurrence as the progress of his thoughts, than it could have been from any direct interest which it possesses. Shake these fetters therefore from your mind, and mention this event to one or two of our common friends ; hear them, as you now hear me, treat your remorse, relatively to its extent and duration, as a mere disease of the mind, the consequence of the impressive circumstances of that melancholy event over which you have suffered your fancy to brood in solemn silence and secrecy. Hearing it thus spoken of by others, their view of the case will end by becoming familiar and habitual to you, and you will then get rid of the agonies which have hitherto operated like a night-mare to hag-ride your imagination."

Such was my friend's counsel, which I heard in silence, inclined to believe his deductions, yet feeling abhorrent to make the communications he advised. I had been once surprised into such a

confession, but to tell my tale again deliberately, and face to face,—to avow myself guilty of something approaching at once to cowardice and to murder,—I felt myself incapable of the resolution necessary to the disclosure. As a middle course I send you this narrative; my name will be unknown, for the event passed in a distant country from that in which I now live. I shall hear, perhaps, the unfortunate survivor censured, or excused; the wholesome effect may be produced in my mind which my friend expects from the narrative becoming the theme of public discussion; and to him who can best pity and apologise for my criminal weakness, I may perhaps find courage to whisper, “the unhappy object of your compassion is now before you.”

TWEEDSIDE.

#### THE BATTLE OF PENTLAND HILLS.

[THIS account was written by George Wiseheart, Bishop of Edinburgh, so created upon the Restoration, chaplain and historiographer to the great Marquis of Montrose. It was addressed doubtless to John Cosins, Bishop of Durham, although the direction is torn off. The original is in the collection of that distinguished antiquary, Mr Surtees of Mainsforth. The letter may be considered as official, and, upon the whole, gives no very exaggerated account of the hasty and ill-concerted insurrection which was terminated by the skirmish at Pentland Hills. The number of the slain is extended from 50 or 60 to 300; but perhaps the Bishop included the wounded. Kirkton observes, that the royal horsemen who pursued, being most part gentlemen, pitied their countrymen, and made little slaughter. The battle was fought 28th November 1666, the day before the date of the letter.—EDITOR.]

*Edr, 29° Novemb. 1666.*

MY LORD,

YOR Lpps of ye 23. of this moneth I receaved last day in ye morning; the morning of a blessed day, for befoir night those rebels who had strucke such a terror in this land, and raised such a clamoure in yors, were totallie worsted, killed, taken prissoners or scattered.

My Lord, on Thursday the 15. of this moneth they entered Dumfreis, about the number of 200, most pairt horsemen, finding Sir James Turner, carred him away prisoner; and missing of ye minister of ye place, whome they enviouslie sought for, went a

way, dooing no more hurt, from thence marched through Galloway into the sheriefdome of Air, their number still incresing, did little hurt to anie, except conformed ministers, whome they plundered, and wounded some of them. There numbers were reported to have beine increased to three or four thousand, and it was surmised, that they had intelligence and assurances, not onlie from other places of this kingdome, and yo<sup>rs</sup> of England, but also from ye king's enemies beyond seas. The newes hercof, coming hither upon Friday the 16th, instantlie, by the advice of the secrett councill, Lieutenant-General Dalzell, with the forces under his command, extending to seveine troupes of horses, and two regiments of foot, were sent to oppose them, and preserve ye citie of Glasgow, from ye wh place he marched straight towards Air; but befoir he came that lenth, the rebels had retired from thence, and taking strainge pathes and wayes, declined ye incovnter wt his Maities forcès, yet the Leut-Generall followed them so vigorouslie, that though they had 24 houres march befoir him, yet he was wtin a few miles of ym befoir they could reach Edr; and they being wtn two miles of this place yesterday in the morning, he pressed them so hard, that they were forced to take to the Pictland hilles; and there, a little befoir sun-setting, ingadged them in fight, though they had taken great advantage of the ground. The dispute was hard and sharpe for halfe ane hourr or more, the royal *cavillarie* alone being ingadged against them, but how soone as the foot came up, the rebelles betooke themselves to flight; few were killed of ye king's partie, but divers wounded; of the rebels, as is conjectured, some three hundereth upon ye ground, and neirly als manie prisoners, the rest all scattered, wh, by the darkness of ye night, alone escaped the hands of the conquerors. We cannot learne of anie persons of considerable qualitie that were amongst them, but some soulders and commanders, of desperat minds and fortunis;\* neither can I as yet give

\* Among the Cameronian worthies, Colonel James Wallace, and one Captain Arnot, are renowned for their behaviour on this occasion. They were probably the persons alluded to by the Bishop.—EDITOR.

yor Lop information of these correspondences on this or the other side of the sea, wh I should most willinglie have imparted if anie such thing had beyne knowen. The eminent persons in this service for ye king were wt the Leu.-Gen. the Duke of Hamilton, the Earles of Athol, Linlithgow, Airlie, (whoes troupe gave ye first and successful chairge) and Kellie; the Lords Rosse, Madertie, and Cocharan, with the Viscount of Kingstoune. In ye tyme of ye conflict, Sir James Turner escaped from his keepers. The prime actors in this rebellion have beene silenced ministers, and the chiefe sufferers, such as were conform. So have I given yor Lp a true report, and als full satisfaction to the demand of yor Ire, as possible could be done, by, my Lo. yor Lopps affectionat brother and humble servant,

GEO. EDINBURGEN.

Endorsed. The Bp of Edinburgh,  
Relation of ye totall rout  
given to ye Scotch Rebels,  
Nov. 29, 1666.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.\*

THIS is a book that we have had much pleasure in looking over. It contains a selection from the voluminous Correspondence of the late Dr Lettson, with some of the most celebrated men of their day, on literary, scientific, and miscellaneous subjects.

Among the names of the writers, we find those of Linnæus, Zimmerman, Jacob Bryant, Granville Sharpe, Lord Landsdowne, the Earl of Buchan, Dr Franklin, Dr Cumming, Dr Cullen, Dr Guthrie, Dr Fothergill, Dr Waterhouse, Dr Rush, Dr Lathrop, Dr Falconer, Dr Jenner, Cumberland, Boswell, Pratt, &c.—The correspondence seems to have been judiciously selected and arranged; and it is preceded by a memoir of the life of Dr Lettson, which furnishes little else than a detail of his numerous and successful efforts to establish various useful and charitable institutions; and of his en-

deavours to improve the condition of his fellow-creatures, by all possible means, and in all places. For his benevolent and enlightened views were far from being confined to the country in which he lived,—his correspondence extended to all parts of civilized Europe, and to America,—and wherever it did extend, it was employed in endeavouring to make mankind wiser and better, and happier.

Dr Lettson was born of opulent and respectable parents, at Little Vandye, one of the West India islands, in the year 1744. He was not intended for the profession which he afterwards followed; but was, at an early age, sent to England for education. In consequence of his father dying while young Lettson was in England, and of changes which took place in the family, he was, in 1761, apprenticed to an apothecary in the country. At the end of his apprenticeship he went to London, where he appears to have studied his profession with considerable industry. But these studies were suddenly interrupted by his returning to the West Indies, to take possession of some property left him by his father. This property consisted of *slaves*, all of which he is said to have *emancipated* immediately on his arrival; and in the words of his biographer, “he became a voluntary beggar at the age of twenty-three.”

At Tortola, Lettson commenced practising as a physician, and in a short time amassed a sum of money, with which he returned to England in 1768. After travelling on the Continent, and taking his degree of M.D. at the University of Leyden, he at length settled in London in 1770, and commenced practice under the patronage of the celebrated Dr John Fothergill. From this time the life of Dr Lettson seems to have been one uninterrupted series of acts of benevolence and utility; and he was fortunately enabled to indulge in his inclinations for pursuits of this kind, by his rapidly extending practice, and his matrimonial connexion with a lady of considerable property.

The Sea-bathing Infirmary at Margate—the General Dispensary, which was the first institution of its kind—and the Medical Society—owe their establishment chiefly to Dr Lettson's exertions. Besides these, he was connected, in some way or other, with most of the benevolent and useful in-

\* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late John Coakley Lettson, M.D. LL.D. F.R.S. &c. with a Selection from his Correspondence; by T. J. Pettigrew, F.L.S. &c. 3 vols 8vo. Longman & Co. London. 1817.

stitutions of the metropolis. He was also, according to his biographer, the person who sent the vaccine lymph across the Atlantic. He consigned it to the care of his friend Dr Waterhouse, by whose agency its benefits were distributed throughout all the United States. During the whole of this time, and up to the period of his death in 1815, Dr Lettson, besides publishing various works on medical and other subjects, maintained a correspondence with most of the celebrated men in Europe and America. The work which is the subject of our article, is a selection from that correspondence; the whole of which, extending to many thousand letters, has been consigned to the hands of Mr Pettigrew, who was the intimate friend of Dr Lettson.

The book is in many respects interesting, as well from the variety and importance of its subjects as from the characters of the different writers. We shall give a few extracts from some of the letters. The following is from a letter of Dr Lettson to Dr Cumming. It is a very fair sketch of the late Dr Johnson.

“ He was a pious man; attached, I confess, to established system; but it was from principle. In company I neither found him austere nor dogmatical; he was certainly not polite, but he was not rude. He was familiar with suitable company, but his language in conversation was sententious; he was sometimes jocular, but you felt as if you were playing with a lion's paw. His body was large, his features strong, his face scarred and furrowed with scrophula; he had a heavy look, but when he spake, it was like lightning out of a dark cloud. With a capaciousness of mind, and some inequalities in it, like his face, he resembled a Colossus, which, like that of Rhodes, embraced the whole sea of literature, affording awe and distance rather than esteem and social friendship: his will evinced the narrowness of his friendships; and from some of his writings, one may discern a sternness from disappointment rather than from philosophy. His *Rasselas*, Prince of Abyssinia, was perhaps his own picture, and it inculcates apathy to the world rather than happiness in it. Upon the whole, he seems not to have been a happy man; his religion was rigid rather than social, and his mind warped by system rather than humanised by virtue and truth. But who is perfect? Vol. i. p. 78.

Who indeed?

The following of Dr Warburton, from a letter of Dr Cumming, is a good companion to the above:—

“ Many years ago I read over the polemical and critical works of the late Dr Warburton, and from the perusal I conceived a most unfavourable opinion of the man; so stiff and conceited in opinion, so dictatorial in his sentiments, treating every one who thought differently from himself with the most sovereign contempt. It is above thirty years ago, Ralph Allen of Prior Park first came to pass about three months in the summer, annually, at Weymouth: his niece, Mrs Warburton, was always of the party. She was elegant in her person, possessed of an excellent understanding, great politeness, and a most engaging *naïveté* in conversation. I had been introduced to Mr Allen's acquaintance soon after his first arrival, and was always professionally employed in the family. After a few years, the bishop, whom I had never seen, came to pass a month of the summer with Mr A. at Weymouth. I was soon after sent for to attend some one of the family. After having visited my patient, Mrs W. took me by the hand, and led me to the dining-room, where we found the bishop alone! She presented me to him, with ‘ Give me leave, my lord, to introduce to you a friend of mine, to whom you and I have great obligations, for the care he has repeatedly taken of our son.’ He received me courteously enough, but I own to you I felt an awe and awkward uneasiness. I determined to say but little, and to weigh well what I said. We were left alone—it was an hour to dinner—he soon engaged me on some literary subjects, in the course of which he gave me the etymology of some word or phrase in the French language, with a ‘ Don't you think so?’ I ventured to dissent, and said I had always conceived the origin to be so and so; to this he immediately replied, ‘ Upon my word, I believe you are in the right; nay, 'tis past a doubt; I wonder it never struck me before.’ Well, to dinner we went: his lordship was easy, facetious, and entertaining. My awe of him was pretty well dissipated, and I conversed with ease. Some time after dinner, when he was walking about the room, he came behind me, tapp'd me on the shoulder, and beckoned me into an adjoining room. As soon as we entered, he shut the door, seated himself in an armed chair on one side of the fire-place, while he directed me by his hand to one on the opposite side. My fit immediately returned: I expected to be catechised and examined; but it was of short duration. He said he was happy in this opportunity of asking the opinion and advice of a gentleman of my character, respecting some complaints he had felt for some time past, and which he found increasing. On this my spirits expanded: I did not fear being a match for his lordship on a medical subject. He then began to detail to me the complaints and feelings of those persons addicted to constant study and sedentary life. As I mentioned several circumstances which he had

omitted in his catalogue, and which he immediately acknowledged, I gained his confidence. He was sensible I was master of my subject. It is a good political maxim, 'Docti sunt docte tractandi.' I explained to him the rationale of his complaints, and shewed him the propriety of the diet, exercise, and regimen, which I recommended to him. In short, we parted to join the company, very well satisfied with each other. I found my disgust and prejudice gradually abate. During several subsequent years, I had repeated opportunities of being in company with him, and never saw a single instance of that fastidiousness and arrogance so conspicuous in his writings. He always received me with great good humour. I conversed with him easily and familiarly. On all subjects he shewed an attention and deference to the opinion of others. He had a great fund of anecdotes, and told his stories with much humour and facetiousness." Vol. i. pp. 89, 91.

The following are extracts from a letter of Zimmerman, which is extremely valuable and interesting, both for the information it gives respecting the translations of his works, and for the simple and naïve developements of his personal character.

"D'abord il faut que je vous confesse, qu'au lieu d'être, comme auteur, ce que vous me faites l'honneur de supposer, je ne suis au fond qu'un pauvre Diable. J'ay écrit beaucoup en ma vie, uniquement pour m'amuser ou pour me distraire: car je suis depuis ma jeunesse extrêmement sujet à la mélancolie, et tourmenté par mille maux de nerfs! Je suis né le 8 Decembre 1728; ainsi j'ay vécu longtems. L'unique remède que je connois à ma mélancolie et à mes maux de nerfs (dont j'ay immensment souffert depuis que je suis venu de la suisse, ma patrie, à Hanover, c'est à dire, depuis 1768), c'est la distraction. Autre fois j'ay taché de me distraire par les voyages; mais ce qui m'a fait le mieux oublier mes maux, c'est la vie sédentaire, l'éloignement de la société, et l'oubli de moi-même. Voilà comment je suis devenu auteur en Allemagne: Obligé de voir des malades tous les jours de ma vie, et continuant d'en voir journellement jusqu'au moment du présent, la médecine n'a pas été une distraction pour moi, mais une peine, et bien souvent un tourment affreux. Ainsi il a fallu que je change d'idées dès que j'ay été libre et que je pouvois passer une partie de la journée dans mon cabinet, si je voulois me procurer une existence tant soit peu supportable. Voilà pourquoi je suis tombé successivement dans un train d'études philosophiques, historiques, et politiques. Les dernières même, et l'esprit du temps actuel (qui me paroît un bien mauvais esprit!) occupent maintenant toute la capacité de mon ame.

"Je ne vous parlerai point des bons et mauvais succès qu'ont eu mes ouvrages;

mais pour vous expliquer l'aversion que j'ay eu de répondre à une lettre tres polie que M. Dilly, Libraire à Londres, m'a fait l'honneur de m'écrire le 29 Octobre 1793, il faut necessairement que je vous dise que j'ay été excessivement malheureux en traducteurs de mes ouvrages, et qu'il n'existe presque pas de tourment plus affreux pour moi et pur mes pauvres nerfs, que quand on me parle des traductions qu'on a fait de mes ouvrages, ou qu'on me force d'en parler." pp. 150, 151.

"Mais la glace étant maintenant rompue, je m'en vais m'expliquer, à fonds, avec vous et aussi avec M. Dilly, sur l'aversion excessive que j'ay à parler des traductions de mes ouvrages, et sur la frayeur qui me saisit quand on me dit qu'on veut reimprimer & même corriger ces traductions abominables.

"On a traduit mes ouvrages presque dans toutes les langues de l'Europe: en François, en Italien, en Anglois, en Hollandois, en Espagnol, en Danois, et en Russe; et je voudrois qu'on n'en eut pas traduit une ligne dans quelle langue que ce soit. Les seules traductions qui ont réussies, parmi celles dont je puis juger, sont la traduction Italienne de mon 'Traité de l'Experience en Médecine,' et d'un petit 'Essay sur la Solitude,' et la traduction Angloise de mon 'Traité de la Dissenterie,' faite par le Dr Hopson, et imprimée à Londres chez John & Francis Rivington, at the Bible & Crown, (No 62), in St Paul's Church-yard, en 1771.

"On m'a rendu à peu près le même service en donnant à Londres une pretendue traduction de mon 'Essay sur l'Orgueil National, que si on y avoit mis mon Portrait (ou même ma personne, si on avoit pu) au Pillory. Cette pretendue traduction est intitulée 'An Essay on National Pride, translated (en quoi on a menti) from the German of Dr Zimmermann. London, printed for J. Wilkie & Heydinger, 1771.' Su ce prétendu Traducteur n'avoit qu'ignoré, entièrement la langue Angloise et l'art d'écrire, je lui eusse pardonné en faveur de sa bonne volonté le mal qu'il m'a fait; mais il m'a prêté une grande quantité d'idées pueriles, plates, et triviales, de sa façon, qu'il a inséré dans le texte de mon ouvrage. Il a farci ce texte de vers Latins et Anglois dont il n'existe pas un seul dans mon ouvrage; et malgré ce que dans la préface un tout autre homme a dit à mon honneur, ce prétendu Traducteur Anglois m'a donné partout cet ouvrage l'air d'un Sot. Un Traducteur pareil n'est pas seulement un ignorant, mais il est un fourbe.

"Un pareil fourbe a traduit en François mon 'Traité de l'Experience en Médecine;' mais au lieu de dire, purement et simplement, en François, ce que j'ay dit en Allemand, il a partout enchassé ses propres idées entre les miennes, ce qui fait plus que le quart de tout l'ouvrage; et il a fait passer sous mon nom, et fait vendre comme mon ouvrage, toutes les révéries, toutes les



bétés, et toutes les déconnaissances qui n'appartiennent qu'à lui. Par tout il m'a traduit réellement, il m'a ou tout-à-fait mal compris, ou traduit sans esprit et sans gout. Cet ouvrage absurde (mis au *pillory* par mon excellent Traducteur Italien) est imprimé à Paris en 1774, en trois volumes; et l'auteur de ce forfait ou si vous voulez, ce prétendu Traducteur François, s'appelle La Febvre, Docteur en Médecine.

“Enfin, pour sucroit de malheur pour moi, un médecin Anglois respectable s'est imaginé que l'ouvrage de ce fourbe Le Febvre est mon ouvrage, et l'a traduit en Anglois et publié à Londres en 1782, avec de très bonnes notes de sa façon. Ce médecin Anglois, s'il sçavoit l'Allemand, et s'il pouroit comparer mon ouvrage Allemand avec sa traduction Anglois, seroit bien étonné du mal qu'il ma fait sans le sçavoir et sans la vouloir.”—p. 152 & seq.

The following is of a very different kind, and from a very different person; but it is not less characteristic. It is from the late Mr Pratt, a gentleman to whom we dare say it never once occurred that there could exist a greater poet than the author of *Sympathy*, or a greater critic than “the almost divine woman” who wrote a favourable criticism on that poem.

“DEAR DOCTOR.—I could not have received larger, speedier, or sweeter interest for *Sympathy*, unless you had generously bestowed a criticism, or rather, to substantive the word, a *candour*, on that poem.

“A cluster of engagements hold me (by the heart) for the present, more salutary to the springs of life than all the waters of Bethesda perhaps. I shall of course bask in the lustre of Grove Hill, and its master's friendship, before I seek the “hoarse-resounding main.” To-morrow I am particularly bespoke. But possibly you may have the goodness to name a day in the interval of Wednesday and Saturday; as, after that, I can call no period my own even till my return to Bath.

“Surely your question is,—‘Is Miss Seward, who has criticised your poem, the celebrated poetess?’ It is impossible you should not have heard, with pleasure, of the almost divine woman who wrote the *Elegy* on Captain Cook, and the *Monody* on André. Last night I received from her a stricture on the second book of *Sympathy*, with a very beautiful letter, desiring him to adjust her remarks to the paper, and publish the rest with her name. *She is not like the Turk who can bear no rival near her throne.* O God, sir! What an additional ornament to the examples of *sympathy* has your anecdote of the Carren family afforded me! I have worn your tale of the reformed highwayman to tatters, with reading it to fifty of my friends; and here is another stroke upon the soul as *gloriously distressing*.

Your life seems to be like the Countess of Coventry's beauty—

‘A lovelier wonder soon usurps the place,  
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last.’

Who is that *first muse of the age*, which has made Grove Hill live in description, and look green in song?” p. 392—3.

The Memoir of Dr Lettsom's Life (in which, by the way, we must observe that there are some marks of very hasty composition) occupies about half of the first volume; the remainder of that, and the whole of the second volume, comprises the miscellaneous correspondence; and the third volume contains papers and correspondence on *medical* subjects only. This last is therefore published separately from the other two.

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HORÆ SINICÆ.

No I.

*Groo-loo-kri-tchi* (or the Brown-plumed  
CONDOR).

Of all the dreadful birds that fly  
In the cold Tartarian sky,  
The Prince and Lord his nest hath made  
In the Black Forest's thickest shade.

I saw him on a winter morn,  
Afar on fearful pinions borne;  
The clouds did part to let him through,  
The wind was hushed as by he flew.

His eye is stedfast like a King's,  
Like brazen shields his ample wings,  
His talons and his beak reveal  
The splendour and the point of steel.

Forth the giant Condor rode,  
Rejoicing from the grim black wood;  
While shuddering fowl and skulking beast  
The terrors of their king confest.

Majestic Spoiler! Fear and Woe  
Behind thee come, before thee go;  
A chilly breath of Panic springs  
From the rustling of thy wings.

Monarch! in the destined hour,  
When thou soarest in thy power,  
Safe be Kroo-ri-tsan-koo's path  
From the searchings of thy wrath!

Let me ne'er the torment share  
Of yon rude and shaggy Bear,  
Or yon mild-eyed bleating Wether,  
Whom thou didst devour together!

E'en now, methinks, oh! ill-starred Bruin,  
I see thee in that hour of ruin,  
Torn and gasping 'neath the blow  
Of thy proud unequal foe.

How thy hair with rage did rise !  
 What a glare in those dull eyes !  
 What a quivering in thy spine,  
 And those shapeless paws of thine !

Alas ! more grieved still I am,  
 To think of thee, poor piteous Lamb !  
 Thy bleat of fear, thy shriek of pain,  
 Haunt, like a vengeful ghost, my brain.

He, the monster, nothing heeding,  
 Thy tender breast beneath him bleeding,  
 Plucked with one clutch thy soul away,  
 And made the throbbing heart his prey.

He feasts not aye on Lambs and Bears ;  
 Even men, the Lords of Earth, he tears.  
 In evil hour he sees the light,  
 Who moves the Brown-plumed CONDOR'S  
 spite.

Beneath some dismal planet's glow  
 Did he come forth, that child of woe !  
 I saw thee plunge thy savage beak  
 In the stripling's pallid cheek.

How sunken gleamed his coward eye !  
 How shook his lip convulsively !  
 How ghastly blue the sockets grew !  
 Lord ! let me such ire eschew !

With pity still my soul remembers  
 The writhing of those feeble members,  
 The horrid cries and curses shrill  
 Which did that lonely mountain fill.

No friend was there his eye to close,  
 Or drop a tear o'er all his woes ;  
 No tender maid to burial bore  
 That stripling of the western shore.

E'en gentle Robin did not bring  
 One leaf above thy corse to fling,  
 But I heard the Raven's hoarse saluting,  
 And the foul mouth'd Owl above thee hooting ;

And Dogs were there, to pick thee bare ;  
 Rats drew thy fragments to their lair ;  
 On the bald skull of the mangled youth  
 Grinding screamed the Ferret's tooth.

At stated terms to Courtland went  
 His Ghost, in rueful punishment ;  
 Then afar off was seen to glide,  
 Like the lank Kelpie of the Kleide.

O ne'er may fate like his consign  
 To timeless dust these bones of mine !  
 Ne'er let my restless ghost be given  
 A plaything to the winds of heaven !

Far, far in quiet let me rest  
 From the torn stripling of the West !  
 Shield us, O Almighty Fo !  
 Shield us from the bird of Woe ! \*

QU. ?

\* The above very close translation of an ancient Chinese ode of Koo-ri-tsan-koo, the great poet of Pekin, is submitted to our readers, in the expectation that those of them who are acquainted with the most obscure of all literature, will honour us by contri-

NOTICES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

No II.

It is singular to observe the surprising discoveries which frequently result from the most casual observations, and to reflect on the uses which the philosophers of an enlightened age have made of the scanty knowledge of a barbarous people.

Chaldean shepherds, ranging trackless fields,  
 Beneath the concave of unclouded skies,  
 Spread like a sea in boundless solitude,  
 Look'd on the polar star as on a guide  
 And guardian of their course, that never closed  
 His steadfast eye. The Planetary Five  
 With a submissive reverence they beheld ;  
 Watched from the centre of their sleeping  
 flocks

Those radiant Mercuries, that seemed to move,  
 Carrying through ether, in perpetual round,  
 Decrees and resolutions of the gods ;  
 And, by their aspects, signifying works  
 Of dim futurity to man revealed.

And, thus

Led on, those shepherds made report of stars  
 In set rotation passing to and fro.

With what mingled sensations of astonishment and delight would the author of a Chaldee MS. listen to the sublime discoveries of Newton or La Place,—of Herschel or Delambre ? Or what would be the feelings of that man,—

qui fragilem truci  
 Commisit pelago ratem  
 Primus,—

were he to witness the fearless courses of Cook, Vancouver, or Bougainville ?

Indeed, says Cuvier, it could not be expected that those Phœnician sailors,

buting to the series of "Horæ Sinicæ." The bird celebrated in the Ode has been, as orientalist well know, the occasion of much controversy among the philosophers and divines of India, China, and Tartary ; some asserting that the Condor is animated by a devil ; the other and more orthodox sect maintaining, that his enormous carcase is a favourite vehicle of the king of the good genii. Koo-ri-tsan-koo we suspect to have been of the heterodox party ; at least, the view he presents of the Great Bird is by no means an amiable one. We remember to have seen another Chinese poem, in the same measure, but evidently not by the same hand, in which the murders of the lamb, the bear, and the stripling of the west, are represented to have been acts, not of gratuitous violence, but of salutary vengeance. We cannot at present lay our hands on it ; but we may perhaps translate it in some following Number.

EDITOR.

who saw the sand of the shores of Bœtica transformed by fire into a transparent glass, should have at once foreseen that this new substance would prolong the pleasures of sight to the old; that it would one day assist the astronomer in penetrating the depths of the heavens, and in numbering the stars of the milky way; that it would lay open to the naturalist a miniature world as populous, as rich in wonders, as that which alone seemed to have been granted to his senses and his contemplation; in fine, that the most simple and direct use of it, would enable the inhabitants of the coast of the Baltic Sea to build palaces more magnificent than those of Tyre and Memphis, and to cultivate, almost under the frost of the polar circle, the most delicious fruits of the torrid zone.\*

#### *Changes in the Plumage of Birds.*

THE changes in the plumage of birds, more particularly of the gull tribe, may be considered as presenting some of the chief difficulties to be overcome in the study of ornithology; and one of the greatest benefits which could be conferred upon the science, would be an ample collection of observations regarding those changes, formed in the course of an attentive examination of the same individuals during a series of years. From such data, there is little doubt that certain general principles might be deduced, which would tend in a great degree to dispel the confusion which has hitherto pervaded this important department of the study, and, consequently, materially to simplify the labours of the naturalist. This desirable object can only be attained by means of observations on the living birds. The examination of specimens in collections, however useful it may afterwards be found, cannot at present be considered as beneficial in the *highest* degree, in as far as we are still unprovided with any generally applicable laws, by which to regulate our opinions regarding the variations in the plumage of species. Till such laws are established, each ornithologist will follow his own ideas, or those of the author whose sentiments he has been accustomed to adopt, concerning the

specimen submitted to his examination; and as it rarely happens that any number of men draw the same conclusions from a particular fact, so long as it remains unconnected with a series of observations, doubt and error will continue to be handed down in future, as they have been during preceding years. It is therefore of the utmost importance to the advancement of ornithology, that accurate records should be kept of the changes in the plumage of birds, by those who have it in their power to attend to these as exemplified by living instances; and it is of equal importance that, along with the observations themselves, the period of the year at which they are made, and the age of the individuals observed, should also be specified. It is indeed the general want of such requisites, that renders the inspection of uncommon birds in cabinets so much less interesting than it might otherwise be deemed.

The following positions contain some of the fixed principles which appear to us to regulate the changes of plumage in the tribe of gulls.

It may be asserted, that the young of all the species are more or less mottled with brown:

That with the exception of three species, the skua, the arctic, and the black-toed gulls,\* brown may be considered as a colour which never characterises the perfect state:

That no gull is in the plumage of maturity, in which there is a predominating mixture of brown and pearl gray, or white; and, consequently, that the wagel, the great gray gull, and other similar birds, are the young of certain other species:

That all gulls, in which the upper parts are pure pearl gray, may be considered as matured:

That, with the exception of one species (the ivory gull of the arctic zoology, described in the Fauna Grœnlandica under the name of *Larus Candidus*), no gull has been hitherto discovered with the plumage entirely white:

That, with the exception of the same species, all gulls hitherto described have some parts of the primary quill-feathers marked with black or gray, for the most part with black:

\* Reflections on the Progress of the Sciences, &c. read at the Royal Institute of France on the 24th April 1816.

\* These two last species are by many considered as synonymous.

That black is a colour of maturity ; and that though it appears at a very early period on the quill feathers, yet the back scapulars, and wing coverts, are never black except in a state of perfection :

Lastly, that pure white is a colour of perfect plumage.

In considering the relation which the changes of plumage bear to each other, it may be observed, with regard to all light-plumaged gulls,

That the pure white of the throat, breast, and belly, is the first of the mature colours which is acquired :

That the pearl gray, likewise a mature colour, appears soonest on the back, and latest on the hinder part of the neck and wing coverts ; and that the plumage of gulls is more perfect during the breeding season than at any other period of the year.

As it is of the greatest importance in ornithology, that the descriptions of species should convey a clear and definite idea of the object described, we earnestly recommend to the zoologist the use of Werner's Nomenclature of Colours, with additions by Mr Sym, an artist of acknowledged excellence in this city, whose accurate representations are well known to the naturalists of Scotland. By the general adoption of such a work, ornithologists would be enabled to affix determinate ideas to particular terms and modes of expression, which they have hitherto been unable to do from the vague and indefinite nature of the language usually employed in describing the plumage of birds.

*Remarkable Tenuity of the Spider's Thread, &c.*

OF all the beautiful discoveries with which we have become acquainted, through the progress of the physical sciences, there are none more striking than those of the microscope, or which may be studied with greater ease. The application of a powerful lens to any of those minute objects which we have it daily in our power to examine, exhibits a scene of wonder, of which those who have never witnessed it cannot form an adequate idea.

In the introduction to Entomology by Kirby and Spence, there is a description of the process by which the spider weaves its web. After describing the four spinners, as they are

termed, from which the visible threads proceed, the writer makes the following curious observations :

“ These are the machinery through which, by a process more singular than that of rope-spinning, the thread is drawn. Each spinner is pierced, like the plate of a wire-drawer, with a multitude of holes, so numerous and exquisitely fine, that a space often not bigger than a pin's point includes above a thousand. Through each of these holes proceeds a thread of an inconceivable tenuity, which, immediately after issuing from the orifice, unites with all the other threads, from the same spinner, into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread ; and these four threads, at the distance of about one tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinner, again unite, and form the thread we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web. Thus, a spider's web, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine that it is almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as we suppose, a single line, but a rope composed of at least four thousand strands. But to feel all the wonders of this fact, we must follow Leeuwenhoeck in one of his calculations on the subject. This renowned microscopic observer found, by an accurate estimation, that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine, that four millions of them would not exceed in thickness one of the hairs of his beard. Now we know that each of these threads is composed of above 4000 still finer. It follows, therefore, that above 16,000 million of the finest threads which issue from such spiders, are not, altogether, thicker than a human hair.”

It had long been a question among philosophers, whether it was possible to render the labours of the spider subservient to the benefit of mankind. In the earlier part of last century, Bon of Languedoc fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful gray colour. The predaceous habits of these animals, however, would seem to oppose an effectual barrier to their being bred up in sufficient numbers to render such a manufactory at all productive. The following arguments, against the probability of any permanent or real advantage resulting from this attempt, were published by Reaumeur, whom the Royal Academy had deputed to inquire into the matter.

The natural fierceness of spiders renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. Four or five thousand being distributed in cells, fifty in some, one or two hundred in others, the big

ones soon killed and eat the smaller ones, so that in a short time there were scarcely above one or two left in each cell; and to this inclination of devouring their own species is attributed the scarcity of spiders, when compared with the vast number of eggs they lay. Reaumeur also affirms, that the web of the spider is inferior in strength and lustre to that of the silk-worm, and produces less of the material fit for use. The thread of the spider's web can only bear a weight of two grains without breaking; and the bag sustains the weight of thirty-six grains: the thread of a silk-worm will bear two drams and a half, so that five threads of the spider are necessary to form a cord equal to that of a silk-worm; and as it would be impossible to apply these so closely together as to avoid leaving any empty spaces, from which the light would not be reflected, the lustre would consequently be considerably less: this was noticed at the time the stockings were presented to the society by M. de la Hire. It was farther observed, that spiders afford less silk than silk-worms, the largest bags of the latter weighing four grains, the smaller three grains,—so that 2304 worms produce a pound of silk. The bags of a spider weigh about one grain; when cleared of the dust and filth they lose about two-thirds of that weight. The work of twelve spiders, therefore, only equals that of one silk-worm; and a pound of silk will require, at least, 27,648 spiders. But as the bags are solely the work of the females, who spin them to deposit their eggs in, there must be kept 55,296 spiders to yield one pound of silk; and this will apply to the good ones only, the spiders in gardens barely yielding a twelfth part of the silk of the domestic kinds. Two hundred and eighty of them would not produce more than one silk-worm; and 663,555 such spiders would scarcely yield a pound of silk.

It would appear, that the spider, though usually held in abhorrence, is by no means an object of disgust to some people. The following trait, in the character of one of the first philosophers of his age, may not be generally known. In speaking of the common spider (*aranea domestica*), Lacleire observes, “*J'ai vu le célèbre astronome Lalande avaler de suite quatre gros individus de cette espèce.*”

The ingenious and accute entomologist, Walckenaer, as a mark of affection and regard, named a spider after one of his children, to whose precocious genius he was indebted for its discovery. “*Cette espèce*” (the *aranea Carolina*), says the French author before mentioned, “*très-petite, mais très-distincte et très jolie, vit dans les bois et porte le nom du fils de Walckenaer qui la lui decouvrit n'ayant encore que trois ans. Ce monument de la tendresse paternelle est bien légitime.*”

DESCRIPTION OF A SELF-REGISTERING HYGROMETER.

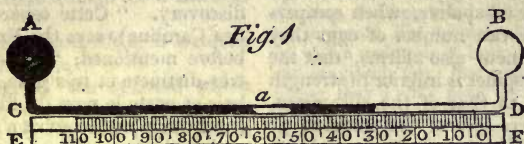
MR EDITOR,

I HAVE already endeavoured, more than once, to direct the attention of your readers to the subject of Hygrometry, a branch of science naturally interesting, and which has of late become still more so, from the ingenious discoveries of Leslie and Anderson. To the former of these gentlemen we are indebted for the best, and indeed the only, philosophical instrument hitherto employed for ascertaining the state of the atmosphere with regard to moisture; and to the researches of the latter we owe some beautiful theorems for its practical application to the science of meteorology.\* Simple, however, and philosophical as that instrument is, it appears to me to be still capable of improvement. In its present form it can be employed only in finding the hygrometric state of the atmosphere at the moment of observation; nor have any attempts been made, as far as I know, to construct it so as to mark the extremes of dryness and moisture, in the absence of the observer. In a former communication to your Magazine, (vol. ii. p. 435.) I remarked, that the instrument might easily be made to register the greatest dryness, but that it would be difficult, I conceived, to construct it so as to mark the greatest degree of moisture. It has since occurred to me, however, that the latter object may be as easily accomplished as the former, and both on the same principle with the self-registering thermometer commonly in use. For a description of the instrument, as originally constructed by Professor

\* The researches of Mr Anderson were published, for the first time, in the Edinburgh Encyclopadia, conducted by Dr Brewster.

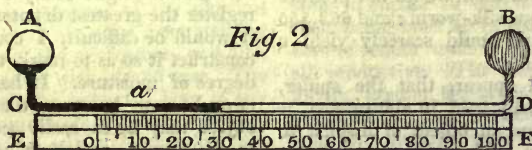
Leslie, I refer your readers to that author's treatise on heat and moisture, to the article *HYGROMETRY* in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, or to the first

volume of your Magazine, p. 381. In the modification of it which I am now to propose, the principal is the same, though the form is somewhat different.



C D (fig. 1.) is a tube, such as is commonly used for constructing a self-registering thermometer, bent upwards at C and D, and terminating in a bulb A. Into this bulb is introduced a portion of sulphuric acid, sufficient to fill the tube and a small part of the bulb; and along with the acid a small bit of glass, *a*, of such a diameter as to move easily in the tube when the instrument is inverted. To the extremity, D, another bulb, B is attached; and the air contained in both bulbs is so adjusted, that when they are at the same temperature, the liquid stands at a point near the extremity D, and which is marked 0 on the attached scale E F. If the temperature of the bulb B be now increased, or, which is the same thing, if that of A be diminished, the portion of air in the upper part of the bulb will contract, while that contained in B will expand in the same proportion, and the liquid will of course be forced from D towards C. In the scale adopted by Professor Leslie, the distance between the freezing and boiling points is divided into a thousand equal parts, and is hence denominated the *millesimal*. In this climate, however, a tenth part of that scale, or one hundred degrees, will embrace the greatest range of the instrument; and that point may be thus obtained:—Let the bulb A be

surrounded with melting snow, while the instrument is placed in an atmosphere of the temperature 50, and let the point be marked at which the liquid becomes stationary. The distance between zero and this point will then be 18 degrees of Fahr. or 100 of the millesimal scale; and that distance being divided into an hundred equal parts, will give the graduation required. To prepare the instrument for observation, it only remains to cover the bulb A with silk, and moisten it, taking care that the two bulbs be as nearly as possible of the same colour. The index, or small bit of glass, *a*, is then to be brought to the extremity of the liquid, by depressing the extremity D, and the instrument to be exposed in a horizontal position. As the evaporation from the surface of the bulb A goes on, the air within contracts, from the depression of temperature produced by the evaporation; and the liquid is forced from D towards C by the elasticity of the air in B, carrying with it the index *a*. When the evaporation has reached its maximum, the liquid, as well as the index, becomes stationary; but should the process of evaporation diminish, the liquid will again move towards D, while the index is left behind, thus marking the *maximum of dryness in the absence of the observer*.



To find the greatest degree of moisture, another instrument is to be employed, which is represented in fig. 2. The only difference between this and the former is, that the air in the two bulbs is to be so adjusted, that, when they are at the same temperature, the liquid may stand near the extremity

C, the distance between C and zero being a little more than the length of the index *a*; and the bulb B is to be covered as A was in the former. The scale is graduated as before.—When the instrument is adjusted and exposed, evaporation goes on from the surface of B; and the air within being there-

by contracted, the liquid moves towards D, continuing to do so till the maximum effect is produced. When the evaporation diminishes, the liquid is again forced backwards towards C, till it arrives at the index *a*; and should the evaporating force still continue to diminish, the index itself is then carried towards zero, till the evaporation be at its minimum. The liquid then becomes stationary; and though it should afterwards mount higher, in consequence of an increased evaporation, still the index remains at the lowest point to which the liquid had sunk, thus marking *the minimum of dryness in the absence of the observer.*

Your readers will observe, that in the modification which I have now proposed of the original hygrometer of Professor Leslie, no new principle has been introduced; the contrivance for marking the extremes being the same as that which was invented by Dr Rutherford, and which has been long employed in constructing a minimum thermometer. I can lay no claim, therefore, to the honour of a discovery, but I hope I have some little to that of an improvement. It is well known to meteorologists, that observations of temperature were comparatively of little use till the invention of self-registering thermometers; and why may we not be allowed to hope, that the use of a self-registering hygrometer will hereafter bring to light some important facts regarding the laws which regulate the distribution of moisture in the atmosphere?

One word as to the construction of the instrument, and I have done. In the first, and indeed the only attempt that I have yet had time to make, I succeeded in constructing a small hygrometer on the principle of fig. 1.; and though the range is too limited to give the necessary degree of accuracy, it is sufficient to convince me that the construction is not only practicable, but, to those who are dexterous in the use of the blow-pipe, extremely easy. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. G.

27th February 1818.

In the above, as well as in the original form of the hygrometer, the covered bulb may be kept continually moist with water, conveyed to it by filaments of floss silk from an adjoining vessel.

REMARKS ON THE HISTORIES OF THE  
KRAKEN AND GREAT SEA SERPENT.

“In mari multa latent.”—OPPIAN.

IT is our intention, in this paper, to offer a few remarks on the history of the two most remarkable animals which have been described as inhabitants of the ocean. Concerning these many wonderful things are mentioned in the narratives of the early voyagers, as well as in more recent histories; and although such accounts are too often imbued with a spirit prone to believe in the most absurd and extravagant fictions, and conveyed through the distorting medium of fear and superstition, yet it may safely be averred, from what has already been ascertained, that they are for the most part founded in truth. Too much caution cannot prevail in the investigation of the productions of nature; but a sceptical and obstinate disbelief of whatever is inconsistent, or at variance with the objects of our daily contemplation, accords as little with the spirit of the true philosophy, as a blind and precipitate adoption of every tale of wonder.

If the propriety of such an impression concerning the famous Kraken and the great Serpent of the northern sea, so generally regarded as fabulous, be admitted, it will not be deemed unimportant, or devoid of interest, to enter into a short examination of their history; and, by balancing the various arguments which have been adduced against or in favour of their existence, to ascertain, as determinately as possible, the degree of credit to which they should be considered as justly entitled. In doing this, we shall attend to the relation which the statements of different individuals bear to the prevailing traditions of countries, and by endeavouring to separate truth from fiction, we shall the sooner be enabled to form an opinion regarding the true nature of these animals, and to discriminate between such attributes as have been bestowed upon them by the terror of beholders, the fancy of historians, or the imagination of poets, and the forms, powers, and habits, with which nature has really gifted them. By this means we shall probably be able to shew that certain animals, the existence of which, in the opinion of many enlightened men, has long since been deemed the creation

of a distempered dream, or the offspring of wilful misrepresentation, are actually among the most sublime of the genuine works of nature, and, as such, worthy of our wonder and admiration, instead of being the habitual objects of contempt, ridicule, and disbelief.

The two most famous monsters described in history, are the Kraken or Krabben, called, by the Norwegians, Soe-horven, and Anker-trold, and the Great Sea Serpent. Till of late years, the history of these animals was deemed entirely fabulous; and although the existence of the latter has more than once been proved by the most satisfactory evidence, within a very recent period, the former is still regarded as a mere chimera. It is indeed singular, that when one of those facts has been fairly verified, which had been so long a matter of doubt, and the credibility of the author thereby established, we should still remain equally sceptical regarding the other, though not in itself in any degree more wonderful.

Our first subject of investigation shall be the history of the kraken, which is certainly still involved in great obscurity. In the first place, we may observe, that the belief in a certain monstrous sea animal, which appears in calm weather on the surface of the ocean like a floating island, and stretching forth enormous arms, or tentacula,—is universal among the sailors and fishermen of the Norwegian coast. A similar monster is alluded to by almost all the Scandinavian writers, from the earliest period of their history down to the present day. The epitome of these accounts is this, that during the prevalence of fine weather, in the warmest days of summer, an enormous animal has been observed in the North Sea, resembling a floating island, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and appearing to be covered with sea weed, &c. As soon as it has reached the surface, it usually stretches up many vast arms which equal in size the masts of ships. Having rested for some time, it begins slowly to sink to the bottom, causing a great eddy in the surrounding waters.\*

\* Were we to quote all the authorities which might be collected to illustrate the history of the Kraken, our communica-

The account given by Pontoppidan we think it necessary to quote at length as follows:

“Our fishermen unanimously affirm, and without the least variation in their accounts, that when they row out several miles to sea, particularly in the hot summer days, and by their situation (which they know by taking a view of certain points of land) expect to find 80 or 100 fathoms water, it often happens that they do not find above 20 or 30, and sometimes less. At these places they generally find the greatest plenty of fish, especially cod and ling. Their lines, they say, are no sooner out than they may draw them up with the hooks all full of fish; by this they judge that the kraken is at the bottom. They say this creature causes those unnatural shallows mentioned above, and prevents their sounding. These the fishermen are always glad to find, looking upon them as a means of their taking abundance of fish. There are sometimes twenty boats or more got together, and throwing out their lines at a moderate distance from each other; and the only thing they then have to observe is, whether the depth continues the same, which they know by their lines, or whether it grows shallower by their seeming to have less water. If this last be the case, they find that the kraken is raising himself nearer the surface, and then it is not time for them to stay any longer; they immediately leave off fishing, take to their oars, and get away as fast as they can. When they have reached the usual depth of the place, and find themselves out of danger, they lie upon their oars, and in a few minutes after they see this enormous monster come up to the surface of the water; he there shows himself sufficiently, though his whole body does not appear, which, in all likelihood, no human eye ever beheld (excepting the young

tion would necessarily be extended to a length quite inconsistent with the nature of a periodical publication. In addition to the writings of Pliny, Oppian, and Elian, we may refer the curious reader to the works of Paulinus, Gesner, Olaus Magnus, Bartholinus, Wormius, Ribedi, Pontoppidan, Augustus of Bergen, Bosc, Lachesnaye des Bois, and Valmont de Bomare. From some of these we shall have occasion to make a few quotations. We may observe, that Aldrovandus, in his description of monstrous sea animals, throws no light on the history of the Kraken. Neither is there any information to be obtained on the subject from the writings of Ambrosinus or Johnston. All these authors, however, describe the great Polypus or Cuttle Fish, afterwards mentioned, which we consider as nearly synonymous with the Kraken. In the early works of Linnæus it is mentioned under the name of *Microcosmus*. Its history is rejected as fabulous by Banks.



of this species, which shall afterwards be spoken of); its back or upper part, which seems to be in appearance about an English mile and a half in circumference (some say more, but I chuse the least for greater certainty), looks at first like a number of small islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea weeds. Here and there a larger rising is observed like sand banks, on which various kinds of small fishes are seen continually leaping about till they roll into the water from the sides of it; at last several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker and thicker the higher they rise above the surface of the water, and sometimes they stand up as high, and as large, as the masts of middle-sized vessels.

“ It seems these are the creature’s arms, and, it is said, if they were to lay hold of the largest man of war, they would pull it down to the bottom. After this monster has been on the surface of the water for a short time, it begins slowly to sink again, and then the danger is as great as before; because the motion of his sinking causes such a swell in the sea, and such an eddy or whirlpool, that it draws every thing down with it, like the current of the river Male, which has been described in its proper place.” Vol. ii. p. 211. He adds, “ The great Creator has also given this creature a strong and peculiar scent, which it can emit at certain times, and by means of which it be-guiles and draws other fish to come in heaps about it.”

It is a favourite notion of Pontoppidan, and seems indeed extremely probable, that from the appearance of the kraken originate those traditions of floating islands being so frequently observed in the North Sea. Thus Debes, in his *Feroa Reserata*, alludes to certain islands which suddenly appear and as suddenly vanish. Similar accounts may be found in the *Mundus Mirabilis* of Harpelius, and in the *History of Norway* by Torfæus. These islands are looked upon, by the common people, as the habitations of evil spirits, which appear at sea for the purpose of confounding their reckoning, and leading them into danger and difficulty. That these superstitious notions are occasioned by the appearance of some monstrous sea animal, is the more likely, in as far as real floating islands are never seen at sea, being incapable of resisting the swell and tumult of its waters. In lakes, marshes, and rivers, they have sometimes been met with, but never elsewhere.

“ But, according to the laws of truth,” says Pontoppidan, “ we ought not to charge

this apostate spirit without a cause. I rather think that this devil, who so suddenly makes and unmakes these floating islands, is nothing else but the kraken, which some sea-faring people call *Soe-draulen*, that is *Soe-trolden*, or *Sea-mischief*. What confirms me in this opinion, is the following occurrence, quoted by that worthy Swedish physician, Dr Urban Hierne, in his short introduction to an Inquiry into the Ores and Minerals of that country, p. 98, from Baron Charles Grippenheim. The quotation is as follows: ‘ Amongst the rocks about Stockholm there is sometimes seen a certain track of land, which at other times disappears, and is seen again in another place. Buræus has placed this as an island in his map. The peasants, who call it *Gummers-ore*, say that it is not always seen, and that it lies out in the open sea, but I could never find it. One Sunday when I was out among the rocks, sounding the coast, it happened, that in one place I saw something like three points of land in the sea, which surprised me a little, and I thought that I had inadvertently passed them over before. Upon this, I called to a peasant to inquire for *Gummers-ore*; but when he came we could see nothing of it; on which the peasant said, all was well, and that this prognosticated a storm, or a great quantity of fish,’ &c. Now,” says the Bishop, “ who is it that cannot discover, at first sight, that this visible and invisible *Gummers-ore*, with its points and prognostications of fish, cannot possibly be any thing else but the kraken, krabben, or *soe-horven*, improperly placed in a map by Buræus as an island. Probably the creature keeps himself always about that spot, and often rises up amongst the rocks and cliffs.” Vol. ii. p. 214.

Many people have objected to the accounts of the kraken, for very inadequate reasons, alleging, that if such a creature had been created, it would have multiplied like other animals in the course of time, and by its occasional occurrence would ere this have dispelled all doubts concerning its existence. The same futile arguments were applied, and with equal propriety, to the sea-snake, of which we shall afterwards speak; and the occurrence of the animal itself among the Orkney isles in the summer of 1808, and more recently off the American coast, where it was seen by hundreds of people, has scarcely been deemed sufficient to corroborate the testimony of the older writers. It appears, in fact, to be a law of nature, that all animals of extraordinary magnitude produce much fewer young than those of inferior dimensions; at least, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the giraffe, are among the least prolific of

the race of quadrupeds, and the whale and the walrus are probably even more sparingly multiplied. We need scarcely wonder then, that so few instances have occurred of a nature sufficiently positive to dispel all doubts regarding the existence of monstrous sea-animals.\*

We shall next relate the only instance on record, of the dead body of the kraken having been found on the Norwegian coast. The account was

\* The following confirmation of the history of the kraken, is extracted from a work of Paulinus: "Retulit mihi olim in Borea adhuc viventi, idque sua manu et antiqua fide, qua eximiè pollet, hac ipsa septimana confirmavit fusius Ambrosius Rhodius, med et mathemat. Christianiæ in Norvagia quondam regius, amicus sincerus, nunc Rembergæ, in patria sua degens; in vicinia castelli Wardehuss, monstrum quoddam marinum Laplandiæ et Findmarchiæ incolis, sub elevatione poli 71, gr. 30, Seekrabbe dictum, conspiciendum sedare, mari a ventorum impetu plane tranquillo. Forma refert cancrum heracleoticum, vel majam ut Gesnerus in sua animalium historia hoc cancri genus depingit. At magnitudo ipsius plane et monstrosa, et suo ambitu tantum comprehendit spatium, ut turma militum in ipsius dorsi plano commode possit exerceri. Quando mare in Malaciam se componit, a ventis est tranquillum, et sol tempore æstivali suis radiis ablanditur, solet hoc monstrum paulatim et pedetentim, motu fere insensibile, ex aquis alius atque altius emergere, et suum dorsum radiorum solarium calori exponere. In qua statione manet, immotum, donec sol altiores cæli partes deserat, et horizonti fiat proprius, calorque ipsius remissior. Tunc, ut motu lento et vix sensibili ex profundo maris emersit, ita se lentu quoque iterum demittit, et sub undis occulat in profundo. Videntibus videtur esse scopulus musco oblitus, quamdiu in planitie maris excubat. At si quis scaphis proprius accesserit, brachia expandit, et suis hamis ac uncis, quodcumque apprehendit, ad se pertrahit. Incolæ putant, quod homines tali modo captos devoret. Quando mare a ventis turbatur, latet in profundo nemini nocivum. Addidit alius in septentrion amicus, fide plenus, in dorso hujus monstri arbores satis proceras aliquando fuisse visas. Sic Borellus, c. 1, obs. 10, narrat balænas dorso viridi et herbis decorato esse adeo, ut quandoque anchoras in eas navigantes præjecerint inque dorsis earum tabernacula posuerint, ignemque accederint (mole enim sua insulam satis magnam æmulabantur); sed, calore tandem penetrante, recessisse, attonitos illos relinquentas." *Paulinus, Eph. nat. cur. ann. 8. p. 79.*

drawn up by the Rev. Mr Friis, consistorial assessor, minister of Bodoen in Nordland, and vicar of the college for promoting Christian knowledge. In the year 1680, a kraken (perhaps a young and careless one) came into the water that runs between the rocks and cliffs in the parish of Alstahoug, though its usual habit is to keep several leagues from land. It happened that its extended long arms, or antennæ, caught hold of some trees standing near the water, which might easily have been torn up by the roots; but besides this, as it was found afterwards, he entangled himself in some openings or clefts in the rock, and therein he stuck so fast, and hung so unfortunately, that he could not work himself out, but perished and putrified on the spot. The carcase, which was a long while decaying, and filled great part of that narrow channel, made it almost impassable by its intolerable stench. Such is the narrative of Mr Friis.

The kraken is frequently mentioned by the northern poet, Dass, from whose writings, as well as from the popular tales of the country, we might adduce many additional quotations to prove the universality of belief in this uncommon animal. The same monster is in all probability alluded to by Olaus Wormius, when treating of whales, in the following passage:

"Restat una species, quam hægufe vocant, cujus magnitudo latet, cum raro conspiciatur. Illi, qui se corpus vidisse narrant, similiorem *insula* quam bestia volunt, nec unquam ejus inventum cadaver, quocirca sunt qui existiment, non nisi duæ ejus generis in natura esse."

We may here remark, that the circumstance of the dead body of the kraken never being found floating on the sea, is no argument whatever against its existence. The same circumstance may be alleged of all other animals; and it is indeed one of the most singular and unaccountable facts in natural history, that scarcely a creature of any kind is ever found lying dead which had not come to its death by some violent means.\*

\* Mr Pennant mentions a fact relative to the fetid shrew (*sorex araneus*), which I have never remarked, and which, on inquiry, I cannot find to have been remarked by any of my acquaintance (but which may nevertheless have been correctly ascertained by him), that there is an annual mortality

That the animal mentioned by Wormius, though classed by him among the whales, is the same as the kraken, we have the testimony of Crantz the missionary, who wrote the history of Greenland. In his description of rare and huge sea-monsters, there is the following passage, in which he seems to be equally sceptical with some modern philosophers :

“ But the most horrible and hideous monster, that the fables of the Norway fishers have invented, is the *krake*, sea-horse, or *hafgufa*, which nobody ever pretends to have seen entire ; yet the fishers give out, that when they find a place which is usually 80 or 100 fathoms deep, to be at certain times only 20 or 30, and see also a multitude of fishes allured to the spot, by a delicious exhalation which this creature emits, they conclude that they are over a *krake* ; then they make haste to secure a good draught of fishes, but take care to observe when the soundings grow shallower, for then the monster is rising. Then they fly with speed, and presently they behold, with the greatest amazement, in the compass of a mile or two, great ridges like rocks rising up out of the sea, dented with long lucid spikes, that thicken as they rise, and at last resemble a multitude of little masts.”—Vol. i. p. 117.

Thomas Bartholinus describes the same animal likewise, under the name of *Hafgufa* ;\* and his relation is confirmed by Olaus Magnus, in his work de Piscibus Monstrosis.†

in these animals, great numbers of them being found dead in the paths every August, without any apparent cause.—*Bingley*.

\* “ Vigesimalium secundum (genus) hafgufa, vapor marinus, quibusdam lynchback, quod ejus dorsum ericeto sit simile. Extat historia de episcopo quodam, Brandana, qui in hujus bellæ dorso tabernam fixit missam celebravit, et non multo post hanc, ut putabant insulam submersam esse. Quando cibum capere constituit, quod semel tantum in anno contingit, horrendum emittit rectum, quem tantas sequitur fragrantia, ut omnia, quæ in præpino sunt piscium genera ad eum congregentur. Ipse vero rictum aperit, quem instar sinus aut freti pisces catervatim intrant. Quo stratagemate omnes capiuntur. Terram potius, quam balenam similitudine refert. Duo tantum esse existimatur, sed non multiplicari, alias metuendum esset, ne victus, aut locus, ipsis suffectura essent.” *Thom. Bartholin, in Hist. Anatom. cent. 4, hist. 24, p. 284.*

† “ Confirmat etiam hoc præsens propositum divi Brendani Britannicæ pontificis marina peregrinatio in septennium usque deducta, atque in catalogo sanctorum commemorata, quod videlicet ipse cum suis sociis piscem ingentem, nomine *Jasonem*, in-

According to Olaus Wormius, the kraken is likewise alluded to in the ancient manuscript called *Speculum Regale*, said to have been written by Sverre, one of the Norwegian kings.\*

venerit : in quem, insulam eum sibi persuadentes, descenderunt ignemque accenderunt ; dumque piscem se movere sentirent, ad navem repente fugiendo vix vitam illo se continuo mergente servarunt. Præterea jussu Brendani pisces super undas se levarunt, voceque tonante Deum laudaverunt. Cetus non comedit ut alii pisces, manducando scilicet, cibumque dentibus comminendo : sed tantummodo glutendo intra ventriculum pisces immittit. Habet enim oris meatus strictos ad pisces abglutandos, quos odorifero anhelitu attractos devorat ; et in ventrem mittit. Habet insuper in gutture quadam pellem membranæ similem, quæ multis meatibus perforata, non sinit quicquam nisi minutum, ingredi ventrem.” *Olaus Magnus, de Pisc. monstr. cap. 26, p. 755.*

\* Concerning this curious writing, there is the following information in the preface to the second volume of Pontoppidan's *Natural History of Norway* : “ I have one thing to observe, in this place, with regard to a literary article mentioned in my preface to the first part of this work : I there reckoned the ancient treatise, called *Speculum Regale*, amongst the books that are lost, and lamented the want of intelligence that might have been collected from it ; but I have since been informed, with the greatest pleasure, to the contrary, in a letter from the Honourable Mr Luxdorph, counsellor of state, dated the 20th of January last. I find likewise, (though too late) that a copy of that ancient manuscript is to be found in the university library at Copenhagen, among many other manuscripts given to the university by the late Professor Arnus Magnæus—a catalogue of whose donations deserves to be printed, at least for the information of foreigners and others.

“ I am further informed, in that learned gentleman's letter, that the old notion of the *Speculum Regale* being written by the wise and valiant king Sverre, or at least by his order, and consequently in his time, is entirely without foundation ; for Mr Luxdorph observes, that it was written about the latter end of the thirteenth, or beginning of the fourteenth century. The author calls himself one of the first in rank at the king of Norway's court, and informs us that he lived in Helgeland, in the diocese of Trondheim. This book is written in the manner of a dialogue betwixt a father and son ; containing, besides many good rules, both political and civil, several observations in natural philosophy, relating to the northern countries, but not so much of Norway in particular, as of Ireland, Iceland, and Greenland.”—P. viii.

Before proceeding to draw our conclusions concerning the true nature of this animal, or to shew the agreement in many remarkable particulars which exists between the accounts now quoted, and those given of another sea-monster by modern naturalists and navigators of unquestionable authority, it may not be amiss to strengthen the general tenor of these relations by the authority of Pliny. No doubt the writings of that author are a storehouse of ancient knowledge, in which every singular circumstance is recorded without much attention to the correctness of the sources from which it is derived. Still, however, when we observe so many general features of agreement in relations handed down to us by different authors unconnected with each other, and these relations again corroborated by popular traditions, and the statements of recent writers, who in all probability were ignorant of the observations of those who preceded them, we cannot help in some degree yielding our belief to facts, however exaggerated in many particulars, the truth of which is supported by such concurrent testimony.

The following passage seems to indicate that Pliny was aware of the existence of this creature.

“Maximum animal in Indico mari Pristis el Balæna est, in Gallico oceano Physter, ingentis columnæ modo se attollens altiorque navium velis diluviem quandam eructans. In Gaditano oceano *Arbor*, in tantum vastis dispensa ramis, ut ex ea causa fretum nunquam intrasse credatur. Apparet et *Rotæ* appellatæ a similitudine, quaternis distinctæ radiis, modiolis eorum oculis duobus utrinque claudentibus Ionis.”—*Lib. ix. cap. iv.*

The vast branches or rays, with which this animal is said to be provided, must immediately recal to mind the description of the long arms of the kraken formerly mentioned. The same author, in another part of his work,\* describes a similar species of animal under the name of *ozæna*, so called on account of its diffusing a strong odour,† which, it is said, induces the fish to

\* *Lib. ix. cap. xxx.*

† Immo vero potius quod suave quippiam oleat. Græci ideo vocant *μαχίριον* hoc seculo Neapolitani Muschardinum. *Jacobus Dalecampinus*. The account given by Pliny, in this particular, coincides closely with that formerly quoted of the Norway monster,—“mire omnibus marinis expetentibus odorem.”

approach it. It is described as a species of polypus; a name, we may observe, frequently applied by the ancients to the sepia or cuttle-fish, of which we shall have occasion to speak in the sequel. According to the report of Lucius Lucullus, the proconsul of Bætica, this monstrous polypus used to rob the repositories of salt-fish on the coasts of Carteia; its head was equal in size to a cask capable of containing fifteen amphoræ; its arms measured thirty feet, and were so thick that a man could hardly clasp one of them, and were moreover covered with great suckers or fasteners, as large as basins that would hold four or five gallons each. There is here then a manifest agreement with the accounts already cited of the kraken, not only in the general tenor of the descriptions, but also in that remarkable property of being able to allure, within its reach, the smaller fishes, by means of some odorous exhalation.\*

Having now, we trust, sufficiently established the existence of a monstrous sea animal, described by the ancients as a polypus, and known in more modern times by the name of kraken, we shall next endeavour to prove its identity with a certain species which has been recorded by some of the most authentic writers in the annals of science. We have already had occasion to remark, that the sepia or cuttle-fish are

\* The account given by Pliny is confirmed by the testimony of Fulgus:—“Cum in Hispania piscatores, qui thynnos condiunt, singulis noctibus aliquid iis quæ jam paraverant, auferri animadvertent, et propterea diligentius rem observant, non sine ingenti formidam, cum latrata suo canes ad rem inspicendam invitarent, prospexerunt vastam terribilemque belluam ingenti spiritu, brachiisque canes a se abigentem: ad quos defendendos accurrentes, qui aderant, variis instructi armis, magno labore tandem feram confecerunt, cognoveruntque polypum esse, qui ejusmodi cibi avidissimus superioribus noctibus quod piscatores deesse sibi quærebantur, rapuerant. Hujus bellua caput immensum horrendumque fuit, quod Lucius Lucullus, qui illud inspexit, putavit quindecim amphorarum, quæ in nauticis rebus bottæ dicuntur, mensuram continere; brachia autem ingentia adeo, ut vix hominis complexu cingi possent, internodiæque crurum magnæ oîlæ magnitudinem complere. Ejus autem reliqua in miraculi testimonium seposita fuere, septingentarumque librarum pondus excesserunt.” *Fulg. lib. i.*

frequently denominated polypi by the ancients, on account of their multiplicity of limbs; and from Pliny's account of the acetabula, or suckers with which the arms of the great polypus were furnished, it is evident that it must have been nearly allied to a tribe of animals at present distinguished by the former name. It did not belong to the class of animals now known under the name of polypi, whose wonderful history has been so beautifully illustrated by the successive labours of Leeuwenhoeck, Marsigli, Peysonel, Tremblay of Geneva, and our own distinguished countryman, Mr Ellis.

We shall not here detain ourselves by quoting various passages on this subject, which we have selected from the works of Athanasius Kircher, and Athenæus, these writers being not familiar to most readers, and their authority by some considered as doubtful. Suffice it to say, that they describe a large animal found in the Sicilian seas, provided with ten rays or branches, the body of which is equal in bigness to that of a whale.\* We shall now appeal to less questionable authority.

Pennant, in his description of the eight-armed cuttle-fish, mentions, that he has been well assured by persons of undoubted credit, that in the Indian seas this species has been found of such a size as to measure two fathoms in breadth across the central part, while each arm was nine fathoms in length. He further states, that the natives of the Indian isles, when sailing in their canoes, always take care to be provided with hatchets, in order to cut off immediately the arms of such of those animals as happen to fling them over the sides of the canoe, lest they should pull it under water, and sink it.

The opinion of Shaw is equally decided regarding the occurrence of this animal.

"The existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe in the Indian and Northern seas can hardly be doubted; and though some accounts may have been much exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observed about

the coasts of the European seas. A modern naturalist chooses to distinguish this tremendous species by the title of the colossal cuttle-fish, and seems amply disposed to believe all that has been related of its ravages. A northern navigator, of the name of Dens, is said, some years ago, to have lost three of his men in the African seas, by a monster of this kind, which unexpectedly made its appearance while these men were employed, during a calm, in raking the sides of the vessel. The colossal cuttle-fish seized these men in its arms, and drew them under water, in spite of every effort to preserve them; the thickness of one of the arms, which was cut off in the contest, was that of a mizen-mast, and the acetabula or suckers of the size of pot-lids." Shaw's Lectures, vol. ii. p. 137.

The preceding account of this ferocious animal greatly resembles that given by Pliny, and is also consonant with the character of the Norwegian monster.

"The krakens have never been known to do any great harm, except they have taken away the lives of those who, consequently, could not bring the tidings. I have never heard but one instance mentioned, which happened a few years ago near Frederickstad, in the diocese of Aggerhuus. They say that two fishermen, accidentally, and to their great surprise, fell into such a spot on the water as has been before described, full of thickest slime, almost like a morass. They immediately strove to get out of this place, but they had not time to turn quick enough to save themselves from one of the kraken's horns, which crushed the head of the boat so, that it was with great difficulty they saved their lives on the wreck, though the weather was as calm as possible; for these monsters, like the sea-snake, never appear at other times." Nat. Hist. of Norway, vol. ii. p. 213.

According to Olaus Magnus, there is authentic evidence of the existence of this monstrous polypus contained in a long and instructive letter, written by Eric Falkendorff, bishop of Nidros, to Pope Leo X. in the year 1520.\*

But of all the authors who have written on the colossal cuttle-fish, the most zealous is undoubtedly Denys Montfort. In his work there are many instances mentioned of its occurrence in various parts of the world, the accounts of which he was fortunate enough to procure from those who were eye-witnesses to what he relates. He mentions, particularly, the circumstance alluded to by Dr Shaw, of Capt. Magnus Dens having lost three of his men by an attack from this monstrous

\* Mund. Subterr. p. 99. Athen. lib. xiii. cap. vi. &c. In addition to these authors, we may refer to Ælian, lib. iii. cap. vi. de Anim. Aldrovandus, de Moll. p. 7. chap. ii. Olaus Magnus, de pisc. monst. p. 734, &c.

\* De pisc. monst. p. 734.

animal, and the narrative of the fact was given him by Dens himself.\* He

\* This curious and singular relation we shall here subjoin in the words of Denys Montfort. "Le capitaine Jean Magnus Dens, homme respectable et véridique, qui, après avoir fait quelques voyages à la Chine pour la compagnie de Gothenbourg, étoit enfin venu se reposer de ses voyages maritimes, à Dunkerque où il demouroit et où il est mort depuis peu d'années dans un âge très-avancé, m'a raconté que dans un de ses voyages, étant par les 15 degrés de latitude sud, à une certaine distance de la côte d'Afrique, par le travers de l'île Sainte-Hélène et du cap Negro, il y fut pris d'un calme qui, durant depuis quelques jours, le décida à en profiter pour nettoyer son bâtiment et le faire approprier et gratter en dehors; qu'en conséquence on descendit le long du bord quelques planches suspendues par des cordes, comme cela se pratique en pareille circonstance, et des matelots se placèrent sur ces planches pour, avec leurs instrumens de fer triangulaires, gratter et nettoyer le vaisseau. Ces marins se livroient à leurs travaux, lorsque subitement un de ces *encornets* nommé en danois *ancker troll*, s'éleva du fond de la mer, et jeta un de ses bras autour du corps de deux de ces matelots, qu'il arracha tout d'un coup avec leur échafaudage, les plongeant dans la mer, lançant en même tems un second de ses bras sur un autre homme de l'équipage, qui se préparoit à monter aux mats et qui étoit déjà sur les premiers échelons des haubans; mais comme ce poulpe avoit saisi en même tems les fortes cordes de ces haubans, et qu'il s'étoit entortillé dans leurs enfléchures, il ne put en arracher cette troisième victime qu'il écrasait, et qui se mit à jeter des hurlemens pitoyables. Tout l'équipage courut à son secours, quelques-uns sautant sur les harpons et les fouanes, les lancèrent dans le corps de cet animal où ils entrèrent très-profondément; pendant que les autres, avec leurs couteaux, et des herminettes ou petites haches, coupèrent le bras qui tenoit lié ce pauvre malheureux qu'il fallut retenir crainte qu'il ne tombât à l'eau, d'autant plus qu'il avoit entièrement perdu connoissance.

"Ainsi mutilé et frappé dans le corps de cinq harpons, dont quelques-uns, faits en lance et roulant sur une charnière, se dévoiloyent quand ils étoient lancés, de façon à prendre un position horizontale, à s'accrocher ainsi par deux pointes et par un grand épanouissement dans le corps de l'animal qui en étoit atteint, ce terrible poulpe, saisi de deux hommes, chercha à regagner le fond de la mer par la puissance seule de son énorme poids: le Capitaine Dens, ne désespérant pas encore de ravoier ses hommes, fit filer, les lignes qui étoient attachées aux harpons: il en tenoit une lui-même, et lâchoit de la corde à mesure qu'il sentoît du tiraillement; mais, quand il fut presque arrivé au bout des lignes, il ordonna

further mentions, that at St Malo, in the chapel of St Thomas, there is an *ex voto*, or picture, deposited there by the crew of a vessel, in remembrance of their wonderful preservation from a similar attack off the coast of Angola. An enormous cuttle-fish suddenly threw its arms across the vessel, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when the combined efforts of the sailors succeeded in cutting off the tentacula with swords and hatchets. During the period of their greatest danger, they invoked their patron, St Thomas, vowing to him a pilgrimage, if, by his intercession, they were successful in this perilous rencounter. The confidence inspired by the hope of celestial aid gave fresh vigour to their exertions, and they succeeded in freeing themselves from their dreadful opponent. On their return home, and before vi-

de les retirer à bord, manœuvre qui réussit pendant un instant, le poulpe se laissant remonter; ils avoient déjà embarqué ainsi une cinquantaine de brasses, lorsque cet animal leur ôta toute espérance en pesant de nouveau sur les lignes et les forçant de les filer encore une fois; ils prirent cependant la précaution de les amarrer, et de les attacher fortement à leur bout. Arrivées à ce point, quatre de ces lignes se rompirent; le harpon de la cinquième quitta prise, et sortit du corps de l'animal, en faisant éprouver une secousse très-sensible au vaisseau. C'est ainsi que ce brave et honnête capitaine eut à regretter d'abord ces deux hommes, qui devinrent la proie d'un mollusque dont souvent il avoit entendu parler dans le nord, que cependant, jusqu'à cette époque, il n'avoit pas entièrement regardé comme fabuleux, et à l'existence duquel il fut forcé de croire par cette triste aventure. Quant à l'homme qui avoit été serré dans les replis d'un des bras, et auquel le chirurgien du navire prodigua, dès le premier instant, tous les secours possibles, il rouvrit les yeux et recouvra la parole; mais, ayant été presque étouffé et écrasé, il souffroit horriblement; la frayeur avoit aliéné ses sens; il mourut la nuit suivante dans le délire. La partie du bras qui avoit été tranchée du corps du poulpe, et qui étoit restée engagée dans les enfléchures des haubans, étoit aussi grosse à sa base qu'une vergue du mât de misaine, terminée en pointe très-aiguë, garnie de cupules ou ventouses larges comme une cuiller à pot: elle avoit encore cinq brasses ou vingt-cinq pieds de long; et comme le bras n'avoit pas été tranché à sa base, parce que ce monstre n'avoit pas même montré sa tête hors de l'eau, ce capitaine estimoit que le bras entier auroit pu avoir trente-cinq à quarante pieds de long."—Hist. Nat. des Mollusq. tom 2d, p. 281.

siting their families and friends, they went in procession to the chapel of St Thomas, and offered up their prayers of gratitude.

“ Non contents de se premier et solennel avec, ces marins voulurent encore transmettre d'un commun accord à la postérité la preuve de leur gratitude envers Sain-Thomas, en chargeant un peintre de représenter, autant qu'il lui seroit possible, sur la toile, leur combat terrible et le pressant danger qui les avoit menacés dans se désastreux moment, où ils crurent se voir arrivés au terme de leur existence. C'est à cette ferveur et à cette fidélité religieuse que nous devons le tradition et la représentation de ce fait, dont nous nous emparons à notre tour, parce qu'offrant une chose constatée, il rentre dans les attributions de l'histoire naturelle qui se sert de tous les matériaux dont on ne peut contester l'authenticité et l'évidence; et certes, les naturalistes seroient trop heureux, si tous les faits qu'il consignent dans leurs écrits pouvoient tous être constatés par une cinquantaine de témoins oculaires, tous compagnons de la même fortune, qui viendroient unanimement attester et déclarer que ce qu'ils ont vu, et conforme à la plus sévère véracité. Nous citons donc avec une entière confiance ce fait, qui ne peut appartenir qu'au poulpe colossal; dans cette occasion, ce gros mollusque faillit à faire cauler bas un vaisseau; il y seroit parvenu, sans la ferme et vigoureuse défense de l'équipage qui le montoit.”

We shall now terminate our investigation of the history of this extraordinary animal. The different authorities which have been quoted, are, we trust, sufficient to establish the existence of an enormous inhabitant of the deep, possessed of characters which in a remarkable degree distinguish it from every creature with which we are at all familiar; and the agreement which may be observed in its descriptions, when compared with those of the celebrated kraken, is sufficiently obvious to warrant the inference which we are now prepared to draw, that the great Norwegian animal so named, is to be considered not as a wild and groundless chimera, but as either identical with, or nearly allied to, this colossal cuttle-fish. It must be confessed, that many of the accounts to which we have referred, if considered singly, are much too vague and indefinite to form the foundation of any opinion; but it is the general import and tendency of the whole combined, which should be considered. In this view, it would be inconsistent with the spirit of an enlightened philosophy, to reject as spurious the history of an animal, the ex-

istence of which is rendered so probable, by evidence deduced from the prevailing belief of different tribes of mankind, whose opinions, it is evident, could not have been influenced or affected by the traditions of each other, but must have resulted from the occasional appearances of the monster itself in different quarters of our globe. That great exaggeration pervades the generality of these accounts is perfectly evident; but it is equally clear, that in all the most striking and characteristic properties, there is a very particular, and, indeed, surprising coincidence. Thus the great length and dangerous power of the arms or branches, and the peculiar odour exhaled from the body of the animal, were well known both to the Romans and the Scandinavian fisherman, and the acetabula or suckers, are described nearly in the same words by Pliny, and the navigators who collected their accounts from the untutored Indians.

It is probable, that the animal of the North Sea is not specifically the same as that of the Indian or Atlantic ocean, though their general characters induce us to believe that they are closely allied. Several well known species of cuttle-fish, though infinitely less, agree with these enormous animals in the nature of their long and numerous tentacula, and more particularly in the pleasant odour which emanates from their bodies. One of these, called the eight-armed cuttle-fish, appears almost to emulate the ferocity of the gigantic species. Its arms are of great extent, and furnished with a double row of cups, or suckers. When full grown, it is a fierce and dangerous animal, and so strong, that it is extremely hazardous to attack it without caution. Such is the ferocity with which it is said to defend itself, that the strongest mastiff can hardly subdue it without a long and doubtful contest, and it has even been known to attack a person while swimming, by fastening itself with violent force round his body and limbs.\*

The unforeseen length to which it has been found necessary to extend this part of our communication, must prevent our entering at present into an examination of those statements and traditions which constitute the history of the great sea serpent. The modern

\* Vide Shaw, lect. x. p. 134.

testimonies in favour of the existence of that animal are fortunately clear and undoubted, so that we shall be able to proceed on much more determinate ground than we have hitherto done. The same principle of investigation, however, shall be followed out; and by showing how accurately the accounts of the older writers have been confirmed in the one case, we shall thereby furnish an additional argument in the other. This inquiry, it is intended, shall form the subject of a paper in next Number. W.



LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER TO  
VARIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

LETTER II.—*To the Ettrick Shepherd.*

MY DEAR HOGG,

I YESTERDAY received your very kind and entertaining letter, and had really no idea that you excelled so much in epistolary composition. It gives me great pleasure to know, that you took in good part my observations on your biography, now publishing in Constable's Magazine; and I hasten, therefore, agreeably to your earnest desire, again to touch a little on the same topic. I had an opportunity, for the first time, only the day before yesterday, of seeing the last Number of that Work, for the gentleman who was in the habit of sending me his copy, has now discontinued his subscription, on account of what he calls the pitiful spirit of its Editors, who, instead of repelling imagined sarcasm by sarcasm, talk of taking the law of their literary antagonists, and of seeing Mr Jeffrey to fight their battles; so that it was by the merest accident in the world that I picked up, at half price, a second hand copy which an English traveller had jocularly given to our friend Bob, the waiter at a certain tavern in "the Auld Town," not altogether unfrequented by you; the Bagman having found it not very portable.

I begin to suspect, my worthy James, that you have slyly sent your biographer a copy of my letter of the 20th of last month, for he is not quite so absurd in his continuation as at his first starting; and from some mysterious hints occasionally delivered by him, I should not be at all surprised, were he to turn short round upon you,

and plainly tell you to your face, that you share in the general imperfection of human nature. At the same time, you will agree with me in thinking, that he has not wholly succeeded in the attempt to resist his natural inclination to the absurd, and that, during the most staid motion of his Pegasus, he resembles the rider, who, With his left heel insidiously aside, Provokes the caper that he seems to chide.

His opening is very fine. "*In an age when men eminently endowed spend their lives in the most minute researches into inanimate nature, when they traverse unknown Continents to discover a new plant or animal, and, with a zeal that success alone can satisfy, devote years to the analysis of a gas, and, with a mathematical exactness, describe the fractures of a stone, or the angles of a crystal,*" &c. I could not imagine (could you, James?) what was to come out of all this. To my utter surprise, it is no less than an apology for "entering at some length" into your literary history. You, it seems, are "the new animal" which the old gentleman singles out to lecture upon,—your inspiration is the gas which he is to analyse,—you, James, are the rough diamond whose angles he proposes to describe with mathematical exactness. Really, I felt, during this solemn note of preparation, much as one feels in a drawing-room, when, the stupid servant having forgotten to announce the name, the door slowly moves on its hinges, and some splendid stranger is expected to appear; but when, to the pleased surprise of the assembled company, in bounces you yourself, the worthy and most ingenious Ettrick Shepherd, rubbing your ungloved hands ("would that I were a glove on that hand!") as if you were washing them, with a good-humoured smile on your honest face enough to win every heart, and with a pair of top-boots that would do honour to St Crispin himself, and, by the associating principle of contrast, instantly recalling the shining imagery of Day and Martin's patent blacking.

Your biographer still persists in maintaining, that you are the most extraordinary man "*in the annals of genius, full as they have often been of deviations from the common current of events.*" Terence, he thinks not worthy to tie the knee-strings of your corduroy breeches. What private picque he has against that writer I cannot



conjecture, except it be, that he cannot construe his pure, but somewhat difficult Latinity; but this I know, and if you will consult your Lempriere, you will know it also, that there are no more points, either of contrast or resemblance, between you and Terence, than between a lamb and a bear; and that the very thought of you and Terence (were that gentleman alive amongst us) sitting together over a bowl of punch at Young's, is not more absurd than would be the herding together of the above-mentioned animals.

He then, for what purpose I know not, compares, or contrasts you, I do not well know which, with Allan Ramsay. He asserts that Ramsay is the "*author of the finest pastoral of any age or country*" (his reading must be pretty extensive to enable him to judge of that); and there, perhaps unintentionally, he seems to point to a contrast; but he afterwards tells us, that Ramsay was a hairdresser in a populous town, and you a shepherd in an uninhabited valley; and therein, I presume, according to him, consists the resemblance.

Having talked of Ramsay, of course he could not but say something of Burns; and he has contrived to compress into four lines, as much error respecting that great man as is to be found in the whole of Mr Wordsworth's notable Letter to Mr Gray on that subject. "*Burns, so far from being illiterate, had acquired greatly more knowledge at twenty years of age, than many of the young men who issue from our universities at the same period.*" In one sense of the word this doubtless may be true. Whoever has taken his station in College Street, opposite to the great vomitory of the College, and seen the "young men issuing from the university," as it were a *levy en masse*, a wild and confused rabble of all nations, lumbering along with their precious note-books "*aneath their oxters*" (to use a favourite phrase of your own), and from their gaunt and hungry looks, obviously far more eager, and much better fitted, to devour and digest a good tough bull-beef-steak at a sixpenny ordinary, than the hard Greek roots of Christison, the dry logic of Ritchie, or the poetical metaphysics of Brown,—I say, whoever has seen such a burst of the congregated lite-

rary population of all countries, will have no difficulty in believing, that the Ayrshire ploughman may have had more knowledge than many of the extraordinary figures then hurrying by; but the same might also be affirmed of yourself; for I will venture to say, that when you finished your education under your mother, at the tender age of seven years, you had, if your biographer speaks truth, more true theological knowledge, a more intimate acquaintance with Covenanters and Brownies, than the very flower of the Irish youth blooming in native modesty through a winter in Edinburgh—aye, even than the general run of the presidents of the far-famed Edinburgh Medical Society itself. But your biographer is quite wrong, if he thinks that Burns, when he commenced author, had read less than you had when you began your literary career. None of your writings, previous to that most beautiful poem the Queen's Wake, are any great shakes. That you know very well. Genius pervades all of them, but the composition is not so good as it might be, and barbarisms stick like burs in bunches upon the flowing drapery of your muse. But before you had written the Queen's Wake, you had read with great voracity. You had, with highly creditable industry, made yourself well acquainted with modern English literature; and though there is originality enough in that delightful poem, or rather collection of poems, to entitle you to rank with the poets of Scotland, yet it is obvious to every eye, that where you leave the imitation of the old ballad poetry, you form yourself upon the style of your great friend, Walter Scott. There is no occasion to mystify every thing about you, James. You enjoyed many advantages, and overcame many disadvantages, like a man of genius as you are; but there is nothing at all miraculous about you that ever I could discover; and really, were I to look abroad for a genius to make us stare, I do not think that one could be found better fitted to produce that effect than your own biographer.

Having thus placed you above Terence, Ramsay, and Burns, why should your biographer sneer at Robert Bloomfield? All that he can bring himself to say of that poet is, that "*he has sometimes painted such of the forms of nature as fell under his observation with con-*

siderable felicity." Your generous heart will, I am sure, think but little of the person who could, in order to flatter you, thus shamelessly undervalue the genius of so excellent and admirable a man as the author of the Farmer's Boy. He adds, "the circumstances of Bloomfield were certainly not the most favourable for the growth of genius!" James, you know the flying tailor of Ettrick. Well, suppose that he had written the Queen's Wake,—even he, sitting cross-legged on his board, with his Muse on his one hand, and his Goose on the other. Would he not, in that case, have been a more extraordinary genius than yourself? and pray, where is the great difference between making breeches and making brogues? I strongly suspect, James, that if you had made your own celebrated top-boots, you never would have written "Kilmeny." Bloomfield had much less *poetical education* than you had—you possess some powers which belong not to him—but where, in all your writings, is there a more beautiful passage than the following?

"Where's the Blind Child, so admirably fair,  
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair  
That waves in every breeze? he's often seen  
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,  
With others match'd in spirit and in size,  
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their  
eyes;

That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,  
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here;  
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;  
He hears the ball and trundling-hoop brush  
by,

And runs the giddy course with all his might,  
A very child in every thing but sight:  
With circumscrib'd, but not abated pow'rs,—  
Play! the great object of his infant hours;—  
In many a game he takes a noisy part,  
And shows the native gladness of his heart;  
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,  
The new suggestion and the quick assent;  
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast—  
To leap the ditch and seek the downy nest  
Away they start, leave balls and hoops be-  
hind,

And one companion leave—the boy is blind!  
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,  
That childish fortitude awhile gives way,  
He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain;  
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again;  
Pond'ring how best his moments to employ,  
He sings his little songs of nameless joy,  
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an  
hour,

And plucks by chance the white and yellow  
flow'r;  
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his  
knees,

He binds a nosegay which he never sees;

Along the homeward path then feels his way,  
Lifting his brow against the shining day,  
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,  
Presents a sighing parent with the prize."

Your biographer then sneers at Capel Loft, and jocularly remarks, "that even his colossal shoulders have not been able to sustain Bloomfield at that elevation" (i. e. the rank of Burns). Strange blindness of self-love! This very old gentleman, in the same paper in which he thus accuses Capel Loft of injudicious admiration of his protégée, actually brings your name into connexion, not only with Scott, Byron, and Campbell, but (mirabile dictu), (get Mr Gray to explain that), places the name of HOGG (O sus quando te aspiciam!) along with that of SHAKSPEARE!!

I had intended writing you a much longer letter, but I am engaged to go to the theatre to see Yates perform Shylock, which I am told he does most admirably—so I must conclude. I have just time to add, that I am not a little hurt that your biographer has hitherto taken no notice of your Essay on Sheep, certainly one of your most useful and able performances. The style of it shews the great versatility of your talents, for it assuredly is altogether different from that of the Pilgrims of the Sun. In that last, I think there is "great cry and little wool." Believe me, dear Hogg, your sincere friend and admirer,  
TIMOTHY TICKLER.

P. S.—In a party at Southside last night, a young gentleman gave the following toast: "Messrs Cleghorn and Pringle, and the Trial by Jury."

ANALYTICAL ESSAYS ON THE EARLY  
ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

NO IV.

*Duchess of Malfy.*—WEBSTER.\*

BEFORE the time of Shakspeare flourished several dramatic writers, who possessed great power over the passions, —had a deep insight into the darkest

\* Of Webster, who flourished in the reign of James I., little, we believe, is known. According to Gildon, he was clerk of the parish of St Andrew, Holborn, and a member of the merchant-tailors' company. In Dodesley, part of an old satire is quoted, in

depths of human nature, and were, moreover, in the highest sense of the word, Poets. Above them all, indubitably, stands that Marlow, of whose three best tragedies we have given a full account and copious specimens. But from them, it will be obvious to such of our readers as had not previously studied our earliest dramatic literature, that the qualities now mentioned are almost all that those men of genius possessed. Of that higher power of creation with which Shakspeare was endowed, and by which he was enabled to call up, into vivid existence, all the various characters of men, and all the events of human life, Marlow and his contemporaries had no great share,—so that their best dramas may be said to represent to us only gleams and shadowings of mind,

which he is accused of being a very ill-natured and captious critic; but the verses are miserable; and if Webster was severe on such scribblers, we cannot at least accuse him of injustice. Theobald, who altered the “*Duchess of Malfy*” into the “*Fatal Secret*,” talks (the usual cant of his age) about Webster’s want of skill, and so forth. But Theobald unfortunately was a dunce. Webster had a high opinion of himself, and in his “*Address to the Reader*,” prefixed to his “*White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*,” assumes very lofty language in talking of his own merits. He compares himself by implication with Euripides, to whom he is an antipode, and tells the reader that he writes very slowly, which, from the extreme inaccuracy and poverty of a vast number of his lines, might not have been suspected. But of all the great men of that illustrious age, Shakspeare alone seems to have been unconscious of his greatness, or, at least, he certainly bore his faculties more meekly than any other of his contemporaries. It is somewhat curious to remark the manner in which Webster classes the dramatic writers of his age. It seems never to have occurred to him, that Shakspeare was quite of a different order of beings from them all. Indeed, not one of his contemporaries suspected this to be the case. “*Inclination is the sworn friend of ignorance*. For mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men’s worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman, the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson, and the no less worthy composes of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong, to be last named), *the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakspeare*, Master Decker, and Master Heywood; wishing what I write may be read by their light,” &c.

confused and hurried actions, from which we are rather led to guess at the nature of the persons acting before us, than instantaneously struck with a perfect knowledge of it; and even mid their highest efforts, with them the fictions of the drama are felt to be but faint semblances of reality. If we seek for a poetical image,—a burst of passion,—a beautiful sentiment,—a trait of nature,—we seek not in vain in the works of our very oldest dramatists. But none of the predecessors of Shakspeare must be thought along with him, when he appears before us like Prometheus moulding the figures of men, and breathing into them the animation and all the passions of life.

The same may be said of almost all his illustrious contemporaries. Few of them ever have conceived a consistent character, and given a perfect drawing and colouring of it; they have rarely indeed inspired us with such belief in the existence of their personages, as we often feel towards those of Shakspeare, and which makes us actually unhappy unless we can fully understand every thing about them, so like are they to living men. And if we wonder at his mighty genius, when we compare his best plays with all that went before him, we shall perhaps wonder still more when we compare them with the finest works of those whose genius he himself inspired, and who flourished during the same splendid era of dramatic poetry.

This will hold true with the works of all the great dramatists of that time, to which the public mind has of late years been directed—the Fletchers, the Jonsons, the Massingers, and the Fords. Still more so is it the case with those many other men of power which that age, fruitful in great souls, produced. The plans of their dramas are irregular and confused,—their characters often wildly distorted,—and an air of imperfection and incompleteness hangs in general over the whole composition; so that the attention is wearied out—the interest flags—and we rather hurry on, than are hurried, to the horrors of the final catastrophe.

To none of our early dramatists do these observations more forcibly apply than to WEBSTER. Some single scenes are to be found in his works, inferior in power of passion to nothing in the

whole range of the drama. He was a man of a truly original genius, and seems to have felt strong pleasure in the strange and fantastic horrors that rose up from the dark abyss of his imagination. The vices and the crimes which he delights to paint, all partake of an extravagance which, nevertheless, makes them impressive and terrible, and in the retribution and the punishment there is a character of corresponding wildness. But our sympathies, suddenly awakened, are allowed as suddenly to subside. There is nothing of what Wordsworth calls "a mighty stream of tendency" in the events of his dramas, nor, in our opinion, is there a single character that clearly and boldly stands out before us, like a picture. This being the case, we shall lay before our readers, merely an outline of the story of this his best play (*Duchess of Malfy*), and a few of its finest passages.

The *Duchess of Malfy* having been left a widow, fixes her affections on Antonio, the master of her household. In the second scene of the first act, Antonio thus beautifully describes her.

"For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,  
You only will begin then to be sorry  
When she doth end her speech, and wish,  
in wonder,

She held it less vain-glory to talk much  
Than your penance to hear her; while she  
speaks,

She throws upon a man so sweet a look,  
That it were able to raise one to a galliard  
That lay in a dead palsy; and to dote  
On that sweet countenance: but in that look  
There speaketh so divine a continence,  
As cuts off all lascivious, all vain hope.  
Her days are practised in such noble virtue,  
That sure her nights (nay more, her very  
sleeps),

Are more in heaven than other Ladies' shrifts.  
Let all sweet Ladies break their flattering  
glasses,

And dress themselves in her."

Her brothers, Ferdinand and the Cardinal, are averse to her marrying again; and, before leaving her court, the former hires Bosola, who had served in the galleys as a punishment for a murder, to watch the motions of the *Duchess*. Though aware of her brothers' sentiments, she determines secretly to marry Antonio. Accordingly, in the third scene of the first act, she confesses to him her passion. There is a fine mixture of tenderness and dignity in this avowal. The following speech may serve as a specimen,

"The misery of us that are born great!  
We are forced to woo—because none dare  
woo us.

And as a Tyrant doubles with his words,  
And fearfully equivocates, so we  
Are forced to express our violent passions  
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path  
Of simple virtue, which was never made  
To seem the thing it was not. Go—go—brag  
You have left me heartless—mine is in your  
bosom,

I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do  
tremble!

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,  
To fear more than to love me! Sir, be confident;

What is't that distracts you? This is flesh and  
blood, Sir;

'Tis not the Figure, cut in alabaster,  
Kneels at my husband's Tomb. Awake—  
awake—

I do here put off all vain ceremony,  
And only do appear to you a widow  
That claims you for her husband; and, like  
a widow,

I use but half a blush in't."

They are married; and *Cariola*, the confidant of the *Duchess*, thus speaks of their ill-fated union.

"Whether the spirit of greatness, or of  
woman,

Reign most in her, I know not, but it shews  
A fearful madness—I owe her much pity."

The second act, which commences, we presume, about nine months after the termination of the first, opens with a scene of a somewhat singular nature. The *Duchess* is suddenly taken in labour; and, on being conveyed to her chamber, is delivered of a boy. *Bosola* has observed her illness, and conjectured the cause. Antonio, to prevent discovery, declares it to be the *Duchess'* order, that all the officers of the court shall be locked up in their chamber till sunrise, under pretence of some ducats having been missed from her cabinet. Being of a superstitious disposition, he has addicted himself to astrology; and, on the birth of the child, calculates its nativity. This paper he accidentally drops, and *Bosola* finding it, receives confirmation of his suspicions. He immediately communicates to Ferdinand, now at Rome, the situation of his sister; and the second act terminates with a conversation between that Prince and the Cardinal, in which he passionately vows destruction to the *Duchess*, her child, and paramour.

The third act opens about a couple of years afterwards, during which time, we are told, that the *Duchess* has had two other children, and that her re-

putation, notwithstanding the concealment of their birth, is gone. Ferdinand comes to her court, and having got false keys to her bed-chamber, secrets himself there, and overhears a soliloquy, which convinces him that his sister is married. He discovers himself, and puts a dagger into her hand; but apparently for little purpose, as a conversation ensues between them of a dull and unimpassioned nature, and Ferdinand leaves the chamber. The Duchess, perceiving that her husband is in danger, pretends to dismiss him from her service for dishonesty, and tells him to fly to Ancona, where, in due time, she will join him. On receiving his discharge, Antonio says,

“ O the inconstant

And rotten ground of service you may see!  
'Tis even like him, that in a winter's night  
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,  
As loth to part from't; yet parts thence as  
cold  
As when he first sat down.”

Bosola sees through this trick, and by praising Antonio's merits to the Duchess, when all the other courtiers are reviling him in his disgrace, she is thrown off her guard, and confesses that he is her husband. In speaking of Antonio, Bosola makes use of this fine image.

“ For know, an honest Statesman to a Prince  
Is like a cedar planted by a Spring;  
The Spring bathes the Tree's roots, the grateful Tree  
Rewards it with its shadow.”

The unfortunate Duchess now reveals to Bosola all her secrets, and among the rest, her husband's appointed plan of retreat, and appoints the traitor to manage every thing connected with her future fortunes.

Having fled to Ancona, the Duchess and Antonio are, through the interest of her brothers, banished that state, and the Pope has meanwhile seized the dukedom, which she held as dowager. Fearing that an ambush is laid against his life, the Duchess counsels her husband to fly, with their elder boy, till the storm is over-blown. Their parting is exceedingly tender.

*Duch.* I know not which is best,  
To see you dead or part with you! Farewell,  
boy,  
Thou art happy that thou hast not under-  
standing

To know thy misery. For all our wit  
And reading brings us to a truer sense  
Of sorrow: in the Eternal church, sir,  
I do hope we shall not part thus.

*Ant.* Oh! be of good comfort!  
Make Patience a noble Fortitude;  
And think not how unkindly we are used.  
Man (like to Cassia) is proved best, being  
bruised.

*Duch.* Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,  
Account it praise to suffer Tyranny?  
And yet, O Heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!  
I have seen my little Boy oft scourge his top,  
And compared myself to't: naught made me  
go right

But Heaven's scourge-stick.

*Ant.* Do not weep.  
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing: and we strive  
To bring ourselves to nothing. Farewell  
Cariola,

And thy sweet armful. If I see neither more,  
Be a good mother to our little ones,  
And save them from the Tiger. Fare you well.

*Duch.* Let me look upon you once more,  
for that speech

Come from a dying Father: your kiss is colder  
Than that I have seen an holy Anchorite  
Give to a dead man's skull.

*Ant.* My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump  
of lead,

With which I sound my danger. Fare ye well.

When about to part, they are surrounded by a troop of armed men, and the third act closes.

Hitherto the chief merit of this drama has consisted in the delineation of the mutual affection and attachment of the Duchess and her husband. We have purposely taken no notice of much low and worthless matter in the subordinate conduct of the play. There is something very touching and true to nature in the warmth, yet purity of feeling, that characterises the Duchess; and knowing from the first that fiendish machinations are directed against her peace, we all along consider her as an interesting object, upon whom there is destined to fall some fatal calamity. In the fourth act the tragedy assumes a very different complexion, and the peculiar genius of Webster bursts forth into a strange, wild, fantastic, and terrible grandeur. The Duchess is sitting in solitary imprisonment, and, by the command of her savage brother Ferdinand, in utter darkness. He breaks in on her sable solitude.

*Fer.* Where are your cubs?

*Duch.* Whom?

*Fer.* Call them your children!

For though our national Law distinguish  
Bastards  
From true legitimate issue, compassionate  
nature

Makes them all equal.

*Duch.* Do you visit me for this?  
You violate a sacrament of the church,  
Shall make you howl in hell for't.

*Fer.* It had been well,  
 Could you have lived thus always, for indeed  
 You were too much i' the light; but no more,  
 I come to seal my peace with you, Here's a  
 hand, [*Gives her a dead man's hand.*]  
 To which you have yow'd much love. The  
 ring upon't  
 You gave.

*Duch.* I affectionately kiss it.

*Fer.* Pray do, and wear the print of't in  
 your heart.

I will leave this ring with you for a love-token.

*Duch.* You are very cold:

I fear you are not well after your travel.

Ha! lights! O horrible!

*Fer.* Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*]

*Duch.* What witchcraft doth he practice,  
 that he hath left

A dead man's hand here?

(Here is discovered the body of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead.)

The villain Bosola is present to torment her; and her grief, agony, and rage against her cruel brothers, are painted with prodigious power of passion. Ferdinand now contrives a still more hideous and dreadful punishment.

*Fer.* Damn her—that body of hers,  
 While that my blood ran pure in't, was more  
 worth

Than that which thou wouldst comfort, called a soul.

I will send her masks of common courtezans,  
 Have her meat serv'd up with bawds and  
 ruffians;

And, cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolv'd  
 To remove forth the common Hospital

All the mad folk, and place them near her  
 lodging;

There let them practise together, sing and  
 dance,

And act their gambolds to the full o' the moon.  
 If she can sleep, the better for't—let her,  
 Your work is almost ended.

This horrid fancy is carried into execution. What effect it would produce on the stage in these unimaginative days of ours it is not difficult to conjecture; but we know that this wild scene of insanity powerfully moved our ancestors. Thomas Middleton says,

“For who e'er saw the Duchess live and die,  
 That could get off under a bleeding eye.”

And Ford, speaking of this play, writes thus:

“Crown him a poet, whom, nor Rome nor  
 Greece,

Transcend in all theirs for a master-piece.”

The dreadful revelry of the lunatics is thus ushered in:

*Duch.* What hideous noise was that?

*Cari.* 'Tis the wild consort

Of madmen, Lady, which your Tyrant brother

Hath placed about your lodging. This tyranny  
 I think was never practised till this hour.

*Duch.* Indeed I thank him, nothing but  
 noise and folly

Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason  
 And silence make me stark mad: sit down,  
 Discourse to me some dismal Tragedy.

*Cari.* O, 'twill increase your melancholy,

*Duch.* Thou art deceived.

To hear of greater grief will lessen mine.  
 This is a prison?

*Cari.* Yes; but you shall live  
 To shake this durance off.

*Duch.* Thou art a fool;  
 The robin-red-breast and the nightingale  
 Never live long in cages.

*Cari.* Pray, dry your eyes!  
 What think ye of, madam?

*Duch.* Of nothing!

When I muse thus I sleep.

*Cari.* Like a madman, with your eyes open.

*Duch.* Dost thou think we shall know one  
 another

In the other world?

*Cari.* Yes; out of question.

*Duch.* O that it were possible we might  
 But hold some two days conference with the  
 dead;

From them I should learn somewhat, I am  
 sure,

I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle,  
 I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.  
 The heaven o'er my head seems made of  
 molten brass,

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not  
 mad.

I am acquainted with sad misery,  
 As the tam'd gally-slave is with his oar.  
 Necessity makes me suffer constantly,  
 And custom makes it easy—who do I look  
 like now?

*Cari.* Like to your picture in the gallery.  
 A deal of life in shew, but none in practice:  
 Or rather like some reverend monument,  
 Whose ruins even are pitied!

Here a servant enters, to inform the  
 Duchess that the dance of madmen is  
 about to commence, and that it is a  
 design of her brother's to cure her melancholy.

(*Here, by a madman, this song is sung to  
 a dismal kind of music.*)

O let us howl some heavy note  
 Some deadly dogged howl;  
 Sounding as from the threatening throat  
 Of beasts and fatal fowl.

As ravens, scritch-owls, bulls, and bears,  
 We'll bill and bawl our play,  
 Till yerksome noise have cloy'd your ears,  
 And corasiv'd your hearts.

At last, when as our quire wants breath,  
 Our bodies being blest,  
 We'll sing like swans to welcome death,  
 And die in love and rest.

At the close of this choral song, the  
 madmen converse together for a while,  
 and then ensues “a dance of eight

madmen, with musick answerable thereto." Bosola then enters, disguised like an old man.

*Duch.* Is he mad too?

*Servant.* Pray question him; I'll leave you.

*Bos.* I am come to make thy tomb.

*Duch.* Ha! my tomb?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed, Gasping for breath? dost thou perceive me such?

*Bos.* Yes!

*Duch.* Thou art not mad! Dost know me?

*Bos.* Yes!

*Duch.* Who am I?

*Bos.* Thou art a box of wormseed, &c.

*Duch.* Am not I thy Duchess?

*Bos.* That makes thy sleep so broken: Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright, But look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

*Duch.* Thou art very plain.

*Bos.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.

I am a tomb-maker.

*Duch.* And thou comest to make my tomb?

*Bos.* Yes!

*Duch.* Let me be a little merry:

Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

*Bos.* Nay, resolve me first: Of what fashion?

*Duch.* Why, do we grow phantastical in our death-bed?

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

*Bos.* Most ambitiously. Princes' images on the tombs

Do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray Up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheek,

As if they died of the tooth-ache! They are not carved

With their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as Their minds were wholly bent upon the world, The self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

*Duch.* Let me know fully, therefore, the effect

Of this thy dismal preparation,

This talk fit for a charnel?

*Bos.* Now I shall. (*A coffin, cords, and a bell.*)

Here is a present from your princely brothers. And may it arrive welcome, for it brings Last benefit, last sorrow.

*Duch.* Let me see it.

*Bos.* This is your last presence-chamber.

*Duch.* Peace! it affrights not me.

*Bos.* I am the common Bellman,

That usually is sent to condemned persons The night before they suffer.

*Duch.* Even now thou saidst

Thou was a tomb-maker.

*Bos.* 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification. Listen.

*Dirge.*

Hark! now every thing is still!  
The scritch owl, and the whistler shrill  
Call upon our Dame aloud,  
And bid her quickly don her shroud.  
Much you had of Land and Rent,  
Your length in clay's now competent.

A long war disturb'd your mind,  
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.  
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?  
Sin their conception, their birth weeping!  
Their life, a general mist of error,  
Their death, a hideous storm of terror!  
Strew your hair with powders sweet,  
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,  
And (the foul fiend more to check)  
A crucifix let bless your neck.  
'Tis now full tide, 'tween night and day,  
End your groan, and come away.

*Cari.* Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers, alas!

What will ye do with my Lady? Cry for help!

*Duch.* To whom? to our next neighbours? these are mad-folks.

I pray thee, look thou givest my little boy Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl Say her prayers ere she sleep. Now what you please?

What death?

*Bos.* Strangling—here are your executioners.

*Exc.* We are ready.

*Duch.* Dispose my breath how please you; but my body

Bestow upon my women. Will you?

*Exc.* Yes!

*Duch.* Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength

Must pull down Heaven upon me.

Yet stay! Heaven's gates are not so highly arch'd

As Princes' palaces! They that enter there Must go upon their knees. Come violent death, Serve for mandragora to make me sleep! Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out, They then may sleep in quiet.

[*They strangle her.*]

After this horrid murder, Bosola shews to Ferdinand, who comes upon the stage, the little children also strangled.

*Fer.* The death

Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

*Bos.* Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out!  
The element of water moistens the earth,  
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the Heavens.

*Fer.* Cover her face, mine eyes dazzle," &c.

Here Ferdinand is struck with agony and remorse, and threatens vengeance against the wretch whom he had hired to perpetrate the murders. And there occurs an incident of horror, evidently borrowed from Desdemona in Othello.

*Bos.* She stirs! here's life!

Return fair soul! from darkness, and lead mine

Out of this sensible Hell. She's warm—she breathes!

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart  
To store them with fresh colour. Who's there?

Some cordial drink! alas! I dare not call!  
So pity would destroy pity! her eye opens,

And heaven in it seems to ope, that late  
was shut,

To take me up to mercy.

*Duch.* Antonio!

*Bos.* Yes, madam, he is living! &c.

*Duch.* Mercy!

*Bos.* Oh! she's gone again! there life's  
cord broke!

O sacred Innocence! that sweetly sleeps  
On turtle's feather, while a guilty conscience  
Is a black register, wherein is writ  
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective  
That shows us hell," &c.

The interest of the drama thus expires with the fourth act. In the fifth, there is some powerful painting of the distraction of Ferdinand, whom remorse has driven into madness,—and a murderous confusion of death among the guilty actors; but the extracts already given are sufficient to enable our readers to estimate the general character of the tragedy, and our limits prevent us from offering any farther criticism.\*

H. M.

LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF ROB ROY.

*Salt Market, Feb. 20.*

DEAR SIR,

MR BLACKWOOD informs me that he has been severely taken in hand for the publication of a letter of mine, concerning the management of the college library in this city; it is therefore doubtful whether he will print this; but as he is publisher of your best work, the "Tales of my Landlord," I dare say he must have some suspicion who you are, and will take care to transmit the MS. (if MS. it must remain) to your honoured

\* Mr Lamb observes of the tragedy, "all the several parts of the dreadful apparatus, with which the Duchess's death is ushered in, are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance, than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victim is beyond the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like infictions of *this life*, so her language seems *not of this world*. She has lived among horrors till she is become 'native and endowed into that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair—her tongue has a smatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale! What are Luke's iron crown, the brazen bull of Phalaris, Procrustes' bed, to the waxen images which counterfeit death, the wild masque of madmen, the tomb-maker, the bell-man, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees!" *Specimen of English Dramatic Poets, &c.*

hands. You have no idea what a splutter your amusing, but rather hasty novel, has created among the good people in this town. You know we have long been fond of literature—how could we be otherwise, with such a college in the midst of us?—but I lament to say our own attempts have been in the main far from successful. We have tried some scores of "periodical publications," after the form of the Spectator, none of which have ever been spectators of a second year. We have also, now and then, made an effort to keep up a lively newspaper among us, but, somehow or other, the moment the paper begins to be taken in, the editor begins to be taken out, and as he himself fares better, the poor readers are obliged to fare worse. In short, the peculiar local jokes of our city have never been able to procure for themselves any indigenous publication, capable of giving them the smallest chance of immortality, but have been preserved, like the wisdom of the ancient Druids, by oral communication,—that is, have been handed down from one generation of bon vivants to another, the chief repositories of the present day being John Douglas, Dr Scott (he who has so often been in the mouths of the public), Veracity Cochrane the jeweller, Urquhart the barber, and your humble servant.

The appearance of your book was expected by us, like all the rest of the "reading public," with great anxiety; but little did we know how much more reason we had to gape for it, than any of the other inhabitants of the island. Little did we think that we ourselves were to be immortalized in Rob Roy! little did we guess that just at the time when "The Attic Stories" were expiring, (they can scarcely be said ever to have been alive), just at the time when the Chronicle was beginning to lose all its point (for Duncan Whip appears to be quite defunct), we should be taken in hand by a writer of so much importance as the author of "Waverly" and "Old Mortality." Dear sir, I wish you had come out and paid me a visit—the week your book came out. The whole town was in a tumult. You could not walk along the Trongate without jostling your way through hosts of roaring citizens, all alike transported into



ecstasies by the perusal of your ingenious and good tempered satire. There was not a bailie in the town who did not suspect himself to be typified in my grandfather, nor a bailie's wife who did not chuckle when she read the compliment you paid to the trim ankle of Matty. There were many candidates for the characters of "Bailie Graham," and "Sandy Steenson in the Trades Land." The beadles fell out, after a funeral, about "the grave-looking person;" but the keenest rivalry was excited by your truly enviable description of the "Barony Laigh Kirk" preacher. If you had only thought of sending me a sight of your proof sheets, I could easily have informed you, that though we have both a Barony Kirk and a Laigh Kirk, Glasgow never possessed any place of worship which could lay claim to the compound designation in your text. The minister of the Barony Kirk (here commonly pronounced *the Baronry*), and he of the Laigh (otherwise, and more fashionably, styled *the Tron*), seemed undoubtedly to have a fair subject for competition; but as it was soon discovered that the one had never been "metaphysical," and the other is not yet "old," the public voice decided in favour of a common friend of both, one who certainly adorns a very venerable "age" with "most ingenious reasoning," and "the real savour o' doctrine." It was commonly alleged that you had gone a little too closely to work, when, by your minuteness of localities,—“the main entrance,” &c. you left so little room for conjecture as to the “*cauldrie law-work gaun on yonder—carnal moralities as dowed and fusionless as rue leaves at Yule;*” and most people suspected that the anachronism of “that gude gospel-kirk of St Enochs” had not been brought in for nothing. I mention these merely as instances. The mania of interpretation went much farther than I could very easily make you understand. Nothing else was heard of for some weeks; and at that festive season (the book just reached us on Hogmanay), the walls of every club-room, the *Geggars*, the *Odd Fellows*, the *Board of Green Cloth*, the *Stall*, the *Face*, the *What-you-please*, and *Archy Cameron's*, resounded with peals of laughter, provoked by the wit of Rob.—Your arrows had perhaps been

shot at a venture; but, as it is said of one of the heroes in the Arabian Nights, that a genie was always at hand to shove on his dart to its destination, so there was no want of wicked wags to guide each shaft from your quiver home to the sides of some innocent citizen, against whose “leathern coat,” “stretched almost to bursting,” I am persuaded you had not intended any hostility.

As, notwithstanding the title of your novel, Rob Roy is a hero of whose adventures you can scarcely be said to have as yet made any use, I think a few hints from one more familiar with the west country than you can be, may not be at all amiss, in case you think of reviving Rob, and giving us other three volumes of *Blackmail* and *Loch Cathrine*. In the first place, my dear Sir, you must know, that in the days of Rob Roy the Provost of Glasgow was a person of much greater importance than he commonly is now-a-days.—In the year when you have chosen to bring your hero to visit my ancestor in the Salt-market, he was no less a person than Campbell of Shawfield, the member for our district of boroughs. What a fine opportunity you might have of representing a totally new, unbroken, virgin character,—a compound, made up in equal proportions of statesmanship, lairdship, and bailie-ship? The military propensities of the magistrate at Fairport were not, I am convinced, a better subject for your imagination, than the political career of such a Glasgow Provost might afford.

*Hint the second.*—I wish you would, in “Rob Roy continued,” give us a little insight into that mysterious character of whom you and Mr Blackwood’s “Dicaledon” sometimes speak, “the chief of the Macgregors.” Who was this? And who is his descendant and representative? There are two shopkeepers of my acquaintance in this town, who regularly quarrel every time they get bouzy together about this, each pretending that HE is the true legitimate chieftain of Gregarich, and insisting upon “homage due” from the other. Paisley also boasts of a chief of the Macgregors—a warper; and I have myself seen the proud blazon of that clan—trees an’ supporters an’ a’—framed and glazed, in the back parlour of a little innkeeper.

in Cowal. You are so much of an antiquarian, that I dare say you will have no difficulty in answering one more question about this chieftainship. Is it a thing that can be bought? I have heard queer stories about certain sales of *right to the chieftainship*. If this is consistent with the principles of Celtic heraldry, it is a strange relic of barbarity, truly worthy of what Pinkerton calls "the aboriginal savage of Europe." A single word more, and I have done. Had they ever a chief at all? Were they ever any thing more than what our fathers recollect them—a pack of naked hairy banditti, headed by the stoutest and boldest ragamuffin whom they could find *pro tempore*? Is there any shadow of truth in the story, that they once possessed great landed estates in the west? I suspect not. Mr Scott seems to think them something of a clan, and has spoken a good deal about them in the notes to his *Lady of the Lake*. Did it never strike you as a singular thing, that all the information he has been able to muster about this great, ill-fated, persecuted, heroic clan, has been gathered from the records of the courts of justice? I suspect, that if you look a little into the matter, the only Macgregors who were ever much above the vulgar, possessed a species of elevation, not in general much envied by those who are more humbly situated.—Yours, with hereditary affection,

NICOL JARVIE, *tertius*.

P. S. Use no ceremony. Command my services in behalf of the continuation. I trust you are hard at work with Montrose. Depend upon it, he is a better hero than Claverhouse. Whenever you come west, be sure that we have always a sheep's head, and a little of John Hamilton's best for you, in the Salt-market. Adieu!

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No III.

MR KEAN. In our last we promised to attempt a sketch of this actor. We now redeem our pledge.

Never was so entire a revolution wrought in so short a space of time,

by one person, as that which has just been effected by Mr Kean in the art of acting. A revolution which is the more extraordinary, from its having happened quite unconsciously and unintentionally on the part of its creator, and quite unexpectedly to every one else; and yet one, the foundations of which cannot but be laid in the immutable truth of nature, because it has been instantly, and at once, hailed with an universal burst of delight and sympathy, from all sorts and conditions of people,—all, except the insignificant few, whose petty interests, or still pettier envies, prevent them from feeling rightly, or from choosing to express their right feelings. We speak of this revolution as already brought about,—for it is so in fact, though not in effect. The school of acting which Mr Kean has established, exists at present in his own person only; but its practice and principles are now so firmly fixed in the feelings and understandings of those who are its judges, that they cannot, at least in the present generation, be very far departed from. Any attempt to supersede that practice, or those principles, by such as obtained seven years ago, would be received now, just as an attempt to supersede the plays of Shakspeare would, by translations from those of Racine. Indeed, we cannot better illustrate what we feel to be the distinctive difference between the acting of Mr Kean and that of his distinguished predecessor, than by saying that, as an actor, the latter is to the former nearly what, as a poet, Racine is to Shakspeare. In making this comparison, nothing can be farther from our wishes or intentions, than to express ourselves slightly or disrespectfully of Mr Kemble. We owe him unmingled gratitude, and shall never let slip an opportunity of paying it to him. He is associated with some of the dearest and most delightful wonder of our boyhood; with the noblest fancies and loftiest aspirations of our youth; with the deepest, and purest, and most lasting pleasures of our manhood. We owe as much to his performance of Cato as we do to the sight of the Apollo Belvedere—the memory of both lies at the bottom of our hearts, and we shall be wiser, and better, and happier for it as long as we live.

The world might have been well content with Mr Kemble's acting, with-

out desiring any thing better ; in fact, they *were* well content with it,—all but a few restless and impatient spirits whom nothing would satisfy. But they must not be called untrue to, or inconsistent with, themselves, because they now feel Mr Kean's acting to be something still better. In giving us the perfection of nature instead of the perfection of art, Mr Kean has displaced a fine thing to substitute a finer ; and let us not shrink from giving him the "honour due," whatever expense it may cost us. But in fact, to praise Kean is not to depreciate Kemble, any more than to admire Shakspeare is to undervalue Racine. Each has his peculiar and distinctive merits,—only it would be idle not to confess that those of the one are of a higher and rarer kind than those of the other.

To come more immediately to the characteristics of Mr Kean's genius, the most remarkable feature of it is Passion—Passion in all its power and in all its weakness—in its heights and its depths—its temples and its dungeons. In his breast there seems to exist an inexhaustible spring of passion, which adapts itself in a most extraordinary manner to all the calls that are made upon it. It either wells and murmurs forth in a continuous and musical stream of love, as in the milder parts of *Othello*,—or gushes out in interrupted sobs of grief and disappointment, as in *Richard II.*—or boils, and bursts, and thunders along, in one overwhelming torrent of rage and revenge, as in the last act of *Sir Giles Overreach*,—or alternately, and almost coincidently, takes all these forms, as in the third act of *Othello*,—or, more terrible than all, becomes fixed and frozen up by remorse, as immediately after the murders of *Macbeth*.

Passion seems to be the very food, the breath, the vital principle, of his mental existence. He adapts himself to all its forms, detects its most delicate shades, follows it through all its windings and blendings, pierces to its most secret recesses. In his mind's kingdom passion holds "sovereign sway and mastery." It commands all the powers it finds there, and compels them to do its bidding. It "reigns there and revels."

Mr Kean's passion is as various as it is natural and true. It shapes itself to all forms and characters, and shapes all forms and characters to itself ; and

yet always preserves its own. It delights in contrasts, and flies from one to another with marvellous rapidity ; yet never loses itself by the way. It seems also to have no predilection for one form or condition more than another,—but whatever it is at the moment, it is that wholly and exclusively. If he has to express love, his whole soul seems to cling to the being on whom he gazes—his eye swims—his voice melts and trembles—his very existence seems concentrated, and ready to be breathed forth in one full sigh of silent delight ; and when at last he speaks, the words fall from his lips as if *they* were the smallest part of what he would express. And in all this there is no shew, no endeavour, no pretence ; for real love is the most unpretending thing in the world, the most quiet, the most able to repose upon itself, and the most willing to do so. One the other hand, if it is his cue to hate, it is scarcely possible to imagine yourself looking at and listening to the same person. His eyes glare—his teeth grind against each other—his voice is broken and hoarse—his hands clench and open alternately, as if they were revelling in the blood of his enemy—and his whole frame seems to have imbibed the will and the powers of a demon. This extraordinary actor's delineations of all the other passions possess alike a force, a truth, and a distinctness, which render them absolutely perfect. He lays before us a portrait of the human heart, in all its beauty, and in all its deformity ; and the picture must be a likeness, because it is instantly recognised.

Next to Mr Kean's unrivalled power of expressing passion, is that which he possesses in an almost equal degree, of depicting those extraordinary exhibitions of mental force—of moral will almost entirely dissevered from the bodily senses,—which Shakspeare alone has given us. Such, for instance, as *Richard III.* and *Iago*. In these he becomes, as the characters themselves are, almost wholly mind—etherial and triumphant mind ;—and yet mind so mysteriously connected with, and symbolized by, bodily expression, as never to become too attenuated for our touch—never too rarefied for our sight. We perpetually feel its operations to be those of a power to which we have a certain degree of kindred, but not a sufficient—

ly near one to make us painfully interested in its joys or sorrows—its success or failure. We watch its movements, more as a matter of curiosity than of sympathy; for we are satisfied, that whatever may be the causes or the consequences of those movements, we are beyond their reach, if not out of their sphere. The manner in which Mr Kean gives these kind of characters is very striking. Into most of his parts he is apt to throw a superabundance of intellect,—so that they are sometimes thinking, when they ought to be feeling,—but in these there cannot be too much. His conceptions, too, with whatever rapidity they may follow each other, are embodied with such vividness and precision, that they cannot be mistaken or overlooked; and they never seem strained or superfluous, on account of their perpetual variety, and the perfect ease and unconsciousness which always accompany them. It is in these characters, more than in any others (and we allude particularly to Richard III.), that Mr Kean displays that sustained and sustaining vigour of thought,—that intense mental energy,—which is another of his characteristics; and which pervades all his performances, in a greater or less degree. This it is which enables him to point a home truth with such cutting severity, and steep a sarcasm in such unalloyed bitterness. This it is which makes his eyes strike like basilisks, and his words pierce like daggers. This it is which gives such endless variety, and appropriateness, and beauty, to the expression of his face and action. Indeed, Mr Kean's look and attitude are at all times precisely such as a consummate painter would assign to the particular situation and character in which they occur; and this, not because he studies to make them so, but because the operations of the mind and senses, when they are real and intense, are always accompanied by correspondent bodily expression. It is a law of our nature that this should be the case; and, accordingly, look and action are among the certain criteria by which to judge of the truth and strength of a performer's feelings and conceptions.

Another remarkable feature of Mr Kean's acting is, that notwithstanding the immense variety of his powers, there is always a perfect *unity of purpose* among them,—there is, if we may

use the expression, an *understanding* between them. They always preserve their distinctness and identity, yet never jostle and disturb each other, but blend with, and adapt themselves to, that one among them which circumstances require to take the lead. He reads a character over—forms a certain conception of it—and then throws his whole powers into it, and suffers it to mould and modify them as it will. This is always the case when he is playing characters that are worthy of him. He does not make them what he pleases, but they make him what they please. They seize on him, not he on them. They are seen through him, not he through them. He is “subdued to the very quality” of what he is engaged in; and never, for an instant, by a single glance or reminiscence, reminds you that he is, or can be, any thing else. This unity of purpose is finely adapted to illustrate Shakspeare, whose best plays all possess it in a most wonderful degree; and they are the only plays that do possess it. Even where they may seem to blend and interfere with each other, a further examination shews us that each is itself alone. As examples of what we mean, both with respect to actor and author, we would refer to Richard II., Macbeth, and Richard III. The ruling spring of action in each of these dramas is ambition; but what can be more distinct than the puling, and childish, and *legitimate* ambition of Richard II.,—the faltering, feeble, and cowardly ambition of Macbeth,—and the proud, reckless, and triumphant ambition of Richard III.?

In this hasty estimate of Mr Kean's merits, we must not neglect to notice, that he is the first actor who has dared to introduce the familiarities of daily life into tragedy,—the first who has discovered that heroes are only men. It is true, that valets-de-chambre are said to have made this discovery before him; but there is not a little credit due to his courage, in venturing to publish it to the world. In this he evinced a noble consciousness of power, and a noble dependence on that power. It was not for one who felt himself worthy to walk hand in hand with the kindred spirits of a better age,—to stalk along upon a pair of French stilts;—it was not for a being who felt the inextinguishable flame of genius burn within him, to seek for artificial light and heat from the lustre of stars and

diadems. The "pomp and circumstance" of courts are well enough in their way,—but what becomes of them all before a single burst of passion?—they shrivel up, and are gone in a moment, like a leaf of an illuminated missal in the fire. It must be observed, however, that Mr Kean introduces this familiarity very sparingly, and in some characters not at all. In *Macbeth*, for example, for there it would be quite out of place. *Macbeth* is a king by usurpation, not by right; and he is weak as well as wicked; so that he has no self-possession, and is never at his ease. He perpetually feels his throne totter under him, and is glad of any prop, real or fancied, to support it. Unlike Richard III., he cannot *afford* to be familiar. In *Othello*, too, there is only one instance of this kind; but it is one of the finest things in the performance. It occurs in the last scene, when he learns the shallow artifices by which he has suffered himself to be duped. "Fool! Fool!" he exclaims three or four times over. "There be players that we have seen, and heard others praise, and that highly too," who, in expressing these words, rave, and tear their hair, and fall into mock agonies which cannot be described, because they cannot be felt. So does not Mr Kean. He feels no agony at the moment, because Shakspeare and nature do not tell him to feel any. He repeats the word over quickly, and almost inarticulately, and with a half smile of wonder at his incredible stupidity in having been such a "fool."

And this calls upon us to notice Mr Kean's exquisite taste and judgment—both theoretical and practical—both in conception and execution. These, if not the loftiest, are perhaps the most extraordinary of his qualifications,—considering the circumstances under which he must have acquired them. But we correct ourselves—he cannot have *acquired* them—they must be instinctive—we mean attendants upon, or parts of his genius. It is remarkable, too, that they were among the most striking of Shakspeare's qualities; a man bred up in the same school—the green-room of a theatre; and who studied in the same volume—his own heart. It is needless to multiply examples of the application of this exquisite taste and judgment. We give the first that occurs to us; and it will serve to illustrate our position, both

with respect to Shakspeare and Kean. (We do not shrink from naming them in the same sentence.) The passage we allude to is in the third act of *Othello*. Immediately after the whirlwind of passion that ensues on the supposed discovery of his wife's infidelity, *Othello* exclaims—

"————— O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue, O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner,—and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And O, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

Farewell! *Othello's* occupation's gone!"

The delivering of this passage is only less beautiful than the writing of it. It is the last breeze of summer sighing among the branches of a cypress-grove. It is the hollow, and not unmusical murmur of the midnight sea, after the tempest hath "raved itself to rest." If we were compelled to pass the rest of our days in a desert island, *this* would be among the few things we should remember, or desire to remember, of the world we had left behind us.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

On February 5th, Mr Milman's *Fazio* was performed for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre.—We have some difficulty in speaking of this Tragedy. If we compare it with the crowd of wretched nothings, that have reigned paramount in our national theatres for these ten years past, we shall never have done praising it; but if we judge of it as of what it professes to be,—"an attempt at reviving our old national drama,"—we shall never have done finding fault.

Indeed this attempt to revive the old drama, has been the author's stumbling-block all through. He has powers that would have enabled him to construct a fine tragedy, if he had chosen to rely on them; but when he betrays a want of confidence in them, he must not wonder at their deserting him. Why should he have taken as a model "our old national drama?" He might have gone a much nearer and surer way to work.

There was a still better model to be found,—the model from which the writers of that very drama constructed *their* everlasting works,—nature.—If Mr Milman had studied nature as closely as he has the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth, he might have gone nigh to produce a work that should be to the nineteenth century what their's were to the sixteenth and seventeenth; but, as it is, Fazio has the antiquated dress of the one,—the stiff and constrained manners of the other,—a body made up from something of each,—and the soul of neither.

There is a perpetual appearance of effort in this tragedy. The writer's poetry does not "ooze" from him "as a gum," but is distilled, drop by drop, from the alembic of art. He moves gracefully, we admit; but he moves in fetters. In common life the *endeavour* to be graceful, even if it succeed, always gives a tinge of affectation: and it does so in Fazio. We are never sure that the author is what he seems, or means what he says. In one word, he writes like an author.

To come to particulars, Bianca, the character which the author has laboured more than any other, is, perhaps for that very reason, the least of all to our taste. Mr Milman endeavours to interest us in her favour, and yet he draws her with the two most fatal mental deformities that can befall a woman and a wife—selfishness and want of confidence. She loves Fazio, not because he deserves to be loved—not because he is *Fazio*, but because he is *her* Fazio. After two years of undoubted and undoubting constancy and affection, when he but speaks of another woman, she suspects and threatens;—she but conjectures that he is untrue to her, and instantly denounces him to justice, for crimes of which he was not guilty; she contemplates the murder of her own children, lest, when she dies, she should miss them in heaven,—as if so violent and unfeminine a lady could find heaven any where!—The character is drawn with considerable force and consistency; and we dare not say that it is an unnatural one: but we are sure that it is most unamiable. We mention this, because the author seems to think otherwise; and makes the whole interest of the

piece depend on her.—But he does not, we suppose, call this a part of his "attempt at reviving our old national drama." Where will he find any hints at such traits of character among the females of that drama? We mean among those who are *intended* to be amiable.—Is it in the divine Juliana, in the Double Marriage; or the divinely-human Aspatia, in the Maid's Tragedy? Is it in Desdemona—the abused and injured, yet gentle, and obedient, and loving Desdemona?—She whose only answer to suspicion and outrage, is a renewed vow of love to the man who has inflicted them on her, even "though he should cast me off to beggarly divorcement;" and whose only return for a guiltless death at his hands, is expending her last breath in a wilful and deliberate falsehood to shield him from obloquy?—Is it in the quiet but deep-hearted Ophelia; or the gently-heroical Imogen?—This "attempt at reviving our old national drama," was an unfortunate passage in Mr Milman's preface.

The character of Fazio is, with all its faults, more pleasing, and we hope more natural, than that of Bianca. His silent and deep repentance—his uncomplaining resignation—and above all, his unupbraiding affection towards his wife, after the condemnation which she has brought upon him, almost make amends for his crimes. He utters no word of recrimination; but his first greeting, after her accusal of him, is, "my own Bianca!"—this is using "my own," in the true and beautiful sense of the words. How different from the meaning which she attaches to them in her peevish and passionate exclamations, when she but suspects that he has injured her! "*My Fazio*"—"mine own—mine only —not Aldabella's."

At present we have not room for further remarks on particular parts of this Tragedy, except to say that all that is seen and heard of the short character of Bartolo seems to us to be totally unnatural and bad.—

On reading what we have written, we find that, by having been forced, against our will, to compare Fazio with works of such transcendent beauty in the same class, we have not conveyed any thing like so favourable an impression of it, or its author's talents, as we feel.

Some detached parts of it are very beautiful,—such as the description of Aldabella, in the first scene; and the soliloquy of Bianca, at the beginning of the third act: and there are two or three fine touches of nature, particularly that where Bianca forgets the name of the old senator,—“him—him—him,” &c. act III. scene I.—and that where she keeps watching for the Duke's order to seize the person of Fazio, and when it is given, rushes to the officer, and exclaims, “you'll find him at the Marchesa Aldabella's,” &c. Act III. scene II.

Upon the whole, comparing it with the dramas of our own day, Fazio is undoubtedly superior to any that have been written for the stage, with the exception of Miss Baillie's *De Montfort*, and perhaps Mr Coleridge's *Remorse*; and quite equal to any that have been written for the closet only, with one exception—that of Count Julian,—a work possessing rare and admirable beauties, though but little known, and most imperfectly appreciated.

As Fazio was written for the stage, we may congratulate the author on its complete success in the performance. Mr C. Kemble plays the first scenes with considerable spirit and effect; but he flags and grows lame towards the last. As for Bianca, we have liked her less than ever, since she has infused her boisterous and complaining spirit into Miss O'Neill. She was made to suffer, but not to talk of it—to complain with her eyes and her heart, not her tongue. When she is unhappy, she becomes, “like Niobe, all tears.” She has no need to “give sorrow words,”—a sigh of her's is more potent than a volume of execrations. Her silent grief at the end of the third act, when they are taking Fazio to prison, was more affecting than all the loud-talking part of the performance put together.

On Feb. 21, a new Opera, entitled *Zuma*, or the *Tree of Health*, was produced at Covent-Garden Theatre. When we say that this peice is intended merely as a vehicle for the music, and that it is written by Mr T. Dibdin, we have described it. It would be a work of supererogation to say more, unless it would gratify our medical friends to learn, that the plot is founded on the efficacy of *Peruvian*

*Bark* in curing diseases incidental to hot climates!

The new music, which is by Braham and Bishop, we cannot better describe than by saying, that all we remember of it is, that it contains nothing to be remembered. In this description, we do not include an adaptation of the fine music of the Marseillois hymn to English words. This was given by Braham in a very grand style, and was called for three times.

Of the Comedy called the *Castle of Glendower*, which was produced and condemned at Drury-Lane Theatre on the 2d instant, we have nothing to say, because, luckily for our time and patience, we did not see it.

BOXING MATCH AT WIMBLEDON.

“An ancient battle now forgot  
By week-day men—it is my lot  
To tell, in strains that perish not,  
The doings of that bloody spot.”

STANIHURST.

Et pugilem victorem  
Musa refer.

Πύκταν  
Δ'εν Οὐμ'ελεδονιάδι νικῶν.  
PINDAR, Od. x. v. 20.

*Certamen Pugni inter Edwardum Bourke et Stephanum Pearce, vulgo dictum The Chicken, in Wimbledonixæ pascuo publico.*

DESCENDENTE Deo Auroram Polluce sub  
ipsam  
En Wimbledonixæ jam pascua vulgus habe-  
bat,  
Atque chorus pugilum, Pittusque et Geor-  
gius Hanger,  
Omnis et Athletæ magnus Mellissus\* ama-  
tor,  
Nomenab Isthmiaco memoratum sæpe Poeta,  
Nam duplices palmæ te clara vere Melisse.  
Bourkius ipse agmen ducens, et Percius  
adstat,  
Bristolixæ nigro in populo qui Pullulus audit.  
Obductus nebulis medio Sol orbe vagatur.  
Vestitu Heroes rejecto protinus omni,  
Cæperunt quadrare artus, magnosque lacer-  
tos,  
Et stare in digitos, et brachia tollere ad auras.  
Et sese metre oculis, manibusque micantes  
Permutare manus, pedibusque indicere pug-  
nam.  
Nil dicertatum prima vice; nilque secunda;

\* Mellissus is celebrated in two odes, 3d and 4th of the Isthmian.

Tertiaque innocua est; tamen illum mole  
valentem

Hic melior motu in terram bis præcipitavit.  
In quarta et quinta cum Pullo Bourkius ultro  
Congressus quoties, toties prostravit arena,  
Naribus ex Bourki quamquam vis sanguinis  
ibat.

Tunc illi sexta impegit violentius ictum  
Luminesublævo, et vasto cadit impete Pullus.  
Septena, octavaque valet vis vivida Pulli  
In caput adversum Bourki, qui plurima jactat  
Vulnera, quorum unum incutiens crudelius  
ora

Includit vocem et tantum non sanguine vitam.  
Extemplo quovis contendunt pignore cuncti  
Victorem fore, sed nono in certamine major  
Bourkius evadit, plagasque repercutit omnes;  
Atque iterum in terram Pullus procumbit  
anhelans.

Sic optata brevem nectit Victoria Palmam  
Alterutri; nunc cæditur Hic, nunc Ille tri-  
umphat.

Quatuor inque vices quæ tempora nona se-  
quuntur

Jam memorata, leves ægre Dea ventilat alas,  
Inque caput Bourki recto pede stare videtur;  
Lucta ferox interdum, et parte severa ab  
utraque est,

Jamque ter, et vices pugnatum est; nec  
mora. Victor

Vi genium nitens, nec non fretus pede dextro,  
Bourkiadem terra immanem applicat, insu-  
per ipsum

Ridet anhelantem dura ad discrimina casus;  
Perque vices trinas minor ex certamine semper  
Bourkius excessit, nec dextram tollere contra  
Vixque oculum est ausus: quin certi protin-  
nus omnes

Uno ore exclamant, cuinam prætere  
palmam

Et dubitamus adhuc? dum clamant, Bour-  
kius ultro

Efferus ecce iterum in pugnam ruit, omnis,  
et ingens

Mole suâ in terram gravis indicit; adstat  
Amicus,

Suadet et Adjutor sævo cessare duello

Semper inæquali, et cedendo victus abire.

Nondum animo domitus negat Hic, longe-  
que recusat,

Extremasque vices pugnae integrat, et sibi  
fidens

Os offert Pullo incautum: sub pondere dextræ  
Contusæ resonant nares; torrente sonoro

It sanguis; conduntur lumina, et effugit  
omnis,

Aut omnem fugisse putes, evandia vita,  
Hic finis Bourki in præsens; hic exitus illum  
Hac vice devictum agnovit, Pulloque mi-  
norem.

Vulneribus lotis, deleto stigmatè vultus,  
Et cute curatâ, forsan te, Pulle, domabit.  
Plus æquo ne victor ovans tua cornua tollas  
Aut nimium tibi mens elata superbiat, oro.

V. P.\*

\* V. P. may stand for Victoria Pugilistica, Victor Pearceius, Versus Paræmiacus, or any thing else that the reader chooses.

TESTIMONIA

*Virorum doctorum in Stephanum Pearceium  
Wimbletonicæ Victorem.*

Τὸν κλεινὸν Στέφανον Στέφανος Στέφάνω Στε-  
Φακάσας  
Τμῆναι τὲς πύκτας εὐμάλα πυγμαχίστας  
Τμῆσθω Στεφάνω φθόνει τὶς μῆλα σελίνα,  
"Λξίος ἔστι φέρειν ἄβλον Οὐμῆλεδινον. B.

Stephen beat this time, but Time will beat  
Stephen,

Square all the rounds, and make the odds  
even. R.

Tinge rubore genas, velo caput abde Camana,  
Spreta jocos, Burki prælia quæ cecinit.

C. M. A.

O caro Stephano una selva di lauro a te non  
basta. MATΘΙΑΣ.

REMARKS ON THE PERIODICAL CRI-  
TICISM OF ENGLAND—IN A LETTER  
TO A FRIEND.

(Translated from the German of Von  
Lauerwinkel.\*)

THE observations which I made on the periodical critics of Britain, in my last letter, do not satisfy you.—You insist that my late journey to London must have furnished me with much new and interesting information concerning English literature in all its branches; and you request me to communicate to you whatever I may have learned respecting those strange *Reviews*, which at present rule the authors and readers of the freest country in Europe, with as arbitrary and merciless a sway as was ever exerted over the civil and political world by a sportive Nero, or a gloomy Tiberius. My dear friend, I went to England to transact a very delicate piece of business, not at all connected with literature; and during my stay in its metropolis, the great men whom I saw were not the great men of literature. I will do, however, all that I can to satisfy your desires.

\* When we announced this letter some months ago, we mentioned it as the composition of a certain celebrated German critic. We delayed its publication in consequence of some suspicions we entertained as to that point, and have since learned from the translator, that the author is not the writer we had named, but his friend the Baron von Lauerwinkel. EDITOR.



Remember only this much, that if my remarks appear less bitter than those of your illustrious friend, you must not on that account suppose that we radically differ in opinion. The privy councillor\* must be excused for speaking with a little extra-severity, for he has had reason to think on this subject more than once, with the feelings of personal resentment and insulted genius;—but of this in the sequel.

Although you are well read in English authors, it may not be unnecessary to tell you, that nothing is more unlike a German Review than an English one. If you look first at the table of contents in an Edinburgh, and then at that in a Leipzig Review, you perceive, indeed, that the books criticised are not the same books, but you would not suspect that the whole system and style of criticism adopted in the two works are far more different than the languages in which they are composed. A German Reviewer is a plain, sensible, sober professor, doctor, or master of arts, hired by his bookseller to compose a simple analysis of a new work, in the very same dispassionate and reflective manner wherein an abstract of any book of antiquity, dug up at Pompeii or Pæstum, would probably be written. It is no matter although the first leaf be wanting, and the author's name a mystery; the poem, history, or treatise, is judged according to its own merits by the critic; and the reader is presented with one or two interesting extracts, enough to excite, not to satisfy, the appetite of his curiosity.—An English Reviewer is a smart, clever man of the world, or else a violent political zealot. He takes up a new book either to make a jest of it, and amuse his readers and himself at the expense of its author, or he makes use of the name of it merely as an excuse for writing, what he thinks the author might have been better employed in doing, a dissertation, *in favour* of the minister, if the Review be the property of a Pittite, *against* him and all his measures, if it be the property of a Foxite, bookseller. It is no matter although the poor author be a man who cares nothing at all about politics, and has never once thought either of Pitt or Fox, Castlereagh or Napoleon, during the whole time of composing

his book. The English Reviewers are of the opinion of Pericles, that politics are, or should be, in some way or other, the subject of every man's writings. “*τον μόνον τωνδε μεταχροντα εκ απραγαμονα αλλ' αχρειον νομιζομεν.*” The book itself is perhaps as far, both in subject and spirit, from politics, as can well be imagined. The Reviewer does not mind that: when he sits down to criticise it, his first question is not, “Is this book good or bad?” but it is, “Is this writer a ministerialist or an oppositionist?” No one knows: the author is a person who lives in his province, and eats beef and drinks port, without ever asking who is minister, regent, or king. But he has a nephew, a cousin, or an uncle, who is member of parliament, and votes. This is quite sufficient. If he votes with Lord Castlereagh, the poetry, or biography, or history, or philosophy, or erudition, of his kinsman, is excellent in the eyes of the Quarterly, and contemptible in those of the Edinburgh Reviewer. Does he oppose the minister? then the tables are turned: the Quarterly despises, and the Edinburgh extols him. His genius is tried, not by the rules of Aristotle, but by those of St Stephen's chapel. A man may be a dunce,—that is a trifle. If he can influence a single vote in the House of Commons, he may reckon upon being trumpeted up as a great man by either one set of critics or another.

The truth is, that the English Reviewer does not much care what the merit of the author is. The author is a mere puppet in the hands of the critic. His name indeed appears at the top of the page; he is the ostensible *punch* of the exhibition; but the person behind the curtain is very ill satisfied unless your admiration is reserved for himself. He can make his doll scream or growl as he pleases: he makes it hop through a jig, or swim through a minuet, as it suits his fancy. My dear friend, the author is nothing—the Reviewer every thing. It is he that pockets your money, and is it not but fair that he should furnish you with the amusement?

You remember what I have said of Shakspeare, that he is an angelic being, a pure spirit, who looks down upon “the great globe itself, and all which it inhabits,” as if from the elevation of some higher planet. He is,

\* He means Goëthe.

like Uriel, the angel of the sun, partaker in all the glories of the orb in which he dwells. Undazzled by the splendour which surrounds himself, he sees every thing with the calm eye of intellect. It is true, that at the moment when he views any object, a flood of light and warmth are thrown over it from the passing sun of genius. Still he sees the world as it is; and if the beams love to dwell longest on some favoured region, there is none upon which they never shine. It is a bold thing to compare Shakspeare with a Reviewer; but if ever the world shall possess a perfect Reviewer, be assured that he will bear, in many respects, a striking resemblance to this first of poets. Like him he will be universal—impartial—rational. The serious and the mirthful will be alike his favourites. He will dissect with equal acuteness the character of a Caliban or a Coriolanus. He will have divine intellect and human feeling so blended within him, that he shall sound, with equal facility, the soul of a Hamlet, and the heart of a Juliet. What a being would this be! Compared with him, the present critics of England are either satirical buffoons, like Foote or Aristophanes, or they are truculent tragedians, like the author of *The Revenge*. But it is time that I should introduce them a little more fully to your acquaintance.

I said, in the first sentence of this letter, that the present Reviewers of England are as despotical as Nero or Tiberius. An oligarchy is always a tyrannical government; and such is at this moment the constitution of their literary empire. The oligarchy is made up of two parties, who detest each other with a virulence of hatred never surpassed either in Syracuse or in Florence. The heads of these two factions,—these *Neri* and *Bianchi* of criticism,—are Jeffray and Gifford. The former resembles the gay despot of Rome, the latter the bloody and cruel one of Caprææ. Both are men of great talents, and both are, I think, very bad Reviewers. We have never had any thing like either of them in Germany, therefore I must describe them at some length.

I think that no man can ever be a good critic, unless he be something more than a Reviewer. Aristotle and Lessing remain, but Chamfort and all the wits of the *Mercur*e have

perished. We will not take our opinion of a great poet from one whom, in spite of all the cleverness which can be shewn in a Review, we still feel to be immeasurably the inferior of the person whom he criticises. Mr Gifford (Editor of the Quarterly or Ministerial Review) is merely a critic and a satirist. He has translated Juvenal, and done full justice, if not to the majestic eloquence, at least to the savage spleen of that terrible declaimer. He has written one celebrated satire of his own. He has also been Editor of almost all the old dramatists of England; and he has displayed, in his illustrations of these writers, great verbal acumen, and great penetration into some parts of human nature; but he has done all this with a perpetual accompaniment of ill-natured abuse, and cold rancorous raillery. He appears to be admirably fitted for deciding among readings, and for reviling his enemies. He is exquisitely formed for the purposes of political objurgation, but not at all for those of gentle and universal criticism. He is, besides, a man who has raised himself from a low rank in society, by his great and powerful talents; and he still retains not a little of that coarseness and insensibility in regard to small things, which are always inseparable from the character of one whose youthful education has been conducted without the delicacy and tenderness natural to people of the more refined orders of society. We often read the Reviews in his journal with great pleasure,—such are the strength of his language and the malignity of our nature;—but all who are, who have been, or who mean to be authors, must, I think, “join trembling with their mirth.” To say the truth, Mr Gifford is one of the last persons whose opinion I should think of asking, with respect to a great work of genius. The glass through which he looks is indeed one of great power, but it is tinged with the darkness of bile; and although it reveals distant objects, it at the same time discolours them.

The worst thing about this gentleman's severity is, that in most instances it is quite disproportioned to the offences which call it forth. His reputation, as a man who has deserved well of English literature, rests chiefly on his poetical satire, which I have mentioned above—the “Baviad and

Mæviad." That production possesses certainly some merit; it is well written and pungent, and reminds us more than any other English poem of this age, of some of the best features of the school of Pope. But its principal characteristic is the keenness of its abuse; one not much acquainted with the later English literature, would never doubt that the indignation of the author had been kindled against some new and monstrous heresy, supported by powerful genius, and likely to produce some serious or fatal change in the literary tenets of the English. Must we not be astonished to learn, that all this wrath has overflowed upon the foolish frail whim of a few newspaper and magazine poetasters—a silliness too contemptible ever to have been regarded, except with a transitory contempt, by any man capable of appreciating the true character of authors? How can one, who thinks the *Lauras* and *Della Cruscas* matters of so great moment, form any rational opinion concerning such men as Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, or Goëthe? You can never discover the motions of distant worlds by means of the same instrument which enables you to detect a mighty population in a rotten leaf.

Mr Gifford is a mighty bigot, both in religion and politics. I fear that this is almost necessary in one who is brought up in the midst of a country so rent and tortured by the spirit of sect as England. We Germans have no idea of the extreme to which these freemen carry their animosities. They are, after all, agreed upon most matters of any serious moment, so that the whole of their contentions turn on things which we should consider as quite unworthy of much attention. The Quarterly Review is a work of high talent, and the political opinions of its conductors are, I think, in general such as you and I approve. But every thing is strained to a point of bigotry, which has a mighty tendency "to make the better appear the worse reason." They deserve well of their country, and of Europe, for the tone of decided opposition which they always maintained towards the ambitious schemes of the common enemy of Christendom. But surely the effect of their truly English speculations in regard to him and his projects, would not have been at all less-

ened, had they learned to treat his personal character with a little more candour. Napoleon was a wicked and unprincipled monarch; but who is so blind as not to see that mere wickedness, and extraordinary luck, could never possibly have elevated the son of an obscure gentleman of Ajaccio to the elevation which this prince of adventurers attained in the centre of civilized Europe? Nations yet to come will look back to his history, as to some grand and supernatural romance. The fiery energy of his youthful career, and the magnificent progress of his irresistible ambition, have invested his character with the mysterious grandeur of some heavenly apparition; and when all the lesser tumults, and lesser men of our age, shall have passed away into the darkness of oblivion, history will still inscribe one mighty era with the majestic name of Napoleon. It is very likely that some of the clever and sarcastic wits of Athens thought and spoke of Alexander as a madman and a fool. So perhaps might the loungers of the Roman porticos think and speak of Julius in Gaul. But the world has grown wiser since those days, and it is an insult upon common understanding to tell London, in the nineteenth century, that Bonaparte is an ordinary man. Now, above all things, that the danger is gone by, is it not extremely offensive to hear Englishmen railing against a fallen enemy, insulting one who seems to have been raised up by the finger of Providence, to stand for ever in the very frontispiece of fame, as the symbol of fallen ambition and ill-directed genius? We have suffered more from Napoleon than ever Englishmen did; we have seen our plains fattened with the blood of our heroes; we have seen our monarchs insulted, and our sanctuaries outraged; but scarcely, even in the very moment of our most hostile fury, did we ever speak of our enemy in such terms of exaggerated and insulting rancour, as this grave Journal perpetually pours forth upon the captive of St Helena. There is something dignified and sacred in human genius, even although it be misapplied. The reverence which we feel for it is an instinct of nature, and cannot be laid aside without a sin. He who is insensible to its influence, has committed

sacrilege against his own spirit, and degraded himself from the height of his original elevation. It is clear, that they who think Napoleon a man of a secondary class, do not belong to the first order themselves. The optics of a Lilliputian cannot take in the dimensions of a giant.

I may venture, before I dismiss Mr Gifford, to notice just one other of his many bigotries,—it is one which to German ears must, I think, appear still more extraordinary. His prejudice against Napoleon is founded in justice, and we can pardon his transferring some portion of a legitimate aversion from the ambitious schemes to the personal character of the conqueror. But no apology can be offered for the indiscriminating hatred he seems to feel towards a whole nation of his fellow-countrymen—the Scots. The Tweed, to be sure, flows between England and Scotland, but in government, constitution, laws,—and above all, in literature,—these two rival countries have long since become entirely united. To revive the feelings of those old warlike days which have been immortalized by a series of poets, not in the world of politics, but in that of letters, is an idea worthy only of an old woman on the Border. The literature of Great Britain forms a whole of exquisite variety, and among modern nations, of unrivalled excellence. It has been reared by the hands of English, Scots, and Irish; and to disturb the union of their labours is in vain. What should we think of an Austrian, who should be insensible to all the merits of Saxon literature? and yet the Austrian and Saxon are brethren only in one respect, while in no point whatever, that I know of, has the Englishman different interests from the Scotsman. It is a shame that the good sense of the English should have been so long insulted by such miserable trash, as the abuse of Scots universities, Scots religion, and Scots learning, in the Quarterly Review. It is no wonder that the northern wits are sometimes tempted to retaliate with equal injustice, and equal want of success. Men who shew such a little way of thinking in regard to matters of common life, can never expect to be consulted by those who have detected their meanesses, in respect to a subject of such peculiar delicacy of literary merit.

The Quarterly Review, excellent as its general politics are, and highly interesting as many even of its literary criticisms have been, would long since have ceased to flourish, but for the admirable accounts it contains of all the books of travels. Its editor collects, with infinite assiduity, the MS. journals of every traveller who returns to London, and by digesting the information these contain, into the form of criticisms on some new book, he continues to render his work by far the richest geographical and statistical journal in the world. But this has nothing to do with Mr Gifford as a critic.

I find that I have already said a great deal concerning the Quarterly Review and its editor, and yet I am very sensible that I ought to have directed your attention in the first instance to their elder and still more important adversaries, the Edinburgh Review and Mr Jeffrey. The journal, conducted by this gentleman in a provincial town of Britain, has, notwithstanding it is opposed by the whole weight of ministerial influence, a circulation far beyond any periodical work in England,\* and such as, even among the more numerous readers of Germany, is altogether unrivalled. It is said, that upwards of fifteen thousand copies are sold of every number which is published, so that it forms, in fact, an excellent estate for those who conduct it. When it began to be published about twenty years ago, the periodical criticism of England had fallen into great disrepute, and the new work being supported by several young men of great talents, who had adopted a mode of writing quite novel in England, although sufficiently hackneyed elsewhere, soon attracted a great share of admiration from all the politicians and literati of the island. During the first splendour of its success, it came to possess all the authority of an oracle, and although a considerable number of its first worshippers have withdrawn to a different shrine, its influence is still held in no small reverence by those who have adhered to it. At first its reputation was raised by the united

\* We suspect that our author's information is not correct with regard to some of these circumstances.

zeal of four or five writers, but, as in the subsequent period, its character has been sustained and modified chiefly by one ingenious individual, it is impossible to consider the work except in the most intimate connexion with him, and all the peculiarities of his habits, prejudices, and genius.

Mr Jeffray is an advocate before the parliament of Edinburgh,\* and is supposed to be surpassed by few of his brethren, either in the dexterity or eloquence of his judicial pleadings. I lament extremely that I myself have never heard him speak, but I suppose the barrister very nearly resembles the reviewer; and if this be so, I have no doubt that the client, whose interest it is that the minds of his judges should be perplexed by the intricacies of subtle argument, or dazzled by the splendour of sophistical declamation, cannot place his fee in better hands than those of Mr Jeffray. His writings manifest, indeed, the most complete possession of all those faculties which form the armour of a pleader. He can open his case in such a way as to make you think favourably of the blackest, or suspiciously of the fairest cause. He can throw a radiance of magnanimity over the character of a murderer, or plant, if it so pleases him, the foulest weeds of distrust and envy round the resting place of a saint. He can examine his witnesses with so much dexterity as to make them reveal every thing he wishes to know, and preserve inviolable silence respecting whatever it is his interest to have concealed. The question with him is never, which side is the right, but which side he has undertaken to defend. He never shews any keen feeling in his case, till he has become, as it were, a party in it, by having conducted it long, and engaged his self-love in its issue. Light, careless, and perfectly self-possessed, he runs from one bar to another, and pleads, in the same day, twenty different causes, all agreeably, many ingeniously, a few powerfully; but none with that plain straight-forward earnestness which marks the manner of a man speaking in his own just cause. A lawyer is always a man of doubts; and the intellectual timidity of Jeffray's profession has clung to him in

all his pursuits, and prevented him from coming manfully and decidedly to any firm opinion respecting matters of such moment, that it is absolutely impossible to be a great critic while the mind remains unsettled in regard to them. The mercenary transitions of a barrister are but a bad preparation for the gravity of a judge; and I suspect that no metamorphosis can be more hopeless than that of an accomplished advocate into a calm and trust-worthy Reviewer. He that is obliged to plead causes every day, soon begins to find that it is a wearisome thing to tell a plain, simple, true story, and refuses to rouse his vigour for the debate, unless he is conscious that it will require all his ingenuity to give the side he has undertaken to defend even the semblance of justice. The man who is accustomed to exert all his power of speaking, in order to defend crimes and fraud, and darken the light of justice, cannot but look upon it as a small matter to write in support of paradoxes, and derision of intellectual greatness.

I look upon it as a very great misfortune, both for England and for Jeffray himself, that he should have devoted his talents to administer food to the diseased and novelty-hunting appetites of superficial readers. He shews an acuteness of discernment, a power of arranging arguments, an irresistible tact in deducing inferences, and at times, too, a manly dignity of sentiment and feeling, which prove abundantly, that had he educated his mind in more profound habits of meditation, and enlarged his views with a more copious erudition, he might easily have attained a station in the world of intellect, far, very far above what the utmost perfection of ingenious and elegant sophistries ever can confer. He might have taken his place among the great thinkers of England, the Bacons, the Hobbeses, the Lockes, and the Humes, or among her masters of enduring and magnificent eloquence, the rich and various Barrow, the sublime and energetic Chatham, and the classic Burke. A man of genius, like Mr Jeffray, who chooses to devote himself to please the multitude, can very easily accomplish this ignoble purpose. He can very easily persuade them that nothing is

\* The Court of Session is meant.

worth knowing but what they can comprehend; that true philosophy is quite attainable without the labour of years; and that whenever we meet with any thing new, and at first sight unintelligible, the best rule is to take for granted that it is something mystical and absurd. But Mr Jeffray must be well aware, that it is one thing to be the favourite of an age and nation, and another to be revered by posterity and the world. So acute a man as he is cannot conceal from himself the fact, that however paramount may be his authority among the generation of indolent and laughing readers to whom he dictates opinion, he has as yet done nothing which will ever induce a man of research, in the next century, to turn over the volumes of his Review. When the foolish works which he has so happily ridiculed are entirely forgotten, the wit which he has expended upon them will lose its point. When the great men whom he has insulted by his mirth shall have received their due recompense in the admiration of our children, it will appear but an unprofitable task to read his shallow and ineffectual pleasantries. The topics which he has handled are so ephemeral, that already the first volumes of his journal have lost a very great part of their interest; and the many writers who have already attained to the first eminence, in spite of all his cavils, have furnished to the world, and to himself, a sufficient proof of the fallibility and perverseness of his judgment. He treated Madame de Stael, when *Delphine* was published, as a person whose writings would be extremely dangerous, were not her stupidity still more remarkable than her depravity. The world gave sentence in her favour; and he has since retracted his opinion, both of her moral and her intellectual qualities, with a fawning submission, almost as contemptible as the original offence for which it was intended to atone. He trampled upon the youthful genius of Byron, but has since had full time to repent his audacious mockeries of a being, compared with whom in the eyes of the world, he is as nothing. He has spoken of Wordsworth, that first poet of Nature, that mild and lofty spirit, the worthy offspring of Milton, in terms of the same trivial and self-complacent abuse with

which a licentious poet once dared to scoff at the most godlike of all the sages of Greece. Walter Scott is the only great poet whom he has uniformly praised; but how poor, and injudicious, and unworthy, has been his commendation! The flow of his verse, the rapidity of his narrative, the strength and vivacity of his imagination—these were qualities which could not escape the observation of the most superficial critic; and upon these Mr Jeffray has abundantly enlarged. But in no instance has he appeared to feel that majestic depth and expansion of thought and feeling, which form the true and distinguishing excellence of this last and greatest of all the poets of romance and chivalry. But I need only recall to your recollection an instance yet nearer to ourselves. When the good and venerable Goëthe told the stories of his youth to a people who all look upon him with the affectionate admiration of children, this foreigner, who cannot read our language, amused his countrymen, equally ignorant as himself, with an absurd and heartless caricature of the only poet, in modern times, who is entitled to stand in the same class with Dante, Calderon, and Shakspeare. These are certainly the most illustrious writers among the contemporaries of Jeffray; and yet he has shewn himself to be incapable of appreciating the genius of any one among their number.

In regard to poetry (and I believe his poetical criticisms are commonly supposed to be among the most brilliant of his productions), it is quite clear, that if he has any proper feelings of its true purpose and excellence now, he had them not when he began his Review, and has since acquired them, not from his own reflection and taste, but from the irresistible impulse of example, and the good sense of a public more wise than its instructors. For the first eight or ten years of the Edinburgh Review, the school of Pope was uniformly talked of as the true one, and the English poets of the present day were disapproved of, *because* they had departed from its precepts. A true poet has, however, a weapon in his hands, far more powerful than that which is wielded by any critic; and Mr Jeffray, when he perceived the direction which the public taste was taking, at last found it necessary

to become a violent admirer of the old dramatists, and a despiser of the poetry of Pope. He has, in fact, given up all the critical principles upon which his journal was at first conducted, and has shewn himself equally devoid of consistency in his general theory, as in his judgment of individuals. Surely the English should not reproach the French with their passion for frivolity, while they themselves submit to be schooled by one whose wit and sarcasms are engrafted upon so much ignorance, and disgraced by so much error.

I am so much a lover, both of the literature and of the people of England, that I cannot help speaking of Mr Jeffray with almost as much warmth as I should have deemed proper, in case he had been a countryman of our own. I admire his talents, I lament their misapplication, and I prophesy that they will soon be forgotten. In all his volumes, I know of no original speculation in philosophy, no new rule of criticism, likely to make him ever be appealed to as authority hereafter. In truth, I suspect, that but for the political dissertations with which it is often almost entirely filled, the reputation of the *Edinburgh Review*, in spite of all the cleverness of Mr Jeffray, would before this time have been very much on the decline. Even here, I think it is by no means entitled to the patronage of enlightened Britons, still less to the favour of patriotic Germans.

During the greater part of the years in which this journal has been published, Great Britain has been engaged in a struggle, not for extended empire nor flattered ambition, but for her existence as the country of a free and Christian people. Throughout the whole of this eventful period, unawed by the majesty of this sacred cause, a set of Englishmen, distinguished by splendid talents, and possessing, to an astonishing degree, the public ear, have devoted their exertions to the unworthy purpose of deriding the zeal and paralysing the efforts of their generous nation. A great country, in the hour of her conflict, should not hear the voice of despondency from her children. The whisper of despair is treason, when the vessel is in danger; and they who have escaped the shipwreck without having assisted at the pump, should blush for the safety

which they do not deserve. This journal was uniformly the apologist of Napoleon. What would Greece have thought of the Athenian wit who should have extolled Xerxes while he was on his way from Sardis, or called Leonidas a madman, because he was willing to be the guardian of Thermopylæ? How ungenerous must those spirits be, which, that they might gratify the vulgar spleen of petty politicians, could deride the young ardour of renovated Spain, or pour contempt, at that soul-stirring moment, upon the magnanimous devotion of indefatigable England! Such is the blindness of party rage, that these monstrous offences are, even at this moment, looked upon as patriotic services by many well-meaning countrymen of Elizabeth, Hampden, and Pitt. The delusion cannot long survive; for Europe is of one mind, and the right cause has triumphed.

The cause of Christianity is still more sacred than that of our country; and I think that it too has been attacked, if not with the same open violence, at least with the same rancour of hostility. The malevolence does not appear less odious because it is combined with cowardice. This journal has never ventured to declare itself boldly the champion of infidelity; but there is no artifice, no petty subterfuge, no insidious treachery, by which it has not endeavoured to weaken the influence which the Bible possesses over the minds of a devout and meditative people. Mr Jeffray does not choose to speak out, and tell the world that he is a disciple of Hume: we should then know with whom we have to contend, and provide for the conflict the same weapons which have so often been victorious over such an enemy. But he has recourse to a thousand little unworthy tricks, which could only be tolerable for a moment, were the country in which he writes as remarkable for slavery as it is for freedom. Does any author write a paragraph of foolish blasphemy? Mr Jeffray is sure to quote it in his Review as a piece of "innocent pleasantry." Does any man dare to speak, with the feeling and the fearlessness of a Christian, concerning God and the destiny of man? Mr Jeffray is sure to ridicule his piety as Methodism, and stoops to court the silly sneer of striplings against a faith, which, as he

well knows, neither he nor they have ever taken the trouble to understand. Is it worthy of one who aspires to the name of an English philosopher and patriot, to be thus perpetually offending a weary world with the *crambe recoctâ* of revolutionary Deism? It is true, that the fault more frequently consists in what he omits to say, than in what he says. What treachery is this to the confidence of the public ear! Does any one imagine, that he who undertakes to be the regular instructor of his countrymen in science, in ethics, in politics, in poetry, can avoid being either the friend or the foe of their religion? The intellect of man is one mighty whole; and his energies cannot be directed aright, unless they be directed in unison. The would-be philosophers of the French school attempted, indeed, to reduce every thing to their own level, and were satisfied with the wisdom of the senses, because they felt themselves to be unworthy of a revelation from heaven. But Condillac has not been able to maintain his place among the great and guiding intellects; far less need such a triumph be hoped for by those who inherit those degrading dogmas, which they have neither the genius to invent, nor the courage openly to defend. I accused Mr Gifford and the Quarterly Review of bigotry. It is true, that in that journal the high church of England is represented as too exclusively the church of Christ. A Catholic Christian cannot easily forgive the many cold-blooded and ignorant dissertations with which it has endeavoured to blacken the reputation of us and our much misrepresented faith. But although the Edinburgh Reviewers have always advocated the cause of the Catholics, I confess that I approve still less of their friendship than I do of the hostility of their opponents. The others are indeed the enemies of some parts of our creed, and they would punish too severely the crime of differing from themselves. But this journal is the enemy of all our faith; it befriends Catholicism only because it despises Christianity. It is not upon the strength of such aid as this, that I wish to see the civil condition of British Catholics amended. He that would reconcile the Catholic and the Protestant must not tell us that we are falling out about

the small items of a fiction, but that the points upon which we are at variance are trifling, both in number and importance, when compared with those upon which we are agreed. He must win us to unanimity or mutual forbearance, not by breathing upon us the chill air of indifference, but by fanning the pure flame of Christian charity and love.

I have spoken of Mr Jeffray as if he were the sole conductor and animating spirit of this Review. Of late he has, as I understand, become more exclusively so than before, in consequence of the death of some of his original coadjutors—particularly the member of parliament, Horner. But I suspect that although the fault of the conceptions is generally his, the details of execution are not unfrequently intrusted by him into the hands of those, who, if they should write without being anonymous, could not for a moment be listened to without contempt. It should convince Jeffray that he has sadly misdirected a genius so powerful as his, when he perceives that these assistants, whom he despises, can nevertheless imitate the style of writing which he has brought into vogue with so much success, that the public are often much at a loss to discover which papers are his, and which theirs. There is a reaction in the case more unfortunate for him than for them; for as they have approached to him in one way, he has found himself obliged to approach to them in another; and as they have borrowed much of his apparent cleverness, so he has too often satisfied himself with not a little of their real dulness. It is a thousand pities that such a mind as his should have consented to wear an impress which can so easily be counterfeited. When high genius is well applied, its productions can never fail to be inimitable.

The writers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, could they be persuaded to publish only one journal, and to unite their talents, might easily produce a work very far superior to either of those which now exist. Mr Gifford could bring with him an abundance of information, and even erudition, in which Mr Jeffray and his friends are altogether defective; and Mr Jeffray, on the other hand, possesses that knowledge of the world,



that ready and instinctive perception of what is pleasing to the public, and all those graces of elegant composition, the want of which not unfrequently renders the valuable knowledge of his present opponents less acceptable than it deserves to be to the great majority of English readers.

After all, what permanently good effect would this produce? I am far from being of the opinion of those who hate criticism because they consider it as the token of a declining literature. I know that Greece had no great poets after the time of Aristotle; but I think that this defect was produced by causes very different from the publication of the Rhetorick and the Poetick. Our own literature produced the greatest of all modern critics, before we had a single great poet. Spirits of the highest order can never be injured by knowledge. It is true, that Homer and Shakspeare made no critical prefaces; but is it possible to believe, that these men were really ignorant of any thing worth knowing respecting their own art, which a Gifford, a Jeffray, or even, to take much higher men, which a Lessing or a Herder could have taught them? My dear friend, journals such as the modern English critics can produce, have in truth no influence at all over the minds of men capable of attaining the first eminence in literature. These go on in their destined way, rejoicing in the consciousness of their own strength, and having their eyes fixed upon the sure prospect of immortality—far above the reign, either of calumniating wit or ignorant approbation. But the world produces many gentle and elegant minds, which might contribute both to the delight and instruction of their species—minds on which the first of men would look with benevolent affection, but which cannot endure the cold jeers and taunts even of those whom they feel to be their inferiors. To these men the dun-coloured cover of the *Quarterly*, or the bright blue and yellow of the *Edinburgh Review*, is as horrible as the gorgon's head upon the buckler of Pallas. It is sufficiently unfortunate that these bugbears exist,—why should any one desire to see all their terrific influences united? As for the effects which the habitual perusal of such works as these journals has upon the manners and minds

of the English, that is a subject which will require a letter for itself. I confess that my hopes of their recovery from the state of contented ignorance and conceit, into which they have been brought by the ministrations of their Reviewers, are still entire. I doubt not, that ere long, as Shakspeare has said of Prince Henry,

“—Like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
Their reformation, glittering o'er their fault,  
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more  
eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.”

NOTICE OF MR HAZLITT'S LECTURES  
ON ENGLISH POETRY, NOW IN THE  
COURSE OF DELIVERY AT THE SUR-  
REY INSTITUTION, LONDON.

No II.

*Lecture Fourth.—On Dryden and Pope.*

THE Lecturer began by remarking, that the fine arts, in different ages and countries, had usually reached their utmost point of perfection, almost immediately after their birth; and used this fact to combat the doctrine of the progressive perfectibility of the human mind. He admitted that the opposite of this had been the case with respect to science; and made it the distinctive difference between that and art, that the one never arrives at perfect maturity, and the other leaps from infancy to manhood at once. After corroborating these positions by examples, and touching slightly on the causes of them, Mr Hazlitt proceeded to speak of DRYDEN and POPE as distinguished from the great poets of whom he had already treated, viz. Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspeare and Milton,—not by different *degrees* of excellence, but by excellence of an entirely different *kind*. The former, as well as the latter, stood at the head of a class, though a confessedly inferior one; but they were entitled to rank higher than those who occupied a lower station in the superior class. The inferior poets of the higher class must be content to follow in the train of Shakspeare and Milton; but Dryden and Pope walk by their side, though of unequal stature. The question, whether Pope was a poet, said Mr H., has hardly been settled yet, and is hardly worth settling; for, if he was not a great poet, he must have been a great prose-writer, for he was a great writer of some sort. If, indeed,

we mean by a great poet one who gives the utmost grandeur to our conceptions of nature, and the utmost force to the passions of the heart, Pope was not, in this sense, a great poet; for the characteristic power of his mind lay directly the contrary way. Pope was, in a word, the poet, not of nature, but of art. Mr Hazlitt went on to describe the distinction between these two. The poet of nature, said he, is one who, from the elements of beauty, of power, and of passion, in his own breast, sympathizes with these qualities wherever they appear in nature; the truth, and depth, and harmony, of his own mind, enable him to hold communion with the very soul of nature, and to foreknow and record the feelings of all men under all circumstances, as they are affected by the same impressions; in short, to exert the same power over the minds of his readers as nature does. He sees things in their eternal beauty, for he sees them as they are; he feels them in their universal interest, for he feels them as they affect the immutable principles of his and our common nature. He appeals to the mind and senses as nature itself appeals to them; because the power of the imagination in him is the representative power of all nature.—Pope, continued Mr H., was assuredly not a poet of this class. He saw nature only as she was dressed by art. Fashion was his standard of beauty, and opinion his test of truth.

Pope had no instinctive sympathy with the feelings of mankind in general, but he knew well all that he himself loved or hated. His muse took no daring flights "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;" she never wandered with safety but from his library to the grotto, and from his grotto back again to his library. To him his own garden was better than the garden of Eden; he could describe the mirror that reflected his own person better than the smooth surface of the lake that reflects the face of heaven; that which was nearest to him was greatest. He preferred the artificial to the natural in external objects, because he could sympathize better with the self-love of one, than with the love of that which was interesting to all. He preferred the artificial to the natural in passion, because the one bore him away with a force with which he could

not grapple; while with the other he could toy and trifle, reject or entertain, as he pleased: it amused his fancy, and exercised his ingenuity, without disturbing his vanity, his levity, or indifference. His power lay in diminishing objects, rather than aggrandizing them; in checking enthusiasm, rather than creating it; in sneering at fancy and passion, rather than in giving loose to them: he could describe a row of pins and needles better than the embattled spears of Greeks and Trojans. Pope was the poet of private life. In his verse we meet with no prodigies of nature, but with miracles of wit;—the thunders of his pen are whispered flatteries,—his forked lightnings pointed sarcasms;—for rocks, and seas, and mountains, we have grass plots, and gravel walks, and tinkling rills;—for the war of the elements and the strife of the passions, we have "calm contemplation and poetic ease." Yet within this narrow circle he gives to every thing a new interest and importance. It is like looking at the world through a microscope,—the little becomes great, the deformed beautiful, and (it must be confessed) the beautiful deformed. It is true the wrong end of the magnifier is held to every thing; but yet the exhibition is highly curious.—Mr Hazlitt now proceeded to illustrate what he had said, by referring to particular instances in the works of Pope. He spoke of the Rape of the Lock as the best of these, and described it as a piece of beautiful *fillagree* work. As the Rape of the Lock is the perfection of wit and fancy, so the Essay on Criticism is of wit and sense. He described this last as containing a quantity of thought and observation that was wonderful in so young a man; unless, continued the Lecturer, we adopt the opinion, that most men of genius spend the rest of their lives in teaching others what they themselves have learnt under twenty. He said, that though the critical rules laid down in the essay were too much those of a school, and that not a good one, yet the general remarks and illustrations were eminently original and happy. After giving quotations from this work, Mr H. spoke of the Eloisa as one exception, and the only one, to the foregoing remarks. He described it as a piece of fine high-wrought eloquence, but not more impressive than the original letters on which it is founded.

He next described the Essay on Man as a theory of Bolingbroke's expanded into verse; but he said it would prove just as well that every thing is *wrong*, as that every thing is *right*.—The Dunciad was described as having splendid passages, but as being in general dull, heavy, and mechanical.—Pope's Satires, said Mr Hazlitt, are not so good as his Epistles. His enmity was effeminate and petulant, from a sense of weakness,—as his friendship was strong and tender, from a sense of gratitude. His characters are not real characters, but what his spleen and malice, refining upon them in his own mind, choose to make them; but his compliments are divine.

After giving various and striking illustrations of the foregoing remarks, the lecturer proceeded to speak of DRYDEN. He was a bolder and more varied versifier than Pope,—a more vigorous thinker,—a more correct and logical declaimer,—and had more strength of mind, without an equal share of refinement and delicacy of feeling. Dryden's Epistles Mr Hazlitt described as inferior to Pope's, but his Satires as greatly superior; and spoke of the Absalom and Ahithophel, and the Hind and Panther, as the best. Dryden's Lyrical Pieces, he said, deserved their reputation as pieces of poetical mechanism fitted for music, but they want loftiness of truth and character. Dryden's alterations from Chaucer and Boccaccio were described as exhibiting more knowledge of the taste of his readers and power of pleasing them, than acquaintance with the genius of his authors. Of these the best was said to be the Tancred and Sigismunda. The Honoria has nothing of the bewildered preternatural effect of Boccaccio, and the Flower and the Leaf nothing of the simplicity and concentrated feeling of Chaucer.

Mr Hazlitt concluded this lecture by giving some slight notices of the minor poets who flourished about this time; but our limits oblige us to omit them.

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Lecture Fifth.—On Thomson and Cowper, and Descriptive Poetry in general.

MR HAZLITT began the Lecture with an estimate of THOMSON, whom he described as the most kind-hearted

and indolent of mortals. He never wrote "a line that dying he would wish to blot;" and, what was better, a line that any one else would have wished him to blot. The same suavity of temper, and warmth of feeling, that were the springs of the better parts of his poetry, were also the causes of the worst parts. He is affected through carelessness, pompous and pedantic from the simplicity of his character, and because he was unconscious of these vices in himself. He uses all the most trite commonplaces of imagery and diction, as if he thought them quite as good, and likely to please the reader, as his own poetry. He neither cared nor knew how to conceal his art, and seemed to think it as good as his nature. The fine part of the Seasons is that emanation of a natural genius, and that sincere love of his subject, which was unforced, and even unbidden. He takes no pains, uses no correction; or when he does, they produce more harm than good. The feelings which he described as connected with, and springing from, the changes of the seasons, existed in his own mind, and he conveyed them to the reader by the mere force of spontaneous expression; but if the right expression did not come of itself, he could not help it—it was not his fault—and he was obliged to put in its place what *did* come, for he could not take the trouble to seek for any thing better. Thus he pieces out a beautiful half line with a bombastic allusion, or overlays an exquisitely natural image with a mass of pompous painted phrases,—as, in describing Spring descending to the earth, &c. Who, from such a flimsy round-about commencement as that beginning, "Come gentle spring," &c. would expect the delightful, unexaggerated, homefelt descriptions of natural scenery which follow?

Mr H. gave examples of these, and continued—Thomson is the best of our descriptive poets, because he gives most of the poetry of natural description. Others have surpassed him in the *minutiae* of his art, in giving the picturesque details of objects, but no one has equalled him in giving the general impression—the sum-total of their effects. His colours seem wet and breathing; we feel the effect of the atmosphere about us; the peculiar impressions which the different seasons

of the year make upon us. He puts his heart into his subject; writes as he feels, and therefore makes his readers feel. His faults were those of his style—of the author and of his habits; but the genius of the poet was too strong for these to counteract. Mr Hazlitt dissented from the opinion that Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* is his best poem. There are exquisite passages in this little work, in which he has poured forth the very soul of indolence; but there are none equal to the best in the *Seasons*. Mr Hazlitt gave illustrative quotations from both, and then proceeded to speak of his versification, which he described as not harsh or untuneable, but heavy and monotonous. It seems always labouring up hill. Of Thomson's poem on *Liberty*, the lecturer could not speak in much praise. His muse was too easy and good natured for the subject. His plays, too, were deficient on the same account. He would not give himself the trouble of going out of himself to enter into the situations and passions of others.

The lecturer commenced his account of COWPER by making a comparison between him and Thomson, in which he described Cowper as having the advantage over Thomson in simplicity and precision of style, and a more careful choice of topics suited to his genius and habits, but as greatly inferior in true poetical force and fervour. If, in Thomson, said Mr H., you are sometimes offended with the slovenliness of the author, by profession, in Cowper you are no less dissatisfied with the finicalness of the private gentleman. There is an effeminacy about him that repels sympathy. He seldom launches out into general descriptions of nature, but looks at her over his clipt hedges, and from his well-swept garden walks; or if he makes a bolder experiment now and then, it is with an air of precaution, as if he were afraid of being caught in a shower of rain. He shakes hands with nature with a pair of fashionable gloves on, and leads her forth with a look of consciousness and attention to etiquette, as a gentleman hands a lady out to dance a minuet.

After a romantic adventure in the fields, he seems glad to get back to the drawing-room and the ladies again. He has all the sickly sensibility and pampered refinements of Pope;

but then Pope prided himself on them, whereas Cowper would be thought all simplicity and plainness. He had neither Thomson's love for unadorned nature, nor Pope's love for accomplished art,—he was afraid to trust himself with the one, and ashamed to be seen with the other.

Still, continued Mr Hazlitt, Cowper was a true poet, and worthy of all his reputation. His worst vices were only amiable weaknesses. Though there is frequently a dryness and timidity in his manner, yet he has a number of charming pictures of domestic comfort as well as of natural imagery and feeling. Mr H. referred to some of these, and then proceeded to speak of his satire, which he described as excellently pointed and forcible, yet exhibiting at the same time the polished manners of the gentleman, and the honest indignation of the virtuous man. Cowper's religious poetry was described as deficient in elevation and fire, except when tintured by controversial feelings. His muse had not a seraph's wing. In illustration of these remarks, Mr H. referred to the millennium at the end of the sixth book of the *Task*, and also to the character of George Whitfield. The lecturer went on to mention several other of Cowper's pieces, and to characterise their peculiar merits, and concluded his account of this poet by describing his *John Gilpin* as perhaps having given as much pleasure to as many people as any thing of the same length that ever was written.

Mr Hazlitt then proceeded to say a few words of BLOOMFIELD and CRABBE, as belonging to the class of descriptive poets. He described the author of the *Farmer's Boy* as a most faithful and unassuming painter of simple natural scenery, and the still life of the country; but said, that his muse was too humble; that she had an air not only rustic but menial. Bloomfield seems afraid of elevating nature, lest she should be ashamed of him. He gives her simple figure, but leaves it naked, shivering, and unclothed, with the drapery of a moral imagination.

Mr Hazlitt here entered into some ingenious remarks, tending to shew, that we must not expect in these times, and in the present condition of society, that original genius will take the same course, and produce the same

effects which it did in former periods, which were more favourable to its development,—that, now-a-days the poet, instead of endeavouring to stamp the character of his mind upon his age, must be content to stamp the mind of his age upon his works.

Crabbe, Mr Hazlitt described as the most literal of poets, as detailing the smallest circumstances of the smallest things; as giving the very costume of meanness—the none-essentials of the most trifling incident. His pastoral scenes are pricked on paper in little dotted lines. He describes the interior of a cottage like a person sent there to distrain for rent. You know all the little trifling particulars connected with his heroes, and their affairs, as well as they do themselves. He takes an inventory of the human heart as he does of the furniture of a room—his sentiments have the air of fixtures. His characters bear the same relation to life as the stuffed figures in a glass-case do. After farther remarks to this effect, Mr Hazlitt described Crabbe as the only poet who has attempted and succeeded in the still-life of tragedy; he gives the stagnation of hope; the pain of sympathy, without the interest; and seems to rely for the delight he is to convey to his reader on the accuracy with which he describes what is disagreeable.

Mr Hazlitt here made some general observations on pastoral and descriptive poetry, and concluded the lecture by entering at some length into the nature and causes of the pleasure we derive from the external objects connected with a country life. He denied that any of the reasons hitherto given for this interest were adequate to account for it; and added, in one word, that it arises from its *abstractedness*—that the interest we feel in humanity is exclusive and confined to the individual, while that we derive from external nature is general, and transferable from one object to all others of the same class. We regret that we have not space to follow Mr H. through the original and ingenious arguments and illustrations by which he accompanied this position.

#### Lecture Sixth.

IN this lecture Mr Hazlitt proposed to go back to the age of Queen Anne, and give some account of the poets of

that period, and up to the present, of whom he had not yet spoken. He described Prior, Swift, and Gay, as the principal poets of that age, next to Pope. Parnell was passed over, as merely an occasional versifier. In this place Mr Hazlitt introduced some remarks on the prose style of the age of Queen Anne, as distinguished from that of the following and the present age; and then proceeded to speak of Prior and Gay. He was of opinion, that Prior had left no single work equal to Gay's Fables, or the Beggar's Opera; but that in his lyrical and fugitive pieces he has shewn more genius, playfulness, and gayety. That no one had surpassed him in the laughing grace, with which he glances at a subject that will not bear looking into; with which he gently hints what cannot be insisted on; with which he conceals and half draws aside the veil from some of the muses' nicest mysteries. His muse tells more than she ought, and knows more than she tells. She laughs at the tricks she shows us, and blushes, or would be thought to blush, at those which she keeps concealed. Mr H. spoke of Prior's translations from Fontaine and Boileau as excellent, but characterised his serious poetry as dull and heavy. Henry and Emma he described as a paraphrase of the old ballad of the Nut-brown Maid, and not so good as the original; but observed, that in all his sentimental and romantic poetry, Prior thwarted his natural genius, and therefore became affected.

GAY, the lecturer described as sometimes grosser than Prior, but his grossness was not mischievous, because it was not seductive. Gay's Fables he praised for their invention, and the elegance and facility of their execution; and then proceeded to speak of the Beggar's Opera as Gay's capital work. Mr Hazlitt considered this work as a master-piece of wit and genius, not to say morality. Gay chose the most unpromising ground to work upon; but he has adorned it with all the graces—the precision and brilliancy of style. So far from being a *vulgar* play, it is one of the most refined in the language. The elegance of the composition is in exact proportion to the coarseness of the materials. The author has extracted an essence of refinement from the very dregs of human life. He has converted highway-

men and turnkeys into satirists and philosophers, without once violating nature or probability. After further remarks on this production, and references to particular parts in illustration, Mr H. concluded his account of Gay by quoting his verses on Sir Richard Blackmore, as a character of that writer, and a specimen of Gay's manner.

The lecturer observed of SWIFT, that his reputation as a poet had been obscured by that which he enjoys as a prose writer; but that his name would have deserved to have gone down to posterity as a poet, even if he had never written Gulliver or the Tale of a Tub. His Imitations of Horace, and his Verses on his own death, entitle him to be placed in the first rank of agreeable moralists in verse. In these productions there is not only a dry humour, and an exquisite tone of irony, but a touching pathos, mixed with the strokes of pleasantry and satire. Mr Hazlitt referred to examples, and then remarked, that Swift was one of the most sensible of poets, but he was also one of the most nonsensical—he was very ready to oblige others and to forget himself. Here the lecturer entered at some length into the character of Swift's prose writings, in which he contrasted them with those of Voltaire and Rabelais. We cannot follow him through this digression, but must not omit to mention what he considered to be some of the distinctive features of these writers' genius. They were the greatest wits of modern times; but the wit of each was of a peculiar kind. Swift's wit was serious, saturnine, and practical,—Rabelais' was fantastical and joyous,—Voltaire's was light, sportive, and verbal. Swift's wit was the wit of sense,—Rabelais' the wit of nonsense,—Voltaire's of indifference to both. Swift hated absurdity. Rabelais loved it, exaggerated it with supreme satisfaction, rioted in it. He dwelt on the ludicrous for the pleasure it gave him, not for the pain. He lived upon his wit—it was his wealth; and he was prodigal of it, because he felt that it was inexhaustible. Rabelais was a Frenchman of the old school—Voltaire of the new. The wit of the one arose from exuberance of enjoyment—of the other from excess of indifference.

Mr Hazlitt proceeded to speak of

YOUNG, COLLINS, and GRAY. Young he described as a gloomy epigrammatist, who abused great powers both of thought and language, and spoiled the effect of his moral reflections by overloading them with religious horror. The Revenge he described as monkish and scholastic, and Zanga as a vulgar caricature of Iago.

Collins Mr H. considered as possessing less general power of mind than Young, but much more of the true *vivida vis*, the genuine inspiration which can alone give birth to the highest efforts of poetry. He was the only one of the minor poets of whom, if he had lived, the highest things might have been anticipated. He is sometimes affected and obscure; but in his best works there is a simplicity, a pathos, and a fervour of imagination, which make us the more lament the unfortunate circumstances in which he was placed. Mr Hazlitt here alluded to Collins's unhappy life, and that of some other of the English poets, and then spoke of Gray. He had much less poetical genius than Collins, and his Pindaric Odes are stately and pedantic—a kind of methodical madness; but his Elegy in a Country Church-yard is a fine effusion of a refined and thoughtful mind, moralizing on human life.

After noticing Akenside, Goldsmith, Warton, &c. Mr Hazlitt concluded his lecture by some remarks on Chatterton, whom he scarcely seemed inclined to consider as a poet at all. His works, he said, had nothing remarkable in them but the age at which they were written. The facility, and vigour, and knowledge which they displayed, were extraordinary in a boy of sixteen, but would not have been so in a man of twenty. He did not show extraordinary genius, but extraordinary precocity. Nor do I believe, said Mr H., he would have written better had he lived. He knew this himself, or he would have lived.

February 25th, 1818.

Errata in last article—1st line, for "lecture," read *lecturer*. Page 558, column one, line nine from top, for "confused," read *confined*. Page 559, column two, line twenty-seven from bottom, for "swelling," read *welling*. Page 560, column two, line twenty-four from bottom, for "was," read *were*. Same page, column second, line eighteenth from bottom, before "familiar," read *as*.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ENSIGN AND ADJUTANT ODOHERTY, LATE OF THE 99TH REGIMENT.

*(Continued.)*

It is not my intention, in this paper, to recapitulate the various calamities of the siege of New Orleans. That the armament was utterly inadequate to accomplish the object of the expedition, is now generally admitted. Fitted out for the express purpose of *besieging* one of the strongest and most formidable fortresses of America, it was not only unprovided with a battering train, but without a single piece of heavy ordnance to assist in its reduction. Sir Edward Pakenham, therefore, on his arrival at Jamaica, found himself under the necessity of awaiting the tedious arrival of reinforcements from England, or of undertaking the expedition with the very inadequate means at his disposal. Listening rather to the suggestions of his gallantry than his prudence, he decided on the latter. If he erred in undertaking the expedition, it must be owned that he displayed the most consummate skill in the conduct of it. On his arrival at New Orleans, he established himself immediately on the peninsula guarded by the fortress, and so vigorously did he push his operations, that on the third night he determined on giving the assault. The honour of heading the storming party was allotted to the 44th regiment, then under the command of the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins, son to Lord Ventry, patron to our hero's father, and who did not at all congratulate himself, however, on his good fortune. The 44th regiment were driven back at the commencement of the attack; and on Sir Edward Pakenham's inquiring for the commanding officer, it was discovered that both he and Ensign Odoherly had remained in the rear. On search being made for them, Colonel Mullins was discovered under an ammunition waggon, and Ensign Odoherly was found in his tent, apparently very busy searching for his snuff-box, the loss of which, he solemnly declared, was the sole reason of his absence. In consequence of these circumstances, Colonel Mullins was brought to a court-martial, and dismissed the service; and such, most

probably, would likewise have been the fate of Ensign Odoherly, had he not, by the most humble intercessions, prevailed on the officers of the regiment to suppress their charges, on condition that he rid them of his presence, by an immediate exchange into another regiment. I am far from wishing to justify the line of conduct adopted in this instance by Mr Odoherly, in yielding to the prejudices against his character which the officers of the regiment appear so gratuitously to have entertained. Knowing him, as I do, to have been as brave a man as ever pushed a bayonet to the throat of an enemy, I cannot but sincerely regret that any change of circumstances should have occurred to give a different complexion to his character in the opinion of the world. But such regrets are useless. Who, when gazing on the brightness of the sun, can suppose his effulgence to be diminished, because, when viewed through a telescope, a few trifling spots are discernible on his disk!

Having entered into this arrangement, in order to effect his exchange, Mr Odoherly took advantage of the sailing of the first ship to return to England, and accordingly embarked in the Beelzebub transport for that purpose. On their voyage home they encountered a severe storm when off the river Chesapeake, which broke the bobstay of the Beelzebub, and did considerable injury to her mainmast. To crown the misfortune of this unlucky voyage, they were captured by the American frigate *President*, in lat.  $35^{\circ} 40'$ , long.  $27^{\circ} 14'$ , and carried into Boston as prisoners of war. Mr Odoherly bore his misfortunes with the greatest philosophy and calmness; and as a proof of the happy equanimity of his temper, I give the following extract from an extempore address to a whale, seen off Long Island on the 14th June 1814.

Great king of the ocean, transcendent and grand

Dost thou rest 'mid the waters so blue;  
So vast is thy form, I am sure, on dry land,  
It would cover an acre or two.

Thou watery Colossus, how lovely the sight,  
When thou sailest majestic and slow,  
And the sky and the ocean together unite  
Their splendour around thee to throw.

Or near to the pole, 'mid the elements' strife,  
Where the tempest the seaman appals,  
Unmoved, like a Continent pregnant with life,  
Or rather a living St Pauls.

Thou soon as the Greenlander fisherman sees,  
He plans thy destruction, odd rot him;  
And often, before thou hast time to cry peace,  
He has whipped his harpoon in thy bottom.

Here unfortunately a hiatus occurs, which, I am sure, will be regretted by every lover of what is sublime in conception, grand in description, and beautiful in imagination. Odoherty is not the only author of high genius whose vivacity exceeded his perseverance. We may say of him what Voltaire said of Lord Bacon: "*Ce grand homme a commencè beaucoup de choses que personne ne peut jamais achever.*"

On his arrival at Boston, he received orders to proceed to Philadelphia, the station allotted for his residence by the American government. In this great city, the manly graces of his person, and the seductive elegance of his manners, gained him the notice and attention of all ranks. But, notwithstanding the kindness and hospitality which he experienced from his American friends, his pecuniary circumstances were by no means in the most flourishing condition. He found, to his astonishment, that American merchants, however kind and liberal in other respects, had a strange prejudice against discounting Irish bills; nor could any offers, however liberal, of an extraordinary per centage, reconcile their minds to the imaginary risk of the transaction. Under these circumstances, Mr Odoherty was obliged to confine his expenses to his pay, a small part of which was advanced to him, with much liberality, by the British agent for prisoners of war in that city, to whose kindness he was, on several occasions, much indebted. It was in Philadelphia that Ensign Odoherty had the misfortune to form a connexion with a lady of the name of M'Whirter, who kept a well-known tavern and smoking-shop. Her husband had taken an active part in the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland, of which country he was a native, and had found it prudent to escape the consequences of his conduct by a flight to America. He accordingly repaired to Philadelphia, where he opened the "Goat in Armour" tavern and hotel, and soon after married a female emigrée from the Emerald Isle, an act which, I believe, he had only once occasion to repent. He died in a few years, and the "goat in armour" lost none of its reputation under the management of his widow. In this house

did Mr Odoherty take up his residence on his arrival at Philadelphia; and it is almost needless to add, he soon made a complete conquest of the too susceptible heart of Mrs M'Whirter. In the present difficulty of his pecuniary affairs, this circumstance afforded him too many advantages to be neglected or overlooked. Disgusting as she was in her person, vulgar in her manners, weak in her understanding, and unsuitable in years, he determined on espousing her. He accordingly made his proposals in form, and Mrs M'Whirter was too much flattered with the idea of becoming an ensign's lady, not to swallow the bait with avidity. They were privately married, and continued to live together with tolerable harmony, until the peace of 1815 restored Mr Odoherty once more to liberty. He was now heartily sick of the faded charms and uncultivated rudeness of his new wife, and accordingly determined once more to pursue the current of his fortune in another hemisphere. He accordingly possessed himself of as much ready money as he could conveniently lay his hands upon, and secretly embarked on board a ship, then on the point of sailing for England. The astonishment, rage, and grief of his wife, at the discovery of his flight, may be more easily conceived than described. She has indeed embodied them all with the greatest fidelity, in an address to her husband, which, I have reason to believe, she composed immediately after his elopement. I shall only give the first verse, which possesses certainly much energy, if not elegance.

"Confusion seize your lowsy sowl, ye nasty  
dirty varment,  
Ye goes your ways, and leaves me here  
without the least preferment;  
When you've drunk my gin, and robbed  
my till, and stolen all my pelf, ye  
Sail away, and think no more on your wife  
at Philadelphia."

I shall certainly not presume to offer the delicate and refined reader any further specimen of this coarse and vulgar, but surely pathetic and feeling, poem. Gray's "Bard" has been often and justly admired for the beautiful and unexpected abruptness of the opening stanza, the sudden vehemence of passion in which strange curses are imprecated on the head of the devoted monarch. It begins with the beautiful line,



“Ruin seize thee, ruthless king ;”  
but how inferior is this to the commencement of Mrs Odoherly’s poem, which I have just extracted. How emphatically it addresses itself to our feelings ! How dreadful the curse which it invokes !

“Confusion seize your lowsy sowl !”

The blood runs cold at the monstrous imprecation,—we feel an involuntary shuddering, such as comes on us when poring over the infernal cauldron of Macbeth, and listening to unearthly and hellish conjurations. Such are the proudest triumphs of the poet !

Mr Odoherly arrived in England after a short and prosperous passage. The following piece was composed on sailing past Cape Trafalgar in the night. I mistake if it does not exhibit the strongest traces of powerful and wild imagination, and only leaves room to regret that, like most of his poetical effusions, it is unfinished. It reminds us of some of the best parts of John Wilson’s *Isle of Palms*.

Have you sailed on the breast of the deep,  
When the winds had all silenced their breath,  
And the waters were hushed in as holy a sleep,  
And as calm, as the slumber of death.  
When the yellow moon beaming on high,  
Shone tranquilly bright on the wave,  
And careered through the vast and impalpable sky,

Till she found in the ocean a grave,  
And dying away by degrees on the sight,  
The waters were clad in the mantle of night.

’Twould impart a delight to thy soul,  
As I felt it imparted to mine,  
And the draught of affliction that blackened  
my bowl

Grew bright as the silvery brine.  
I carelessly lay on the deck,  
And listened in silence to catch  
The wonderful stories of battle or wreck  
That were told by the men of the watch.  
Sad stories of demons most deadly that be,  
And of mermaids that rose from the depths  
of the sea.

Strange visions my fancy had filled,  
I was wet with the dews of the night ;  
And I thought that the moon still continued  
to gild

The wave with a silvery light.  
I sunk by degrees into sleep,  
I thought of my friends who were far,  
When a form seemed to glide o’er the face  
of the deep,  
As bright as the evening star.  
Ne’er rose there a spirit more lovely and fair,  
Yet I trembled to think that a spirit was there.

Emerald green was her hair,  
Braided with gems of the sea,

Her arm, like a meteor, she waved in the air,  
And I knew that she beckoned on me.  
She glanced upon me with her eyes,  
How ineffably bright was their blaze ;  
I shrunk and I trembled with fear and sur-  
prise,

Yet still I continued to gaze ;  
But enchantingly sweet was the smile of her  
lip,  
And I followed the vision and sprang from  
the ship.

’Mid the waves of the ocean I fell,  
The dolphins were sporting around,  
And many a triton was tuning the shell,  
And extatic and wild was the sound ;  
There were thousands of fathoms above,  
And thousands of fathoms below ;  
And we sunk to the caves where the sea  
lions rove,  
And the topaz and emerald glow,  
Where the diamond and sapphire eternally  
shed,  
Their lustre around on the bones of the dead.

And well might their lustre be bright,  
For they shone on the limbs of the brave,  
Of those who had fought in the terrible fight,  
And were buried at last in the wave.  
In grottoes of coral they slept,  
On white beds of pearl around ;  
And near them for ever the water snake crept,  
And the sea lion guarded the ground,  
While the dirge of the heroes by spirits was  
rung,  
And solemn and wild were the strains that  
they sung.

*Dirge.*

Sweet is the slumber the mariners sleep,  
Their bones are laid in the caves of the deep,  
Far over their heads the tempests sweep,  
That ne’er shall wake them more :  
They died when raved the bloody fight,  
And loud was the cannons’ roar ;  
Their death was dark, their glory bright,  
And they sunk to rise no more,  
They sunk to rise no more.  
But the loud wind past,  
When they breathed their last,  
And it carried their dying sigh  
In a winding-sheet,  
With a shot at their feet,  
In coral caves they lie,  
In coral caves they lie.

Or where the syren of the rocks  
Lovely waves her sea-green locks,  
Where the deadly breakers foam,  
Found they an eternal home.

Horrid and long were the struggles of death,  
Black was the night when they yielded their  
breath,  
But not on the ocean, all buoyant and bloated,  
The sport of the waters their white bodies  
floated,  
For they were borne to coral caves,  
Distant far beneath the waves,  
And there on beds of pearl they sleep,  
And far over their heads the tempests sweep,

That ne'er shall wake them more,  
That ne'er shall wake them more.

On his arrival in England, he repaired immediately to London, and effected an exchange into the 99th, or King's Own Tipperary regiment, and set off immediately to join the depot then stationed in the Isle of Wight. In order to cover the reason of his leaving his former regiment, and to prevent the true cause of his exchange from becoming publicly known, he addressed the following stanzas to the officers of the 44th regiment, and took care to have them inserted in all the newspapers, with the signature of Morgan Odoherty. They are as follows:

Come, push round the bottle ; one glass ere  
we part  
Must in sadness go round to the friends of  
my heart,  
With whom many a bright hour of joy has  
gone by,  
Whom with pleasure I met, whom I leave  
with a sigh.

Yes, the hours have gone by ; like a bright  
sunny gleam,  
In the dark sky of winter, they fled like a  
dream ;  
Yet when years shall have cast their dim  
shadows between,  
I shall fondly remember the days that have  
been.

Come, push round the bottle ; for ne'er  
shall the chain  
That has bound us together be broken in  
twain,  
And I'll drink, wheresoever my lot may be  
cast,  
To the friends that I love, and the days that  
are past.

This ruse de guerre had the desired effect ; for nobody could possibly suspect that the author of this sentimental and very feeling address had just been kicked out of the regiment by these very dear friends whom he thus pathetically lauds. Soon after his arrival at the depot of the 99th regiment, he was ordered to proceed on the recruiting service to Scotland, and arrived in Edinburgh in the summer of 1815. Here new and unexpected honours awaited him. He had hitherto been a stranger to literary distinctions, and notwithstanding his writing in the different periodical publications attracted much of the public admiration, he had hitherto remained, in the more extended signification of the word, absolutely unnoticed. This,

however, was at length to cease ; and though Mr Odoherty was by birth an Irishman (to the shame of that country be it spoken), it was Scotland which first learned to appreciate and reward his merit. Soon after his arrival at this metropolis, he was voted a member of the " Select Society." Here he distinguished himself by his eloquence in a very eminent degree ; and as the gentlemen of this society seemed to pride themselves more on the quantity than the quality of their orations, and seemed to meet with much greater success in the multiplication of their words than in the multiplication of their ideas to correspond with them, Mr Odoherty, from his natural volubility, soon succeeded in casting his rivals in the shade. In particular, I am told he made a speech of four hours and a half, on the very new and interesting question of, Whether Brutus was justified in the assassination of Cæsar, which was carried in the affirmative by a majority of one, and may therefore be considered as being finally settled. He likewise made a long speech on the question of the propriety of early marriages, and clearly established, in a most pathetic and luminous oration, that Queen Elizabeth was by no means justified in the execution of Mary. It was impossible that these elaborate displays of the most extraordinary talent could long remain unnoticed. In consequence of his giving a most clear and scientific description of a Roman frying-pan, found in the middle of a bog in the county of Kilkenny, he was immediately elected a member of the society of Scottish antiquaries, and read at their meetings several very interesting papers, which were received by his brother antiquaries with the most grateful attention. He was likewise proposed a member of the Royal Society, and unfortunately black-balled. Candour induces me to state, for the credit of that learned body, that this rejection was not understood to proceed on the personal unfitness of Mr Odoherty for the proposed honour, but was simply owing to the circumstances of several Irish members who had been recently chosen having bilked the Society of their fees, which made them unwilling to add to their number. To make amends for this disappointment, the same week in which it occurred he was proposed in the

Society of Dilettanti, and admitted by acclamation into that enlightened body. The evenings which he spent at their meetings, in Young's Tavern, High Street, were often mentioned by him as among the most radiant oases in the desert of his existence. He composed a beautiful ode to the keeper of the tavern where they assemble, of which we cannot at present quote more than the three opening stanzas.

Let Dandies to M'Culloch go,  
And Ministers to Fortune's hall;  
For Indians Oman's claret flow,  
In John M'Phails let lawyers crow,  
These places seem to me so so,  
I love Bill Young's above them all.

One only rival, honest Bill,  
Hast thou in Morgan's whim;  
I mean Ben Waters, charming Ben,  
Simplest and stupidest of men;  
I take a tankard now and then,  
And smoke a pipe with him.

Dear Ben! dear Bill! I love you both,  
Between you oft my fancy wavers;  
Thou, Bill, excell'st in sheephead broth;  
Thy porter-mugs are crowned with froth;  
At Young's I listen, nothing loth,  
To my dear Dilettanti shavers.  
O scene of merriment and havers,  
Of good rum-punch, and puns, and clavers,  
And warbling sweet Elysian quavers!—  
Who loves not Young's must be a Goth.

(To be continued.)

#### TIME'S MAGIC LANTHERN.

[THIS is to be a series of dialogues, in which we propose to introduce remarkable persons of all ages and countries. As our sketches will "come like shadows, so depart," we have named it Time's Magic Lantern, and have actually got some part of the exhibition already executed, and ready to push forward as occasion requires. Remarkable persons are of various descriptions, and we do not propose, like Fontenelle, to seek them in the Elysian fields, but to shew them off in as dramatic a style as possible, engaged in their characteristic employments, and actuated by the passions of living men.]

No I.

*Machiavel's Death-Bed.*

*Machiavel.* Come hither, good woman, and shift my pillow, for my head throbs painfully, and my thoughts hurry backwards and forwards in such clouds that I can find no rest. There now—thank you. Be kind to a dying

man, for your heart still remains such as it came from the gentle hands of Nature, and has never been seared by—

*Attendant.* The tears come into his eyes. Good Signor, compose yourself, and all will go well.

*Mach.* No, no! The inevitable moment is drawing near, when my spirit must take wing to another world, where its subtlety will be of no avail. Farewell to the kingdoms of the earth! Farewell to cabinets and to cunning! Machiavel is dying, poor and neglected; but he has bequeathed to mankind a legacy, which is already in the hands of their princes, and for which he prays God to forgive him if there is mischief in it. Mischief!—Can mischief be taught among the seed of the serpent? Alas! it springs indigenously in every bad heart; and if I have written the natural history of the hemlock, it will serve to instruct the physician as well as the poisoner.

*Atten.* Let me beseech you to remain calm, and not to irritate your mind with these thoughts at present. The best you can do is to sleep.

*Mach.* If there was such a thing as permanent sleep, you would perhaps be right. Repose, darkness, vacuity, negation of every sort,—and yet something will not allow one to believe it possible.

*Atten.* Do not tempt Heaven by wishing it.

*Mach.* May divine mercy guard my couch from bad thoughts, and purify my soul for another state of existence. Hush! do not speak to me—my eyelids are heavy.

*Atten.* This is well. He falls into a slumber. What a meagre, sharp, and shrivelled countenance. And this is the politician of whom Florence speaks so much. The shadow of his features is reflected upon the wall; and it seems as if his head was already wrapped up for burial. It was not by chance that a raven alighted at the window this morning, or that I dreamt last night of seeing him in church, where he has not been for so long.

(Enter a friend of Machiavel's.)

*Atten.* Hush! Tread softly; and do not speak but in a whisper.

*Friend.* How fares it with him now?

*Atten.* Worse and worse, I fear. A gradual decay. Look at his features. You have come just in time to see him die; and your presence will

help to support my courage; for the last scene is always a dismal spectacle.

*Friend.* Dismal indeed; but, in this case, I believe it will be a quiet one.

*Atten.* Some say that when only one person is present at a sinner's death-bed, good and bad angels are seen hovering about in the dark parts of the chamber, ready to seize his wandering spirit after its escape from the body.

*Friend.* Fables. Has the priest been here again?

*Atten.* Yes; but I cannot repeat what passed between them. The priest said it should be kept secret.

*Friend.* Has the last sacrament been administered?

*Atten.* Yes; but I fear against the sick man's will; for he seems to entertain different opinions from what are sanctioned by the church. God mend him! before he goes to be judged.

*Friend.* Amen! Do not, however, think him so much an unbeliever as some have supposed. What I fear is, that there is even less religion in his heart than in his opinions, so much has the business of his life thrown his better feelings into disuse. At the same time, I believe him no friend to wickedness in the main.

*Mach.* (*awaking.*) Ha! Jerome, are you there? Reach me your hand once more. It is all over with me.

*Friend.* This despondency should not be allowed so easy a victory. You have been enjoying the advantage of sleep.

*Mach.* Scarcely. I had a strange fancy just now.\* I thought I was standing at a certain place, from whence there was a view of the road which leads up to the gates of paradise, and also of the road which leads down to the infernal regions. Upon each of these roads I saw a croud passing along, and felt much interest in observing of what sort of individuals it was composed.

*Friend.* What sort of persons were those on the road leading to paradise?

*Mach.* Poor ill-favoured rogues—half-starved, weather-worn, ragged, and thin-blooded. The very refuse of the earth, at least what are counted so. They seemed as if they had but newly escaped from a hail-storm of carthly misery and contempt, which had bent down their shoulders, and

rent their garments to tatters. Beggars, slaves, and simple fools, who had remained honest after being counted knaves; homely rustics, who could scarcely have out-witted their own watch-dogs; sober mechanics, such as are known to the world only by the shoes they produce; bellmen of convents; but few priors; and, in short, such a company as brought me in mind of the text, "*Beati pauperes quoniam ipsorum est regnum cælorum.*"

*Friend.* But what had these persons done, more than others, to entitle them to admission at St Peter's gate.

*Mach.* The same question occurred to myself, when I saw the apostle stretch forth his hands to such a homely group, and, with a smiling countenance, help such as were feeble and drooping to ascend the few steps which led up to his massive portal.

*Friend.* And was your curiosity satisfied?

*Mach.* The valves were thrown open, and a breeze rushing out upon the new comers, suddenly removed the squalor and sickliness of their appearance, so that they went in, as fresh and joyous as so many winged children painted by Correggio. In the meantime, the apostle, perceiving my astonishment, cried out to me, "The principal merit of these people consists in having spent their lives without betraying any turn for mischief. Persons like them are the only ones capable of allowing paradise to remain a paradise after their arrival. As to the plainness of their understandings it is no disadvantage, since it enables them to be happy, without asking how or wherefore; and because, in heaven, there is no need of circumventing each other.

*Friend.* Certainly not. But whom did you see upon the other road?

*Mach.* Let me first tell what more conversation I had with St Peter. I asked him if all the searching faculties, and ambitious stirrings of human nature, must then be considered as pernicious—and if so, why was man endowed with them? He replied, he knew not how man came to be endowed with them, but that we had an opportunity of feeling their effects upon earth, and were able to judge of them for ourselves.

*Friend.* Alas! it is true that the history of mankind says little in their favour.

\* See Machiavel's Life.

*Mach.* When he had replied in this manner, I was picqued at the notion that happiness could only be found among persons of humble spirits and shallow understandings; and I turned away from the apostle, to look at those who were passing along the other road.

*Friend.* Well, and who were they?

*Mach.* Popes, cardinals, kings, heroes, counsellors, and ambitious persons of every sort. The road shone with gold and purple, and these venerable figures, with long beards, did nothing but discourse of state affairs as they went along. All of them had the appearance of profound sagacity, and carried great wrinkled foreheads to the place of their destination. A company so august had evidently vacated many palaces and cabinets.—There was no individual in the procession who had not left mankind smarting, to make them remember him, and preserve his busts, portraits, and medallions.

*Friend.* Did you observe any of your contemporaries among them?

*Mach.* My dear friend, do not press me to mention names in my last moments. I observed no person there, who would have done good elsewhere.

*Friend.* And what thought you upon witnessing this spectacle, so different from the last?

*Mach.* I turned again to St Peter, and cried with a loud voice, that surely there would be more satisfaction in conversing with an assemblage of men, so noble, wise, and famous, than with a common herd of mechanics and simpletons.

*Friend.* Right. There lies the problem.

*Mach.* The apostle replied, that these men could not endure a state of repose; and having no longer the humble and well-meaning part of their species to practise upon, they would infallibly become the tormentors of each other.

*Friend.* Did you perceive where their march terminated?

*Mach.* Yes. Their path, as they advanced, grew more and more rugged, bursting into cracks, from whence issued infernal fire; and the crowd which formerly walked with decorum, and in good order, was now seen hurrying along, arm in arm, with fiends and demons. I heard loud huzzas and outcries, and the whole was soon lost in obscurity.

*Friend.* You have been reflecting with distaste upon some of the occupations of your past life, and your chagrin has produced this feverish dream.

*Mach.* No, Jerome, my nature is the same as ever; and unless Heaven mend me, I suspect I shall hardly grow into a little winged boy, with that sweet and sincere countenance which wins the key from St Peter.

*Friend.* Be of good cheer. You know not how much purgatory may effect for you.

*Mach.* Ah, my dear Jerome! I feel an inveterate passion for state affairs—Put aside that taper, for it pains my eyes—My pangs are returning—give me your hand once more, and receive my last thanks for your affectionate cares. Farewell—again—Farewell.

*Atten.* See, see! he is dying.

*Friend.* It will soon be over; and then a long adieu to poor Machiavel.

#### REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

MEMORIALS of my country's doom!

What vanity has rent your shroud,  
And broke your consecrated gloom,  
To gratify a gazing crowd?  
'Twas not till time had been allowed  
To lay the race that owned you low,  
And every patriot arm subdued,  
They dared your mute remains to show.

Sole relics of the regal tree,  
That sprang on Caledonia's hills,  
And spread its branches far and free,  
Shadowing her rocks and mountain rills,  
A son of her's beholds and feels  
Full sore for all your honours torn,  
Whose filial eye but ill conceals,  
He deems you raised in pride and scorn.

There was a time when you were born  
For prouder and more sacred use,  
When, waded for through blood, and worn  
In triumph by the mighty Bruce;  
The hero's mouldering dust to rouse,  
Say, was it your degraded fame?  
Both disenshrined inglorious,  
Twin witnesses of Scotland's shame.\*

Resume your hallowed grave again,  
For there our royal lineage sleep,  
But yet unnumbered hearts remain,  
Their rigid fate to feel and weep;

\* It is certainly not a little singular, that the ancient Regalia of our nation, and the remains of Bruce, should have been discovered at one and the same time.

And hands remain to guard and keep  
 These emblems of our ancient sway,  
 Stern as the storms that o'er us sweep,  
 And steadfast as our mountains gray.

ALBYN STEWART.

*Edinburgh, March 6th.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BISHOP WATSON.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

WE have seen how RICHARD WATSON outshone all his contemporaries in the scientific studies of academical retirement,—how his talents, his virtues, and his zeal, raised him to the highest honours in the noble university which he adorned,—and that in the early prime of manhood he stood a conspicuous object in the eyes of his country. His lot in life may well be called fortunate. For how many men, his equals perhaps in talents, and his superiors in erudition and genius, have pined away their lives in unpatronized and unbeneficed obscurity. No unlucky or disheartening incident ever seems to have befallen him,—his strong sense saw and seized every honourable mean of advancement,—he sailed boldly and skilfully along the stream of preferment, without ever having touched on a single shoal,—and a favourable and steady wind blew till he reached his destination—the bench. We say this with no intention of undervaluing his character. But, sometimes in after life, the good Bishop seems rather to have forgotten how singularly prosperous had been his career. After discharging for years the duties of several active and lucrative offices, and enjoying the emoluments of several wealthy sinecures, we find him, at the early age of forty-five, at the very summit of his profession, and clothed with what he considered the highest of earthly distinctions—the gorgeous robes of prelacy. They who think that there is a tide in human affairs “which, taken at the full, leads on to fortune,” may probably attribute his success to the lucky hour in which he set sail. But if this would be unfair, there at least can be nothing wrong in saying, that few men have had more cause to be grateful to Providence for their temporal prosperity, than the late Bishop of Lan-

daff; and that, instead of representing himself as a neglected and ill-used man, it would have been far more rational, manly, and Christian-like, to have cherished a deep and devout sense of the singularly happy destiny which God had bestowed on him, and to have forgotten entirely any real or imagined injustice of his fellow-men, in boundless and overwhelming gratitude to the Giver of all mercies.

We feel ourselves called upon to speak our sentiments on this subject boldly and without equivocation. There is a piety—pure, lofty, and sublime—which guards the spirit against the forcible intrusion of worldly thoughts. The person who is thus pious performs the duties imposed upon him, by the necessities of this life, with unshrinking fidelity. But is it possible that such a person shall deliver himself up so slavishly to mere worldly concerns, as to become dependent for his happiness on the caprices of fortune? Even in a philosophical light such conduct is truly pitiable—in a religious light we hesitate to give it a name. It is most painful to hear a Christian divine, loaded with wealth and honours, deploring his ill-fortune in life, and seemingly haunted by anger and ill-will towards men, whom, if they had used him injuriously, he ought to have forgiven; and whom, at all events, a great mind ought not thus to have condescended to consider as the arbiters of its destiny,—the good or evil spirits which could sway at pleasure its feelings, opinions, and passions, and give, as it were, a colour to its whole character.

What if the Bishop of Landaff had met in early life a man superior to himself, and had been overcome in the contest for academical honours and offices? What if he had never been a bishop at all? If his services in the cause of religion, important as they were, had been rewarded with a comfortable living of £500 a year? Such a lot would, to many a good, wise, learned theologian, have appeared the very summit of earthly felicity. RICHARD WATSON really seems often to have forgotten every body in the whole world, except the bench of bishops and himself. The many hundreds of learned men doomed for ever to continue far below him in wealth and dignity, he seldom thought of at all, while his inward eye dwelt on the palace of Durham or

of Lambeth. With what calm and dignified contentment have some great men spoken of their situation in life, even when placed on the cold confines of poverty, and overshadowed with the darkness of solitude? We need only allude to those still more majestic spirits, who, in the midst of all afflictions—disease, penury, blindness, and old age, have nevertheless held on to their appointed way, in resignation, that would not be misnamed if called happiness, and whose recorded meditations on their God have been like a continued hymn of thanksgiving. It is when we think on such things, that we see the littleness, and the hollowness, and rottenness, of mere earthly honours and riches, and feel, with a painful conviction, how weak are the titles to be held truly great, of those men who have lived so much under the influence of powers so remote from true grandeur.

That Bishop Watson's character is liable to the charge which has now been brought against it, cannot be denied; but the questions arise, to what extent may this charge be truly carried? and in his case, what are the palliating circumstances? Now, an attentive and unprejudiced reader of his memoirs will not fail to observe, that he seems to have acquired, by long indulgence, a mere habit of railing at his Majesty's ministers. There is not, in general, much bitterness in his complaints and invectives. Now and then it would seem as if his temper were ruffled, and his disposition soured. But he soon recovers his equanimity; and after giving vent to a few pompous compliments to himself, his animosity against the supposed authors of his imaginary injuries apparently subsides, and his manly mind returns to that state of honest satisfaction with itself and situation, from which it is a pity he should ever have suffered himself to be driven. Had he in reality been so dissatisfied with his lot in life, so eagerly panting after farther preferment, as frequent passages in his memoirs would lead us to believe, his general manners, deportment, and conversation, would all have borne witness to his discontent. But this, we believe, was not the case. He was a man of cheerful and gladsome habits of thinking. He had in nothing the appearance of a disappointed man. If he exhibited in his demeanour the con-

stant consciousness of talent, and perhaps vaunted a little too much of his own endowments, there never was, we understand, about him any narrow-minded injustice towards the acquirements of other men, nor yet any appearance of spite or rancour towards those who, he supposed, had overlooked his merits, or obstructed his advancement. This being the case, we are surely bound in charity to attribute the most reprehensible passages of the kind alluded to in his memoirs, in some measure to an injudicious and weak habit, that rose at first from the most delusive of all human failings, vanity and self-love,—increased by indulgence, and finally, assumed a more undisguised form during the faded strength of old age.

We must also make some allowances for him on account of the peculiar circumstances of his life. His singular success in almost every thing he attempted,—and the very general admiration which his talents excited,—his unrivalled reputation in the university,—and that homage which his powerful mind daily received from monks and striplings,—all tended to feed that intellectual pride to which by nature he was prone, till he came at last to consider himself second to no man in the kingdom, and consequently entitled to claim as his right the very highest honour with which a churchman could be crowned. There was weakness, delusion, and error, in all this. But no wonder that a man with such weaknesses, and at the same time with such strength, should conceive he possessed but little, while any thing remained to be acquired,—that he should observe, with undue indignation, the elevation of men over his head, whom he considered so much his inferiors; and who, in good truth, often were so, in as far as talents were concerned,—that, in short, he should find it impossible to account for his remaining all his days the Bishop of Landaff *only*, except from the ignorance of those who might have promoted him to richer Sees. Had he been a man of mere ordinary merit, all this would have been truly ludicrous. But he had great abilities; and though we think that there were things about him that justified king and ministers in keeping him where he was, it is not to be expected that he could have entered into, or distinctly under-

stood, their views of his character. While, therefore, we are compelled to think that he has often lowered himself in these memoirs, by the complaints alluded to, we cannot but feel, at the same time, that it would be savage and wicked to magnify such weaknesses into something hateful and detestable, and to make them form the most prominent features in the picture of his character. Alas for poor human nature, if it is to be thus judged! It is not fitting that we should be blind to the failings of great men; but we ought not to look on them through a magnifying-glass,—nor yet should the eye rest long upon them, when there is close at hand so much of a far different complexion, that may be judged of with approbation, reverence, and love.

It is from such feelings and views that we are little disposed to occupy our pages with discussion of the Bishop's political principles and conduct. He was, we most confidently believe, a sincere lover of freedom, and had at heart a sound regard for the glory and religion of his country. But, on the subject of politics, his opinions were far from being so liberal, as, in the simplicity of his nature, he often vaunted them to be; and we fear that a searching eye, and an intolerant spirit, could point out not a few instances in which, with all his much-boasted independence, consistency, and liberality, he did, like a mere ordinary politician, sacrifice, or shew a willingness to sacrifice, those rare and extraordinary virtues. We now speak chiefly to them who have read his book; and we are sure, that to them who have not, it would afford no pleasure to see presented before them in detail the melancholy proofs of the unconsciousness of human frailty. Suffice it to say, that the Bishop of Landaff, a Whig, and a man of first-rate talents, absolutely held, as an article of his faith, that it was morally and physically impossible that a Tory could be a man either of virtue or capacity. Liberal as he was, perhaps even to a fault, in his religious opinions, his nature seemed to undergo a change when it came into contact with party politics; and were he to be tried by his words, we could not but often esteem him, in these, a senseless and intolerant bigot. A Unitarian, a Socinian, nay, a Deist, might, if moral and intelli-

gent men, meet with his respect; but a Tory! stood beyond the pale of his liberality, and a difference of faith in politics was sufficient ground for his sentence of excommunication. Yet most true it is, that he himself, at more than one period of his life, exhibited no disinclination to adopt this very heresy; and that he did not consider it unworthy of him, who held a loftier and purer faith, to solicit preferment from a minister whom he seems personally to have disliked, and whose measures he pretended almost uniformly to condemn. Nay, farther—this enlightened and liberal Whig—this hater of all corruption—this stern and inflexible patriot, who held that all private predilections ought ever to be sacrificed to the duty which a great statesman owes to his country,—he complains, frets, and waxes wroth at Mr Pitt for not elevating him to a higher See, *on account of certain services said to have been performed for him during his election at Cambridge!* We are nowhere told what those mighty services were; but it matters not; and nothing, surely, could be less dignified, less patriotic, less allied to those virtues which are said to be comprehended within that somewhat indefinite term, Whiggism, than boldly to accuse, before posterity, the Prime Minister of a free country, of having forgotten private benefits in the elevation of public men. The Bishop somewhere talks of the little and revengeful nature of Mr Pitt; words without meaning, and disgraceful only to him from whose paltry passions they sprung. His whole conduct, indeed, towards that great man, is either unintelligible, or to be understood only upon grounds little creditable to the Bishop. He seems to have felt at times his immeasurable inferiority of talent to the Son of Chatham, and an unwilling admiration of his unsullied integrity and lofty ambition. He was not unwilling—he was even desirous of accepting favours at his hands; he sometimes paid court to him, with a flattery as inefficient as the abuse with which he has endeavoured to blacken his imperishable name. But he seems soon to have felt that there were small hopes of promotion from that quarter; and he at last came to regard Mr Pitt with a feeling, rather oddly compounded, of admiration, fear, dislike, anger, and involuntary respect.



We have disclaimed all intention of entering minutely into the Bishop's political life; but we may be allowed to strengthen the general observations now offered, if indeed they require it, by reference to one single fact. He was of opinion, that Mr Fox's East India Bill "was pregnant with more seeds of corruption than any one which had taken place since the Revolution." He intended to have gone to town and spoken *against it*. But as he had been written to by the Minister to come up and vote *for it*, he says, "*I will so far distrust the solidity of my own judgment as not to oppose a measure which has the approbation of your Grace!!!*" (the Duke of Portland.) Truly, the patriotism of the Bishop seems, at convenient seasons, to have shrunk into very accommodating dimensions.

There is another subject on which we beg leave to say a very few words. The Bishop had, it seems, been sometimes accused of holding republican principles. This, when we consider the general tenour of his opinions, is an absurd accusation; yet the Bishop need not have counterfeited any surprise at its having been made; for he often indulged in a freedom of speech about the great political changes that had taken place in France, which was not altogether prudent and judicious in a churchman, and which could not but afford to men of an opposite way of thinking, a strong temptation to suspect him of republicanism: But though no republican, he might, we think, like many far greater men, have cherished a more genial and satisfied love of monarchical power than he has ever expressed; and, above all, he ought to have thought, felt, and spoken, with more respect and reverence of the monarch of his native land. There are scattered over the volume, many sneers and sarcasms against the king;—and what is worse, not a few most unfeeling and unmanly remarks respecting the Queen. We are not of the number of those who think that "divinity doth enhedge a King,"—but we do think, that personal pique should not lead an English Bishop to speak disrespectfully of his Sovereign, and that nothing can be more odious than coarse language, when its object is a woman. He has taken the pains to record a conversation which he held with his Majesty at Court, in which, he would wish us to think, that he came off vic-

toriously, and with flying colours. "I was standing next to a Venetian Nobleman; the King was conversing with him about the republic of Venice, and hastily turning to me, said,—*'There, now you hear what he says of a republic.'*" My answer was, "Sir, I look on a republic to be one of the worst forms of government." The King gave me, as he thought, another blow about a republic. His Majesty still pursued the subject; I thought myself insulted, and firmly said, "Sir, I look upon the tyranny of any one man to be an intolerable evil, and upon the tyranny of an hundred to be an hundred times as bad. *The King went off.*" Now, in all this, we see nothing to exalt the Bishop in our eyes. Even taking it for granted, that the King was bearing a little too hard upon him (of which there is no proof, for the Bishop has declined telling us the nature of the blow given), good manners alone should have made his Lordship observe a little more decorum towards his Sovereign in the middle of his own Court,—unless it be said, that there is no difference at all between a King and a subject. The words, we think, were insulting, and must have been grossly so, if uttered, as doubtless they were, with a loud tone and haughty demeanour. What is perhaps still worse, they are exceedingly pointless and stupid. If the Bishop felt himself insulted by his King, it would appear that the King felt himself insulted by his Bishop. Which had the best reason to be so, we leave those to determine who can distinguish between arrogance and true dignity; and who can see nothing derogatory to the rank of the highest subject of the land, in courteously sustaining, or in courteously warding off, even the undeserved sarcasm of his Sovereign. In this case, the Bishop is the hero of his own tale. But while he has thus exultingly recorded how the King fled from before him, what do the admirers of this kind of courage think would have been the behaviour of the Bishop himself, had some clever curate, at a visitation, contrived to turn the tables against his Lordship—no impossible case—about his non-residence at his diocese, or any other topic on which the Bishop was not invulnerable? No doubt, the Bishop would have thought it extreme insolence and impertinence, and perhaps instead of merely "going

off,"—a growl of thunder would have burst upon the head of the ill-mannered Curate.

But let us now turn altogether from the politician to the theologian. And when it is considered what substantial benefits Richard Watson has bestowed on the cause of truth, all that we have now reluctantly stated to his disadvantage, may well be forgotten, or at least, remembered without bitterness of blame. His Apology for Christianity is, we think, a very successful reply to the insidious and cowardly reasoning of Gibbon. He does not, like some of that historian's feeble antagonists, accuse him of gross ignorance, or of wilful misrepresentation of facts. But he takes him up on broad and severe principles; and writes like a man who understands the genuine character of Christianity, and of the age when it was promulgated to mankind. The Bishop of Landaff was not a profound nor extensive scholar; but, on occasion, he could with great celerity collect knowledge, and bring it, with consummate skill, to bear on the main question. Gibbon, though not convicted, was convicted. While he treated his other adversaries with silent scorn, or cut them into pieces as with a two-edged sword, in this case he stood aloof, and courteously declined any farther contest with so formidable a champion. The letters to Gibbon ought to be read by every young man, while he peruses the fascinating history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. We believe that, when thus read, they have often prevented the poison of infidelity from sinking into the minds of ingenious youth. Every thing in Gibbon seems so fair, and candid, and artless,—is said; at the same time, with such flowing and musical eloquence, that too easy credence is given to his most pernicious and fatal words, and they have often won their way into the hearts of those who would have been preserved by the goodness of their natures from the low and loathsome wickedness of Paine. Against such infatuation Richard Watson has lifted a warning voice,—and though greatly inferior to Gibbon in genius, yet so much is divine truth superior to human sophistry, that no triumph in the history of letters was ever more complete than that achieved by this plain, rational, and devout Christian, over an

adversary in whose person were united, in an unequalled degree, perverted genius, self-blinded erudition, and impious zeal.

The service done to religion by Bishop Watson, in his masterly refutation of all the vile blasphemies of Paine, was perhaps still more important and unequivocal. That bad man possessed just such faculties as were fitted to render a deistical writer most pernicious to ignorant, or superficial, or half-informed minds. Utterly unacquainted with the languages of the Old and New Testament,—with the history both of the Jewish and Christian dispensations,—and still more deplorably and fatally incapacitated by the hardness and callousness of his heart, to feel and understand the beauty, and sublimity, and truth of the word of God, that audacious infidel had sufficient sagacity to detect imaginary or seeming flaws in evidence, and command enough of striking illustration to startle, and overpower, and perplex the faith of those little accustomed to think for themselves, and who therefore had, as in duty bound, believed what good and wise spirits had taught them was the Truth, on the authority of that virtue and that wisdom. He pulled up with wicked hands the anchor with which faith had bound their vessel to the Rock of Salvation, and sent them adrift, without needle or compass, into that misty sea where certain shipwreck awaited the wretched voyagers. The time, too, which he chose for his diabolical attempt, was most favourable. And certain it is, that his unhallowed designs were meeting with melancholy success among the peasantry and the artisans of these kingdoms. Many of his objections seemed plausible,—contradictions existing but in words, and which the most ordinary scholar knew how to reconcile, had a miserable effect on those utterly ignorant creatures, before whom, for the first time, they were brought; and arguments which had been over and over again refuted and consigned to scorn, when stated in his plain and perspicuous language, startled into painful and distressing doubts the thousands whose guileless minds knew not how to disrobe error and falsehood of their specious garments, and to whom details, of which every single assertion was a lie, did often, from their mere novelty, appear entitled to

credit. His very ignorance rendered him formidable to the ignorant, and his acuteness gave him a fatal ascendancy over the obtuse. He resembled the lowest of mankind in his views and feelings, and therefore could often command their sympathy, when a purer and higher sentiment would have failed; while he was so superior to them in the mere power of argumentation, that they felt abashed before him, and by degrees surrendered up unto him their own natural and humble faith. In trampling into the dust all his miserable sophistries, Bishop Watson performed no great achievement; for Paine's weapons had been blunted by other hands, and his armour pierced through all its folds. But Watson's great merit lay in the mode of his warfare. He followed the infidel through all his paltry shifting; he allowed him to choose, during the combat, his own vantage ground; he fearlessly exposed his own bosom to every wound; and his superiority in all points was so manifest and conspicuous, that every spectator saw the victory, and acknowledged that the victorious champion had Heaven upon his side. If it be true that there was a very general disposition throughout this island, to listen to the doctrines of Paine, and that Bishop Watson was the chief instrument in the hands of Providence, to bring his deluded countrymen back to the right faith, then, truly, is he entitled to the glorious appellation of a benefactor of his species; and there would be wanting a name sufficiently odious for those who should forget such inestimable benefits, and rake into the ashes of this great man for mere human frailties, to lessen in our hearts our respect, our gratitude, and our veneration, for his memory.

We fear that our readers might have been better pleased with us, had we given them, instead of our own reflections, a detailed account of the Life and Opinions of this excellent person. But in truth there is something so peculiar in every thing the Bishop has said about himself, that nobody can have a just idea of his character, without reading through the Memoirs themselves. We have, on that account, deviated from the plan we intended to have pursued,—and have only to hope, that what we have now said, in the spirit of candour and good-will, may induce some others to peruse the

volume with similar feelings. Many will doubtless read it, with more uniform and unmingled satisfaction than we have done; while others, we know, will think of some parts of his character with much more severity. If tried by what he has done for mankind, he will not be unrewarded with the gratitude of posterity. His life was, throughout, active and benevolent; and after a happy retirement of twenty years from busier scenes, he died in peace and resignation in his native county, at the beautiful residence he had embellished, as much respected and beloved as any man of his time.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY  
OF EDINBURGH.

*March 2d.*—DR MURRAY read the first part of a paper “On the Relations in the Law of Definite Proportions in Chemical combinations, to the constitution of their Acids, Alkalis, and Earths, and their compounds.” Its object was, to determine if the composition of these substances, according to the theory which he has lately proposed, be conformable to the law of definite proportions. The part of the paper read extended to the acids of which sulphur and carbon are the radicals, the vegetable acids being comprised under the latter. A very strict coincidence is found in the actual proportions, according to the theory, with the law, so as to afford proofs even of the truth of the former; and some of the results display views very different from those which have been hitherto proposed. The remainder of the paper will be read on a succeeding evening.

At the same meeting, an abstract of a second paper, by Mr Lauder Dick, on the Parallel Roads of Lochaber, was read.

After considering the paper which he had prepared on the parallel roads of Lochaber, since his second visit to that district, he was satisfied that it would not be very intelligible, if read to the society, owing to the frequent reference to the map and drawings. He therefore contented himself with a very few remarks explanatory of the views he entertained of this interesting subject.

In a former paper he described the general nature of these shelves: he has since ascertained, by several observations, that they are perfectly ho-

horizontal. One very remarkable circumstance attending them is, that in one or two instances, they can be traced in a perfect circle, around little isolated hills, on a level with the corresponding line on the sides of the valley.

In his former visit to Glen Roy, he traced the shelves in that valley only; on the late occasion, however, he discovered that they are also to be found in Glen Spean and Glen Gluoy. This last valley contains one range, at an elevation twelve feet higher than that of any of those in the other glens. The two shelves next in altitude are to be found in Glen Roy alone. The uppermost runs through both lower and upper Glen Roy, and loses itself in the flat mossy ground forming the summit level of the country near the Loch of Spey. Besides these two shelves, which are the particular property of Glen Roy, there is another at a lower level, common to Glen Roy and Glen Spean. Its two extremities are to be traced, one on the mountain of Ben-y-vaan, near Highbridge, and the other on the side of Aonachmore, one of the Ben Nevis group, nearly opposite. This shelf may be followed almost every where, in its progress through both glens. It runs up the whole extent of Glen Spean, Loch Laggan, and the river Pattaig, as far as the Pass of Muckull, where it sweeps round on what is the summit level of the country there, and returns back. It is also distinctly traced running into the valley of Loch Treig.

In the paper formerly read to the society, Mr Lauder Dick stated his opinion, that such appearances in general were to be attributed to the operation of the waters of a lake. His last inspection of those in Lochaber has not only confirmed his conviction in the truth of this theory with respect to them, but has led him to imagine that he has discovered the boundaries, extent, and shape of the ancient lakes, as well as the cause which produced their evacuation. He conceives that he is warranted to conclude, from the observations he has made, that Glen Gluoy was at one time an independent lake, having its level twelve feet above the lake of Roy when at its highest, into which it discharged a stream from its N. E. extremity. Glen Roy must have contained an independent lake in two different states, as indicated by its uppermost and second shelves. Whilst in the first state, its level must

have been such, that it discharged its waters, and those tributary to it from Loch Gluoy, in the direction of the Loch of Spey, and by it towards the eastern sea. When this was the case, a barrier must have existed at the mouth of Glen Roy, separating its lake from one at that time occupying the whole valley of the Spean, at the level of the lowest shelf of all, and which has such a relation to the summit level at the Pass of Muckull, as to warrant the conclusion, that it must have sent its stream through it towards the eastern sea, by the course of the river Spey. Two different ruptures took place in the barrier of division between Loch Roy and Spean. The first diminished the surface of Loch Roy so much as to render it tributary to Loch Spean. The second breach reduced it to the level of Loch Spean, of which it now formed a portion. Whilst the lakes were in this state, Mr Lauder Dick supposes that the whole ground at their south western end was an unbroken mass, and that the Great Glen of Scotland had then no existence, and, consequently, that what are now the mouths of Glen Gluoy and Glen Spean, were shut in by a *terra firma*, and that the united waters of the whole lakes formed a river, running through the Pass of Muckull, towards the eastern sea.

An examination of the Glen-morna-albin, or Great Glen of Scotland, stretching in a diagonal line across the island from Inverness to Fort William, has convinced Mr Lauder Dick that it has owed its origin to some convulsion of nature, and that the opening of this vast chasm was the cause of the discharge of the water of the lakes, and of the change of the direction of the current of the rivers, which now run to the western instead of the eastern sea, as they seem to have done formerly. He conceives also, that the horizontal shelves of Lochaber, and this vast crack across the island, reflect a mutual light on each other, elucidating the history of both.

March 16th.—Mr Leslie read an account of a new instrument, called an *Othroscope*; but as a full description of it has been already published, it is unnecessary to give any further account of it here.

At the same meeting, Dr Brewster communicated a paper on a new theory of the phenomena of Double Refraction.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Lamp without Flame.*—A very curious lamp has recently been constructed in London, upon the principle of Sir Humphry Davy's late discoveries, which, while it forms a very amusing philosophical experiment, promises to be of considerable use. A cylindrical coil of platina wire, about 1-100th of an inch thick, and containing about ten turns, is placed, part of it round the cotton wick of a spirit lamp, and part of it above the wick: The lamp is then lighted so as to heat the wire to redness. When the flame is blown out, the vapour of the alcohol will keep the upper part of the wire red hot, as long as there is a supply of alcohol, of which the expenditure is very trifling. The heat of the wire is sufficient to kindle German fungus, or paper prepared with nitre; so that a sulphur match may be lighted when it is required. A wick composed of twelve threads of the ordinary sized lamp cotton yarn, will require about half an ounce of alcohol to keep it lighted for eight hours. When the wire becomes oxidized, it is necessary to uncoil it, and rub it bright again with fine glass paper.

Captain Kater has found, that the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds, in vacuo, at the level of the sea, is 39.1386 inches of Sir George Shuckburgh's scale, the scale being at 32°, and the latitude of the place of observation, 51° 31' 8" .3. In an appendix to Captain Kater's paper on the pendulum, Dr Thomas Young has given a new and elegant demonstration of a theorem discovered by Laplace, that if a compound pendulum be made to vibrate on cylinders instead of knife edges, the distance between the surfaces of the cylinders will be the equivalent pendulum.

Sir Humphry Davy has repeated the experiments on muriatic acid gas, which have lately been made by Dr Andrew Ure of Glasgow, and Dr Murray of Edinburgh, and has found, that the water which these chemists obtained was merely an accidental product. He found that the oxide of lead, and the alkali in the flint glass, both furnished the oxygen.

Dr E. D. Clarke and Mr Holmes of Cambridge, have analyzed a new mineral from Sweden, to which they have given the name of Berzelite, in honour of the illustrious chemist, Baron Berzelius of Stockholm. It consists of

|               | <i>Dr Clarke.</i> | <i>Mr Holmes.</i> |
|---------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Silica, - - - | 80                | 76.5              |
| Alumine, - -  | 15                | 20.5              |
| Manganese, -  | 2.50              | 2.5               |
| Water, - - -  | 0.75              | 0.62              |
| Loss, - - -   | 1.75              |                   |

100.00                      100.12

Its specific gravity is 2.45, nearly equal

to that of quartz. It scratches glass, and has a general resemblance to *white quartz*. It admits of a twofold cleavage, parallel to the sides of a rhomboidal prism, two of which, parallel to each other, are splendid, and the other two are dull.

A method of making doubly refracting prisms, perfectly achromatic, has been invented by Dr Brewster; a full description of the method will be found in the *Annals of Philosophy for March 1818*.

Our celebrated countryman, Dr Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, has been elected a corresponding Member of the Institute of France, in the Class of Medicine;—the candidates were, Dr Matthew Baillie, M. Lauth of Strasburg, M. Maunoir of Geneva, and M. Fodere of Strasburg.

*Remarkable Acoustic Experiment.*—M. Pictet, of Geneva, states a curious circumstance relative to sound, on occasion of a visit which he lately paid to a manufactory of sulphuric acid at Winterthur in Switzerland. The rooms in this manufactory are very large. One of them was empty, says M. Pictet, and the proprietor, M. Ziegler, invited us to avail ourselves of this occasion for making a very curious experiment. It was this:—When you introduce your head into this room, by a lateral window, about breast-high, and sound the notes *ut mi sol*, they produce a perfect chord in one continuous sound, like that of stringed instruments. This chord is kept up for about ten seconds in a manner highly pleasing to the ear, which can even distinguish octaves above those which have been sounded.—M. Pictet ascribes this effect to the reciprocal and perfectly regular reflections of all the faces of the parallelepipedon in which these reflections are formed by vibrations of air respectively isochronal to those which belong to the notes sounded; but which being prolonged all at once for a longer or shorter time, produce the continuous accord which is heard.

*The Titi Ape.*—According to the description of M. Von Humboldt, the species of ape called *Titi*, seems to approach nearer to man in a variety of points than any other of its genus. Its features exactly resemble those of a child; they have the same expression of innocence, the same roguish smile, and the same sudden transitions from joy to grief. The Indians assert, that the *Titi* weeps, in like manner, when it is vexed; and this statement is perfectly accurate. Whenever it is frightened or crossed, its eyes fill with tears. The *Titi* is in constant action; but its motions are as graceful as they are rapid: you never find it angry or ill-tempered, but always playing, skipping about, or catching insects, among which it

prefers spiders to any vegetable food. When any person speaks, it fixes its eyes upon his mouth, and if it can possibly get upon his shoulder, it touches his teeth or tongue with its fingers. To travellers who collect insects, it is particularly dangerous. Let them take what care they will of their collections, the Titi soon discovers them; he takes the specimens, without pricking his fingers, of the pins by which they are fastened, and greedily devours them. Such is the discrimination of these little apes, that one of them could distinguish those plates in Cuvier's *Natural History*, which represented insects. At the sight of them, though uncoloured, the Titi would immediately stretch out his little hand in the hope of catching a grasshopper, a wasp, or a dragon fly; but remained quite indifferent when he was shown engravings of mammalia, birds, and other animals.

Mr H. C. Jennings announces, that he has discovered a *Method of insulating the Magnetic Needle*, in such a degree as, under the ordinary circumstances, will protect the compass from false and dangerous attractions, by the designed or accidental approach of iron, or substances containing it; a defect which has already cost the government and nation many lives and ships.—A striking instance of the uncertainty and imperfection of the ordinary compass was exhibited in the loss of H. M. S. Apollo, and 70 sail of convoy; and if this event were the only one of the kind on record, it would be sufficient to convince every person of the vast importance of a method which shall effectually preclude the possibility of the recurrence of such a disaster.

A similar invention has been made in Scotland, by a shoemaker at Linlithgow, who has employed it very ingeniously, in masking the action of the magnets that give motion to a lever, which he supposes will be a perpetual motion.

*Notice respecting the Expedition to the North Pole.*—As the public curiosity has been much excited by the Scientific Expedition to the Arctic Regions, which is to sail on the 24th of March, we have been anxious to lay before our readers all the information which can be readily procured relative to this interesting subject.

The Isabella, the Alexander, the Dorothea, and the Trent, are the vessels which are to be employed on this expedition. The Isabella and the Alexander proceed with a north-westerly course to Davis's Straits, for the purpose of discovering a passage into the Pacific Ocean. The Dorothea and the Trent proceed to the eastward of Greenland, and advance in a northerly direction, with the hope of reaching the Pole, and arriving at that route at Behring's Straits. An ice boat of a new construction has been laid down for the Isabella. It is 28 feet long, 7 feet broad, and 4 feet high, rigged with sprit-sails, and made to pull fourteen oars, double banked. It is also made with three keels, for the pur-

pose of being drawn over the ice. This boat is fitted with copper tanks for spirits and water, and with a stove in the stern-sheets, the funnel leading forward along the thwarts to keep the men warm. It is also to have awnings, and a kind of battens athwart the bottom, for the men to lie on. This boat has been planned by Lieutenant Cawly of the navy.

The celebrated artist Troughton is busily employed in constructing dipping needles and dip sectors, for making magnetical observations; and he has revived the idea of producing an artificial horizon, by giving a rapid motion of rotation to a reflecting plane, which preserves its horizontality, whatever be the motion of the body upon which it revolves. This contrivance, which we believe was first suggested by Serson, and afterwards improved by Mr Weir, has been long abandoned as hopeless; but we have little doubt that the genius of Troughton will surmount the difficulties which preceding artists had found it impossible to overcome.

One of the officers of the Isabella has undertaken to make a series of regular observations with the new barometer, or sympleometer, invented by Mr Adie of this city; and several of the officers have been furnished with queries, drawn up by different scientific individuals, with the view of directing their attention to the various phenomena which are likely to present themselves in the Polar Regions.

*German Universities.*—The following account is given of the present state of the German universities:—

|              | Religion.       | Students. |
|--------------|-----------------|-----------|
| Vienna,      | Catholic,       | 957       |
| Prague,      | Catholic,       | 880       |
| Berlin,      | Protestant,     | 600       |
| Breslau,     | Cath. and Prot. | 366       |
| Halle,       | Protestant,     | 500       |
| Greifswalde, | Protestant,     | 55        |
| Landshut,    | Catholic,       | 640       |
| Wurzburg,    | Catholic,       | 365       |
| Erlangen,    | Protestant,     | 180       |
| Leipzig,     | Protestant,     | 911       |
| Göttingen,   | Protestant,     | 1132      |
| Tübingen,    | Cath. and Prot. | 290       |
| Heidelberg,  | Protestant,     | 303       |
| Freiburg,    | Catholic,       | 275       |
| Marburg,     | Protestant,     | 197       |
| Giesen,      | Protestant,     | 241       |
| Kiel,        | Protestant,     | 107       |
| Jena,        | Protestant,     | 600       |
| Rostock,     | Protestant,     | 159       |

Thus, instead of the 36 universities which existed previously to 1802, there are now but 19, of which 5 are Catholic, 2 mixed, and the rest Protestant. The total number of students is about 8,500, which, taking the population of all Germany at 29½ millions, is about 288 for every million.

*Instrument for distinguishing the Precious Stones.*—Dr Brewster has lately constructed an instrument for distinguishing the precious stones from each other, and from artificial imitations of them, even when they

are set in such a manner that no light can be transmitted through any of their surfaces. The same instrument may be employed to distinguish all minerals that have a small portion of their surface polished, either naturally or artificially. The application of the instrument is so simple, that any person, however ignorant, is capable of using it. We expect soon to be able to give an account of it in this journal.—*Annals of Philosophy for March 1818.*

*African Expedition.*—A letter from Sierra Leone, mentions the return to that place of the scientific expedition for exploring the interior of Africa. They were completely unsuccessful, having advanced only about 150 miles into the interior, from Rio Nunez. Their progress was there stopped by a chief of the country; and after unavailing endeavours, for the space of four months, to obtain liberty to proceed, they abandoned the enterprise, and returned. Nearly all the animals perished. Several officers died, and, what is remarkable, but one private, besides one drowned, of about 200. Capt. Campbell died two days after their return to Rio Nunez, and was buried, with another officer, in the same spot where Major Peddie and one of his officers were buried on their advance.

*Russian Voyage of Discovery.*—Captain Krusenstern, in a letter to Captain Burney\*, dated Revel, Oct. 1, 1817, informs him, that letters had been received a few days before from Lieut. Kotzebue. On leaving Kamschatka in July 1816, he sailed through Behring's Straits, and succeeded in ranging the coast of America to latitude 67°, when he discovered a large inlet extending far to the eastward. He was obliged to quit it without exploring the whole, but intends to resume the labour this year. Captain Krusenstern does not himself believe that a communication exists between the North Pacific and the Atlantic, but remarks, that the discovery of this inlet does hold out some hope that one may be yet found.

*Moveable Axle for Carriages.*—A useful and ingenious improvement, applicable to all four-wheeled Carriages, has just been announced, possessing the following advantages: A carriage with this moveable axle will turn in much less space than with the old axle; may be built from 15 to 18 inches shorter than on the old principle, and affords complete security against upsetting: the fore wheels may be made higher, while the body may be hung lower, which facilitates the progress of the carriage where impediments present themselves, arising from inequalities in the road. This invention has been brought forward by Mr Ackermann of the Strand, well known as the publisher of many ingenious and useful works. Many of our first coach-makers are already busy in applying this improvement to use.

\* Published in the last Number of the Quarterly Journal.

*Animal Flower.*—The inhabitants of St Lucia have discovered a most singular plant. In a cavern of that isle, near the sea, is a large bason, from twelve to fifteen feet deep, the water of which is very brackish, and the bottom composed of rocks. From these, at all times, proceed certain substances, which present, at first sight, beautiful flowers, of a bright shining colour, and pretty nearly resembling our marigolds—only that their tint is more lively. These seeming flowers, on the approach of a hand or instrument, retire, like a snail, out of sight. On examining their substance closely, there appear, in the middle of the disk, four brown filaments, resembling spiders' legs, which move round a kind of petals with a pretty brisk and spontaneous motion. These legs have pincers to seize their prey; and, upon seizing it, the yellow petals immediately close, so that it cannot escape. Under this exterior of a flower is a brown stalk, of the bigness of a raven's quill, and which appears to be the body of some animal. It is probable that this strange creature lives on the spawn of fish, and the marine insects thrown by the sea into the bason.

*Yellow Dye.*—A chemist of Copenhagen has discovered a brilliant yellow matter for dyeing, in potato tops. The mode of obtaining it is, by cutting the top when in flower, and bruising and pressing it to extract the juice. Linen or woollen soaked in this liquor during forty-eight hours, takes a fine, solid, and permanent yellow colour. If the cloth be afterwards plunged in a blue dye, it then acquires a beautiful permanent green colour.

Those who feel interested in the progress of the arts, will be gratified to know, that paper-hangings are now manufactured capable of being washed with soap and water, and by this peculiar quality alone are they to be distinguished from those in common use. Where they have been used, we understand that they have been highly approved of. The public are indebted to Messrs Creese and Co. of Great Newport-street, Long Acre, for this valuable discovery; and we have no doubt they will receive that patronage which they so justly deserve.

To prevent the dry-rot in oak timber, Mr John Shillibeer of Walkhampton, near Plymouth, proposes, instead of felling oak immediately after the tree has recommenced its growing—when the pores are open and extended to receive the great quantity of sap which is thrown up into the trunk and branches of the tree from the roots, and when also it is soft and easy to be cut, and the bark separates from the trunk with great facility, the sap, which should have returned to the roots, being dried by the sun, the pores remain open, and soon become infected with this pernicious disease—to let the tree stand until the vegetation has entirely ceased (say till Christmas), the sap will have returned into the roots; the pores which had been opened in the spring to re-

ceive it, will be naturally closed; the bark, which would have separated with ease, will be found inseparable; and the trees, when cut and seasoned (for a comparatively short time), will be so hard and impenetrable, as to prevent the disease from ever affecting it. The bark, under such circumstances, becomes a solid mass, secures the tree from injury, and consequently prevents the introduction of the dry-rot. A comparison of trees, felled at different periods, has enabled him to arrive at this conclusion.

It has been suggested that a more acceptable good could not be done to the community at large, than by recommending the consumers of American and French apples to bury the rotten ones, and to save the pips of those that are sound, and at the proper season to set them; by which means our orchards, which it is notorious are gone into decay for want of a succession of new plants, might in a few years be renovated and restocked at a most trifling expense; especially as every soil and aspect may be thus tried; some of which surely may be found to suit these exotic seeds, and produce new varieties of that delicious fruit once so plentiful, but now, alas! become so scarce, that an orange, or even an apple, brought thousands

of miles, can be rendered cheaper than our own.

*Salt.*—That experienced agriculturist, Lord Somerville, has used salt on his farm in Somersetshire about seven years; and attributes the health of his flock, of 203 Merino sheep, which he purchased in Spain, chiefly to this circumstance.—As these sheep had been accustomed to the use of salt, his Lordship considered, that in our damp climate, and in the rich land of Somersetshire, it would be absolutely necessary to supply them with it regularly. He used it at the rate of a ton of salt for every 1000 sheep annually; and gave it them in the morning, to counteract the ill effect of the dew. A handful of salt is put on a flat stone, or slate, ten of which, set a few yards apart, are enough for 100 sheep. Twice a-week has usually been found sufficient. Of a flock of nearly 1000, there were not ten old sheep which did not take kindly to it, and not one lamb that did not consume it greedily. Salt is likewise a preventative of disorders in stock fed with rank green food, as clover or turnips, whereby excessive wind is generated in the stomachs of animals; and for the rot it is deemed a specific.

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## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

This month will be published, *Harvest*, a poem; to which will be added, a few other poetical pieces; by Charlotte Caroline Richardon.

This month will appear, in 8vo, the first volume of a complete Translation of Ovid's *Epistles*; by Edward D. Baynes, Esq.

The Rev. C. Philpot, Rector of Ripple, is preparing a History of the French Protestants, and the Reformed Church of France, from the introduction of Protestantism in the reign of Francis I. to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes under Louis XIV.

A curious work is announced, being Observations on the History of the punishment of Flagellation, particularly its use in Schools; showing the dangerous tendency of this indecent practice, and exposing the real cause why it has been so long a favourite mode of correction with those who have the care of youth; with references to Boileau's History of the Flagellants.

Mr Jasper Ricard, surgeon, of Bath, is preparing Commentaries on the Principal of those Affections which produce speedy Death, during or immediately after Child-birth, illustrated by cases and dissections.

Kotzebue, the celebrated dramatic writer,

has just published a Collection of *Tales addressed to his Sons*, in the manner of those addressed by M. Bouilly to his daughter. They will soon be published, both in French and English.

A Translation of Messrs Savigny and Correard's Narrative of the Shipwreck of the French frigate, *La Meduse*, on her Voyage to Senegal in 1816, will shortly appear in an 8vo volume.

The sixth portion of the Ordnance Survey, including the greater part of Surrey, with portions of Hampshire and Wiltshire, is in preparation.

A General and Commercial Directory of the County of Stafford is preparing for publication, upon a plan similar to the Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and other Directories. It will be divided into three sections, the first of which will comprise the town of Newcastle, and the populous district called *The Potteries*. This useful undertaking receives, as it deserves, very extensive encouragement.

Mr Joseph Gwilt, architect, and author of a Treatise on the Equilibrium of Arches, has put to press, a work, entitled, "*Notitia Architectonica Italiana, or Concise*



Notices of the Buildings and Architects of Italy;" arranged as a book of references, as well for the traveller as for the study. It is expected to be published in the month of April.

The same gentleman has just completed a Translation of Vitruvius, which will appear very shortly.

Miss Croker's Novel, entitled, "The Question,—Who is Anna?" is in the press, and will very soon appear.

Dr Jones of Landybc and of Chingford, has in the press a New Translation of the Gospels from the Greek into Welsh. He states, that the received version was rendered from the Latin and English texts by men who were but little acquainted with Greek, and not at all with the Syriac; and he submits his intended publication to the serious perusal of the ancient Britons on these pretensions; that it is the only honest version of the Gospels ever prepared by an individual hand, and the only instance in which the Scriptures have met with the fair and liberal translation commonly given to other writings.

Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq. author of the *Sylva*, &c. edited by W. Bray, Esq. author of the History of Surrey, &c. from original manuscripts in the library at Wotton, are preparing for publication, in 2 vols 4to.

An Historical and Topographical Description of the Parish of Tixall, in the County of Stafford, and of the most remarkable places in the neighbourhood; by Sir Thos. Clifford, Bart. and Arthur Clifford, Esq. will appear in a few days. It will be embellished with five engravings, of which three are portraits from original paintings; one of Judge Littleton, another of Viscount Stafford, beheaded in 1682, and the third of Walter, first Lord Aston.

At the same time will appear, *Collectanea Cliffordiana*, in three parts; containing anecdotes of illustrious Persons of the name of Clifford; Historical and Genealogical Notices respecting the Origin and Antiquity of the Clifford Family; and Clifford, a tragedy; by Arthur Clifford, Esq. These two works have been printed at Paris, and, besides their intrinsic merit, afford a favourable specimen of the arts of printing and engraving.

Letters of a Prussian Traveller, interspersed with numerous anecdotes descriptive of a Tour through Sweden, Germany, Hungary, Istria, the Ionian Islands, Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, Rhodes, the Morea, Greece, Calabria, Italy, the Tyrol, &c. &c. by John Bramsen, Esq. will soon appear.

A work is printing, called the English and French, and French and English Cambist, or Tables of Exchange, from One Farthing to a Million Pounds Sterling, and from One Denier to a Million Livres; by John Henry Brehier; to be comprised in a portable volume.

A new Picture of Rome is in the press; containing a General Description of the Mo-

numents, and most distinguished Works in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, both Ancient and Modern, of that celebrated City and its Environs; by M. Vasi; and embellished with numerous views of public buildings, and a large map of Rome.

Mr Donald Mackay has in the press, and will shortly publish, in one volume 12mo, the *Ladies' Encyclopædia*; being an Introduction to those Branches of Science essential to the Education of Females.

Ghlan Chuin, or the Exile of Scotland, a tale; and the Adventures of Edward Wortley; by William Wortley; are nearly ready for publication.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 4to, Observations on Greenland, the adjacent Seas, and the North-west Passage to the Pacific Ocean, made in a Voyage to Davis's Straits, during the Summer of 1817; illustrated and embellished by charts, and numerous other plates, from drawings executed by the author, from continual observations; by Bernard O'Reilly, Esq.

\* \* \* The arguments adduced to prove the practicability of a North-west Passage are supported by facts not hitherto examined, and are of such weight as to give confidence in their accuracy. The accomplishment of this great object must be evidently of vast benefit to the commercial interests of Great Britain, and cannot fail to interest the reader, as the expectation of its discovery, excited in some measure by the fortunate voyage here related, has induced the Government to fit out ships for the purpose. To the inhabitants of Southern Lands, the views sketched on the spot will be most interesting, as they will convey a complete idea of the situation of the Polar World to the 77th degree of north latitude. Previous accounts had mentioned the existence of a people of singular character inhabiting those dreary regions; but it remained for the present detail to exhibit portraits from life of human beings who cherish an abode there in preference to the comforts of milder climes. The Arctic Animals and Birds of Passage there found, with the Whale Fishery, will be exhibited in plates, as well as described; and illustrations of the Phenomena of Atmosphere will not be omitted.

Considerations on the Principal Events of the French Revolution, from the period of the Administration of Mons. Necker to the Fall of Buonaparte; by the Baroness de Stael; in 3 vols 8vo.

\* \* \* The work will be published at the same time, both in French and English, and both editions will be printed under the superintendance of M. de Schlegel, pursuant to the express desire of the authoress.

Observations on the State of Ireland, principally directed to its Agricultural and Rural Population, in a Series of Letters written in a Tour through that Country; by J. C. Curwen, Esq. M.P. in 2 vols 8vo.

A Concise Description of the Endowed Grammar Schools in England and Wales,

with engravings; by Nicholas Carlisle, F.R.S. M.R.I.A. Assistant Librarian to his Majesty, and Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London, in 2 vols 8vo; a few copies will be printed on large paper, for the purpose of being illustrated.

Felix Alvarez; or, Manners in Spain; containing descriptive Accounts of the principal Events of the late Peninsular War, and Authentic Anecdotes illustrative of the Spanish Character, interspersed with Poetry, original and from the Spanish; by Alexander R. C. Dallas, Esq. in 3 vols 12mo.

England Described; or, a Complete Description of the Counties of England and Wales, their Manufactures, Natural Productions, Antiquities, Seats, &c.; including all the prominent Objects of the Tourist; by John Aikin, M.D. being an enlargement of "England Delineated," by the same author, in 1 vol. 8vo.

European Commerce; being an Account of the Trade of the principal Commercial Places on the Continent of Europe, including the Ports of the Mediterranean; also their Monies, Exchanges, Weights, and Measures, with their proportion to English; their Charges, Duties, &c.; by C. W. Rordanz, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Practical Illustrations of the Scarlet Fever, of Measles, of Pulmonary Consumption, and of Chronic Nervous Diseases; by John Armstrong, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

Practical Illustrations of Typhus Fever, and other Febrile Diseases; by the same author; second edition, enlarged, in 1 vol. 8vo.

In the course of next month will be published, the Fudge Family in Paris, in a Series of Letters, from Phil. Fudge, Esq. Miss Bidy Fudge, Mr Bob Fudge, &c.; edited by Thomas Brown, the Younger, author of the Twopenny Post Bag.

Dr E. D. Clarke has in the press, in a quarto volume, with numerous engravings, Travels through Denmark, Sweden, &c. with a description of Petersburg during the tyranny of Emperor Paul; being the third and last part of the author's Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Mrs Isaacs, author of Tales of To-day, has a romance in the press, which will appear early in May.

Mrs Richardson is translating from the French of Madame de Sousaz, the interesting tale of Eugenie et Matilde.

Dr J. P. Esblin is printing, in 2 8vo vols, Familiar Lectures on Moral Philosophy.

The Rev. Stephen Weston is preparing some Account of an Excavation of a Roman Town in Champagne, discovered in 1772; with a Journey by Lausanne to Mont Simplan, and through Geneva to Mont Blanc.

Mr Keats will publish, in the present month, Endymion, a poem.

Mr Hazlitt's Lectures on English Poetry,

delivered at the Surrey Institution, will appear in a few days.

Mrs Taylor of Ongar has a work in the press, on the Reciprocal Duties of Parents and Children.

The young authoress of Melancholy Hours has a poem in the press, entitled, Astarte.

Antonia, a tale, with other poems, chiefly written in Malta, during the period of the plague in that island, will soon appear.

Mr W. Hargrove will soon publish, in 2 8vo vols, a History of York, comprising the valuable part of Drake's Eboracum, and much new matter.

Dr Paris is printing, at the request of the Geological Society of Cornwall, a Memoir of the Life and Scientific Labours of the late Rev. Wm Gregor.

An English translation is in the press, of Voyage a l'Embouchure de la Mer Noire, par Lieut.-General Comte Andreossi, in an 8vo vol. with maps and plates.

Dr Spier will soon publish General Views relating to the Stomach, its Fabric, Functions, &c. in a small volume.

The Rev. John Marriott of Exeter has a volume of Sermons nearly ready for publication.

Mr T. Taylor is engaged on a Translation from the Greek of Jamblichus' Life of Pythagoras, and of the Pythagoric Ethical Fragments in the Doric dialect, preserved by Stobæus.

Mr W. Pybus, author of a Manual of Useful Knowledge, will soon publish the Amusing Companion, containing Philosophical Amusements and Entertaining Recreations for Young Persons.

#### EDINBURGH.

Marriage, a novel, in 3 vols, will be published in a few days.

Two volumes of Lectures and Sermons, by the Rev. Alexander Brunton, D.D. one of the ministers of Edinburgh, will speedily be published.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 2 vols 8vo, with a map and engraving, an Account of Iceland, by the Rev. Dr Ebenezer Henderson; embracing a description of the more remarkable Natural Phenomena of that Island; with a particular Account of the State of Religion and Literature among the Inhabitants. Drawn up from information collected, and observations made, during a residence of 13 months there, in the years 1814 and 1815, when the author was on a Mission from the British and Foreign Bible Society, under the sanction of the Danish Government, for the purpose of distributing the Icelandic edition of the Scriptures, printed under his superintendence at Copenhagen.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## LONDON.

## ANTIQUITIES.

Printed in folio, similar in size to Stewart's Athens, the First Part, containing sixteen finished plates and seven outlines of Delineations of the City of Pompeii; engraved by W. B. Cooke, from accurate drawings made in the year 1817; by Major Cockburn of the Royal Artillery. Proof impressions, £6, 6s.—Proofs on India paper (25 copies only), £8, 8s. To be completed in Four Parts. £4, 4s.

Pompeiana; or Observations upon the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii; by Sir Wm Gell, F.R.S. F.A.S., &c. and J. P. Gandy, Esq. No VII. royal 8s.

Views of Pompeii, with a Descriptive Account; by George Townley, Esq. Part I. (to be completed in twelve parts). 12s. 6d.

Cathedral Antiquities of England, or an Historical, Architectural, and Graphical Illustration of the English Cathedral Churches, No XIV. and No XV.; by John Britton, F.S.A. 4to. 12s.—Imperial 4to, £1 each.

## ASTROLOGY.

A Key to Moore's Almanack for 1818, 12mo. 1s.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs, with a Selection from the Correspondence, and other unpublished Writings of the late Mrs Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of Letters on Education, Agrippina, &c.; by Miss Benger, 2 vols crown 8vo.

## GEOGRAPHY.

The Possibility of approaching the North Pole asserted; by the Hon. Daines Barrington; with an Appendix containing Papers on the same Subject, and on the North West Passage; by Col. Beaufoy, F.R.S. 8vo. 9s.

## HISTORY.

Narrative of the Demolition of the Monastery of Port Royal des Champs; including Biographical Memoirs of its latter Inhabitants; by Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

## MEDICINE.

The Continental Medical Repository; by E. Von Embden, M.D. No II. 3s. 6d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The East India Register and Directory for 1818; by A. W. Mason, J. S. Kingston, and G. Owen, of the Secretary's Office, East India House. 7s. 6d.

The American Register; or, Summary Review of History, Politics, and Literature, 2 vols. £1, 12s.

An Enquiry into the Abuses of the Chartered Schools of Ireland; with Remarks upon the Education of the Lower Classes in that Country, 8vo. 6s.

Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, with a full-length Portrait, and Life of the Au-

thor, Quotations, &c.; by A. Holmes, 2 vols 12mo. 10s.

Pamphleteer, No XXI. 6s. 6d.

An Account of the War in Spain, Portugal, and France, from the year 1808 to 1814 inclusive; illustrated by plates; by Lieut.-Col. J. T. Jones, Royal Engineers, 8vo. 15s. boards.

Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London, Part VI. of Vol. II.—A New Edition of Vol. I. has lately been published, price £2, 15s.; and Parts I., II., III., and IV., of Vol. II. 15s. each, and Part V. £1, 11s. 6d.—Vol. II. Part VI. £1, 1s. boards.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

A Concise and Easy Method of preserving Subjects of Natural History; by William Bullock. 3s.

British Ornithology, with sixty coloured plates; by John Hunt of Norwich. Vol. I. 8vo. £2, 5s.

Index Testaceologicus; or, a Catalogue of Shells, British and Foreign; arranged according to the Linnean System, with the Latin and English Names, and references to figures and places where found; by W. Wood, F.R.S. & L.S. author of Zoography and General Conchology, &c. crown 8vo. 9s. boards.

## NOVELS, TALES, &amp;c.

Bride and no Wife, a novel; by Mrs Mosse, 4 vols.

Mandeville; or, the last Words of a Maniac, a tale of the 17th century in England; by himself. Vol. IV. 7s.

Correction, a novel; by a Lady, author of Geography, le Boquet, Elegant Repository, &c. 3 vols 12mo. 15s.

Unknown of the Pyrenees, a tale, 12mo. 6s.

Submission Exemplified, or the Amiable Stranger, a narrative. 6s.

Benignity; or, the Ways of Happiness; a serious novel, selected (with additional conversations) from the Works of Henry Brooke, Esq.; by a Lady, 12mo. 5s. bds.

## POETRY.

Beppo, a Venetian story, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Belshazzar's Feast; a Seatonian prize poem; by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge. 3s. 6d.

Religio Clerici, a Churchman's Epistle, 8vo. 3s.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to the Dead Sea; Death on the Pale Horse; and other Poems, 8vo. 5s.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### SCOTTISH CHRONICLE.

As a mark of the increasing prosperity of this part of the country, we publish with much pleasure the following statement, dated Glasgow, January 29.—The toll-dues of the Forth and Clyde navigation, which in 1816 amounted to £31,795:12:1, amounted in 1817 to £38,657:3:10.

*Union Canal.*—We understand the Union Canal Company entered into a contract last week for executing the first ten miles of the

Canal westward from Gilmour Street, Edinburgh, for a sum considerably below the estimate of the Company's Engineer.

A very remarkable accident took place on the afternoon of Tuesday, during the high winds:—As two young lads of Alloa were walking on a very dangerous part on the top of the tower of Clackmannan, the height of which is about ninety feet, a sudden gust of wind came, which suddenly precipitated

them down the fore-wall. They must have been both killed, had not a cart-load of hay been passing at the time, which most opportunely received the aeronauts, who were more afraid than hurt. The sudden surprise of the driver of the cart may be easier imagined than expressed, not knowing from whence they came.

On Friday last, St Paul's Chapel, York Place, was opened for the purpose of being consecrated. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, assisted by the Rev. A. Alison, and R. Morehead, ministers of the chapel. The service was solemn and impressive, and the singing excellent. A numerous and genteel congregation attended. This chapel is one of the most elegant places of public worship in the city, and does much credit to Mr Elliot, the architect.

*Sacred Music.*—The first Grand Concert for the present year, given by the Institution for the encouragement of Sacred Music, took place on Friday evening, in the George Street Assembly Rooms. The room was crowded with a brilliant and fashionable audience; and the performance went off with much spirit and effect. The selection of music was extremely judicious. It consisted chiefly of two of the finest chorusses of Handel, and the first part of Haydn's *Creation*, intermixed with some instrumental pieces and psalm tunes. The improvement of the chorus singers is remarkable. It is really astonishing to hear so many boys and young men, who, but a short time since, were ignorant of the very rudiments of music, singing with precision and effect the great chorusses of Handel and Haydn, and moving, with firm and unembarrassed steps, through the labyrinths of harmony and contrivance which those great masters delight to construct. Still, however, much remains to be done, in the acquirement of sweetness and purity of intonation. They are still too much impressed with the common error, that a great and powerful combined effect of sound cannot be produced unless each singer contributes to it all the individual strength of his voice; and thus, in the loud passages, by overstraining their voices, they render the general volume of sound harsh and unharmonious, instead of being rich and powerful. We have heard, that there is an intention of training female voices to sing the treble parts, a measure which would have the best effects.

3. *Melancholy Circumstance.*—On Thursday morning last, the body of a man was found thrown out by the tide, at a place called Redkirk Point, on the border of England. The corpse was soon identified, and proved to be that of an aged fisherman of the name of Walter Scott, who, for half a century and upwards, had supplied the neighbouring market with the treasures of that romantic frith, in which he at last unhappily perished. The close resemblance between the habits of fishermen and sailors,

and the eagerness with which most men, even for amusement, seek to rival the skill of the former, are circumstances that lend a dash of interest to an occupation otherwise sufficiently humble; and, taken altogether, there was something about the habits, and years, and character of the deceased, that seemed to mark him out as a fit subject for the engaging pencil of his illustrious and immortal namesake. Intimately acquainted with the rapid currents of the Solway, it is supposed that he at last fell a victim to his temerity, and, while examining his nets in the morning, was surrounded by the tide and swept into the ocean, without even a spectator to record his fate.

Col. Cameron of Lochiel, Sir Evan Cameron of Fassifern, and Colonel McLean of Ardgowrie, have generously given their numerous tenantry a deduction of 20 per cent. on their rents. We hope the conduct of these gentlemen will be imitated.

A house in the parish of Loth, Sutherlandshire, was thrown down by the violence of the wind on Tuesday week, while the inmates were in bed; an old woman and man were killed; a child in the same bed was found alive next morning, a beam supporting the roof immediately above him.

On Saturday last, a marriage party passing Loch Ruthven, with bagpipes playing and guns firing, so terrified a parcel of horses feeding near, that four of them ran in upon the ice about 100 yards—three of them sunk, and the fourth was saved with some difficulty.

The Madderty Curling Society held their annual general meeting in their hall, Craig Moor, on the 2d inst. After the business of the meeting was discussed, the members partook of an excellent dinner; and the cloth being removed, many loyal and patriotic toasts were drank. The glass and song having had their respective rounds, the meeting broke up at a late hour, highly gratified with the harmony and conviviality of the evening, for which the meetings of this society have been so uniformly distinguished.

It happened by a singular coincidence, that on Wednesday last, being the day on which the Regalia was discovered, the First Division of the Court of Session, after eighteen years litigation, unanimously and finally declared the ancient, extensive, and formerly Royal Forest of Cowie, in the shire of Kincardine, a part of the estate of the Earls Mareschal, hereditary keepers of the Royal Honours of Scotland, to belong in property to the representative of that noble house, Alexander Keith, Esq. of Dunnottar, subject only to the rights of servitude acquired by conterminous heritors.

7.—*Burgh Reform.*—On Friday, the 30th ult. a meeting of the burghesses and inhabitants of Dysart was held in the Town-hall of that burgh, when several resolutions, strongly condemning the self-electing system, and pledging the citizens to use every

practicable means for effecting its abolition, were unanimously agreed to. We are informed, that a memorial was also ordered to be presented to the magistrates and council, inclosing the resolutions of the meeting, and soliciting their co-operation; and the known character of some of those gentlemen, and the liberality and independence they have frequently displayed, lead us to hope they will experience much pleasure in aiding any attempt to restore their just rights to their fellow-citizens.

On Monday se'ennight, the Incorporation of Hammermen of this city voted £50 out of their funds, in aid of the measures which may be taken by the public bodies to obtain an alteration in the set of the burgh.

On Tuesday last, the Incorporation of Hammermen, Masons, and Barbers, of Glasgow, met in the Trades' Hall there, and passed temperate but decided resolutions in favour of a new set of the burgh.

*Convention of Royal Burghs.*—We should but ill discharge our duty to the public, if we did not thus early direct their attention to this subject. It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the importance of the topics which must unavoidably be agitated in the Convention this year; and our readers cannot but know what a mighty accession would be gained, if a majority in that body were to become its supporters. The supporters of the established order of things are aware of this, and are already on the alert. Every means will assuredly be made use of to obtain a majority, and it will require the utmost efforts to defeat their exertions. Such efforts will, we trust, be made. We trust that every burgh will do its duty on this occasion. They ought, above all, to be extremely cautious of prematurely engaging their votes. The meeting of the Convention this year will not be a matter of mere routine, wound up with a good dinner. Its discussions must embrace subjects intimately affecting the best interests of a very great proportion of the inhabitants of Scotland. No feelings of a local nature should be suffered to interfere in the choice of a delegate. This is not a time for stupid compliments of that kind. The inherent rights of the burgesses of Scotland are at stake; and none but men of approved character, and of the most independent principles, should be selected to discharge this important trust.—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*

A subscription is now raising, in shares of £25, for building an elegant Coffee-Room and Hotel in Waterloo Place, to cost £20,000.

The late Marquis of Abercorn was the head of the house of Hamilton, being descended from Lord Claud Hamilton, third son of the first Duke of Châtellerauld; the present Duke of Hamilton being descended from the house of Douglas, and became Duke in right of Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, in her own right, daughter of James, first Duke of Hamilton, and Earl of Cam-

bridge, K.G. The first title was granted to his issue, male and female, and on their failure, to heirs general, by reason of their near affinity to the throne, which, on the death of the late Duke of Hamilton, caused an inquiry to be instituted as to heirs general, and it was discovered that an Act of Parliament had passed to unite the Dukedoms of Hamilton and Brandon in the male line, as long as it continued, otherwise the Hamilton title would have been vested in the female, and the Brandon in the male. The French Dukedom of Châtellerauld decidedly descends to the female, the patent being granted to heirs general.—*London Paper.*

10.—On the evening of the 7th instant, a battle or fight took place on board his Majesty's frigate *Ister*, lying at present in Leith Roads, between John Simpson and James Cunningham, two of the seamen; in the course of which, after fighting for a considerable time, Cunningham fell, and died instantaneously. He was a fine looking young man, about 22 years of age, very tall and able-bodied. Simpson is a little man, upwards of 40. They had formerly lived together on the best terms, but were intoxicated at the time. Simpson was a good deal more so than the deceased. Simpson was afterwards brought on shore, and a precognition regarding the whole affair was taken before the Magistrates of Leith. The body of the deceased was also brought on shore, and inspected by three medical gentlemen; and in consequence of their reporting, that, after the most minute inspection of the body, they had not discovered any appearance of external violence, or internal disorganization; and that in their opinion, his death had not been occasioned by any blow or stroke he had received. Simpson has been liberated from prison, after receiving a solemn admonition from the Magistrates.

*Edinburgh, Feb. 11.*—On Saturday morning, some fishermen discovered the body of a man in the sea, above Newhaven.

*Regent's Bridge.*—The erection of the new buildings projecting twelve feet into Shakspeare Square, *has been stopped.* No person can look at the junction of the Regent's bridge, Shakspeare Square, and Leith Street, without being convinced that a projection to *any extent* is altogether out of the question. It is our opinion indeed, and, what is of much more consequence, we believe it to be that of some of the most eminent architects in Edinburgh, that it would be proper, instead of projecting the buildings on the north side of the Bridge, to set them twelve or fifteen feet back. If the new buildings be raised on the same line with the old houses in Shakspeare Square, it will be impossible for the drivers of carriages coming westward along the Bridge, and up Leith Street, to be at all sensible of each other's approach; and in such crowded streets, there must consequently be the

greatest risk, or rather absolute certainty, of accidents frequently occurring. But if the buildings on the north side of the Bridge were kept back to the extent of twelve or fifteen feet, drivers could observe one another, and would be able to *pull up* before any mischief had happened.

11.—The public will be much gratified to hear, that the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan is immediately to repair the chain-bridge over the river Tweed, at Dryburgh Abbey, broke down by the late tempest. We understand this accident was entirely occasioned by the chains not being completed, and attached for preventing the lateral motion, and that being accelerated by the tremendous gale, and the peculiar local situation of the bridge acting without any check, was the sole cause of the accident.

12.—*Convention of Royal Burghs.*—The ensuing meeting of the Convention of Royal Burghs, to which we alluded in our last Number, will, we find, be of still greater importance than we had imagined. Our readers will perceive, from the annexed opinion given to the burgesses of Dundee, by some of the most eminent of our Scottish Lawyers, viz. Messrs Cranstoun, Thomson, Cockburn, and Ivory, that it is the decided opinion of these gentlemen, that the burgesses should apply for an alteration in the set of the burgh to the Convention, and not to the Privy Council or the Parliament. They state, that any application to the Privy Council, except where the burgh is disfranchised, is altogether incompetent; and unquestionably they had a good right to say that it was not very likely Parliament would pass a particular statute for the single case of Dundee.

*Opinion for the Burgesses of Dundee.*—“The burgh not being disfranchised, we are of opinion that any application to the Privy Council is altogether incompetent. Neither would we recommend a petition to Parliament; because, as a separate measure, we do not think it likely that a statute would be obtained for the particular case of Dundee. We would advise an application to the Convention of Burghs, as being, all circumstances considered, the only competent source from which redress can at present be obtained. We do this, however, on the supposition that all parties interested concur; because, without this, the Convention has no power to interfere.

“As to the extent of change to be applied for, the set last alluded to in the Memorial,\* as being that which adheres most closely to the form of the existing constitution, and which introduces no new class of persons among the bodies represented, seems the most likely to be obtained. At the same time, if all parties are agreed, we think the Convention has power to sanction a wider departure from the present set. Perhaps the best way for the memorialists to pro-

ceed, is to submit to the Convention generally, not only the set recommended above, but likewise those proposed by Mr Mudie and Mr Henderson, leaving it to the members of Convention to decide what extent of change they may themselves be inclined to grant.

“GEO. CRANSTOUN, H. COCKBURN,  
THO. THOMSON, JAMES IVORY.  
“*Edinburgh, Feb. 3, 1818.*”

We are informed, that some respectable citizens of Edinburgh have raised an action in the Court of Session, in which they have called the Officers of State as *defenders*, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it is within the prerogatives of the Crown to change and alter the sets and constitutions of the Royal Burghs in Scotland, without the intervention of Parliament. It will be seen that this important question of law is one which has no connexion with the general question as to the expediency of any changes in the present sets of the burghs. Whatever may be the sentiments entertained upon that point, it is certainly highly desirable, if such changes are necessary, that they should be made by the Legislature, and should not depend on the will or bounty of the Crown, which, under a different state of political feeling, might recall at one time what it had granted at another.

A meeting of the Burgesses of Wigton was held on Thursday, which had under consideration what steps should be taken for procuring an alteration in the present mode of electing the Magistrates and Town Council of that burgh.

There are many Societies of the utmost consequence, and highest character, in the country, which have their meetings at Edinburgh, without any fixed or appropriate places for assembling; for example, the Highland Society, the Antiquarian, the Horticultural, and many others. It has been suggested, that the area immediately to the east of the Waterloo Tavern and Hotel, on the Regent's Bridge, which, from the state of the subscription, is now fixed to go forward, and ending on that side the line of buildings, would be a most desirable situation for a great hall, which could answer the purposes of each; while every Society might secure ample accommodation for Committee Rooms, Museums, and what else may be desired, with separate entrances if required. These, so near such an establishment as is proposed for the Waterloo Tavern, would derive value from each other; and as an housekeeper and one set of servants could manage the whole, much saving to the parties would accrue.

The situation proposed for these buildings must now be the resort of strangers; and the museums which belong to each, and are rapidly increasing, would be an additional attraction, if brought to one point—affording also to the individual members much comfort, and certainly adding to the con-

\* Copies of the different sets proposed for Dundee were laid before Council.

sequence of Institutions already most respectable. The public have now the prospect of soon seeing the Astronomical Observatory completed on the Calton Hill, according to a splendid design by Mr William Playfair; this might afford an additional reason for an eager desire to see all the Philosophical Institutions centering upon the Regent's Bridge.

Although the proposal for building, by a Joint Stock Company, a Hotel, Tavern, and Coffee-Room, at Waterloo Place, Regent's Bridge, has been before the public but a few days, a sum above £15,000 has already been subscribed, which holds out the prospect of the books being immediately closed. The buildings are understood to comprise every accommodation which the most splendid edifice of the kind in England presents. The tavern, which will be separate from the hotel, will have two rooms of at least eighty feet by forty, and, altogether, will certainly be the first in the country.

In the House of Commons, Lord A. HAMILTON rose to make his promised motion for an inquiry into the mode of electing Magistrates, and the system of keeping accounts in Scottish Burghs. He had no intention of connecting this question with that of Parliamentary Reform, and his motion would simply be for a copy of the act or warrant by which the Magistrates of the Burgh of Montrose had been appointed to their office. There was one fact which deserved particular attention, and called for a speedy remedy. It was this—that the burghesses have no voice in the choice of the magistrates, and no control over their administration, yet are liable to be assessed in taxes to any amount. There were two particular decisions on the subject, and Lord Kaimes regretted that the Scottish Courts could grant no redress. A similar case, he believed, had been brought before the Court of Session in 1800. With respect to these self-elected magistrates, it was now pretty generally admitted that those elections were contrary to all reason, sense, and justice. To such an extent, indeed, was this practice carried, that in many burghs the magistrates were self-elected, if they pleased, in perpetuity. He could name some burghs where no change was ever made; he could mention others where the persons in office were not bound to resign, and did not in fact resign. (*Hear!*) In discussing this question, he wished to produce a positive good to his country; and, in his conscience, he believed there was no possible mode in which he could be of more benefit. The case of the burgh of Montrose was by no means singular; but he grounded his motion on what had recently occurred in that part of the country. In the course of last year, the burgh of Montrose, in consequence of not having elected their magistrates on a certain day, were deprived of the power of election. They applied to the Lord Advocate to grant them a poll election; but instead of this some changes were made on

the part of the crown. Now the ground upon which he asked for a copy of the act and warrant on that occasion was, that what was then done was not legally done. He had taken some pains to ascertain the opinions of gentlemen of great eminence at the bar, and he had not been able to satisfy himself that that act was warranted by law. He was desirous of hearing the opinion of the Lord Advocate on this subject, with the view of calling the attention of the House to it, in its more extensive bearings, after Easter. For his own part, he could see no principle upon which, if the Crown could give a better or more extensive set, they might not give a smaller and a worse set. He wished it to be clearly understood, that he was not questioning the power of granting the original rights to the burgh, but merely whether the Crown had authority to alter them. The Learned Lord would say whether the constitution of the burghs was to be settled by the King in Council, or by the acts of the convention of burghs. He would repeat, that the case of the burgh of Montrose was not singular: Aberdeen and other burghs were in the same situation. In fact, many of the burghs in Scotland were so overwhelmed with debt as to have little or no funds to defray their ordinary expenses; they were reduced to so low a state as to excite great apprehensions and alarms in the inhabitants for the property which they had at stake. His object was, as he had before stated, to carry the point for the benefit of the burghs, and not to excite any personal or party hostilities. He should content himself now with moving, that a copy of the act, and warrant of his Majesty in Council, dated September 1817, authorising the guild-brethren and magistrates of the burgh of Montrose to elect a town council and magistrates of the same, be laid upon the table of that House. (*Hear.*)

Lord Castlereagh said, he felt great pleasure in admitting that the Noble Lord had discussed this subject with the utmost candour; but, at the same time, he must observe, that although the Noble Lord had disclaimed all intention of having it considered as a motion for a reform in parliament, it certainly led to that object. It must be obvious to the House, that if the motion were granted, it must necessarily bring into discussion the state of the representation in Scotland. There might be defects in the administrative jurisdiction of the magistrates, as he dared to say there were in all institutions; but, looking at the royal boroughs in Scotland, he would venture to declare, that he did not know where the national character and decorum were more truly and strictly preserved. The Noble Lord, however, had put a question as to the legality of what had been done. In reply to that question he would say, that he felt great objection to granting the motion upon this express ground,—that if any doubt exists as to the legality of the change in the



borough of Montrose, the inhabitants may go into a court of law, to ascertain the right of the magistracy to act under the new charter. In granting this charter, the Crown had acted with a view to relieve, and not to injure, the rights of the inhabitants; and he did not now understand that any complaint was preferred on their part. This question, however, might be brought before the House as interfering with the right of returning a representative, and, in that case, would come before a committee under the Grenville Act. If this motion were granted, it would go far to give countenance to the question of parliamentary reform, a question which the House ought not to entertain, without ascertaining what was specifically proposed to be done. Upon this ground, then, he considered it his duty to dissent from the motion.

Mr Abercromby said, the subject brought forward by the Noble Lord had no connexion with that of parliamentary reform. The state of the Scottish boroughs, however, was such as, in the opinion of those who were most competent to form an opinion on the subject, called imperiously for inquiry. He could not indeed see any connexion between such an inquiry and the subject of parliamentary reform, excepting in as far as any regulations respecting those who had a right to vote in the election of a member of parliament was connected with that subject. It was said, that it was only when the rights of the borough were suspended that the Crown interfered to re-animate them. But in the case alluded to it went farther—it altered the set altogether. If this was wrong, it was an usurpation on the part of the Crown; and though, in the present instance, it might have been exercised beneficially, yet it went to establish a precedent, which, in the hands of bad ministers, might be made use of to justify the worst encroachments. He thought no subject more suitable for parliamentary inquiry.

After some farther discussion, in which the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir James Macintosh, Mr J. P. Grant, and Sir R. Ferguson, took a part, the question was put, and negatived without a division.

Buonaparte's military carriage, which arrived in our city yesterday, has excited more interest as an exhibition in Edinburgh, than any thing for a number of years. The manner in which the four horses were driven through the city by the French coachman, who lost his right arm when the carriage was captured at Waterloo, prove the excellent manner in which they were broke, and their present state of discipline. Mr Bullock, in whose hands this splendid trophy of victory was placed by Government, is said to have already cleared £26,000 by the exhibition of it.

*Jury Court.*—On Tuesday came on before the Jury Court, the case in which John Johnston, residing at Stobo-Hill, and William Proudfoot of Hatton, near Lockerby,

were the pursuers; and Alexander Pennycook, son of John Pennycook of Soliary, and James Owler, cattle-dealer at Pritfield, county of Perth, were defenders.

This action arose out of a breach of bargain alleged to have taken place at the Falkirk Tryst, in September 1816. As stated by the opening Counsel, the pursuers were persons of great respectability in Dumfriesshire, and were in the habit of attending all the great cattle fairs in Scotland, and purchasing for the English markets. In September 1816, they were present at the Falkirk Tryst, and agreed to purchase forty stots or steers, from the defender, Pennycook, which were accordingly tarred with their mark, and delivered to their servants, Pennycook being present all the time. Subsequent to this, however, a person of the name of Owler seems also to have taken a fancy to the same drove: and although he saw the tarmark of Johnston and Proudfoot upon the cattle, and was informed by a person present that they were already disposed of, yet he immediately went to Pennycook, and made him, as it appeared from one of the witnesses, a higher offer for the cattle. Pennycook was accordingly prevailed upon to enter into another bargain with Owler, and after concluding it, immediately left the market, without having any further communication with the pursuers. Owler then made his appearance with a number of men and dogs, and forcibly took the cattle from the servants of the pursuers, notwithstanding the resistance which they made, and the repeated tenders of the price made by the pursuers and their friends. He equally refused to accede to the proposal made by Johnstone and Proudfoot, that the cattle should be put up in a field for the night, until the dispute should be settled next morning. In short, he appeared to have been, as the counsel for the pursuers represented, a modern Rob Roy, perfectly conversant with the practice of his Highland ancestor.

The facts of the case were distinctly proved by the witnesses for the pursuers; and the Jury, after hearing the evidence summed up in a most able manner by the Lord Chief Commissioner, in whose opinion Lord Gillies entirely coincided, found a verdict for the pursuers, and that the defenders were jointly and severally liable in £20 damages, with full costs.

There have been from fourteen to eighteen bee hives destroyed at Langloan and its neighbourhood, and their honey combs taken away, by some persons who appear to be acquainted with bees. The methods they take are—some hives they remove to a small distance, and cut out the combs containing honey, and leave the hive and the useless combs. At other places they cut the hive about five or six inches from the top, where all the honey is contained, and thus take it away, and cover up the hive again, so that it is not discerned that any thing is wrong unless narrowly inspected. Indeed it is

thought that some of them have been mutilated some days before the trick was discovered. The profit on account of so much trouble to the destroyer is only trifling, while the loss to the proprietor is considerable. They were all stolen in the course of the last moon light.

Mr Ballantine of Ayton Court, Glasgow, has invented a lever, which gives a retrograde motion to machinery; and it is so constructed, that by its action on wheels it doubles its powers; it could be applied to machinery of any description; to steam-boats, and not occupy one half of the room of the present machinery, and to working ship pumps. A forcing pump is added to a model which he has constructed, and which, with much greater effect, will supply the place of fire engines, and, being of a simpler construction, can be wrought at less expense, and easier kept in order.

*North Bridge Buildings.*—At a Meeting of the Committee of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, regarding the buildings on the west side of the North Bridge, held within the Royal Exchange Coffee-House, on Thursday the 12th February 1818, Sir James Fergusson, baronet, in the chair; Mr Stuart reported, that, agreeably to the directions of the last meeting of the Committee, held on the 4th inst. he had on that day transmitted to the Lord Provost a letter, of which we can only give the following abstract:—“That their object, from the beginning, had been the reduction of the height of the buildings on the west side of the North Bridge, with the least possible sacrifice to all parties concerned, and not to adhere pertinaciously to what they conceived to be their rights, if their waving them could contribute to prevent the permanent injury to the city. That they had been ready to incur some degree of responsibility to their constituents, that they might be able to prove to them, and to the public, that their measures had been pursued with that regard to moderation which their constituents had recommended to them. That it was now Mr Stuart's duty to inform his lordship of the resolutions of the committee, and he trusted he would find them to be dictated by the same spirit of conciliation which had hitherto marked their conduct. They were willing to withdraw all legal proceedings, on condition that the Town Council and the feuars should agree that there should be only a building not higher than fifteen feet above the causeway of the bridge, with a flat roof; that the southmost tenement, only lately begun, and the most objectionable of the whole, should not be erected: and that the building to remain the south front of the presently erected, southmost building, and building to be erected with a proper sweep or turn on the east side of Mackay's hotel, should be finished agreeably to a plan to be settled, with a due regard to the interest of the public and of the builders, by the Lord President, the Lord Justice Clerk, Sir William Rae, bart.,

Henry Mackenzie, Esq., one member of the Town Council, to be named by them, and one member of the committee, to be named by the committee. In case this arrangement should be adopted, it would fall on them to be responsible that the suspenders should withdraw the suits. They were happy to find, by Mr Claud Russell's report to the Court of Session, dated 12th November last, and which was now in their hands, that the Town were possessed of a sum amounting to between £9000 and £12,000, applicable solely to the improvement of North Bridge Street. This sum, and the amount of the feu-duty, which they formerly understood the Town was willing to abate, would, they had no doubt, go far to indemnify the town for the claims of the feuars on them, supposing this agreement to be gone into.”

This letter, of which we have given the purport above, Mr Stuart said, had remained unanswered until the evening of the 10th instant, when he received a letter in the following terms from Messrs M'Ritchie and Murray, agents for the Town, enclosing a minute of the feuars and sub-feuars referred to in it, in which they offer to reduce the houses one story; and to leave it to the Lord President, Lord Justice Clerk, and Lord Chief Commissioner, to determine whether a reduction to the top story, or if one story only, be most expedient.

Messrs M'Ritchie and Murray's letter declares, “that unless the committee and the other gentlemen for whom they act, are willing to undertake the burden of indemnifying the feuars and sub-feuars, with the aid of such definite sacrifice as the city might be warranted to make, the Lord Provost takes it for granted that the suspension must proceed, and that the question will be brought to trial before the Lord Ordinary without any unnecessary delay. The balance in the hands of the trustees for building the South Bridge, is appropriated to various works to be executed by the Magistrates of Edinburgh. Looking forward to that balance, the Magistrates have laid out a very large sum in carrying the acts into execution, and after giving credit for the balance arising out of this fund, a very considerable sum will still remain due to the city.”

The Meeting regret to find, that the communication from the agents of the town seems to leave them no alternative but to proceed with the discussion of the legal question. The Meeting regret the determination adopted by the Lord Provost, the more, because the chief obstacle which was previously understood to exist has now been removed, as the Committee cannot doubt, from the terms of the resolutions of the feuars and sub-feuars, that all questions with them, supposing the Town willing to provide for their indemnification, would at one meeting be removed, either by a compromise or by arbitration. The Committee would have been well pleased that the Lord Provost had adopted the suggestion of the feuars and

sub-feuars to have an immediate meeting of all parties concerned, with a view to forward an amicable adjustment, which the Committee and the feuars and sub-feuars even yet join in being most anxious to effect.

The Committee find, by a communication received from the sub-feuars, during the meeting, that they are willing to refer the amount of their indemnification to the Lord President, Lord Justice Clerk, and Lord Chief Commissioner; and that the sub-feuars have requested the Lord Provost to inform them what sacrifice the Town asks from them, and have acquainted his Lordship, that they will immediately take his communication on that subject into serious consideration, and with no wish of throwing unreasonable obstacles in the way. The Committee trust, in these circumstances, that the Lord Provost and Town Council will reconsider the determination communicated in the letter from the Agents for the Town to Mr Stuart.

Mr Stuart stated, that he felt it to be his duty to apply to Mr Claud Russell for precise information on the subject of the balance remaining of the South Bridge funds, and he laid before the Meeting a letter from himself to Mr Russell, of yesterday's date, with that gentleman's answer, from which it appears, that those funds amounted, at Whitsunday 1817, to £12,087, 7s. 1d. of which the Town is possessed of £11,381, 9s. 5d.—£9781, 9s. 5d. being due by promissory notes of the Chamberlain of the city of Edinburgh.

Mr Stuart farther stated, that, from information communicated to him by the sub-feuars and respectable builders, it appears that the above balance, with the value of the feu-duty for the North Bridge buildings, will far more than discharge all the claims

of the feuars and sub-feuars, supposing them entitled to full indemnification for taking down the houses to the height of fifteen feet above the causeway of the bridge.

At an adjourned meeting of the Committee, held on 17th February, Thomas Allan, Esq. in the chair;—Mr Stuart laid before the Meeting a very long letter, from Messrs M'Ritchie and Murray, agents for the city, to him.

These gentlemen state in that letter, that “the Lord Provost cannot enter into any reference or submission, whatever the form of it may be, and however unexceptionable the arbiters may be, which shall assume that the City may thereby become liable to indemnify the sub-feuars, and ought, upon this footing to become parties to a valuation by architects, to ascertain the amount of that indemnification.”—Messrs M'Ritchie and Murray farther state, in the concluding part of the letter, that “they are desired to say, that the Lord Provost must be permitted to decline, as irregular and improper, all extra-judicial discussion, by private correspondence or otherwise, while the cause is in dependence before the proper Judges.”

The Committee have received this communication with equal surprise and regret, and they cannot doubt that the Lord Provost's declaration of his determination not to agree to a reference, however respectable the arbiters may be, and to decline all extra-judicial discussion while the question is in dependence before the Supreme Court, will induce all classes of the community to come forward to furnish the Committee with the means of bringing that question, which was not commenced until the most eminent legal advice had been obtained, to the most speedy, and as they cannot doubt, to a successful termination.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

### I. CIVIL.

The Right Hon. John Robinson, and, in his absence, the Right Hon. Thomas Wallace, is appointed President of the Committee of Council for the consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations.

Mr William Lake, as Consul at Falmouth for his Majesty the King of the Netherlands.

The Right Hon. Frederick John Robinson to the office of the Treasurer of his Majesty's Navy, in the room of the Right Hon. George Rose, deceased.

### II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

William Fullarton Lindsay Carnegie, Esq. of Spynie and Boysack, has been pleased to present the Rev. Thomas Cannan, preacher of the gospel, to the church and parish of New Spynie, in the presbytery of Elgin, vacant by the death of the Rev. George M'Hardie.

### III. MILITARY.

Brevet Major P. Adamson, attached to the Portu. Army, to be Lieut.-colonel in the Army  
4th Sept. 1817.

|         |   |                 |
|---------|---|-----------------|
|         | Capt. James Travers, Rifle Brigade, to be Major in the Army   | 21st June       |
| 3 D. G. | Brevet Major G. T. Brice to be Major, vice Chapman, dead  | 29th Jan. 1818  |
| 5       | Lieut. S. Hill to be Capt. vice Brice do. Assist. Surg. J. Foster, from Staff Corps of Cavalry, to be Assist. Surg. vice M'Gregor, 22 Dr. | 5th Feb.        |
| 7       | H. A. Bowen to be Cornet, vice Vince, resigned  | 15th Jan.       |
|         | J. L. Pennefather to be Cornet by purch. vice L. Crotty, ret.   | 14th do.        |
| 1 Dr    | J. Keating to be Cornet, vice Pülleing, dead  | 5th Feb.        |
| 8       | Lieut. T. D. Burrows to be Capt. vice Walker, 59 F.   | 15th April 1817 |
|         | Cornet J. Elliot to be Lieut. vice Burrows do.  |                 |
|         | Ensign J. B. Spooner, from h. p. 24 F. to be Ensign, vice Elliot do.  |                 |
| 14      | John Whitta to be Cornet by purch. vice F. O. Trent, ret.   | 15th Jan. 1818  |
| 15      | G. W. Mangles to be Cornet by purch. vice Studd, prom.  | 22d do.         |
| 17      | Ensign W. Marriott, from 47 F. to be Cornet by purch. vice Patch ret.   | 1st April 1817  |

- 19 Dr. Brevet Major E. Geils to be Major by purch. vice Anderson, ret. 5th Feb. 1818  
W. F. Arnold to be Capt. by purch. vice Geils do.  
Cornet B. Georges to be Lieut. by purch. vice Arnold do.
- 22 Ass. Surg. D. M'Gregor, from 5. D. Gds. to be Ass. Surg. vice Reilly cane. do.
- 23 G. F. Clark to be Cornet by purch. vice Johnson, prom. 15th Jan.
- 2 F. G. Lieut. T. Powys to be Capt. vice Prince, dead 22d do.  
J. B. Coulson to be Lieut. vice Powys do.  
Capt. A. Wedderburn to be Adjutant, vice Prince do.
- 3 Capt. J. Elrington to be Adjutant, vice Murray, res. Adjutant only 8th do.
- 1 F. Lieut. Charles Hendrick to be Capt. by purch. vice Smith, ret. 5th Feb.  
Surgeon W. Roberts, from h. p. to be Surgeon vice Wilson, dead 15th Jan.
- 3 Lieut. G. Whichcote, from 52 F. to be Capt. vice Campbell, ret. 22 do.
- 19 Ensign G. Dennison to be Lieut. vice Halliday, dead 29 do.  
2 Lieut. J. Moffatt, from h. p. 4 Ceylon Regt. to be Ensign, vice Dennison do.
- 22 Ensign Hon. G. Keppel, from h. p. 14 F. to be Ensign, vice Walter, 46 F. 5th Feb.
- 37 Ensign J. Moses to be Lieut. vice Chalmers, dead do.  
J. Taylor to be Ensign, vice Moses do.
- 41 Lieut. H. Hailes to be Capt. by purch. vice Bowen, ret. 22d Jan.  
Ensign C. Harrison to be Lieut. by purch. vice Hailes do.  
N. E. Smith to be Ensign by purch. vice Harrison do.
- 46 Ensign C. Walter, from 22 F. to be Ensign, vice Bullivant, res. 5th Feb.
- 51 John Meade to be Ensign by purch. vice Lord Hay, 85 F. 8th Jan.
- 52 Ensign J. F. May to be Lieut. by purch. vice Whichcote 2. th do.  
Hon. R. W. Chetwynd to be Ensign by purch. vice May do.
- 55 Capt. A. Macdonald to be Major by purch. vice Frederick, prom. 8th do.  
Lieut. T. G. Peacocke to be Capt. by purch. vice Macdonald do.  
Ensign J. Heard to be Lieut. by purch. vice Peacocke do.  
H. M. St V. Rose to be Ensign by purch. vice Heard do.
- 59 Sergeant Major Franklin to be Qr. Master, vice Moorhead, dead 20th May 1817
- 60 Lieut. J. P. Passley to be Captain, vice Bower, dead 8th Jan. 1818
- 61 — S. Falkiner to be Capt. vice Renny, dead 5th Feb.  
Ensign E. Waldron to be Lieut. vice Falkiner do.  
E. Grieve to be Ensign, vice Waldron do.
- 62 Lieut. W. L. Peard to be Capt. vice Keith, dead 15th Jan.  
Ensign A. M'Goldrick to be Lieut. vice Peard do.  
A. Beauclerk to be Ensign, vice M'Goldrick do.
- 63 Ensign W. R. Meacock to be Lieut. vice Davey, ret. 29th do.  
R. French to be Ensign, vice Meacock do.
- 68 C. Rowley to be Ensign, vice Dillon, dead 15th Jan.
- 73 Lieut. R. Power to be Captain by purch. vice Coane, prom. 25th Dec. 1817  
Ensign L. Cowell to be Lieut. by purch. vice Power 22d Jan. 1818  
A. Dixon to be Ensign by purch. vice Cowell do.
- 85 Ensign W. G. Lord Hay, from 51 F. to be Ensign, vice Hamilton, ret. 8th do.
- 86 — H. Stuart to be Lieut. vice Morton, dead 1st Sept. 1816  
2 Lieut. R. Williams, from h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt. to be Ens. vice Stuart 1st July 1817
- 87 Lieut. J. Fenton to be Capt. vice Brown, prom. 22d April  
Ensign J. G. Baylee to be Lieut. vice Fenton 20th Mar.
- 91 Brevet Lieut. Colonel T. H. Blair to be Major by purch. vice Mead, ret. 8th Jan. 1818
- 91 F. Lieut. R. G. Lavers to be Capt. by purch. vice Blair 8th Jan. 1818  
Ensign W. H. Barker to be Lieut. by purch. vice Lavers do.  
A. Maclean to be Ensign by purch. vice Barker do.
- 103 Lieut. C. Blankenberg to be Captain by purch. vice Joynt, ret. 25th Dec. 1817  
Ensign G. Walsh to be Lieut. by purch. vice Blankenberg do.
- 1W.I.R. Lieut. S. Gordon to be Capt. vice Burdett, dead 8th Jan. 1818  
— R. Wickham, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. to be Lieut. vice Gordon do.
- 4 J. Johnston, from h. p. 99 F. to be Lieut. vice Buchanan, York Rangers 5th Feb.  
R. Y. R. J. Buchanan, from 4 W. I. R. to be Lieut. vice Bologne, ret. upon h. p. 99 F. do.  
Ensign E. Havers to be Lieut. vice Parkinson, dead 29th Jan.  
E. Hudson to be Ensign, vice Havers do.
- Cape C. Ensign O. G. Stockenstrom to be Lieut. 8th do.  
Lieut. C. H. Somerset, from 60 F. to be Lieut. 9th do.  
J. Van Ryneweld to be Ensign 8th do.
- R. Art. Lieut. Col. G. Desbrisay, from h. p. to be Lieut. Col. vice Baynes, dead 19th do.

## Staff.

Staff Surgeon J. Williams, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Woulfe, dead 22d Jan. 1818

## Exchanges.

- Lieut. Col. Davison, from 67 F. with Lieut. Col. Ewart, h. p. 5 W. I. R.  
Brevet Lieut. Col. Kelly, from 73 F. with Major Humphry, h. p.  
— Dawson, from 1 Dr. G. with Capt. Randall, 22 Dr.  
Brevet Major Teale, from 11 F. with Capt. Macpherson, h. p.  
— Cruice, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Glover, h. p. 6 W. I. R.  
Capt. Glasse, from 96 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Cavendish, h. p. 25 F.  
— Rous, from 93 F. with Capt. Lowen, h. p. Nova Scotia Fenc.  
— Perceval, fm 9 F. with Capt. Broughton, h. p.  
— Barr, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Leonard, h. p. 87 F.  
Lieut. Young, from 47 F. with Lieut. Dundee, 86 F.  
— Lowman, from 63 F. with Lieut. Wood, h. p. 40 F.  
— Walsh, from 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. Hylton, h. p. 5 W. I. R.  
— Steele, from 45 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Brownlow, h. p. 7 F.  
— Stewart, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Waters, h. p.  
— Scott, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lieut. Harding, h. p. 5 F.  
— M'Clure, from 1 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fletcher, h. p.  
— O'Connor, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. O'Kelly, h. p.  
— Anderson, fm 18 F. with Lieut. Senior, 98 F.  
— Young, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Nunn, h. p.  
— Jones, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hamilton, h. p. 5 F.  
— Twigg, from 38 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Vandeuler, h. p. 18 Dr.  
— Towashend, from 83 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Summerfield, h. p.  
— Sankey, from 97 F. with Lieut. Keen, h. p.  
— Sir J. Ribton, from Rifle Brig. with Lieut. Drury, h. p. 23 F.  
Ensign Trewwhitt, from 34 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Reed, h. p.  
— Mason, from 11 F. with Ensign Haldenby, 94 F.  
— Williamson, from 1 Dr. G. with Ensign D. Campbell, 1 F.  
— Macdonell, from 15 F. with Ensign Brett, h. p. 2 Garr. Bn.  
— Tupper, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Nutt, h. p. 52 F.  
— Sir M. Bourgoyne, from 68 F. with Ensign Nason, 71 F.  
— A. M'Lean, from 91 F. with Ensign G. Maclean, h. p. 27 F.

Ensign Cruess, from 92 F. with Ensign Reynolds,  
h. p. 37 F.  
— Lindsay, from 96 F. with Ens. Townshend,  
h. p.  
Adjut. Leslie, from 57 F. with Adjut. Deaman, h. p.  
Hosp. Assist. P. McMahon, from full pay, with  
Hosp. Assist. Grier, h. p.

Lieut. Crotty, 7 D. G.  
— Davey, 63 F.  
Cornet Vince, 7 D. G.  
— F. O. Trent, 14 Dr.  
— Patch, 17 Dr.  
Ensign Bullivant, 46 F.  
— Hamilton, 85 F.  
— Russell, Dorset Mil.

#### Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Colonel Meade, 91 F.  
Major Anderson, 19 Dr.  
Capt. Smyth, 1 F.  
— Campbell, 3 F.  
— Bowen, 41 F.  
— Joynt, 103 F.

#### Appointment Cancelled.

Assistant Surg. Reilly, 22 Dr.

#### Removed from the Service.

Lieut. Colonel Savage, R. Mar.

#### Deaths.

*General.*  
Morse, Royal Eng. 28th Jan. 1818  
*Lieut. Colonel.*  
Zouch, late 10 R. Vet. Bat.  
*Majors.*  
Chapman, 5 Dr. G. Jan. 1818  
Langworthy, h. p. 24 F.  
*Captains.*  
Prince, 2 F. G. 2d Jan. 1818  
Renny, 61 F. 13th Dec. 1817

*Lieutenants.*  
Kingdom, 25 Dr. 25th Apr. 1817  
T. Miller, 1 F. 8th July  
Bothanley, do. 2d June  
Needham, h. p. 25 F. 27th Aug.  
Chalmers, 37 F.  
Morton, 86 F. 21st May  
Pilking on, 1 W.I.R. 12th Dec.  
*Cornet and Ensigns.*  
Pulleine, 1 Dr. Dec. 1817

C. F. Grant, 1 F. 10th July 1817  
Dillon, 68 F. 26th Dec.

*Pay-Master.*  
Lechmere, R. Art. 25d Nov

*Surgeon.*

Wilson, 1 F.

*Assistant Surgeon.*  
Hickson, 4 Dr. 15th Jan. 1818

### COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Feb. 10th 1818.

*Sugar.* The demand for this article continued steady during last month, and is now advancing in price. New Sugars meet with a ready sale, and at fair prices. In general these are purchased as soon as landed. The deliveries from the warehouses in London, for the week ending March 3d, was 4326 casks, of which it appears 3700 were for home consumption. In Liverpool the stock is reduced to about 1000 hhds, in Glasgow to 200 casks, and in London the stock on hand is reduced above 2000 hhds less than what remained on hand at the corresponding period last year. The deliveries have lately been on a very extensive scale, and every appearance of their continuing so. The crops in many of the Colonies, it is now ascertained, will be late, from the unfavourable weather. No great quantities from the new crop can be expected before the months of May and June. The supply of good Sugars must therefore be completely exhausted before the new crop comes to the market. A rise in price, beyond the present quotations, must therefore take place. The stock of Refined Sugar is considerably reduced. The business done in this line is, however, not very extensive. A new transit duty is imposed on Refined Sugars in the kingdom of the Netherlands, which, it is supposed, will have the effect of driving the trade into the channel of the Hanse towns. The orders from the Continent are extensive. Foreign Sugars are in good request. In Russia, it is expected a new duty will be laid on Crushed Sugars.—*Molasses* continue in steady demand.—*Coffee* has been for some time in limited demand, and, compared with the former brisk demand, the sales have been dull. Prices, however, are supported at all the three principal ports. The deliveries from the London warehouses for shipment were 6519 casks and bags, for the two weeks preceding the 3d current. The holders calculate, that notwithstanding the present stagnation in the market, and the very high prices, that the demand for export will be much more extensive this year than last.—*Cotton.* The demand for this article, particularly East India Cotton, has rather improved, both in London and Liverpool. The importation continues great, and yet the prices are not only maintained, but in some instances advanced. The high prices abroad, however, must render the importation a very poor trade to the importer, and, in many instances, the loss must be considerable. The briskness of the demand for the manufactures of this country still continues, and which is a sure sign of their full activity.—*Tobacco.* The demand for, and prices of, this article are improving. The accounts from the Continent are more favourable than for some time past these have been. Good Black Virginias are in considerable request.—*Dyewoods.* The price of Dyewoods have for some time past been merely nominal; yet the prices are maintained, and the speculators calculate upon an advance. Considerable purchases have been made, upon the confidence of a great demand arising from the general activity of the manufactures of the country. Indeed this is a very fair data to go upon. The demand for Logwood in particular is considerably revived.—*Indigo.* The prices are improving, and the demand considerably revived. The holders confidently expect an advance. In Liverpool there is none in the importers' hands. There is a small advance on last quotations.—*Pimento.* At Liverpool there has been some inquiry after this article. At Glasgow the sales have been confined to a small parcel.—*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.* The demand for Tallow is

limited, and the prices fluctuate greatly. The demand for Flax is a little revived. In American Flax-seed little business done. Hemp is in good request, and prices on the advance.—*Tar and Turpentine.* The business done in these articles has been limited. A few sales have been made in Liverpool, but nothing to form any just criterion of the state of the market.—*Ashes.* At Liverpool there has been some inquiry for this article; nothing of importance has taken place in any other market.—*Oil.* The market for this article is exceedingly heavy of late. Prices lower. The speculators in Whale Oil have got rid of considerable quantities lately, afraid of a farther decline in price. Southern Oil is dull, and on the decline. Sea Oil has given way. Spermaceti Oil is depressed, and dull in the sales. Gallipole has fallen very considerably; and in consequence of the general depression of all other kinds, both Rapeseed and Linseed are become very heavy. Olive Oil is also dull.—*Rice.* There has been a considerable demand for Rice, which has sold briskly, particularly Carolinas. At the India House 7641 bags were brought forward, and sold briskly at prices from 1s. to 2s. higher.—*Tea.* Prices merely nominal. A considerable sale is commenced at the India House.—In *Fruit* there is little variation in price.—*Irish Provisions.* Prime mess Beef and Pork are in limited supply, and are much inquired after. *Bacon* continues in good demand. Considerable inquiries after *Butter.*—*Corn.* Markets of all kinds of grain continue dull and on the decline. The sale of American Flour is dull, and at lower prices. Fine English Wheat is 1s. lower, and inferior kinds from 2s. to 3s. There has been no supply of Foreign Grain since the ports were opened, indeed there has not been time for any. The quantity of Oats imported from Ireland is very great. From the 1st November last to the 1st instant, a period of four months, no fewer than 350,000 barrels of Oats have been imported into the Clyde.—*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.* Geneva is without variation. The very high prices of French Brandy have occasioned very considerable importations from Spain and Naples, which have had the effect of lowering the market a little. But it can only be temporary. No great reduction can take place till the next vintage in France has been ascertained to be abundant. The Rum market continues heavy. Some speculation in this article, for exportation, has been going on at Liverpool, but without any impression on the general market.—*Wine.* Port and Sherry have advanced in price very considerably; a still farther advance is expected. In other kinds the prices are maintained, but they too must feel the general revival of the market.

Nothing shews the increased activity of our Cotton Manufactures in a stronger and clearer point of view, than a comparison between the imports during the first of the present, and the imports of the first month of last year :

|  |   |   |        |                  |
|--|---|---|--------|------------------|
| Imports of Cotton Wool, January 1817,          | - | - | -      | 22,941 packages. |
| Do. do. do. 1818,                              | - | - | -      | 60,728           |
| Increased in January 1818,                     |   |   |        | 37,787           |
| <hr/>  |   |   |        |                  |
| The total import of Cotton, February 1817, was | - | - | -      | 34,781           |
| Ditto for February 1818, was, into Liverpool,  |   |   | 26,069 |                  |
| Do. do. Glasgow,                               |   |   | 7,556  |                  |
| Do. do. London, about                          |   |   | 10,600 |                  |
|  |   |   |        | 44,225           |
| Making an increase in February 1818, of        |   |   |        | 9,444            |

Thus it appears, that the imports of Cotton, during the last two months, amount to nearly one fourth of the whole importations of last year, and exceeding that of the two corresponding months of 1817 by 47,231 packages. The sales in Liverpool, during last month, exceeded 36,000 packages, yet the high prices are maintained, and the demand continues in the face of all these immense importations. Every thing shews the prodigious and increasing activity in this great branch of our national manufactures, and beats down to the ground all those evil prognostications made of the decay of our trade and commerce.

Among the importations into this country, we learn, with much satisfaction, that there is now on the way a considerable quantity of wool from New South Wales. The quality, we understand, is of a kind remarkably fine, and suited to that important branch of our manufactures. The rearing of the sheep which produce it is now an object of great care and attention in that distant and thriving colony; and there is not the smallest doubt but that it will quickly become a most important addition to our commerce. The advantages to be derived from this trade, both to the mother country and that colony, are too obvious to require pointing out.

Amongst the new outlets opening up for our trade, we notice with much satisfaction the following: By accounts from Tobolsk, dated 13th December 1817, we are informed, that letters received there from Ochotsk state the arrival at the latter place, on the 21st September last, of the British merchant vessel Brothers, Captain Gordon, direct from Bengal. A ship from India to a port at the extremity of the eastern coast of Siberia

(N. lat. 59° 20', and E. lon. 140°), is so rare an event, that it will be an epoch in the annals of navigation. The cargo consisted of Meal, Rice, Salt, Brandy, Rum, Linen, *colonades bois d'Acajou*, and wrought Iron. The captain has made an excellent speculation of it. The crew consisted of natives of Bengal, whose colour and strength made a striking contrast with the inhabitants of Siberia, who saw among them, for the first time, the natives of Southern Asia. "Our present winter," (at Tobolsk) continues these accounts, "is as severe as the last was mild. The 2d and 3d of this month (14th and 15th N. S.) the mercury was frozen. The town of Jeniseïve is buried in snow."

The preceding account is indeed a small beginning; but we confidently predict that it is the beginning of a most important, extensive, and lucrative branch of commerce to Great Britain. It is a trade which, in all her native productions, and in the valuable productions of her tropical colonies, must remain exclusively hers. It is the policy and interest of Russia to encourage and extend it, as the surest means of increasing the population, and developing the internal resources of these distant parts of her empire. Few are aware of the great advances Russia is making, not only on the eastern shores of Asia, but on the western shores of America. Her empire is there spread over wide countries, all capable of immense improvements. The easy communication which these places afford with all the tropical islands in the Great Pacific Ocean, with all the isles of Japan, all the eastern shores of China, and the whole East Indian Archipelago, point out these northern places of Siberia, as the cradle of a brave and hardy race of men, who, under the fostering care and powerful arm of Russia, will spread knowledge, industry, and civilization, over a vast space of this globe, now almost unknown and of little use to mankind. The immense distance of these possessions, and the stupendous events which were lately occurring in our quarter of the globe, completely hid from our view, or took away from our consideration, the silent but sure progress of the arts of social life in that distant part of our hemisphere. Nevertheless, their march has been considerable, and must advance with an increased ratio.

Cut off as these possessions are from the western and well-cultivated provinces of the Russian empire, by the immense extent of bleak uncultivated deserts, it is the communication with other parts of the world by sea which must raise them to importance. Trade alone can do this; and till a free passage is found round the north-east shores of Asia, through Behring's Straits, that trade must chiefly belong to, or be carried on between, Great Britain and her colonies; nay, even were that communication found, still the articles which the population of these countries would require, either for utility or luxury, are the productions of the British soil, British skill, and the growth of British colonies. New acquisitions will produce new wants. Wants will create industry among the hardy population of these northern latitudes. The climate will yield to culture, and the ores, gems, skins, and fisheries of Eastern Siberia, will command the introduction of the productions of tropical regions, and the superior manufactures of Great Britain.

The extension and consolidation of the power of Russia in that quarter, is an event that must take place. It is an event to be wished, not dreaded, by every friend of the human race. It must require the strong arm of a powerful empire, to protect and raise into importance possessions such as these at present are. Their rise to importance must benefit, but can never injure any European power. They are too far removed from the grand source of Russian power, and from all our possessions, ever to make themselves either formidable or dangerous to us. When these countries also shall become the seat of a large population and a powerful state, there can be little doubt but the authority which emanates from St Petersburg will no longer hold them in subjection. Directing their march east from Europe, industry and civilization are planting their banners on the shores of Kamtschatka, and going westward from Quebec and Washington, they will soon appear on the hills of Nootka Sound, and bleak shores of Oonalashka.

The Russian power on the eastern coasts of Asia at present extend to the mouth of the Amur, in about 54° north latitude, while the southern point of the peninsula of Kamtschatka reaches as low as 51° north latitude. From thence the distance along a chain of islands to the northern islands of the empire of Japan is not 300 miles, and from the island of Jesso not above 700 miles. Should the present expedition to the north pole prove successful, and a free communication be found from the Atlantic Ocean, through the Northern Sea, into the North Pacific Ocean, through Behring's Straits, then the route from Ireland is almost due north to, and due south from, the pole to these Straits. The distance from the Orkneys to Behring's Straits is 3240 geographical, or 3753 British miles, and from Behring's Straits to Japan, the course is souths 49° west, and the distance 2110 geographical, or 2444 British miles, making the whole distance, by this rout, from the most northern British isles to Japan only 5350 geographical, or 6197 British miles—a distance rather less than from Greenock to Rio de Janeiro. To Nootka Sound the distance is nearly the same, and to Kamtschatka on the Asiatic, and Alaska on the American shore, the voyage would not be much greater than from Clyde to Jamaica.

The present age has witnessed many extraordinary events. It is by no means improbable but that we may soon hear of an event equal in importance to any which has gone before it, namely, that the British flag floats on the breeze which ruffles the ocean at the

north pole of our globe, and from thence, urging its steady course through Behring's Straits, it may bear our manufactures of Woollen and Iron, to exchange with the natives of the western shores of America, and eastern shores of Asia. Thus, by encouraging a spirit of industry, it will lay the foundation for the rise of mighty nations where at present all is waste and wild. The distance to Canton by this route is not greater than to the island of Madagascar, or from Clyde to Cape Horn. The whole distance by this route from the Clyde to Botany Bay, is 9540 geographical, or 11,050 English miles, not much above double the distance to Jamaica, and scarcely half the distance which that colony is from us by the present route.

PRICES CURRENT.—March 13, 1818.

|                               | LEITH.       |        | GLASGOW. |       | LIVERPOOL. |       | LONDON. |         | DUTIES            |
|-------------------------------|--------------|--------|----------|-------|------------|-------|---------|---------|-------------------|
|                               | 75           | to 86  | 74       | to 77 | 71         | to 79 | 77      | to 79   |                   |
| SUGAR, Musc.                  |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         |                   |
| B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.       | 75           | to 86  | 74       | to 77 | 71         | to 79 | 77      | to 79   | } £1 10 0         |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.      | 82           | 90     | 78       | 88    | 80         | 90    | 83      | 85      |                   |
| Fine and very fine, . .       | 88           | 90     | —        | —     | 91         | 96    | 89      | 90      |                   |
| Refined, Doub. Loaves, .      | 150          | 155    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 118     | 165     |                   |
| Powder ditto, . . . . .       | 124          | 128    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 112     | 127     |                   |
| Single ditto, . . . . .       | 118          | 124    | 116      | 118   | 123        | 126   | 111     | 112     |                   |
| Small Lumps . . . . .         | 114          | 118    | 110      | 112   | 125        | 128   | 106     | 107     |                   |
| Large ditto, . . . . .        | 110          | 114    | 105      | 108   | 113        | 118   | 108     | 110     |                   |
| Crushed Lumps, . . . . .      | 65           | 68     | —        | —     | 69         | 72    | —       | —       |                   |
| MOLASSES, British, cwt.       | 38           | 40     | 35       | 36    | 39         | —     | 35      | 35s 6   | 0 7 6½            |
| COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.         |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         |                   |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.      | 98           | 104    | 97       | 105   | 93         | 104   | 102     | 108     | } per lb.         |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.      | 106          | 108    | 106      | 108   | 105        | 112   | 110     | 115     |                   |
| Dutch, Triage and very ord.   | 90           | 94     | —        | —     | 90         | 97    | 95      | 105     | 0 0 7½            |
| Ord. good, and fine ord.      | 98           | 105    | 98       | 107   | 99         | 104   | 106     | 110     |                   |
| Mid. good, and fine mid.      | 108          | 112    | 108      | 114   | 105        | 111   | 112     | 114     |                   |
| St Domingo, . . . . .         | 105          | 109    | 100      | 103   | 100        | 105   | 104     | 108     |                   |
| PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.         | 9d           | 10d    | 9        | —     | 9½         | 10    | 9       | 9½      | 0 0 9½            |
| SPIRITS,                      |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         |                   |
| Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.      | 5s 8d        | 5s 10d | 5s 6d    | 5s 7d | 5s 4d      | 5s 6d | 5s 4d   | 5s 6d   | { B.S. } 0 8 1½   |
| Brandy, . . . . .             | 14 0         | 14 3   | —        | —     | —          | —     | 12 3    | 12 6    | { F.S. } 0 17 0½  |
| Geneva, . . . . .             | 3 9          | 4 0    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 3 6     | 3 8     | { F.S. } 0 17 11½ |
| Grain Whisky, . . . . .       | 7 6          | 7 9    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 13 6    | —       |                   |
| WINES,                        |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         |                   |
| Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.     | 50           | 54     | —        | —     | —          | —     | £35     | £60 0s. | { B.S. } 143 18 0 |
| Portugal Red, pipe.           | 45           | 50     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 46      | 54 0    | { F.S. } 148 4 6  |
| Spanish White, butt.          | 50           | 55     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 25      | 65 0    | { B.S. } 95 11 0  |
| Teneriffe, pipe.              | 30           | 35     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 27      | 40 0    | { F.S. } 98 16 0  |
| Madeira, . . . . .            | 60           | 70     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 60      | 66      | { B.S. } 96 15 0  |
|                               |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         | { F.S. } 99 16 6  |
| LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.          | £8 0         | £8 10  | 8 5      | 8 10  | 9 0        | 9 5   | 8 5     | 8 10    | } 0 9 1½          |
| Honduras, . . . . .           | 8 0          | 9 0    | 8 5      | 9 0   | 9 10       | 9 15  | 8 5     | 8 10    |                   |
| Campeachy, . . . . .          | 9 0          | 10 0   | 10 0     | 10 10 | 10 0       | 10 10 | 9 0     | 10 0    |                   |
| FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . . .      | 12 0         | 15 0   | —        | —     | 12 0       | 14 0  | 14 0    | 15 0    |                   |
| Cuba, . . . . .               | 17 0         | —      | —        | —     | 16 10      | 17 5  | 18 0    | 18 10   | 1 4 6½            |
| INDIGO, Caracass fine, lb.    | 9s 6d        | 11s 6d | 8 6      | 9 6   | 9 0        | 11 0  | 10 6d   | 0 11    | 0 0 4½            |
| TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.     | 2 2          | 2 4    | —        | —     | 2 10½      | 3 0   | —       | —       | 0 2 4½            |
| Ditto Oak, . . . . .          | 4 6          | 5 0    | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —       | 0 5 6½            |
| Christiansand (dut. paid)     | 2 4          | 2 5    | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —       |                   |
| Honduras Mahogany             | 1 0          | 1 6    | 0 10     | 1 8   | 1 1        | 1 4   | 1s 2d   | 1s 5d   | 3 16 0            |
| St Domingo, ditto             | —            | —      | 1 2      | 3 0   | 1 10       | 2 6   | 1 11    | 2 2     | 8 14 2            |
| TAR, American, . . . . .      | —            | —      | —        | —     | 19         | 20    | 19 6    | —       | { B.S. } 1 1 4½   |
|                               |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         | { F.S. } 1 2 11½  |
| Archangel, . . . . .          | 22           | 23     | —        | —     | 21         | 23    | 22 0    | —       | —                 |
| PITCH, Foreign, . . . . .     | 12           | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | 15      | —       | { B.S. } 1 8 6    |
|                               |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         | { F.S. } 1 10 1   |
| TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.       | 77           | 78     | 80       | 81    | 80         | 81    | 78      | 79      | 0 3 2             |
| Home Melted, . . . . .        | 77           | —      | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —       |                   |
| HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.        | 47           | 48     | 48       | 49    | —          | —     | £49 10  | —       | { B.S. } 0 9 1½   |
| Petersburgh Clean, . . . .    | 46           | 47     | 46       | 47    | 50         | 52    | 48 10   | —       | { F.S. } 0 10 0½  |
| FLAX,                         |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         |                   |
| Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.      | 79           | 80     | —        | —     | —          | —     | 82      | —       | { B.S. } 0 0 4½   |
| Dutch, . . . . .              | 50           | 120    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 65      | 80      | { F.S. } 0 0 7½   |
| Irish, . . . . .              | 60           | 68     | —        | —     | —          | —     | —       | —       |                   |
| MATS, Archangel, . . . . .    | 112          | 115    | —        | —     | —          | —     | 110     | 115     | { B.S. } 1 3 9    |
|                               |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         | { F.S. } 1 4 11½  |
| BRISTLES,                     |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         |                   |
| Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.      | 16 0         | 16 10  | —        | —     | —          | —     | 14 10   | 15 0    | { B.S. } 0 5 6½   |
|                               |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         | { F.S. } 0 3 11½  |
| ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . . . . | 57           | 58     | 60       | 62    | —          | —     | 58      | —       | { B.S. } 0 4 6½   |
|                               |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         | { F.S. } 0 6 4    |
| Montreal ditto, . . . . .     | 66           | 68     | 65       | 66    | 60         | —     | 68      | —       | 0 1 7             |
| Pot, . . . . .                | 61           | 62     | 62       | 64    | 57         | 58    | 58      | —       |                   |
| OIL, Whale, . . . . .         | 54           | —      | 54       | 55    | 55         | 56    | 48      | —       |                   |
| Cod, . . . . .                | 55 (p. brl.) | 50     | —        | 51    | —          | 44    | 45      | —       |                   |
| TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.    | 9½           | 10½    | 10       | 11½   | 0 8        | 0 9   | 7½      | 9       | } 0 3 10          |
| Middling, . . . . .           | 8½           | 9      | 8½       | 9     | 0 6½       | 0 7   | 6½      | 7½      |                   |
| Inferior, . . . . .           | 7½           | 8      | 7½       | 8½    | 0 4½       | 0 5   | —       | —       |                   |
| COTTONS, Bowed Georg.         |              |        |          |       |            |       |         |         |                   |
| Sea Island, fine, . . . . .   | —            | —      | 1 7      | 1 10½ | 1 6        | 1 8½  | 1s 7d   | 1s 9½   | } per 100 lbs.    |
| good, . . . . .               | —            | —      | 2 10     | 3 0   | 2 7        | 2 9   | 2s 5d   | 3s 0    |                   |
| middling, . . . . .           | —            | —      | 2 8      | 2 9   | 2 0        | 2 3   | —       | —       | { B.S. } 0 8 7    |
| Demerara and Berbice, . . . . | —            | —      | 1 10     | 2 1½  | 1 10       | 2 13  | 1 10    | 2 2     | { F.S. } 0 17 2   |
| West India, . . . . .         | —            | —      | 1 8      | 2 0   | 1 8        | 1 9½  | 1 8     | 2 1     |                   |
| Pernambuco, . . . . .         | —            | —      | 2 2      | 2 1   | 2 1        | 2 2   | 2 1     | 2 2     |                   |
| Maranham, . . . . .           | —            | —      | 2 0      | 2 1½  | 1 11       | 2 0½  | 1 11½   | 0       |                   |



Course of Exchange, March 13.—Amsterdam, 36 : 10, 2 U. Paris, 24 : 5. Bordeaux, 24 : 20. Frankfort on the Maine, 142 Ex. Madrid, 39  $\frac{3}{4}$  effect. Cadiz, 39  $\frac{1}{4}$  effect. Gibraltar, 35. Leghorn, 51  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Genoa, 47  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Malta, 51. Naples, 43  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Palermo, 129 per oz. Lisbon, 58  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Rio Janeiro, 67  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Dublin, 8  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Cork, 9. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £4 : 1 : 6. New dollars, 5s. 5d. Foreign gold, in bars, £4 : 1 : 6. New doubloons, £4 : 1. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 4d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3d to 24th February 1818.

|   | 3d.                            | 10th.  | 17th.                                 | 24th.                  |
|---|--------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Bank stock, .....                                 | 285 $\frac{1}{2}$              | 290 $\frac{1}{2}$  | 289 $\frac{3}{8}$                     | —                      |
| 3 per cent. reduced, .....                        | 79 $\frac{3}{8}$               | 81 $\frac{1}{8}$   | 80 $\frac{3}{8}$                      | —                      |
| 3 per cent. consols, .....                        | 79 $\frac{1}{8}$ , 79          | 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 80                                      | 79 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 7 $\frac{7}{8}$    | —                      |
| 4 per cent. consols, .....                        | 98 $\frac{3}{8}$               | 99 $\frac{3}{8}$   | 99 $\frac{1}{2}$                      | —                      |
| 5 per cent. navy ann. ....                        | 105 $\frac{1}{8}$              | 106 $\frac{1}{8}$  | 106 $\frac{1}{4}$                     | —                      |
| Imperial 3 per cent. ann. ....                    | 78 $\frac{3}{8}$               | —  | 79 $\frac{1}{4}$                      | —                      |
| India stock, .....                                | 239 $\frac{1}{2}$              | —  | —                                     | —                      |
| — bonds, .....                                    | 101 pr.                        | 97 pr.   | 99 pr.                                | —                      |
| Exchequer bills, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. p. day, ..... | 29 pr.                         | 28 pr.   | 27 pr.                                | —                      |
| Consols for acc. ....                             | 79 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ | 80 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ | 79 $\frac{3}{8}$ 80, 79 $\frac{3}{8}$ | —                      |
| American 3 per cent. ....                         | —                              | —  | —                                     | 65                     |
| — new loan, 6 per cent. ....                      | —                              | —  | —                                     | 103, 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| French 5 per cents. ....                          | —                              | —  | —                                     | 66 f. 55 c.            |

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 28th February 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Ablitt, N. Great Yarmouth, corn-merchant                               | Goldspink, R. Brooke, Norfolk, butcher  |
| Arndt, J. G. and J. C. Moessner, Coleman Street, toy-merchants         | Goodyear, T. Aldersgate Street, straw-hat-manufacturer                        |
| Andrew, P. M. Melcombe Regis, Dorsetshire, milliner                    | Green, S. Mill Street, Lambeth, blacking manufacturer                         |
| Barker, R., J. Barker, and J. Barker, Lane End, Staffordshire, potters | Griffin, T. Pedlar's Acre, Lambeth, timber-merchant                           |
| Baynton, T. and W. Kidderminster, grocers                              | Hanson, J. Southwick, Hants, victualler                                       |
| Batt, W. Wedmore, Somersetshire, horse-dealer                          | Hawes, J. Ipswich, pawn-broker  |
| Bailey, J. Reading, Berkshire, linen-draper                            | Hillear, W. Winchester, brewer  |
| Baker, J. Bath, tailor   | Hinscliff, J. Halifax, dealer   |
| Bone, G. Webb's County, Terrace, Kent Road, merchant                   | Hill, J. Baldwin Street, Bristol, ironmonger                                  |
| Boss, W. George Street, Euston Square, gun-maker                       | Hill, J. Bradwell, Derbyshire, baker  |
| Bottrell, T. Ratcliff Highway, victualler                              | Hoffman, L. Liverpool, brewer   |
| Bradfield, F. Wymondham, Norfolk, grocer                               | Hopkins, W. Aldersgate, cooper  |
| Bray, R. Gosport, haberdasher  | Howkins, J., Pennyfields, and T. Morris and W. Constable, Blackwall, builders |
| Brewer, J. A. Bath, printer  | Howie, J. Liverpool, grocer   |
| Brown, J. York, woollen-draper   | Houlding, J. Liverpool, cotton-broker   |
| Brown, H. Doncaster, dealer in clothes                                 | Hurry, S. Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, broker                             |
| Brown, A. Ruddington, Nottinghamshire, butcher                         | Hyde, W. Earl Street, Blackfriars, merchant                                   |
| Brown, C. Jeffrey's Terrace, Kentish Town, jeweller                    | Jenden, C. Werthing, Sussex, saddler  |
| Brush, J. A. Liverpool, merchant                                       | Jones, J. Billingsley, Homel Lacy, Herefordshire, corn-dealer                 |
| Basset, M. Church Street, Greenwich, boot and shoemaker                | Jump, J. and T. Hargroves, Fore Street, hat-manufacturers                     |
| Baish, W. Saffron Waldon, Essex, carpenter                             | Keene, T. Fulham, victualler  |
| Bristol, James R. Bristol, cabinet-maker                               | Knight, B. Stafford, baker  |
| Broughall, R. Shrewsbury, grocer                                       | Latcham, C. Bristol, money-scrivener  |
| Brooke, J. and C. Bowstead Natwich, Cheshire, brewers                  | Legg, T. Cooper's Row, Tower Hill, merchant                                   |
| Byrn, C. H. Bush Lane, Cannon Street, wine-merchant                    | Lloyd, W. and W. Lower Thames Street, slop-sellers                            |
| Calverley, R. Kegworth, Leicestershire, miller                         | Lloyd, Llanasa, Flintshire, clerk   |
| Carter, R. New Woodstock, Oxford, ironmonger                           | Lock, J. High Street, Woolwich  |
| Champion, T. Westham Abbey, Essex, farmer                              | Miller, J. Regent's Terrace, Chelsea, merchant                                |
| Cheetham, J. Oldham, Lancashire, shoemaker                             | Parsons, J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer                                   |
| Churchill, S. late of Oxford Street, distiller                         | Par, J. O. Liverpool, merchant  |
| Coates, W. Skipton, Yorkshire, grocer                                  | Page, J. Bermondsey Street, Southwark, grocer                                 |
| Cooke, J. S. S. Golden Lane, cheesemonger                              | Pallister, T. York, currier   |
| Collins, J. Gosport, Hants, grocer                                     | Pickard, O. Liverpool, coach-maker  |
| Cross, R. Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, victualler                       | Pilsbury, T. Chelsea, tailor  |
| Cot-ford, W. F. Upper Clapton, Middlesex, plumber and glazier          | Polly, J. Tower Street, Manchester Square, linen furniture-dealer             |
| Dawson, T. and J. Reith, Yorkshire, drapers                            | Powell, J. Presteign, Radnor, farmer  |
| Eardly, C. Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner                         | Powell, P. M. Hastings, librarian   |
| Evans, D. Liverpool, grocer  | Powis, R. Grosvenor Mews, veterinary surgeon                                  |
| Everitt, J. and S. and E. Nash, Westminster Road, stable-keepers       | Porter, T. Arthor, Cumberland, shopkeeper                                     |
| Fearnley, T. Portsmouth, slop-seller                                   | Privett, P. Bighton, Hampshire, maltster                                      |
|  | Proctor, W. Sheffield, optician   |
|  | Proctor, W. Kettleholme, Chester, calico-printer                              |

Radcliff, J. Chesterfield, Derbyshire, surgeon  
Remison, T. out-parish of St Paul, Gloucestershire,  
- tavern-keeper  
Rigby, W. Liverpool, corn-factor  
Ronalds, F. H. and J. Singleton, Foster Lane,  
- Cheapside, warehousemen  
Rose, S. Swansea, Glamorganshire, dealer  
Saint, T. jun. Gloucester, flax-spinner  
Sedgewick, W. Liverpool, merchant  
Sheeres, M. Aldersgate Street, victualler  
Schmaling, F. W. Fenchurch Street, merchant  
Simister, S. Manchester, dealer in cotton twist  
Smith, W. Oxford Street, ironmonger  
Smith, J. Halifax, corn-dealer  
Smith, W. Stone, Staffordshire, grocer  
Spencer, T. Manchester, commission-broker  
Stephens, S. Dowgate Hill, warehouseman

Strachan, W. Liverpool, small-manufacturer  
Thomas, J. E. Reading, Berks, grocer  
Tengat, G. Manchester, currier  
Turner, W. B. Huddersfield, merchant  
Tivoly, J. Plymouth, master-mariner  
Tye, G. J. Colchester, grocer  
Walker, R. S. East Smithfield, colour-manufacturer  
Walker, T. Rochdale, Lancashire, corn-dealer  
Ward, J. Milton Abbot, Devonshire, cattle-jobber  
Walsh, J. Halifax, merchant  
Watkin, J. Newark-upon-Trent, Nottingham,  
- painter  
Walthen, W. Liverpool, grocer  
Wright, W. N. Stapleford Abbot, Essex, farmer  
Younge, J., and J. Deakin, Sheffield, button-  
-manufacturers

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 28th  
February 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brown, William, hardware-merchant, North Bridge  
Street, Edinburgh  
Cowie, Alexander, cattle-dealer in Tillykeira, in  
the county of Aberdeen  
Grant, Robert and William, timber-merchants and  
cattle-dealers, at Auchintilloch, in the parish of  
Luss and county of Dumbarton, and Robert  
Grant and William Grant, the individual part-  
ners thereof  
Gillies, Colin, merchant in Brechin  
Hedderwick, J. W. and Company, brewers in Hut-  
chisonstown of Glasgow, and John Watt Hedder-  
wick and Archibald Henderson, the individual  
partners thereof  
Johnson, Peter, upholsterer in Port Glasgow  
M'Farlane, Thomas, cotton-spinner, Glasgow  
Mitchell, Robert and John, wrights and builders in  
Peterhead, and Robert Mitchell and John Mit-  
chell, the individual partners thereof  
M'Cracken, Andrew, merchant and soap-boiler in  
Glasgow, one of the partners of the concern  
carrying on business under the firm of Andrew  
M'Cracken and Company, both as a partner of  
the said Company, and as an individual

DIVIDENDS.

Dunbar, Hutchison, merchant, Edinburgh; by  
Alexander Ross, merchant there, a final dividend  
Donaldson, George, draper, Edinburgh; by Wil-  
liam Scott, 3d April  
Fergus Fergusson, late cattle-dealer at Spittal of  
Glenshee; by James Stevenson, Dunkeld, 15th  
April  
Gladstone, Hugh, merchant, Leith; by the Trustee  
Grierson, William, sometime spirit-dealer and  
grazier at Gilmerton; by William Boyd, mer-  
chant, Leith  
Gourlay, Oliver, farmer, grazier, and cattle-dealer,

residing at Craigrothrie; by James Thomson,  
senior, writer, Cupar Fife  
Gillies, James, bookseller, Glasgow, deceased; by  
James Ker, accountant, there, 21th February  
Jamieson, James, carter and coal-dealer in Glas-  
gow; by James Kerr, accountant there  
Jamieson, James, and Company, merchants, Glas-  
gow; by Thomas Falconer, writer, Glasgow, 18th  
March  
Keith, Archibald, paper-maker, Newbattle; by the  
Trustee  
Lamont, Peter, grazier and cattle-dealer at Steilag,  
Argyleshire; by the Trustee  
Milne, James, vintner, Peterhead; by Messrs Ro-  
bertson and Gray, writers there  
Michael, William, and Son, merchants, Inverary;  
by Andrew Adams, merchant, Glasgow  
Maxwell, David, dyer in Hamilton; by Allan Ful-  
larton, Glasgow  
Mitchell, Alexander, farmer and cattle-dealer in  
Fiddesbeg of Foveran; by David Hutcheson, ad-  
vocate, Aberdeen  
Purdon, Robert, hinge-maker, Cowcaddens, near  
Glasgow; by Peter Paterson, writer, Glasgow  
Reid, Robert, merchant, Thornhill; by William  
Carzon, writer, Dumfries  
Richardson, James, cattle-dealer, and late tanner  
in Auchtermuchty; by the Trustee  
Soutar, John, merchant, Dundee; by George Dun-  
can, merchant there  
Scott, Burt, and Company, tanners in Kileconquhar,  
and John Scott, Alexander Scott, and John Cou-  
par, the individual partners thereof; by the  
Trustee, 20th June  
Turner, James, hosier and draper, Dumfries; by  
Robert Threshie, writer there  
Thomson, William, iron-founder, Edinburgh; by  
David Cleghorn, W. S. 16th February

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of February set in with intense frost, which continued till the 7th, and was then succeeded by mild open weather during the day, though the nights were still coldish, and sometimes frosty. During the whole month, indeed, there were only ten nights on which the thermometer did not sink to the freezing point. After the 19th, the weather became very variable, and continued so till the end of the month. During the first fifteen days there fell scarcely any rain, but after that period hardly a day passed without more or less, sometimes accompanied with gales of wind, the latter uniformly preceded by a sudden elevation of temperature. Since 1812, the month of February has been uniformly warmer than January till the present year, when the season seems to have taken a retrograde course. As compared with the corresponding month of last year, it has also been very cold, the difference in the mean temperatures being upwards of 5 degrees; and what is perhaps still more striking, the mean temperature of February 1817 is a fraction of a degree higher than the mean of the greatest daily heat of February 1818. There is at present the appearance of a very late spring.



## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FLOWING is rather more forward than usual. As we ventured to predict in our last Report, the turnips have remained altogether uninjured by frost; and this has chiefly arisen, we have no doubt, from their having begun to shoot the seed during the mild weather in December; the *epidermis* being transformed into a somewhat woody fibre, and the whole vessels of the bulb probably acquiring more rigidity. The few fields that are found partially decayed, as usual at this season, are those that had been sown rather later than ordinary, upon fine light land, in a lone situation.

The consequence of this important crop being in such good preservation has been the maintenance of a larger stock; or rather the keeping the stock for a longer period; for the fact is, that there was but a small stock provided for turnip-feeding at the end of harvest, and a great proportion of these are already disposed of.

And although a great number, not only of hogs, as usual, but even widders, have been brought from the hill pastures to consume the superabundant feed, yet there have been doubts of the ground being cleared in time for the succeeding crop.

The young wheat looks rather sickly from the effects of repeated frosts and storms of rain.

Oats, which were expected to be high, have rather fallen of late, since all who had any cut before the 1st of October, and were keeping them in the stack for seed, have been fast thrashing them out for that purpose. It has been said, that it is not good to be over wise, and those only run a risk who began to buy for seed early in the market, trusting to their own judgment for their ascertaining the quality of the grain by the fallacious criterion of its appearance. The *potato* and *late Angus* varieties, which are commonly sown, are not at all scarce, although that called *early Angus* has been sold as high as 38s. Indeed such a very small difference between the prices of the boll of oats and the boll of meal has rarely occurred but after very early harvests. The price of potato and late-Angus oats for seed, has run between 28s. and 32s., and the best potato oats in Haddington (in the district where the best in Scotland are raised) were sold, on Friday the 27th February, at 30s.; and, on the 6th instant, at 32s. only.

Barley and wheat have continued almost stationary; and even since the ports were opened for importation there has been very little depression.

The demand for both fat and lean cattle is fast increasing, and the spring markets for sheep have commenced at prices very considerably above those of last year; and the demand for wool is now brisk, whereas this has usually been the slackest season.

The loss of sheep by the rot, in the enclosed districts of Berwickshire, where the improved Leicester is generally kept, has been quite unprecedented, and the calamity has extended over all the north of England in the same proportion. Does not this strongly indicate some great defect in this most important branch of rural economy? And would any be so presumptuous as to assert that no remedy can be applied?

It has been long known, that although sheep are ever so deeply affected with the disease, and be put to pasture upon a salt-marsh, they are speedily and effectually cured. And Lord Somerville has proven, beyond dispute, that giving to sheep a small quantity of salt, twice or thrice a-week, is equally efficacious. We have little doubt, that were the very obnoxious duty removed, so that farmers could obtain this invaluable product of our industry at the price it could be manufactured and sold for, the rot would soon be unknown in the country, and a value annually saved to the nation equal to the duty upon the article. But since we have alluded to the subject, this is not all; for, by the free use of salt mixed with hay and straw, their nutritive qualities are so much enhanced, that we are fully convinced that ten cattle and horses might be kept in good condition, where nine were half-starved before; so that it is a very moderate supposition, that the increased produce of animal food would also exceed the duty.

Were the manufacture and sale of salt free from duty and restriction, the effect would be like cultivating the waves of the sea, and from thence drawing food for another million of our people.

March 12.

## HADDINGTON.—MARCH 13.

| Wheat.                                   | Barley.           | Oats.             | Pease.            | Beans.            |
|--|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1st,.....42s. Od.                        | 1st,.....36s. Od. | 1st,.....33s. Od. | 1st,.....36s. Od. | 1st,.....36s. Od. |
| 2d,.....38s. Od.                         | 2d,.....31s. Od.  | 2d,.....27s. Od.  | 2d,.....32s. Od.  | 2d,.....32s. Od.  |
| 3d,.....34s. Od.                         | 3d,.....26s. Od.  | 3d,.....20s. Od.  | 3d,.....28s. Od.  | 3d,.....28s. Od.  |
| Average of Wheat, £1 : 15 : 9 - 7-12ths. |                   |                   |                   |                   |

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter, or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

EDINBURGH.—MARCH 11.

| Wheat.    |          | Barley.   |          | Oats.     |          | Pease & Beans. |          |
|-----------|----------|-----------|----------|-----------|----------|----------------|----------|
| 1st,..... | 43s. 6d. | 1st,..... | 34s. 6d. | 1st,..... | 36s. 0d. | 1st,.....      | 36s. 0d. |
| 2d,.....  | 40s. 0d. | 2d,.....  | 31s. 0d. | 2d,.....  | 29s. 0d. | 2d,.....       | 32s. 0d. |
| 3d,.....  | 37s. 0d. | 3d,.....  | 28s. 0d. | 3d,.....  | 25s. 0d. | 3d,.....       | 29s. 0d. |

Wednesday, March 11.

|                        |                        |                    |                           |
|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------|---------------------------|
| Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) | Os. 4d. to Os. 8d.     | Quartern Loaf      | . . . 1s. 0d. to 1s. 1d.  |
| Mutton . . . . .       | Os. 7d. to Os. 8d.     | Potatoes (28 lb.)  | . . . Os. 8d. to Os. 10d. |
| Lamb, per quarter      | . 10s. 0d. to 12s. 0d. | Butter, per lb.    | . . . 1s. 6d. to 1s. 10d. |
| Veal . . . . .         | Os. 8d. to 1s. 0d.     | Salt do. per stone | . . . Os. 0d. to Os. 0d.  |
| Pork . . . . .         | Os. 5d. to Os. 7d.     | Ditto per lb.      | . . . Os. 0d. to Os. 0d.  |
| Tallow, per stone      | . 11s. 6d. to 12s. 0d. | Eggs, per dozen    | . . . Os. 11d. to Os. 0d. |

London, Corn Exchange, March 9.

| s.                     | s.       | s.                     | s.       |
|------------------------|----------|------------------------|----------|
| Foreign Wheat, 60 to   | 70       | Boilers . . . . .      | 50 to 52 |
| Fine do. . . . .       | 74 to 85 | Small Beans . . . . .  | 42 to 52 |
| Superfine do. . . . .  | 84 to 86 | Old do. . . . .        | 54 to 62 |
| Old do. . . . .        | — to —   | Tick do. . . . .       | 56 to 45 |
| English Wheat, 65 to   | 73       | Old do. . . . .        | 42 to 50 |
| Fine do. . . . .       | 86 to 93 | Feed Oats . . . . .    | 22 to 24 |
| Superfine do. . . . .  | 94 to 96 | Fine do. . . . .       | 26 to 30 |
| Rye (new) . . . . .    | 40 to 50 | Poland do. . . . .     | 24 to 30 |
| Barley (new) . . . . . | 50 to 54 | Fine do. . . . .       | 32 to 36 |
| Superfine do. . . . .  | 48 to 53 | Potato do. . . . .     | 28 to 30 |
| Malt, . . . . .        | 60 to 74 | Fine do. . . . .       | 34 to 38 |
| Fine do. . . . .       | 76 to 80 | Fine Flour, . . . . .  | 75 to 80 |
| Hog Pease . . . . .    | 40 to 45 | Seconds . . . . .      | 70 to 75 |
| Maple . . . . .        | 42 to 48 | Bran . . . . .         | 11 to 12 |
| White Pease . . . . .  | 44 to 48 | Fine Pollard . . . . . | 16 to 30 |

Seeds, &c.—March 13.

|                      |          |                             |          |
|----------------------|----------|-----------------------------|----------|
| Mustard, Brown, s.   | s.       | Ryegrass (Pace's) . . . . . | — to —   |
| New . . . . .        | 12 to 21 | —Common . . . . .           | — to —   |
| —White . . . . .     | 5 to 11  | Clover, English,            |          |
| Tares . . . . .      | 10 to 14 | —Red, . . . . .             | — to —   |
| Turnip, White — to   | —        | —White . . . . .            | — to —   |
| —Red . . . . .       | — to —   | Trefoil . . . . .           | 14 to 50 |
| —Yellow, new 14 to   | 20       | Rib Grass . . . . .         | — to —   |
| Canary, . . . . .    | 70 to 90 | Carraway Eng. 48 to         | 56       |
| Hempseed . . . . .   | 80 to 84 | —Foreign . . . . .          | 38 to 50 |
| Linsced . . . . .    | 80 to 90 | —Coriander . . . . .        | 16 to 24 |
| Cinquefoil . . . . . | — to —   |                             |          |

New Rapeseed, £50 to £54.

Liverpool, March 7.

| s. d.                | s. d.        | s. d.                 | s. d.        |
|----------------------|--------------|-----------------------|--------------|
| Wheat, per 70 lbs.   |              | Rice, p.cwt.          | 41 6 to 44 0 |
| English . . . . .    | 13 3 to 14 3 | Flour, English,       |              |
| Scotch . . . . .     | 13 0 to 13 6 | p.280lb.fine          | 70 0 to 71 0 |
| Welsh . . . . .      | 13 0 to 13 6 | —Seconds . . . . .    | 60 0 to 65 0 |
| Irish . . . . .      | 11 0 to 12 0 | —Irishp.240lb.—       | to —         |
| Dantzic . . . . .    | 13 0 to 14 0 | Ameri. p.bl.          | 56 0 to 58 0 |
| Wismar . . . . .     | 12 6 to 13 0 | —Sour do. . . . .     | 44 0 to 46 0 |
| American . . . . .   | 13 6 to 14 0 | Clover-seed, p. bush. |              |
| Quebec . . . . .     | 11 0 to 12 0 | — White . . . . .     | — to —       |
| Barley, per 60 lbs.  |              | — Red . . . . .       | — to —       |
| English . . . . .    | 7 6 to 8 3   | Oatmeal, per 240 lb.  |              |
| Scotch . . . . .     | 7 0 to 7 6   | English . . . . .     | 41 0 to 45 0 |
| Irish . . . . .      | 6 6 to 7 0   | Scotch . . . . .      | 40 0 to 41 0 |
| Malt p.9gls.         | 10 9 to 11 9 | Irish . . . . .       | 38 0 to 40 0 |
| Rye, per qr. 54 0 to | 56 0         |                       |              |
| Oats, per 45 lb.     |              |                       |              |

Butter, Beef, &c.

|                        |              |                    |           |
|------------------------|--------------|--------------------|-----------|
| Eng. pota. . . . .     | 4 7 to 4 11  | Butter, per cwt.   | s. s.     |
| Welsh . . . . .        | 4 7 to 4 10  | Belfast . . . . .  | 134 to 0  |
| Scotch . . . . .       | 4 7 to 4 11  | Newry . . . . .    | 150 to 0  |
| Foreign . . . . .      | 4 5 to 4 7   | Drogheda . . . . . | 0 to 0    |
| Irish . . . . .        | 4 7 to 4 11  | Waterford (new) 0  | to 0      |
| Rapeseed, p.l. . . . . | £0 to £0     | Cork, 5d . . . . . | 0 to 0    |
| Flaxseed, p.bush.      |              | —New, 2d, pickled  | 150       |
| sowing . . . . .       | 0 to 0       | Beef, p. tierce    | 95 to 100 |
| B.ans, pr qr. s. d.    | s. d.        | —p. barrel         | 60 to 65  |
| English . . . . .      | 0 0 to 0 0   | Pork, p. bri.      | 0 to 0    |
| Foreign . . . . .      | 0 0 to 0 0   | Bacon, per cwt.    |           |
| Pease, per quar.       |              | —Short middles     | 74 to 76  |
| —Boiling . . . . .     | 56 0 to 60 0 | —Long do. . . . .  | 0 to 0    |

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 21st February 1818.

Wheat, 85s. 2d.—Rye, 50s. 8d.—Barley, 45s. 10d.—Oats, 54s. 10d.—Beans, 0s. 0d.—Pease, 52s. 1d.—Oatmeal, 33s. 4d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th February 1818.

Wheat, 69s. 9d.—Rye, 61s. 9d.—Barley, 41s. 3d.—Oats, 32s. 11d.—Beans, 52s. 10d.—Pease, 52s. 8d.—Oatmeal, 28s. 7d.—Beer or Big, 40s. 3d.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 5, 1817. At Surat, the lady of John Romer, Esq. judge and magistrate at that place, a son.

Jan. 2, 1818. At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw, Bart. a son and heir.—Mrs Alexander Ross, George's Square, Edinburgh, a son.—5. At Memel, Mrs Charles Stewart, a daughter.—22. In Albany Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Alexander Kennedy, Esq. a daughter.—26. Lady Romilly, a still-born child.—At Plymouth, the lady of Rear-admiral Lindsay, a daughter.—29. At Springfield, in the county of Warwick, the lady of Major

Dundas of Carron-hall, in the county of Stirling, a daughter.

Feb. 3. Mrs William Watt, at Portobello, a son.—At Edradynate, Mrs Stewart Robertson, a daughter.—4. In Piccadilly, London, the lady of the Hon. Drummond Burrell, a son and heir.—5. In George's Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Mitchell, a son.—6. Mrs Heriot of Ramornie, a son.—The lady of the deceased Sir John Carmichael Anstruther, Bart. a posthumous son.—In Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Major-general John Hope, a son.—Mrs Scott, 64, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, a son.—At Chapelton, the lady of Captain

Durie, late of the 92d regiment, a daughter.—10. At Arthington, Yorkshire, the lady of Colonel Davy, a son.—11. At Garry Cottage, the lady of Colonel Macdonnell of Glengarry, a son.—12. At her house, Union Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Captain Henderson of Gloup, a son.—13. At Ayr, Mrs Fullarton of Skeldon, a son.—15. At 23, Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Short, a son.—Mrs Wood, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, a son.—16. Mrs Smith of Landhall, a son.—17. Mrs M. Napier, Castle Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—At Balfour, Mrs Marshall was safely delivered of three fine boys, who are all doing well.—At Dumfries, the wife of the Rev. Andrew Fyfe, a daughter.—18. At Schivas, the lady of Alexander Forbes Irvine, Esq. of Schivas, and younger of Drum, a son and heir.—19. The lady of Major Menzies, 42d regiment, a daughter.—At Richmond Barracks, Dublin, the lady of Lieutenant John Orr, of the 94th regiment, a son.—At Eskgrove, the lady of Captain North Dalrymple, a daughter.—21. The lady of John Horrocks, Esq. a daughter.—23. At Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Andrew Melliss, a son.—At Edinburgh, the lady of Laurence Craigie, Esq. of Glendoick, a son.—24. At Sundrum, the lady of John Hamilton, Esq. jun. of Sundrum, a daughter.—27. At Huntingdon, East Lothian, Mrs Campbell, a son.—At her mother's, Mrs Drummond, house in Forth Street, Edinburgh, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Ogilvy, a daughter.—At Bath, the lady of Sir A. Hood, Bart. a daughter.—At Ardrossan, the lady of Robert Hunter, Esq. of Whitfield, Jamaica, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

Jan. 26. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Ross, to Marina, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Halden of Newcastle.—31. At St George's church, Bloomsbury, London, Colonel Sir Alexander Bryce, C. B. C. St F. K. C. commanding the royal engineers, Portsmouth, to Emily, youngest daughter of the late John Porker, Esq. of Muswell-hill, banker, London.

Feb. 2. At Paisley, Mr John Crawford, manufacturer, to Janet, third daughter of the late Mr James Hamilton, merchant.—At Greenock, Mr John Love, merchant, Glasgow, to Miss Jean Duncan, Greenock.—At Nenagh, James Dempster, Esq. M.D. 93d regiment, to Elizabeth Maria, only child of John Carroll, Esq. of Newlawn, county of Tipperary, Ireland.—3. At Craighbank, James Stirling, Esq. merchant in Glasgow, to Sarah, daughter of John M'Caul, Esq. of Craighbank.—5. At Parkhall, William Colville Learmonth, Esq. of Belle Rose, to Gloriana, only daughter of the late John Mackenzie, Esq. of Garnkirk.—6. At Edinburgh, Hugh Nible, Esq. Viewbank, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Walter Brown, Esq. of Currie.—9. At Glasgow, James Coats, Esq. of Oldplace, to

Christian, eldest daughter of the late Mr James Bayne, Concraig, Perthshire.—At Lambeth Palace, the Right Hon. Lord Clive, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Powis, to Lady Lucy Graham, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose.—10. At Glasgow, Lieutenant Ross, of the 26th regiment, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the deceased William Fleming, Esq. of Kelvin Bank.—11. At Inverness, James Driver, Esq. Kirkwall, Orkney, to Miss Annabella Chisholm, second daughter of Captain Hugh Chisholm, late 9th royal veteran battalion, and resident commandant of Fort Augustus.—12. At London, Archibald Constable, Esq. bookseller in Edinburgh, to Charlotte, daughter of the late John Neale, Esq.—16. At Caldwell, county of Ayr, Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir Charles Colville, G. C. B. to Jane, eldest daughter of William Muir of Caldwell, Esq.—18. At Leith, Mr Edward Reid, merchant, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Isabella, daughter of Mr P. Sandeman there.—20. At Leith, George Scott Elliot, Esq. of Laurieston, to Anne Marjory, eldest daughter of James Bell, Esq. merchant in Leith.—At Seaside, Andrew Thomson, Esq. younger of Kinloch, W. S. to Barbara, youngest daughter of James Hunter of Seaside, Esq.—At Perth, George Ramsay, Esq. Craigie, to Miss Katherine Stewart, youngest daughter of Patrick Stewart, Esq. Perth.—23. At Greenock, Captain William Athol, to Miss Jean M'Kechnie.—26. At Edinburgh, Captain Hugh Stevenson, Campbeltown, to Mrs Macintyre, widow of D. Macintyre, Esq. Glenoe.—At Lord Hermand's, the Rev. Leslie Moodie, to Catherine, daughter of the deceased Charles Fergusson, Esq.—At Glenluggie, Mr William Smith, jun. merchant, Glasgow, to Ann, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Freebairn, minister of New Monkland.—At Glasgow, William Middleton, Esq. merchant, to Jessy, daughter of Mr George Craufurd, writer.

## DEATHS.

July 16, 1817. David Charles Ramsay, Esq. the Hon. East India Company's resident at Mocha, and of their civil service on the Bombay establishment.

Nov. 14. At Tulloch, in the island of Jamaica, George Abercromby Bruce, in the 19th year of his age, second son of the late Alexander Bruce, Esq. of Kennet.

Dec. 7. At Havannah, James Robertson, aged 29, midshipman on board his Majesty's ship *Rifleman*, Captain Duff; on the 13th May last, John Wilson Robertson, aged 18, died at Banff; and on the 10th of June, George Alexander Robertson, aged 15, midshipman on board the *Lady Campbell* Indiaman, was drowned off St Helena; sons of Mr William Robertson, merchant in Banff, and all highly promising young men.—23. At St Helena, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, Francis Stewart, Esq. of the Hon. East India Comy

pany's civil service at Bencoolen, eldest son of the deceased Charles Stewart, Esq. late commander of the *Airly Castle* East Indianman.—26. At Auchindinny, near Edinburgh, Mary Utrope Coulon Clerfon de Villarson, daughter of the Count de Villarson, a native of France, and wife of Robert Ewart, Esq. surgeon, late of the island of Jamaica.

*Jan. 2.* At Rio Bueno, Jamaica, Mrs Jean Buchan, wife of Mr John Stewart, merchant there.—6. In the 32d year of her age, much and deservedly regretted, the lady of Major Campbell of Strachur.—At Amalree, in the 89th year of her age, Mrs Christian Menzies, widow of James Fisher, to whom she had twelve children.—11. At the house of Airie, in the island of Stronsay, Orkney, Miss Barbara Fea of Airie.—At London, after a short illness, in the 31st year of his age, Major John Garlies MacCulloch, late of the rifle brigade, having been thirteen years in the army.—14. At Glenforsa, Island of Mull, Lachlan Macquarie of Macquarie, Esq. This venerable hospitable chieftain was seldom confined by any sickness till the time of his death, and he died at the age of 103.—16. At Tours, John Hamilton, Esq. of Bardowie.—20. At Maurhaugh, John Mailer, much and justly regretted. He was a man of great simplicity of manners and unaffected piety.—26. At Afton Lodge, Ayrshire, Mrs Stewart of Afton, widow of Major-general Alexander Stewart, M.P. and colonel of the 2d regiment of foot.—28. Suddenly, of a water in the chest, aged 19, Euphemia, youngest daughter of Mr David Arthur, sen. tool-maker, Edinburgh.—At Edinburgh, Sir John Carmichael Anstruther, of Anstruther and Carmichael, Bart. M.P.—At Linlithgow, Jane Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr Liston, sheriff-clerk of Linlithgow, aged eleven years and four months.—29. In Merrion Square, Dublin, the Right Hon. Sackville Hamilton.—30. At Glasgow, Mrs Mary Wilson, relict of John Anderson of Kingsfield, Esq.—31. At Sydenham, near Kelso, George Haldane, Esq.—At Peterhead, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs Nicoll, widow of Mr John Nicoll, merchant, Lossiemouth.

*Feb. 1.* At Roxburgh Place, Edinburgh, Ann Livingston, eldest daughter, and on the 4th, Mrs Euphans Murray, spouse of Josiah Livingston, merchant in Edinburgh.—At his seat, Amphill Park, Bedfordshire, the Right Hon. John Fitzpatrick, Earl of Upper Ossory, Baron Gowran, and a peer of England. His Lordship was born May 7, 1745; succeeded his father, the late Earl, in 1758; and married, in 1769, the Duchess of Grafton, by whom, who died in 1804, he had issue two daughters, Anne and Gertrude. His Lordship was elder brother to the late General Fitzpatrick, M.P. who, had he survived, would have inherited the peerages, which are now, we believe, become extinct. The death of this venerable

and patriotic nobleman was occasioned by an apoplectic fit, while in the bosom of his family. He only survived the stroke about three hours.—At Carnwath-house, Barbara, youngest daughter of Norman Lockhart, Esq.—2. At Kilmarnock, aged 72, Mr John Mennons, printer.—At Stonehaven, the Rev. Robert Memess, episcopal clergyman there, in the 91st year of his age, and 64th of his ministry.—At Breckonhill, James Carruthers, Esq. of Breckonhill.—At Dumfries, Mrs Pew, widow of John Pew, Esq. of Hillowtown.—3. At North Berwick, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth Graham, spouse of Mr David Dall, late schoolmaster, Gifford, East Lothian.—At Perth, after a long and painful illness, Mr John M'Dougall, in the 28th year of his age.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Elphinstone Primerose, widow of James Rollo, Esq. and daughter of the late Sir Archibald Primerose, Bart. of Dunipace.—At her house in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Marjoribanks, widow of the late Edward Marjoribanks, Esq. of Lees.—In Abbey Street, Dublin, aged 98, in the full possession of all her faculties, Eleanor, Dowager Lady Palmer, relict of the late Sir Roger Palmer, Bart. of Castle Lacken, in the county of Mayo, and Ballyshannon, in the county of Kildare.—4. At Edinburgh, in the 31st year of his age, Mr James Hall Gray, merchant.—The Dowager Viscountess Arbuthnot.—5. At Portland Place, Leith, Mr Andrew Galbreath, aged 76, late merchant in Leith.—Mary, fourth daughter of Mr Johnston, surgeon, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.—6. At Cambridge, Laurence Dundas, second son to the Hon. Laurence Dundas, and grandson to Lord Dundas.—At their Grace's seat, Belvoir Castle, the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland.—8. At Bank Place, Archibald, third son of Mr Archibald Cleghorn, merchant, Leith.—9. At Kennoway, Mrs Seton, relict of Captain David Seton.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Jane de Morgan, relict of Duncan Buchanan, Esq. surgeon, Hon. East India Company's service.—10. At Lawhouses, East Lothian, Mr Robert Dudgeon, late deacon of the incorporation of bakers in Edinburgh.—At Wilton Burn, near Hawick, Roxburghshire, that well-known and worthy character, Mr James Hart, farmer, commonly called "Hart of Hearts," aged 65.—At Leith, Mrs Carstairs, spouse of George Carstairs, Esq. merchant, Leith.—At Barclay's hotel, Edinburgh, at the advanced age of 72 years, Mr John Wade. This gentleman has been known to the commercial world as a traveller for upwards of 51 years.—11. At Falkirk, Mr James Aitken, writer there.—At Glasgow, in the 49th year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth Johnston, spouse of David M'Haffie, Esq. merchant there.—12. At Edinburgh, aged 96 years, Mrs Catherine Dunbar, widow of Thomas Wedderburn, Esq.—At Strathendry, Fifeshire, Robert, only child of the

late Robert Kirk, Esq. of Welham Lodge, Leicestershire.—At Edinburgh, George White, Esq. one of the magistrates of that city, aged 70. Mr White has held the office of magistrate four times, besides various other important stations in the town-council. He has left the following legacies to charitable and pious institutions; thus evincing the same desire for their prosperity and extended utility after his death, to which he so amply contributed during his life: To the Edinburgh Bible, Missionary, and Gaelic School Societies, £150 each; Destitute Sick Society and Magdalene Asylum, £100 each; the poor of Bristo Street congregation, £120; the free school of Bristo congregation, £100; and Orphan Hospital, £50.—At Dumfries, Elizabeth Rose Laing, youngest daughter of Dr John Laing, physician there.—13. At Milton, Urr, Mr John Copland.—At his house in Bedford Square, London, Sir William Fraser of Leadclune, Bart.—At Torbreck, in the 76th year of her age, Mrs Ann Russell, the lady of Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Torbreck.—At his seat, Dunnichen, Forfarshire, in his 86th year, George Dempster, Esq. many years representative in parliament for St Andrews, &c.—At Melville-house, Jane, Countess of Leven and Melville.—At Edinburgh, Miss Blair Richardson, eldest daughter of the late Mr William Richardson, solicitor-at-law, aged 69.—At Blackethouse, Mrs Mary Bell, relict of Mr Christopher Smyth of Eastfield, at the advanced age of 91 years.—At Inverness, Mrs Marjory Fraser, spouse of Mr Alexander Tolmie, merchant, Glasgow.—At Glasgow, of typhus fever, Mr William Gardner, jailor.—At Perth, John Rutherford, Esq. writer, procurator-fiscal of the county of Perth.—At East Dalry, Mrs Shirreff.—16. At her house in York Place, Edinburgh, Dowager Lady Sinclair of Murkle.—At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Moncrieff, daughter of the late Colonel George Moncrieff of Reidie.—In the 25th year of his age, at the house of Dr Winterbottom, Wistoe, near Shields, on his way to London from Dumfries-shire, of which he was a native, George Macaulay, Esq. collector of the customs at Sierra Leone, grandson of the author of the History of St Kilda, and near relative of the celebrated Zachary Macaulay, Esq. London.—17. At Springwoodpark, Mary, daughter of the late Admiral Sir J. Douglas, Bart. Miss Douglas, who had been for some time in a delicate state of health, was induced, by the genial warmth of the weather on the day of her decease, to walk within the grounds of Springwoodpark, on the margin of the river Teviot; and two ladies, who were the only spectators of the scene, happened to be on the opposite side, under the ruins of Roxburgh Castle. They observed her stoop, as if to pick something from the ground, when she lost her balance and fell into the river. A female relative,

who followed to join in her walk, heard the alarm from the ladies on the other side, and procured the help of workmen who were near. The body was taken out after having been five or six minutes immersed, and the best medical assistance was immediately applied; but alas! the spirit had quitted its tenement of clay.—At St Andrews, Lieut.-colonel John Macgill, late of his Majesty's 19th regiment of foot.—18. At Edinburgh, Mr William Millar, No 7, St James's Square, aged 55.—At Edinburgh, in his 64th year, Mr Thomas Dewar, late merchant there.—20. At Edinburgh, in her 22d year, Sarah Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Robert Preston, Esq. of New Sydney Place, Bath.—At Powder Hall, Mrs Christian Simpson, wife of Captain Rattray.—21. Isabella, youngest daughter of Dr Gregory, physician in Edinburgh.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Montgomerie, matron of the Royal Infirmary. She held this situation for several years, and performed its various and laborious duties with great integrity and unabated zeal for the benefit of the charity, till within a few days of her death. Her remains were attended to the place of interment by the managers and office-bearers of the institution, as a mark of the high respect they entertain for her memory.—In Misses Erskine's house, Lauriston Lane, after a very long and severe illness, Mrs Miller, aged 71 years, house-keeper to the late Rev. D. John Erskine of Carnock, and, since his death, to his surviving daughters. She lived in the family for more than 47 years.—After a lingering illness of from nine to twelve months, Mrs Jean Kidd, spouse of Mr James Thom, Buccleuch Pend, Edinburgh.—24. At Edinburgh, much regretted, Mr David Davidson, of the Exchequer.—25. At Edinburgh, Charles, infant son of John Tawse, Esq.

*Lately*—At Mount Hindmost estate, Clarendon, Jamaica, Mr Charles Masson, son of Mr James Masson, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.—At her house, Great Portland Street, London, Miss Jane Elliot, daughter of the late Robert Elliot, Esq. of Midlemilm.—On his passage to Ceylon, in his 25th year, Lieut.-colonel Erskine, youngest son of Lord Erskine.—At London, the Rev. Joseph William Daniel, one of the officiating clergymen of the Roman Catholic chapel in Virginia Street, who fell a victim to the typhus fever in the discharge of his sacerdotal duties.—At Cannock, in Staffordshire, in the 89th year of his age, Mr John Sheet, said to be the only remaining soldier of those employed under General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec. He had occupied a farm at Cannock for about fifty years.—At London, Lieutenant-colonel Ward, of the Bombay establishment.—At London, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Ker, in the 72d year of her age, third sister of his Grace the late John Duke of Roxburghe.



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