



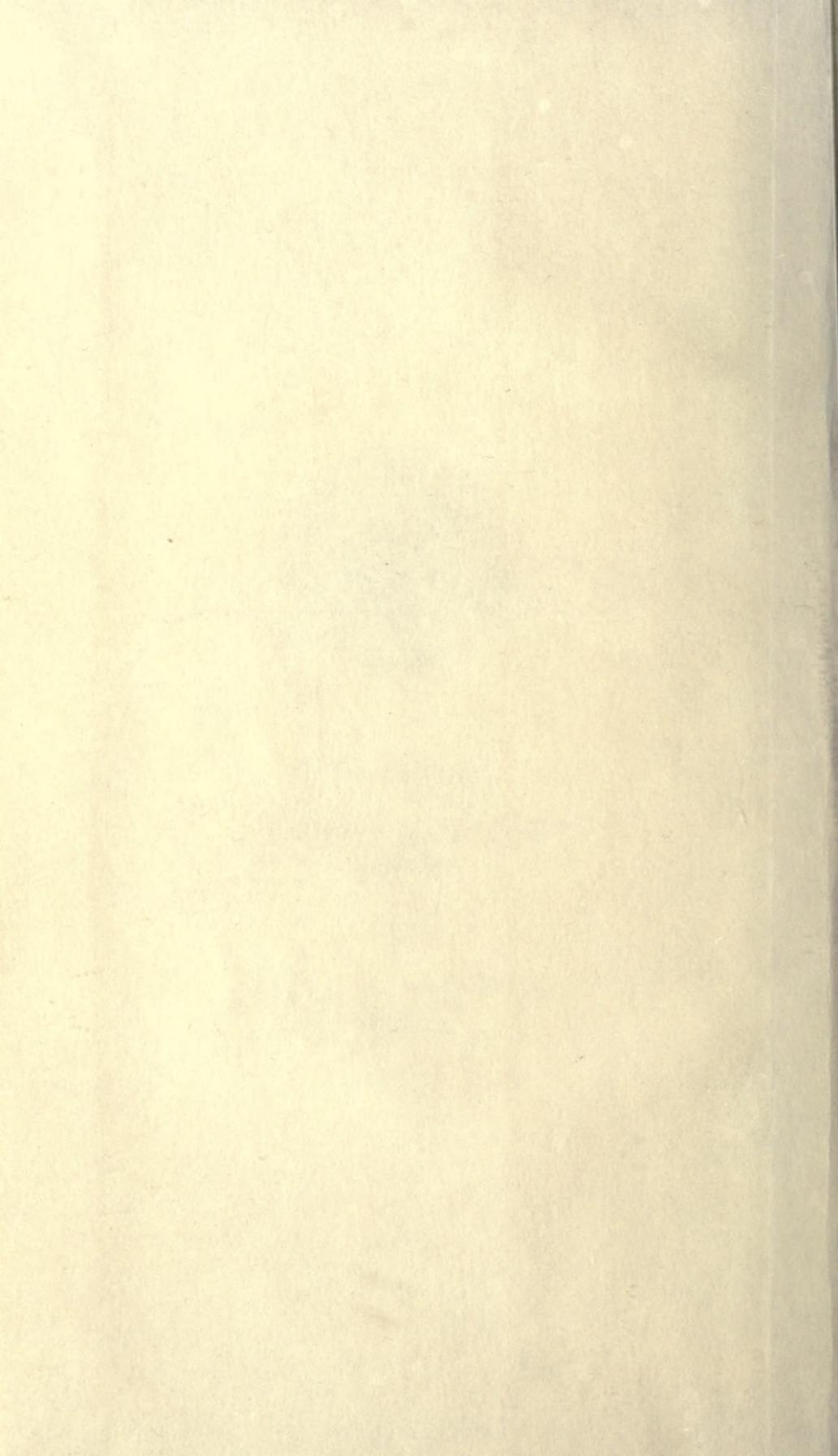
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BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh



MAGAZINE.

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VOL. III.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1818.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND

JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.

1818.



BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh

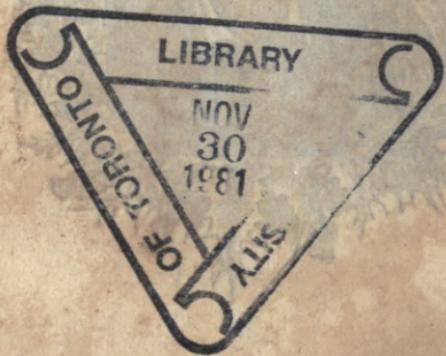
MAGAZINE

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1818.



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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH.

Oliver & Boyd, Printers, Edinburgh.

JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XIII.

APRIL 1818.

VOL. III.

TIME'S MAGIC LANTHERN.

No II.

Galileo in the Inquisition.

Galileo. So you are come to close the shutters of my window before night-fall. Surely these bars are strong enough. I would fain have the consolation of viewing the heavens after it is dark. My sleep is unquiet and short, for want of exercise; and when I lie awake, the roof of my prison presents nothing but a sable blank. Do not, I beseech you, conceal from me the blue vault, and those hosts of light, upon which I still love to gaze in spite of all my troubles.

Monk. You must not see the stars. It is the stars which have put you wrong. Poor man! to think the earth was turning round.

Galileo. Alas! alas! Is it for this that I have studied?

Monk. Do you suppose, that if the earth had been turning all this while, the sea would not have drowned every living soul? I put this to you, as a simple question, and level with the most ordinary capacity.

Galileo. My good friend, you know that I have recanted these things, and therefore it is needless for me to dispute farther upon the subject.

Monk. Your books were burnt at Rome, which, in my opinion, was an idle business. In a few years they would have turned to smoke of their own accord. 'Tis the way with all new discoveries, for I am an old Christian, and have seen the fashion of the world before now.

Galileo. Do you suppose that glass windows were used in the time of Adam?

Monk. No; for the Scripture mentions no such thing. But what then?

Galileo. Why then, you must admit that time teaches things which were unknown before.

Monk. That is possible enough. But now things are different; for my head is gray, and I have no faith in new discoveries.

Galileo. We know not what time may bring about. Perhaps the earth may yet be weighed.

Monk. Go on—you shall receive no interruption from me. You perceive that I only smile gently and good-naturedly when you talk in this manner.

Galileo. What is the matter? what makes you look so wise?

Monk. Never mind. Go on.

Galileo. What is the meaning of this extraordinary look of tenderness and benignity, which you are attempting to throw into your features.

Monk. When I consider what is your real condition, it moves my pity. For my part, when the Cardinals made so much ado about your writings, I always thought they were trifling with their office.

Galileo. I wish you would convince them of that; for all I desire is, to have the privilege of looking through my telescopes, and to live quietly without doing harm to any man. I pray you, allow the window to remain open; for darkness is gathering, and Jupiter already blazes yonder through the twilight. So pure a sky!—and to be debarred from my optical contrivances.

Monk. Study the Scriptures, my son, with care and diligence, and you will have no need of optical contrivances.

Galileo. I am well acquainted with the Scriptures; but as I do not suppose they were meant to instruct mankind in astronomy, I think there is no sacrilege in attempting to discover more of the nature of the universe than what is revealed in them.

Monk. So you believe yourself capable of succeeding in the attempt?

Galileo. Perhaps I do.

Monk. Would not your time be better employed, my son, in perusing some rational book of devotion? Do not allow yourself to be led away by the idle suggestions of self-conceit. What is there to be seen about you, which should enable you to penetrate farther into the secrets of the universe than me or the rest of mankind? I do not ask this question with a view to wound your pride, but with a sincere wish for your good.

Galileo. Upon my word, you are too kind to me. Pray, father, is there any book of devotion which you would recommend in particular?

Monk. Recommend in particular!—There is a book which it would not become me to—but no—recommend in particular!—Hum—I know not.

Galileo. Something trembles at your tongue's end. Have you yourself written any book of devotion?

Monk. Far be it from me to speak of my own writings. Of all books of devotion, my own was the remotest from my thoughts. But since you desire to see it—

Galileo. What are the subjects treated of in it?

Monk. Life, death, and immortality. There is also a treatise upon the habitations of good men after death, and the delights to be found there.

Galileo. Your notions concerning these subjects must be in a great measure fanciful.

Monk. By no means. Good reasons are given for every tittle that is advanced.

Galileo. And where do you suppose the habitations of good men to be?

Monk. Why, in heaven, to be sure.

Galileo. Is it not possible that their abode may be situated in some of the constellations? When gazing, as I was wont to do, at midnight, upon Arc-turus, or the brilliant orbs of Orion, I have sometimes thought, that in the blue depths there might exist worlds

suitable for the habitation of an immortal spirit.

Monk. My son, my son, beware of futile conjectures! You know not upon what ground you are treading.

Galileo. Does not the galaxy shed forth a glorious light? How gorgeous is its throng of constellations!—To me it seems like a procession of innumerable worlds, passing in review before their Creator.

Monk. If the galaxy moves, why may not the sun?

Galileo. My judgment is, that they may both move, for aught I know, although at a very slow pace.

Monk. Now you speak sense. I knew I should bring you round; for, to say the truth (and I say it between you and me), if it had not been for my enemies, whom Heaven pardon, I should have been wearing a red hat before now. Good night: and I shall immediately bring the book, which will help to put your thoughts in a proper train again.

No III.

Rembrandt's Work-shop.

Rembrandt solus. Too much light here still. I must deepen the shadows even more, until the figures begin to shine out as they ought. And now for Pharaoh's Baker, whose dream is not yet interpreted; so that he looks up earnestly in the face of Joseph, and receives a strong gleam through the iron bars. So—and again—so. Now for the shadows again. To talk to me of Guido, with his shallow, gray, and trivial open-lights! Ah ha! 'tis I who am Rembrandt—and there is no other. (*a knock at the door.*) Heaven send a purchaser! Come in.

Dutch Trader. Good morrow, friend. I wish to have a picture of yours to leave to my wife, before I go to sail the salt seas again.

Rem. Would you have your own face painted?

Trader. My face has seen both fair and foul, in its time, and belike it may not do for a canvass, for I am no fresh water pippin-cheek.

Rem. Bear a good heart. Your face is of the kind I like. There is no room for tricks of the pencil upon too smooth a skin.

Trader. By this hand, I know no-

thing of these things; but my wife shall have a picture.

Rem. A large hat would serve to shadow your eyes; and there should be no light till we come down to the point of your nose, which would be the only sharp in the picture. Nothing but brownness and darkness every where else. Pray you, sit down here, and try on this great hat.

Trader. Nay, by your leave, I will look at these pictures on the wall first. What is this?

Rem. It is a Turk whom I have seen in the streets of Amsterdam. I like to paint a good beard; and you see how angrily this man's beard is twisted.

Trader. A stout Pagan, and a good fighter, I warrant you. I feel as if I could fetch him a cut over the crown; for my ship was once near being run down by an Algerine.

Rem. Look at the next. 'Tis the inside of a farmer's kitchen.

Trader. Nay, I could have told you that myself; for these pails of milk might be drunk; and there is an old grandam twirling her spindle. When next I go to live at my brother Lucas's farm, I shall persuade him to buy this picture. It shews the fat and plentiful life which he lives, when I am sailing the salt seas.

Rem. Here is a sea-piece.

Trader. Why, that is good also; but this sail should have been lashed to the binnacle; for, d'ye see, when a vessel is spooning against a swell, she pitches, and it is necessary to —

Rem. You are right; I must have it altered. How does this landscape please you?

Trader. Why, it is a good flat country; but exhibits none of those great rocks which I have seen in foreign parts. I have seen burning mountains, which would have made the brush drop from your hand. I have sailed round the world, and seen the waves rising to the height of Haerlem steeple, and nothing but cannibals on shore to make signals to.

Rem. Well—and which of the pictures will you have? you shall have your choice of them for forty ducats.

Trader. Nay, now you are joking. Who will give you forty ducats? When at dinner with the burgo-master lately, I heard a collector putting prices on your works. He said, if we would wait, your market would cer-

tainly fall, for you had too many on hand.

Rem. My market shall not fall. I will see this collector at the bottom of the ocean first. But come now, let us be reasonable together. I will paint your portrait for thirty. Take your seat.

Trader. Not so fast. My wife must be conferred with, and, if she approves, perhaps I may come back. Meanwhile, good morning. (*Exit.*)

Rem. A curse on these picture-dealing babblers. How shall I be revenged on them? My pictures are as good as the oldest extant, and, if I were dead, every piece would sell for as much gold as would cover it. But I see what must be done. Come hither, wife, and receive a commission. Go straight to the joiners, and order him to prepare for my funeral.

Rembrandt's Wife. What is the meaning of this? Are your wits turned?

Rem. My wits are turned towards money-making. I must counterfeit myself dead, to raise the price of my works, which will be valued as jewels, when there is no expectation of any more.

Wife. Now I perceive your drift. Was there ever such a contrivance? You mean to conceal yourself, and have a mock funeral?*

Rem. Yes; and when my walls are unloaded I shall appear again. So that after the picture dealers have been brought to canonize me for a dead painter, and when they have fairly ventured out their praise and their money, they shall see me come and lay my hands upon both.

Wife. How will it be possible for me to cry sufficiently, when there is no real death?

Rem. Make good use of the present occasion to perfect yourself in your part, for you may one day have to repeat it.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS
CHARLOTTE.

“A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament.”
MILTON.

1.

MARKED by the mingling of the City's throng,
Each mien, each glance, with expectation
bright?—

* This was a fact. See Rembrandt's Life.

Prepare the pageant and the choral song,
The pealing chimes, the blaze of festal light!
And hark! what rumour's gathering sound
is nigh?
Is it the voice of joy, that murmur deep?—
Away, be hushed, ye sounds of revelry!
Back to your homes ye multitudes, to weep!
Weep! for the storm hath o'er us darkly past,
And England's Royal Flower is broken by
the blast!

2.

Was it a dream! so sudden and so dread
That awful fiat o'er our senses came!
So loved, so blest, is that young spirit fled,
Whose bright aspirings promised years of
fame?
Oh! when hath life possessed, or death de-
stroyed,
More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that
smiled?
When hath the spoiler left so dark a void?
For all is lost—the mother and her child!
Our morning-star hath vanished, and the tomb
Throws its deep-lengthened shade o'er dis-
tant years to come.

3.

And she is gone—the royal and the young!
In soul commanding, and in heart benign;
Who, from a race of kings and heroes sprung,
Glowed with a spirit lofty as her line.
Now may the voice she loved on earth so well,
Breathe forth her name unheeded and in vain;
Nor can those eyes, on which her own would
dwell,
Wake from that breast one sympathy again:
The ardent heart, the towering mind are fled,
Yet shall undying love still linger with the
dead.

4.

Oh! many a bright existence we have seen
Quenched in the glow and fullness of its prime;
And many a cherished flower, ere now, hath
been
Cropt ere its leaves were breath'd upon by time.
We have lost heroes in their noon of pride,
Whose fields of triumph gave them but a bier;
And we have wept when soaring genius died,
Check'd in the glory of his mid career!
But here our hopes were centered—all is o'er,
All thought in this absorbed—she was, and
is no more!

5.

We watched her childhood from its earliest
hour,
From every word and look bright omens
caught,
While that young mind developed all its
power,
And rose to energies of loftiest thought!
On her was fixed the Patriot's ardent eye,
One hope still bloomed—one vista still was
fair;
And when the tempest swept the troubled sky,
She was our day-spring—all was cloudless
there!
And oh, how lovely broke on England's gaze,
E'en through the mist and storm, the light
of distant days.

6.

Now hath one moment darkened future years,
And changed the track of ages yet to be!—
Yet, mortal! midst the bitterness of tears,
Kneel, and adore th' inscrutable decree!
Oh! while the clear perspective smiled in light,
Wisdom should *then* have tempered hopes
excess;
And, lost One! when we saw thy lot so bright,
We might have trembled at its loveliness!
Joy is no earthly flower—nor framed to bear,
In its exotic bloom, life's cold ungenial air.

7.

All smiled around thee—youth, and love,
and praise;
Hearts all devotion and all truth were thine!
On thee was rivetted a nation's gaze,
As on some radiant and unsullied shrine.
Heiress of Empires! thou art passed away
Like some fair vision, that arose to throw,
Bright o'er one hour of life a fleeting ray,
Then leave the rest to solitude and wo!
Oh! who shall dare to woo such dreams again?
Who hath not wept to know that tears for
thee were vain?

8.

Yet there is one who loved thee—and whose
soul,
With mild affections nature formed to melt;
His mind hath bowed beneath the stern control
Of many a grief—but *this* shall be unfelt!
Years have gone by—and given his honour-
ed head
A diadem of snow—his eye is dim—
Around him Heaven a solemn cloud hath
spread—
The past, the future, are a dream to him!
Yet, in the darkness of his fate, alone
He dwells on earth, while Thou, in life's
full pride, art gone!

9.

The Chastener's hand is on us—we may weep,
But not repine—for many a storm hath past,
And, pillowed on her own majestic deep,
Hath England slept unshaken by the blast!
And war hath raged o'er many a distant plain,
Trampling the vine and olive in his path;
While she, that regal daughter of the main,
Smiled in serene defiance of his wrath!
Assome proud summit, mingling with the sky,
Hears calmly, far below, the thunders roll
and die.

10.

Her voice hath been th' awakener, and her
name
The gathering word of nations, in her might,
And all the awful beauty of her fame,
Apart she dwelt in solitary light!
High on her cliffs alone and firm she stood,
Fixing the torch upon her beacon tower;
That torch, whose flame, far streaming o'er
the flood,
Hath guided Europe thro' her darkest hour.
—Away, vain dreams of glory—in the dust
Be humbled, Ocean Queen! and own thy
sentence just!

11.

Hark ! 'twas the death-bell's note ! which,
 full and deep,
 Unmix'd with aught of less majestic tone,
 While all the murmurs of existence sleep,
 Swells on the stillness of the air alone !
 Silent the throngs that fill the darkened street,
 Silent the slumbering Thames, the lonely
 mart ;
 And all is still, where countless thousands
 meet,

Save the full throbbing of the awe-struck heart !
 All deeply, strangely, fearfully serene,
 As in each ravaged home th' avenging one
 had been.

12.

The sun goes down in beauty—his farewell,
 Unlike the world he leaves, is calmly bright ;
 And his last mellowed rays around us dwell,
 Lingerin', as if on scenes of young delight.
 They smile and fade—but, when the day is
 o'er,

What slow procession moves, with measured
 tread ?—

Lo ! those who weep with her who weeps
 no more,

A solemn train ! the mourners and the dead !
 While bright on high the moon's untroubled
 ray

Looks down, as earthly hopes are passing
 thus away.

13.

But other light is in that holy pile,
 Where, in the house of silence, kings repose ;
 There, thro' the dim arcade and pillared aisle,
 The funeral torch its deep-red radiance
 throws.

There pall, and canopy, and sacred strain,
 And all around, the stamp of wo may bear ;
 But grief, to whose full heart those forms
 are vain,—

Grief unexpressed, unsoothed by them,—is
 there.

No darker hour hath fate for him who mourns,
 Than when the all he loved, as dust to dust
 returns.

14.

We mourn—but not *thy* fate, departed One !
 We pity but the living, not the dead ;
 A cloud hangs o'er us,—“ the bright day
 is done,—”

And with a father's hopes, a nation's fled.
 And he, the chosen of thy youthful breast,
 Whose soul with thine had mingled every
 thought ;

He with thine early fond affections blest,
 Lord of a mind with all things lovely fraught,
 What but a desert to his eye that earth,
 Which but retains of thee the memory of
 thy worth.

15.

Oh ! there are griefs for nature too intense,
 Whose first rude shock but stupifies the soul,
 Nor hath the fragile and o'erlaboured sense
 Strength e'en to *feel*, at once, their dread
 control.

“ ———— “ The bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.” SHAK.

But when 'tis past, that still and speechless
 hour,

Of the sealed bosom, and the tearless eye,
 Then the roused mind awakes with tenfold
 power,

To grasp the fulness of its agony !
 Its death-like torpor vanished—and its doom,
 To cast its own dark hues o'er life and na-
 ture's bloom.

16.

And such *his* lot, whom thou hast loved and
 left,

Spirit ! thus early to thy home recalled !
 So sinks the heart, of hope and thee bereft,
 A warrior's heart ! which danger ne'er ap-
 palled !

Years may pass on—and as they roll along,
 Mellow those pangswhich now his bosom rend ;
 And he once more, with life's unheeding
 throng,

May, tho' alone in soul, in seeming blend :
 Yet still, the guardian-angel of his mind,
 Shall thy loved image dwell, in memory's
 temple shrined.

17.

Yet must the days be long, ere time shall steal,
 Aught from *his* grief, whose spirit dwells
 with thee,

Once deeply bruised, the heart at length may
 heal,

But all it was—oh ! never more shall be !
 The flow'rs, the leaf, o'erwhelmed by winter
 snow,

Shall spring again, when beams and showers
 return ;

The faded cheek again with health may glow,
 And the dim eye with life's warm radiance
 burn ;

But the bright freshness of the mind's young
 bloom,

Once lost, revives alone in worlds beyond the
 tomb.

18.

But thou !—thine hour of agony is o'er,
 And thy brief race in brilliance hath been run ;
 While faith, that bids fond nature grieve no
 more,

Tells that thy crown—though not on earth
 —is won !

Thou, of the world so early left, hast known
 Nought but the bloom of sunshine,—and for
 thee,

Child of propitious stars ! for thee alone,
 The course of love ran smooth, and brightly
 free.*

Not long such bliss to mortal could be given,
 It is enough for earth, to catch one glimpse
 of heaven !

19.

What though as yet the noon-day of thy fame
 Rose in its glory, on thine England's eye,
 The grave's deep shadows o'er thy prospect
 came ?

Ours is that loss—and thou wert blest to die !

* “ The course of true love never did run
 smooth.” SHAK.

Thou mightst have lived to dark and evil years,
 To mourn thy people changed, thy skies
 o'ercast ;
 But thy spring-morn was all undimmed by
 tears,
 And thou wert lov'd and cherished to the last !
 And thy young name, ne'er breathed in ruder
 tone,
 Thus dying, thou hast left to love and grief
 alone.

20.

Daughter of Kings ! from that high sphere
 look down,
 Where, still in hope, affection's thoughts
 may rise ;
 Where dimly shines to thee that mortal crown,
 Which earth displayed, to claim thee from
 the skies.
 Look down ! and if thy spirit yet retain
 Memory of aught that once was fondly dear ;
 Sooth, though unseen, the hearts that mourn
 in vain,
 And, in their hours of loneliness—be near !
 Blest was thy lot e'en here—and one faint
 sigh,
 Oh ! tell those hearts, hath made that bliss
 Eternity !

F. D. H.

Brownwhylfa, 23d December 1817.

ON A DISPUTED PASSAGE IN OTHELLO.

“ A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.”

MR EDITOR,

I PERFECTLY agree with your correspondent J. H. that “ the commentator of Shakspeare will succeed but indifferently, who cannot identify himself in some measure with the personage whose language and sentiments he would develop ; ” nor can the correctness of this observation be more apparent than when applied to a character such as Iago,—a knave who was always acting,—a wretch who performed his whole part, to the closing scene of his life, behind the mask of integrity, so successfully, as to be styled, almost proverbially, “ *honest Iago*,”—one who says of himself—

For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and vigour of my heart,
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after,
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
 For daws to peck at :—I am not what I am.

We do not expect a man such as this to speak as he thinks ; his words have little to do with his real meaning ; and it is only by endeavouring to discover his exciting motive to action, and to trace the crooked associations of his depraved mind, that we are able at all

to understand or develop his language and sentiments. Guided by this clue, I receive the passage which has called forth the communications in two late numbers of your Magazine, verbatim as it stands. To adopt the emendation of your first correspondent, would, in my opinion, be to give a meaning altogether different from that which Shakspeare intended it should convey. In substituting the reading of J. H., I think we weaken the force, without rendering the meaning of the passage more obvious.—The latter emendation certainly is, in my judgment, much the less objectionable ; and were there any necessity for exchanging *fair* for *frail*, your correspondent is quite right as to the sense in which he proposes to use the word. It is the sense in which Shakspeare again and again uses it. It is the sense in which it is still used. “ A frail one ” is a phrase, I believe, perfectly well understood by every one at the present day. But I contend, that the passage does not require *any* alteration to render it intelligible. I see not any difficulty as it now stands :—

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife.

Let us follow J. H. in his examination of the contest. Iago is relating to Roderigo the causes of complaint against Othello, in order to convince him of his hatred towards him, and therefore of the improbability that he should be privy to his flight with Desdemona. Foremost on the list is the circumstance of Cassio's appointment to the lieutenantcy, whilst Iago remained an ancient. Next, the character of the man thus put over him, stings him as an indignity offered to his own superior military courage, skill, and experience. And what was he ? “ Forsooth, a great arithmetician ; one Michael Cassio, a Florentine.” This contemptuous account of Cassio's qualifications for the appointment he has obtained, lights up at once all Iago's hatred towards him as his successful rival. For a moment he forgets his first object, that of convincing Roderigo that he was not privy to Othello's escape with Desdemona, and is hurried away by the impulse of this more newly awakened feeling. After endeavouring to make Cassio appear ridiculous as a soldier, by stating him to be a mere arithmetician, he suddenly recollects the account he has

heard of his intended marriage, and his malignant spirit joys in the recollection. 'Tis as if he had said, "And why is this fellow thus put over me? A great arithmetician forsooth." Then, in the bitterness of his hatred, he execrates him, "D——n the fellow!" Then, recollecting the report of his marriage, he consoles himself with the reflection—but he is "almost damn'd in a fair wife." To understand this perfectly, it is necessary again to turn our attention to the sentiments and opinions we may expect to find in a character like Iago. Completely depraved himself, he seems scarcely to believe in the existence of goodness in others; nor can we expect that he should think more highly of the female sex than he does of his own. Many parts of the play will bear me out in the assertion, that he looks upon them as most despicable. His consolation of Roderigo on his first assurance of the marriage of Othello and Desdemona, beginning, "It is merely a lust," &c.;—the passage in which he tells Roderigo that Desdemona is in love with Cassio;—his suspicion of his wife's criminality with Othello, which appears not to have excited in him any other sentiment than that of revenge—no sorrow—no doubt—not one feeling that would have had place in a better heart;—the boldness with which he at once declares his doubts of Desdemona, as a Venetian, to her husband;—the fiend-like cruelty of his conduct towards his wife, in making her instrumental to the murder of a mistress whom she loved; and, lastly, his murder of his wife without one expression of remorse or feeling;—all prove in what estimation he held the sex. In his opinion, any wife would be a curse—a necessary one, perhaps, he might think; but not the less a curse on that account. He would consider her as a commodity difficult to keep, and not worth the trouble of keeping; the more difficult to preserve from falling if fair, for her beauty would increase her danger; but, fair or not, still "at heart a rake." The occasional and momentary distrust of the whole sex, by which the noble-minded Hamlet wounded the gentle Ophelia, and which was forced upon him by a conviction of the worthlessness of one of the sex nearly allied to himself, was, in the depraved Iago, a settled and rooted conviction of

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the mind. Under this conviction, his malignity found pleasure in dwelling for a moment on the idea, that Cassio was about to be damn'd in a fair wife—that he was all but married. It would be cause of rather more exultation to him, that he was on the point of marrying "a customer," because Cassio had not the credit even of saving appearances; but whomsoever he was about to marry, he was, in Iago's opinion, about to damn himself;—"almost damn'd," almost married. The word fair, I consider more as a term of derision probably in this place, than any thing else. Had Iago said of *Othello*, that he was almost damn'd in a fair wife, I should have considered his meaning to have been, that his wife's uncommon beauty would have so endangered her honour, that the preserving it would be a task of such difficulty as to render her a curse to Othello; and so applied, I should have laid the emphasis on the word *fair*;—applied to *Cassio*, I place it on the word *almost*—"A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife."

Such appears to me the meaning of this controverted passage; and so received, I think it perfectly intelligible as it has been handed down to us. All readers of Shakspeare, I fancy, must meet with occasional difficulties—with passages hard to be understood; but let us not *make* difficulties; and when they do occur, let us maintain and explain the integrity of the text, fixed by a collection of the most authentic copies. Let us endeavour to dive into his real meaning, clothed in such language as we find it, before we give the reins to our fancy in conjecturing his meaning, and then altering his language in order to adapt it to our own conjectures. T.

Leeds, 10th March 1818.

ON THE POOR LAWS OF ENGLAND;
AND ANSWERS TO QUERIES TRANSMITTED BY A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, WITH A VIEW TO ASCERTAIN THE SCOTTISH SYSTEM.

MR EDITOR,

The laws of England, for regulating the support of the poor, are acknowledged, on all hands, to be framed on principles that are not only hostile to the public welfare, but detrimental to

B

the real interest of that class of people for whose benefit they were originally passed. The fruits of them serve to encourage idleness among the lower ranks, and to repress every desire to secure a provision for themselves when sickness and old age arrive; whilst the rates, levied in consequence of these laws, amount to a sum which far exceeds that of the whole revenue of Great Britain about the middle of the last century. To remedy these evils, the attention of the Legislature has long been excited, though hitherto without the slightest avail; nor does it appear that any good can be done by parliamentary regulation, unless it goes, in some measure, to the bottom of the evil, and introduces a gradual, but radical change of system. In this way, the evils of the present laws might be alleviated, though the existing generation must be removed from the stage, before the full benefits of any regulation can be enjoyed.

Several English members of Parliament, sensible that the law, or at least the practice, of Scotland, with respect to the poor, is infinitely preferable to the system adopted in England for more than two centuries, have of late made inquiries concerning the Scottish system; and queries were last year circulated, by a respectable gentleman, with a view of ascertaining the mode adopted in this country for supporting the poor. These queries are subjoined, together with the substance of the answers which were given by me to them; and should they be viewed as worthy of a place in your Magazine, you are at full liberty to insert them.

Before detailing the queries and answers, it may not be improper to offer a few desultory thoughts concerning the measures that ought to be taken for renovating and reforming the laws of England which relate to the support of the poor. To do away all the evils which arise from these laws is impracticable; because inveterate practice has given them such a deep root, that no attempt of the legislature to remove them can at once be attended with success. Still, after all, I am morally certain, were the following measures adopted, that the system for supporting the poor would not only be considerably improved, but that the amount of the rates would be gradually lessened, and that in a great-

er degree than at first sight may be expected.

In the first place,—Let all the laws in force for regulating settlements be instantly repealed; it being enacted at the same time, that paupers should in future be assisted and supported by the parish in which they were domiciliated, when public aid was solicited. In this way, labour would at once be set free, and left to find its own level, which is not the case at present; and the workman who could not procure employment in his own parish, would be at liberty to remove to any other without any dread of the consequence. Besides, by an enactment of this kind, the immense sums expended in litigations, concerning settlements, and in removing the poor from one parish to another, would be wholly saved.

Secondly, As the evils of the present system chiefly arise from the payers of the rates having no control over their expenditure, let it be enacted, that the management of the poor in each parish shall in future be committed to the clergyman, church-wardens, landholders, and tenants, together with such householders as are assessed to the rates. The utility of such an enactment is evident; as, whilst the rates would be kept as low as possible, care would always be used that the sum given to paupers should not be so great as to tempt them to remain in idleness.

Thirdly, As the poor-rates at present are chiefly paid by the occupiers of land, a measure which serves no useful purpose, but, on the contrary, causes proprietors to be careless and inattentive with respect to the administration of the funds, let it be enacted, that from and after a fixed period, the rates falling upon land, should, in every case, be paid by the proprietor and tenant in equal proportion, as is customary in those Scottish counties where poor-rates are collected. To secure the interest of the proprietor, let it also be enacted, that the proprietor's share of rates shall be levied as additional rent, during the currency of existing leases; or, which is the same thing, the tenant may be held responsible for the whole rates, till these leases are at an end.

Fourthly, The amount of rates being, in numerous cases, greatly augmented by giving aid to working people, whose wages are supposed un-

equal to the maintenance of their families, let it be enacted, that no person shall be considered as a pauper who is capable of working; under which enactment, assistance would be restricted to those who, from age, sickness, and bodily infirmities, are incapable of supporting themselves. By such an enactment, the amount of poor-rates would at least be reduced one-half, whilst, after all, the case of every person who really stood in need of public aid might be attended to as well as formerly. No doubt the rate of wages would be effected by the proposed regulation; but this is just what should be, it being no more than fair and reasonable, that the whole expenses of labour should fall upon the person for whose benefit it is performed, without subjecting the public to pay a part of it, as is the case under existing circumstances.

Fifthly, As the overseers of the poor, like the magistrates of our Scottish burghs, are not easily made accountable for their intrusions, it would be highly beneficial were returns made annually to the Quarter Sessions of the county in which the parish is situated, of the sums assessed and expended for supporting the poor. An enactment of that nature should not be neglected in any bill that may be brought forward to amend the poor-laws. The Quarter Sessions should also be invested with powers to investigate the accounts, and to fine or censure those persons who are convicted of mal-practices; likewise, to receive appeals from persons who conceive themselves aggrieved by the decisions of the parochial meetings. To save litigation, the judgment of that court should be final in every case.

I might have illustrated these several heads had a lengthened discussion been necessary, but, considering that in doing so I might have been led to repeat some of the sentiments urged when answering the queries that follow, any thing of that nature seems unnecessary, at least in the present instance. Under these impressions, it remains only to add, that the advantages which would attend the measures recommended, are stated in such terms that no person can be at a loss to comprehend them, even though they are presented in an abbreviated shape. I am, yours, &c.

A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Queries respecting the Maintenance of the Poor in Scotland.

1. What have been the laws or usages, relative to the maintenance of the poor, prior to the Union?

A. The law or usages of Scotland, relative to the maintenance of the poor, prior to the Union, were irregular and indistinct, and rather related to common beggars than to the industrious poor; as under them the poor who were in distress had seldom any other resource than the funds of the kirk session. These funds chiefly arose from the weekly collections made at the church-doors; and whilst their amount in country parishes served, in some measure, to keep the poor from starving, no temptation was furnished to apply for assistance unless it was required by imperious necessity. Previous to putting any person upon the poor's roll, the case of the applicant was strictly investigated by the members of the kirk session, and it was the general practice to take an assignation to the furniture of paupers before admitting them to a share of the funds. From these circumstances, it rarely occurred that an improper person was placed upon the poor's roll. Indeed, the relief bestowed was received as charity, in the real sense of the word, and the funds from which it proceeded were considered as sacred, therefore as inapplicable to any other than charitable purposes.

2. Have there been any legislative acts on this subject since the Union, as affecting Scotland? Or any municipal and local regulations independently of parliamentary authority?

A. There have been no legislative acts concerning the management of the poor in Scotland since the Union, though some decisions of the civil courts have, to a certain extent, introduced a new system of administration. The decisions alluded to have been given upon the principle of the poor being entitled to support, and that if their state is neglected by the kirk session, the Judge Ordinary of the county may place them upon the poor's roll, leaving the kirk session to apply to the heritors of the parish for necessary supply. From this cause many parishes have been obliged to levy money by assessment for supporting the poor; and one half of that assessment being charged against the farmers, has occasioned the weekly

collections to fall off, and of course to increase the necessity of making assessments. But these assessments, in country parishes, are rarely of any consequence. In the parish to which the writer of these answers belongs, the amount of assessment has never exceeded twopence in the pound of rent, and being frugally administered, the whole destitute poor receive that quota of assistance sufficient to preserve them from want and beggary. Indeed, the principle of the Scottish system is to aid the endeavours of the poor, and never to furnish such a supply as may induce them to refrain from working, except in extreme cases. The benefit of this system excites the lower ranks to industry and frugality in the days of health and strength. Acting from these motives, considerable numbers lay by small sums in their early days, as a resource or provision for supporting them when unable to work; though these motives would not operate were it understood that the parish were bound to maintain them.

It ought to have been mentioned, that many parishes are possessed of funds, consisting of mortifications made to them, and the accumulated balances of the weekly collections of former times, when the poor were not so numerous, and the collections more abundant, than they have been of late years. The annual interest of these funds, added to the weekly collections, are, in numerous instances, sufficient to support the poor without assessing landed property. In other parishes, where there are neither mortified funds nor assessments, the weekly collections are divided among the poor. And from all these circumstances it will evidently appear, that whatever defects may attend the Scottish system for supporting the poor, the same charge cannot be made against it as has often been brought against the English system, viz. of encouraging idleness and immorality. No; in Scotland, if a man wishes to be comfortable in his old days, he must be thrifty and industrious in the days of his youth; as, should his conduct be different whilst health and strength remain, he is morally certain of suffering in one way or another when age and its accompanying evils arrive.

Before leaving this query, it cannot be amiss to notice the expediency of

passing a declaratory law concerning the Scottish system of supporting the poor. As already said, there seems no distinct or precise law upon the subject, the whole system being rather built upon use and custom, than upon the enactments of the legislature. Nay, doubts are entertained whether assessments could be legally enforced were there any disposition to resist them, as may be seen by looking into the periodical paper called "The Bee," written by the late Dr James Anderson. Even with regard to the right of a pauper to claim relief, the decisions of the courts have by no means been uniform. A declaratory law, wherein all these matters were placed in a distinct light, would therefore be of great advantage. And in such a law the management of the poor should be left to the members of the kirk session, who are the only persons qualified for discharging that duty in a prudent and frugal manner, being intimately acquainted with the condition of those who stand in need of public assistance. But whilst the acting management was thus left to the kirk session, it would be useful and expedient to reserve a controlling power to the heritors, that is, power to examine and audit the accounts of the kirk session annually; to lay on assessments, if such are necessary; to delete from the roll of poor the name of any person who in their opinion did not stand in need of assistance; and to place upon the roll the name of any person refused assistance by the session, if his or her case was considered to be such as to merit relief. A control of that nature seems absolutely necessary, otherwise kirk sessions might fall into many errors; and, as the chief burden of supporting the poor falls upon the heritors, there would be small risk of any danger from assessments, seeing that those who laid them on were the very persons who had to pay them.

3. What are the resources at present in Scotland, for such persons as are incapable of labour, and absolutely destitute?

A. There is no other resource at present in Scotland for persons incapable of labour, but the funds of the kirk session, unless some of their friends are disposed to assist them. But when persons of that description have long resided with a farmer, it is

not uncommon for him to supply them with food during their lifetime. In country parishes the wants of the poor are better attended to than in large towns, chiefly because these are better known in the former than in the latter situation.

4. Is it probable that the want of certain legislative resources against poverty, has the effect of rendering the labouring classes in Scotland more industrious, sober, provident, and respectful to their superiors?

A. There can be no doubt that the want of certain legislative measures against poverty has had the effect of rendering the labouring classes in Scotland more industrious, sober, provident, and respectful to their superiors, than the same classes are in England. In Scotland, charity, generally speaking, is dispensed as a *favour*, whereas in England it is claimed as a *right* which cannot be withheld, even though the poor's rate was to swallow up the value of the land. Again, in Scotland, no person in health can, upon any account, receive relief from the poor's funds, even though it can be shewn, in the clearest manner, that he cannot obtain work. If work is not to be got in one place, he may go to another and seek it, there being no foolish law respecting settlement to prevent him. When provisions are very high, such as they are at present, then a measure is sometimes resorted to, of furnishing labourers with meal at reduced prices, and the loss thereby sustained, is either defrayed by an assessment on the parish, or by the voluntary subscription of individuals. In Edinburgh and other places, where labourers at this time cannot get work, money has been raised by subscription to furnish them with employment, and various works are carrying on at the expense of the subscribers. But these are extraordinary measures, and quite unconnected with the management of the ordinary poor, therefore it is unnecessary to insist upon them.

5. What is the usual mode of providing habitations for the common labourers, and for the absolutely indigent?

A. Every farm in Scotland is provided with a sufficient number of cottages for lodging the labourers required to cultivate it; and in the neighbouring towns and villages there is al-

ways plenty of houses to be got by those who are labourers of a different description, and also for those who are absolutely indigent. The rent of houses occupied by the indigent is generally paid by the kirk-session.

6. What is the usual beverage of the common people? do they generally drink beer? and how do they procure it?

A. The usual beverage of the common people is milk, failing that useful article, water, or small beer not much better than water, is their beverage. The small beer is usually procured from public houses.

7. What may be the number of ale-houses, in reference to the population of districts?

A. There are ten public-houses in this parish, few of them of extensive business, and the population thereof is 1700 souls or thereby.

8. Is it customary for labourers to resort to such houses?

A. It is not common for country labourers to resort to public-houses, except when they have received some money from their masters for extra services, or when they are delivering grain or other articles, on which occasions an allowance in money is always given them. The inhabitants of towns and villages are better customers to the publican than the country labourers.

9. Is it usual for common brewers to become owners of such houses, and serve them exclusively with their own manufacture? or do the tenants brew their own beer?

A. The brewers in Scotland are very seldom owners of public-houses, the sale of ale and small beer being too inconsiderable to make it any object for them to rent houses with a view of procuring the exclusive consumption of customers. The tenants of public-houses rarely brew their own beer; indeed that is quite unnecessary, for one common brewer can with ease supply all the beer that is wanted in four or five parishes. Private brewing is not customary in Scotland, except in the harvest months, when many of the large farmers brew beer for the use of their reapers—bread and beer being almost in every case the only articles for dinner.

10. Are saving banks, or similar institutions, multiplying in Scotland?

A. Saving banks are pretty numerous

in Scotland, but they are neither multiplying so fast as was expected, nor is the success of those already established so great, as to warrant a belief that these institutions will ultimately prove of much advantage to the country. Some how or other, the lower ranks, in general, entertain a strong though mistaken aversion to saving banks; and whether this proceeds from a desire to keep their *savings* out of the sight of their employers, who almost in every case have assumed the management of these banks,—or whether they have an idea that the circumstance of having money in the bank at one time, will afterwards be a bar to their receiving parochial relief at a future period, cannot well be determined. But one thing is certain, that these establishments are not generally viewed in such a favourable light as they merit; nay more, it is highly probable that the greater part of the money invested in these banks had previously been lodged with private persons, and only transferred because a higher interest was allowed in the one case than was received in the other.

ANECDOTES OF THE FIFE GYPSIES.

No III.

MR EDITOR,

I AGAIN approach the precincts of your respectable Miscellany, the present repository of detached pieces of Scottish gypsy history, with a quantity of fresh materials on that subject, in continuation of what I have already deposited within your columns relative to these hapless tribes,

Charlie Brown, one of the principal members of the Lochgellie band, was killed in a desperate fight at the Raploch, near Stirling. A number of gypsy boys, belonging to several gangs in the south, obtained a considerable quantity of plunder at a Perth fair, and had, in the division of the spoil, some how or other imposed upon the Lochgellie gypsies and their associates. Charlie Graham, mentioned in my first communication, and this Charlie Brown, went south in pursuit of these young depredators, for the purpose of compelling them to give up their ill-gotten booty to those to whom, by the gypsy regulations, it

of right belonged. After an arduous chase, the boys were overtaken near Stirling, when a furious battle immediately commenced. Both parties were armed with bludgeons. After having fought a considerable time, with equal success on both sides, Graham, from some unknown cause, fled in a cowardly manner, and left his near relation, Brown, alone, to contend with the youths in the best way he could. The boys now began to press hard upon Brown, and became the assailants in their turn. He defended himself long and manfully with his bludgeon, displaying much art in the use of his weapon, in warding off the lighter strokes of the boys, which came pouring in upon him like hail from all quarters. At length, however, he was forced to give way, although very few of the blows reached his person. On taking a step backwards, retreating with front towards his assailants, his foot struck an old feal dyke, when he fell with his back to the ground. The enraged boys, like tigers, now sprang in upon him; and, without shewing the least mercy, forthwith despatched him upon the spot, by literally beating out his brains with their bludgeons.

Brown's coat was brought home to Lochgellie by some of his friends, with its collar and shoulders besmeared all over with blood and brains, with large quantities of the hair of his head sticking among the gore. It was preserved for some time in this shocking condition by his wife, and exhibited as a proof that her husband had not fled, as well as to rouse the clan to future vengeance. My informant, a man about fifty years of age, with others, saw this dreadful relique of Brown, in the very same state in which it is here described. He was uncertain, or rather seemed unwilling to tell, whether the laws of the country had ever taken cognizance of this affair.

Lizzie Brown, a tall stout woman, with features far from being disagreeable, lost her nose in a dreadful battle fought in the shire of Mearns.* In this rencounter they fought with Highland dirks, exhibiting all the

* Whether this woman ever resided at Lochgellie or not, I am uncertain, as there were several families of this name in different quarters.

fury and tumult of a conflict of hostile tribes of wild Bedouin Arabs of the desert. When this woman found that her nose was struck off her face by the sweep of a dirk, she put her hand to the wound, which was streaming with blood, and, as if little had befallen her, called out, in the heat of the scuffle, to those who were nearest to her, "but in the middle o' the mean time, where is my nose?" Poor Lizzie's tall figure was conspicuous among the tribe, owing to the want of that ornamental part of her face. Her visage had somewhat the resemblance of a sun-dial without its cock.

Great numbers of young gypsies at one period crossed the Forth from the south, for the purpose of stealing and robbing at fairs in the north of Scotland. It appears that these people assembled from various quarters, and formed extensive combinations for general plunderings at fairs. The slightest act of injustice committed among themselves, in dividing the booty thus collected at a general pillage of the combined bands, caused a fierce and desperate battle instantly to commence on the spot. I am assured by a gypsy, that a number of their internal quarrels arose from jealousy, or supposed injustice, at these divisions of their spoil. A gypsy is quite alive to a sense of justice among his own tribe, however numerous his acts of robbery and injustice may be which he commits upon the public at large.

Happening to cross the Forth at Queensferry, and having heard that numbers of these wanderers crossed at that passage, I obtained the following curious facts at the village on the Fife side. This public ferry draws, as it were, to a focus, a great part of the population of the country, where are to be seen, passing and re-passing, all the numerous intermediate degrees of rank in the community, from the mighty duke of stately step and lordly port, down to the outcast vagabond gypsy, fluttering in rags, and flying from justice.

About fifty years since, Tam Gordon, noticed in my last communication, with his band of young gypsies, called the "*gillie-wheesels*," and sometimes the "*killie-wheesh*," attended most of the fairs in the counties north of the Forth. He often rode upon a sheltie himself, and was dressed in

a handsome suit, not at all to be known for a gypsy, except by those who were acquainted with him. Tam's gillies were all young lads, from about twelve to thirty years of age. To avoid observation, they generally crossed the Forth in small parties of two and threes, as well as in single individuals. Very few persons, however, knew from whence any of these stragglers came. One of the principal secrets of these banditti is, to tell no person from whence they come, or with whom they are connected. They seldom returned by the passage at which they crossed northward. They were in general well dressed; some of them wore *green* coats, and, like their captain, not to be known for gypsies. Individuals among them pretended to deal a little in horses. They all had cudgels in their hands; and, I believe, had they been searched, a sharp pen-knife, of the keenest metal, would have been found in the pocket of each man. These knives were employed in cutting out pocket-books and purses of the people in the fairs, when they could not manage the business by slight of hand. With these knives they also appear to have fought in close combat.

Every one of these gypsies put up at a certain public-house in North Queensferry, at that time well known in the neighbourhood for its good cheer, being much frequented by most classes of society. In this house, in the morning after a fair in Dunfermline, when their business was all over, and themselves not alarmed by detection or other *scaring* incidents, no fewer than *fourteen* individuals of these daring gypsy depredators have frequently been seen sitting at their breakfast, with Captain Gordon at their head, acknowledged as their commander. They ate and drank of the best in the house, and paid most handsomely. I believe they were the best customers the landlord had. They were perfectly inoffensive, and remarkably civil. They troubled or stole from none of the persons about the inn, nor those who lodged in the house while they were within doors, or in the immediate neighbourhood. Any thing in the premises could have been trusted with these gypsy gillies. In this house, at these meetings, they sometimes conversed in the gypsy language, of which the domestics

about the inn understood not one word, except the slang expression of Captain Grose,—“milling the fob.” Gordon at times paid the reckoning for the whole, and transacted any other business with the landlord. When the gypsey company was mixed with females, which was commonly the case, each individual then paid his own share of the expenses incurred. Some of the females wore brown mantles—had baskets below their arms, vending, in the market, small articles of sale.

These young gypsies, male and female, appear to have been the flower of bands collected and employed in a general forage at a fair. When any of their chiefs happened to remain in this public-house all night, they behaved very genteelly. They paid the chambermaid, waiter, and the person who *cleaned their shoes*,* with more liberality than the travellers for mercantile houses generally pay these attendants. Tam Gordon assumed very considerable consequence at this place. He frequently hired small boats, and visited the islands in the Forth, and adjacent coasts, like a gentleman on pleasure. On one occasion he paid no less than one guinea, besides as much brandy and bread and cheese as the boatmen, who were three in number, could take, for rowing him to Inchcolm, a distance only of four miles. The female gypsies, on visiting their friends in the dead of winter, often hired horses at North Queensferry, and rode with no small pride and pomp to Lochgellie. Sometimes two females would ride upon one horse. I knew a very decent man, about ninety years old, who has rode himself to Lochgellie, with a female behind him, accompanied by other two females mounted on another of his own horses, riding with much glee and spirit by his side. These females not only paid more than the common hire, but they also treated the owners of the horses with as much meat and drink as they would take, over and above their bargain. The male gypsies also hired horses† at this village, with which they rode to markets in the north. So well did the gypsies

pay their freights and other expenses at this passage, that the boatmen gave them the endearing appellation of “our frien’s.” The old man already mentioned tells me, that he has frequently seen these sailors, with a significant smile on their harsh weather-beaten countenances, shake the gypsies heartily by the hand, and wish them “a good market,” as they landed them on the north shore, in their way to pick pockets at fairs.

The most of these facts are derived from the landlord’s son of the inn already mentioned, who is a man about seventy years of age. He told me the following characteristic anecdote of himself and the gypsies :

He happened to be at a fair in Dunfermline, where he purchased a horse. He put his hand to his side-pocket for his pocket-book to pay for his bargain, but, to his astonishment and grief, pocket-book and all his cash were gone. The man from whom he had just bought the horse was not disposed to trust him. He was therefore, in his distressing situation, obliged to have recourse to the gypsies. Ann M’Donald, wife of Captain M’Donald, chief of the Linlithgowshire gypsies, was in the fair. He knew her power and authority among the tribe. She had often been in his father’s house, and knew him well. He told her, with a very long and melancholy face, that he had lost his pocket-book, bills, and money, to the amount of £7. Putting his hand upon her shoulder, in a kind and familiar manner, he requested her friendly advice and assistance in his afflicting circumstances. “Some o’ our laudies will hae seen it, Davie,—I will inquire,” was the immediate answer which he received from Annie. That he might not trace her doublings and windings, she took him into a public-house, called for brandy, saw him seated, took the marks of the pocket-book, went out to the crowd in the street, and, in about half-an-hour thereafter, returned from her temporary depot of stolen articles, with the pocket-book and all its contents. The cash, bills, and other papers, were in the same part of the book in which he had placed them. Probably in the throng the villains had not got time to see what it contained.

This curious affair was transacted in a cool and business-like manner, as

* At small inns, one female generally performed all these duties.

† About 1763, there were at North Queensferry one post-chaise and twelve hacks. At Pettycur there were about forty hacks.

if Ann had been conscious that her "laudies" had committed no crime whatever in robbing this man, and that they had been merely exercising their ordinary vocation.

The following particulars, derived from the same source, will shew the nature of the business which a gypsy captain has on his hands at a general plunder at a fair.

One Campbell, a farmer, while he was on his way to a fair in Perth, fell in with M'Donald, of whom I made mention before. Being unacquainted with the character of his fellow traveller, the simple farmer, during his conversation, told him, that he had just as much money in his pocket as would purchase one horse for his four-horse plough, having other three at home. M'Donald heard all this with patience, till he came to a solitary part of the road, when he demanded the cash from the astonished farmer. The poor simple man had no alternative, and immediately produced his purse to this shark of a gypsy. However, before parting with him, he desired the farmer to call to-morrow, the fair day, at a certain house in Perth, where he would find a person who might be of service to him.

Campbell promised to do this, and accordingly called at the time appointed, when he was, to his surprise, ushered into a room, where M'Donald was sitting with a large bowl of smoking toddy on the table before him. The farmer was invited, in a frank and hearty manner, to sit down and partake of the toddy. He had scarcely got time, however, to swallow one glass, when he was relieved from his suspense, and agreeably surprised, by the gypsy returning to him every farthing of the money he had taken from him the day before. Being well pleased at recovering his cash, and the gypsy pressing him to drink, his spirits became a little elevated, and now having some confidence in M'Donald, he was in no hurry to be gone. During the short time he remained with him, he observed as good as four or five purses and pocket-books brought into the room by gypsy boys. After delivering their respective booty to their chief, they returned immediately to the street to commit fresh depredations on the multitude in the fair. The chief was in fact a man of considerable business, having a number of youths ferretting

for him in the market, who were going out and coming in to him constantly.

About sixty years since, one of these gillies stole a black colt in the east of Fife, and carried it direct to a fair in Perth, where he exchanged it for a white horse, with money to boot, belonging to a Highlandman dressed in a *green kilt*. The Highlander, however, had not long put his fine colt into a stable, when word was brought him that it was gone. Suspecting the gypsy for the theft, and having received positive information of the fact, the sturdy Gael, in great wrath, pursued him like a staunch hound on the warm foot of reynard, till he overtook him at a house on the north side of Kinross. The thief was taking some refreshment, when the Highlandman, in a storm of broken English, burst into the apartment upon him. The *polished* gypsy instantly sprang to his feet, threw his arms about the foaming Celt, *embraced* and hugged him in the eastern manner, overpowering him with expressions of feigned joy at seeing him again. This subtle and cunning behaviour quite exasperated the fiery mountaineer. Now almost suffocated with wrath, he shook the gypsy from his person with contempt and disdain, exclaiming, "pheugh! cot tamm her kisses; where pe ta cowt?"—This Celt, with the green philabeg, was not to be imposed upon by deceitful embraces, nor mollified in his resentment by forced entreaties. He had messengers at his back, and the gypsy's feet were accordingly laid in Cupar prison for his audacity.* He would in all probability expiate his crime on the scaffold.

All these young vagrants were regularly trained to theft and robbery from their infancy. This is part of the gypsy education. I have heard that this systematic training existed, not only among these strangers in general, but in particular bands, nay, even taught by certain old chief females, ever since I recollect of hearing any thing of these people. Several individuals have informed me, that the Lochgellie gypsies were exercised in the art of thieving, under the most rigid discipline. They have various

* The old man, before alluded to, was sitting in the apartment when he saw the gypsy embrace the Highlander.

ways in making themselves expert thieves. They frequently practise themselves by picking the pockets of one another. Sometimes a pair of breeches were made fast to the end of a string, suspended from a high part of the tent, kiln, or out-house, in which they happened to be encamped. The children were set to work to try if they could, by slight of hand, abstract money from the pockets of the breeches, hanging in this position, without moving them. It is stated to me, that the Lochgellie horde used bells in this nefarious discipline, in the same way as we are informed the sharpers teach themselves to pick pockets in London. The children who were most expert in abstracting the cash in this manner, were rewarded with presents and applause; while, on the other hand, those who were awkward, and committed blunders by ringing the bell, or moving the breeches, were severely chastised by the superintendent of this gypsey school.

After these youths were considered perfect in this slight of hand branch of their trade, a purse or other small object was laid down in an exposed part of the tent or camp, in view of all the horde. While the ordinary business of the gypsies was going forward, the children again commenced their operations, by exerting their ingenuity, and exercising their patience, in trying to carry off the purse without being perceived by any one of the family. If they were detected, they were again dreadfully beaten; but when they succeeded unnoticed, they were caressed and liberally rewarded.

As far as my information goes, this systematic training of the gypsey youth, was the duty of the chief females of the bands. These wanderers seem to have had great authority over their children. Ann Brown of the Lochgellie tribe, could, by a single stamp with her foot, cause the children crouch to the ground, like trembling dogs under the rod of their angry master.

In some of these particular traits and practices, the gypsies resemble the ancient Spartans under the government of Lycurgus, the celebrated law-giver; and we find, that in some of the mountainous districts in India, a dexterous thief, at this day, is considered by the natives a character of

the first qualification among the males in the state. They are, in fact, not thought fit to enter into the matrimonial state, until they are thoroughly master of the art of thieving. W. S.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SECOND
SIGHT.

[The following interesting little Narrative was communicated to us by a gentleman (to whom we are under various obligations), who says, in his private letter, "Were I permitted to bring it forward, supported by all the evidences who could speak to its truth, it could be established as the best authenticated of any of those instances which have been given of the 'seer's prophetic sight.' But delicacy forbids me to corroborate its truth by names, many connexions of the personages to whom the story relates being yet alive, who must still cherish a painful recollection of the fatal catastrophe." EDITOR.]

It is now, I believe, about eighty years ago, since a festive party of ladies were assembled in the great hall of the baronial castle of ———, which is grandly situated in an unfrequented part of the country, in the northern extremity of the kingdom. It had then been for some time the scene of Highland hospitality and joy; for Sir Charles and Lady D——, two young lovers lately made happy in the possession of each other, had come from the neighbourhood of the Scottish border, to spend some delightful weeks as the guests of Lord R——, the brother, or uncle of the lady, for I forget in which of these degrees of relationship that nobleman stood towards her. The evening had closed, and the shrill sound of the bagpipe had already died away around the outer walls of the castle, having told to the clansmen that the feast was begun. Mirth held his jocund reign, and joyous smiles played on every youthful countenance that brightened the circle of the huge oaken table; whilst the heaped up faggots crackled in the ample grate, shooting a cheerful glare amidst the groupe. Care and anxiety were alike banished, excepting from the thoughts of the lovely Lady D——, who, though she could not but participate in the general gladness her presence had created, yet felt even the temporary absence of all she now held dearest on earth. Sir

Charles had accompanied Lord R——, on the preceding day, to visit the distant mansion of a neighbouring chieftain, for the limits of neighbourhood are extended farther in regions where every thing seems to participate in the greatness of the scale on which nature is herself displayed. Although the other females were well aware of the numerous chances which the warmth of Highland kindness afforded to prevent the departure of a guest on the appointed day, yet the restless emotions which Lady D—— felt were excited in her own bosom by her husband's absence; she guessed, and guessed rightly, that no temptation, however powerful, could operate to delay his return, when its object was to regain the enjoyment of her society. She therefore continued still to expect him, after every one else had abandoned all expectation of his appearance. She started at every sound, and glanced her fine eyes hastily to the door at every footstep, nor could the assurances of her companions persuade her to dismiss her hopes, or convince her that it was not now at all probable that the gentlemen would arrive that night, late as it then was; but that it was more likely they had been prevailed on to remain, to participate in some hunting expedition, projected for the amusement of the southern stranger.

There sat another personage at that festive board, on whom mirth seemed to have little effect; its beams, which shot in every direction from the eyes of the young and the gay around her, fell on her high and marble features, and raven eye, like those of the sun on the dark cavern of some cheerless and sea-beaten crag, engulfing, rather than reflecting, its light. This was the Lady Assynt, who, to do honour to Sir Charles and his young bride, had been invited to the castle. But little had she added to the general mirth, for ever since her arrival, she had sat in the midst of hilarity, like the lonely cormorant on its rock, unmoved and regardless of the playful waves that murmured around her. Few attempts were made to bring her into the play of conversation, and even those few were soon silenced by chilling monosyllabic replies, delivered in a lofty and repulsive manner. She had been therefore left undisturbed to the full possession of her own gloomy

thoughts. At last her very presence seemed to be almost forgotten, or, if observed at all, she was noticed with no other interest than were the stiff and smoke-discoloured portraits of family ancestry, that stared in sullen and silent majesty from the deep carved pannels of the ancient apartment where the party was seated.

The good-humoured jest, and the merry tale went round, and the laugh of youthful joy was at its highest,—when a piercing shriek produced a sudden and death-like silence, and directed every head towards the Lady Assynt, who seemed for a moment to be violently convulsed. The effect of such an unlooked for interruption to the general gaiety may be easily conceived. The ladies arose in confusion; every assistance was proffered; and numerous inquiries were made. But seeming to endeavour by a desperate effort, to summon up resolution to overcome the sudden nervous malady which apparently affected her, she put back both the kind and the curious with a wave of her hand, and haughtily resumed her usual dignified and freezing deportment, without deigning to give any explanation.

It was some time before the company was restored to its composure, and hilarity had hardly begun again to enliven it, when a louder and yet more unearthly shriek again roused their alarm, and raised them from their seats in the utmost consternation. The Lady Assynt now presented a spectacle that chilled every one. The same convulsion seemed to have recurred with redoubled violence. She started up in its paroxysm; and her uncommonly tall figure was raised to its full height, and set rigidly against the high back of the gothic chair in which she had been seated, as if from anxiety to retreat as far as its confined space would allow, from some horrible spectacle that appalled her. Her arms were thrown up in a line with her person; each particular bony finger was widely separated from its fellow; and her stretched eyeballs were fixed in glassy and motionless unconsciousness. She seemed for a time to lose all sense of existence, and, though in an upright posture, to have been suddenly struck into a stiffened corse. By degrees she began to writhe, as if enduring extreme agony: her livid lips moved rapidly, without the

utterance of sound; until finally overcome by her sufferings, she sank within the depth of the antique chair, and remained for some minutes in a languid and abstracted reverie. The mingled anxiety and curiosity of the company was unbounded; numerous and loud were the inquiries; and of the inquirers, Lady D——, who seemed instinctively to apprehend something dreadful connected with her own fate, was the most earnestly solicitous of all. The Lady Assynt heeded not the swarm of interrogatories which buzzed around her. She looked at first as if she heard them not; then raising herself solemnly, and somewhat austerely, from the reclining position into which she had dropped, she spread her hands before her, and sweeping them slowly backwards to right and left, she divided the ring of females who surrounded her, and brought Lady D—— full within the range of her vision. At first she started involuntarily at sight of her; but melancholy and pity mingling themselves amidst the sternness of features to which such tender emotions seemed to have been long strangers, in a deep and articulate voice, and with a solemn and sibylline air, she slowly addressed Lady D——, whilst profound silence sat upon every other lip. "Let the voice of gladness yield to that of mourning! Cruel is the blow that hangs over thee, poor innocent dove! and sad is it for me to tell thee what thou art but too anxious to know. A vision crossed my sight, and I saw a little boat, in which were thy lord and Lord R——: it was tossed by a sudden and tempestuous gust, that swept the dark surface of the loch in a whitening line. I saw the waves dashing over the frail bark; and sorely did the two Highlanders who rowed them contend with their oars against the outrageous whirlwind. I hoped, yet shuddered, from fear of the event.—Again the spirit of vision opened my unwilling eyes, and compelled me to behold that last wave, which whelmed them beneath the burst of its tremendous swell. The land was near. Stoutly the drowning wretches struggled with their fate. I saw Lord R—— and his sturdy servants, one by one, reach the shore; but——" "My husband!" shrieked Lady D—— in anguish, as she grasped the arm of the seer, "Oh! tell me

that my husband was saved!"—"His body"—replied the Lady Assynt, in a lower and more melancholy voice—"His body was driven by the merciless waves upon the yellow beach; the moonbeam fell upon his face, but the spark of life was quenched." Lady D——'s death-like grasp was relaxed, and she swooned away in the arms of those who surrounded her. The Lady Assynt regarded her not: somewhat of her former convulsion again came upon her; and starting up in a frenzied manner, she exclaimed, in a piercing voice, scarcely distinguishable from a scream, "And now, they bear him hither!—See how pale and cold he looks—how his long hair drips—how ghastly are his unclosed eyes—how blanched those lips where lately sat the warm smile of love!" Then sinking again, after a short interval, she continued, in a more subdued tone, "He is gone for ever! No more shall he revisit his own fair halls and fertile fields. Yet is not all hope lost with him; for his son shall live after him, and bring back anew the image of his father."

The ladies were now busied about Lady D——, who lay in a deep faint. All seemed to be as much interested in her, as if the events described in the waking visions of the Lady Assynt had already actually happened. Yet every one affected to treat her words as the idle dreams of a distempered brain; although, in the very looks of the different speakers, there was a fear betrayed, that ill accorded with their words, manifesting the general apprehension that something tragical was to be dreaded. At last a confused noise seemed to arise from the under apartments of the castle; mutterings, and broken sentences, and half-suppressed exclamations, were heard on the great stairs and in the passages. The name of Sir Charles was frequently repeated by different voices. The more anxious of the party tried to gain information by running to the windows. The flaring lights of torches were seen to hurry across the courtyard, where all seemed to be bustle and dismay. And then it was that the doleful sound of the bagpipe, playing a sad and wailing lament, came upon the ear from without the castle-gate. A slow, heavy, and measured tramp of many feet upon the draw-

bridge, told that a party of men were bearing some heavy weight across it. Unable longer to submit to the suspense in which they were held, the greater part of the females now rushed from the ball. A cry of horror was heard; and the mysterious anticipations of the gifted Lady Assynt were found to be, in truth, too dreadfully realized.

Lord R——, in the deepest affliction, told the sad tale, with all its circumstances. Though much pressed to remain, Sir Charles had resisted all the kind importunity of their host. Their homeward way lay across the ferry of ——. The sudden squalls affecting such inward arms of the sea are too well known: one of these had assailed them in the middle of the loch, and had been productive of the melancholy catastrophe. Nor was the prophetic conclusion of the seer's vision left unaccomplished. There was no suspicion of Lady D——'s pregnancy at the time; but such proved to be the case, and, according to the prediction, the child was a son, who lived, the sole hope of an old and respectable family. T. L. D.

FRAGMENT OF AN ESSAY ON TASTE.

Supposed to be written by
MR WILLIAM COBBETT.

* * * * *

IN analyzing literary compositions, we ought always to attend to the difference which subsists between that species of merit founded on the direct interest and attraction of the ideas which are employed, and that other sort of merit founded on the skill and dexterity with which materials are combined, and the justness of the relations which we are able to trace among parts. It is evident that the former species of merit is the one to be met with among the early, original, and patriarchal writers of all countries; and that the latter kind of merit is the one most frequently exemplified in the subsequent ages, when the rules of composition have begun to be canvassed and understood, and when men have begun to pry into the means by which their feelings are acted upon. The primitive writers had to address

persons whose feelings are still in their native condition, that is to say, whose feelings had never been excited, except by the real events of life, and who, consequently, had formed no associations or opinions concerning the *literary means* employed in producing mental excitement. To these unreflecting auditors the means were invisible, and they experienced only the result. On the other hand, authors of a later period have to address themselves, not to human nature in the abstract, but to human nature with a very intricate system of literary associations and opinions superinduced upon it. Unfortunately, too, the nature of these associations depends, not merely upon established models of fine writing, but also upon the daily abortions and failures of literature. Certain materials, from being too easily come at, are habitually preyed upon and deteriorated by bad authors, so that they become as it were proscribed. Add to this the perversity of theorists and babblers, who will not sit with patience and attention till a book has time to work its proper effect, and to transmit the impressions meant by the author, but who must stop to speculate in their own way, at the end of every paragraph; and who, in the course of the perusal, so intermingle the doings of their own minds with those of the author, that the ultimate impression derived from the book depends as much upon what has been thrown in by the reader, as upon what was originally furnished by the writer.

Literary compositions ought certainly not to be adapted to the habits of literary men, but to the habits of the public at large; otherwise they will prove but feeble and short-lived. Literary men are not the best persons to appreciate the real interest and attraction which conceptions will possess for people engaged in the business of the world, whose understandings have been turned to serious concerns, and whose energies are kept in a state of habitual tension. It is not writings which are merely ingenious, graceful, and finely managed, that will do for every-day folks. They must have something broad, vigorous, and rousing, although it should not always be conducted with fine taste, which, after all, is but a morbid state of our per-

ceptions, and luckily will never be acquired by mankind at large. Scholars, owing to the effeminacy of their habits, perceive many things too strongly, and feel other things too weakly. They do not possess the elements of human nature in the average proportion, and therefore are little to be trusted, I think, in judging of poetry and popular literature, which is by no means addressed exclusively to the understanding and imagination, but to the whole aggregate mass of faculties, sentiments, and propensities, which go to make up human nature—a great part of which, as I said before, is often imperfect in studious people. I would be ready to bet any money, if the thing were capable of being ascertained, that a common shopkeeper in London has more feeling of the manly and energetic passages of Shakspeare, than most of those feeble young lads whom a milk-sop constitution has led to addict themselves to the belles lettres. The language of Shakspeare is like the sound of trumpet, and speaks to men of full bloods and masculine temperaments; and it is not easy to conceive how a young consumptive clergyman, perspiring at the nose, with scarcely any brawn upon his legs, should ever be able to crush into the pit of the theatre upon a full night, or enter into [the real spirit of Shakspeare after he got there.

I therefore think it extremely unfortunate, that the respect which mankind feel for intellect and erudition, should enable literary persons to assume the authority which they do assume in matters of taste. For all the intellect and acuteness in the world will only enable a person to decide upon the skill and conduct exhibited in a piece, and upon the neatness of the arrangement of the ideas contained in it, but never upon its general potency as an appeal to human nature. The best ratification of a good work, is when human nature makes the proper responses to it. As for the responses of critics, they put one in mind of the Aldermen of Braywick. "Be not wise beyond what is written," says the Scripture; but in no work do critics perceive distinctly what is written. They always see something more or something else. I say they know not how the thing looks to a plain,

downright, and rational man. They are not in a sound state of mind, any more than those sons of corruption, who, for these thirty years, have been putting the vilest misconstructions upon every thing which I have written, and who continue to do so, although they have been again and again exposed and detected, and a thousand and a thousand times overlaid with argument and fact, and tracked home to the innermost den of hireling malignity.

Taste relates chiefly to fineness and propriety of arrangement. Now, I say, (and so says every vigorous mind) give me a sufficient supply of materials such as Shakspeare pours forth, and I do not care so much about the general design, or the observance of proprieties, which for the most part afford but a feeble and trivial pleasure—a pleasure perceived coldly by the judgment, and not a powerful throb of passion communicated to the heart, or an enlivening impulse given to the reflective powers. If this preference were not just, how should it happen that men of sense derive so much gratification from the perusal of Shakspeare's writings, which, all the world admits, are a chaos, and nothing but a chaos, of thoughts, observations, and pictures. In making this remark, however, I must not fail to allow that Shakspeare exhibits the utmost coherence in the delineation of human character. This is the highest kind of coherence; and it is the only kind which he possesses. But the very licenses he takes enable him to fill his pages with a greater variety of remarks, images, and mental food, of every sort.

Upon looking over what I have written, I begin to think that I have gone a little too far, and have advanced some things savouring of paradox. But let not the malignant rejoice. My propositions will be found true in all their bearings, true in every item, if they are properly explained. The sources of pleasure in a literary production are so complicated, that it is not easy to insist much upon the advantages of one, without saying something in prejudice of another. The fact is, that they are not always compatible, and that, like the faculties they address, they sometimes pull different ways. Tenderness and enthusiasm, for instance, incline to dwell

perseveringly upon the same thoughts, or, at least, upon thoughts so much akin to each other, as to cherish and prolong the same sentiment. The understanding, on the other hand, is often gratified by the juxtaposition and comparison of ideas, which are calculated to produce very different sentiments; and the faculty of ridicule delights in ideas which bear an express contradiction to each other. Now we see that different authors have entertained very different opinions concerning the possibility of reconciling these jarring interests in the same composition. Shakspeare, in keeping the mind always full, is certainly sometimes apt to garble impressions and feelings, so rapidly does he shift the intellectual scene. These mixed masses of thought bear a close resemblance to what really takes place in the human mind; and when viewed in the light of imitations, they are excellent. I will, at the same time, however, admit, that poetry is not altogether an imitative art. It is also a selective and perfectionating art; and, by picking out of the general chaos a number of thoughts which have the same character and colour, is often able to produce more sustained and continuous impressions than those which occur in nature. But what I mean to point out is the radical difference between substance and conduct or arrangement. It seems to be a conclusion warranted by the whole history of poetry, that those writers who aim at too high a degree of purity and propriety, generally fall into a corresponding poverty of materials; and for my part, I confess myself to be, on the whole, an advocate for the full and substantial style of composition, as being the one best adapted to the appetites of a vigorous mind.

There is another reason for this preference. Nations vary in their characters; there is a difference of mental constitution to be observed among them; and their literature should be adapted, not to the outlandish and bookish tastes of scholars, who, by too much reading, come to belong to no country, but to the indigenous habits peculiar to each nation. Now I do not think that Englishmen, generally speaking, are remarkable for a quick perception of those exactitudes, neatnesses, and skilful adaptations,

which form so great a part of what is called *fine taste*. At least, the perception of these things does not afford an excitement sufficiently great to fill the minds of Englishmen, who, after all, (and I do not say it contemptuously) are but obtuse cubs in many things; and I think, therefore, that our literature should not make too many appeals to a delicate and quick perception of coherences, but grapple with our passions, imaginations, and intellects,—foggy, robust, and confused as they are. The Frenchmen have far more quicksightedness in these matters. They are speedily able to detect irregularity and unsuitableness wherever it exists; and, on the other hand, their minds are highly gratified by the observance of fitness and decorum, as one may easily perceive in the construction of their tragedies. The ancient Greeks (although very different people from the French) probably resembled them in quicksightedness; to which they added strong and lofty feelings; but their plays are no models for us, who are not what is called classical in our habits of thinking, but plain Englishmen, just as we should be. I remember, on coming home from America, when I landed at Portsmouth, the first thing that met my eye was the sign of the Tankard and Cross Cudgels, which immediately struck me as an happy emblem of the nature of my countrymen.

I recollect of seeing lately, in the Edinburgh Review, a discourse upon literary compositions, in which it was said, that a perfect performance should have but one beauty, and should not be crowded with too many incidental strokes of genius; in short, that it should resemble, in purity and simplicity, a Greek temple. But there is a material difference between a poem and a visible object like a Greek temple. A temple can afford to be plain and meagre in its details, because we see the whole at once, and, in contemplating the general design, find no dearth of mental occupation; since, in fact, it exhibits as many parts, and as many beautiful relations of parts, as can be attended to without confusion. But the conceptions and impressions we derive from a poem are successive and multifarious; and I am thoroughly convinced, that nine persons

out of ten, after having read a poem or play, have scarcely any notion whether the general design has been well conducted or not. Most readers go forward blindly, and have not sufficient comprehension of mind to perceive the relation of one scene or incident to another. They must therefore be furnished with temporary excitements for the faculties, as they proceed. Every person has seen a boy using the same stratagem to make a goose or other wild animal follow him. He takes a handful of pease, we shall suppose, and drops them one by one to the greedy bird, which is thus led on, step after step, to the place to which he means to conduct it. But the continued fulness of ideas, in a book, is a very different thing from the vile affection of saying fine things at every turn, which is the mere restlessness of pretension, and not a proof either of fecundity or of compilatory judgment.

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LETTERS ON THE PRESENT STATE
OF GERMANY.

LETTER I.

Dusseldorf, April 1, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has indeed astonished me. The questions you ask, and the language of such English newspapers as I have lately met with, convince me that, amused and occupied with domestic trifles, the nation remains in a state of utter ignorance concerning many things that should at present rivet the attention of all European politicians. The Whigs and the Tories are, I doubt not, alike to blame. The former know nothing about the thoughts, feelings, sufferings, and intentions, of the Germans; and the latter are afraid to promote any discussion about these things, from a mistaken view of their own interests,—from fears that have, I am persuaded, their foundation in any thing but the truth. One small party among you say, that they hope Germany is on the eve of a revolution, and insinuate that England is, or ought to be, in a similar condition. The adherents of the ministry suffer themselves to be too much wrought upon by the foolish babbling of these

the most insignificant of their opponents, and almost persuade themselves, that those Germans who are dissatisfied with the state of affairs in their country, resemble the vulgar, illiterate, and despicable crew who are the present advocates of reform in England. If ever Britain needs a reform, I hope in God she will not listen to the advice of such men as recommend it to her now. But it argues the most deplorable ignorance on the part of any Englishman to suppose, that the discontented party in Germany bears any resemblance to that nest of croakers with which London is infested. We once needed a revolution, and we had it: it was brought about by such men as Hampden, Sidney, Fairfax, and Milton. Germany needs a revolution now; and she is likely to obtain the accomplishment of her wishes by means of men who are not unworthy of being named with those illustrious Englishmen,—or who at least would scorn to be considered as having any sympathy, either of opinions or of wishes, with your paltry rabble of Hunts, Hones, and Waithmans. England is fallen indeed, if she, whose ministers are subject to the inspection of an enlightened senate, and who possesses, in all her provinces, abundance of honourable, high-minded, and patriotic gentlemen,—is to be schooled into political wisdom by the noisy ravings of ambitious and designing shopkeepers. With what contempt would those lofty, devout, and heroic spirits, that opposed the cause of Charles, look down upon the venomous and unprincipled plebeians who presume to call themselves their successors. With what disgust would one of them contemplate the impure and senseless orgies of the Common Council room or of Moorfields. Be satisfied, that Germany does not covet or dread any such outrageous and abominable manifestations of democracy. It is indeed well that it should be so; for ours is the only country in the world wherein they can be both despised and tolerated.

However we may differ in opinion about its causes, or whatever may be our hopes or our fears with respect to its probable effects, the existence of a great ferment in the national mind of the Germans, is, at this moment, a fact which none

will be inclined to call in question, who either have lately visited their country, or are familiar with the present complexion of their popular literature. I have travelled upon the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Danube,—I have conversed with the subject of empire, republic, and principality,—with Austrian nobles, Hamburgh merchants, and Saxon professors,—and I have had no difficulty in perceiving, that, by every German capable of thinking upon political events, the present situation of his country is viewed as one into which all the elements of future agitation are abundantly infused. To one who is accustomed to the calm and unexpected demeanour of Englishmen, it appears quite evident that some great commotion is at hand. The symptoms of the future crisis are not indeed violent and convulsive: that would ill accord with the habits and constitution of those in whose persons they are manifested. We see no madmen dancing with red caps,—we hear no Marseilles hymns chanted in the public gardens,—we read of no princes insulted, nor chateaux pillaged;—but he is blind who cannot discover hints to the full as unequivocal as these of some approaching struggle; and they who are acquainted with the character of the Germans (whether that acquaintance has been gained from themselves or from their books), will readily acknowledge, that with them the “note of preparation” is not the less ominous because it is low.

No one who knows any thing of the present state of Germany,—who is aware, that in that country, ruled as it almost every where is by a set of arbitrary despots, there prevails, upon every subject but one, the utmost possible liberty of thought and writing,—no one who is acquainted with the simple fact, that (if we except politics) the Germans are in truth very much the same sort of people with the English,—that their ancestry is the same,—that their ancient institutions, their religious habits, and, above all, the tone and complexion of their literature, bear the strongest resemblance to ours,—that their favourite authors are, in truth, the intellectual children of our own;—no one who knows this, can be surprised with the general fact, that the Germans are at present a discontented people. Were it otherwise,

there might indeed be great reason for wonder;—the same that there was of old, when the traveller contemplated the strange spectacle of Greeks, who had Homer and Demosthenes in their hands, submitting, without resistance, to the oppressions of a Roman prætor; or who saw, somewhat later, the Romans themselves, nourished as they were in their youth by the noble enthusiasm of their Sallust and their Tacitus, bowed down, with scarcely one self-reproaching murmur, beneath the deadening tyranny of their military Cæsars:—the same, or very nearly the same, reason for wonder, which perhaps at some distant, some very distant day, the inhabitant of some free and happy land beyond the Atlantic may feel, should he come to survey England out of a love for departed glory, and find them slaves that speak the language of Milton.

The triumph of human intellect over the sway of despotism was never made more manifest than it has been within the last fifty years among the Germans. Their princes bound them all over within the small links of a pervading and lethargic chain: they left only one opening free, and that has been sufficient. They burdened them with imposts, privileges, and oppressions—but they permitted them to read and to write; and although over literature too they have successfully attempted to establish some control, that which they left free has been enough to work the future enlargement of all that ever was enslaved. They permitted their people to rear up a national poetry—to embalm, in imperishable materials, the faded recollections of ancient glory and independence. After Locke and Milton had been naturalized, and Millar and Schiller had arisen, the progress of the public mind was a thing no longer within the control of external power. The giant of literature had touched the soil, and, like Antæus, he was irresistible.

Frederick the Great employed all the weapons of contemptuous ridicule against the rising literature of his country, with a zeal and a perseverance which might almost induce one to suspect that he had foreseen the nature of its future progress, and anticipated, among some other of its consequences, the present perplexities of his successor. It was reserved for after years to discover, that he might

perhaps have acted wisely, both for his own fame and for the safety of his children, had he been less munificent in his patronage of French encyclopædiasts, and devoted the pensions he squandered on Maupertuis and Diderot, to sustain the neglected manhood of Klopstock, or the rising genius of Wieland and Goethe. The nobles of Germany may live to rue the day that they ever insulted their country by banishing her language. In the days of Frederick, German literature wanted patronage, and in vain expected it from his hands. It has since grown and thriven without any royal assistance, and is likely to repay, with terrible vengeance, upon the monarchs of the present age, the injury it received from the hostility or coldness of those of the last. Whatever faults may be found with the great authors of Germany, since the days of Klopstock they have been uniformly free of that indifference of external events, which gave an air so tame and energetic to all the works of their predecessors. No literature ever made such rapid strides to perfection as that of Germany has done within the last fifty years: it is equally certain, that no literature of any country,—even of Greece, Spain, or England,—was ever more thoroughly imbued and animated with the spirit of nationality.

How far this national literature, even if left entirely to itself, might have in time succeeded in breaking the bonds of Germany—this is a question to which, but for some late events, it might have been in the power of our children to supply an answer. But the French Revolution produced a convulsive effect over the whole of cultivated Europe, and imparted a more than natural velocity of action to the awakening national spirit of the Germans. The horrible enormities of those bloody demagogues into whose hands the work of the Revolution fell, gave rise, indeed, to no inconsiderable reaction. The calm and rational Germans were disgusted with the prospect of procuring *even good* to themselves at such a price; and with cordiality assisted their feeble and trembling sovereigns in their endeavours to suppress the progress of the treacherous contagion. By degrees, however, there is no doubt that the seed of liberal sentiment, even although it had been scattered by the way side, and

obstructed by thorns and brambles, did spring up, and the crop, if not abundant, was at least a crop. Year after year the grain shed itself around, and the harvest grew. The Germans opposed indeed the tyrannies of Bonaparte, but they began to know and feel that foreign oppressions (however necessary it might be to throw these off first), were not the only oppressions; and it became the universal belief throughout the country, that as soon as no danger should remain from abroad, there was much to be seen to at home. The excess of cruelty to which they were subjected during the ten years which elapsed after the French despotism was established over their country, filled them with an enthusiasm for liberty, far more settled, and far more universal, than that which had been kindled within their breasts by the distant spectacle of the infant Revolution. Long familiarity had rendered them less sensible to the inflictions of their native princes, but the tyranny of Napoleon shewed itself in new forms of outrage, and roused unmingled aversion. They were well prepared for an eruption long before the actual moment of opportunity arrived. They had full leisure to speculate upon the true nature of those causes, which had subjected a people so numerous, and naturally so powerful, as they knew themselves to be, to insults thus atrocious and intolerable. The petty tricks, ambitions, and jealousies, of their sovereigns; the disunion of their great country; the absurd privileges of the nobility;—all these things appeared to them in quite a new point of view. Necessity was once more the mother of wisdom; every strong place in the midst of Germany was in the hands of the French, and most of the petty princes were, by every tie of inclination and intent, their allies; but one sentiment had become diffused in unextinguishable zeal throughout all the population of that part of Germany, which has long given its form and pressure to the general intellect of the nation. The conduct of Napoleon shewed that he perceived the danger long before the explosion took place; but he was far too proud and confident to adopt any of those measures by which alone it must have been prevented. To no prince who ever abused the kindness of his early destiny,

were the words of the Greek poet so applicable as to him,

ὄφρις, πν
πολλων ὑπερπληθῆ ματαν,
Ἄ μὴ ἴκαίαια μὴδὲ συμφεροντα,
Ἀκροαταν εἰσαναβας ἄποστομον
Ἀναρσειν εἰς αναγκαν.

The humiliation of Prussia has been the most profound; her prince had been degraded into a mere cipher; her cities unremittingly spoiled by a succession of brutal generals; and every sentiment, national as well as manly, which could pave the way to vengeance, had been rivetted in the heart of every subject, by Napoleon's unworthy treatment of the queen. It was fitting that in Prussia also the first manifestation of these feelings should break forth. When, after an unequalled series of calamities, defeats, and degradations, it at last became visible to the people of Germany, that their governments might yet, by one bold and simultaneous struggle, accomplish that which, in spite of them, had been so well begun, an appeal was made, first tacitly and then openly, to the King of Prussia, which, to his eternal shame be it spoken, he did not hear with that promptness and decision of purpose, which suited alike his own interest and the inclination of his people. It is well known that his person was in danger at Berlin, before he yielded to the popular voice and put himself at the head of the army of Silesia. By the influence of the memorable society of virtue (the Tugend-bund), and now by the artful, though energetic, proclamations of Frederick-William, a sentiment of enthusiasm, equal to that which fires the bosoms of religious martyrs, was kindled in the breast of noble, merchant, and peasant. The old barriers of custom, precedence, and dignity, fell away, like gossamer webs, before the strong breath of necessity. Armies were to be made, and the sovereign had it no longer in his power to criticise in his war-office, the quarterings of those who were willing to assume his uniform. A time was come in which barons, burghers, and Jews, became aware that, as their cause was the same, their exertions should be equal. What Frederick-William did, at the opening of the campaign, the sovereigns of Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, were compelled by their sol-

diers to do before its close. The spirit which had been conjured up was one too powerful to be controlled by those who had evoked it. The course of events proceeded. The spectacle which Germany exhibited in the year 1813, has never been equalled since the days of Marathon and Salamis. It was not suspected by the sovereigns of the country, that the future results of the enthusiasm should bear so near a resemblance to that of those first struggles of Athenian patriotism. They who presided at the great national conflicts of Lutzen, Leipsic, and Hanaу, will learn ere long, that on those terrible days the Germans fought for themselves as well as for their princes.

Among the motley multitude who crowded in those animating days to the standards of their country, the most remarkable and grotesque, and certainly not the least efficient, consisted of the students of the German universities. For the first time in modern ages, professors became the military leaders of their pupils, and Körner and Wolfe performed the same part among the Landwehr, which Æschylus did at Salamis, and Socrates at Platæa. Who can wonder to hear that the survivors did not return to their academic bowers the same beings as they left them? Their souls had been moved in the strong current of the world. To the spirit of enthusiasm wherewith they had of old been imbued, there was now added the sense of power, and the commanding energy of will. They have learned what they can do themselves. They have acquired the still more important knowledge, that they are not an isolated set of beings, cut off from men, and devoted to books—that they are in truth the same people with those around them; that their interests, their wishes, their passions, and their powers, are the same. In the retirement to which they have returned, they can no longer muster by beat of drum, and mingle in the tumults of the real battle; but they who have seen the warlike aspect of their persons and amusements, their beards, their sabres, and their fencing-schools, will have no difficulty in perceiving that these men do not look upon themselves as for ever done with war. He will observe in them the determination to wait till the moment come, and then, rising as before with one irresistible impulse, to drive every thing before

them that opposes right. From the intercourse of those campaigns, the hussar derived illumination, and the scholar firmness. The chief defect of German minds was supplied by the fortuitous reunion of those too long separated powers—reflection and ardour. The late tumults of rejoicing patriotism, with which the day of the reformation was celebrated at Jena, at Leipzig, and at Berlin, is proof sufficient of a secret understanding, and a good omen of what may yet be done, when the day, not for words, but for action, shall arrive.

Of all the oppressions by which the spirit of the enlightened and manly Germans are irritated, the most galling and insufferable is that occasioned by the preposterous privileges of the nobility. A class such as this—numerous without limit, idle, and excluded from most of the useful professions—to a liberal and generous nation, even the lower orders of whose society are distinguished by very excellent education and by universal habits of reading, is a nuisance beyond imagination intolerable, insulting, and absurd. The financial distresses of Austria have produced at least one happy effect, by rendering it absolutely necessary for the imperial government to redeem the profession of the merchant from that disgraceful situation, in which, throughout the other monarchies of Germany, it is placed. In Bavaria and Saxony also, some approximations have of late been made to the introduction of a more liberal state of affairs,—in consequence, I suppose, in the former of these countries, of the great acuteness and penetration of the reigning monarch; and in the latter, of the flourishing condition of the trade of Saxony, and the secret wishes of the nobles themselves to participate, without degradation, in the profits which it affords. Count Bühl, the descendant of the celebrated prime minister of the last Polish Augustus, is at this moment understood (although his name is suppressed in every firm) to be one of the first merchants in the wool trade; by which wise measure he has, in a great degree, restored the dilapidated wealth of his illustrious family; and it is expected, that in a few years the Saxon gentlemen will be legally permitted to engage in trade, without forfeiting any of the lustre of their birth. In Prussia, the privileges of the nobility have at all times

been more distressing than in any other of the great German States; their freedom from all imposts amounting to a terrible piece of oppression on all the other orders of society. Frederick-William was obliged to throw his army open to every one in the year 1813, and he promised *at that time*, that neither the military, nor any other of the offensive parts of their privileges, should ever be restored. It is distressing to relate, that a virtual recall of all these promises has since taken place; for an edict has been uttered, preventing the rise of any man, not nobly born, to any rank higher than that of a sub-lieutenant. But the most disagreeable narrative to British ears is that which details the situation of Hanover. So far from the state of the nobility being altered in conformity to the spirit of the age, whatever alterations have occurred in that country have all tended exactly the other way. Till the present reign, one place in the supreme council was always open to all Hanoverian subjects; in the days of George III. it, like all the other six, has been declared to belong exclusively to the noblesse. Hanover is a small, and by no means a rich country, but its inhabitants are among the best educated and most moral people in the world; and as the soil is in every part excellent, the greatest possible facility is by nature afforded to every sort of agricultural and political improvement. But so long as the whole gentry of the country are prevented from occupying themselves, without degradation, in commerce; so long as the predilections of the reigning family render necessary the maintenance of the present enormously disproportionate military force, a complete stop is put to every rational prospect of good. I am unwilling to say much upon this subject, for I gladly acquit our Royal Family of having any seriously bad intentions. But surely their residence in our free and happy country might have been expected to produce impressions on their minds, sufficient to prevent them from pursuing a system of conduct which renders their native province, at this moment, the worst cultivated, and, without any exception, the most noble-ridden district of Northern Germany. Compare Hanover with Weimar, Gotha, or even with the kingdom of Saxony, and it is impossible not to lament over the miserable contrast.

Before the French despotism was established over the German States bordering on the Rhine, only one of these States could be said to possess a good constitution. This was Wurtemberg—the constitution of which, Mr Pitt once said, was the best in the world next to that of England. With the assistance of Napoleon, the representatives of the nobility and people were deprived, by the sovereign family, of the share which they had always had in the government of their country, and a pure monarchy was established. In other words, Wurtemberg became a mere department of France. After Louis XVIII. had re-ascended the throne of his fathers, the people of this German State saw no reason why the tyranny established by Bonaparte among them should survive the other institutions of his despotism; since that period, a perpetual struggle has subsisted between them and their king; and, notwithstanding all the alliances by which he has fortified himself, I have very little doubt as to the mode in which it will terminate.

The Prussians, the Bavarians, the Wurtembergers, and the people of Baden, have all been promised representative constitutions by their princes. The fulfilment of these promises has been deferred from year to year; and, in some instances, this has been accompanied with measures of royal violence, and testifications of popular displeasure, which leave but too much reason to doubt, whether the result of the approaching Congress at Dusseldorf, will be more soothing to the general mind than those of the similar meetings which have already been held at Frankfort and Vienna.

The plans which have as yet been suggested by the political writers in Germany, are, I think, all alike visionary and impracticable. The best of all these authors, Scheffer, whose book you should certainly read, proposes, very seriously, the establishment of a great national confederacy, to consist of all the German States, excepting Austria and Bavaria. The princes of these countries, he observes, should not be permitted to join the confederacy, for several reasons—Their subjects are not all Germans; and the greater part of their territories have always been accustomed to a mere military government. But has Mr Scheffer forgotten the difficulties which

must, in any case, attend the establishment of a confederacy of Independent States? or does he conceal from himself how greatly these difficulties must, in the present instance, be increased by the determined opposition of the first and third power in Germany? to say nothing of the insuperable objections which all Saxons and Hanoverians will feel to the erection of a system which could not fail to add new weight to the already odious superiority of Prussia. The thing is quite impossible—I do not hesitate to say so, although I am quite sensible that I have no better plan to suggest.

Something, however, must be done. If Frederick-William, and Prince Hardenberg, and the petty Princes of Wurtemberg and Baden, do not hasten to do what they have promised, the work will very soon be taken out of their hands. The national independence of Germany is an object of much concern to every enlightened German,—but civil rights, and internal repose, are yet dearer to him. The privileges of the nobility must, in the first place, be lessened,—commerce must be rendered honourable,—and every part of the educated and enlightened people must somehow find its organ in the deliberative assembly of the State. *All this has been solemnly promised and patiently waited for.* The silence which at present prevails, is the best proof that the public of Germany are firm, resolved, and confident. Let the Congress of Dusseldorf do their duty, and all is well. If not, the time shall soon have gone by, when restitution might have prevented the necessity of revenge.

If the Germans have a Revolution, it will, I hope and trust, be calm and rational, when compared with that of the French. Its precursors have not been, as in France, ridicule, raillery, derision, impiety; but sober reflection, Christian confidence, and manly resolutions, gathered and confirmed by the experience of many sorrowful years. The sentiment is so universally diffused—so seriously established—so irresistible in its unity,—that I confess I should be greatly delighted, but not very much astonished, to hear of the mighty work being accomplished almost without resistance, and entirely without outrage.

THE FAIRIES.

A Dream-like remembrance of a Dream.

It chanced three merry Fairies met
On the bridge of a mountain rivulet,
Whose hanging arch thro' the misty spray,
Like a little Lunar Rainbow lay,
With turf and flowers a pathway meet,
For the twinkling of unearthly feet,
For bright were the flowers as their golden
tresses,

And green the turf as their Elfin-dresses.
Aye the water o'er the Linn
Was mocking, with a gleesome din,
The small shrill laughter, as it broke
In peals from these night-wandering Folk ;
While the stream danced on with a tinkling
tune,

All happy to meet by a blink o' the moon.
Now laughing louder than before,
They strove to deaden that ceaseless roar ;
And, when vanquished was the water fall,
Loudly they shouted, one and all,
Like the chorus of a Madrigal,—
Till the glen awoke from its midnight trance,
And o'er the hills in flight-like dance,
Was all the troop of echoes driven,
This moment on earth, and that in heaven.

From the silent heart of a hollow Yew,
The Owl sailed forth with a loud halloo :
And his large yellow eyes looked bright
With wonder, in the wan moonlight,
As hovering white, and still as snow,
He caught a glance of the things below,
All burning on the bridge like fire
In the sea-green glow of their wild attire.
“ Halloo ! Halloo ! tu-whit ! tu-who ! ”
Cried the gleesome Elves, and away they flew,
With mimic shriek, sob, cry, and howl,
In headlong chase of the frightened Owl.
With many a buffet they drove him onward,
Now hoisted him up, now pressed him down-
ward ;

They pulled at his horns, and with many a
tweak,
Around and around they skrewed his beak ;
On his back they beat with a birch-spray flail,
And they tore the long feathers from his tail ;
Then, like warriors mounted in their pride,
Behind his wings beheld them ride !
And shouting, charge unto the war,
Each waving his soft plume-scymitar ;
A war of laughter, not of tears,
The wild-wood's harmless Cuirassiers.

Thro' the depth of Ivy on the wall
(The sole remains of old Greystock Hall)
The Screamer is driven, half scared to death ;
And the gamesome Fairies, all out of breath,
Their tiny robes in the air arranging,
And kisses in their flight exchanging ;
Now slowly with the soft wind stealing
Right onwards, round about now wheeling,
Like leaves blown off in gusty weather,
To the rainbow-bridge all flock together ;
And lo ! on the green moss all alight,
Like a cluster of Goldfinches mingling bright.

What feats the Fairy Creatures played !
Now seeming of the height afraid,
And, folding the moss in fast embraces,
They peeped o'er the Bridge with their love-
ly faces.

Now hanging like the fearless flowers
By their tiny arms in the Cataract showers,
Swung back and forward with delight,
Like Pearls in the spray-shower burning
bright !

Then they dropt at once into the Pool—
A moment gone ! then beautiful
Ascending on slow-hovering wing,
As if with darkness dallying,
They rose again, through the smiling air,
To their couch of moss and flow'rets fair,
And rooted lay in silence there.
Down into the gulf profound
Slid the stream without a sound !
A charm had hushed the thundering shocks,
And stillness steeped the blackened rocks.
'Twas fit, where these fair things were lying,
No sound, save of some Zephyr sighing,
Should stir the gentle Solitude !
The mountain's night-voice was subdued
To far-off music faint and dim,
From Nature's heart a holy hymn !
Nor was that Universal Strain
Through Fairy-bosoms breathed in vain ;
Entranced in joy the Creatures lay,
Listening the music far away,
Till One the deep'ning silence broke,
And thus in song-like murmurs spoke.

Mountain Fairy.

“ Soon as the lingering Sun was gone,
I sailed away from my sparry throne,
Mine own cool, silent, glimmering dwelling
Below the roots of the huge Hylvellyn.
As onwards like a thought I flew,
From my wings fast fell the pearly dew,
Sweet tiny orbs of lucid ray
Rising and setting on my way,
As if I had been some Planet fair,
That ruled its own bright atmosphere.
'O bauteous sight !' the Shepherd cried,
To the Shepherd slumbering at his side,—
' Look where the Mountain-Fairy flies !'
But e'er he had opened his heavy eyes,
I had flown o'er Grassmere's moonlight flood,
And the rustling swing of old Rydal-Wood,
And sunk down 'mid the heather-bells
On the shady side of sweet Furness-Fells.
'Twas but one soft wave o' my wing !
A start and an end to my journeying.
One moment's rest in a spot so dear,—
For the Moonlight was sleeping on Winder-
mere,

And I saw in that long pure streak of light
The joy and the sadness of the night,
And mine eyes, in sooth, began to fill,
So beautiful that Lake—so still—
So motionless its gentle breast—
Save where, just rocking in their rest,
A crowd of water-lilies lay
Like stars amid the milky way.

But what had I with the Lake to do ?
So off to the misty hills I flew,

And in dark ravines, and creviced rocks,
 With my finger I counted my thousand flocks,
 And each little Lamb by name I blest,
 As snow-white they lay in their innocent rest.
 When I saw some weak cold tottering Lamb
 Recline 'gainst the side of its pitiful Dam,
 Who seemed to have some wildering fear
 Of Death, as of a Foe that was near,
 I shone like a sunbeam soft and warm
 Till the fleece lay smooth on its strengthened
 form,

And the happy Creatures lay down together
 Like waves on the sea in gentle weather,
 And in contentment calm and deep
 Sank faintly-bleating into sleep.
 In the soft moonlight glow I knew
 Where the herbs that hold the poison grew;
 And at the touch of my feathery foot
 They withered at once both stalk and root,
 But I shook not the gracious tears of night
 From the plants most dear to the Shepherd's
 sight,

And with mellow lustre bade them spring
 In the yellow round of the Fairy's ring,
 Till, methought, the hillside smiled afar
 With the face of many a verdant Star.
 I marked the Fox at the mouth of his den,
 And raised the shadows of Hunter-men,
 And I bade aerial beagles rave,
 And the horn twang through the Felon's cave,
 Then buried him with Famine in his grave.

The Raven sat upon Langdale-Peak
 With crusted blood on his ebon-beak,
 And I dashed him headlong from the steep,
 While the murderer croaked in his sullensleep.
 Away I sailed by the Eagle's nest,
 And the Eaglets couched warm beneath her
 breast,

But the Shepherd shall miss her cry at morn,
 For her eyes are dim and her plumage torn,
 And I left in their Eyrie the Imps accurst
 To die in their hunger, and cold, and thirst.
 All, all is well with my lovely Flocks!
 And so I dropt suddenly down the rocks,
 From Loughrig-top, like a falling Star,
 Seen doubtless through the mists afar
 By a hundred Shepherds on the Hill
 Wandering among the Moonlight still,
 And with folded wings and feet earth-bound
 I felt myself standing o'er the sound
 Of this Waterfall, and with joy espied
 A Sister-Elf at either side,
 My Tale is told—nor strange nor new—
 Now, sweet Lady Bright-Eyes! what say
 you?"

As some wild Night-Flower thro' the dew,
 Looks to the Moon with freshened hue,
 When a wandering breath of air
 Hath lifted up its yellow hair,
 And its own little glade grows bright
 At the soft revelation of its light,
 Upsprung, so sudden and so sweet,
 The MOUNTAIN FAIRY to her feet;
 And, looking round her with a smile,
 Silent the Creature paused awhile,
 Uncertain what glad thoughts should burst
 In music from her spirit first,

Till, like a breath breathed clear from
 Heaven,

To her at once a voice was given,
 And thro' the tune the words arose
 As thro' the fragrant dew the leaflets of the
 Rose.

Cottage Fairy.

"Sisters! I have seen this night
 A hundred Cottage-Fires burn bright,
 And a thousand happy faces shining
 In the bursting blaze, and the gleam declining.
 I care not I for the stars above,
 The lights on earth are the lights I love:
 Let Venus bless the Evening-air,
 Uprise at morn Prince Lucifer,
 But those little tiny stars be mine
 That thro' the softened copse-wood shine,
 With beauty crown the pastoral hill,
 And glimmer o'er the sylvan rill,
 Where stands the Peasant's ivied nest,
 And the huge mill-wheel is at rest.
 From out the honeysuckle's bloom
 I peeped into that laughing room,
 Then, like a hail-drop, on the pane
 Pattering, I stilled the din again,
 While every startled eye looked up;
 And, half-raised to her lips the cup,
 The rosy Maiden's look met mine!
 But I veiled mine eyes with the silken twine
 Of the small wild roses clustering thickly,
 Then to her seat returning quickly,
 She 'gan to talk with bashful glee
 Of Fairies 'neath the greenwood Tree
 Dancing by moonlight, and she blest
 Gently our silent Land of rest.

The Infants playing on the floor,
 At these wild words their sports gave o'er,
 And asked where lived the Cottage-Fairy?
 The maid replied, 'She loves to tarry
 Oftimes beside our very hearth,
 And joins in little Children's mirth
 When they are gladly innocent;
 And sometimes beneath the leafy Tent,
 That murmurs round our Cottage-door,
 Our overshadowing Sycamore,
 We see her dancing in a ring,
 And hear the blessed Creature sing—
 A Creature full of gentleness,
 Rejoicing in our happiness.'
 Then plucked I a wreath with many a gem
 Burning—a flowery Diadem;
 And through the wicket with a glide
 I slipped, and sat me down beside
 The youngest of those Infants fair,
 And wreathed the blossoms round her hair.
 'Who placed these flowers on William's
 head?'

His little wondering Sister said,
 'A wreath not half so bright and gay
 Crowned me, upon the morn of May,
 Queen of that sunny Holiday.'
 The tiny Monarch laughed aloud
 With pride among the loving crowd,
 And, with my shrillest voice, I lent
 A chorus to their merriment;
 Then with such murmur as a Bee
 Makes, from a flower-cup suddenly
 Borne off into the silent sky,
 I skimmed away, and with delight

Sailed down the calm stream of the night,
Till gently, as a flake of Snow,
Once more I dropt on earth below,
And girdled as with a rainbow zone,
The Cot beloved I call mine own.

“ Sweet Cot ! that on the mountain-side
Looks to the stars of Heaven with pride,
And then flings far its smiling cheer
O'er the radiant Isles of Windermere,—
Blest ! ever blest ! thy sheltered roof !
Pain, grief, and trouble, stand aloof
From the shadow of thy green Palm-Tree !
Let nought from Heaven e'er visit Thee,
But dews, and rays, and sounds of mirth ;
And ever may this happy Earth
Look happiest round thy small domain !
Thee were I ne'er to see again,
Methinks that agony and strife
Would fall even on a Fairy's life,
And nought should ever bless mine eyes
Save the dream of that vanished Paradise.
—The hush'd bee-hives were still as death—
And the sleeping Doves held fast their breath,
Nestling together on the thatch ;
With my wing-tip I raised the latch,
And there that lovely Lady shone,
In silence sitting all alone,
Beside the cradle of her Child !
And ever as she gazed, she smiled
On his calm forehead white as snow ;
I rock'd the cradle to and fro,
As on the broom a Linnæus's nest
Swings to the mild wind from the west ;
And oft his little hands and breast,
With warm and dewy lips I kist.
' Sweet Fairy !' the glad Mother said,
And down she knelt as if she prayed—
While glad was I to hear our name
Bestowed on such a beauteous frame,
And with my wings I hid mine eyes,
Till I saw the weeping kneeler rise
From her prayer in holy extacies !”

The COTTAGE FAIRY ceased ; and Night,
That seem'd to feel a calm delight
In the breath of that sweet-warbling tongue,
Was sad at closing of the song,
And all her starry eye look'd dull,
Of late so brightly beautiful ;
Till on the Fox-glove's topmost cup
The FAIRY OF THE LAKE leapt up,
And with that gorgeous column swinging,
By fits a low wild prelude singing,
And gracefully on tip-toe standing,
With outstretched arm, as if commanding,
The beauty of the Night again
Revived beneath her heavenly strain.—
Low, sad, and wild, were the tones I heard,
Like the opening song of the hidden Bird,
E'er music steeps th' Italian vales
From the heart of a thousand Nightingales ;
But words were none ; the balmy air
Grew vocal round that Elfin fair,
And, like her fragrant breath, the song
Dropp'd dewily from that sweet tongue,
But 'twas a language of her own,
To grosser human sense unknown ;
And while in blissful reverie
My soul lived on that melody,

In a moment all as death was still :
Then, like an echo in a Hill
Far off one melancholy strain !
Too heavenly pure to rise again,—
And all alone the dreamer stood
Beside the disenchanting flood,
That rolled the rocky banks along
With its own dull, slow, mortal song.
—What wafted off the Fairies ? hush !
The storm comes down the glen—crush—
crush—

And as the blackening rain-cloud broke,
The Pine Tree groans to the groaning Oak !
Thunder is in the waving wood—
And from Rydal-mere's white-flashing flood
There comes thro' the mist an angry roar,
Loud as from the great sea-shore.
Well, I ween, the Fairies knew
The clouds that the sudden tempest brew,
And had heard far-off the raging rills,
As they leapt down from a hundred hills,—
And the ghostlike moan that wails and raves
From the toppling crags and the sable
caves,—
E'er the night-storm in his wrath doth come,
And bids each meaner sound be dumb—
So they sailed away to the land of rest,
Each to the spot that it loved the best,
And left our noisy world ! * * * * *

N.

THE KNIGHTS ERRANT.

No II.

το μίλλον τις οίδα ;

It seems as if colonies had always
been the chief means by which civili-
zation is extended and improved.

The colonies which proceed from
civilized states carry with them the
experience and acquirements of the
mother country ; and the nature of
their situation enables them to cut
themselves off from the influence of
its prejudices.

The Phenicians and Egyptians,
who established themselves on the
coast of Greece, and from whom that
country derived all its civilization, had
observed in their native land the bad
effects of a priesthood—monopolizers
at once of knowledge and power ; and
they took care that no similar estab-
lishment should find room in their
new possessions. Hence, most prob-
ably, the immense superiority of the
Greeks in science and in art, over those
more ancient nations which were their
first instructors in both. In Egypt
all knowledge was the privileged pos-
session of one profession, and applied
solely to its purposes. In Greece,

education and knowledge were left free to all. Ambition and love of fame, those most powerful of all incentives, the only ones which lead to truly great things in science and art, had no influence in Egypt, but were allowed free scope in Greece, and long exerted their rightful sway over the reason and imagination of all men.

Whether the Anglo-American colonies shall ever surpass the European mother-country in civilization and culture of intellect, as much as the Greeks did their oriental ancestors; and whether the future advantages of America (if such she have) shall owe their origin to bold departure from the institutions, opinions, prejudices, and manners of Europe,—these are questions which cannot be answered till after the lapse of more centuries than one. It is possible, nay it is probable, that some thousand years hence, the inhabitants of those newly-peopled countries may surpass the Europeans of our time, as much as these do their ancestors—the Franks and Saxons of the days of Charlemagne. In their turn the Americans may be surpassed in the same proportion by colonies of their own. There is no end to the improvement of intellect. Our species may yet be only in the infancy of its acquirements. SIR MACROSCOPON.

No III.

Facilis descensus Averni.

THAT the rude man of nature should be able, without example or instruction, and by his own efforts alone, to lift himself from a condition nearly resembling that of the brutes, into one of elegance and refinement; that, without aid from above or from abroad, Centaurs and Lapithæ could ever fashion themselves into Athenians, I have no capacity to believe. If any one will shew me by what possible means the Iroquese and Guaranis could bring themselves even into the lowest state of European civilization and cultivation, I shall give up my scepticism.

That a people at once moral and refined may degrade themselves into a horde of barbarians or brutes, I have no difficulty in conceiving. The civilized and virtuous *Spartans* have sunk into savage banditti and become *Mainots*. The active and intellectual *E-*

gyptians have been succeeded by the *Kopts*.

So possible, nay so easy, does the *ruere in pegasus* appear to me, that I see nothing improbable in an opinion which some consider as blasphemous. After a few centuries have gone over their heads, the inhabitants of England, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, may be robbers, pirates, spiritless hordes,—devoid of science, art, commerce, or industry, or, what is as bad, they may become creatures tame, unproductive, unenergetic. They may retain the externals of refinement, with the vicious torpor of the Chinese.

SIR AGE LASTUS.

ON THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.

THIS animal, like the Kraken (of which in our last Number we traced the history), is said to shew itself on the surface of the ocean only during calm weather. It appears at times extended like a vast beam; at other times only shewing different portions of its body, and resembling a long chain of casks or floats. According to the old histories, it is a strange and terrible sea monster, which greatly deserves to be taken notice of by those who are curious to look into the extraordinary works of nature. The first mention which we find made of this animal, is in the sacred writings. No doubt the Leviathan of Scripture is by many commentators considered as the whale, but a careful perusal of those passages in which it is mentioned, appears to us to lead to a different conclusion. Thus, in the 27th chap. of Isaiah, verse 1st, it is said, "In that day the Lord, with his sore, and great, and strong sword, shall punish leviathan, the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea." The same animal is alluded to in Job, chap. 27. "He divideth the sea with his power, and by his understanding he smiteth through the proud. By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens; his hand hath formed the crooked serpent." The appellation of "crooked" is very characteristic of the appearance of the animal, as described by some modern writers. It can scarcely be said to apply to the whale, which is, moreover, frequently

mentioned in Scripture under its proper name.

It does not appear, that the writers of Greece and Rome were acquainted with any animal which can be considered as synonymous with the Great Sea Serpent. An amphibious animal of great size, which lived chiefly in fresh water, is mentioned by several of these authors. Of this kind was that described by Livy in his first book of the Punic war, which struck such terror into the army of Regulus, on the banks of the river Bagrada. The same animal is mentioned both by Pliny and Valerius Maximus.* It was 120 feet in length, killed several men, and was found to be almost invulnerable. A singular story is also told by Diodorus Siculus, lib. 3d, of an Egyptian serpent, sixty feet long, which was brought alive to Alexandria, as a present to Ptolemy the II. This creature was observed to leave the water every day to prey upon the cattle of the neighbouring farmers. Many unsuccessful attacks were made upon it, during which several men lost their lives, but at last it was surprised in a narrow defile by means of a net made of strong ropes, and carried alive to Ptolemy's court.

In modern times the Sea Serpent appears to occur chiefly in the northern ocean. It is described at considerable length, though with some circumstances of exaggeration, by Eric Pontoppidan, to whose work we have already had occasion so frequently to refer. He observes, that in all his inquiries concerning it, he has hardly spoken to one intelligent person of the Manor of Nordland, who did not give the strongest assurances of its existence; and many of the northern traders think it is as ridiculous to be questioned regarding the Great Serpent, as if they were asked, whether there be such fish as Cod or Eel. Along the Norwegian coast it is known by the names of *Soe Ormen* and *Aaale Tust*. The following letter from the Hon. Captain Lawrence de Ferry to Reutz of Bergen, serves to illustrate the history of this animal.

“The latter end of August, in the year 1746, as I was on a voyage, in my return from Trundheim, in a very calm and hot day, having a mind to put in to Molde, it happened that when we were arrived with

* Hist. Nat. lib. viii. cap. xiv. Val. Max. lib. i. cap. ult.

my vessel within six English miles of the aforesaid Molde, being at a place called *Jule-Næss*, as I was reading in a book, I heard a kind of murmuring voice from amongst the men at the oars, who were eight in number, and observed that the man at the helm kept off from the land. Upon this I inquired what was the matter, and was informed that there was a Sea Snake before us. I then ordered the man at the helm to keep to the land again, and to come up with this creature, of which I had heard so many stories. Though the fellows were under some apprehension, they were obliged to obey my orders. In the mean time, this Sea-Snake passed by us, and we were obliged to tack the vessel about to get nearer to it. As the snake swam faster than we could row, I took my gun, that was ready charged, and fired at it; on this he immediately plunged under the water. We rowed to the place where it sunk down, which in the calm might easily be observed, and lay upon our oars, thinking it would come up again to the surface; however it did not. When the Snake plunged down, the water appeared thick and red; perhaps some of the shot might wound it, the distance being very little. The head of this Snake, which it held more than two feet above the surface of the water, resembled that of a horse. It was of a grayish colour, and the mouth was quite black and very large. It had black eyes, and a long white mane that hung down from the neck to the surface of the water. Besides the head and neck, we saw seven or eight folds or coils of this Snake, which were very thick, and as far as we could guess, there was about a fathom distance between each fold. I related this affair in a certain company where there was a person of distinction present, who desired that I would communicate to him an authentic detail of all that happened; and for this reason, two of my sailors, who were present at the same time and place when I saw this monster, namely Nicholas Pederson Kopper, and Nicholas Nicholson Anglewigen, shall appear in court to declare on oath the truth of every particular herein set forth; and I desire the favour of an attested copy of the said descriptions. I remain, sir, your obliged servant,
(Signed) L. DE FERRY.

Bergen, 21st February 1751.

Its exact dimensions do not seem to be accurately known. According to some accounts it attains the enormous length of 100 fathoms, or 600 English feet, but such a measurement, in all probability, much exceeds the truth. It is frequently mentioned by the northern poets, particularly Peter Dass, whose poetical description of it, commencing with

“Om *Soe-ormen* ved jeg ey nogen Beskced,” is well known.

In the curious description of Norway, by Jonas Ramus, there is the following passage:

“Anno 1687, a large Sea-Snake was seen by many people in Dramsfiorden; and, at one time, by eleven persons together. It was in very calm weather; and so soon as the sun appeared, and the wind blew a little, it shot away just like a coiled cable that is suddenly thrown out by the sailors; and they observed that it was some time in stretching out its many folds. Olaus Magnus, in his *Hist. Sept. lib. xxi. c. 24.* speaks of a Norwegian Snake 80 feet long, but not thicker than a child's arm. ‘*Est in littoribus Norwegicis vermis glauci coloris, longitudine xl cubitorum, et amplius vix spissitudinem infantis brachii habens.*’”

With regard to this last mentioned animal, we are entirely of Pontoppidan's opinion, that there must have been some mistake in the measurement, as the thickness of a child's arm is quite disproportioned to such a length. The existence of the animal itself we can scarcely doubt, as Olaus affirms, “*Hunc vermem sæpius vidi, ab ejus tactu, nautarum informatione, abstinens.*” There is, in all probability, some typographical error.

It appears, from several passages in the works of the Scandinavian writers, that there is a current belief in the existence of a great serpent of an amphibious nature, which, like that mentioned by the ancient historians, does not confine its depredations to the water. Whether this animal should be considered as synonymous with the great Sea Serpent, which, according to some accounts recently received from America, is also reported to have been observed on shore, or otherwise, it is not at present easy to determine. According to Pontoppidan, it is said, by the people who inhabit the Norwegian coast, that the latter species is not generated in the sea, but on the land; and that when they become so large that they cannot easily move upon the ground, they go into the sea and attain their full growth. In favour of this tradition, we may quote the following passage from the *Mundus Mirabilis* of Hæppelius:

“Nicolaus Gramius, minister at Londen in Norway, gives, 16th Jan. anno 1656, of such a serpent, the following account, from the report of Gulbrandi Hougsrud and Olaus Anderson, that they had seen, in the last autumnal inundation, a large water serpent, or worm, in the Spæriler Sea; and it is believed that it had been seen before in Mios, and had been hitherto hid in the river

Bang. As soon as it reached the shore of this river, it proceeded, on the dry land, to the Spæriler Sea; it appeared like a mighty mast, and whatever stood in its way was thrown down—even the very trees and huts; the people were terrified with its hissing and frightful roaring; and almost all the fish, in the aforesaid sea, were devoured or drove away by it. The inhabitants of Odale were so terrified at this monster, that none would venture to go to the sea to follow their customary fishing and wood-trade, nor would any body walk along the shore. At the end of the autumn, before the waters were frozen, this monster was seen at a distance, and, by its enormous size, surprised every body; its head was as big as an hog's-head, and the thickness of its body, as far as the same appeared above water, was like a tun; the length of the whole body was vast; it reached, as far as the spectators could judge, the length of three Norway dannen-trees, and rather exceeded.”

An amphibious serpent, equally terrific, is described by Olaus Magnus in his xxvii. chapter:

“Those that visit the coasts of Norway tell us of a very strange phenomenon, namely, that there is in these seas a snake 200 feet long, and 20 feet round, which lives in the hollows of the rocks, and under the cliffs, about Bergen, and goes out in the moonlight nights to devour calves, sheep, and swine; or else it goes to the sea, and catches star-fish, crabs, &c. It has a mane two feet long; it is covered with scales, and has fiery eyes; it disturbs ships, and raises itself up like a mast, and sometimes snaps some of the men from the deck.”

We consider it extremely improbable, that so great a change in the habits of any animal should take place, as that presumed, by the alleged fact of the Great Snake dwelling in the deep only, after having attained a considerable degree of maturity. Such changes never take place without corresponding alterations in the most important organs and functions of the animal itself, and alterations of that nature have never been observed to occur in any of the snake tribe, or among cetaceous animals. It is scarcely more probable, that it should be even an occasional inhabitant of the land, although it is very likely that it possesses the power of living for a long period of time in moist or marshy ground, or even among rocks, if accidentally deserted by the waters. Such accounts must have originated in the circumstance of some great snake having been carried on shore by unusually high tides, or forced, by the inundation of a river, into the wet grounds in its

vicinity.* We shall return to the Sea-Serpent, more properly so called.

The animal described by Paul Egede, as seen by him during his second voyage to Greenland, must have been of this kind.

"July 6th, a most hideous sea-monster was seen, which reared itself so high above the water, that its head overtopped our mainsail. It had a long pointed nose, out of which it spouted like a whale. Instead of fins, it had great broad flaps like wings; its body seemed to be grown over with shell-work, and its skin very rugged and uneven; it was shaped like a serpent behind, and when it dived into the water again, it plunged itself backwards, and raised its tail above the water a whole ship-length from its body."

The above account is the only one with which we are acquainted, in which the Sea-Snake is said to spout water like the whale. It is indeed singular, that that character has not been more frequently remarked; and this omission induces us to suppose it not improbable, that two kinds of animals exist, bearing a general resemblance to each other, to both of which the name of Sea-Snake has been applied. The Orkney animal, afterwards mentioned, appears, from the testimony of different witnesses, to have been provided with air-holes and a lengthened neck, and, consequently, with lungs; from which it follows, that it must frequently have had occasion to spout out water after the manner of the more common cetaceous animals. The Great Serpent, recently seen off the American coast, was sometimes visible, about the same place, for an entire day, but was not observed to exert any such faculty. If that character, as mentioned in the Greenland relation, was not the result of some deception, it may be concluded, that the animal described by Egede differed considerably from those usually observed in the North Sea, which have never been described as possessed of such a power, although various accounts agree in stating, that when they approach, they cause a great agitation in the water, and sometimes make it run like the current at a mill. It has been said to shed its skin annually, like the Land-Snake; and at Kopperwiig, in Norway, it was affirmed, that a cover for a table was made

of one of these skins. This report excited the curiosity of Pontoppidan, who was anxious to know the truth, and accordingly wrote for proper information; but he could learn nothing of it. He was, however, informed, that in 1720, a Sea-Snake had lain for some time in a creek near that place; that it came there at high water, through a narrow channel about seven or eight feet broad, but went away, after lying there a whole week, and left behind it a skin, which the informer, whose name was Korlack Korlacksen, declared he saw and handled. It lay with one end under water in the creek, and how long it was could not be determined. The creek, within the channel, was several fathoms deep, and the skin lay stretched out a great way; but one end having been floated on shore by the tide, lay there for a long time, and was seen by every one. This skin was of a soft and slimy consistence, as the body of the animal itself is also said to be, according to some accounts. Thus a party of Norwegian sailors once caught a young one, and laid it upon the deck of their vessel, where it lay till they were obliged to throw it overboard, owing to the insupportable fætor which emanated from a soft and viscid slime, to which its body was partly dissolved.*

All the accounts which we have read agree in this, that the slightest gust of wind is particularly hateful to this animal, and immediately causes it to sink to the bottom of the sea. This

* "We have the same account from Pere Labat, of a small Sea-Serpent about four feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. His words are, 'Nous l'attachames au mât après l'avoir assommé pour voir quelle figure il auroit le lendemain. Nous connumes combien notre bonheur avoit été grand, de n'avoir point touché a ce poisson, qui sans doute nous auroit tous empoisonnez. Car nous trouvames le matin qu'il s'étoit entierement dissous en une eau verdâtre et puante, qui avoit coulé sur le pont, sans qu'il restat presque autre chose, que la peau et la reste, quoi qu'il nous eut paru le soir fort ferme et fort bon. Nous conclumes, ou que ce poisson étoit empoisonné par accident, ou que de sa nature ce n'étoit qu'un composé de venin. Je crois que c'étoit quelque vipere marin. J'en ay parlé a plusieurs pêcheurs et autres gens de mer, sans avoir jamais pu être bien éclairci de ce que je voulois savoir touchant ce poisson.' Nouveaux Voyages aux Isles Françaises de l'Amérique, tom. 5, cap. xiv. p. 335." Pontopp. vol. 2, p. 201.

* Petrus Undalinus makes mention of huge water-snakes being occasionally observed in some of the Norwegian Lakes.—Cap. vii. p. 36.

probably arises from the inconvenience resulting from the waves at the surface, and the strong power which a swell would exert upon a body of such great length and comparative slenderness. According to Pontoppidan, a great Sea-Snake was seen at Amunds Vaagen, in Nordfiord, a few years before he wrote. It came in between the rocks, probably at high water, and died there, and its carcass tainted the neighbouring air for a long time. A similar animal was seen in the island of Karmen, where it perished; and several more are recorded as having occurred in other places. The Sea-Snake, it is said, possesses a very quick scent, and has been observed to fly from the smell of castor. On this account, the Norwegian fishermen, during the warm summer months, when it is most likely to shew itself, are frequently provided with this substance when they go to sea; and when they apprehend the near approach of one of these monsters, they sprinkle a little on all sides overboard. The same device is said by Debes to be resorted to by the boatmen around the Feroe Isles, as a protection against the Troid-Whale, a mischievous species, which likewise dreads the shavings of juniper-wood. Many curious anecdotes, concerning the power of castor, may be found in the writings of Thomas Bartholinus.

The Bishop of Bergen mentions, that he has been informed by the northern traders, that the sea-snake sometimes throws itself across a boat in such a manner as to sink it by its weight. One person, in particular, informed him, that he has been near enough to some of these animals to feel their smooth skin; and he added, that sometimes they will raise up their frightful heads, and snap a man out of a boat, without hurting the rest; "but this," says the bishop, "I will not affirm for a truth, because it is not certain that they are a fish of prey." Perhaps this animal may be alluded to by the prophet Amos: "And though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the *serpent*, and he shall bite them."—Chap. ix. v. 3. Its motion is said to be exceedingly rapid, and is compared by one Norwegian poet to the flight of an

arrow from a bow. When perceived by the fishermen, they generally row away in the direction of the sun, which favours their escape, as the creature cannot perceive them when its head is turned towards that luminary.

"It is said, that they sometimes fling themselves in a wide circle round a boat, so that the men are surrounded on all sides. This snake, I observed before, generally appears on the water in folds or coils; and the fishermen, from a known custom in that case, never row towards the openings, or those places where the body is not seen, but is concealed under the water; if they did, the snake would raise itself up, and upset the boat. On the contrary, they row full against the highest part that is visible, which makes the snake immediately dive; and thus they are released from their fears. This is their method when they cannot avoid them; but when they see one of these creatures at a distance, they row away with all their might (by which they sometimes injure their health) towards the shore, or into a creek where it cannot follow them."

When they are overtaken, without being provided with any castor, their only resource is to throw a scuttle or any light thing at it, which frequently has the effect of making it dive and take another course.

We come now to the more modern instances of the occurrence of this singular animal. The following letter from the Rev. Mr Maclean of Small Isles to the Secretary of the Wernerian Natural History Society, will be deemed sufficient to dispel the doubts of those who feel less inclined than ourselves, to place some degree of confidence in the accounts of the earlier writers.

"*Eigg Island, 24th April 1809.*

"SIR,—Your letter of the 1st instant I received, and would have written in answer thereto sooner, had I not thought it desirable to examine others relative to the animal of which you wish me to give a particular account.

"According to my best recollection, I saw it in June 1808, not on the coast of Eigg, but on that of Coll. Rowing along that coast, I observed, at about the distance of half a mile, an object to windward, which gradually excited astonishment. At first view, it appeared like a small rock. Knowing there was no rock in that situation, I fixed my eyes on it close. Then I saw it elevated considerably above the level of the sea, and, after a slow movement, distinctly perceived one of its eyes. Alarmed at the unusual appearance and magnitude of the animal, I steered so as to be at no great

distance from the shore. When nearly in a line betwixt it and the shore, the monster, directing its head (which still continued above water) towards us, plunged violently under water. Certain that he was in chace of us, we plied hard to get ashore. Just as we leaped out on a rock, taking a station as high as we conveniently could, we saw it coming rapidly under water towards the stern of our boat. When within a few yards of the boat, finding the water shallow, it raised its monstrous head above water, and, by a winding course, got, with apparent difficulty, clear of the creek where our boat lay, and where the monster seemed in danger of being imbayed. It continued to move off, with its head above water, and with the wind, for about half a mile, before we lost sight of it. Its head was rather broad, of a form somewhat oval. Its neck somewhat smaller. Its shoulders, if I can so term them, considerably broader, and thence it tapered towards the tail, which last it kept pretty low in the water, so that a view of it could not be taken so distinctly as I wished. It had no fin that I could perceive, and seemed to me to move progressively by undulation up and down. Its length I believed to be from 70 to 80 feet. When nearest to me, it did not raise its head wholly above water, so that the neck being under water, I could perceive no shining filaments thereon, if it had any. Its progressive motion under water I took to be rapid, from the shortness of the time it took to come up to the boat. When the head was above water, its motion was not near so quick; and when the head was most elevated, it appeared evidently to take a view of distant objects.

“About the time I saw it, it was seen about the island of Canna. The crews of thirteen fishing-boats, I am told, were so much terrified at its appearance, that they in a body fled from it to the nearest creek for safety. On the passage from Rum to Canna, the crew of one boat saw it coming towards them with the wind, and its head high above water. One of the crew pronounced its head as large as a little boat, and each of its eyes as large as a plate. The men were much terrified, but the monster offered them no molestation. From those who saw it, I could get no interesting particulars additional to those above mentioned. I remain, Sir, &c.

(Signed) DONALD MACLEAN.”

A few months after the appearance of this animal off the Island of Coll, the dead body of a monstrous Sea-Snake was found driven on shore on Stronsa, one of the Orkney Isles. It measured fifty-five feet in length, and about ten feet in circumference, and was furnished with a kind of mane or ridge of bristles, which extended from the shoulder to within two feet and a half

of the tail. These bristles, while moist, were luminous in the dark; and it was provided with fins or swimming paws, which measured four feet and a half in length, and in shape resembled the wing of a goose without feathers.* This monster was seen and examined by many individuals, who all agree in regard to its great size and general appearance. It remained entire for some time, but separated before any correct drawing or detailed description could be obtained.†

We shall conclude this investigation by presenting our readers with an account of the latest, and one of the most satisfactory instances of the appearance of the Great Sea Serpent, off the American coast. This we are fortunately enabled to do, by means of a very judicious report published by a committee appointed by the Linnæan Society of New England, to collect all the evidence which could be obtained on the subject.

In the month of August 1817, it was generally reported, that a very singular animal, of prodigious size, had been frequently seen in the harbour of Gloucester, Cape Ann, about thirty miles from Boston. In general appearance it resembled a serpent, and was said to move with astonishing rapidity. It was visible only in calm and bright weather, and floated on the surface of the water like a number of buoys or casks following each other in a line. Such was the general description given of this animal, betwixt which, and the accounts by the Norwegians, our readers will not fail to observe a striking coincidence.

In the report to which we have referred, the affidavits of a great many people of unblemished character are collected concerning it, which leaves no room to apprehend any thing like deceit. These statements, as might

* In this character it agrees with the Great Sea Snake seen by Egede the missionary.

† The accounts of this singular creature are contained in the affidavits made before the Justices of the Peace for the county, by men of character and respectability. For several interesting particulars concerning its anatomical structure, we refer the reader to Dr Barclay's paper on the subject, published in the first volume of the Wernerian Society's Memoirs. Sir Everard Home seemed to consider the Orkney animal as a *Squalus maximus*, but this opinion is generally regarded as erroneous.

naturally be anticipated, do not agree in every minute particular, as the appearance of the animal would necessarily assume various aspects, according to its position, the extent of its body visible at one time, and the rapidity of its motion; but in regard to its great size and snake-like form they all agree.

The person who makes the first deposition saw it for nearly half an hour, at a distance of 250 yards when nearest. At that distance he could not take in the two extremes with his glass at one view. He saw eight different portions or bunches, which he considers as caused by the vertical motion of the animal. The size is not specified. The second witness depones, that on the 10th day of August he observed a strange marine animal, which he believed to be a serpent. It continued in sight for an hour and a half, and moved through the water with great rapidity—at the rate of a mile in two, or at most three, minutes. He observed the same animal on the 23d of the same month. It then lay perfectly still, extended on the water, and shewed about fifty feet of its body. Colour dark brown. The third witness saw it in the same place, and judged it to be between eighty and ninety feet in length, with a head formed somewhat like that of a rattlesnake, but nearly as large as that of a horse. At one time it shewed about fifty distinct portions of its body, and appeared rough and scaly. He saw him on three different days, and on the 13th of August it was visible almost the whole day. When it moved on the surface of the water, its motion was slow, at times playing about in circles, and sometimes moving nearly straight forward. The fourth witness saw it on the 14th August, when it shewed about forty feet. When looking at it through a glass, he saw it open its mouth, which appeared like the mouth of a serpent. The fifth and sixth witnesses also saw it on that day, when the latter was within a distance of thirty feet. He fired his gun, loaded with ball, at its head, and thought he must have hit it, as he took good aim. When he had fired, the monster immediately turned round, as if it intended coming towards him, but it sunk down, and going directly under the boat, made its appearance again, at about a hundred yards from

the place where it had disappeared. It did not seem more shy in consequence of the shot, but continued playing on the water as before. The seventh witness observed it on the 17th day of the month, extended on the water to the length of from forty to sixty feet, with its head raised about a foot above the surface. It remained still for some time, and then started off with great velocity. Colour very dark. The eighth witness saw it on the evening of the same day; he came within two oars length of it, but there was not sufficient light to enable him to give any description. In length it was at least fifty feet, and appeared straight. The ninth witness observed it the next day, while in a sail boat, coming out of a cave, and immediately hove to. It passed under the stern of the boat, and then turning towards him again, it crossed by the boat's bow. He saw it fired at, and thought it was hit, as it afterwards appeared more shy. The length was considered to be about seventy feet. The form of the curve, when it turned in the water, resembled a staple; the head seemed to approach towards the body for some feet, then the head and tail appeared moving rapidly in opposite directions, and when these were on parallel lines, they appeared not more than two or three yards apart. The last deposition contained in the American Report, being one of the most detailed and particular, we shall quote it at full length.

“ I, Elkanah Finney of Plymouth, in the county of Plymouth, mariner, testify and say: That about the 20th of June A. D. 1815, being at work near my house, which is situated near the sea-shore in Plymouth, at a place called Warren's Cove, where the beach joins the main land; my son, a boy, came from the shore, and informed me of an unusual appearance on the surface of the sea in the cove. I paid little attention to his story at first; but as he persisted in saying that he had seen something very remarkable, I looked towards the cove, where I saw something which appeared to the naked eye to be drift sea-weed. I then viewed it through a perspective glass, and was in a moment satisfied that it was some aquatic animal, with the form, motion, and appearance of which I had hitherto been unacquainted. It was about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and was moving with great rapidity to the northward. It then appeared to be about thirty feet in length; the animal went about half a mile to the northward; then turned about, and while

turning, displayed a greater length than I had before seen; I supposed at least an hundred feet. It then came towards me, in a southerly direction, very rapidly, until he was in a line with me, when he stopped, and lay entirely still on the surface of the water. I then had a good view of him through my glass, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. His appearance in this situation was like a string of buoys. I saw perhaps thirty or forty of these protuberances or bunches, which were about the size of a barrel. The head appeared to be about six or eight feet long, and where it was connected with the body was a little larger than the body. His head tapered off to the size of a horse's head. I could not discern any mouth. But what I supposed to be his under jaw had a white stripe extending the whole length of the head, just above the water. While he lay in this situation, he appeared to be about a hundred or a hundred and twenty feet long. The body appeared to be of a uniform size. I saw no part of the animal which I supposed to be a tail. I therefore thought he did not discover to me his whole length. His colour was a deep brown or black. I could not discover any eyes, mane, gills, or breathing holes. I did not see any fins or legs. The animal did not utter any sound, and it did not appear to notice any thing. It remained still and motionless for five minutes or more. The wind was light, with a clear sky, and the water quite smooth. He then moved to the southward; but not with so rapid a motion as I had observed before. He was soon out of my sight. The next morning I rose very early to discover him. There was a fresh breeze from the south, which subsided about eight o'clock. It then became quite calm, when I again saw the animal about a mile to the northward of my house, down the beach. He did not display so great a length as the night before, perhaps not more than twenty or thirty feet. He often disappeared, and was gone five or ten minutes under water. I thought he was diving or fishing for his food. He remained in nearly the same situation, and thus employed, for two hours. I then saw him moving off, in a north-east direction, towards the light-house. I could not determine whether its motion was up and down, or to the right and left. His quickest motion was very rapid; I should suppose at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. Mackerel, manhaden, herring, and other bait fish, abound in the cove, where the animal was seen.

(Signed) ELKANAH FINNEY."

There are several other affidavits equally satisfactory in regard to the occurrence of this extraordinary creature, with the whole of which, however, we do not consider it necessary that we should trouble our readers. What we have already written must

be amply sufficient to dispel the doubts even of the most sceptical, and the satisfactory manner in which the opinions of Pontoppidan, and the writers who preceded him, have been thus confirmed, should render us extremely cautious in considering such opinions as vague and hypothetical, merely because they do not accord with the measure of our own experience.

We shall conclude our quotation on this subject by the following extracts. The first is from a letter written by the Honourable Lonson Nash, one of the committee appointed by the Linnean Society of New England; the other from a communication by the Rev. William Jenks, addressed to Judge Davis, the president of the Society.

"I have seen and conversed with the woman, who was said to have seen the serpent dormant on the rocks, near the water, to whom you refer in yours; but she can give no material evidence. She says that she saw something, resembling a large log of wood, on the rocks, on the extreme eastern point of Ten Pound island (a small island in our harbour), resting partly on the rocks, and partly in the water. The distance was about half a mile. She took a glass, looked at the object, and saw it move. Her attention was for a short time arrested, by some domestic avocation, and when she looked for the object again, it had disappeared.

You request a detailed account of my observations relative to the serpent. I saw him on the 14th ultimo, and when nearest, I judged him to be about two hundred and fifty yards from me. At that distance I judged him (in the largest part) about the size of a half barrel, gradually tapering towards the two extremes. Twice I saw him with a glass only for a short time, and at other times with the naked eye for nearly half an hour. His colour appeared nearly black—his motion was vertical. When he moved on the surface of the water, the track in his rear was visible for at least half a mile.

His velocity, when moving on the surface of the water, I judged was at the rate of a mile in about four minutes. When immersed in the water, his speed was greater, moving, I should say, at the rate of a mile in two or at most three minutes. When moving under water you could often trace him by the motion of the water on the surface, and from this circumstance I conclude he did not swim deep. He apparently went as straight through the water as you could draw a line. When he changed his course, it diminished his velocity but little—the two extremes that were visible appeared rapidly moving in opposite directions, and when

they came parallel, they appeared not more than a yard apart. With a glass I could not take in, at one view, the two extremes of the animal that were visible. I have looked at a vessel at about the same distance, and could distinctly see forty-five feet. If he should be taken, I have no doubt that his length will be found seventy feet at least, and I should not be surprised, if he should be found one hundred feet long. When I saw him, I was standing on an eminence, on the sea shore, elevated about thirty feet above the surface of the water, and the sea was smooth.

If I saw his head, I could not distinguish it from his body; though there were sea-faring men near me, who said that they could distinctly see his head. I believe they spoke truth; but not having been much accustomed to look through a glass, I was not so fortunate.

I never saw more than seven or eight distinct portions of him above the water at any one time, and he appeared rough; though I supposed this appearance was produced by his motion. When he disappeared, he apparently sunk directly down like a rock."

The information conveyed by Mr Jenks is extracted from manuscript notes kept by him in America, and the letter which contains them is dated September 17, 1817.

"June 28th, 1809. The Rev. Mr Abraham Cummings,' who has been much employed in missions in the district of Maine, and navigated his own boat among the islands, &c. in the discharge of his duty, 'informs me,' in conversation, which was immediately written from his lips, 'that in Penobscot bay has been occasionally seen within these thirty years, a Sea Serpent, supposed to be about sixty feet in length, and of the size of a sloop's mast. Rev. Mr Cummings saw him, in company with his wife and daughter, a young lady of Belfast, Martha Spring; and judged he was about three times the length of his boat, which is twenty-three feet. When he was seen this time he appeared not to notice the boat, though he was distant, as nearly as could be ascertained, but about fifteen rods. Mr Cummings observes, that the British saw him in their expedition to Bagaduse; that the inhabitants of Fox and Long Islands have seen such an animal, and that a Mr Crocket saw two of them together about twenty-two years since. When he was seen by the inhabitants of Fox Island, two persons were together at both times. People also of Mount Desert have seen the monster. One of those which were seen by Mr Crocket was smaller than that seen by Mr Cummings, and their motion in the sea appeared to be a perpendicular winding, and not horizontal. The British supposed the length of that, which they saw, to be three hundred feet, but this Mr Cummings imagines

to be an exaggeration. A gentleman of intelligence (Rev. Alden Bradford of Wiscasset, now Secretary of the Commonwealth), inquired of Mr Cummings whether the appearance might not be produced by a number of porpoises following each other in a train; but Mr Cummings asserts, that the animal held its head out of the water about five feet till he got out to sea; for when seen he was going out of the bay, and Mr Cummings was ascending it. The colour was a bluish green about the head and neck, but the water rippled so much over his body that it was not possible to determine its tint. The shape of the head was like that of a common snake, flattened, and about the size of a pail. He was seen approaching, passing, and departing. Till this, Mr Cummings was as incredulous, in respect to its existence, as many of his neighbours. The weather was calm, and it was the month of August, in which month, Mr Cummings remarks, that as far as he has heard, the Serpent makes his appearance on the coast.'

I am inclined to suppose, that Mr Cummings' account is that, which in one of the public papers was lately alluded to, as having been communicated to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, but mislaid.

'Aug. 23, 1809. Mr Charles Shaw, (then of Bath, now an attorney of Boston), informed me, that a Capt. Lillis, with whom he had sailed, observed cursorily in conversation, that he had seen off the coast a very singular fish; it appeared, said he, more like a snake than a fish, and was about forty feet long. It held its head erect, had no mane, and looked like an ordinary serpent. He asked Mr Shaw if he had ever seen, or read, or heard of such an animal?

About two years after hearing this, while on a journey to Indian Old Town, as one of the Massachusetts Commissioners to induce the Indians to cultivate their lands, I had opportunity to make further inquiry, and find in my journal the following entry:

'Sept. 10, 1811. Having heard to-day further testimony respecting the Sea Serpent of Penobscot. A Mr Staples of Prospect, of whom I inquired as I passed, was told, by a Mr Miller of one of the islands of the bay, that he had seen it; and 'it was as big as a sloop's boom, and about sixty or seventy feet long.' He told me also, that about 1780, as a schooner was lying at the mouth of the river, or in the bay, one of these enormous creatures leaped over it between the masts—that the men ran into the hold for fright, and that the weight of the serpent sunk the vessel, 'one streak,' or plank. The schooner was of about eighteen tons.'

Having, we trust, by means of the preceding extracts and observations, sufficiently cleared away all doubts from the minds of such of our readers

as have been in the habit of considering the existence of the Great Sea Serpent as little deserving of credit, we do not deem it necessary to encroach further upon their patience. Our chief object in the preceding examination has been to shew, not only that certain animals, which, by a great majority of voices, have been long regarded as inseparable from the legends of fable and romance, do actually exist, but also, that the proof of their existence is not to be attributed solely, as some have supposed, to the discoveries of recent writers; on the contrary, that all the most remarkable and characteristic features in their forms and habits, may be found recorded in the works of the Scandinavian authors who flourished about and preceding the middle of the last century. In regard to the Kraken, which formed the subject of our first communication, it may be observed, that it is still exceedingly difficult to form a very decisive opinion of its real nature, or to separate its genuine history from the dense mass of fiction and exaggeration with which it is at present obscured. At the same time, we certainly consider the different accounts to which we have referred, however vague and uncertain they may be deemed, quite sufficient to establish the existence of an enormous marine animal, the attributes of which are of a nature sufficiently singular to account for the addition of those fabulous and almost supernatural powers with which it has been gifted by the superstitious apprehensions of the vulgar. An attentive consideration of such of its characters as may be relied upon, seems to warrant the conclusion, that the great northern animal, called the Kraken, is more nearly allied to the Colossal Cuttle Fish of the Indian and African seas, than to any other creature of which we have ever heard; and that these two species should be regarded as analagous, differing only in as far as animals of the same genus are found to differ from each other, the nature of whose physical and geographical position is so entirely dissimilar.

As to the Sea Serpent, it is unnecessary to point out an agreement so obvious, as that which might be perceived to exist between the accounts of the Norwegian writers and those given of the same or a similar animal

by the Orcadians and Americans. Its appearance in the finest months of summer, during the calmest and most settled weather; its resemblance, while on the surface of the water, to a long chain of casks or floats; the rapidity of its motions; and its general aspect and character; are described in such a manner by the one, as immediately to recal to recollection the words of the other. The existence of both these animals, we think, may be relied upon, although the exact nature of the former is mysterious, and that of the latter sufficiently obscure. No doubt much has been accomplished by the assiduity of modern naturalists, yet it is evident that much remains still to be done. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dream't of in our philosophy." W.

SECOND LETTER FROM AN OLD INDIAN OFFICER.

MR EDITOR,

IF any of your readers (who have arrived at the years of discretion) were inclined to hesitate about adopting the conclusions of my former letter, I imagine the answer to that letter, which has since appeared in your Magazine,* must have greatly contributed to remove their scruples. The young lady, who has done me the honour to be so witty at my expense, was not aware, when she composed her smart paragraphs, that she was, in truth, advocating, with all her might, the cause she supposed herself to be confounding. How she has happened to discover me under the signature of "an Old Indian," I cannot exactly discover; but it may be as well for me, before I go any farther, to confess very frankly to you and to your readers, that the hints she has given you respecting my person are, upon the whole, pretty correct. I am old and gouty, Mr Editor, but that is nothing to the arguments of Miss Alpina. It is sufficient for all the purposes of the present controversy, that I can *hear* and *see*. I also have made my discoveries, but of these in the sequel.

There is only one thing in the letter of Miss Alpina, which can be by any sophistry twisted into an argument in

* See No XI.

favour of the rout-and-ball-system. It is this, that so far from the opportunities of gallantry and flirtation being lessened by the discontinuance of small parties, they are, in fact, multiplied beyond all calculation, by means of the necessary bustle, confusion, neglect, and hubbub of great ones. She says well, that in the *thick* of a rout, or in the lobby of a house turned upside down by a ball; or, in the chaos of a supper for forty or fifty people packed into a bed-closet, there occur abundant occasions for sapping, in detail, all the outworks of courtship, or even for popping the match destined to blow up the citadel itself. Alpina is herself a melancholy example, that, however favourable might be the opportunity, it is not unfrequently neglected. It seems that there is nothing to prevent the enemy from drawing his line as close as he pleases; there is every reason to suspect that he might easily gain a party within the fortress, who would be happy, by all means in their power, to facilitate his entrance;—surely he is not much set upon the conquest, otherwise he would make some use of “the favourable hour.”

The truth is, that there is no want of flirtation among our young gentlemen and ladies; my complaint is, that there is too much flirtation of one kind, the false, the superficial, the coxcombical, the *non-chalant*; and very, very little of another kind, which I prefer—the true, the hearty, the sentimental, the Philandering, old-fashioned flirtation. It moves my spleen, Mr Editor, when I go into a ball-room, or a rout-room, to see with what a confident, self-satisfied, free-and-easy manner, the Alpinas of the present day suffer themselves to be addressed by their beaux. When a young gentleman of my time approached a young lady, you could read love in some one or other of its shapes or shadings, in all the workings of his countenance. His general deportment was one of a far-off, respectful, almost adoring, submission; a smile shone upon him like a beam from above,—he received a whisper with the veneration due to an oracle of Heaven.

When the humility of his devotion procured for him a moment of communion with his deity, his countenance glowed with the fervency of a more than earthly rapture. His worship was formal, no doubt; if you

will, it was the papistry of flirtation. He had his relics like a good Catholic,—his fan, his glove, or his thimble; a miniature, if he could procure one, was a treasure above all price. He was a saint-worshipper, and the supremacy of some favourite Catharine or Bridget did not prevent him from reserving an abundant portion of his veneration for Cecilia, Martha, Agnes, and all the fair innocents of his calendar. Alpina will say that the reformation is a blessing; I doubt whether the adoption of a less stately ceremonial has been as useful in the temple of Love, as in that of Religion.

I am by no means desirous of being severe on matters at home, but I must confess my conviction, that a British ball-room is a thing, the absurdities of which are in a great measure peculiar and unrivalled. I remember when things wore a very different aspect; but the present mode of dancing is, I think, indeed an abomination. Without the airiness of French, the sentiment of German, or the splendour of Spanish execution, it is a vain and fruitless attempt to ingraft the graces of continental dancing upon the aboriginal coarseness of the reel. When I was a young man, I used to see the country lads and lasses dance pretty much in the same manner at their *kirks*, and I thought it suited them and their habits extremely well. As for the quadrille, that is a late importation, the use of which has not yet, and I believe never will, become familiar to us. I never see four grave, gloomy, Edinburgh beaux, figuring in it with four stiff, prin, *saddled* misses, without being reminded, in the most lively manner, of some of the cuts in Holbein's dance of death.—The waltz is not so bad a thing abroad as it is here. Foreigners continue to smile it off as a matter of a course, but our waltzing couples seem always to be impressed with a consciousness of guilt. With them it has quite the appearance of a serious and deliberate offence; but perhaps Miss Alpina may be of opinion that all this adds to the *gout*.

The young ladies may depend upon it, that this vile system of dancing is a poor substitute for the elegant and stately minuets which I remember to have seen performed by their grandmothers, in an assembly room far smaller, but far more splendid, grace-

ful, and attractive, than that of George Street. In dancing, as in every thing else, the old barriers have been broken down. The revolutionary spirit has been at work. Loose, vulgar, and democratic ideas have been introduced into the world of fashion. For my part, I am still a stickler for all the old prejudices, the *divine right* of beauties, and the *legitimate subjection* of beaux.

Perhaps my aversion to a modern ball is rendered more intense by the habits of my long Indian life. I confess that I have been so much used to associate the idea of dancing with those attributes which belong to its practitioners in Hindostan, that I do not find it easy to look on any of our home exhibitions with the eyes of an Englishman. I doubt whether, even if our young ladies should revive minuets, I should be able to look at them without being reminded of a *ramjungee*. I remember hearing my friend, old Jonathan Duncan, governor of Bombay, tell a story of a native of high rank, who once visited him at the Presidency. Mrs Duncan, it seems, had a ball in the evening, and the Mussulman was a looker on, while all the beauty and fashion of the station mingled in the mazes of the dance. After one or two country dances had been gone through, he drew Jonathan into a window, and signified to him, that a particular young lady (I forget her name) had pleased his eye, and that he hoped the governor would permit him to add her to his haram. Jonathan was struck with horror, and endeavoured with all his eloquence, to convince his guest that the thing was impossible, the lady perfectly virtuous, &c. &c. The Mussulman bowed himself, and appeared satisfied, but afterwards told a friend of mine, that he saw well enough the crafty old gentleman wished to keep the *natchgul* to himself. I am afraid the ladies will not easily pardon me for saying, that I really sympathise at times with the blunder of this Oriental.

So much for a ball, Mr Editor—as for routs, I confess very honestly that the squeeze is the principal cause of my hatred to them. The heat, the crushing, the buzz, the elbowing, the chattering, the pawing, are very good for those that like them. I have seen the young lady who answered my first

letter, undergo the whole process, at least fifty times within these two years; but alas! alas! Alpina, what has come of it? You know as well as I do, that by far the greatest part of the pinching and rubbing falls to the share of the heiresses. You know they are the only persons who hear the question popped, and I leave it with you to decide whether that would not go on as well without the squeeze as with it. At all events, I hope the ladies who invite me to their routs will henceforth keep some little anti-chamber for frail toes and whist.

I am no admirer of Calvinistic divinity, Mr Editor,—I was bred a non-conformist, and I am still an Episcopalian,—but I own to you I have been extremely flattered to find, that my notions, in regard to these modern gayeties, coincide very nearly with those of the most popular preacher of this church-going city. Upon the report of one of my nieces (who backbit him a whole evening after coming from church) I ventured to go to St George's a few Sundays ago, and certainly had the satisfaction to hear all my own opinions touching these matters, supported by a host of arguments which I had never thought of. In short, I find that King David, St Paul, &c. were all "Old Indians" in their day, and set their faces, as stoutly as I do mine, against the crowded *hops* and *at-homes*, in the *beaux monde* of their city. As I have no personal acquaintance with any of the presbyterian clergy, I take this way of returning my best thanks to the ingenious preacher; long may he rebuke the givers and frequenters of balls and routs, and may all his sermons leave upon the minds of his hearers the same warm impression which I am conscious I myself received, in favour of the good venerable system of fat-dinners and suppers for the old—and quiet, sedate, sentimental tea-drinkings for the young. I may add, that I think his abuse of the theatre was rather unnecessary, for that which certainly is the most rational, and which might very easily be made the most moral of all public places, has, for some time, been almost entirely deserted by the genteel inhabitants of Edinburgh. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

AN OLD INDIAN.

COLTER'S ESCAPE FROM THE BLACK-
FEET INDIANS.

MR EDITOR,

IN your Eleventh Number I read a very striking letter, said to be translated from the German, describing the supposed author's preservation from death at sea. I suspect, however, from internal evidence, that that letter is merely the fiction of some man of poetical genius, for, along with much truth and nature, it contains some touches, here and there, which betray the quarter from which it came, and seem to be any thing but natural. The following is an instance of preservation from death on land, plainly recited,—and though true, no less wonderful than the imaginary case I allude to. It is extracted from Bradbury's Travels in America, a very instructive and amusing book. H.

“ THIS man came to St Louis in May 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3000 miles, which he traversed in thirty days; I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures after he had separated from Lewis and Clarke's party: one of these, from its singularity, I shall relate. On the arrival of the party on the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing the appearance of abundance of beaver being there, he got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after he separated from Dixon, and *trapped* in company with a hunter named Potts; and aware of the hostility of the Blackfeet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by In-

dians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffalo, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed, by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. A retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore; and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, ‘*Colter, I am wounded.*’ Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at an Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was doubtless the effect of sudden, but sound reasoning; for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use the language of Colter, ‘*he was made a riddle of.*’ They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kee-kat-sa, or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians; therefore cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him *to save himself if he could.* At that instant the horrid war whoop sounded in the ears

of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he was himself surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility, but that confidence was nearly being fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop, but exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton wood trees, on the borders of the fork, through which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place there was an island, against the upper point of which a raft of drift timber had lodged, he dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water a-

mongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, 'like so many devils.' They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose, that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived from under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed, and travelled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked under a burning sun: the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him, and was at least seven days journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Roche Jaune river. These are circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. He arrived at the fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, now known by naturalists as *Psoralea esculenta*."

EXTRACT FROM M. DE PEUEMOTS.*

WHEN one considers how very large a proportion of his Majesty's subjects depend for a great part of their daily amusement upon the innocent and agreeable practice of novel-reading, it must appear to be a very strange thing indeed, that any man of talents who chooses to write a novel should ever undergo the mortification of seeing his work neglected. The truth is, that the character of a great novel-reader implies the most perfect incapacity to judge between a good novel and a bad one. No man who knows the luxury of bestriding an Arabian, will submit to be jolted upon a carrion-hack; and

* Fragments and Fictions, translated from the French of Jean Pocourante de Peudemots, sometime Secretary to the Prince de Talleyrand. 12mo, pp. 138. Macreëdie, &c. Edinburgh. 1817.

the virtuoso is very seldom a habitual gazer at sign-posts. The reader who is capable of understanding Cervantes, Fielding, and Voltaire, is not likely to be a great patron of the Minerva Press; and *vice versa*, the consumers of the Minerva Press ware have no relish for any of the great works of fiction, either in poetry or in prose.

The *reading public* of Edinburgh do themselves the honour to suppose that they are the most enlightened and elegant *reading public* in the world. They have been confirmed, we suppose, in this vanity, by the practice of many of the best English writers in the present day, who publish their works in this city, rather than in London. But we fear there is at bottom very little foundation for the belief. Scotland possesses a few authors of great eminence; but, with the exception of these, we think her literary population is entitled to very little respect. Our ladies and gentlemen can indeed re-echo with much volubility the praises of any established author, in the words and phrases already consecrated to his use by the Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviews; but they have no real, intense, abiding delight either in poetry or in prose. They have already almost forgotten Scott's poems, merely because he has not published any for some years, and, of consequence, has not been celebrated in any late numbers of the Reviews. For the same reason, Mackenzie is seldom spoken of, in comparison with Maturin; and Madame Darblay has been eclipsed by Miss Jane Porter. Indeed the whole true literature of our country is comparatively neglected, and any thing, to be noticed, must be new.

It is not long since this little volume possessed all the merits of novelty, and yet it is quite unknown. Had it been published by any great bookseller, and noticed in any great Review, it must at once have become popular; but such has not as yet been its fate.

It consists of various little tales and fragments, all written under the disguise of a translation from the French, and most of them exhibiting better specimens of Voltaire's mode of novel-writing than any we remember to have seen in our language. The author we guess to be a young man; but we predict that his name, whatever it be,

will, ere long, provided he makes a suitable use of his genius, become one of the best ornaments of his time. He is master of an elegant style, devoid of affectation, light, graceful, equally remote from the rumbling periodic style which is fashionable on this side of the Tweed, and the pernicious epigrammatic vulgarities which have lately become too common among our neighbours of the South. In this style he embodies lively and exquisite wit, delicate and manly feelings, bitter sarcasms and satire, and observations and reflections of no ordinary depth, all in their turn; and with such a sense of propriety, such a delicacy of taste, that no one of these elements is ever allowed, in any measure, to neutralize the effect of the others.

The volume is a trifle, and we regard it merely as a promise. We shall not therefore, at present, enlarge at any greater length upon merits which we hope soon to see surpassed, or powers which, we doubt not, will yet be far more richly developed. Our object is merely to call the attention of our readers; and this, we are aware, can be done by no means so effectually as by an extract. We might have selected others, in which greater depth and power are manifested; but elegance is so much the *desideratum* in most writings of our time, that we have fixed, chiefly for its sake, upon the

“ ONE NIGHT IN ROME.

“ Know'st thou the pile the colonnade sustains,

Its splendid chambers, and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array.
GOETHE.

“ DURING those extraordinary times when Nero wanted in every species of atrocity, a young man, by name Agenor, was brought up in one of the provinces of Italy. He lost both his parents, and finding himself his own master, set out to visit Rome.

“ It was at dusk, after a fatiguing journey, when he first made his approach to that immense labyrinth of wonders and of crimes. Lights were seen scattered over all the city. The sound of chariot wheels, vociferations, and musical instruments, reached him before his entry, and soon after stunned him, in passing along the streets, where senators, and women of rank, flamens, and gladiators, knights, thieves, matrons, orators, and debauchees, were strolling together in companies, and conversing in a thousand different tones, of drunkenness, derision, kindness, resentment, vulgarity, and high-breeding. In short, it was the festival of

Cybele, the mother of the Gods, and all Rome was in an uproar.

“Our youth feels abashed in the metropolis. The number of countenances that wear a look of intelligence and penetration, without any stamp of moral goodness, dismays and confounds him. He falls into reveries upon the subject, and tries to conceive what style of manners would best protect him from ridicule in dealing with such men; or how he could endeavour to match their shrewdness, when it was accompanied by no respect for justice or truth.

“In the meantime, a scuffle took place among some slaves. One of them was wounded, and retired among the pillars of a temple, where he lay down, without receiving the least notice or comfort from any passenger. Agenor went up to the spot, and spoke to him. After inquiring into the nature of his hurt, he learnt the name and abode of his master, who was a praetor, and whom he next went to seek, for the purpose of procuring assistance.

“It was a magnificent house to which the slave had directed him. The master was out at supper, but his lady was giving an entertainment in his absence, and ere long came in person to learn what intelligence our youth had to communicate. She was a noble figure, had some beauty, with a gay look, and an eye full of a thousand meanings. While Agenor was telling his story she regarded him attentively. Indeed his cheek had a fine bloom, and his locks were as rich and exuberant as what we now behold on the forehead of the charming Antinous. As for his manner, it implied the most unbroken simplicity; so that, after giving orders for bringing home the wounded slave, she begged, in a matronly tone, that he would come up stairs, and partake of a repast along with some of her friends; ‘because,’ added she, with a smile, ‘it is the festival of Cybele.’ Agenor complied.

“There was a good deal of company in her saloon. Among others, a centurion, who did not appear so devout as Cornelius; an old senator, toothless and half blind; a Greek belonging to the theatre; several married women of the city; and a beautiful young girl, with dark eyes and modest lips, whose name was Phrosine, a niece of their absent host.

“It was upon this young person that our hero’s thoughts were principally fixed during supper; although the lady of the house never allowed much time to pass without asking him some question, or sending a smile to meet his eye as it wandered over the table; and although she presented him with a sweetmeat, where there was a sprig of myrtle floating in the juice. Phrosine spoke little, but Agenor could observe she never missed any thing he said. This made him talk with animation, and gave his voice that sort of mellowness which quiets the female bosom into a delicious languor, while

it penetrates to its very core. An easy gaiety prevailed throughout the company. The perfumes which were burnt in the chamber, together with the occasional strains of music performed by attendants, operated in producing that luxurious indolence which is averse to any sort of contention. Every disagreeable thought was turned aside by some dextrous pleasantry. No altercation had time to occur before it was solved by a jest. The choicest wines of the praetor were circulated with a liberal hand; and the old senator, from time to time, poured forth unmeaning gallantries, without knowing exactly to whom they were addressed. Agenor began to perceive the beauty of nonsense, which is almost the only thing that can relax the vigilance of our self-love, and enable us to live harmoniously together.

“In the meantime, a great deal of gossip took place among the married women. Nero’s conduct was examined with freedom; but more as an object of ridicule than of detestation. The Greek enlarged upon some fine panthers then at the circus. The centurion drank assiduously, and lay in watch for any ambiguities of language that might happen to drop from the company. These he regularly followed up with such remarks as implied his adoption of their worst meaning; and he shewed an expertness in this exercise, which long practice only could have taught him. Indeed not one sentence escaped from the senator which he did not mould into some equivocal declaration or proposal. The reverend father himself had no suspicion of this, although shouts of laughter were constantly breaking forth among the male part of the company; and therefore he continued slowly bungling forward from one subject to another, while the long chasms between his ideas were filled up and garnished by the centurion, at his own discretion. In those days an old senator was considered as the finest butt in the world.

“When the party broke up, Agenor came near Phrosine, and said, for the pleasure of speaking to her, ‘How long does the festival of Cybele continue?’ Any question will serve to accompany the looks of a lover. Phrosine replied, ‘Only two days more; but in that time you will see much of the nature of Rome;’ and then added, with a girlish ignorance of her own feelings, ‘What a pleasant companion that old senator is! I never spent a night so happily.’ ‘Nor I,’ said Agenor, who knew the reason better.

“A servant was waiting at the door of the saloon. Agenor followed him; but, instead of being shewn down to the street as he expected, he was left in a solitary chamber, enriched with furniture and paintings of exquisite beauty. Here was an ivory couch, lined with purple; two Etruscan vases full of roses; and a Cupid of Parian marble, by one of the finest sculptors in Greece. The paintings were all of an amo-

rous description. Satyrs gambled along the walls, and thoughtless nymphs were seen very much exposed among the dark recesses of an ancient forest. Agenor endeavoured to find out the meaning of his situation, but could not. Presently the prætor's wife entered. She took his hand with much cordiality, and said, 'My dear Agenor, pardon me for this detention: I cannot let you depart, without some advice concerning the perils of this bad city; for I perceive you are a stranger. Young men sometimes endeavour to get near the emperor in public places, in order to see his person. Beware of doing so. It is impossible to say what might happen if you should attract his notice; for his power is absolute, and mischief is always in his thoughts. Do not associate with gladiators and charioteers, who seldom leave an obolus in the pockets of their companions; nor with Greeks, who are sad impostors. Again, your handsome person may chance to captivate some of our matrons, who love gallantry; but although they should smile on you from their windows, and beckon with a look of insinuation, do not stop to talk with them; otherwise you will get entangled in a thousand scrapes. You will be left in the lurch, while they go to intrigue with some other person. Avoid all this, and come often back to visit me,' said the prætor's wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder: 'Be assured I will prove as good a friend as can be met with in Rome.'

'Agenor was a good deal astonished. Perhaps he would have been at a loss what to say; but the prætor himself was that moment heard lumbering up stairs, and hemming at intervals, in a state of intoxication. His wife started up, and bade Agenor good night. She then opened a private passage down to the street, and gently pushed him out, saying, with a smile, 'Farewell at present; come back to-morrow, and I shall introduce you to the prætor, who is a very worthy man.'

'When Agenor came away, the streets were still as crowded as ever, but afforded more examples of the debaucheries and vices of Rome. The town which Cato loved was now sadly altered. Every god and every virtue had left the place; and although their temples remained as beautiful as in better times, they were filled with scoffing instead of prayer. Agenor had lived as yet uncontaminated; and the conduct of the prætor's wife that night had not seduced him, because he thought of Phrosine. Phrosine's image engrossed his attention so much that he could scarcely find the house where he meant to sleep; and when he lay down, the fantastic dreams of youth continued hovering about his pillow.

'Next morning he took a walk through the town. He viewed the public buildings, the places noted in history, the books of the Sybils, which he could not understand, and the charming productions of the fine arts,

worth all the rest put together. Many a beautiful head, and many a voluptuous form of alabaster, awoke in him the softest feeling of delight; many a group of Bacchanals taught him a joyful indifference; and many a picture bore a motto from the songs of Horace, which told him that life is short, and that we should gather its roses while fate leaves them in our power. Xenos's philosophy had once been his pride; but a softness of heart now crept in upon him; and the feelings of the Stoics died away before other feelings, which rendered him a fitter inhabitant for modern Rome. In the morning he had scrupled about returning to the prætor's house; but now he said, 'I must go back to see Phrosine.'

'In the mean time, as it was yet early in the forenoon, he repaired to the circus, where he found the citizens already placed in thousands along its far-spreading benches, and some of them distinguished by very magnificent attire. The games began. Racers and combatants appeared on the vast arena. Trumpets were sounded. A number of tigers, newly brought from confinement, scattered the dust in their terrific gambols. Blood began to be shed, and exclamations to rise from the populace. The wild animals increased the noise in receiving their mortal stabs, and the gladiators fought and died with enthusiasm; for the sweet music of applause rung in their ears until they could not hear it any longer.

'Agenor grew much interested in these fatal sports. Nevertheless, he fell sometimes into reveries about Phrosine; and in glancing his eye over the long rows of the circus, he observed the prætor's wife attended not only by her husband, who was a corpulent figure with a red nose, and a countenance full of good-natured sensuality, but also by some of the handsomest men in Rome.

'Agenor thought there was no need of increasing the number. He therefore left the circus, and went to see if Phrosine had been left at home. Fortunately this was the case. He found her watering some plants in an open gallery, and removing such of their leaves as had withered by too powerful a sun. She recognised him with blushes of gladness; and, after a short time, Agenor engaged in dressing the flowers along with her. These young people found this occupation a very pleasing one. Their smiles met every moment over hyacinths and myrtles; and their words were breathed in a low voice among exhalations of perfume. When Phrosine thought the jars were ill arranged, Agenor transposed them so as to produce a finer grouping of the blossoms; and when their pitcher of water was exhausted, this languishing boy and girl, who had already forgotten all conventional forms of behaviour, went, arm in arm, to the fountain down in the garden, to get more. There, at a basin of marble, which foamed to the brim, they replenished

their vessel. Some drops of the spray came dashing on Phrosine's white shoulders; and Agenor used the freedom to wipe them off with a corner of her garment. Phrosine submitted with a slight struggle; but all this took place in silence, for the feelings of the parties were by far too serious to suit with jests and compliments. Afterwards they leant for a long time, side by side, against the trunk of a chesnut. Their souls were lost in musing, and their eyes were fixed on the shadows of branches that played over the sunny ground before them. 'Ah! how pleasing is a country life,' said Phrosine, 'I sometimes wish that I could get leave to spend my time in Calabria, or Apulea, or some of those delightful provinces where the ground is covered with yellow sheaves, and where the days are so beautiful, that if a person merely walks about in the open air, it is enough to make him regardless of all other pleasures. I do not like the town or its inhabitants. Our visitors are so cold-hearted, that I am treated as a child if I behave kindly to them. They laugh at any person who is simple enough to feel attachment even for themselves. Again, there is no peace or security in Rome; for every one is afraid of being cruelly insulted by the emperor, or some of his favourites; and their brutality renders so many precautions necessary, that I am inclined more and more to envy the inhabitants of those distant provinces who are out of its reach. Pray, from what province do you come?' 'From no other than Calabria,' replied Agenor. 'I have a small farm there; but a country life is sometimes insipid, and I came to Rome from curiosity and desire of change. Ah, Phrosine! if I had not come to Rome, I should never have enjoyed the happiness of being near you; and now, if I go back to Calabria, I shall not know what to do with my heart.'

'Keep your heart with sufficient care,' said Phrosine, blushing, 'and it will give you no trouble. Those deep and lasting attachments which have been described by the poets, are no longer to be found in Rome. It is now the fashion to change rapidly from one object of admiration to another, and, indeed, never to allow the feelings to be seriously engaged at all. The example of Nero, and his detestable court, has annihilated every thing amiable, and left us nothing but selfishness, profligacy, and indifference.'

'Then you must seek elsewhere,' said Agenor, 'for a heart which is worthy of you. Rome, as you describe it, can never be the theatre of your happiness.'

'Oh! I could endure it well enough,' said Phrosine, 'provided I were agreeably situated at home. But the prætor's wife is jealous of the attention I receive from her visitors, and sometimes treats me with a degree of harshness which it is difficult to support. She is still fond of admiration, as you may observe, and imagines that I wish to encroach upon her share.'

'There can be no doubt of it,' replied Agenor. 'It is evident she wishes you out of her family.'

'But what is worse,' said Phrosine with tears in her eyes, and at the same time laying her hand upon his shoulder, 'would you believe it, Agenor? I can hardly be sure that my own uncle, if circumstances should entice him, will not deliver me up to this monster who calls himself the Emperor. It seems he had observed me with particular attention somewhere in public, and has repeatedly inquired about me since. The prætor is at present in favour; but if he were to evade any of Nero's orders, there would at once be an end to his farther good fortune, and perhaps his life.'

'Then why, my beautiful Phrosine,' said our youth, gently encircling her waist, 'why do you remain here to endanger your uncle's life? Would it not be much wiser, and more consistent with your duty, to marry a poor husbandman who adores you, and set out for Calabria, where you will enjoy all the pleasures of a charming climate, and never hear of this wicked Emperor any more? Surely this proposal need only be stated, to make you at once perceive its propriety.'

'Oh, but my aunt,' said Phrosine, sobbing, in great agitation, 'she would not approve of my conduct.'

'Nor would you approve of hers, if you knew all the particulars of it,' replied Agenor. 'Wrap your veil about your head, and we shall get out by the garden door, which opens into some of the back lanes. A couple of mules can soon be purchased; and in a short time we will be far from Rome.'

'Oh no, it is impossible,' said Phrosine, 'I cannot go just now.'

'Just now is the very best time,' replied Agenor. 'Every person is at present in the circus, where Nero performs as a charioteer; and neither the prætor nor his wife can return till the games are finished. Come along,' said our youth, employing a little gentle violence.

'Oh no, it is impossible,' said Phrosine, weeping and struggling, and gradually allowing herself to be dragged away.

MORAL.

'The moral is, that a great deal may be done with young ladies, if they are taken by surprise.'

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ENSIGN AND ADJUTANT ODOHERTY, LATE OF THE 99TH REGIMENT.

(Continued.)

THE Ode to Messrs Young and Waters, with part of which we closed our last notice of Mr Odoherly's life, has

a merit which is far from being common among modern lyrics—it expresses the habitual feelings of the author. The composer of an ode, in these times, is usually obliged to throw himself out of his own person, into that of some individual placed in a situation more picturesque than has fallen to his own share—he is obliged to dismiss all recollection of his own papered parlour and writing-desk, and to imagine himself, *pro tempore*, a burning Indian, a dying soldier, or a love-sick young lady, as it may happen. He thus loses that intense air of personal emotion, which forms the principal charm in the stern heroics of Pindar, the elegant drinking songs of Horace, the gay *chansons* of Deshoulières, and the luxurious erotics of Tom Moore. Odoherly wrote of Young and Waters in his own person,—the feelings which he has embodied in verse, are the daily, or rather nightly, visitants of his own bosom. If truth and nature form the chief excellence of poetry, our hero may take his place among the most favoured children of the muse.

Those taverns were, however, far from being the scenes of mere merriment and punch-drinking. The bowl was seasoned with the conversation of associates, of whom it is sufficient to say, that they were indeed worthy to sit at the board with Ensign and Adjutant Odoherly. The writer of this has no personal knowledge of these distinguished persons; but from the letters and poems of the Ensign's, composed during his stay in Edinburgh, it is evident, that those upon whom he set most value, were the following gentlemen: James Hogg, Esq., the celebrated author of "The Queen's Wake," "Pilgrims of the Sun," "Mador of the Moor," and other well-known poems. Of this great man Odoherly always wrote with rapture—take the following specimen.

While worldly men through stupid years
Without emotion jog,
Devoid of passions, hopes, and fears,
As senseless as a log—
I much prefer my nights to spend,
A happy ranting dog,
And see dull care his front unbend
Before the smile of Hogg.

The life of man's a season drear,
Immersed in mist and fog,
Until the star of wit appear,
And set its clouds agog.

For me, I wish no brighter sky
Than o'er a jug of grog,
When fancy kindles in the eye,
The good gray eye of Hogg.
When Misery's car is at its speed,
The glowing wheels to cog;
To make the heart where sorrows bleed
Leap lightly like a frog;
Gay verdure o'er the crag to shower,
And blossoms o'er the bog,
Wit's potent magic has the power,
When thou dost wield it, Hogg!

In the *escritoir* of the Ensign, his executors found, among letters from the first literary characters of the day, many excellent ones from Mr Hogg; and the following beautiful lines formed the postscript to that one in which he returned thanks to our poet for the above tribute to his own kindred genius.

O hone, Odoherly!
I canna weel tell what is wrang;
But oh, man, since you gaed frae me,
The days are unco dull and lang.
I try the paper and the slate,
And pen, and cawk, and killivine;
But nothing can I write of late,
That even Girzzy ca's divine.

O hone, Odoherly!
O hone, Odoherly!
Oh weary fa' the fates' decree,
That garred the Captain part frae me.

O hone, Odoherly!
Come back, come back to Ettrick lake,
And ye sall hear, and ye sall see,
What I'se do for the Captain's sake.
I'll coff tobacco o' the best,
And pipes baith lang and short I'se gie;
And the toddy-stoup sall ne'er get rest,
Frae morn till night, 'tween you and me.
O hone, Odoherly!
O hone, Odoherly!

O welcome sall the moment be
That brings the Captain back to me.

Next to the Ettrick Shepherd, the member of the Dilettanti who shared most of Ensign Odoherly's confidence and affection was William Allan, Esq. This gentleman's genius as a painter does not require any notice on the present occasion. He has, we understand, done justice to his own feelings, and to his friend, by introducing a striking likeness of Odoherly's features into one of his principal pieces. Reader, the Cobler in the Press-gang is Odoherly! To Mr Allan, Odoherly frequently addressed humorous epistles in verse. We prefer, however, to quote the following eulogy, which is written in the Adjutant's best serious manner.

When wondering ages shall have rolled away,
And that be ancient which is new to-day;

When time has pour'd his warm and softening glow
 O'er that pale virgin's* throbbing breast of snow,
 And lent the settled majesty of years
 To those grim Spahis and those proud viziers;
 From distant lands the ardent youth shall come
 To gaze with admiration—breathless—dumb—
 To fix his eyes, like orbs of marble, there!
 And let his soul luxuriate in despair.
 Posterity! Ah, what's a name to thee!
 What Raphael is, my Allan then shall be.

As the writer of the present notice intends to publish in a separate form the poetical verses of Odoherly, with authentic portraits of his friends, it is not necessary to quote any more of these effusions now. The pleasantry of the Ensign was always harmless, and his very satire was both dart and balsam. He never condescended to personalities, except in one solitary instance, in a song, entitled, "The Young Man of the West," composed upon Mr James Grahame, the famous Anti-Malthusian philosopher. This song he used to sing with great humour, to the tune of "A Cobler there was, &c." but though frequently urged to do so, he never would print it; and on his own manuscript copy there is this note, "Let the Young Man of the West be destroyed," an injunction which has since been scrupulously complied with.

During one of those brilliant evenings at the Dilettanti, which, says our bard in a letter to the present writer, "will for ever live in the memory of all who enjoyed them," the conversation ran upon the Italian improvisatori. Odoherly remarked, that the power which appeared to many so wonderful, was no way uncommon, and offered to recite, or write down *currente calamo*, a poem upon any given subject. The president proposed "An Elegy, by a Young Lady in a Ball-room disappointed of a Partner," and the Adjutant wrote down the following twenty four-line stanzas in fifty-three minutes nineteen seconds by a stop-watch. Such an achievement throws the admirable Crichton into the shade.

Elegy written in a Ball-room.

THE beaux are jogging on the pictured floor,
 The belles responsive trip with lightsome heels;

While I, deserted, the cold pangs deplore,
 Or breathe the wrath which slighted beauty feels.

When first I entered glad, with glad mamma,
 The girls were ranged and clustered round us then;

Few beaux were there, those few with scorn
 I saw,
 Unknowing Dandies that could come at ten.

My buoyant heart beat high with promised pleasure,
 My dancing garland moved with airy grace;
 Quick beat my active toe to Gow's gay measure,
 And undissembled triumph wreathed my face.

Fancy prospective took a proud survey
 Of all the coming glories of the night;
 Even where I stood my legs began to play—
 So racers paw the turf e'er jockeys smite.

And "who shall be my partner first?" I said,
 As my thoughts glided o'er the coming beaux;
 "Not Tom, nor Ned, nor Jack,"—I tossed my head,
 Nice grew my taste, and high my scorn arose.

"If Dicky asks me, I shall spit and sprain;
 When Sam approaches, headachis I will mention;
 I'll freeze the colonel's heart with cold disdain:"

Thus cruelly ran on my glib invention.

While yet my fancy revelled in her dreams,
 The sets are forming, and the fiddles scraping;

Gow's wakening chord a stirring prelude screams,
 The beaux are quizzing, and the misses gaping.

Beau after beau approaches, bows, and smiles,

Quick to the dangler's arm springs glad ma'amselle;

Pair after pair augments the sparkling files,
 And full upon my ear "THE TRIUMPH" swells.

I flirt my fan in time with the mad fiddle,
 My eye pursues the dancers' motions flying;
 Cross hands! Balancez! down and up the middle!

To join the revel how my heart is dying.

One miss sits down all glowing from the dance,
 Another rises, and another yet;
 Beaux upon belles, and belles on beaux advance,

The tune unending, ever full the set.

At last a pause there comes—to Gow's keen hand

The hurrying lacky hands the enlivening port;

The misses sip the ices where they stand,
 And gather vigour to renew the sport.

* Circassian captive.

I round the room dispense a wistful glance,
Wish Ned, or Dick, or Tom, would crave
the honour ;
I hear Sam whisper to Miss B., " Do—
dance,"

And launch a withering scowl of envy on her.

Sir Billy capers up to Lady Di ;
In vain I cough as gay Sir Billy passes ;
The Major asks my sister—faint I sigh,
" Well after this—the men are grown such
asses !"

In vain ! in vain ! again the dancers mingle,
With lazy eye I watch the busy scene,
Far on the pillowed sofa sad and single,
Languid the attitude—but sharp the spleen.

" La ! ma'am, how hot !"—" You're quite
fatigued, I see ;"
" What a long dance !"—" And so you're
come to town !"

Such casual whispers are addressed to me,
But not one hint to lead the next set down.

The third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth,
are gone,
And now the seventh—and yet I'm asked
not once !

When supper comes must I descend alone ?
Does Fate deny me my last prayer—a dunce ?

Mamma supports me to the room for munn-
ching,

There turkey's breast she crams, and wing
of pullet ;

I slobbering jelly, and hard nuts am crunch-
ing,

And pouring tuns of trifle down my gullet.

No beau invites me to a glass of sherry ;
Above me stops the salver of champagne ;
While all the rest are tossing brimmers merry,
I with cold water comfort my disdain.

Ye bucks of Edinbrough ! ye tasteless crea-
tures !

Ye vapid Dandies ! how I scorn you all !—
Green slender slips, with pale cheese-pairing
features,

And awkward, lumbring, red-faced boobies
tall.

Strange compounds of the beau and the at-
torney !

Raw lards ! and school-boys for a whisker
shaving !

May injured beauty's glance of fury burn ye !
I hate you—clowns and fools !—but hah !
—I'm raving !

We shall now take leave, for the
present, of Odoherly and the Dilet-
tanti Society, with an extract from
his longest and latest poem, entitled
" Young's Night Thoughts" (a hu-
morous allusion to the before-men-
tioned celebrated tavern). Lively as
this strain is, we can scarcely read it
without tears ; for it was, we repeat,
the very last of his works here below.
The following proem, copied by a

female hand on hot-pressed gilt paper,
is intended to explain the great lead-
ing object of the poem :

There was a time when every sort of people
Created, relished, and commended jokes ;
But now a joker's stared at, like a steeple,
By the majority of Christian folks.

Dulness has tanned her hide to thickness
triple,

And Observation sets one in the stocks,
When you've been known a comic song to
sing,

Write notices, or any harmless thing.

This Edinbrough, Edina, or Dunedin—
(Cleped, in the Baillie's lingo, " the Good
Town ;"

But styled " Auld Reekie" by all Celts now
treading

Her streets, bows, wynds, lanes, crescents,
up and down,

Her labyrinths of stairs and closes threading
On other people's business or their own—

Those bandy, broad-faced, rough-kneed,
ragged laddies—

Those horny-fisted, those gill-swiggling cad-
dies.)

This Edinbrough some call Metropolis,
And Capital, and Athens of the North—
I know not what they mean.—I'm sure of
this,—

Tho' she abounds in men of sense and worth,
Her staple and predominant qualities
Are ignorance, and nonsense, and so forth ;
I don't like making use of a hard word,
But 'tis the merest *hum* I ever heard.

There's our Mackenzie ; all with veneration
Sec him that Harley felt and Caustic drew :
There's Scott, the pride and darling of his
nation,

Poet and cavalier, kind, generous, true.

There's Jeffrey, who has been the botheration
Of the whole world with his glib sharp Review,
And made most young Scots lawyers mad
with whiggery—

There's Leslie, Stewart, Alison, and Gregory.

But these and some few others being named,
I don't remember one more great gun in her ;
The remanent population can't be blamed,
Because their chief concern in life's their
dinner.

To give examples I should be ashamed,
And people would cry, " Lord ! that wicked
sinner !"

(For all we gentry here are quite egg-shells,
We can't endure jokes that come near " oor-
sells.")

They say that knowledge is diffused and
general,

And taste and understanding are so common,
I'd rather see a sweep-boy suck a penny roll,
Than listen to a criticising woman.

And as for poetry, the time of dinner all,
Thank God, I then have better things to do,
man.—

Exceptions 'gainst the fair were coarse and shocking—

I've seen in breeches many a true blue stocking.

Blue Stocking stands, in my vocabulary,
For one that always chatters (sex is nothing)
About new books from June to January,
And with re-echoed carpings moves your loathing.

I like to see young people smart and airy,
With well dressed hair and fashionable clothing,

Can't they discourse about ball, rout, or play,
And know reviewing's quite out of their way?

It strikes me as a thing exceeding stupid,
This conversation about books, books, books,
When I was young, and sat midst damsels grouped,

I talked of roses, zephyrs, gurgling brooks,
Venus, the Graces, Dian, Hymen, Cupid,
Perilous glances, soul-subduing looks,
Slin tapering fingers, glossy clustering curls,
Diamonds and emeralds, cairngorms and pearls.

On Una that made sunshine in the shade,
And Emily with eye of liquid jet,
And gentle Desdemona, and the maid
That sleeps within the tomb of Capulet
Hearts love to ponder—would it not degrade
Our notion of a nymph like Juliet,
To be informed that she had just read thro'
Last Number of the Edinburgh Review?

Leave ye to dominies and sticker stibblers,
And all the sedentary generation,
The endless chitter-chatter about scribblers,
And England's melancholy situation.
Let them be still the customary nibblers
Of all that rule or edify the nation;
Leave off the corn-bill, and the law of libel,
And read the Pilgrim's Progress or your Bible.

From the poem itself we quote the following stanzas, without any remarks, convinced that their simple elegance and unaffected grace stand in no need of the critics recommendation.

I rose this morning about half past nine,
At Breakfast coffee I consumed *pour quatre*,
Unnumbered rolls enriched with marmalade fine,

And little balls of butter dished in water,
Three eggs, two plateful of superb cold chine
(Much recommended to make thin folks fatter);

And having thus my ballast stow'd on board,
Roamed forth to kill a day's time like a lord.

How I contrived to pass the whole forenoon,
I can't remember though my life were on it;
I helped G. T, in jotting of a tune,
And hinted rhymes to G——s for a sonnet;
Called at the Knox's shop with Miss Balloon,
And heard her ipsa dixit on a bonnet;
Then washed my mouth with ices, tarts,
and flummeries,

And ginger-beer and soda, at Montgomery's.

Down Prince's Street I once or twice paraded,
And gazed upon these same eternal faces;

Those beardless beaux and bearded belles,
those faded

And flashy silks, surtouts, pelisses, laces;
Those crowds of clerks, astride on hackneys
jaded,

Prancing and capering with notorial grace;
Dreaming enthusiasts who indulge vain
whimsies,

That they might pass in Bond Street or St
James's.

I saw equestrian and pedestrian vanish
—One to a herring in his lonely shop,
And some of kind gregarious, and more
clanish,

To club at Waters' for a mutton-chop;
Myself resolved for once my cares to banish,
And give the Cerberus of thought a sop,
Got Jack's, and Sam's, and Dick's, and
Tom's consent,

And o'er the Mound to Billy Young's we
went.

I am not nice, I care not what I dine on,
A sheep's head or beef-steak is all I wish;
Old Homer! how he loved the *εγυθρον οινον*
It is the glass that glorifies the dish.

The thing that I have always set my mind on
(A small foundation laid of fowl, flesh, fish)
Is out of bottle, pitcher, or punch-bowl,
To suck reviving solace to my soul.

Life's a dull dusty desert, waste and drear,
With now and then an oasis between,
Where palm-trees rise, and fountains gush-
ing clear

Burst 'neath the shelter of that leafy screen;
Haste not your parting steps, when such ap-
pear,

Repose, ye weary travellers, on the green,
Horace and Milton, Dante, Burns, and
Schiller,

Dined at a tavern—when they had “the
siller.”

And ne'er did poet, epical or tragical,
At Florence, London, Weimar, Rome, May-
bole,

See time's dark lantern glow with hues
more magical

Than I have witnessed in the Coffin-hole.
Praise of antiquity a bam and fudge I call,
Ne'er past the present let my wishes roll;
A fig for all comparing, croaking grumblers,
Hear me, dear dimpling Billy, bring the
tumblers.

Let blank verse hero, or Spenserian rhymor,
Treat Donna Musa with chateau-margout,
Chateau-la-filte, Johannisberg, Hocheimer,
In tall outlandish glasses green and blue.

Thanks to my stars, myself, a doggrel-chimer,
Have nothing with such costly tastes to do;
Mymuse is always kindest when I court her,
O'er whisky-punch, gin-twist, strong beer
and porter.

And O, my pipe, though in these Dandy days
Few love thee, fewer still their love confess,
Ne'er let me blush to celebrate thy praise,
Divine invention of the age of Bess!

I for a moment interrupt my lays
The tiny tube with loving lip to press,
I'll then come back with a reviving zest,
And give thee three more stanzas of my best.

(*I smoke.*)

Pipe! whether plain in fashion of Frey-herr,
Or gaudy glittering in the taste of Boor,
Deep-darkened Meer-schaum or Ecume-de-
mer,

Or snowy clay of Gowda, light and pure.
Let different people different pipes prefer,
Delft, horn, or catgut, long, short, older,
newer,

Puff, every brother, as it likes him best,
De gustibus non disputandum est.

Pipe! when I stuff into thee my canaster,
With flower of canomil and leaf of rose,
And the calm rising fume comes fast and
faster,

Curling with balmy circles near my nose,
And all the while my dexter hand is master
Of the full cup from Meux's vat that flows,
Heavens! all my brain a soft oblivion wraps
Of wafered letters and of single taps.

I've no objections to a good segar,
A true Havannah, smooth, and moist, and
brown;

But then the smoke's too near the eye by far,
And out of doors 'tis in a twinkling flown;
And somehow it sets all my teeth ajar,
When to an inch or so we've smoked him
down;

And if your leaf have got a straw within it,
You know 'tis like a cinder in a minute.

I have no doubt a long excursive hooker
Suits well some lordly loungers of Bengal,
Who never writes, or looks into a book, or
Does any thing with earnestness at all:
He sits, and his tobacco's in the nook, or
Tended by some black heathen in the hall,
Lays up his legs, and thinks he does great
things

If once in the half hour a puff he brings.

I rather follow in my smoking trim
The example of Scots cottars and their
wives,

Who, while the evening air is warm and dim,
In July sit beside their garden hives;
And, gazing all the while with wrinkles grim,
To see how the concern of honey thrives,
Empty before they've done a four-ounce bag
Of sailors' twist, or, what's less common—
shag.

(*To be continued.*)

ECHO, IN TWO POETICAL DIALOGUES.

[The two following classical *jeux d'esprit* are extracted from the works of the Rev Francis Wrangham (3 vols 8vo. Baldwin & Co. London, 1816), one of the most accomplished of our living English scholars, and distinguished at the university of Cambridge as the successful competitor of the celebrated Tweddell. We intend, in an early Number, to offer some remarks on that class of writers of which we consider him an honourable representative. EDITOR.]

Dialogue I.

Παγτσιων στοματων λαλον εικονα, ποιμασιν ηδου
Παγχιων.

CAN ECHO speak the tongue of every country?	ECHO. Try.
<i>Te virginem si fortè poscam eroticà?</i>	Ερω ταχα.
<i>Ma si ti sopra il futuro questionerò?</i>	Επιον ερω.
<i>Et puis-je te parler sur des choses passées?</i>	Essage.
<i>Dic mihi quæso virum, vitiis cui tot bona parva:</i>	BUONAPARTE.
Whom once Sir Sidney drove with shame from Acre.	A cur!
T' unlock our India, France would make of Turkey—	Her key.
Would she then seize Madras, Bombay, Bengal?	All.
And did her chief fly Egypt, when most needed?	He did.
Whom is he like, who thrives but by escaping?	Scapin.
<i>Croyez vous aux histoires, qu'en dit Denon?</i>	Non.
What are the arms with which he now fights Britons?	High tones.
<i>Ususne in istius minus fuit aliquis?</i>	All a quiz!
<i>Quid nobis iterat tanto hic jactator hiatu?</i>	"I hate you."
<i>Qu'il vienne aussitôt qu'il le veut, ce grand homme!</i>	A grand hum!
<i>Nectit at ille moras, pelagusque horrere putatur!</i>	Peut-être.
You'd think him then mad, if his forces he march here?	As a March hare.
Where does he wish those forces wafted over?	To Dover.
Granted—what would they be, ere led to London?	All undone.
Can George then thrash by land the Corsican?	He can.

But what, if he should chance to meet our navy?
 Τὴν γ' αὖ ἐχθρὰ γη τε καὶ θαλάσσο' εἶψυ;
Atqui, ceu Xerxes, nostris fugere actus ab oris—
 And hence he swears, he'll ne'er again turn flyer.
 How best shall England quell his high pretences?
Et qu'est ce qu'elle montrera, pour calmer cet inquiet?
Ast unco ductus pœnas dabis, improbe, Gallis.
E chi ti vedrà morto, "Ben gli sta" griderà.

Vœ!
 A few.
 A bore is.
 Liar!
Paret enses.
 Εγγίαι.
 Gallows.
 Agreed—Hurra!

Dialogue II.

—Quæ nec reticere loquenti,
 Nec prior ipsa loqui potuit.

AGAIN I call; sweet Maid, come echo me.
 Tell me, of what consists the heart of Gaul:
 Her mad caprices in her ancient shape;
 Her present taste, for blood and riot eager.
 Tell, of what God her sons are now the votaries;
 And whose before, so wolfish grown and ravenous:
 Wretches, as changeful as the changing ocean!
Au roi, qui les aimoit, ils ont frappé le cou—
Ma sotto i ré erano sempre allégri.
Τις δὲ τούτων αυτοῖς ἐνεπνεύσ' Ἰππαῦ Δρησκείαν;
Aliquid mali molitur in nos consilî:
Cumque illo miles Batavus conjurat amicè.
 Where would his Brest fleet in our empire land?
Ἀλλοθὶ δ' ὁ γ' ἠπειλ' εἰσελάειν δινηκῆϊς.
Quisnam illum à Scotis manet exitus, auspice Moirâ?
Spem forsan nullam, Moirâ ibi jam duce, habet!
Εἰς Ἀγγλικὸν ἔηκειν ἰσως νοεῖ τοδῖ.
 How best shall we 'scape this invasion's alarm?
 Then, Englishmen, rush to the field, 'tis your duty:
 Be no longer the dupes of an Amiens truce.
(Ἦν δολος, ἢ φιλία· τῷ δ' ἐκ φρένος πλυθεῖν αὐτος;
Furem ego contundam, qui te rapere audet, agelle:
Angliaque externos facîle opprimit ipsa latrones:
 And dost thou wish the throne restored by Moreau?
 Then from his height falls dread Napoleon;
*(Scilicet hunc Anglus vocat, hunc Hebræus Abaddon!**
 And then the world, now scared, will laugh at him:
Il reste donc à souhaiter, que la France lui désobéît.

ECHO. *Eccomi!*
 Of gall.
 Ape!
Tigre!
Ἄγρις.
 Venus.
O chiens!
Πιλικκῆς.
 All agree.
 Cayenne.
 Silly!
 Rot 'em, I say.
 Ireland.
En Ecosse.
Μοῖρα.
 Deuce a bit!
 To die.
 All arm.
Δεῦτε.
Ruse!
 Otto's.)
 To a jelly.
 At her own ease.
 Oro.
 Apollyon!
 A bad one.)
Affatim.
 So be it!

* Rev. ix. 11.

LETTER FROM GLASGOW.

Buck's Head, April 10, 1818.

MR EDITOR,

I BEG leave to offer a few observations on the second letter of Dr Nicol Jarvie, which has lately made so much noise in this city. The doctor is a wag, and possesses a genuine vein of humour, which, under good management, could not fail of amusing the public. But, like too many wits of the present day,

he wants discretion. Instead of giving his powers fair play on some subject of general interest, he has let himself down by certain personalities which it is quite impossible to defend or justify. Some silly people would fain consider these personalities gross and insulting. That is by no means the case. But they are, what Dr Nicol Jarvie perhaps does not suspect them to be, very childish, or rather, to use an expressive Scots word, "unco bairnly." There is also some indelicacy in printing at full length the christian and surnames

of worthy citizens who walk about the coffee-room here, without thinking of you or your Magazine. Nobody can like this sort of notoriety; and for my own part, I fully expect some day or other to plump upon my own name in some dark corner of your Work, and to find myself publicly celebrated for qualities, which I would rather were admired by a more limited circle. Your Miscellany is very much read and admired here; do not therefore, good Mr Editor, alarm your subscribers in this way. If you and your correspondents must write about us folks in Glasgow, "give us a local habitation," but if you please "no name." Believe me that there is a great deal of veracity in these observations.

A question, I understand, has arisen, how far this mode of writing is actionable, and it is rumoured in the coffee-room, that one of the much-injured gentlemen mentioned in Dr Jarvie's letter, intends to sue the Publisher for damages in the Jury Court. Many parties of ladies and gentlemen have already been formed to attend the court on the great day of trial, and we hear that a public breakfast is to be given to the spirited prosecutor, who comes forward to vindicate the rights of private citizens against the licentiousness of the press. This ebullition of feeling may serve to shew you on what dangerous ground you are treading, and points out the propriety of an apology. If you are wise, you will forthwith publish some such palinode as the following:

"It having been incautiously asserted in this Magazine, on the authority of Dr Nicol Jarvie, tertius, of the Salt-market, Glasgow, that Mr —— (here insert the learned gentleman's name) is fond of a good dinner, and tells witty stories; the Editor begs his pardon for having been duped into the belief and circulation of such unfounded calumnies."

Some such manly apology as this would, I am confident, sooth that gentleman's wounded sensibilities, and restore him to that peace of mind which, previously to the publication of your last Number, he apparently enjoyed. I believe that all the other gentlemen jocosely, but coarsely, quoted by the doctor, though somewhat flurried and flustered at first, as they might well be, now laugh at the whole affair as an absurdity, and feel much more for

their friend than for themselves. One of them with whom I supped last night, said it was ridiculous to cry out for a mere toothach.

I have now, Mr Editor, protested generally against all personalities whatever of this nature; but you will allow me to add, that in this particular case, Dr Nicol Jarvie's offence is of an aggravated kind. Had he been jocosely upon a man of wit, and humour, and sarcasm—some formidable punster—some mason-lodge orator—some everlasting strutter of the Trongate—some attitudinarian of the Tontine—some demigod in the misty heaven of the Dirty Shirt (once a celebrated club in this city), his sallies would have been enjoyed by the whole of our "reading population." But to fall foul of the modest—the retiring—the unassuming—the courter of the shade—the bashful and the shamefaced! with rude hands to grasp the leaves of the sensitive plant! To withdraw the veil, as it were, from the blushing bride! *this*, Mr Editor, was indeed coarse, unfeeling, and unmanly, and therefore, sir, be not surprised, though the days of chivalry are gone, that a courteous knight like myself issues forth from the bar of the Buck's head, to break a lance with the "Paynim vile," who hath insulted modesty, innocence, and beauty.

Witty, Mr Editor, as you may think yourself and friends, more especially the redoubtable Dr Nicol Jarvie, *tertius*, beware of retaliation. Though in this instance the injured person may want talents to defend himself, yet we have other wits among us to avenge his wrongs. Duncan Whip is "bang up to the mark,"—Helvidius Priscus may rise up against you, flushed with victory over Scott, Chalmers, Malthus, Bentham, and Jeffrey, and armed like Samson of old,—the Editors of the Glasgow Chronicle will harness themselves for the battle, with their famous prentice at their head,—and to secure your discomfiture, who knows but JAMES GRAHAME, ESQ. ADVOCATE, HIMSELF, will barbarously scribble you to death, and enshroud you in a winding-sheet of his own pamphlets.

Mr Editor, however fond of personalities you learned folks in Edinburgh may be, instructed as you have been in that kind of lore, by 57 Numbers of the Edinburgh Review, unquestion-

ably the most scurrilous Periodical of the day, such writings have, at all times, been most offensive to the better taste of the citizens of Glasgow. Of this take the following example. Last summer, your excellent townswoman, Mrs Grant, author of so many admirable works, paid a visit to a gentleman's family in this neighbourhood. All who know her, and I am proud to be of that number, love her for her gentle and unassuming private character, as much as they admire the strength and originality of her genius. Soon as it was known that this lady was in our vicinity, "some unfeeling clown" began to abuse her in the Glasgow Chronicle, and to drag her, day after day, before the public, in all the wanton insolence of ignorant brutality. When the Editors of that paper were requested, in the most gentle terms, to desist from such unprovoked attacks, they printed in their volumes the request itself, as they received it, and then went on more grossly than ever insulting a lady! Though we pretend to no great delicacy of feeling in this good town, yet, believe me, that a Glasgow merchant has his heart in its right place; and we all, learned (will you allow me to use the word?) and unlearned, flung these odious Chronicles from our hands with loathing and disgust.

I recollect, however, that there was one person, even here in our Glasgow coffee-room, who seemed to delight in the dirty dulness of the Chronicle. I think I see him sitting in his accustomed chair, with all becoming stateliness and pomposity, like a great gander that seats himself on a heap of addled eggs, during the absence of his mate who has laid them, and keeps stretching out his long neck, gaping and hissing towards every passer-by, as if they cared for him, and the sniffling silliness of his sedentary occupation. It is persons of this stamp who are most clamorous when attacked themselves; and I have no doubt, that if the hero of whom I now speak, and who kept daily rubbing his elbows with the very itch of chuckling enjoyment, extending his chest, and leaning back his broad, rosy, grinning face over the vile insults heaped upon a respectable lady,—I say, Mr Editor, that such a creature, if retorted upon himself with the mere threatening of castigation, would retreat with loud

gabble and uplifted wings, like the gander aforesaid, when some impatient pedestrian turns round suddenly on the "feathered fool," and sends him waddling back, on his great splay-feet, into the dirty puddle of the village pool, to solace himself with his yellow billed paramour.

Had Dr Jarvie attacked such a person as this—good and well. But is it so?

Mr Editor, I have done. I may say of you what Cowper the poet said of England, "with all thy faults I love thee still!" and I may add, as Burns the poet said to the devil, "gif ye wad tak a thought and mend," that you might yet get over all the little peccadillos of yourself and the doctor, and firmly establish yourself in the good graces of the people of this city, who (though I say it that should not say it) are as warm-hearted, upright, and intelligent a set of citizens as any in the kingdom.

MUNGO,

SONNET TO JOHN CARNEGIE, ESQ.

[We have received from Mr John Carnegie of Glasgow, a poem, entitled, "Largo's Vale." It is, we fear, rather long for insertion in our Magazine, though we hope to find room for it soon. Meanwhile we publish with much pleasure the following beautiful Sonnet, from a distinguished pen, to the Bard of the Largs. EDITOR.]

SWEET Bard of Largo's Vale! yet once again
Strike that wild harp of thine, and to the gale,
Casting the volume of its melody,
The Zephyrs on their wings shall waft the
strain,

And the whole world shall ring with Largo's
Vale.

Carnegie! Yes, the Muse, on bended knee,
Shall wreath a garland of the brightest dyes,
Ivy and laurel deftly mixed for thee,
Thou Bard of tender tears and gentle sighs,
Poet of Largs! in whose most classic line,
That loveliest land of Scotia's wild domain
Sees all its long unchanted beauties shine.
Muse of the West, go wipe thine eyes, yet red
For Burns; rejoice, rejoice. All is not fled.

J. H.

REMARKS ON THE "PETIT VOLUME"
OF MONS. SAY.*

OUR duty to more recent and indigenous productions has led us to procrastinate, for a few months, our

* "Petit Volume, contenant quelques aperçus des Hommes et de la Société." A Paris. 1817. 18mo, pp. 176.

attentions to M. Say. It is doubtless, as Milton says, "of greatest concernment to have a vigilant eye how bookes demean themselves as well as men. For bookes are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in them, to be as active as that soule was, whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a violl, the purest efficacie and extraction of the living intellect that bred them." In the case of a writer like M. Say, all this applies forcibly, not only from the intrinsic reason of the thing, but because of the influence which a justly great name like his may be supposed to exert over those who read, not merely that their fancies may be tickled with light reading, but that they may receive an excitement to deep thought from the speculations of a solid understanding like his, conveyed in an attractive yet unpretending form. Before the appearance of his beautiful and profound System of Political Economy had made him famous all over Europe, he was known to the literati of France by a small work, entitled, *OLBIA, or an Essay on the Ways of improving the Manners of a Nation*. It however had more interest as the *initiatory thesis* of an ingenious, speculative, and highly informed mind, than from any thing actually done in it. M. Say was then (in the eighth year of the republic) a member of the notorious *Tribunate*; and that tract may be considered as his mite to the *reform* which was at that time the chief end held in view by almost all the speculative spirits in France. He was latterly known, rather disadvantageously, among ourselves, as the author of a pamphlet *On England and the English*, which dealt mainly with our mistakes and embarrassments. In that tract, his objections against our moral and political systems have been flippantly, but rather closely, summed up by Mr Hobhouse. "His complaint or pity was chiefly directed towards us, because we had given a pension to the family of Nelson, an admiral killed in battle; because there were no workmen *des œuvrés* to be seen in our coffeehouses; because the studies at Oxford were *un peu Gothiques*, and books were getting so dear that few could read; because there were no people in Great Britain idle by profession; and, lastly, because we drank bad port."

We have looked over this little volume, to see that there be "no offence in't." It is something in the style of Bruyere and Rochefoucauld, but consists rather of *remarks* on tastes, manners, and opinions, than of *aphorisms* tending to a system of human action, like Rochefoucauld,—or *sketches* of a period, and a place, and a brilliant circle of ambition, wit, and devotion, like Bruyere. Bruyere had lived much about a court, and was therefore very minute and circumstantial in his delineations of character. He knew auricular confession, and had caught from it the spirit of a prying power and a too indulgent allowance. He was caustic and fault-finding, even to personality, in his discriminations. Rochefoucauld had neither patience for those who were to understand him, nor interest enough in mankind, generally, to waste many words on them. He was therefore condensed, enigmatical, severe, and not unfrequently even mystical. M. Say is a man of science and of the world, full of the light of modern ideas, and much accustomed to see things that had been considered as most stable turn round on their axes and assume new complexions. But, for all that, he has more of the inestimable quality of *moral admiration* than either of his predecessors. His observation may possibly not have been so keen as theirs; but it has been better—for society is better: and if he be not so witty as they, nor have such an exclusive power over his materials, there is, beyond all doubt, a great appearance of good faith about him. His sense is not only excellent, but it is practical. It is not ascetic. It does not smell of the cloister. It is in the manner of one who cannot help sporting ideas, because he is so intellectual that he cannot be without them. If they do not produce their effect simply, he is quite convinced that no singularity of enunciation could make them more valuable to him, or more useful to others.

Whether, after having experienced more than Grecian suffering from *the great evils* with which these times abound, there be something of relief in the very title of a little book, we cannot possibly determine just now. But it is clear, at any rate, that there is a great temptation to like, as well as to say, wise, and witty, and agreeable things, in the aphorismatic shape,

even though, for the sake of shortness, they are so divested of breadth and explanation as to expose them to be mistaken for truisms. This enigmatical way of giving shape to an adventurous thought or a smart observation, possesses attractions for those who love the agreeable mystification which there is in venting a moral truth by way of antithesis. The exertion and the pleasure too consist in couching it in such terms as cost just so much trouble in the apprehension as to make it pass at least for wisdom, under the guise of a painfully and well-chosen contrast. There is fully more pleasure and almost as much utility, in hunting for the thought in this way, and adjusting its relations in that glancing and rapid manner which it incites, as there is in the possession. One great beauty, too, is, that the thought is expressed, and the idea hit off, without any after trouble of trimming or garnishing. The *mode* speaks to our fancy; *the thing* makes a frank demand on our judgment; and, though it may sometimes ask too much, yet we are under no pain in denying it; and, having set it down as either incomprehensible or ineffective, may pass on to the next. But M. Say's *views* must be seen.

"The author who is a man of the world and a good fellow is rarely known to posterity. Does he want knowledge, or mind, or talent? No, certainly; but the centre of his combinations is the taste of his circle, which he wants to please. Observe, that it is the same thing where the author is a man of merit, and his private society remarkable for genius and information. Private interests, attachments and opinions of the moment, are what each of its members has constantly an eye to, and to which he cannot help attaching more importance than they are deserving of. The world goes round; the present generation disappears; other interests, new connexions, succeed to the former.—See what an immense advantage the retired author possesses! He has not received a glance merely momentary: he has observed in morals, and described in physics, those natural relations which never change, but always interest.

"Observe the mathematician: he never makes a bad calculation, nor ever forms a just idea. He always pushes his ideas to their rigorous consequences, from a false principle. He calculates fairly upon erroneous observations. Geometry only yields matter for calculation; and the qualities of the observer are by no means the same as those of the calculator. To arrive at truth,

the main point is, to see things independently of calculation; not such as we wish them, but such as they really are,—in morals as in physics. Calculate afterwards, or reason upon it, if that pleases you. You may again deceive yourself, but you will not begin by deceiving.

"Moral philosophers seem to believe that selfishness and interest direct action more than self-conceit or vanity. I believe, on the contrary, that vanity has more influence, generally speaking, than selfishness. It is enough to observe in how many instances men act, through vanity, in a manner opposite to their interests; from the child, vexed by contradiction until he refuses his victuals, to the sovereign prince, made to enact so many follies by dint of flattery, who sacrifices a country (I mean the groundwork of his power) to avenge an insult in the gazette.

"A translator, to understand the language which he explains, ought to feel its delicacy and beauties. How can he give an equivalent for a beauty which he does not perceive? He ought to write well in his own language, that he may be able even to read. He ought also to have a flexible turn for taking forms analogous to those of his model, and to know when it is necessary to replace expressions, ideas, images, by others conformable to the genius of his language, and which shall excite in the minds of his readers sentiments similar to those which the original author has raised in his.—After all this, are you surprised that good translations are so rare?

"The cause of several revolutions has sprung from the finances, commencing with that of the United States, which is dated from the duty on tea. So will others come again. Well, what do you conclude? Shew us a way of preventing them! The way is simple,—it is evident,—but I don't mean to point it out. Why so? For there is nothing so foolish as to give to *all the world* a piece of advice which *nobody* will follow. What then? Take it; one word will do the business. **WHAT WE CANNOT PRODUCE* WITHOUT TROUBLE, DO NOT LET US SPEND ON FOLLY.** Add some accessories to that. Change the scene whenever you please; give names to the personages; propose the intrigues; and,—the winding up will be always the same.

"In order to persuade in conversation, it

* "If any one asks from me an explanation of the words *produce* and *consume*, I shall be obliged to refer to a small *definition*, in two volumes, under the title of a *Treatise on Political Economy*; or, *a simple Exposition of the Manner in which Riches are PRODUCED, DISTRIBUTED, and CONSUMED.*"

is not necessary to effect a co-ordination of ideas,—to establish a connected and graduated system,—which is the highest effort of written eloquence. Pay more attention to the persons you address than to the subject. Draw your argument from the opinions of the person spoken to, even allowing it to be done by sophisms. The persuasion to be effected is only a *mode of perceiving*. Conversation requires this artifice, in as much as we have to do with contracted minds,—with personal feelings,—with prejudices. In writing it is otherwise. You must express *yourself* in the best language you can get. You must be clear and candid too, for you have the impartial public for a judge, and posterity, which is yet more impartial.

“Men are made of the same stuff,—but their nature manifests itself in different ways. The vanity of the savage consists in shewing his figure, and in having his body well daubed with uneraseable spots,—with fine plumes on his head. The vanity of the Italian is manifested in wearing, if he is able, laces on the same parts. The vanity of the Englishman and the Turk lies in not compromising their national dignity,—in wrapping themselves up in defiance and gravity,—and, above all, in never permitting you to believe that you can be of use to them, or instruct or amuse them. They speak, as well as think, ill of foreigners; and that which is valued by foreigners, is always inferior to that which is found among themselves,—disdainful silence, large strides, and a supercilious inattention to what is passing under their eyes. The vanity of the French is not so exclusive. Without seeking to humiliate others, they love to display the advantages they have, and sometimes even those which they have not; and if convicted of boasting, they laugh among the first, provided you do not affect to humble them. Render justice to their bravery, and all will be forgiven.

“An Indian meeting with a Bramin, asked him, ‘what is it that supports the world?’ *Ignorant fellow! where do you come from? it is an elephant! The arrogance of philosophy has left you in uncertainty; and I tell you truth at once.*—And the other thanked him, as if he had received a benefit.”

These may suffice as specimens of the spirit and execution of this Little Book. Any person who may take it up will find much to amuse and interest, and nothing to fatigue or disgust him. Those who are of a reflecting and speculative turn can get, in some of its remarks on life, manners, and literature, enough to excite them to very serious thought. M. Say belongs to a class of men for whom we have great esteem, and whose nu-

merous virtues, as well as faculties, we wish we could adequately display. We beg leave to say a few words on what seen: to be the distinctive points of their character as men of letters and sentiment.

They are all cool-headed men, with little imagination, and no great quickness of apprehension,—but so clear in the ideas which they receive, that they never lose sight of them if they think them worth retaining,—nor mistake one of their relations when they come to apply them. They are uniformly attached to knowledge, and submit to such labour in its pursuit as to appear to like it in most instances merely for its own sake. They would study on, if it were for nothing else than the gratification of a vigorous and enduring propensity to mental exercise, which acts with a springiness and effect, that read hard lessons to the imaginative men of fine taste and quick feelings, who have in youth cultivated their moral affections more than their intellectual faculties. They are eminently calculated to excel in the accurate sciences. They are more actuated, in their exertions and inquiries, by ideas of utility, than by that undefined ambition, which, although it be often of the unproductive kind, lingers, with the last remains of their scholastic enthusiasm, about men of a literary turn, even to a pretty late period of life. In short, every thing that they say, or think, or do, bears about it evident marks of “appropriate probity, appropriate intellectual aptitude, and appropriate active talent.”

They are greatly more *improveable* than men of fancy and feeling,—and without seeming to be elated, or conscious of any internal excitement,—make progresses in taste, as well as on the boundless road of mere knowledge, which would astonish any one who observes narrowly and compares attentively.

Such is the influence of a well balanced self-possession, even on the mere forms of expression, that they sometimes snatch, by chance as it were, “a grace beyond the reach of art.” The charm of unexpectedness thus produced, when we join to it the full and easy sequence of their ideas, enables them, as they already are the heartiest of writers, to become, on occasions, without appearing even to attempt it, the most pleasing also. They are far

from being enemies to pleasantry. They rather seem to relish jokes with a zest, which would be astonishing, if one did not recollect that the cause of this probably is, that their habits of close application leave the mind in such a state as to be more open to any thing smart or ridiculous, which comes easily and rapidly across it. Their pleasantry however has little of the manner of the world about it. They have more humour than wit. As their humorous sallies partake rather of the nature of recreations than of exertions, they are but little fastidious about the channel. Minds which have been braced up by vigorous habits of exertion, have also a greater spring and force in their merriment than minds of mere sensibility or refinement. The authors of whom we speak are not likely to be nice of risking, in their convivial eloquence, a few *fescennine** freedoms and lax figures of conception. They never apparently give way to that vain and delusive stinginess and sensitive caution which, after a few years of confident hopings and unre-served trustings, men of feeling and fancy are forced to adopt in self-defence. They have always suffered less from ridicule, too, than these men,—and live, therefore, less habitually under the fear of that grinding scourge. They can also afford to be more candid then vehement and fanciful men. They have not expected more from the world than the world can at any time give,—and have thus, perhaps, fewer generous errors to regret than the others. But, at all events, their doctrine of utility has taught them to economise the exertions of intercourse: and directness of purpose is held with them to infer directness of means. Their vigour is not wasted by the fires of eloquence; nor is their attention distracted by a nice regard to the more delicately poised beauties of expression. While it is a peculiar feature of their character that they always know how far, and for how much, they can draw on their knowledge, they gain an additional power and vantage-ground, by being enabled to adjust their means and their faculties. Their powers are

thus set free, and they can do a great deal more in the way of judgment than men with wayward imaginations and fancies, which are too often coming thick on them, with teasing distrusts of their capacities, and perplexing estimates of occasions. Their works are not composed with that eager haste which characterizes men of sanguine temperaments. Their opinions are not expressed with that ardency, or warmth, or provoking *amour propre*, which attaches to the opinions of men of more sensitive natures. They know very well that opinions which are to last are not personal but general. Of course, they would never think of propagating belief by fire and sword. But they go farther than this, and a step farther than many of the best hearts can go; for they never attempt to cram down a sentiment or a dogma, by a bustling vigour, in the circle of their immediate influence. They do not love the spectacle of a muscular man, strongly agitated with the fervour of belief, enforcing or maintaining it to the inconvenience of the nervous systems which are nearest to him. All this is, because the empire of judgment is complete in them.

Thus we find the beautiful, the universal, though humbling principle of compensation asserted through all the various chances that make up the sum of moral existence, and modify the action of physical causes. The man of fancy is checked in his fine bursts of conception by shortcomings of judgment. The cool-headed thinker is rewarded for his comparative passiveness of existence, by fullness of conviction, and the delights of completeness and simplicity of view.

From all this, it must not be inferred that the men of whom we have been speaking are destitute of the finer affections, or wanting in that indescribable kindness of nature, for which, in English, there is no other word than the emphatic and expressive monosyllable—*heart*. On the contrary, those of them that we know have had natures admirably turned to friendship. If they were not cold as friends, neither were they cold as patriots. We have uniformly found among them that settled love of civil liberty, which the best minds are most apt to venerate as the result of conviction, and to love as the product of taste. This too, was the more valuable, as

* "Fescennina per hunc invecta licentia morem

Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fuit,
Libertasque recurrentis accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter." *Horat. Ep. ad August.*

it seemed to flow from a deliberate induction of solid thought,—not from any dreams of perfectibility, but from the belief that, taking human nature as it is, under all the checks and disadvantages which prevent it from getting fair play, it can never be respectable, except where civil liberty is well understood.

But we must have a summing-up with the author, of whom it is our more immediate business to speak personally.

M. Say is as correct and learned as a German compiler; and while he has that force and precision which distinguish the thinkers of our own country, with as much directness and honesty of intention as the best of them, he has yet a portion of the gayety and gracefulness of his illustrious countrymen, who wrote during the old monarchy, before a republic and the struggles of military ambition had, with the occasional sacrifice of these qualities, given force, vehemence, and restlessness, to the tone of French literature. There certainly must be something in the opinion so current among the continental literati, that the French is, above all other languages, the one most suited for elegant criticism and subjects of the *belles lettres*. And this little volume is another reason with us, for a deference to established opinions, which, in matters of taste at least, we are but little disposed to concede to them.

METRICAL VERSIONS OF THE PSALMS.

THE Psalmody has always formed an essential part of the sacred service in the Protestant Church. In the following paper, we mean neither to enter upon the peculiar nature of these Lyric Hymns—to discuss the various methods in which this portion of devotional worship is performed—or to enumerate the almost innumerable attempts, in Protestant countries, to furnish appropriate translations for the different churches. All that we intend, is to give a summary and collected view of what can now be ascertained respecting the Psalmody, in so far as its history relates to Scotland;—of its first introduction at the Reformation:—and some account of the versions that have since been in use. Before this can be done, however, it is necessary to consider its primary introduction into the

Reformed Church of Geneva, and its adoption by that of England; as well as to make a slight mention of the versions that were first appointed for their use. Scotland received the form and substance of her entire service from the one; and to the other she stands indebted for the version which long constituted the basis of this delightful portion of divine worship.

The singular fact has often been remarked, of the Protestants owing the use of the Psalmody to a body of men from whom they least might have expected such an obligation. Clement Marot is usually styled the Prince of the Poets of France, or, to use other words (the commencement of the epitaph which was on his tomb), “*Icy gist des François le Virgile et l’Homere.*” He certainly deserves to rank high in the class of Ancient French Poets, and is the oldest of them whose works can be read with pleasure. After a long residence in the Court of France, where his life had been spent in the greatest profligacy, he commenced a translation of the Psalms into French verse. This was towards the close of 1536, and in 1539 he published thirty (not the *first* thirty, as they stand in the regular order, as has been said, but merely thirty in point of number) of the Psalms, which he dedicated to Francis I., bearing the sanction of the Sorbonne, that they contained nothing contrary to sound doctrine. The reception they met with was favourable in the highest degree,—they eclipsed the brilliancy of his madrigals and sonnets,—and repeated editions were called for; while they were sung in public and in private with the most rapturous delight.* They certainly received at that time an undue share of praise and admiration. From his own testimony it appears he was encouraged to complete the versification of the whole, by the king himself.

Puis que voulez, que ie poursuivre ô sire,
L’oeuvre Royal du Psaultier commencé, &c.

* Hawkins’s History of Music, vol. 3.; and Warton’s History of English Poetry, vol. 3.—Hawkins, in particular, gives a remarkable account of the enthusiasm which they excited in the French court. The king, and each of his courtiers, chose one, which they delighted to sing as their favourite air. Before this, they had been adapted to suitable melodies.

Suspected, however, of secretly favouring Lutheran principles, for his safety he was forced to leave his native country, when he retired to Geneva. There, after residing for some time, it is said, for a cause of a very different kind, he was obliged to fly rather hastily; he returned back to France, and was again received into favour. Marot did not live to finish the task he undertook, as he only added other twenty to the number he first published. The current belief is, that he first was directed to, and assisted in, this employment, by his friend Vatablus, Professor of Hebrew in Paris, who furnished him with a Latin translation. Be this as it may, it was no doubt an exercise of his powers, better fitting his advanced age, and more becoming his religious sentiments, than the subjects of his Muse in his earlier years. Baillet, and other critics, imagine, that at this time he had renounced his gallantry; and they consider what he performed, or intended to finish, as a token of repentance, and an act of contrition for the follies of his youth, and the excesses of his life. His death took place in 1546; but, alas! he died as he had lived—in the most unlicensed debauchery.

This version accorded with the sentiments of Calvin, who published an edition, during Marot's life, (of the fifty Psalms, in 1543,) with a preface, addressed "to all Christians and Lovers of the Word of God." Indeed, it is supposed considerably to have aided in forwarding his views; and that by it he sought to effectuate a change in this part of divine worship, by introducing the practice of singing the Psalmody, and in making it a stated portion of the Protestant Service. These suppositions may be carried too far, but still they may bear some truth. The choral anthems (or musical compositions, sung in different parts) of the Catholics, he considered as too complicated and difficult for general use. He finally adopted a practice, the simplicity of which corresponded with the rest of his ecclesiastical discipline. "For some time," says Sir John Hawkins, "Calvin stood in doubt whether to adopt the Lutheran choral form of singing in consonance, or to institute a plain unisonous melody, in which all might join: at length he resolved on the latter, &c. (vol. iii. p. 450.)

Before this, the use of Marot's Psalms had been interdicted the Catholics, under the severest penalties, till, at last, psalm-singing and heresy became nearly synonymous.

At Calvin's request, the rest of the Psalms were translated in a similar manner by Beza;* when they were, at length, appointed to be used in the exercise of devotion. On the entire version some writers have bestowed unqualified commendation, while others have spoken of it with undue respect. We cannot agree with the opinion, that these "*Cantiques sont bizarrement travestis.*" Though it would be out of place to dilate much on the respective merits of this, or any of the versions hereafter to be mentioned, we may be indulged in hazarding a few remarks. The French language is universally allowed to be unfit for expressing the grandeur and sublimity so characteristic of the Psalms of David. Marot and Beza's translation possesses great freedom and ease of versification, with not a small portion of beauty and elegance, but is too paraphrastic. And the objections urged against Sternhold's and Hopkins's come with equal, or even additional force, namely, the frequent use of low and unmeaning expressions,—the feebleness of diction,—the want of energy,—as also, the occasional misconception of the meaning of the Psalmist. In Marot's portion, the pleasing *naïveté* of his style is incompatible with the subject, and a forced and inefficient endeavour after the sublime is too often visible.†

* This entire version is said, by Dr Burney, originally to have been published at Strasburgh, in 1545; while Senebier, in his life of Beza, informs us, his portion was not completed till about eighteen years after that date.

† The Psalms have at subsequent periods been frequently put into a metrical form by other French poets. That of Phillippe des Portes, is among the most remarkable. It possesses merit, so far as metre is concerned, but is also much too paraphrastic; the very spirit and substance often evaporates in his attempts to fill up a stanza with smooth flowing words. There was another paraphrase made by A. Godeau, Paris, 1648, 4to, of which, according to Du Pin (not the most impartial or best informed writer), "les protestans n'ont pas fait difficulté de sen servir, à la place de la traduction de Marot, qui paroissoit consacrée parmi eux."

The Reformation in the Church of England for a time was productive of a great alteration in the general system of study; and brought about a decided change in the character and subjects of our poetry. Metrical translations of parts of the Scriptures were the usual themes chosen; while enthusiasm and devotion usurped the places of inspiration and genius. The Psalmody was introduced into the English Church after the example of that of Geneva. The timely appearance of Sternhold's translation of part of the Psalms, afforded the means of getting a perfect version of the whole, every way adapted to general use.*

Sternhold only lived to complete about a third of the whole. His translations were printed by themselves in a separate form; and, like Marot's, the praise they received induced him to resolve on translating the rest; as appears from his dedication of those he did publish, inscribed to King Edward. There, he says, "Seeing that your tender and godly zeale dooeth more delight in the holye songes of veritie then in any fayned rymes of vanytie, I am encouraged to trauayle further in the said booke of Psalms, &c. And yf I maye perceyue youre maiestie wyllynglye to accept my wyl herein, where my doying is no thanke worthy, and to favour so this my beginning, that my labour be acceptable in performinge the residue, I shall endeouore myself with diligence, not only to enterpryse that which better learned ought more iustlye to doe, but also to pourfume that without faulte, which your maiestie will receyue with iuste thanke."

The poets (if such a name they are suffered to get) who chiefly contributed, besides John Hopkins, to complete the adopted version begun by Thomas Sternhold, were, William

Whittingham, Thomas Norton, and William Kethe. There were others who furnished a quota, but it is not our wish unnecessary to dilate on this point.*

Hopkins would seem to have acted as editor in the first complete edition that was printed by John Daye, in 1562. Some that had previously been printed in this, he revised and altered, or replaced with others. The early editions are found to vary considerably with each other, but no full and accurate notice of these variations has yet been given. In this edition, at length, like that of its French prototype, they received musical accompaniments,—the Psalms being set to simple or unisonous melodies, to render them fit for public service,—and the entire version was joined as a necessary addition to the English Liturgy.

The long and critical account of Sternhold and Hopkins's Psalms, given by Warton, has been highly praised. On this, as on almost every other topic, we have to lament his oversight and want of accuracy, which would seem to be the inseparable attendant of his otherwise admirable work. His account of this version is almost wholly derived (and that without due acknowledgment) from his predecessor, Sir John Hawkins. Nor do we consider his sentiments (judicious and sensible as they generally are) to deserve over-much regard; for he is unduly prejudiced against, not only the translators of this version, but the whole class of those who imitated their example; those, to wit, whom he speaks of as indulging "in a species of poetry, if it may be so called, which even impoverishes prose, or rather, by mixing the style of prose with verse, and of verse with prose, destroys the character and effect of both,"—or those he designates as "the mob of religious rhymers, who, from principles of the most unfeigned piety, devoutly la-

* Before this time, some of the Psalms, and other portions of the Scriptures, were translated by the Earl of Surrey, and his friend, Sir Thomas Wyatt. And about the same time, various versions of the Psalter appeared, by Robert Crowley, William Hunnis, John Hall, and other English poets. Surrey and Wyatt's, however, are the only that merit much praise. And these have lately become more accessible to the public in the hugely-ponderous edition of their works, by Dr Nott. The Penitential Psalms (as they are called), by Wyatt, were first printed in 1549.

* It might make a small but curious volume, and not wholly destitute of interest, to give a distinct history of this version, its authors, the changes it successively underwent, and the various multiplication of impressions that are known still to exist. On this, nothing satisfactory has yet been done, if we except a partial attempt in an account of three of the earlier impressions, to be found in the pages of the *Censura Litteraria*, vol. x. p. 5.

boured to darken the lustre, and enervate the force, of the divine pages." Warton's dislike to this version, arose not so much from contempt of its poetical merits, as from his disinclination to the use of the Psalmody,—or the introduction of a version at all, into the service of the English Church. The following are some of his reflections, which are followed by a few extracts, to establish the truth of his assertions.

"It is certain (Wharton remarks) that every attempt to clothe the Sacred Scripture in verse will have the effect of presenting and debasing the dignity of the original; but this general inconvenience, arising from the nature of things, was not the only difficulty which our versifiers of the Psalter had to encounter, in common with all other writers employed on a similar task, allowing for the state of our language in the middle of the sixteenth sentrey, they appear to have been but little qualified either by genius or accomplishments for poetical composition. It is for this reason that they have produced a translation entirely destitute of elegance, spirit, and propriety; the truth is, that they undertook this work not so much from an ambition of literary fame, or a consciousness of abilities, as from motives of piety, and in compliance with the cast of the times. I presume I am communicating no very new criticism, when I observe, that in every part of this translation, we are disgusted with a languor of versification, and a want of common prosody; the most exalted effusions of thanksgiving, and the most sublime imageries of the divine Majesty, are lowered by a coldness of conception, weakened by frigid interpolations, and disfigured by a poverty of phraseology."

However forcible these opinions of Warton, and strong his objections may seem to be, we can oppose them with those of another critic, who, it will be allowed, was as fully competent, from his learning and judgment, as well as his labours on this very portion of the Sacred Scriptures, to appreciate its merits with fairness and candour.

The following are the just and suitable remarks of Bishop Horsley:

"The metrical version of the old Singing Psalms, by Sternhold and Hopkins, is not (he says) what I believe it is now generally supposed to be, nothing better than an awkward versification of a former English translation; it was an original translation from the Hebrew text, earlier, by many years, than the prose translation in the Bible; and all that are in any degree paraphrastic, as all in verse in some degree must be, it is the best and most exact we have to put into the hands of the common people. The authors of this version considered the verse

merely as a contrivance to assist the memory. They were little studious of their numbers, or the elegance of their diction; but they were solicitous to give the full and precise sense of the Sacred text, according to the best of their judgment; and their judgment, with the exception of some few passages, was very good; and at the same time they adhered scrupulously to the letter, they contrived to express it in such terms as, like the original, might point clearly the spiritual meaning. It was a change much for the worse, when the pedantry of pretenders to taste in literary composition, thrust out this excellent translation from many of our Churches, to make room for what still goes by the name of the New Version, that of Tate and Brady, which, in many places where the Old Version is just, accurate, and dignified by its simplicity, is careless and inadequate, and, in the poverty and littleness of its style, contemptible. The innovation, when it was first attempted, was opposed, though in the end unsuccessfully, by the soundest divines, the most accomplished scholars, and the men of the truest taste, at that time, in the seat of authority in the Church of England. It will be an alteration still more for the worst, if both these versions should be made to give place to another of later date, departing still farther from the strict letter of the text, and compensating its want of accuracy by nothing better than the meretricious ornaments of modern poetry."

Sternhold and Hopkins' version, as remarked by Bishop Horsley, was displaced by what is still called the New Version. This was the joint production of Dr Nicholas Brady and Naham Tate, and received the royal license, appointing it to be used in churches, December 3, 1696.*

* It would be a hopeless task, and unprofitable, to undertake a specification of the various attempts to render the Psalms into metre. Portions, indeed, occur in the collected works of almost all the English poets, and, wonderful to say, are usually attended with a similar want of success. We may, however, cursorily notice those who, in the versification of certain Psalms, or in composing original Hymns and Sacred Songs, have had the best success, and are most worthy of praise. These are, Surrey and Wyatt, Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Bacon, Sir Edward Sandys, Withers, Dodd, Habington, Slatyer, Ravenscroft, Milton, Cowley, Blackmore, Addison, and Logan. And of the more remarkable translations of the entire Psalter, which ought not to be passed over in silence, we may mention those by Bishop Parker, Bishop King, George Sandys, Sir John Denham, Rouse, and Dr Watts, Bishop Parker's is chiefly remarkable for its curiosity and great rarity; it was printed for private use, and is characterised by a de-

We should now proceed to the more immediate intention of this paper, to consider the versions that have hitherto been used in our National Church

iciency of freedom, from a want of practice in writing English verses. Bishop King's is said to be elegant, but devoid of simplicity. Of Rouse's we shall have ere long occasion to speak at greater length. Denham and Watts are sufficiently known; and that by Sandys has always been admired. He was "one of the most harmonious versifiers of his age;" and his translation of the Psalms, for variety and harmony of verse,—for elegance and sweetness of rhythm, may yet bear competition with any that can be brought to the trial. Dr Burney's opinion of it is, that he "put the Psalms into better verse than they ever appeared in before or since." It was first printed in an elegant little volume, at London, in 1636, introduced with the following beautiful address to the King:

"Ovr graver Muse from her long Dreame awakes;

Peneian Groves, and Cirrha's Caves forsakes:
Inspir'd with zeale, she climes th' Æthercall Hills

Of Solyma, where bleeding balm distills;
Where Trees of Life unfolding Youth assure,
And Living Waters all Diseases cure;
Where the Sweet Singer, in celestiaall Laies,
Sung to his solemn Harp Iehovah's praise.
From that false Temple, on her wings, she beares

Those Heavenly Raptures to your sacred eares:
Not that her bare and humble feet aspire
To mount the Threshold of th' harmonious Quire;

But that at once she might Oblations bring
To God; and Tribute to a god-like King.
And since no narrow Verse such Mysteries,
Deep sense; and high Expressions could comprise,

Her laboring Wings a larger compasse flie,
And Poesie resolves with Poesie:
Lest she, who in the Orient clearly rose,
Should in your Western World obscurely close."

To point out the Psalms most entitled to notice would be difficult, as they all partake of the same harmonious spirit. We have selected two, however, as a specimen, our limits not admitting more, else we had also given the 18th and 78th. Some other extracts are to be found in Mr Ellis's admirable work, "Specimens of English Poetry."

PSALM XC.

"O Thou the Father of us all,
Our refuge from th' Original;
That wert our God, before
The acry Mountaines had their birth,
Or fabricke of the peopled Earth;
And art for evermore.

since the Reformation. This must be deferred for the present, but we shall resume the subject in the next Number.

But fraile man, daily dying, must
At thy Command returne to Dust:
Or should he ages last;
Ten thousand yeeres are in thy sight
But like a quadrant of the Night,
Or as a Day that's past.

He by thy Torrent swept from hence;
An empty Dreame, which mocks the Sense,
And from the Phansie flies;
Such as the beauty of the Rose,
Which in the dewy Morning blows,
Then hangs the head and dies.

Through daily anguish we expire:
Thy anger a consuming Fire,
To our offences due.

Our sinnes (although by Night conceal'd,
By shame and feare) are all reveal'd,
And naked to thy view.

Thus in thy wrath our yeeres we spend;
And like a sad discourse they end;
Nor but to seventy last:
Or if to eighty they arrive,
We then with Age and Sicknesse strive;
Cut off with winged haste.

Who knows the terror of thy wrath,
Or to thy dreadfull anger hath
Proportion'd his due feare?
Teach us to number our fraile daies,
That we our hearts to thee may raise,
And wisely sinne forbear.

Lord, O how long! at length relent!
And of our miseries repnt;
Thy Early Mercy shew:
That we may unknowne comfort taste:
For those long daies in sorrow past,
As long of joy bestow.

The workes of thy accustom'd Grace
Shew to thy Servants, on their race
Thy chearefull beames reflect.
O let on us thy Beauty shine!
Bless our attempts with aide divine,
And by thy Hand direct."

PSALM CXIV.

"When Israel left th' Ægyptian Land,
Freed from a tyrannous command;
God his owne People sanctif'd,
And he himselfe became their Guide.
Th' amazed Seas, this seeing, fled;
And Jordan shrunke into his Head:
The cloudy Mountaines skipt like Rams;
The little Hills like frisking lambs.
Recoyling Seas, what caus'd your dread?
Why, Iordan, shrunk'st thou to thy Head?
Why, Mountaines, did you skip like Rams?
And why, you little Hills, like Lambs?
Earth, tremble thou before his Face;
Before the God of Jacobs race;
Who turn'd hard Rocks into a Lake;
When Springs from stony intrails brake."

ABSTRACT OF THE PROPOSED BILL
FOR THE PROTECTION OF BANKS
FOR SAVINGS IN SCOTLAND, WITH
REMARKS.

[The greater part of this statement originally appeared in the Dumfries and Galloway Courier, one of the best conducted provincial newspapers in this kingdom. It was, we believe, drawn up by the Rev. Henry Dunean, Ruthwell, a gentleman whose name will for ever be honourably associated with the establishment of Banks for Savings in Scotland. This gentleman is now in Edinburgh, preparing the bill alluded to for Parliament, with the advice of some of our most respectable professional men. We expect to furnish our readers with an argumentative article on the same important subject in our next Number.]

OUR readers are probably aware, that Mr William Douglas, M. P. for the Dumfries district of burghs, has obtained leave to bring in a bill for the protection and encouragement of Banks for Savings in Scotland. We have now before us a copy of the proposed bill, and, conceiving the measure to be of great importance, as connected with the welfare of the lower orders, we are happy in having an opportunity of laying before the public an abstract of its provisions as follows:—

1st, That persons who are desirous of obtaining the benefit of the act, shall have it in their power to do so, by forming themselves into a society, and getting their rules sanctioned by the quarter-sessions, a copy of which rules (either printed or transcribed) being to be deposited with the clerk of the quarter-sessions, by whom it shall be filed and preserved;—which rules shall be binding until they be altered by the society, and the alteration also be deposited with the said clerk.

2d, That persons having control and direction in the management of these institutions, shall not be entitled to any pecuniary benefit on account of their services; but this prohibition is not to extend to operative persons employed in conducting the business, who may receive such salaries and emoluments as the rules shall prescribe.

3d, That no depositor shall be entitled to claim the benefit of this act for more than a limited sum.

4th, That all persons who shall have deposited money in a bank for savings, on their own account, shall, on withdrawing their money, be enti-

tled to give a discharge to the bank, notwithstanding their disability in law to act for themselves.

5th, That treasurers and other office-bearers through whose hands the money belonging to the society may pass, shall be obliged to find security for their intrusions, to such amount as the regulations of the institution require, and that on this security legal diligence may be done.

6th, That the persons appointed by the society to act as trustees for the time being, may bring or defend actions in name of the institution in a court of law, and that such actions, for sums not exceeding £20, shall be brought before the Justice of Peace Court.

7th, That no friendly society shall have a power to expel any of its members on account of such members having lodged money in a bank for savings.

8th, That depositors may bequeath their deposits by any written document, however informal, provided it be executed in presence of the minister or an elder of the parish in which they reside.

9th, That the deposits of bastards may be bequeathed; but, if not bequeathed, shall belong to the mother or her relatives.

10th, That the managers of each saving bank shall be the sole judges of the evidence of propinquity in cases of unbequeathed deposits, having it in their power to apply to the sheriff for advice; and that a schedule shall be carefully drawn up, exhibiting the descent of personal property by the rules of common law, according to the different degrees of propinquity; which schedule shall be annexed to the regulations of every society taking the benefit of this act, and shall be the rule by which managers shall be guided in paying over unbequeathed money to the heirs of deceased depositors.

11th, That no confirmation shall be required to be expedited on account of unbequeathed deposits, and that the tax on succession shall be dispensed with.

12th, That unclaimed deposits shall, after a certain period and due advertisement, become the property of the institution, and be applied in defraying its expenses, &c.

13th, That all bills, bonds, and other transactions of the society, shall be exempted from stamp duty.

14th, That the managers shall be freed from responsibility when the money of depositors is lodged in the bank prescribed by the rules of the society.

On perusing this abstract, the reader will observe, that there is nothing *compulsory* in any of the clauses; it being proposed, as Mr Douglas states in his speech, "that the bill shall merely extend to such institutions as are *desirous* to avail themselves of its benefits," and that even these should be left to their own discretion with regard to internal regulations. This, we should think, must remove every objection to the measure in the minds of the most scrupulous. In England there was a necessity for *compulsory* enactments, owing to the precarious state of many of the country banks; but in Scotland we fortunately stand in a much more favourable situation. The credit of our public banks in this division of the island is so undoubted, and the advantages and facilities they afford are so considerable, as to give peculiar encouragement to our banks for savings; and where the proper mode of investing the funds of these institutions is so obvious and accessible, any parliamentary interference to restrict or regulate such investment, would seem, in every point of view, to be highly impolitic. Accordingly, so far from proposing to imitate the English act in this respect, it is not even intended to give to our Scottish banks for savings the *option* of placing their deposits in the fund provided for those of the sister kingdom. The bill, indeed, avoids altogether any allusion to the mode of securing the money deposited in these institutions, thus leaving them to avail themselves of such means as circumstances may render most advisable. One great object of it is to give a power to the managers to sue and be sued, that they may thus be brought more directly under the protection of the law, and that the legal disadvantages which attach to the pecuniary transactions of self-constituted bodies may be removed. We do not know that any material inconvenience has yet been felt from the want of the proposed act; but it seems desirable to guard, as far as possible, against future contingencies; because any loss or heavy expense arising from this cause, might be detrimental to the progress of a system which promises

to be productive of such valuable benefits to the industrious classes of the community.

The other provisions contemplated by the bill are of too obvious utility to require any comment; but particular importance we think should be attached to those clauses by which it is proposed to exempt the transactions of the institutions from stamp duties,—to render legal the discharge granted by a depositor during his minority, &c.—to enable the managers to pay to the lawful heirs, *without the expense of confirmation*, the money belonging to deceased depositors,—and to bring more within the reach of the industrious classes the power of bequeathing their small savings.

Mr Douglas mentions some objections that have been stated against the measure by the managers of the savings bank of Edinburgh, and as the opinion of persons of such high respectability, whose zeal for the welfare of these institutions is so well known, must be of great weight, their objections require to be examined with much attention. The principal reason which the gentlemen belonging to the Edinburgh institution urge for their opposition to the bill, is, that it is not called for by existing circumstances; no clamant inconvenience from want of legislative interference having yet occurred. In answer to this, it might be sufficient to shew, that such cases may *possibly* occur, because, in every point of view, it is better to prevent an evil than to cure it; but those who are at all acquainted with the detail of the business of banks for savings, as transacted in country parishes, cannot fail to be struck with the existence of something more than a *possible* defect in the common law, as applicable to such institutions. Should any of our parish banks fall into fraudulent hands, the danger arising from their present unprotected situation would be far from imaginary;—and a single instance of embarrassment arising from this cause, might be productive of a serious obstacle to the future success of the system. But it must further be observed, that inconveniences of immense magnitude not only *may*, but *must* take place in the future operations of these banks, unless protection be immediately procured for them. In case of the death of an intestate depositor,

difficulties will certainly occur, with regard to succession, which the managers of savings banks are at present totally unable to solve, and which cannot fail to be productive of much embarrassment and expense to the parties. A simple, and, in our opinion, an effectual remedy is contemplated for this evil. It is proposed, that the managers shall be constituted the sole judges of the evidence of propinquity, having it in their power to apply to the sheriff for advice; and in order to put them in a situation of judging, with regard to the legal right of heirs, with which they may be presumed to be unacquainted, it is intended that a schedule shall be drawn up, exhibiting the law by which the descent of personal property is regulated. This is a provision of such manifest advantage, that were no other object to be attained by an act of Parliament, it would in our mind be sufficient to justify legislative interference. It would be easy to enlarge on this subject, but prudential considerations induce us to forbear.

The only other objection which appears to be brought forward by the gentlemen connected with the Edinburgh savings bank is, that the introduction of the bill into Parliament would excite, in the minds of the poorer classes, a groundless jealousy and alarm. We have reason to believe that this fear is totally unfounded. From what we have been able to learn, after the most diligent inquiry, we are convinced that the bill, so far from being an object of jealousy and alarm, is anxiously wished for by the industrious classes, and will be received as a most desirable boon. We have seen letters on the subject from all parts of Scotland, and they uniformly speak the same language. How, indeed, should it be otherwise? The bill does not originate with government but with the people *themselves*. It admits of no undue interference with their private rights, but simply removes some legal embarrassments, and extends to them a degree of protection and encouragement, which could not otherwise be obtained; and indeed there can be no doubt that, independent entirely of the intrinsic advantages of the measure, the very act of legislative interference would attract more general attention to the subject, and give it an

importance in the eyes of many which it does not at present possess. There is something in the impress of national sanction which has a powerful and salutary influence on any plan of public utility. The rich will be stimulated to more vigorous exertions in the cause of humanity, and the poor will feel more confidence in their schemes of economy, when they know that what was at first only the suggestion of private benevolence has, after undergoing the ordeal of public investigation, acquired the support of the wisest and highest in the nation, and been enrolled among the laws of the land. This is strongly illustrated in the case of friendly societies. It is well known that Mr Rose's act in favour of these excellent institutions, so far from exciting jealousy and alarm, was hailed in this country as a most valuable measure, and has tended, in an extraordinary degree, to advance the popularity and success of the scheme.

In reference to the objections above stated, great stress has been laid on the maxim, that all unnecessary legislative interference is in itself an evil. As a general political aphorism, we are inclined to give this observation much weight; and certainly we should be among the last to sanction any wanton infringement on the law of the land. But even if it were true, as it certainly is not, that legislative interference is in the present instance unnecessary, of all supposeable cases we conceive there is scarcely one to which that principle would not more forcibly apply than to the case now before us. Let us remember for whose benefit it is intended to legislate. It is for the benefit of the poor, —of those classes which form so large and so important a part of the community, but which have so seldom had occasion to witness the paternal care of Parliament in legislating for their exclusive advantage. It is alleged, that they are apt to be alarmed for the interference of the legislature. If this be true with regard to the ordinary measures of government, of which they are the object, such alarm is not without apparent reason; for what are these measures in their more obvious aspect and tendency? They are such as, whilst they are doubtless necessary for the well-being of society, must appear to the poor and illiterate,

who are not capable of taking very enlarged political views, vexatious, oppressive, and grinding. The parliamentary acts whose operation reaches the poor, generally relate to the extension of taxes, or to the rendering more strict and obligatory the laws relative to game, or to the militia. These may all be highly salutary in themselves; but in the eyes of the poor they are directly the reverse. Now it does strike us very forcibly as an object of good policy, to take every favourable opportunity of counteracting this unfavourable impression, by legislative enactments of an opposite tendency. There have hitherto, unhappily, been very few such enactments. Except the poor laws, and more recently the friendly society act, we are not at present aware of any parliamentary boon to the lower orders which can be ranked under the paternal character we contend for. We all know with what gratitude the latter of these acts has been received, and there is every reason to believe, that the bill in question, which is entirely of a similar nature, will not be regarded with greater indifference. In fact, a measure of the same kind has been already accepted in the two sister kingdoms with the most unequivocal proofs of approbation and joy. Assuredly, therefore, that man would display any thing but political wisdom who should oppose to these advantages a maxim which, however important it may be as a general principle, does not apply to the present question. Why deny to Scotland a gift which has been so liberally bestowed on other parts of the empire?

NOTICE OF MR HAZLITT'S LECTURES
ON ENGLISH POETRY, NOW IN THE
COURSE OF DELIVERY AT THE SUR-
REY INSTITUTION, LONDON.

No III.

*Lecture Seventh.—On Burns and the
Old Ballads.*

MR HAZLITT commenced this lecture by entering into some explanations respecting the opinion he had given of Chatterton in the last lecture; and, after referring at some length to the controversy that had taken place

concerning the supposed antiquity of the poems, proceeded to the more immediate subject of the present lecture—Burns. He described the genius of Burns as connected with his body as well as his mind. He had a real heart of flesh and blood beating in his bosom—you might almost hear it throb. Burns did not tinkle syren sounds in your ear, or pile up centos of poetic diction; instead of the artificial flowers of poetry, he plucked the mountain-daisy under his feet; and a field-mouse, hurrying from its ruined dwelling, could inspire him with the sentiments of terror or pity. He held the plough and the pen with the same manly grasp: he did not cut out poetry as we cut out watch-papers,—with finical dexterity, nor from the same materials. However unlike Burns may be to Shakspeare in the range of his genius, there is something of the same magnanimity, directness, and unaffected character, in him. He had little of Shakspeare's imagination or inventive power; but within the narrow circle of personal feeling or domestic incidents, the pulse of his poetry flows as healthily and vigorously. Burns had an eye to see, and a heart to feel;—no more. His pictures of good fellowship, of social glee, of quaint humour, come up to nature;—they cannot go beyond it. The sly jest collected in his laughing eye at the sight of the grotesque and ludicrous in manners: the large tear rolled down his manly cheek at the sight of another's distress.

Here Mr Hazlitt, after alluding to the moral character of Burns, and observing that his virtues belonged to his genius, but his vices to his situation, which did not correspond with his genius,—took occasion to speak, at considerable length, of Mr Wordsworth's Letter to Mr Gray. On account of the nature and spirit of these remarks, it does not suit either our purpose or our inclination to repeat them: we pass on to those which followed, on the different characteristics of the poetry of Burns and Wordsworth. Mr H. said, there was no one link of sympathy between them. Wordsworth's is the poetry of mere sentiment and pensive contemplation: that of Burns is a highly sublimated essence of animal existence. With Burns, "self-love and social are the same." Wordsworth is himself alone,

—a recluse philosopher, or a reluctant spectator of the scenes of many-coloured life, moralizing on them, not describing or entering into them. Burns has exerted all the vigour of his mind—all the general spirit of his nature, in exalting the pleasures of wine, love, and good fellowship. But in Wordsworth there is a total disunion of the faculties of the mind from those of the body. From the Lyrical Ballads it does not appear that men eat or drink, marry, or are given in marriage. If we lived by every sentiment that proceeds out of our mouths, and not by bread alone, or if the species were continued like trees, Wordsworth's poetry would be just as good as ever.

Mr Hazlitt now proceeded to remark on some of Burn's poems. He pointed out the "Twa Dogs" as a very spirited piece of description, and as giving a very vivid idea of the manners both of high and low life. He described the Brigs of Ayr, the Address to a Haggis, Scotch Drink, and many others, as being full of the best kind of characteristic and comic painting; but Tam o' Shanter as the master-piece in this way. In Tam o' Shanter, and in the Cottar's Saturday Night, Burns has given the two extremes of licentious eccentricity and convivial indulgence, and of patriarchal simplicity and gravity. The latter of these poems is a noble and pathetic picture of human manners, mingled with a fine religious awe: it comes over the mind like a slow and solemn strain of music. But of all Burns's productions, Mr Hazlitt described his pathetic and serious love-songs as leaving the deepest and most lasting impression on the memory. He instanced, in particular, the lines entitled Jessie, and those to Mary Morrison; and concluded the lecture by a few remarks on the old Scottish and English ballads, which he described as possessing a still more original cast of thought, and more romantic imagery—a closer intimacy with nature—a firmer reliance on that as the only stock of wealth to which the mind has to resort—a more infantine simplicity of manners—a greater strength of affection—hopes longer cherished, and longer deferred—sighs that the heart dare not leave—and "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Lecture Eighth.—On the Living Poets.

MR HAZLITT commenced this lecture with some remarks on the nature of true fame, which he described as not popularity—the shout of the multitude—the idle buzz of fashion—the flattery of favour or of friendship,—but the spirit of a man surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men. Fame is not the recompense of the living, but of the dead. The temple of fame stands upon the grave: the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of those to whom the incense is offered. He who has ears truly touched to the music of fame, is in a manner deaf to the voice of popularity.—The love of fame differs from vanity in this, that the one is immediate and personal, the other ideal and abstracted. The lover of true fame does not delight in that gross homage which is paid to himself, but in that pure homage which is paid to the eternal forms of truth and beauty, as they are reflected in his mind. He waits patiently and calmly for the award of posterity, without endeavouring to forestall his immortality, or mortgage it for a newspaper puff.—The love of fame should be, in reality, only another name for the love of excellence. Those who are the most entitled to fame, are always the most content to wait for it; for they know that, if they have deserved it, it will not be withheld from them. It is the award of successive generations that they value and desire; for the brightest living reputation cannot be equally imposing to the imagination with that which is covered and rendered venerable by the hoar of innumerable ages. After further remarks to this effect, and a few words on the female writers of the day, Mr Hazlitt proceeded to speak of the living poets. He began with Mr Rogers, whom he described as a very lady-like poet—as an elegant but feeble writer, who wraps up obvious thoughts in a cover of fine words—who is full of enigmas with no meaning to them. His poetry is a more minute and inoffensive species of the Della Cruscan. There is nothing like truth of nature, or simplicity of expression. You cannot see the thought for the ambiguity of the expression—the figure for the finery—the picture for the varnish.

As an example of this, Mr H. referred to the description of a friend's ice-house, in which Mr Rogers has carried the principle of elegant evasion and delicate insinuation of his meaning so far, that the Monthly Reviewers mistook his friend's ice-house for a dog-kennel, and the monster which was emphatically said to be chained up in it for a large mastiff dog.

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, the lecturer described as of the same class with the poetry of the foregoing author. There is a painful attention paid to the expression, in proportion as there is little to express, and the decomposition of prose is mistaken for the composition of poetry. The sense and keeping in the ideas is sacrificed to a jingle of words and an epigrammatic form of expression. The verses on the Battle of Hohenlinden, Mr H. described as possessing considerable spirit and animation; but he spoke of the Gertrude of Wyoming as exhibiting little power, or power suppressed by extreme fastidiousness. The author seems so afraid of doing wrong, that he does little or nothing. Lest he should wander from the right path, he stands still. He is like a man whose heart fails him just as he is going up in a balloon, and who breaks his neck by flinging himself out when it is too late. He mangles and maims his ideas before they are full-formed, in order to fit them to the Procrustes' bed of criticism; or strangles his intellectual offspring in the birth, lest they should come to an untimely end in the Edinburgh Review. No writer, said Mr Hazlitt, who thinks habitually of the critics, either to fear or contemn them, can ever write well. It is the business of Reviewers to watch poets, not poets to watch reviewers. Mr H. concluded his remarks on Campbell by censuring the plot of Gertrude of Wyoming, on account of the mechanical nature of its structure, and from the most striking incidents all occurring in the shape of antitheses. They happen just in the nick of time, but without any known cause, except the convenience of the author.

MOORE was described as a poet of quite a different stamp,—as heedless, gay, and prodigal of his poetical wealth, as the other is careful, reserved, and parsimonious. Mr Moore's muse was compared to Ariel—as light, as tricky,

as indefatigable, and as humane a spirit. His fancy is ever on the wing; it flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Every thing lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry; and over all love waves his purple wings. His thoughts are as many, as restless, and as bright, as the insects that people the sun's beam. The fault of Moore is an exuberance of involuntary power. His levity becomes oppressive. He exhausts attention by being inexhaustible. His variety cloy; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight. The graceful ease with which he lends himself to all the different parts of his subject, prevents him from connecting them together as a whole. He wants intensity, strength, and grandeur. His mind does not brood over the great and permanent, but glances over the surfaces of things. His gay laughing style, which relates to the immediate pleasures of love and wine, is better than his sentimental and romantic view; for this pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish sensibility, or crystallizes into all the pretinesses of allegorical language, or hardness of external imagery. He has wit at will, and of the best quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best. Mr Moore ought not to have written *Lalla Rookh*, even for three thousand guineas, said Mr Hazlitt. His fame was worth more than that. He should have minded the advice of Fadladeen. It is not, however, a failure, so much as an evasion of public opinion, and a consequent disappointment.

If Moore seems to have been too happy, continued Mr Hazlitt, LORD BYRON, from the tone of his writings, seems to have been too unhappy to be a truly great poet. He shuts himself up too much in the impenetrable gloom of his own thoughts. The *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, *Childe Harold*, &c. are all the same person, and they are apparently all himself. This everlasting repetition of one subject, this accumulation of horror upon horror, steels the mind against the sense of pain as much as the unceasing sweetness and luxurious monotony of Moore's poetry makes it indifferent to pleasure. There is nothing less poetical than the unbending selfishness which the poetry of Lord Byron displays. There is nothing more repulsive than this ideal absorption of all the good and ill of life in the ruling passion and moody ab-

straction of a single mind,—as if it would make itself the centre of the universe, and there was nothing worth cherishing but its intellectual diseases. It is like a cancer eating into the heart of poetry. But still there is power, and power rivets attention and forces admiration. “His genius hath a demon,” and that is the next thing to being full of the God. The range of Lord Byron’s imagination is contracted, but within that range he has great unity and truth of keeping. He chooses elements and agents congenial to his mind—the dark and glittering ocean—the frail bark hurrying before the storm. He gives all the tumultuous eagerness of action, and the fixed despair of thought. In vigour of style, and force of conception, he surpasses every writer of the present day. His indignant apothegms are like oracles of misanthropy. Yet he has beauty allied to his strength, tenderness sometimes blended with his despair. But the flowers that adorn his poetry bloom over the grave.

Mr Hazlitt next spoke of WALTER SCOTT; whose popularity he seemed to attribute to the comparative mediocrity of his talents—to his describing that which is most easily understood in a style the most easy and intelligible, and to the nature of the story which he selects. Walter Scott, said the lecturer, has great intuitive power of fancy, great vividness of pencil in placing external objects before the eye. The force of his mind is picturesque rather than *moral*. He conveys the distinct outlines and visible changes in outward objects, rather than their “mortal consequences.” He is very inferior to Lord Byron in intense passion, to Moore in delightful fancy, and to Wordsworth in profound sentiment; but he has more picturesque power than any of them. After referring to examples of this, Mr H. observed, that it is remarkable that Mr Westall’s illustrations of Scott’s poems always give one the idea of their being *fac similes* of the persons represented, with ancient costume, and a theatrical air. The truth is, continued he, there is a modern air in the midst of the antiquarian research of Mr Scott’s poetry. It is history in masquerade. Not only the crust of old words and images is worn off, but the substance is become comparatively light and worthless. The forms are old and uncouth, but

the spirit is effeminate and fashionable. This, however, has been no obstacle to the success of his poetry—for he has just hit the town between the romantic and the modern, and between the two, has secured all classes of readers on his side. In a word, said Mr Hazlitt, I conceive that he is to the great poet what an excellent mimic is to a great actor. There is no determinate impression left on the mind by reading his poetry. The reader rises from the perusal with new images and associations, but he remains the same man that he was before. The notes to his poems are just as entertaining as the poems themselves, and his poems are nothing but entertaining.

Mr H. now proceeded to speak of WORDSWORTH, whom he described as the most original poet now living, and the reverse of Walter Scott in every particular,—having nearly all that the other wants, and wanting all that the other possesses. His poetry is not external, but internal; he is the poet of mere sentiment. Great praise was given to many of the Lyrical Ballads, as opening a finer and deeper vein of thought and feeling than any poet in modern times has done or attempted; but it was observed, that Mr Wordsworth’s powers had been mistaken, both by the age and by himself. He cannot form a whole, said Mr H.—he wants the constructive faculty. He can give the fine tones of thought drawn from his mind by accident or nature, like the sounds of the Æolian harp; but he is totally deficient in all the machinery of poetry.

Mr Hazlitt here entered at some length into the origin of what has been called the Lake School of Poetry, and endeavoured to trace it to the convulsion which was caused in the moral world by the events of the French revolution. This, and his concluding remarks on Southey and Coleridge, we omit, partly for want of room, but chiefly on account of the indefinite and personal nature of those remarks.

When we undertook to give the foregoing abstract of Mr Hazlitt’s Lectures, it was not our intention to have accompanied it by a single observation in the shape of judgment, as to their merits or defects; but we find, that our own opinions have been strangely supposed to be identified

with those we have done nothing more than detail. We choose, therefore, to say a few words on the impression we have received from these, and from Mr Hazlitt's previous writings on similar subjects.

We are not apt to imbibe half opinions, or to express them by halves; we shall therefore say at once, that when Mr Hazlitt's taste and judgment are left to themselves, we think him among the best, if not the very best, living critic on our national literature. His sincere and healthful perceptions of truth and beauty, of falsehood and deformity, have a clearness, a depth, and a comprehensiveness, that have rarely been equalled. They appear to come to him by intuition; and he conveys the impression of them to others, with a vividness and precision that cannot be surpassed. But his genius is one that will not be "constrained by mastery." When, in spite of himself, his prejudices or habits of personal feeling interfere, and attempt to shackle or bias its movements, it deserts him at once. It is like a proud steed that has been but half broke to the bit; when at liberty, it bounds along, tossing its head to the free air, and seeming to delight and glory in the beauty that surrounds it. But the moment it feels constraint, it curvets, and kicks, and bites, and foams at the mouth, and does nothing but mischief.

As we have not scrupled to declare, that we think Mr Hazlitt is sometimes the very best living critic, we shall venture one step farther, and add, that we think he is sometimes the very worst. One would suppose he had a personal quarrel with all living writers, good, bad, or indifferent. In fact, he seems to know little about them, and to care less. With him, to be alive is not only a fault in itself, but it includes all other possible faults. He seems to consider life as a disease, and death as your only doctor. He reverses the proverb, and thinks a dead ass is better than a living lion. In his eyes, death, like charity, "covereth a multitude of sins." In short, if you want his praise, you must die for it; and when such praise is deserved, and given really *con amore*, it is almost worth dying for.

By the bye, what can our Editor's facetious friend mean by "pimpled Hazlitt?" If he knows that gentle-

man's person, he cannot intend the epithet to apply to *that*; and how "pimpled" may be interpreted with reference to *mind*, we are not able to divine. A. Z.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER TO
VARIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

LETTER III.—To Francis Jeffrey, Esq.

MY DEAR JEFFREY,

I DARE say, that when you receive this letter, you will wonder what the deuce Timothy Tickler has got to say to you; and, no doubt, that slavish herd of boy-admirers that dog your heels, will think it excessively impertinent that an obscure person like me should offer admonition to so exalted a personage as the Editor of the Edinburgh Review. But the truth is, that I admire you as much as they do, though I have not been able to bring myself, like them, to think you an oracle, whose inspiration, it is blasphemy to doubt, and whose very name ought to be kept in reverential and inviolable silence. For nearly twenty years you have made pretty free with the names, talents, and acquirements, of all the literary men in Britain; and have decided upon their pretension to glory, if not with dogmatical, at least with authoritative assurance. Something of this has been owing to the constitution of your mind, which has made you, on the whole, greatly to overrate your own talents, and greatly to underrate the talents of others; and I am willing to believe, that still more of it has been owing to the influence of your assumed character as Critic of the age; fully to support which, it was necessary that you should subdue within yourself all misgivings arising from the occasional consciousness of inferiority, and at all times show a bold and defying front to the enemy. Yet I am much mistaken if you, after all, have succeeded in deceiving either yourself or others into the belief that you are the leading Spirit of the Age. With all your cleverness, ingenuity, and wit, there is a melancholy want about all your writings. You can expose what is little, but when have you created what is great? You can follow with nimble steps the route of other men, but into what recesses of

knowledge have you ever conducted them as a guide? It is a truth which will not be concealed, that you are not a great man. There is something meteorous about you—and it is pleasant to see that brilliant light glancing through the lower regions of the sky—but we fix our eyes at last on the large bright stars of heaven, and the track of the kindled vapour is forgotten.

I beg your pardon, my dear Jeffrey, for this inflated manner of writing, so ill-suited to epistolary correspondence, and forming so very awkward an introduction to the very trifling and ludicrous subject on which I am about to put a few questions. You have yourself such an exquisite perception of the absurd—you are so alive to the follies and whimsies of others—that I am sure you will pardon me for laughing very heartily at yourself, when you chance to make yourself ridiculous. And surely, if ever man did make himself ridiculous, you have done so, by your note on page 509, &c. of the 56th Number of your Review, which, by some accident, I saw yesterday for the first time. Perhaps it may not be quite fair to allude to what is now forgotten—for I have regularly observed, that each Number of your Work is so much better than that which preceded it, that the existence of the one destroys all remembrance of the other; so that, in reality, there is but one Number of the Edinburgh Review existing in the world; and of all that mighty family of pamphlets we see before us, only the last-born, Benjamin the Ruler.

Who ever thought they would live to see the day, when the Editor of the Edinburgh Review would publish in that work a bulletin of his tea-drinking at Keswick? I forget—it was not tea, but coffee. What an image! The stern destroyer of systems, political, poetical, metaphysical—having “coffee handed to him” by Robert Southey’s servant-lass! He sips it—while the destined Laureate stands aloof “with cold civility,” and the “Ancient Mariner” “holds him with his glittering eye,” so that he can with the utmost difficulty snatch a moment’s intermission for a mouthful of buttered toast! In this sublimated state of happiness, “an hour or two” passes away,—and then Mr Francis Jeffrey returns to “the Inn,” the name of which, my

dear friend, you ought to have given, that in future times pilgrims might repair to the spot, and worship the chair on which you took your evening nap, haply beneath the wings of the “Spread Eagle,” or the mane of the “Red Lion,” or the bushy locks of the “Queen’s Head.” What is the use of a bulletin at all, unless it be comprehensive and complete? The importance of the subject would have justified the most lengthened detail, for what was the meeting of Kings and Emperors on “that famous Raft,” “to the celestial colloquy sublime,” of Reviewer and Bard, in the back parlour of an Inn at Keswick?

How you passed the night—how many blankets you slept under—and whether the hair mattress was beneath or above the feather-bed, you have, with that forgetfulness so characteristic of genius, omitted to inform the world. But next day “you walked into the fields with Mr Coleridge,” he clad, I presume, in “russet weeds,” and you in a natty surtout and hessians. “His whole conversation was poetry;” and when that light fare was digested, “he did you the honour to dine with you at the Inn.” Next morning, you parted to meet no more—or, in your own simple words, “I left Keswick, and have not seen him since.”

I cannot well understand, my dear Jeffrey, the nature of those feelings which induced you to publish this bulletin. They seem to have been strangely compounded of excessive egotism and shrinking timidity. Mr Coleridge, it appears, had brought forward some vague and indefinite charges against you, the head and front of which was, that you had handled severely the poems of a certain bard, after you had eaten his beef and drunk his wine; whereas, the truth is, you had only sipp’d his coffee, and perhaps munch’d his muffins. Even if it had been as the “Ancient Mariner” asserted, the world, who seldom take a deep interest in affairs of that kind, would not have thought a whit the worse of you. But you began to think that the fifteen million inhabitants of these kingdoms had their eyes all fixed upon you—and in the silence of night you heard voices calling on you to vindicate yourself against the Feast of the Poets. The public, who you imagined were thinking only upon you,

were then trifling away their time about the more general, though less interesting affairs of Europe, and could not guess what was the meaning of all this talk of coffee, and all the dark and mysterious charges of wickedness and crime connected with the drinking of it.

“Such little things are great to little men.”

But I will not press this matter any farther. Before concluding, however, I beg leave to say, that your behaviour towards Mr Coleridge has been very far from being either candid or manly. Undoubtedly you were not under the necessity of praising his poetry unless you admired it; but after the free and friendly intercourse you had with him; and after the many flattering, and probably sincere encomiums you paid his genius to his face, you were, I think, bound in honour, either to let his poetical productions pass unnoticed, or to review them yourself. It is a poor and unworthy get off, to say that CHRISTABEL was reviewed by another person. You should have boldly advanced your own opinions—for you are, with all your prejudices, an excellent judge of poetry, and could not but have seen beauty of some kind or other in a poem enthusiastically admired by Scott and Byron. Instead of this, you committed the task to a savage and truculent jacobin, the very twitching of whose countenance is enough to frighten the boldest muse into hysterics. That person was not ashamed to confess in his critique that he despised Mr Coleridge's poetry, because he hated his politics; as if no man could be admitted into the court of Apollo who did not vilify his Majesty's government. And this restless demagogue you let loose upon the friend with whom “you walked in the fields about Keswick,” “whose whole conversation was poetry,” who stood smilingly by, while “coffee was handed to you,” and whom, “as he liked to receive compliments,” “you were led to gratify with that kind of fare.” There seems some little inconsistency of behaviour in first buttering a man all over with flattery, and then getting a raw-boned prize-fighter to belabour him with a hedge stake.

My dear fellow—God bless you—good bye—Pray do let me hear from you. You seem to have given up letter-writing entirely. What immense sheets I used to have from you long

ago! I wish to goodness I had kept them; but I had no idea when I, then an old stager, first heard you clipping the King's English in the Outer House, that you were to become so great a man, and I to remain only your affectionate friend,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No IV.

MR KEAN.

Concluded from our last Number.

IT is a great and a very general mistake to suppose that Mr Kean's acting is deficient in *dignity*. So far from this being the case, dignity is perhaps the one quality it exhibits, and is distinguished by, oftener and more successfully than by any other. Not the dignity resulting from a certain given arrangement of the arms and legs on a certain given occasion, according to a set of theatrical *bye laws* “in that case made and provided;” but that real and sustained mental dignity which springs from lofty and intense feeling, and is allied to, and expressed by, spontaneous and highly picturesque, yet perfectly temperate, graceful, and appropriate bodily action. They must have strange notions of dignity, even in the most common-place sense of the term, who do not find it in Mr Kean's manner in dismissing Cassio from his command: “I love thee Cassio,—but never more be officer of mine;” or in his apostrophy to his name, in Richard II. “Arm, arm, my name! A puny subject strikes

At thy great glory, &c.—

or in his rebuke to Northumberland in the same play:

“No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,” &c.

or throughout the whole performance of Richard III.

It is a vulgar error to call Mr Kean's acting undignified. It is exactly like calling the Beggar's Opera *vulgar*. The persons who do this are those who quarrel with the ankles of the Apollo Belvidere, because, forsooth, the turn of them does not conform to what they have chosen to consider as the standard of *gentility*. With them Dr Johnson is a more dignified prose-writer than Milton, because the latter could say “How d'ye do,” in three words, while the former put a mask

upon nothing, and induced us to mistake it, at first sight, for something else. With them, a person who writes English is not fit to be read by Englishmen, and they scorn to understand any one who makes himself intelligible. They cannot conceive a wise man without a large wig, and think it a very undignified proceeding in a king to put a night-cap on when he goes to bed :

—————“ A clout upon that head
Where late a diadem stood !”

Mr Kean must be content to do without the patronage of these kind of people, till he grows as tall as Mr Conway. In the mean time he is quite dignified enough for nature and Shakspeare, which is all that can be reasonably demanded of him.

It is another remarkable feature of Mr Kean's acting, that, even when he is performing Shakspeare, he affects you not so much by what he says, and by his manner of saying it, as by the effect which you see that what he says produces upon himself. From this it results, that the attention is exclusively fixed on what he is employed in at the moment you are looking at him. Or if it ever wanders from what he *is* doing, it is always to what he *has* done in the last scene or act—never to what he *will* do in the next. He never excites that idlest of all our mental propensities, mere curiosity, because he always fills and satisfies the mind, and leaves it no time or inclination to gaze about it. We never wish to see him in a new character; on the contrary, he always delights us most in those plays we are best acquainted with. For though he never plays a character exactly as any one predicts before hand that he *will* play it, yet he always best satisfies those who are best entitled to anticipate how it *should* be played. In fact he recreates all his characters, and adds to them all—but never in a wrong spirit. We say this without any cautious qualification whatever. And it is even more true of Shakspeare's characters than of any others. Mr Kean “ gilds refined gold ;” he “ paints the lily ;” he “ throws a perfume on the violet ;” and yet one is never disposed to exclaim against his additions as “ wastefull and ridiculous excess.” We might name a hundred examples of this. Take among others his returning to kiss the hand of Ophelia, after his apparently harsh treatment of her ; his drawing figures with his sword on

the floor of his tent, in Richard III. ; and his noble death-scene in the same play.

But we begin to find that we have got upon a topic almost too fertile for the limits in which we are compelled to treat of it. We must have done. Besides, we ought to have a little consideration for those look-warm, yet good-sort of people who think Mr Kean is “ a very clever young man,” but who are loath to admit that any one can be possessed of genius who has not been dead a century or two. But they should recollect that actors, unlike other votaries of the fine arts, cannot reckon upon immortality, even if they deserve it. It is but common justice, therefore, to place the laurel upon their *living* brows. It slips off the moment they die, and will not be persuaded to flourish upon their graves.

We shall mention some of Mr Kean's faults and deficiencies, and conclude with some general observations on a few of his principal characters.

A critic in an Edinburgh paper has, as far as we know, been the only one to remark, that Mr Kean's voice is merely defective not bad. We think this is true. His voice is greatly deficient in power and compass, and is therefore totally unfit for lofty declamation ; but it has a pathos that makes up for every thing. Though its tones do not strike upon the ear like the tinkling of a rill passing over a bed of pebbles*, they sink into the heart like the sighing of the breeze among the strings of an Æolian harp. And its occasional harshness is admirably adapted to express the broken and tempestuous sounds that burst from a soul torn asunder by conflicting passions. With all its defects, it would be difficult to exchange Mr Kean's voice for one better fitted for its uses. It might be improved by additions—from that of Macready's for instance—but we would not part with one of its own notes.

It is singular that Mr Kean, who has nearly banished the mock-heroic from our stage, should be the very person who at times exhibits the most of it. In fact, this is his grand fault. He frequently gives what is called the *level-speaking* of a part, in a style that would not disgrace an amateur theatre

* ———Whose voice is like a rill that slips
Over the sunny pebbles breathingly.

or school-room. It is difficult to account for this. The practice itself is, no doubt, to be attributed to early habits; but how it happens that he has not yet reformed it, we are at a loss to guess. Give him something to do, and he does it better than any one else could; but give him nothing, and he makes worse than nothing of it. There are parts of almost every one of his characters that he *mouthes* even worse than "many of our players do."

Another of Mr Kean's faults (if it can be called such) is, that there is great variation in his style of acting at different times. He makes his greatest efforts, and reserves his finest powers, for the first few nights of performing a character. Afterwards he is apt to grow careless, and sink into an apparent listlessness, that gives a drawing monotony to his performance; so that persons who go to see him, for the first time, in a character that he has played frequently, are sure to come away totally disappointed and dissatisfied. But this is perhaps a defect inherent in the art itself: it is not in human nature to keep up to the height that he sometimes attains.

When we have noticed that Mr Kean has an occasional fondness for mere *stage-effect*, which never appears, however, except in the secondary parts of his performances, we have mentioned all the faults that occur to us. For any thing we know, he may have a great many more; but the truth is, that seeking for the defects of genius is a *task* to us; we do not sit down to it *con amore*, and therefore there is no chance of our doing it well. And it is but a sorry distinction, after all, to excel in finding fault; we are not ambitious of it. If we can discover and help to make known the good and the beautiful in what is around us, let who will search for the bad; and much good may it do them when they have found it!

We shall say a few words on the general character of four of Mr Kean's principal parts—Sir Giles Overreach, Richard II., Richard III., and Othello.

SIR GILES OVERREACH, if not the greatest, is certainly the most perfect of all Mr Kean's performances. It is quite faultless. The character of Sir Giles Overreach is drawn with great force and originality. It seems to have begun in avarice—blind and

reckless avarice; which, at the period of the play, is become merged and lost in intense personal vanity. He has glutted himself with wealth till his very wishes can compass no more; and then, by dint of gazing at *himself* as the creator of his boundless stores, avarice changes into self-admiration; and he thenceforth lavishes as eagerly to feed the new passion, as he had amassed to gratify the old one. In delineating this latter part of the character, the author has, by an admirable subtlety of invention, and a deep knowledge of human nature, made Sir Giles build up an idol in the person of his child, in which, by a self-deceit common to vulgar minds (for his mind is a vulgar one notwithstanding its strength), he worships his only god—himself. He is pleased to see her shining in gold and jewels, because she is *his* child;—he hires decayed gentry to do the menial offices of her house, because she is *his* child;—nay, he even anticipates with delight the moment when he shall have raised her to such a rank, that even *he* will be compelled to bow down before her; for, by an inconsistency which is not uncommon in real life, while he regards titles in *others* as empty names, in *her* they will appear to be substantial realities, because she is *his* child.

Mr Kean plays the first part of this character with a mixture of gloom and vulgarity that is admirably original and characteristic. And though we did not intend to have mentioned any particular parts of the performance, we cannot help noticing the manner in which he pronounces the titles of the person whom he wishes his daughter to marry. It is always in a tone of derision and contempt, which is but half-concealed even when he speaks to "the lord." At first sight it might appear inconsistent that Sir Giles should feel contempt for rank and titles, and yet make them confessedly the end and object of all his toils. "My ends—my ends are compassed! I am all over joy!" he exclaims, when he thinks he has finally arranged his daughter's marriage with "the lord." But, on reflection, it will be found to be one of the most refined parts of the performance. We have before said, that part of Sir Giles's character is a propensity to worship that *in himself* which *in others* he cannot help des-

prising; and this half-contemptuous tone, when speaking of that which is the object of all his wishes, springs from the natural part of his character predominating over the artificial.

The last act of Mr Kean's performance of Sir Giles Overreach is, without doubt, the most terrific exhibition of human passion that has been witnessed on the modern stage. When his plans are frustrated and his plots laid open, all the restraints of society are thrown aside at once, and a torrent of hatred and revenge bursts from his breaking heart, like water from a cleft rock, or like a raging and devouring fire that, while it consumes the body and soul on which it feeds, darts forth its tongues of flame in all directions, threatening destruction to every thing within its reach. The whole of the last act exhibits a vehemence and rapidity, both of conception and execution, that perhaps cannot be surpassed.

Richard II. is a performance of a very different kind. It has always appeared to us to be a splendid misrepresentation, both of Shakspeare and of history; a misrepresentation which nothing but the transcendent talent with which it is executed could excuse, and fortunately one which nothing else could commit. It is full of the most varied and brilliant declamation,—the most pure and simple pathos,—the most lofty and temperate dignity. Whatever Shakspeare and nature intended Richard II. to be, Mr Kean makes him "every inch a king." It is a very noble performance, and second only to one.

Mr Kean's Richard III., though apparently the most familiar and intelligible of all his performances, is yet the most intellectual and abstracted. The one which exhibits the loftiest and most poetical thoughts,—the grandest and most original conceptions,—and the most admirable and curiously felicitous embodying of those thoughts and conceptions.—There is more intellectual power required for the production of it, and it calls forth more in the witnessing of it. When Richard III. exclaims, "A thousand hearts are swelling in my bosom!" he appears to be endowed with the soul and the strength of a thousand men;—there is more variety, and depth, and intensity of expression thrown into the words address-

ed to Stanley, "What do they in the north?" than was ever brought together in the same space;—rage, hatred, sarcasm, suspicion, and contempt, are all audibly and intelligibly expressed in the single word *north*; and the battle and death are worthy to conclude the whole; they form a piece of poetry nobly conceived, and magnificently executed.

The last of Mr Kean's performances on which we shall offer any remark is that of Othello. We happened to be present when he played that character, on the night Mr Booth came out in Iago; and it is of his performance on this particular night that we shall speak; for it discovered the remarkable secret, that he could play better than he had ever done before. In fact, this performance was almost as superior to all his others, as those had been to the performances of all other actors in the same parts. This singular circumstance should be borne in mind, for it may be worth remarking on at some future time.

If we were solicitous to pass, among wise and lukewarm people, for staid and sober critics, we should perhaps suppress or disguise something of our opinions respecting Mr Kean's performance of Othello on that night. But we disdain that creeping hesitation—that cold and calculating deliberation, which dares not express all it feels, lest its impressions should not be kept in countenance by those of other people. We shall therefore say at once, that we think that performance (and we speak chiefly of the third act—though the rest was all in keeping with it) was, without comparison, the noblest exhibition of human genius we ever witnessed. It evinced a kind and degree of talent more rare and more valuable than any, or than all that is to be found in his other performances,—a talent only, and not much inferior to that which was required to write the character.* Never did we witness such vehement and sustained passion, such pure and touching beauty, such deep, and quiet, and simple pathos. The performance was worthy to have taken place in Shakspeare's own age,—with he himself—he and Fletcher,

* *Note.*—The reader will, of course, not suspect us of meaning to compare his genius with that of Shakspeare generally, but only with reference to this particular play,

Ford, and Spencer, and Sydney, for an audience. We cannot help fancying how they would have acted at the close of it. They would have gone into the green-room perhaps,—Shakspeare we are sure would,—and with a smiling, yet serious and earnest delight upon their faces, have held out their hands and thanked him. Think of a shake of the hand from Shakspeare—and of deserving it too!

We now conclude our imperfect notice of this great actor by observing, that if Shakspeare owes something to Kean, Kean owes almost every thing to Shakspeare. He is a gallant vessel sailing on the ocean of Shakspeare's genius. Its proud waves bear him along in triumph to the sound of their own music. He is seen, now floating silently in the moon-light that sleeps along its waves—now scudding before the breeze in all the glory of sunshine—and now tost hither and thither amid storms and darkness; but he still keeps safe above the waters—not presumptuously scorning the danger, but boldly and magnanimously subduing it.—May his voyage be prosperous and happy! is the wish of one, who, though a stranger to him, offers the foregoing sincere but feeble tribute, less with hope of pleasing and informing others, than with the desire of making some slight return for hours of mingled delight and instruction.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

ROB ROY. At length we have found a new piece, of which we can speak well with a good conscience.

On the 12th of March, an opera was produced, called *ROB ROY MACGREGOR, OR AULD LANGSYNE*. It was completely successful.

Though we have hitherto had little to do but find fault, we hope our readers have not yet set us down as ill-natured people. If they have, they have been very unjust to us. We are as delighted when we can find something to praise, as when an unexpected gleam of sunshine comes out upon us this gloomy weather. And if the time should ever arrive, when our office will be to give nothing *but* praise, we shall hail it with as sincere pleasure as we shall the promised period in which we are to have nothing *but* sunshine. We are sadly afraid, however (notwithstanding the prognostications of the

Quarterly), that the one is about as far off as the other. But still, even if our fears should prove well-grounded, we must needs confess that a false prophecy of good is better than a true one of evil.

This opera is founded on the novel of *Rob Roy*; and we are indebted to the great UNKNOWN for having effected what we should have thought even his genius inadequate to. He has “created a soul under the ribs of death.” He has infused something of his spirit into a professor of the art of making melo-dramas; and has actually impelled him to produce an opera that is highly interesting. The story of the novel is, in fact, dramatised with considerable taste and judgment;—a kind of judgment, too, that is not very common among our modern dramatists. The author—(so, no doubt, he chooses to be called—and as he has put us in good-humour he shall have his way)—The author has had the sense to discover that, whenever he wished the language to be impressive or humorous, he could not possibly improve upon that of the novel; and accordingly he has adopted it all through. In the songs, too, he has been modest enough tacitly to confess that Burns and Wordsworth have written better than he could. It is singular, that this wise and appropriate diffidence seems to have prevailed throughout the whole getting up of the piece—for the music is selected from old Scottish melodies, instead of being composed for the occasion by Mr Bishop.

But are not the happy few, who are in the secret, smiling at our simplicity all this while, in attributing that to want of confidence, which, in reality, proceeded merely from want of time? We should not at all wonder. But however this may be, we are too much gainers by the act, to be very fastidious about the motive.

The opera is full of interest—and interest of the right kind. Not proceeding from melo-dramatic horrors, but from truth and nature. The scenes in the prison and the inn at Aberfoil are extremely well managed; and that in the Highlands, when Rob Roy appears just after the *lament* for his capture, is admirable. There was something very impressive in the dumb despair of his people for his loss, and their noisy and enthusiastic delight at

his return was truly kindling. It made one almost in love with *auld langsyne*. We are quite sure that, with all its faults, we should at the moment have been content to barter it for "this ignorant present."

All that part of the novel relating to Sir Hildebrand and his sons is omitted, as well as the splendid description of the escape of Rob Roy; and also every thing that occurs previously to the stoppage of the house of Osbaldistone. In other respects, the story is pretty closely followed; and, as we before mentioned, the very words of the principal scenes; and we are so unused to any thing of the kind in new pieces, that they seemed to come upon us like meeting a friend in a foreign country.

The opera was excellently performed. The character of Rob Roy might have been looked better than by Mr Macready, but it could not have been played better. His first scenes were extremely easy and spirited; and some of the last had a power and pathos—a fine homely pathos—that was delightful. Liston was Nicol Jarvie, and a most amusing person he made of him. But when he talked about "dangling like the sign of the golden fleece over the door of a mercer's shop on *Ludgate Hill*," we could not help echoing his "My conscience!" When an actor presumes to make a joke of his own—for such this must have been—he should at least take care not to let it be a bad one.—Blanchard and Tokely played Owen and Dugald admirably. There was a fine resemblance, and at the same time a fine contrast, between them. Each was devoted to his patron, but each in his own way: one with the mechanical, counting-house devotion of an automaton, and the other with the fiery, headlong devotion of a beast. The one could have been manufactured nowhere but in "Crane Alley, London;" and the other could have been bred nowhere but in the Highlands of Scotland.—Rashleigh Osbaldistone, though not made a prominent character, was well performed by Abbot.—Mr Sinclair was as little like Frank Osbaldistone as Miss Stephens was like Diana Vernon; but then the one was a change sadly for the worse, whereas the other was perhaps for the better. A young gentleman who can do nothing but

sing a song, is but a poor substitute for one who can do every thing but sing a song; but a timid, retiring woman, who seems made only "within a gentle bosom to be laid," is perhaps more attractive than a dashing high-spirited lady, who can leap a five-bar gate, and be in at the death.—They both sang delightfully. We never remember to have heard any thing so exquisitely delicate and beautiful as a duet to the air of *Roy's Wife*, which was given without the accompaniment of the orchestra. Besides this air, we recognised *The Lass of Patie's Mill*, *Auld Langsyne*, and some other favourites.

The scenery of this opera is very fine, particularly the bridge at Glasgow by moon-light, and the two scenes in the Highlands.

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS, OR PUSS IN BOOTS. A piece with this title was produced on the 30th of March. It is said to have been quite worthless, and was completely rejected by the public; but notwithstanding this, the plebeian managers of this theatre, profiting by the noble example of the lords and gentlemen at the other house, seemed to have it in contemplation to force it upon the town again. The audience, however, had the spirit to take the law into their own hands, and threaten destruction to all the finery within their reach. This was as it should be, supposing the condemnation of the piece in question to be just; of which, however, not being present, we do not pretend to judge. This summary way of proceeding is the only resource the public have against the insolent pretensions and overweening power of these exclusive people; and it brought them to their senses in a trice. They sent forward their mouth-piece to explain how much it was "their inclination, as well as their duty, to comply with the sense of the public," and so forth—after they had had the insolence to endeavour to drive them away, by throwing the theatre into almost total darkness.

Drury Lane Theatre.

ROB ROY, OR THE GREGARACH. On the 25th March a play was produced, called ROB ROY, OR THE GREGARACH. The name of this piece was

a hoax on the public,—a bait to draw a full house on the first night,—a “springs to catch woodcocks:” and it succeeded—no doubt to the infinite satisfaction of the committee of “noblemen and gentlemen” who condescend to *manage* this theatre. If it had been practised anywhere else, we should have ventured to call this a paltry trick; but, as it is, we remain “With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.”

This piece is by Mr Soane, who seems to be the accredited agent for supplying this house with the article of melo-dramas. We guess that he received an order for one on the subject of Rob Roy, to be delivered by a certain time; but finding that Mr Pocock had been beforehand with him in the market, he ventured to substitute a spurious commodity under the same name, relying on the ignorance of his customers for the cheat not being detected. But he might have known, that if “noblemen and gentlemen” can find something better to do than to read Rob Roy, other people cannot; and he might have been sure, that any one who *had* read that work would not tolerate such a parody on it as he has given. It is a sort of “Hamlet Travestie,” only without the fun. “The burthen of the mystery,” from beginning to end, is Rob Roy in love! Think of the Macgregor in love! Sighing away his life at a lady’s feet! Breathing forth soft vows, to the sound of his own pibroch, beneath a *bower of roses* (raised by magic, no doubt), among his own mountains! We wonder it did not occur to Mr Soane to bring Rob Roy to London, put on him a pair of tight pantaloons and a stiff neckcloth, and make him fall in love with an operadancer.

We shall not waste the reader’s time, or our own, by saying any thing more of the plot and characters of this piece, than that they differ, in almost every respect, from those of the novel. To such as properly appreciate that work and its companions, this will seem almost like falsifying the truth of history; like writing an *historical* play, in which Alexander should be made a coward, or Cicero a fool, or Brutus accept a place under government. The truth is, Mr Soane has wandered into the Highlands without

his guide, and has lost himself there; and we do not much care if he never finds his way back again, at least if he is determined to write plays, and cannot write better ones than this. We cannot dismiss it, however, without noticing the performance of Mr Wallack, in Dugald. It was admirable; and but for this the piece would not have been heard half out. At the close it was completely damned; but the “noblemen and gentlemen” thought proper to announce it the next day for “every evening till further notice,” in consequence of the applause, &c. it had received. This in any body else would have been a great piece of impertinence, to say nothing of its falsehood.

THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT. A new farce, with this title, was produced on the 1st of April. It is written by Mr Penley, of this theatre, and is one of the drollest we have seen for a long time past. It makes no pretensions to wit or character; but all the fun depends on the situations and equivokes, which are extremely well contrived. We do not recollect any farce that has so striking and complete a conclusion; but the audience lose this, by a foolish and ill-mannered habit which they have of getting up to go away the moment they perceive that the last scene is arrived.—The whole weight of the piece lay on Mr Harley, who played most exquisitely. A Mrs Hughes, whom we had not before seen, played the character of a waiting-maid with becoming pertness and vivacity.

EFFECT OF FARM OVERSEERS ON THE MORALS OF FARM SERVANTS.

I THINK it was Professor Dugald Stewart who some time ago remarked, that “what was known in the last generation to a few philosophers, in the present came to be publicly taught in the schools, and in the next would become familiar to the people.” If we take a slight view of the last thirty years, we shall most probably find this observation of the philosopher abundantly verified; and if it is capable of general application, and we had the power to put our eyes behind the Professor’s spectacles, and

to look forward, we would most undoubtedly have strange things placed in our view. We really can assign no limits to the human mind; it is evident, that the more we know, our capacity for acquiring knowledge is enlarged in proportion, and it is probably like every thing else that is progressive, and increases according to some determinate ratio, although, like a late great conqueror, carrying along with it the means of its own future obstruction,—or sometimes it may resemble a winter flood in a rapid river, that goes on tearing up the ice-boards before it, and adding to its force and velocity, until the accumulation becomes too vast to move within the old banks, and it wastes its strength by overflowing and devastating an adjoining plain. But this is wading into the strength of the flood, while I only meant to try to examine some things that I thought I observed floating down the edge of the current, although I am some little alarmed, not only for what is already afloat, but for what is beginning to move with the stream.

To drop any further metaphor, the fact is, Mr Editor, that truths, which in my younger days we durst hardly mention to one another as we rode home after the presbytery dinner, are now discussed boldly in every ale-house (I heartily wish there were fewer of them) in the parish. This has been to me no small cause of consternation, to say the least of it. It is too evident that there is something wrong, Mr Editor, when people grow wiser than their teachers.

The three learned professions may and ought to be considered, capable of judging what is good for all ranks of society, for they are generally conversant with each and all of them,—from the laird to the cotter, and from the bailie to the burghess.

In a future letter (that is to say, if this shall be deemed worthy to be honoured with a place in your pages), I may perhaps communicate some observations which I have had the opportunity of making upon the influence of the higher on the middle classes, and through them upon the people at large. Upon this subject I would wish to enter somewhat into particulars, and try to do some justice to its importance, for it appears to me that a change has been taking place through the whole body of the com-

monwealth, like the veering of the ice in the Polar Seas, during which some terrible gratings and jarrings have been heard, and even once or twice (it can be nought but the cold weather that puts these frozen similitudes in one's head) the whole field threatened to be broken up by a ground swell. In my present communication I shall try to confine myself, if possible (for I got an early habit of wandering from my text), to some unpleasant circumstances in the situation of a numerous class of the common people.

I have no small hesitation in saying, and I hope I shall not be thought to derogate ought from the proper dignity of the clerical character when I do say so, that I seldom refuse to partake of the good things of this life, with those more wealthy farmers in my neighbourhood who are still in a substantial condition. I do this the less reluctantly, that it belongs to my profession, not only to mix occasionally among the people, but to become all things to all men.

But, in good truth, the heritors have almost all left the country. Of the immediate causes of this emigration, I shall refrain from saying much at this time. I myself have felt some little of the pressure of the times; and having a title, at next Martinmas come a twelve months, to claim an augmentation to my stipend of one chaldar and a half of victual, I shall remember the proverb, and “let sleeping dogs lie.”

As I said before, I have frequent opportunities of associating with the more wealthy farmers. The whole economy of their households is now superior to that of their landlords when I came first to the parish. I sometimes venture to tell them that they have got into their lairds' places; but they reply, that all trades and callings are advanced. This, however, when I recollect that my predecessor was enabled to provide himself with the comfort of a snug chaise, does not strike me with the force of an *argumentum ad hominem*.

My own residence is confined to one of the fertile coast-side districts, where the people had rather the start in agricultural improvements. As the old race of farmers acquired property (I speak of forty years-ago), they began to educate their sons in proportion. Of these some applied to trade, to the

law, or they went abroad and obtained employment in our different colonies. The head of the family, in the mean time, went on and prospered;—he enlarged the bounds of his farm by taking leases of those belonging to his less enterprising neighbours;—his son, who had remained at home for the purpose of succeeding him in his business, was relieved of his share in the usual labour, and promoted to assist his father in the superintendence of his increasing concerns;—or the son, or other relation who succeeded, continued to proceed in the same enterprising way. Thus the tenantry came to double and treble the original size of their farms, which were commonly from 60 to 150 acres when the land was good, but were now swelled even to the extent of 1000, in some instances.

All this, besides the contemporaneous advance in general wealth, mightily tended to enlarge the information, alter the manners, and extend the ambition of this important class of people.

During the progress of this change, a space was opened between the farmer and his labourers that required to be filled up; and a new sort of person, called a grieve, or overseer, made his appearance. One of the steadiest of the ploughmen was commonly elected to this office,—he attended to the execution of his master's orders while he rode to markets and sales. The master then began to find that, even in the intervals between these, the overseer continued to relieve him of his usual attention to much of the detail of the farm-work;—he began, in process of time, to give himself still more latitude,—he took still more distant journies,—he visited his neighbours, and saw their horses, cattle, and feeding-stock; inspected the success of their new modes of culture, and the effect of their improved implements.

Knowing that his work was going on in the mean time, always under the eye of a person who was answerable, at the risk of his place, for the perfection and extent of the work performed, he came to have small hesitation in staying to dinner and spending the afternoon with his friends, who were similarly provided with substitutes. His neighbours, in their turn, visited him, and in this way the ploughman and labourers came to be

left almost entirely to the superintendence of the overseer.

Some two years ago, I went to visit an old acquaintance in the hilly part of the country. Among these dales the sheep farmers are wont to keep only as much land under tillage as can be accomplished by the labour of one pair of horses;—they have more women servants in proportion to this, as they are needed for hoeing the crop of turnips and potatoes,—for assisting at the sheep-folds, at the periods of assorting the flocks,—and in making the natural meadow hay, of which there is usually a considerable quantity along the banks of the rivulets. Excepting when assisting at the folds, where the master always attends himself, the servants are very often sent to their work without any person to oversee them; they are, of course, told that it is expected they will be diligent, and that they are left to the admonition of their own consciences to urge them to their duty.

At my friend's house I met with a sheep-farmer of extensive property, who showed much acuteness of intellect and shrewdness in his remarks. He seemed to have studied closely the characters and motives of all with whom he had been led to be connected, and to have taken wonderfully deep views of the structure of society. He told me, that within these last twenty years or so, the system that the arable farmers had betaken themselves to of keeping overseers for their servants and day-labourers, had had the effect of greatly corrupting their habits. I was much startled with this remark at first, and then began to suspect that the gentleman was carrying his knowledge of mankind to a fanciful extent.

“That appears to me an odd prejudice,” said I; “we view the matter in another sort of light in my part of the country, where grieves are more generally kept by the farmers, than in the arable part of the country contiguous to where we now are.”

He said, that the demoralization he complained of he had ascertained, from several years' experience, to be a certain fact;—that in my district of the country he had no doubt that it was still worse, as it would prevail exactly in proportion as the system of vicarious management existed;—and from the universal prevalence of the prac-

tice we had necessarily remained ignorant of the effects.

I now began to see that this might be the case; that in fact there could be very few opportunities of the evil being noticed; and when such did occur, the coincidence of such an acute observer was a thing not to be reckoned upon. I recollected too, that it was a common enough complaint among the old people, that servants were grown worthless in comparison to what they were since they recollected. My new friend went on to declare, that for his part, he now carefully avoided hiring a servant if he could discover that they had been in the service of an arable-farmer who kept a grievance; they not only were idle, he said, whenever they were out of view, but they had generally acquired wrong ideas of the duty of a servant, and were very apt to infect the others with their idleness and corrupt principles.

I inquired if he did not think that the constant presence of the overseer with the labourers would rather have the effect of training them to habits of diligence and industry. He replied, that as well might we expect that the sound of the whip would train the negroes to such habits. He shewed, that he had fully investigated the subject, and made himself well acquainted with the former and present state of the people in the arable districts.

Two things, he observed, combined to render labourers less industrious and tractable under the inspection of a grievance; first, he was one of their own order of society, and all men submit with unwillingness to the authority of an equal; secondly, he has not his own interest to plead for, urging their diligence, and consequently the workers naturally (though unjustly) considered him as less entitled to be strict in his superintendence. Thus situated, the grievance either endeavoured to diminish the odium attending his official duty, by conniving at neglect or laziness; or enforcing it with strictness, it became the general and common object of the labourers to elude his vigilance by every possible device. In either case, the character of the labouring class was ruined since the principle was introduced among them of doing as little for their wages as they possibly can, which perhaps

leads the way to their defrauding their masters otherwise, and more directly.

He said, that formerly, when the farms were small, there were but two or three hands employed, and the master working himself occasionally along with them, they came to have a greater interest in the work; and when he had to be absent from them, every person could get the credit of his own diligence; it was not lost and overlooked among the work of a number, and any remissness, where it did occur, was more easily detected, and charged upon the identical person in fault. The whole household also constituted one family, which looked to the gude-man as their natural and patriarchal head, and considered his interest as in some degree connected with their own. The words, *our har'st* and *our crops*, were commonly used to express those of their master. They heard his ideas and plans, communicated their own remarks, and became interested in the success of the whole. All this kindly communication is cut off by the introduction of this delegated authority to the grievance, which of course removes the person, the views, the interest of the master, so much farther out of the sphere of the labourers' observation and attachment. That attachment was of course diminished, as subjects cannot be supposed to entertain that loyalty to the person of a viceroy as to that of their native sovereign residing in the bosom of his country.

It was then also well understood, that eye-service, as they termed it, was disgraceful and dishonest; and it was a common saying among them, that "if a man did not serve his master well for love, he would never do it for fear. That an eye-servant was the devil's servant, but he who wrought when no eye saw him wrought to God."

On the large farms the labourers are never left at any time to the impulse or control of their own feelings. The overseer goes out with them in the morning; his watch regulates their time of rest, and the hour when they cease from their labour for the night. Diligence is here no virtue; there is really no room for fidelity and the pride of an honest mind; and it is impossible for them to acquire the approbation and esteem of their superiors, so flattering to, and congenial

with, the best feelings of the heart. The people see that there is no bargain for these moral qualities with them, more than with the horses or the threshing machine. Of course all the virtues of the former generation come to be gradually obliterated; like the plow-share, that has been forgotten on the fallow field, they are left to rust and be corroded away.

What is to be the consequence of all this, said I, and where is the remedy to come from? Legislative interference would be in vain, and yet it were well if any obstruction could be thrown in the way of the increasing evil.

“The evil, like all other evils, will work its own cure, or it will be productive of good in some way or other, that we had not yet foreseen; when we have no former example to direct our judgment, perhaps we may be assisted in our conjectures by attending to analogy. The feudal state of society has been compared to a tree; the old connexions of master and servant, that we have seen broken asunder before our eyes, were the terminating branches; they had ceased to shoot and grow, but they still continued to bear leaves, and sometimes a little fruit. The filial affection, generosity, and self-devotion of the clans are no more; but neither is their individual helplessness, indolence, and servility. Men value themselves more as individuals, and they feel their own powers more, and they exert them; they are more selfish, but they are more industrious and manly. The clans of people we have been considering have no doubt degenerated greatly in some respects, but they by no means remained stationary during the late rapid diffusion of knowledge. This, the greatest good that they can enjoy, and the foundation of all others, may be misused likewise, but in time it will perhaps produce better feelings; the rural labourers will learn to disdain to be compelled to work, and to be overlooked like slaves, lest they cheat their employer. Those who have most industry and proper pride will begin to prefer piece-work, and those who do their work conscientiously will be best employed, and best paid, and Labour, as she has no doubt been intended for it, will come at last to be the Schoolmistress of Virtue.

A COUNTRY MINISTER.

HOSPITAL SCENE IN PORTUGAL.

(Extracted from the Journal of a British Officer, in a Series of Letters to a Friend.)

THE French army had long suffered terrible privations. We all knew that Massena could not much longer retain his position, and the “Great Lord,” (so the Spaniards call Wellington) allowed famine to do the work of a charge of bayonets. Our army was weary of the lines. It felt as if cooped up by an enemy it yet despised, and would have gladly marched out to storm the formidable French encampment; and such was the first idea that struck many of us, when, on the 5th of March, the army was put in motion, and the animating music of the regimental bands rang through the rocky ridges of Torres Vedras. But it was soon universally understood, that the French were in full retreat; there was now no hope of a great pitched battle, and all that I could expect was, that as our regiment formed part of the advance, we might now and then have a brush with the rear-guard of the French, which was, you know, composed of the flower of the army, and commanded by Michael Ney, the “bravest of the brave.”

I will give you, in another letter, an account of the most striking scenes I witnessed during the pursuit after our ferocious enemy. They had been cheated out of a victory over us (so they said, and so in Gallic presumption they probably felt), when, some months before, Massena beheld that army, which he threatened to drive into the sea, frowning on him from impregnable heights, all bristling with cannon. Instead of battle, and conquest, and triumph, they had long remained in hopeless inactivity, and at last, their convoys being intercepted by the Guerillas, they had endured all the intensest miseries of famine. Accordingly, when they broke up, the soul of the French army was in a burning fever of savage wrath. The consummate skill of their leaders, and the unmitigated severity of their discipline, kept the troops in firm and regular order; and certainly, on all occasions, when I had an opportunity of seeing the rear-guard, its movements were most beautiful. I could not help admiring the mass moving slowly away, like a multitude of de-

mons, all obeying the signs of one master spirit. Call me not illiberal in thus speaking of our foe. Wait till you have heard from me a detailed account of their merciless butcheries, and then you will admit, that a true knight violates not the laws of chivalry in uttering his abhorrence of blood-thirsty barbarians. The ditches were often literally filled with clotted and coagulated blood, as with mire—the bodies of peasants, put to death like dogs, were lying there horribly mangled—little naked infants, of a year old, or less, were found besmeared in the mud of the road, transfixed with bayonet wounds—and in one instance, a child, of about a month old, I myself saw with the bayonet left still sticking in its neck—young women and matrons were found lying dead with cruel and shameful wounds; and, as if some general law to that effect had been promulgated to the army, the priests were hanged upon trees by the road-side. But no more of this at present.

I wish now to give you some idea of a scene I witnessed at Miranda de Cerro, on the ninth day of our pursuit. Yet I fear that a sight so terrible cannot be shadowed out, except in the memory of him who beheld it. I entered the town about dusk. It had been a black, grim, and gloomy sort of a day—at one time fierce blasts of wind, and at another perfect stillness, with far-off thunder. Altogether there was a wild adaptation of the weather and the day to the retreat of a great army. Huge masses of clouds lay motionless on the sky before us; and then they would break up suddenly, as with a whirlwind, and roll off in the red and bloody distance. I felt myself, towards the fall of the evening, in a state of strange excitement. My imagination got the better entirely of all my other faculties, and I was like a man in a grand but terrific dream, who never thinks of questioning anything he sees or hears, but believes all the phantasms around with a strength of belief seemingly proportioned to their utter dissimilarity to the objects of the real world of nature.

Just as I was passing the great Cross in the principal street, I met an old haggard-looking wretch,—a woman, who seemed to have in her hollow eyes an unaccountable expression of cruelty,—a glance like that

of madness; but her deportment was quiet and rational, and she was evidently of the middle rank of society, though her dress was faded and squalid. She told me (without being questioned) in broken English, that I would find comfortable accommodation in an old convent that stood at some distance among a grove of cork-trees: pointing to them at the same time, with her long shrivelled hand and arm, and giving a sort of hysterical laugh. You will find, said she, nobody there to disturb you.

I followed her advice with a kind of superstitious acquiescence. There was no reason to anticipate any adventure or danger in the convent; yet the wild eyes, and the wilder voice of the old crone powerfully affected me; and though, after all, she was only such an old woman as one may see any where, I really began to invest her with many most imposing qualities, till I found, that in a sort of reverie, I had walked up a pretty long flight of steps, and was standing at the entrance to the cloisters of the convent. I then saw something that made me speedily forget the old woman, though what it was I did see, I could not, in the first moments of my amazement and horror, very distinctly comprehend.

Above a hundred dead bodies lay and sat before my eyes, all of them apparently in the very attitude or posture in which they had died. I looked at them for at least a minute, before I knew that they were all corpses. Something in the mortal silence of the place told me that I alone was alive in this dreadful company. A desperate courage enabled me then to look stedfastly at the scene before me. The bodies were mostly clothed in mats, and rugs, and tattered great-coats; some of them merely wrapped round about with girdles of straw; and two or three perfectly naked. Every face had a different expression, but all painful, horrid, agonized, bloodless. Many glazed eyes were wide open; and perhaps this was the most shocking thing in the whole spectacle. So many eyes that saw not, all seemingly fixed upon different objects; some cast up to Heaven, some looking straight forward, and some with the white orbs turned round, and deep sunk in the sockets.

It was a sort of Hospital. These

wretched Beings were mostly all desperately or mortally wounded; and after having been stripped by their comrades, they had been left there dead and to die. Such were they, who, as the old Hag said, would not trouble me.

I had begun to view this ghastly sight with some composure, when I saw, at the remotest part of the hospital, a gigantic figure sitting, covered with blood and almost naked, upon a rude bedstead, with his back leaning against the wall, and his eyes fixed directly on mine. I thought he was alive, and shuddered; but he was stone dead. In the last agonies he had bitten his under lip almost entirely off, and his long black beard was drenched in clotted gore, that likewise lay in large blots on his shaggy bosom. One of his hands had convulsively grasped the wood-work of the bedstead, which had been crushed in the grasp. I recognised the corpse. He was a sergeant in a grenadier regiment, and, during the retreat, distinguished for acts of savage valour. One day he killed, with his own hand, Harry Warburton, the right-hand man of my own company, perhaps the finest made and most powerful man in the British army. My soldiers had nicknamed him with a very coarse appellation, and I really felt as if he and I were acquaintances. There he sat, as if frozen to death. I went up to the body, and raising up the giant's muscular arm, it fell down again with a hollow sound against the bloody side of the corpse.

My eyes unconsciously wandered along the walls. They were covered with grotesque figures and caricatures of the English absolutely drawn in blood. Horrid blasphemies, and the most shocking obscenities in the shape of songs, were in like manner written there; and you may guess what an effect they had upon me, when the wretches who had conceived them lay all dead corpses around my feet. I saw two books lying on the floor. I lifted them up. One seemed to be full of the most hideous obscenity; the other was the Bible! It is impossible to tell you the horror produced in me by this circumstance. The books fell from my hand. They fell upon the breast of one of the bodies. It was a woman's breast. A woman had lived and died in such a

place as this! What had been in that heart, now still, perhaps only a few hours before? I knew not. It is possible, love strong as death,—love, guilty, abandoned, depraved, and linked by vice unto misery,—but still love, that perished but with the last throb, and yearned in the last convulsion towards some one of these grim dead bodies. I think some such idea as this came across me at the time; or has it now only arisen?

Near this corpse lay that of a perfect boy, certainly not more than seventeen years of age. There was a little copper figure of the Virgin Mary round his neck, suspended by a chain of hair. It was of little value, else it had not been suffered to remain there. In his hand was a letter. I saw enough to know that it was from his mother, —*Mon chere fils*, &c. It was a terrible place to think of mother—of home—of any social human ties. Have these ghastly things parents, brothers, sisters, lovers? Were they once all happy in peaceful homes? Did these convulsed, and bloody, and mangled bodies once lie in undisturbed beds? Did those clutched hands once press in infancy a mother's breast? Now all was loathsome, terrible, ghostlike. Human nature itself seemed here to be debased and brutified. Will such creatures, I thought, ever live again? Why should they? Robbers, ravishers, incendiaries, murderers, suicides (for a dragon lay with a pistol in his hand, and his skull shattered to pieces), *heroes!* The only two powers that reigned here, were agony and death. Whatever might have been their characters when alive, all faces were now alike. I could not, in those fixed contortions, tell what was pain from what was anger—misery from wickedness.

It was now almost dark, and the night was setting in stormier than the day. A strong flash of lightning suddenly illuminated this hold of death, and for a moment shewed me more distinctly the terrible array. A loud squall of wind came round about the building, and the old window-case-ment gave way, and fell with a shivering crash in upon the floor. Something rose up with an angry growl from among the dead bodies. It was a huge dark-coloured wolf-dog, with a spiked collar round his neck; and seeing me, he leaped forwards with

gaunt and boney limbs. I am confident that his jaws were bloody. I had instinctively moved backwards towards the door. The surly savage returned growling to his lair; and, in a state of stupefaction, I found myself in the open air. A bugle was playing, and the light-infantry company of my own regiment was entering the village, with loud shouts and hurras.

* * * * *

ON CARMEL'S BROW.

A Hebrew Melody, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

1.

ON Carmel's brow the wreathy vine
Had all its honours shed,
And o'er the vales of Palestine
A sickly paleness spread;
When the old Seer, by vision led,
And energy sublime,
Into that shadowy region sped,
To muse on distant time.

2.

He saw the valleys far and wide,
But sight of joy was none;
He looked o'er many a mountain's side,
But silence reigned alone;
Save that a boding voice sung on
By wave and waterfall,
As still, in harsh and heavy tone,
Deep unto deep did call.

3.

On Kison's strand and Ephratah
The hamlets thick did lie;
No wayfarer between he saw,
No Asherite passed by;
No maiden at her task did ply,
Nor sportive child was seen;
The lonely dog barked wearily
Where dwellers once had been.

4.

Oh! beauteous were the palaces
On Jordan wont to be,
And still they glimmered to the breeze,
Like stars beneath the sea!
But vultures held their jubilee
Where harp and cymbal rung;
And there, as if in mockery,
The baleful satyr sung.

5.

But who had seen that Prophet's eye,
On Carmel that reclined!
It looked not on the times gone by,
But those that were behind:
His gray hair streamed upon the wind,
His hands were raised on high,
As, mirror'd, on his mystic mind
Arose futurity.

6.

He saw the feast in Bozrah spread,
Prepared in ancient day;
Eastward, away the angel sped,
And all the birds of prey.

"Who's this," he cried, "comes by the way
Of Edom, all divine,

Travelling in splendour, whose array
Is red, but not with wine?"

7.

"Blest be the herald of our King,
That comes to set us free!
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee!
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.

8.

"The happy child in dragon's way
Shall frolic with delight;
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite;
The dove on Zion's hill shall light,
That all the world must see.
Hail to the Journeyer, in his might,
That comes to set us free!"

DIALOGUES ON NATURAL RELIGION.

[The Editor has had committed to his charge two Dialogues on Natural and Revealed Religion, written by an admirer, but certainly no disciple, of David Hume. They are obviously formed on the model of that philosopher's celebrated Dialogues on Natural Religion, and the argument is carried on by the same interlocutors. It seems to have been the intention of the author (who died in youth, not without high distinction among his most distinguished contemporaries) to bring forward such views of the evidences of religion, both natural and revealed, as might have the best chance to meet the minds of those who have been somewhat spoiled by scepticism. Very possibly, with this view, he may not always have selected the best grounds of defence, but may both have hazarded positions that are not quite tenable, and have kept back truths which, in a more regular treatise, it would have been his duty to enforce. The Editor however trusts, that, with all their defects, these Dialogues will be found serviceable to the interests of religion, having received a written assurance to that effect from a Divine of the Church of England, no less distinguished for his erudition and philosophical genius, than for the high rank which they adorn. In the original MS. the two Dialogues are divided each into six parts. No farther liberty shall be taken with them, than to make a few verbal alterations, connecting the different parts with each other. They shall be continued regularly through twelve Numbers of the Magazine. Pamphitus sends to Hermippus an account of the Dialogues; and they are supposed to have taken place after several years had elapsed since the date of those former Dialogues between the same interlocutors, given by Mr Hume.]

DIALOGUE I.

PHILO had succeeded to a pleasant property, which he was now employed

in improving and adorning. We found that he was greatly esteemed by his neighbours, and beloved by his dependants; and he seemed to be wholly occupied with the desire of rendering himself useful in the sphere in which he moved. He received Cleanthes and me with the utmost cordiality, and expressed himself highly gratified with the renewal of old remembrances which our arrival had occasioned.

"I know not, Cleanthes," said he one morning, as we were walking with him in one of his favourite retreats, "whether any hours in the decline of life are so agreeable as those which unexpectedly revive the feelings of our early years, and bring friends together after a long absence, recalling all the grateful emotions which they formerly experienced in the society of each other. They may have changed, perhaps, in many particulars, in the intervening season, yet they almost forget, when they meet as we do now, that they are not in every respect the same characters as at the time of their first intimacy. I am not one of those," said Cleanthes, "who are inclined to quarrel with the effects of age. The progress of time, in many respects, makes us wiser; and although most people, in the course of their lives, have been guilty of follies which they look back upon with regret, yet no man who possesses the principles of probity and prudence, does not feel himself, towards the close of his life, happier, on the whole, than in his first outset. It is pleasing to recollect the lively hopes and warm feelings of youth; but a wise man recollects them without any serious regret that they are past."

"I find, my friend," said Philo, "that you still retain the even and philosophical tone of your character, and I imagine that you have changed less than either Pamphilus or myself, in the intervening period of our separation." "For myself," said I, "experience has taught me some rude unmethodical lessons, in the hurry of a life which called upon me to act, while it left me little leisure for thought; but now that I have returned to the society of my first instructors, I am really much inclined to resume all the simple and docile dispositions of youth." "But pray, Philo," said Cleanthes, "what changes have befallen you?" "None," replied Philo, "but what it was full time to

experience, if I was ever to acquire any thing like settled and serious opinions. I have reflected with somewhat more care than I used to do, and have become more studious of finding truth, than of exercising ingenuity." "Seriousness," said Cleanthes, "I have always approved of; but there are some opinions which are really narrow and contracted, while they seem to be the fruits of grave reflection. I hope my once lively friend has not lost the gayety of his heart, with that versatility of fancy which led him often into sallies that wisdom could not approve, but which were yet accompanied with so much good humour, that philosophy could scarcely condemn them. If you have become serious, I hope it is the seriousness not of a bigot, but of a philosopher."

"I am willing," said Philo, "since we seem to be coming on the subject of a former conversation, to state my opinions as unreservedly now as I did then; and you shall yourselves judge whether they are become, in any respect, contracted and illiberal." "Nothing," said I, "can give me more satisfaction (and I may say the same for Cleanthes) than such a proposal. I beg also, Philo, that you will renew the discussion from the outset, and first point out to us the greater grounds of assurance which *natural reason* has afforded you on the sublime subject of religion, before you speak of a higher source of instruction, to which, I understand, you have at length submitted a mind that seemed incapable of yielding to any authority."

"Cleanthes will recollect," said Philo, "that on the proofs of religion from reason, he and I did not in fact differ very materially. We both admitted the same principles, and we differed only concerning the degree of weight which was to be allowed them. On the fundamental point, for instance, of the existence of the Deity, we both acquiesced in the supposition, that the proof is the result of an argument from analogy, which, from the resemblance of the universe to the known works of design among men, infers that design was employed in its formation. To this argument Cleanthes ascribed more weight than it seemed to me to possess, yet I could not be so blind as to overlook its force, and I confessed that the instances of design in nature were so numerous, there was no avoiding the supposition

of its being the production of mind or intelligence. It was possible to throw out many ingenious hypotheses of a contrary kind, but I fairly owned that these suppositions had scarcely any weight with myself; and while I amused myself with starting difficulties, it was hardly with any other object than for the entertainment of my fancy."

"There was, however," said Cleanthes, "something in your objections, and they led me to suspect that I had not grounded my arguments so firmly as I might have done. Yet I do not perceive any imperfection in the principle on which we went." "I confess, too," said I, "that I was disappointed, Philo, when I found your ingenuity capable of furnishing even any plausible argument against the existence of a God, and that, while Cleanthes combatted you with proofs which neither your good sense nor good feelings could resist, yet there should appear to be any defect in them of which your acuteness could take hold."

"It is difficult," said Philo, "to find any cause, of which an active disputant may not support the worse side with some shew of reason. I believe, however, Cleanthes, you granted me somewhat too easily the position, that the argument that infers the existence of mind from the appearances of design, is merely an analogical argument, founded on experience. The fact is, that it has a much deeper foundation in our understanding. It is not because I have always seen human operations proceeding from design, that I judge the similar operations of nature to proceed from that principle, but because it is impossible for me, while I am in possession of my present faculties, not to trace the indications of design, whenever any of its effects are presented to my contemplation. Whatever bears the marks of order, disposition, plan, I cannot but conceive to proceed from these principles; and this by an original faculty of my understanding, previous to all experience. Suppose there were no human beings in existence but myself, and that my own hands had never been employed in bringing into form the ideas of my invention, still I believe, upon reflection, my notions of nature would be what they are at present; and without the assistance of any analogical argument, I should certainly read

upon the face of external existence the legible characters of the divine mind.

"It helps out the form of an argument, indeed, or is a good illustration of our meaning, when we compare the works of nature to the works of art: but suppose there were, properly speaking, no works of art, or that man had never given 'a local habitation and a name' to the images of his fancy, still he might perceive traces of intelligence in the universe of nature by which he is surrounded. Because we are so constantly occupied with the works of our own hands, therefore, when we speak of the effects of design, we are more apt to make a reference to these than to natural appearances; yet the latter have an immediate force of themselves to awaken in our minds the perception of intelligence and design, without the intervention of any analogical reasoning from those processes of art with which we are more intimately connected."

"I believe, Philo," said Cleanthes, "you have now placed the argument on its true foundation; and I see that, by so doing, you obviate a great many of those cavils with which you formerly perplexed me. If the argument for the existence of God were to rest entirely on an analogical resemblance between the works of human art and the appearances of nature, it would really be difficult to get rid of those methods by which you endeavoured to weaken the analogy. Analogies are faint as well as strong, and a weak analogy is but a slight degree of proof. Besides, I remember, you shewed there were other analogies in nature besides that of its resemblance to the works of man. The universe, you said, resembles an animal as much at least as a machine. Why may not the principle of its origin be generation as well as reason?"

"You see now, Cleanthes," said Philo, "in what manner a cavil of this kind must fall to the ground. The universe may be a machine, or an animal, or a vegetable, or the production of a concourse of atoms, or whatever the most fanciful philosopher may please to call it; still, whatever it is, the mind reads intelligence in it, and reason was employed in putting together the machine, in generating the animal, in sowing the seeds of vegetation, or in reducing into form and order the irregular dance of atoms."

"It is true, Philo," said I, "the most careless observer must read in nature the indications of design; but can he be certain that he reads right? Is it impossible that he should be mistaken? There are many natural appearances which seem to be the work of design, but which philosophy can explain, and can point out the natural causes which produce the apparent order observed in them. Crystallization, for instance, is a process which produces appearances more regular than human art can imitate; and yet you surely will not say that there is design in the process."

"Indeed," said Philo, "but I will say so; and I should like to know what philosophy can point out to me those blind powers of nature which could of themselves produce the appearances which crystallization exhibits. Admitting certain principles to exist, and to operate in a certain manner, you say the forms of crystals follow as a necessary consequence; but I maintain, that design must have been employed in giving to those principles their energies, and the degree of their energy."

"Perhaps, Philo," said I, "this instance may be of very little moment in our inquiry, yet you will allow me to say, that if there is any meaning attached to the word *fortuitous*, the forms produced by crystallization are as fortuitous as any thing else, although they exhibit marks of design. Do you really think there is more evidence of the existence of God to be adduced from the form of crystals than from that of the most irregular rock?"

"If you are right," said Philo, "all that is to be concluded from your observation is, that regularity of form alone is not sufficient to prove design, although it may be a common indication of it." "Then what is sufficient," replied I.—"Means," said he, "employed for the accomplishment of an end. Innumerable instances of this kind occur in nature, and whenever we find them, we cannot hesitate for a moment about the intention. Who doubts that the eye was intended for the purposes of vision?" "I grant," said I, "the mind naturally forms this conclusion, but still is it a necessary conclusion? Is it possible that the fact should be otherwise? I may think the universe is conducted by intelligence, and it may be the only rational thought which I can form upon the subject,

but am I as certain of this truth as that two and two are equal to four?"

"If," said Philo, "you ask me whether the marks of design are as clearly indicative of design as that two and two make four, I shall answer that they are, because when you speak of the marks of design, you presuppose design, in the same way as when you speak of two and two, you presuppose the idea of four: and the only question is, whether, on throwing your thoughts over the universe, the eye of your mind has not as clear a perception of the existence of design as of any truth whatever."

"Your idea then," said I, "seems to be, that design is rather perceived than inferred. Yet in what manner perceived? Surely we do not know as certainly the existence of design from its effects, as from the consciousness of it in ourselves."

"Pretty nearly," said Philo,—"I am about as certain that you are an intelligent being as that I am one myself. Yet I do not pretend to be conscious of your intelligence. Your words, your actions convey indications of intelligence which seem to be as indisputable proofs as consciousness itself." "It is really very difficult," replied I, "to catch the exact foundations of some of our daily and invariable opinions, and they may often have a less firm basis than we are willing to allow them. You, I think, are not unaccustomed to the sceptical language that, as agents, we must be quite satisfied, while, as speculative reasoners, we may be allowed to doubt. Perhaps our only ground for believing others to be reasonable beings as well as ourselves, is a kind of analogy drawn from the similarity between ourselves and them. You are conscious of using certain words and gestures with meaning, and you ascribe, in like manner, meaning to others, when you hear their words, or perceive their actions. This is ground enough for conduct and belief, for we have no other; but is it reasonable, or can it be ascribed to any other operation of mind, except the influence of custom?"

"Then," said Philo, "you allow that the proofs of design in nature are at least as reasonable a ground for the belief of the existence of God, as the proofs which men exhibit of intelligence are, that they are possessed of that principle: a proof, to my apprehension, tolerably strong." No," said

I, "the proof for the existence of God is not so strong as the other. There is no reason, we shall suppose, in either case. It is only the bent of my mind, the train of my thought, which leads me to conclude that other men are reasonable beings; but this is a train of thought without which I could not exist for a moment among them: it is necessary for me as an agent. The belief of the existence of God is only necessary for me if I am to be religious; but it remains to be proved that religion is a necessary part of human nature. We can go through life without it." "True," said Philo, "we may, in a great measure, go through life without the moral sentiments of religion: but I will venture to say, no reasonable being can exist without perceiving the fact that there is design in nature, and without founding all his conduct upon his perception." "Make out this position," said Cleanthes, "and you will do a great deal."

"Pray, Cleanthes," said Philo, "why do you believe that the sun will rise to-morrow?" "There are two answers," said Cleanthes, "to your question, between which you may choose. The belief is either instinctive, and no account can be given of it; or it is an effect of custom on the mind. There never has been a day without the appearance of the sun. I cannot think of to-morrow without supposing this appearance. I therefore believe that the sun will rise to-morrow."

"I am not satisfied," replied Philo, "with either of these answers. I am conscious of no instinctive belief such as you mention. That the sun will rise to-morrow seems a reasonable belief, and not to rest upon any unaccountable principle. That the principle is not custom, I think may appear from this, that custom cannot be the principle of any thing. An opinion must exist in the mind before it can be customary. When it has existed a certain time, I can easily conceive that custom may rivet it more forcibly, and may continue it with scarcely any reference to the principle on which it rests. But it must rest on some principle antecedent to all custom. And this, by the way, is an answer to the supposition stated by Pamphilus, that the whole ground for our belief of the intelligence of other men is derived from a customary habit of thought which leads us to conceive others to be

like ourselves. What is the foundation of this habit? Custom may continue it, and we may lose sight of its foundation, but it must rest originally upon perception. *Mind perceives mind.* We not only *think* that others are intelligent beings, but we *know* them to be so."

"But what has all this to do," said Cleanthes, "with your question about the sun-rising, or rather, why did you ask that question?" "If our belief of this common fact," replied Philo, "is founded neither on blind instinct, nor on a mere habit of thought, I can see only one ground on which it rests, and that is a very firm one. To me it seems certain that it rests upon our observation of the plan or order of nature. We perceive that the regular rising of the sun forms a part of the plan of the universe, and we predict, therefore, this event, with entire confidence in the ruling mind by which the universe is conducted. *Mind perceives mind.* If we had no perception that there is mind in nature, we should have no grounds for believing that the sun will rise to-morrow."

"I confess, Philo," said Cleanthes, "you place this argument in a point of view which never occurred to me, and if you are in the right, you interweave the proofs of the existence of God with all the first principles of human belief. But how can you prove so extraordinary a position? Has a child in his mother's arms a perception of the existence of mind in nature?"

"I really think so," said Philo, "and I see nothing at all miraculous in the supposition. Does a child perceive that its mother is a being possessed of feelings and faculties similar to its own? Surely it does, whenever it has sense to perceive any thing. Why may it not trace, as well, indications of order, plan, design, in every thing round about it? A child is not a deist, does not form to itself an abstract notion of God, as either an intelligent or a moral being; but still the merest infant has a perception that there is a system in which it moves. The order of nature, in a word, is accommodated to the human understanding. Mind cannot exist without feeling the impressions of mind from the surrounding universe, and it surrenders itself almost without its own consciousness to the sentiments of trust and dependence which those impressions inspire!"

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Discovery of a New Metal.—Professor Berzelius of Stockholm, has communicated to Dr Marcet an account of the discovery of a new metal, which, from its resemblance to *tellurium*, he has called *selenium*. This substance has the properties of a metal, combined with those of sulphur, to so great a degree, that it might be supposed to be a new species of sulphur. The following are some of its properties: In its metallic state, it has a brilliant metallic lustre on the external surface, with a tinge of red; the fracture is vitreous, like that of sulphur, but with a very brilliant lustre, of a gray colour. At the temperature of boiling water it is softened, and at a high temperature it melts; it may be distilled at a temperature approaching to that of boiling mercury. Its gas, with which the heated part of the vessel may be filled, is yellow, exactly like that of sulphur. If it be sublimed in a large vessel, it is deposited in the form of flowers, of the colour of cinnabar, which are not, however, in the state of an oxide. During its cooling, it preserves for some time a certain degree of fluidity, so that it may be moulded between the fingers, and drawn into threads. The threads, when drawn out to a great degree of fineness, if held between the eye and the light, are transparent, and of a ruby colour; while by reflected light they exhibit a brilliant metallic lustre. When this new substance is heated by a candle, it burns with an azure-blue flame, and exhales a strong odour of horse radish, which led Berzelius to suppose that it was tellurium. It is not easy to produce this odour from purified tellurium, either because it does not belong to it, except in as much as it contains this new substance, or because it is difficult to make it undergo the change which is necessary to produce this odour.

Selenium combines with metals, and generally produces a reddish flame. The alloys have commonly a gray colour, and a metallic lustre. The selenuret of potassium dissolves in water, without evolving any gas, and produces a fluid of a red colour, which has the taste of the hydrosulphuret of potash. If we pour diluted muriatic acid upon the selenuret of potassium, a selenuretted hydrogen gas is disengaged, which is soluble in water, and precipitates all metallic solutions, even those of zinc and iron. The gas has the odour of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, when it is diluted with air; but if it is breathed less diluted, it produces a painful sensation in the nose, and a violent inflammation, ending in a catarrh, which continues for a considerable length of time. I am still suffering, says Berzelius, from having breathed, some days ago, a bubble of selenuretted hydrogen-

ous gas, no larger than a small pea. Scarcely had I perceived the hepatic taste in the fauces, when I experienced another acute sensation: I was seized with a giddiness, which, however, soon left me, and the sensibility of the Schneiderian membrane was so far destroyed, that the strongest ammonia produced scarcely any effect upon the nose.

Selenium combines with the alkalis, both in the humid way and by fusion; these combinations are red. The selenurets of barytes and of lime are also red, but they are insoluble. It also dissolves in melted wax and in the fat oils; the solutions are red, but have no hepatic odour. There exist also selenuretted hydroselenurets of the alkalis and of the earths.

Selenium dissolves in nitric acid by the assistance of heat; the solution, evaporated and sublimated, yields a mass crystallized in needles, which is a pretty strong acid; it has a pure acid flavour, and forms specific salts with the alkalis, earths, and metallic oxides. The selenic acid is soluble in water and in alcohol; its combinations with potash and ammonia are deliquescent; the latter is decomposed by fire, water is given out, and the selenium is reduced. The selenates of barytes and of lime are soluble in water. The selenic acid mixed with muriatic acid is decomposed by zinc, and the selenium is precipitated in the form of a red powder; by sulphuretted hydrogen gas, an orange-yellow precipitate is formed.

The above contains a concise exposition of the characters of this interesting substance. With respect to its origin, it is evident that it proceeds from the pyrites of Falhun, where, according to the observation of M. Galun, its odour may be often perceived when the copper ore is roasted. The pyrites from which the sulphur of Falhun is extracted, is combined with galena, and it is probable that this contains selenium in the form of selenuret of lead.

Discovery of a New Alkali.—Mr Arvedson, a young Swedish chemist, has discovered a new fixed alkali, in a new mineral, called petalite, which was discovered some time ago (See our last Number, p. 699.) by M. D'Andrada, in the mine of Uten, in Sweden. It is distinguished from the old alkalis: 1st, By the fusibility of its salts: 2d, By its muriate, which is deliquescent, like the muriate of lime; 3d, By its carbonate, which does not readily dissolve in water; and, 4th, By its great capacity of saturating acids, in which it even surpasses magnesia.

New Lamp.—The new lamp which we describe in our last Number, p. 699, and which has since been called the aphlogistic

lamp, appears to have been invented first by Mr Francis Ellis of Bath, who performed the experiment in August 1817.

New Photometer.—A new photometer has been invented by Mr Horner of Zurich. It consists of various discs of fine varnished China paper placed in a tube. The number of discs necessary to exclude the light, is then a measure of the intensity of the excluded light. According to this instrument, the light of the sun in a clear sky, and at an elevation of 30° , is 75° ; the light of the full moon 34° ; and the light of a common candle 48° . These results are nearly ridiculous. Mr Leslie's photometer informs us, that the moon has *no light at all*, even when concentrated by the most powerful burning lens; but Mr Horner, going to the opposite extreme, makes the moon's light almost one-half of the sun's; while Dr Smith informs us, in his Optics, that it would require 180,000 moons to produce a light equal to common day-light. The art of measuring the intensity of light appears, from these results, to be in a state of deplorable imperfection.

New Comet.—A new comet was discovered at Marseilles on the night of the 26th December last, by M. Pons, in the constellation of the Swan, near the northern wing. It had a nebulous appearance. Its light was extremely feeble, and its figure indeterminate. It had neither nucleus nor tail. It was seen again on the 29th of the same month, in the evening, but only for a few minutes, in consequence of clouds. Its situation was then about two degrees south of its first position. Its light was more bright, and its apparent size increased. A small nucleus could then also be distinguished.

It was seen again on the morning of February 14th, and was still in the constellation of the Swan, but farther south.

The same comet has been observed at Augsburg on the 2d of this month. It was found near the star δ of the fourth magnitude, on the outside of the wing of the Swan, and above the constellation of the Fox. It is considerably enlarged, and its nucleus is now very distinct.

New Observatory at Cambridge.—It is proposed to build an observatory within the precincts of Cambridge University, the expense of which is estimated at about £10,000. A grace will be proposed to the Senate for a donation of £5,000 from the University chest, and a subscription opened for raising the remainder of the sum. Application is to be made to Government to appoint an observer and an assistant, with adequate salaries.

M. de Lalande's Medal.—The gold medal founded by the late M. de Lalande has been awarded by the Institute and Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, to Mr Pond, the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, for his interesting and important researches on the annual parallax of the fixed stars.

New Harpoon.—A new harpoon has been

invented by Mr Robert Garbutt of Kingston-upon-Hull, for the Greenland fishery; calculated to secure the whale in the event of the shank of the instrument breaking. The improvement consists in placing a kind of preventer, made fast to the eye of the foregager, which passing along the shank of the harpoon, is attached to the thick part of it in such a manner, as neither to lessen its strength nor impede its entrance when the fish is struck.

Nautical Instrument.—Among other ingenious inventions submitted to the Board of Longitude, one countenanced by the Board, and recommended to the Lords of the Admiralty for immediate trial, is likely to facilitate the object intended in exploring the polar regions. The merit of this invention is, that it works horizontally and vertically, assuming the magnetic meridian by its own action. The inventor is Mr Lockwood of the navy.

Test for Sugar.—It has been proposed by M. Dobreiner, to test sugar in solution, in small quantities, by adding to a portion of the liquid a few grains of yeast, and placing it in a vessel closed by mercury. A fermentation takes place, and the bulk of gas liberated indicates the quantity of sugar.

Change of Colour by Acids.—The effects of muriatic acid gas and ammoniacal gas upon turmeric paper, are so similar, that it is difficult to distinguish the two by this test alone. The acid reddens it almost as much as the alkali. Phosphoric, nitric, muriatic, and particularly sulphuric acid, also redden turmeric paper; but in all these cases, water, even in small quantities, immediately restores the original colour.

Cholesteric Acid.—M.M. Pelletier and Caventon have obtained a new acid from cholesterine, or the pearly substance of human biliary calculi, discovered by Poulletier-de-Lasselle, and named by Chevreul. Cholesterine is to be heated with its weight of strong nitric acid, until it ceases to give off nitrous gas. A yellow substance separates on cooling, scarcely soluble in water, and which, when well washed, is pure cholesteric acid.

It is soluble in alcohol, and may be crystallized by evaporation. It is decomposed by a heat above that of boiling water, and gives products containing oxygen, hydrogen, and charcoal, as their elements. It combines with bases, and forms salts. Those of potash, soda, and ammonia, are very soluble; the rest are nearly insoluble.

Water Spout.—On Saturday, March 7th, an immense water-spout descended at Stenbury, near Whitwell, in the Isle of Wight. The weather was very stormy immediately before its fall, and for one half hour was in a continual terrific roar. The descent of the water was compared to the influx of the sea, so great was its quantity, and destruction to those on the spot appeared inevitable. Walls were broken down, and cattle were carried away and dispersed.

Increase of a Glacier.—The glacier of Orler, in the vicinity of Chiavenna, in the Tyrol, has, notwithstanding the late moderate winter, increased in a very extraordinary degree. A stream which formerly ran from this glacier has ceased to flow since Michaelmas 1817, and incessant subterraneous noises and roarings, which are heard from beneath the ice, are attributed to the collection of waters within the glacier. The glacier in the valley of Nandersberg has presented similar appearances, and great fears are entertained for the neighbouring country in both these places, on the liberation of the confined waters on the approach of summer.

Earthquakes on the Continent.—During the storm which raged, on the 23d of February, over Provence and the northern part of Italy, many towns were thrown into great disorder by repeated shocks of earthquakes. At Turin, two shocks were felt, and at Genoa, Savona, Alanco, and San Remo, they were repeated at intervals during two days, and at some towns several houses were injured.

At Antibes, in Provence, the weather was very rough; a few minutes after seven in the evening of the 23d, a tremendous rush of wind took place, and then sank into a calm; a dull subterranean noise was heard, the sea suddenly dashed against the rocks, and in three seconds three oscillations of the earth were felt, proceeding from south-east to north-west. The wind then rose, and the storm raged as before. At twelve o'clock a fresh shock was felt, and next morning, near mid-day, another also, preceded by the same smothered rumbling noise. The shocks were felt throughout the whole of Provence, where no earthquake had been experienced for eleven years.

Earthquake in France.—A slight earthquake was felt at Marseilles on the 23d of February, at seven o'clock in the evening; and on the 24th, at eleven o'clock in the morning. The same phenomena occurred also on the 19th, at Roffach Soietz and Beafort, in the Upper Rhine.

On the 24th and 25th, several shocks of earthquakes were felt at Var.

Earthquake in England.—A slight shock of an earthquake was experienced at Coningby, in Lincolnshire, on the 6th of February, which lasted some seconds. A noise like the subterraneous firing of cannon was heard at the time, and the windows of the houses in the town were much shaken. At the same time, a similar phenomenon was experienced at the east end of Holderness, where the noise strongly resembled that of horses running away with a waggon, and it is said that the drivers of several teams drew up to the road side, to make way for what they supposed the cause of the sound. A gentleman, who, with his servant and labourer, were in the neighbourhood of Trentfall, about fifty miles from Coningby, also heard the noise. It lasted about two

minutes, and at first consisted of noises exactly resembling gun-shots, at equal distances, of about a second, each loud and distinct, afterwards it fell away to a kind of grumbling, which gradually ceased. The noise appeared to shift in a direction from east towards the south.

Earthquake in Greenland.—A severe shock of an earthquake was experienced in Greenland in the night of the 22d of last November. Hecla was perfectly quiet at the time.

Extraordinary Fall of Rain.—On the 21st of October 1817 (the day the hurricane commenced in the West Indies), at the Island of Grenada, with the wind west, and the barometer at 29.40, eight inches of rain fell in twenty-one hours, and the rivers rose thirty feet above their usual level. From the 20th of October to the 20th of November, seventeen inches of rain fell.

Fossil Bone of a Whale.—Part of the jaw bone of a whale was dug up a short time since in Roydon gravel pit, near Diss. It measured twenty inches in girth, but was not above nine inches long. The outside was penetrated by stony matter, but the inside was similar in every thing to recent bone, except in the colour, which had been given it by the stratum in which it lay. Its present form and appearance are attributed to the attrition it is supposed to have suffered at former times. The ends are so worn, that they seem rather artificial than natural.

Remains of a Mammoth.—A fisherman of Philipsbourg, on the Rhine, lately drew up in his net, the foot and the *omoplate* of a Mammoth. These curious remains were sent to the King of Baden's Cabinet of Natural History at Carlsruhe.

Cobalt and Silver Mine.—We are informed by Mr Mawe, that the machinery for working the cobalt and silver mine on the west edge of Dartmore is just completed; and the workings will shortly assume a regular form. The large black masses of arsenical cobalt, contrasted with the white curls of capillary silver and crystallized sulphuret of silver, which fill the cavities of the quartz gangue, form specimens peculiarly interesting, and almost rival those from Mexico.

Meteorological Establishment at St Bernard.—In the number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for October last, Prof. Pictet gives an interesting account of an establishment that has lately been formed for making meteorological observations at the Convent of Great St Bernard. Every attention appears to have been paid to the accuracy of the instruments, and the method of using them; and we may expect to derive the most important information from a detailed account of the state and variations of the atmosphere at an elevation of above 8000 feet, where the mean height of the mercurial column is not more than 22 inches. With respect to the construction of the instruments, we are informed that the reservoir of the barometer is exactly ten times

the diameter of the tube ; the correction for the changes of the height of the mercury in the reservoir is, therefore, only one hundredth of the variation in the tube, a quantity which is, in almost all cases, too minute to be noticed. To the barometer is attached a mercurial thermometer, furnished with two divisions, one octogesimal, according to the scale of Reaumur, the other so arranged, that each degree of the scale corresponds to one-tenth of a line of variation in the height of the barometrical column. The zero of this latter answers to the tenth degree of the octogesimal scale (54.5° of Fahrenheit), and every observation of the barometer is reduced to this constant temperature, by means of the correction which is obtained by the thermometer. The correction is very easily made, since every degree above or below zero represents so many tenths of a line, which are to be subtracted or added from the barometrical observation. The thermometer is formed with a flattened column of mercury, so as to present to the eye a large and very visible surface, while at the same time the absolute size is very minute. The hair hygrometer of Saussure is employed, but with a little alteration in its mechanical arrangements. In the old construction the index descended towards dryness, and ascended towards moisture ; in the present instrument, the motions are reversed, so that its action is rendered more conformable to that of the barometer and thermometer.

We have an account of the observations that were made in this meteorological observatory during the latter half of September 1817.

The greatest height of the barometer	22.40
The least height - - -	22.06
The mean height at sun rise -	22.36
Ditto at 2 P. M. - - -	22.42
The greatest height of the thermometer - -	54.5°
The least height - - -	29.75
Mean height of the thermometer at sun rise - - -	38.00
Ditto at 2 P. M. - - -	46.6
Mean height of the hygrometer at sun rise - - -	92.0
Ditto at 2 P. M. - - -	84.3

There were four rainy days during this period ; the quantity of rain was no more than 7 inches : the season is represented as having been peculiarly fine.

Zircon.—This mineral has, we understand, been discovered by Dr Macculloch in Sutherland. It occurs in a compound rock formed of copper-coloured mica, hornblende, and felspar.

This rock forms one of the occasional beds in the gneiss, and bears a resemblance in its composition to the circon syenite of the north of Europe ; the crystals are a quarter of an inch in length, and well defined, and their colour is an obscure crimson, approaching to that of cinnamon.

Dry Rot.—The Eden sloop of war (new),

which was lately sunk in Hamoaze, to endeavour to cure her of the dry rot, has been raised, commissioned, and taken into dock. On opening her, she has been found defective in every part, and must undergo a thorough repair. The Topaze frigate, also ordered for commission, which was repaired not long since, is found to be in the same state. The Dartmouth frigate, built at Dartmouth, three years old, never at sea, is also undergoing a complete repair. Not a ship is taken into dock but is found to be nearly rotten. The very best ships do not average more than twelve years existence. The San Domingo, 74, was ripped up (four years old) at Portsmouth. The Queen Charlotte, 110, was built at Woolwich, sent round to Plymouth, found rotten, and underwent a thorough repair : she was also several months under the care of Dr Lukin, an Admiralty chemist, who received £5000 for his ineffectual labours to stop the progress of vegetation in the ship. After a short cruise, the Queen Charlotte was laid up at Portsmouth, where she remains in a very defective state.

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 sixty feet thick, of a tuff, having the character 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.

Preventing the Blight.—It is said that the American farmers have of late years adopted the following method to prevent the blight or mildew from injuring the crop of apples. In the spring, they rub tar well into the bark of the apple-trees, about four or six inches wide round each tree, and at about one foot from the ground ; which effectually prevents the blight : abundant crops are the consequence. This is certainly worth trial in England.

Prize of the Royal Society of Gottingen.—The Royal Society of Gottingen has offered a prize of fifty ducats, for “ an accurate examination, founded on precise experiments of Dalton’s theory of the expansion of liquid and elastic fluids, especially of mercury and atmospheric air, by heat.” The authors are desired to pay attention to the necessity alleged by Dalton, for changing the progression of the degrees of the present thermometrical scales : memoirs

must be transmitted before the end of September 1819.

Zoophytic Animals.—M. Lesueur, now in Philadelphia, made many curious observations on molluscous and zoophytic animals, during his passage from Europe to America. He collected and delineated the animals of many different species of Isis, Gorgonia, Alcyonium, Meandrites, &c.; and obtained a beautiful series of actinia, shewing the gradual transition into the animal madreporæ. His attention was also directed to the different *vermes* that occur, as well in the interior as on the exterior of fishes.

Stone Sarcophagus.—A stone sarcophagus has been forwarded to the Asiatic

Society, which was dug out of the foundation of some ancient ruins, about eight miles from Bushire, in the East Indies. It contained, when discovered, the disjointed bones of a human skeleton, which had perfectly retained their shape, till a short time after exposure to the atmosphere, by the removal of the lid, which was fastened with metallic pegs. The lid is an entire slab of micaceous mineral, and the vessel is of calcareous sand-stone. This is the second of the kind which has been discovered; and they differ from those usually dug up, which are composed of baked clay; it is concluded that they contain the remains of eminent personages.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Fourth and Last Canto of *Childe Harold* has been received from Lord Byron, and will certainly be published on the 28th of April. It forms, with the notes, an octavo volume.

At the same time will be published a volume, entitled, "Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*;" by John Hobbhouse, Esq.

Mr Hallam's "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," will be published in April, in two volumes 4to.

The Rev. Thomas Hodgson, the translator of *Juvenal*, &c. has in the press a Poem, entitled *The Friends*, which will be published in a few days.

The First Number of Mr Hakewill's *Picturesque Tour of Italy*, illustrative of, with references to, the text of Addison, Eustace, and Forsyth's *Travels*, will be published on the 1st of May. The plates are engraving in the most finished manner, by Cooke, Pye, Scott, Fidler, Meddman and Landseir. It is printing in the same size as Cooke and Turner's *Views of the Southern Coast*.

A very curious and interesting MS. of the celebrated Dr King of St Mary's, Oxford, has lately been discovered, containing Anecdotes and Reminiscences of his Own Times, and will be published immediately.

The author of *Curiosities of Literature* has nearly ready for publication a work on the *Literary Character*, illustrated by the *History of Men of Genius* drawn from their own feelings and confessions.

Mr Macdonald Kinnier's *Journey through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Koordestan*, will be published in April.

Preparing for publication, an Abridgement, in one volume octavo, of *Bishop Taylor's Great Exemplar*; by the Rev. W. N. Darnell.

A prospectus is just issued, of a new and corrected edition of the *Delphin Classics*;

with the *Variorum Notes* appendad. To be entitled, the *Regent's Edition*; to be printed and edited by A. J. Valpy, M.A. late Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford.—The whole will be printed uniformly in octavo, price 18s. boards, each part, to subscribers, and £1, 1s. to non-subscribers. Each part will contain 672 closely printed pages, without reference to the conclusion of any author, so that the subscribers may bind each author in as many volumes as they please, and arrange them alphabetically or chronologically as most convenient.—Some copies will be struck off on very fine thick royal paper, with a large margin, and hotpressed: price, to subscribers, £1, 16s.; to non-subscribers, £2, 2s. each part. The price will be raised higher to non-subscribers as the work advances.—The whole will make about 120 or 130 parts, and 12 parts will be printed in the year. Each part to be paid for on delivery.

Mr T. Yeates will shortly publish, *Indian Church History*, or *Notices relative to the first Planting of the Gospel in Syria, Mesopotamia, and India*; compiled chiefly from the *Syrian Chronicles*: with an accurate account of the first Christian missions to China; and some interesting facts, hitherto unknown to the historians of Europe.

Mr John Fry, of Bristol, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, in two quarto volumes, *Bibliophilia*; which will contain—1. An account of those publications of earliest English printers, which have either escaped the knowledge of bibliographers, or have been inaccurately described.—2. An account of scarce and curious books printed, with a few exceptions, before the seventeenth century.—3. Notices of such manuscripts as have fallen under the editor's inspection, and entire reprints of pieces of old poetry, meriting revival.

A Companion to Mr James's *Naval Work on the late American War*, is in the press, and will speedily be published: con-

taining a full and correct account of the military occurrences of the late war between Great Britain and the United States of America; with an appendix of British and American official letters, and plates: by Wm Jarmies. Details will be given of all the actions fought between the British and Americans during the late war; also of those operations along the coast, and on the borders of the lakes, creeks, and harbours of the United States, in which the two services acted conjointly.

The publication of what the publishers call "the Regent's edition" of the Latin Classics, will henceforward be prosecuted with vigour, industry, and perseverance. Livy and Sallust are now in the press, under the editorial inspection of Dr J. Carey; to whom the public are already indebted for the Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Martial, Cæsar, Tacitus, and the second edition of the Virgil, with the Opuscula, recently published.

Dr Carey has also in the press the "Eton Latin Prosody" illustrated, with English explanations of the rules, and copious examples from the Latin poets.

Mr S. F. Gray has in the press, and nearly ready, a work intended to serve as a supplement to the several Pharmacopœias.

Mr J. Hall of Northampton, has in the press a Free Inquiry into the Practice of Infant Baptism, whether it is not unscriptural, useless, and dangerous; to which are added, some remarks on Mr Belsham's plea for infant baptism.

A New Picture of Brussels and its Environs, with seven engravings, and a Plan of the city, by J. Romberg, will shortly appear.

Wild Roses, a collection of Poems on various subjects, by Kiltoe, will speedily be published.

Anaya, Discours sur les Langues Vivantes, a Treatise on the Living Languages, containing, in a small compass, the necessary rules for acquiring a knowledge of them, particularly of the Italian and Spanish, with a treatise on the Difficulties of Italian and Spanish Poetry, has been sent to press.

An Essay on Spanish Literature; containing its History, from its commencement in the twelfth century to the present time; with an account of the best writers, some critical remarks, and a History of the Spanish Drama, with specimens of the writers of different ages,—will soon be published.

A small pocket volume is about to be published, on the Police of the Metropolis, descriptive of the means used by knaves to take in and cheat the unwary, to rob the unprotected, and to make a prey of the unsuspecting; including advice to the unwary, and the means of avoiding the villains which prey upon society.

Mrs Lamont, of Liverpool, intends publishing, by subscription, Poems and Tales in Verse, in one volume octavo.

Mr Bisset, of the Historical Picture Gallery at Leamington, has announced for publication a novel work, entitled, a Poetical Gazetteer of all the principal Cities, Boroughs, and Seaports, in the United Kingdom.

An amatory mock-heroic poem, entitled, Secundus Syntax, will be forthcoming in the course of the next month. It is, we are informed, written with considerable humour.

Considerations on the Impolicy and Pernicious Tendency of the present Administration of the Poor Laws; with suggestions for improving the condition of the poor; by the Rev. Charles Jerram, M. A.; are in the press, and nearly ready for publication.

Juvenilia, or Specimens of the early Efforts, as a Preacher, of the late Rev. C. Buck; to which will be subjoined, miscellaneous remarks, and an obituary of his daughter, edited by J. Styles, D. D. are in a course of forwardness for publication.

Letters on the West Indies, by James Walker, Esq. late of Berbice, will soon appear.

Sixty-five Sonnets, with prefatory Remarks on the accordance of the Sonnet with the powers of the English Language, and some miscellaneous poems, will soon be published.

Mr John Matheson is about to publish a New System of Arithmetic, the object of which is to render general the application of decimals to mercantile purposes, and to enable youth to comprehend the theory when they are learning the practice.

Speedily will be published, the Entomologist's Pocket Companion; being an Introduction to the knowledge of British Insects, the apparatus used, and best methods of obtaining and preserving them; the Genera of Linnæus, with observations on the modern systems, and a copious Calendar of the time and situations where usually found, of between two and three thousand Insects; by a Practical Collector; illustrated with numerous plates.

Mr F. W. Cronhelm is preparing for the press a New Method of Book-keeping, double entry by single; applicable to all kinds of business, and exemplified in five sets of books; possessing the brevity of single entry, without its defects; and the proof of double entry, without its redundancies; and obtains, by two entries, the same results as the Italian system by four. Its universal applicability is proved, by distinct sets of books for retailers, wholesale dealers, manufacturers, merchants, and bankers; the whole comprising a great diversity of the forms and results of business, an improved arrangement of partnership accounts, and a plan of routine which will prevent fraudulent entries and erasures: comprised in one volume.

The Rev. C. I. Latrobe has in the press a Journal of a Visit to South Africa in 1816,

in a quarto volume, illustrated by twelve coloured plates and a map.

T. Cobbell, Esq. is preparing for publication a Treatise on the Law of Corporations, and on the Proceedings relative to their Ordinary Rights and Parliamentary Privileges.

Mr Park of Hampstead will soon publish, Morning Thoughts and Midnight Musing, in prose and verse.

F. L. Holt, Esq. has in the press a Treatise on the Law of Merchant Ships and Shipping, on the Navigation Laws, and on Maritime Contracts.

The Works of Charles Lamb, in verse and prose, now first collected, will soon appear in two foolscap octavo volumes.

Mrs Yosy, author of a Description of Switzerland, has in the press, Constancy, or Leopold, in four or five volumes.

Dr Wm Barrow, prebendary of Southwell, has two volumes of Sermons on Practical Subjects nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. Thomas Bowdler's Sermons on the Offices and Character of Jesus Christ, will soon appear.

The Rev. Dr Lindsay has in the press a volume of Sermons on various subjects.

Barron Field, Esq. is printing, in two octavo volumes, a Treatise on the Commercial Law of England.

Nightmare Abbey, by the author of Headlong Hall, is in the press.

The Rev. Dr Whittaker has a third edition nearly ready of the History of Whalley, with corrections and considerable additions.

EDINBURGH.

THE Rev. John Skinner of Forfar will soon publish, in an octavo volume, Annals of Scottish Episcopacy, from 1788 to 1816; with a biographical memoir of the late Right Rev. John Skinner of Aberdeen.

In a short time will be completed, at the Edinburgh university press, a new edition of Schleusner's Lexicon Novi Testamenti, revised and corrected by several eminent Scholars. This valuable work has hitherto been printed in an octavo form; but the present edition is in quarto, a much more convenient size for a dictionary; and, as it is executed in stereotype, the price, instead of being increased, will be greatly reduced.

A Second Letter to the Court of Contributors of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; containing remarks on the proceedings at the meeting held on the 30th March 1818.

Canto I. of Temora; an epic poem: being a specimen of an intended versification of the Poems of Ossian; by Thomas Travers Burke, Esq. of the Royal Scots Greys, —will be published this month. The succeeding cantos are in the press, and will appear soon.

Speedily will be published, Observations and Facts demonstrative of the Sedative and Febrifuge Powers of Emetic Tartar, as amply sufficient to supersede excessive blood-letting in inflammation; by William Balfour, M.D.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

DRAMA.

THE Jew of Malta; being the first number of an edition of the Old English Drama. 1s.

EDUCATION.

Miscellaneous Pieces, selected from the Family Magazine; designed principally for the information and improvement of the lower classes, and also for young persons in the higher walks of life; by the late Mrs Trimmer, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

The First Number of Italian Scenery; or Views of the most remarkable, celebrated, or admired Points of Italy; from drawings taken in the year 1817; by E. F. Batty, imperial 8vo. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY.

The Northern Courts; containing original Memoirs of the Sovereigns of Sweden and Denmark, since 1766; including the extraordinary vicissitudes of the lives of the grandchildren of George II.; by John Brown, Esq. 2 vols 8vo. £1, 1s.

A History of Europe, from the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, to the Pacification of Paris in 1815; by Charles Coote, LL.D. 8vo. 12s.

Rogerson's edition of the History of the Wars, from the French Revolution to the Battle of Waterloo, with plates, 2 vols 8vo. 20s.

The Civil and Constitutional History of Rome, from its Foundation to the Age of Augustus; by Henry Bankes, Esq. M.P. 2 vols 8vo. £1, 4s.

HORTICULTURE.

Sketches of Curvilinear Hothouses; with a description of the various purposes in horticultural and general architecture, to which a solid iron sash bar, lately invented, is applicable; by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. &c. 2s.

The Science of Horticulture; including a practical system for the management of fruit trees, arranged on demonstrative physiological principles; illustrated by sketches, in 12 plates; with a commentary on the works of Bradley, Hitt, Miller, Forsyth, Knight, Kirwan, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Mrs Ibbotson; by Joseph Hayward, Gent. 8vo. 12s.

LAW.

The Justice Law for the last Five years ; being supplementary to the several Treatises on the Office and Duties of a Justice of the Peace, by Burn, Williams, and Dickinson ; comprehending the statutes and decided cases relating thereto, to the conclusion of the session of 57 Geo. III. with additional precedents ; by William Dickinson, Esq. barrister-at-law, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Nottingham, Lincoln, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex, 8vo. £1, 5s.

MEDICINE.

John Walker's Reply to James Moore, on his Misstatements respecting the Vaccine Establishments in the Metropolis, and their Servants, both living and dead, 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Horse-Owner's Guide ; containing valuable information on the management and cure of the diseases incident to Horses, more particularly that very fatal disease called Glanders ; with many esteemed recipes ; by T. Smith, late Veterinary Surgeon to the 2d regiment of dragoon guards, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

A Treatise on Blood-Letting in Fevers ; by J. Van Rotterdam, physician to the Great Hospital at Ghent, &c. &c. ; translated from the French, by J. Taylor, M.D. member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and late surgeon to his Majesty's forces, 8vo. 10s.

Practical Illustrations of the Scarlet Fever, Measles, Pulmonary Consumption, and Chronic diseases, termed Nervous, Biliious, Stomachic, and the like ; with observations on the efficacy of sulphureous waters in various complaints ; by John Armstrong, M.D. author of Practical Illustrations of Typhus Fever, Puerperal Fever, and other Febrile Diseases, 8vo. 14s.

Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints, and those various and extensive Derangements of the Constitution arising from Hepatic Obstruction ; with Practical Remarks on the different properties of the biliary and gastric secretions, and upon other important points essential to health ; pointing out a new and successful mode of treatment, illustrated by numerous cases : the third edition, very considerably enlarged ; by John Faithorn, formerly surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anti-Duello, or the Duell's Anatomie ; a treatise, in which is discussed the lawfulness and unlawfulness of single combats : first printed in the year 1632 ; with a preface by the Editor, and an appendix, containing the case of Lord Rea and Mr Ramsay, and James Cluff, 8vo. 2s.

Memoirs of Mad. Manson, 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Adventures of a Post-Captain ; by a Naval Officer ; with 25 plates, by Mr Williams, royal 8vo. £1, 4s.

British Field Sports ; by W. H. Scott ;

with many beautiful engravings ; demy 8vo, £1, 18s. ; royal 8vo, £3, 3s.

A Review of Johnson's Criticism on the Style of Milton's English Prose ; with strictures on the introduction of Latin idioms into the language ; by T. H. White, Esq. 2s. 6d.

A full and correct Account of the Chief Naval Occurrences of the late War between Great Britain and the United States of America ; with a cursory examination of the American accounts of their naval actions fought previous to that period ; illustrated by plates ; by Wm James, Esq. 8vo. £1.

Letters from 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 ; by the Rev. Thomas R. England, 8vo. 8s.

Memoirs of the late Mrs Elizabeth Hamilton ; with a selection from her correspondence, and other unpublished writings ; with a portrait after Raeburn ; by Miss Benger, 2 vols 8vo. £1, 1s.

Observations on the State of Ireland, principally directed to its Agriculture and Rural Population ; in a series of letters written on a Tour through that country ; by J. C. Curwen, Esq. M.P. 2 vols 8vo. £1, 1s.

The Official Navy List for April.—To be published in future quarterly. 2s.

Journal of Science and the Arts, No IX. Edited at the Royal Institution. 7s. 6d.

NOVELS.

The Steyne ; a satirical novel, 3 vols. £1, 1s.

The Maid of Killarney, or Albion and Flora ; a modern tale ; in which are interwoven some cursory remarks on religion and politics, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Woman, or Minor Maxims ; a sketch, 2 vols. 11s.

POETRY.

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered ; translated by the Rev. J. H. Hunt, 2 vols 8vo. £1, 10s. Legends of Affection, and other poems. 10s. 6d.

Samor, Lord of the Bright City ; a poem ; by the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A. fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford ; vicar of St Mary, Reading : and author of Fazio, 8vo. 12s.

The Suffolk Garland, or East Country Minstrel ; being a collection of poems, songs, tales, ballads, sonnets, and elegies, relative to that county, and illustrative of its scenery, places, biography, manners, habits, and customs ; with introductory notices, historical, biographical, and descriptive, 8vo. 10s.

Select English Poets, Part IV. ; containing the second part of Lovelace's Lucrecia, with a portrait of Lovelace from the rare print by Hollar, foolscap 8vo. 7s.

Ancient Humorous Poetry, Part I.; containing " 'Tis merry when Gossips meet," 1609, attributed to Samuel Rowlands; with a characteristic wood cut, foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

An Inquiry whether Crime and Misery are produced or prevented by our present System of Prison Discipline; illustrated by descriptions of the Borough Compter, Tothillfields, the Maison de Force at Ghent, the Philadelphia Prison, the Penitentiary at Millbank, and proceedings of the Ladies' Committee at Newgate; by T. F. Buxton, 8vo. 6s.

The Rise, Progress, Causes, and Effects of the National Debt and Paper Money upon real Property, in the present State of Civil Society; pointing out the only way the national debt can or ought to be paid; with a word of advice to the people at a general election; by the late John Horne Tooke, Esq.: to which is added an Appendix, containing a just and impartial Review of the Funds of England, shewing the consequences of a public bank being at the disposal of any minister; by the late Dr Price. 2s.

Remarks on the recent State Trials, and the Rise and Progress of Disaffection in the Country; to which are annexed, letters to and from the Lord Bishop of Norwich, on the tendency of his public opinions; by William Firth, Esq. sergeant at law, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Poor Laws; by Tho. Peregrine Courtney, Esq. M. P. 8vo. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

The Testimony of Natural Theology to Christianity; by Thomas Gisborne, M. A. 12mo. 5s.

The Protestant Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, briefly celebrated as a Motive of National Gratitude; by the Rev. C. E. de Coetlogan, A. M. rector of Godstone, Surrey, 8vo. 5s.

A General Index to the Matters contained in the Notes to the Family Bible, lately published under the direction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 4to. Small, 3s.; large, 6s.

A Concordance to the Holy Bible; to which is added, a Geographical Index, adapted to the maps and notes of the Family Bible, and a Calendar and Table of Lessons, 4to. Small paper, 4s.; large, 7s.

Faith in the Holy Trinity, the Doctrine of the Gospel, and Sabellian Unitarianism shewn to be "the God-denying Apostasy," ΤΗΣ ΑΡΗΣΙΟΕΟΥ ΑΠΟΣΤΑΣΙΑΣ; in a connected series of letters; by the Rev. William Hales, D.D. rector of Killesandra, &c. 2 vols 8vo. £1, 1s.

The New Testament; translated by Dr G. Campbell, Dr P. Doddridge, and Dr J. Macknight. 5s.

The Indian Pilgrim; or the Progress of the Pilgrim Nazarene, formerly called Goonah Purist, or the Slave of Sin, from

the City of the Wrath of God to the City of Mount Zion; by Mrs Sherwood. 4s.

TRAVELS.

Travels of his Royal Highness the Duke of Angouleme through the Northern and South-west Departments of France, in Oct. and Nov. 1817, 8vo. with a portrait.

A Walk through Switzerland in September 1816. 8s.

EDINBURGH.

Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern; from the German of Frederick Schlegel, 2 vols 8vo. £1, 1s.

Marriage, a novel, 3 vols 12mo. £1, 1s.

North of England and Scotland; being the Journal of an English Traveller, from 30th March to 27th April, 1704; now published from the original MS., formerly in the possession of Mr Johnes of Hafod, the well-known translator of Froissart, Joinville, &c. A specimen of this curious MS. was given in this Magazine, No XI. and the entire Journal is now published to gratify the curious. Only 100 copies are printed, foolscap 8vo. 5s.

Women, or *Pour et Contre!* a tale; by the author of Bertram, &c. 3 vols 12mo. £1, 1s.

Report for the Directors of the Town's Hospital of Glasgow, on the Management of the City Poor, the Suppression of Mendicity, and the Principles of the Plan for the New Hospital; with an appendix, containing observations on the poor rates, accounts of the receipts and disbursements of the funds, and a variety of important documents, 8vo. 3s.

A Father's Gift to his Children; being a short view of the evidences of the Christian Religion, adapted to the understandings of young persons, and presented to his own family; by a Layman, second edition, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

The Trials of James, Duncan, and Robert Macgregor, Sons of the celebrated Rob Roy; to which is prefixed, a memoir relating to the Highlands, with anecdotes of Rob Roy and his Family, 12mo. 7s.

Some Account of the recently-discovered Periodic Annual System of the Weather of the British Islands; with objections thereto stated and answered. 1s.

Letter to the General Court of Contributors of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; by a Contributor, second edition; with an advertisement by the author, and the note of the Managers.

An Attempt to Estimate the Power of Medicine in controlling Fever; by William Brown, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Emeritus Surgeon of the Royal Infirmary, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Llewellyn, or the Vale of Phlinlimmon; a novel, 3 vols 12mo. £1, 1s.

Prayers for the Use of Families and Individuals; by James Wilson, D. D. minister of Falkirk, 8vo. 5s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

SCOTTISH CHRONICLE.

King Robert the Bruce.—During the preparation that had been going on in the Psalter Church-yard of Dunfermline, towards the building of a new church, which promises from its plan, designed by Mr Burn, to be one of the handsomest, and, from its site, the most commanding in Scotland, a tomb, supposed to be that of the celebrated King Robert the Bruce, was the other day discovered. There is yet no absolute certainty of the tomb being his, no inscription to that effect having been found, but there is much circumstantial evidence to prove the supposition. The situation corresponds very nearly with that of King Robert's sepulchre, pointed out by our two earliest Scottish historians, Barbour and Fordun, while the appearance of the grave indicates it to have been one of a personage of no small distinction. There is a large trough, built of polished stone, about seven feet in length, and 18 inches in depth; the cover of which, when first observed, had on it several iron rings, in a very decayed state, and some of which were even entirely loosened from the stone. In this trough lies a large body, six feet two inches in length, cased in lead. The lead is pretty entire, except on the breast, where it is much consumed, exhibiting part of the skeleton of the body, in a state of considerable preservation. The body itself has been wrapped in damask cloth, extremely fine, and interwoven with gold, some fragments of which remain. Something like a crown has been observed upon the head, but from the hurried inspection that has been made of it, this has not yet been accurately ascertained. A wooden coffin appears to have surrounded the body, of which some vestiges still exist. The mouldered wood, conceived to be oak, lies strewed on the bottom of the tomb, and one or two nails have been picked up from amongst it. The grave is now closed, and secured against any violent depredations by three rows of large flag stones, fastened to each other by iron bars, in which state it is to continue till the intentions of the Barons of Exchequer, as to further procedure, are learnt. Several fragments of marble, carved and gilt, were dug from the ruins in the immediate neighbourhood of the tomb, which, in all probability, are the remains of the monument that had been erected over it.

Aberdeen, February 28.—If we may judge from the spirit with which ship-building is carried on here at present, we may anticipate a brisk trade at no distant period. In the course of this week about 1000 register tons of shipping have been launched

at this place, namely, three handsome brigs of 120 to 190 tons, and a fine ship of 440 tons. These vessels made fine launches, happily free of any accident; and the ship in particular went off in excellent style, gliding majestically into the water, amid the cheers of the greatest number of spectators we have seen on any similar occasion, who hailed the prospect of an opening trade to India. The ship being destined on a voyage to Bombay.

2.—*Melancholy Accident.*—On Wednesday se'ennight, as Mr Simpson, steward to Major Hart of Castlemilk, was returning from Dumfries, in company with a Mr Johnstone, he was unfortunately drowned in attempting to cross the river Annan, at a point called the William-wath Ford. His companion, who, from the quantity of rain that had fallen, was almost certain that the river was unfordable, remonstrated against the danger of this attempt, especially as the bridge of Hoddam was at no great distance. But, as Mr Simpson persisted in his design, and set off at full speed, his friend was induced to follow him to the ford, where he found, to his great dismay, a horse without a rider, clambering up the bank, and endeavouring to escape from the river at the same side by which his master had entered it. It is probable that the deceased had reached the middle of the ford before he was unhorsed, and his cries, if he uttered any, must soon have been lost amidst the roaring of the river. It is believed Mr S. had a considerable sum of money about him when he perished; but although the most diligent search has been made, his body has not yet been found.

2.—The following *fracas* happened in a public-house on Tuesday afternoon:—A mechanic, taking a draught of porter, was asked if he had any news, when he replied, that the only thing he had heard was the melancholy death of the physician who had attended the Princess Charlotte. A messenger, sitting with some other persons within hearing of the conversation, now bounced on the mechanic, collared him, and charged him with uttering sedition, and added that the statement was not true. The man was detained nearly two hours a prisoner. They at last relented so far as to offer him his liberty if he would give them a gill or two of whisky. The mechanic was not disposed to accept of his release on such terms, and was then escorted prisoner to the procurator-fiscal's office. Here the messenger charged the prisoner with having said that the doctor who had killed the princess had shot himself. The mechanic,

therefore, was guilty of sedition. The public prosecutor, of course, made the man be forthwith released.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

Court of Session.—Second Division.—We stated some time ago, that a petition and complaint, at the instance of Deacon Alexander Lawrie and others, had been presented to the Court of Session against the last election of the magistracy of Edinburgh, with a view to annul that election, as being informal in a variety of particulars, which the court ordered to be answered. The answers having been followed by replies, and duplies for the magistrates, this important case came to be advised by the court on Tuesday. Four of the Lords only were present (the Lord Justice Clerk being absent from indisposition), all of whom gave it as their opinion, that the disqualification of one of the council invalidated the election. Two of the Judges, Lords Robertson and Bannatyne, were of opinion that the disqualification was proved.—Lords Glenlee and Craigie expressed doubts.—The case was again before the court on Thursday, when informations on certain points were ordered to be given in by Tuesday.

The court resumed consideration of this case yesterday, and heard the opinion of Lord Reston, who, as Lord Ordinary, had been called in, in consequence of the equality of the votes of the four other judges, to decide the point on which they differed, viz. Whether the admitted fact that Bailie Robert Anderson does not reside within the royalty, although just beyond it (Broughton-place), shall, in terms of the two acts of parliament regulating that matter, disqualify him from holding the office of bailie, and thereby annul the whole election as incomplete? or, Whether a long course of opposite practice, wherein gentlemen, though not strictly resident within the burgh, yet resident so near it as to perform all the duties, have held the office of bailie unchallenged, shall be allowed to go to proof? This latter was his Lordship's opinion; and the proof is accordingly allowed. Memorials on the other points of the cause were at the same time ordered.

On Saturday, at a general meeting of the subscribers to the new hotel and tavern, to be erected in Waterloo Place, it was stated by the Lord Provost, from the chair, that the subscription already amounted to nearly £22,000; and Sir W. Rae proposed, that the stock of the company should be raised to that sum, in place of £20,000, originally proposed, which would enable the company to furnish suitable chandeliers, grates, &c. for the large rooms. This proposal was unanimously agreed to, as was also an offer laid before the meeting from Mr Oman, to take a lease of the premises, when finished, at a rent of six per cent. per annum upon the whole outlay. The excavations are to be immediately begun, and the building will be commenced without delay. We un-

derstand considerable improvements have been made upon the plans, and that the hotel and tavern are to be kept quite separate. It is also understood that certain privileges in the coffee-room will be reserved to the subscribers.

On the 26th ult. the ship *Minerva* of Liverpool, for New York, put into Ullapool. After weathering a severe gale for some days, she was dismasted on the 21st, in lat. 54, lon. 20. Both her boats, and also her bulwarks and spars, were washed from the deck; the first mate and two of the men were likewise unfortunately washed overboard. By the greatest exertion of all on board, she was at last brought into Ullapool; but the crew and some of the passengers were frost-bitten, and all were completely exhausted with their great and unremitting exertions.—Late on the night of the 4th current, the inhabitants of Ullapool were greatly alarmed by dreadful screams proceeding from this vessel, then lying in the offing. On boats going out, it was found that the ship was on fire under the lowest deck. The inhabitants immediately flocked on board to assist the distressed and disabled crew; but in spite of every exertion, in less than three hours £150,000 worth of goods were consumed. It is supposed that a fourth part of her cargo will be got landed, though in a damaged state. As soon as it was perceived that the fire could not be got under, the vessel made for the shore, and approached so close, that fears were entertained for the safety of the village,—sparks flying about in all directions. Fortunately the wind shifted. Fragments of silks and goods of all descriptions were washed ashore from the wreck.

Union Canal.—On Tuesday, after the adjournment of the general meeting of the Union Canal Company, the committee of management, with many of the proprietors, proceeded to the west end of Fountainbridge, the spot fixed on for the basin, where they were met by the engineer and contractor; and after an appropriate and impressive prayer by the Rev. David Dickson, one of the ministers of the parish, Mr Downie of Appin, president of the company, dug the first spadeful in this extensive work. From a drawing which was exhibited at the meeting, of the aqueduct over Slateford valley, it promises to be one of the most striking and elegant structures of the kind in the kingdom. It is to be nearly 500 feet long, and 65 feet high; and it is designed by Mr Baird, on the principle of the celebrated aqueduct at Llangothlen in Wales.

13.—On Wednesday, a boy, who was amusing himself with a few companions in the Overgate, Dundee, was suddenly thrown down in a fit of epilepsy, and in a few seconds was strongly convulsed, when a sailor who was accidentally passing took off the boy's shoe, and held the inside of it to his nostrils for a short time, which almost im-

mediately restored him. The sailor averred that he had seen this often done, and never once without effect.

Court of Session, Second Division.—Wednesday the Court took into consideration the report of the auditor on the accounts of expenses incurred by the magistrates, the city clerks, and the keeper of the records, in defending themselves against the petitions and complaints of Deacon Lawrie, accusing them of contempt of authority; when they approved of the auditor's reports, and decreed against Mr Lawrie for £65:19:8, the expenses incurred on the part of the magistrates; £16, 2s. the expenses on the part of the clerks; and £47:12:10, the expenses incurred by the keeper of the records: in all, £159:14:6.

Inverness Election of Magistrates.—After the question respecting the last election of the magistracy of Edinburgh was disposed of, on Tuesday, the Court proceeded to consider the case of Inverness; the principal objection to the election of magistrates of which was, that though, by the set of the burgh, it was necessary that the whole members of the council should be resident burghesses, yet at the last election, two bailies and several councillors were elected, who were not qualified. It was contended for the magistrates, that the original set of the burgh had been altered by usage; and it was asserted, that the usage had been to elect persons who were not resident burghesses. The Court ordered the magistrates to descend on the facts which they averred in support of this plea; but expressed an opinion, that if usage is to be permitted to change the original constitution of the burghs, this usage ought to be invariable and general; not for a short period, or confined to a small number of cases, but for a period of at least forty years, and extending to a variety of instances.

Aberdeen Election of Magistrates annulled.—The Court afterwards took up the case of the city of Aberdeen. The complaint against the election of magistrates contained several objections, only one of which, however, the Court considered to be relevant. By the set of the burgh, the meeting of the old and new councils, for the purpose of electing the office-bearers, is appointed to consist of forty persons; and it is provided, that, if any of these persons are absent, the meeting may call in an equal number of other persons to act in their room, under the denomination of assistants. It appeared, that at the last election one of the assistants was not a burghess; and it was contended, that this circumstance rendered the proceedings of the meeting void. It was maintained for the magistrates, that it was not necessary for these assistants, by the terms of the set, to be qualified as burghesses; and that, at any rate, supposing this individual to have been disqualified, this circumstance merely set aside his vote,

without annulling the whole proceedings of the meeting. The Court, however, considered the objection well founded, and annulled the election. A separate application having been made by the complainers, that the Court would name interim magistrates to carry on the affairs of the burgh till a new regular magistracy could be obtained, the Court named interim managers, consisting partly of some of those office-bearers who were chosen at last Michaelmas and had accepted, and partly of the complainers.

Jury Court.—On Thursday the Court proceeded to try the issue in the cause in which General Mathew Baillie, of Carnbroe, in the county of Lanark, was pursuer, and James Bryson, surgeon in Hamilton, was defender. This was the second action of *crim. con.* ever tried before a Scottish jury. The issue sent by the Second Division of the Court of Session to be tried was, "Whether the defender did, on the 1st day of January 1818, or at any time between that time and the 1st day of January 1812, seduce and maintain an adulterous connexion, and did commit adultery with Mrs Elizabeth Cross, or Boyes, then the wife of the pursuer, at the pursuer's house at Carnbroe, or in the neighbourhood thereof." The damages were laid at £10,000.—The nature of the evidence in this case prevents us from giving any account of it. Ill usage of the lady, and introducing into the house four natural children of the pursuer's, were dwelt upon as matter of aggravation and alleviation of damages. The act of adultery was positively denied, and rested solely upon circumstantial proof. A great number of witnesses were examined for both parties, and the jury were charged by Mr John Clerk for the defender, and by Mr Jeffrey for the pursuer, in reply. The Lord Chief Commissioner summed up the evidence; and the jury having retired out of Court at half past five o'clock on Friday morning, returned in half an hour, finding the charges in the issue *Not Proven*. The verdict of the jury was hailed by a crowded Court with the greatest applause. There were no less than 150 witnesses in attendance for the defence. The defender is married to the sister of the pursuer's wife.

18.—At a numerous meeting of the Caledonian Hunt, on Tuesday se'ennight, the propriety of erecting a national monument to the memory of King Robert Bruce, whose body has recently been discovered amidst the ruins of the abbey of Dunfermline, was suggested, and highly approved of. It was also proposed, that the subscription should be limited to one guinea each person.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Advocates on the 10th inst. Mr Alexander Manners, who had filled the office of their principal librarian for twenty-five years, was induced, from the state of his health, to tender his resignation; upon which the Faculty unanimously resolved to allow him to retire on

his salary for life, and also to present him with a piece of plate of the value of 100 guineas.

19.—John Hendry, late tacksman of the corn mill at Kirkmichael, is apprehended and imprisoned in Ayr jail, on suspicion of having committed an extraordinary complication of crimes throughout Carrick.

On Tuesday se'ennight, one of the men employed in cutting a road through the ruins of the castle of Dingwall, the stronghold of the Earls of Ross, found a massive gold ring, set with a single large diamond, six feet beneath the surface. Although it bears no inscription, yet, from the workmanship, it seems to have been made in an age when the arts were in their infancy. The diameter is nine-tenths of an inch within, and one inch four-tenths when measured over.

20.—*Melancholy Shipwreck.*—The brig Leander, Fish, 236 tons per register, of and for Shields, from London, in ballast, being driven northward by the late furious gales, found herself embayed in the dreadful storm from S.E. in the night between the 4th and 5th inst. and soon after struck, about one A.M. on an outer rock in that dreadful part of the coast at Longside, near Slains Castle. The vessel being thereby thrown on her beam ends, fell with her gunwale under a shelving rock on the main-land, on which, at this awful moment, two of the crew jumped, and had with difficulty only just secured themselves, when looking round, they found their unfortunate vessel, with all left on board, eight men and a young woman, had totally disappeared. Left in this nearly hopeless situation, the survivors, Andrew George and James Durward (young men, and the only two on board unmarried), clung to the rock, exposed to all the horrors of that most tempestuous and dreadful night, in vain expecting the dawning day to bring the prospect of their deliverance; for, on the return of day-light, they found themselves under an impending precipice of prodigious height, from which there was hardly a possibility of their being seen from the land, or of their escaping from their perilous situation but by the ocean, into which, after passing the day in a state of despair not to be expressed, the poor seamen, although much exhausted, threw themselves, and swimming round a point, got to an accessible point of the steep cliff, and with the greatest exertion gained the summit in the evening.

Commission of the Peace for Fifeshire.—The names of Dr Charles Stuart of Duncarn, and Mr James Stuart, younger of Duncarn, which were omitted from the last Commission of the Peace for the county of Fife, owing to the Lord Lieutenant not recommending their names to be inserted in it, were, a few days ago, restored by the special order of the Lord Chancellor, who was at the same time pleased to desire, that it might be understood that he conceived the rule to be, that a name once inserted in

the Commission ought not to have been omitted without cause shown to the Great Seal, of which the Lord Chancellor would judge for himself, after due and just investigation.

24. *Burgh Reform.*—From the Scotsman.—List of such of the royal burghs of Scotland as have, within the last six months, openly espoused the cause of Reform, and voted resolutions, condemning the practice of self-election, with the total population of each, according to the census of 1811.

	Population.		Population.
Edinburgh.....	102,987	Dingwall.....	1,500
Glasgow.....	100,749	Haddington.....	4,370
Aberdeen.....	21,639	Lauder.....	1,742
Dundee.....	29,616	Jedburgh.....	4,454
5 Perth.....	16,945	20 Forres.....	2,925
Dumfries.....	9,262	Fortrose.....	1,312
Inverness.....	10,757	Lanark.....	5,667
Dumfermline.....	11,649	Annan.....	3,341
Montrose.....	8,955	Sanquhar.....	2,709
10 Ayr.....	6,291	25 Wigtown.....	2,711
Irvine.....	3,750	Whithorn.....	1,955
Inverury.....	907	Aberbrothock.....	5,280
Elgin.....	4,602	28 Peebles.....	2,485
Dysart.....	5,506		
15 St Andrews.....	4,511	Total population.....	379,360

List of royal burghs which have not hitherto moved in the cause of Reform.

	Population.		Population.
Inverbervie.....	927	Stirling.....	5,820
Brechin.....	5,559	Inverkeithing.....	2,400
Anstruther, E. } 1401		Dornock.....	2,681
Anstruther, W. } 1401		Tain.....	2,384
5 Pittenweem.....	1,096	25 Wick.....	5,080
Crail.....	1,600	Kirkwall.....	1,715
Kilrenny.....	1,253	Dumbarton.....	3,121
Cambelton.....	7,807	Renfrew.....	2,505
Rothsay.....	3,544	Rutherglen.....	3,529
10 Inverary.....	1,113	30 Dunbar.....	3,965
Banff.....	3,600	North Berwick.....	1,727
Cullen.....	1,070	Nairn.....	2,504
Kintore.....	863	Linlithgow.....	4,022
Burntisland.....	1,934	Selkirk.....	2,466
15 Kirkealdy.....	3,747	35 Kirkedbright.....	2,763
Kinghorn.....	2,204	Lochmaben.....	2,392
Cupar.....	4,758	New-Galloway.....	659
Forfar.....	5,652	38 Stranraer.....	1,923
Culross.....	1,611		
20 Queensferry.....	538	Total population.....	102,233

From this statement it appears, that of the sixty-six Scottish royal burghs, twenty-eight, or nearly one half of the total number, have voted resolutions in favour of reform. And it also appears, that the population of those burghs which have taken measures for the abolition of the practice of self-election, is to the population of those which have not expressed themselves on the subject, nearly as *four to one*.

As the above list is interesting in a statistical point of view, from its containing an account of the population of the different royal burghs in this part of the kingdom, we shall add an additional list of some other principal towns, not royal burghs, with their population, according to the same census.

	Population.		Population.
Paisley.....	19,907	Beith.....	3,755
Greenock.....	19,042	Stewarton.....	3,049
Nelston.....	4,949	Dunse.....	3,082
Kilmarnock.....	10,148	Peterhead.....	4,707
Allea.....	5,096	St Vigeans.....	4,771
Clackmannan.....	3,605	Falkirk.....	9,999
Port-Glasgow.....	5,116	St Ninians.....	7,636
Crief.....	3,300	Newton-Stewart.....	2,847
Kelso.....	4,408	Kinross.....	2,914
Melrose.....	3,132	Musselburgh.....	6,393
Hamilton.....	6,453	Dalketh.....	4,709
Maybole.....	3,946		

High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh.—On Wednesday came on the trial of the Reverend Joseph Robertson, minister of the Leith Wynd Chapel of Ease, in Edinburgh, and William Pearson, spirit-dealer in Canongate, accused of falsehood, fraud, and forgery, and of celebrating unlawful marriages. The pannels pleaded *Not Guilty*, and the trial proceeded. After having examined a number of witnesses on both sides—Mr Drummond for the Crown, Mr Maitland for Mr Robertson, and Mr Pringle for Pearson, severally addressed the Jury, when Lord Gillies summed up the whole in a very able manner; after which the Jury, without leaving the box, unanimously found Robertson guilty of clandestinely celebrating the marriages libelled, and both the prisoners guilty of feloniously using certificates of proclamation of banns as genuine, knowing them to be forged. Next day Lords Succoth and Reston having delivered their opinions on the case, Lord Gillies, who presided, after addressing the prisoners, sentenced them both to three months' imprisonment in the jail of Canongate, and Mr Robertson thereafter to be banished Scotland for life, in terms of the statute, and Pearson for the period of fourteen years, with the usual certifications.

26. *Ross-shire.*—In consequence of the notice in the Inverness papers, a numerous and respectable meeting of the members of the Ross and Sutherland-shires Highland Society, clad in the complete costume of their respective clans, took place at Tain on the 19th inst. After fixing on a code of regulations, whereby it was resolved, not only to revive the dress and language of their forefathers, but also to establish a fund for some benevolent purpose, and agreeing, that the society shall in future be denominated "The Ross, Cromarty, and Sutherland-shires Highland Society;" and after balloting several gentlemen as members, elected office-bearers for the ensuing year.

Daring Robbery.—On the night of Friday last, about eight o'clock, Peter Mair, carrier betwixt Blackburn and this city, was, on his way home, attacked by three villains, near the village of Tollcross. Two of them seized him, and laid him prostrate upon the foot-path, while the other searched him; but not finding what he wanted, he went to the cart, and discovered his great coat, which contained a pocket-book, with nearly £200 in bank-notes: without offering any violence to his person, the robbers made clear off with their booty. It is somewhat singular, that although the carrier had about £2 in silver upon him, and a silver watch, no attempt was made to deprive him of these articles. It is therefore probable, that the robbers had previously known of what property he was possessed, which we understand belonged chiefly to weaving agents.

The Jury Court proceeded on Wednesday to try the issue, in which Andrew Forgie, weaver in Dunfermline, eldest son of

Andrew Forgie, spirit-dealer there, was pursuer, and John Henderson, excise-officer in Dunfermline, was defender.

The issue sent from the Second Division of the Court of Session to the Jury to try, was, "Whether, on the evening of the 27th, or morning of the 28th of September 1816, or about that time, the defender did, in the Bridge Street of Dunfermline, or the neighbourhood thereof, violently assault, and cruelly beat and bruise the pursuer, to the effusion of his blood, with a pistol, or otherwise, or whether the pursuer did first assault and strike the defender."

The damages were laid at £1000.

Mr John Clerk addressed the Jury for the defender, and Mr Jeffrey spoke in reply. The evidence having been summed up by the Lord Chief Commissioner, the Jury retired for about half an hour, and returned a verdict for the pursuer.—Damages £70.

High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh.—Wednesday came on the trial of Patrick Main, George Stewart, George Aitchison, and John M^cNicol, prisoners in the jail of Edinburgh, accused of theft and house-breaking.

One of the pannels, Stewart, died in prison since his indictment was served upon him. A woman of the name of Jane Connal was also charged in the indictment as a resetter; but a certificate was produced from a surgeon, on soul and conscience, stating, that owing to her having been, within a few days, delivered of a child, she could not with safety be removed.

John M^cNicol, having failed to appear, was outlawed.

The diet against Jane Connal was continued.

It appeared, that a gang of these boys, from ten to sixteen years of age, had lived and slept in the house for a considerable time.

There was produced along with one of Main's declarations, a letter he had contrived to send out of the jail to a boy of the name of Cameron. It was as complete a flash production as ever was produced, and only intelligible to the gang. In his declaration, Main fully explained the meaning of all the flash words. Attached to the letter were three verses of a flash song.

The Jury returned a verdict, unanimously finding both pannels *Guilty* of the crimes libelled, but Aitchison not guilty of being habit and repute a thief. Thereafter, the Chancellor of the Jury stated, that the Jury, by a very great majority, almost amounting to unanimity, recommended Aitchison to mercy.

Lord Gillies stated, that this was a most melancholy and distressing case; for it was a lamentable fact, that the greater part of the crimes committed in this country were by youthful predators, of which the numbers who had of late appeared at that bar were most woful examples.

Lord Hermand proceeded to pass sen-

tence of death upon the prisoners, when a scene of the utmost distress presented itself. The prisoners cried most piteously, and when desired to stand up, they fell down below the bar. After some minutes delay, they were supported by the police officers; and Lord Hermand, after a suitable admonition, in delivering which he seemed to be extremely agitated, and was often interrupted by the cries and lamentations of the prisoners, sentenced them to be executed at Edinburgh, on Wednesday the 29th day of April next.

30.—Friday, the sitting Magistrate in the Council Chamber sentenced Alexander Aitchison, Jacob Wagner, George Hardie, George Macqueen, George Thomson, and Duncan Mackenzie, to be confined for sixty days in Bridewell, at hard labour, for stealing a quantity of articles from the shop of Mr Alexander Spence, goldsmith, Bank Street. The above culprits are all young boys, some of them not exceeding ten years of age; and the whole have formerly been in Bridewell, some of them not less than

four times. This strongly shows, that this mode of punishment is disregarded by the young depredators in this city and neighbourhood.

14.—A bill of suspension and interdict, at the instance of James Stuart, Esq. younger of Dunearn, and others, proprietors in Prince's Street, against the completing the road from the Earthen Mound, presently forming through the Park, in front of Prince's Street, towards the public markets, having been lately presented, the Lord Ordinary on the Bills appointed the bill to be answered. Answers for the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh having been given in, Lord Bannatyne, upon application from the suspenders, agreed to hear counsel upon the question of interdict; and on Monday, upon hearing Mr Cunningham as counsel for the suspenders, his Lordship observed, that it was unnecessary for Mr Laing, on the part of the city, to state any thing, as his Lordship was disposed to refuse the interdict, which he did accordingly, but passed the bill *quoad ultra*.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Edward Langdon Oke, Esq. is appointed Consul at Southampton for the kingdom of Hanover, in room of Thomas Bedingfield Day, Esq.

Mr Harington is approved of as Consul at the Cape of Good Hope, for his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.

Mr Isaac Hadwen is approved of as Consul at Gibraltar, for ditto.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Prince Regent has presented the Rev. James Sievwright, minister of the presbyterian meeting at Gateshead, Newcastle, to the church and parish of Markinch, presbytery of Kirkealdy, vacant by the translation of the Rev. D. Wright to Stirling.

His Royal Highness has also presented the Rev. Mr Laidlaw, Newcastle, to the church and parish of Kirkton, presbytery of Jedburgh, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr Elliott.

III. MILITARY.

4 D. G. C. W. Evors to be Cornet by purch. vice Mimmack, ret. 12 Feb. 1818.

J. F. S. Clarke to be Cornet by purch. vice Scott, prom. 19 do.

J. Clemison to be Cornet by purch. vice Ramsay, prom. 25 Dec. 1817

1 Dr. John Dillon to be Cornet by purch. vice Dillon, ret. 5 March 1818.

4 Assist. Surg. W. Gardiner, from 20 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Hickson, dead 12 Feb.

15 William Elton to be Cornet by purch. vice Lane, prom. do.

16 James Cannon to be Cornet by purch. vice M'Dougal, prom. do.

17 Lieut. A. B. de C. Brooke, from R. Horse Gds. to be Capt. by purch. vice Supple, ret. 26 do.

19 George Meeham to be Cornet by purch. vice Georges, prom. do.

25 Wm Gleadowe to be Cornet by purch. vice Wildey, 13 Dr. 12 do.

James M'Douall to be Cornet by purch. vice Amiel, prom. 19 do.

C. F. G. C. Ricketts to be Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Armytage, York Rang. 5 March

1 Foot. Lieut. J. Stoyte, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Bothamley, dead 10 Feb.

— J. Jeffries, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Miller, dead 11 do.

1 Foot. Ensign J. Dixon to be Lieut. by purch. vice Hendrick, prom. 12 Feb.

— J. Stoyte, from h. p. to be Ensign, vice Grant, dead 11 do.

A. Graham to be Ensign by purch. vice Dixon. 12 do.

Surg. B. Sandford, from h. p. 85 F. to be Surg. vice Roberts, cancelled do.

2 Lieut. W. Ilunt to be Adj. vice Imlack, res. 26 do.

8 Lieut. D. Vans Maehen, from h. p. 75 F. to be Lt. vice Briscoe, superseded 5 March

20 Hosp. Assist. J. Clarke to be Assist. Surg. vice Gardiner, 14 Dr. 12 Feb.

32 Lieut. W. Havelock, from 43 F. to be Capt. by purch. vice Hames, ret. 19 do.

45 Ensign R. W. H. Drury to be Lieut. by purch. vice Havelock, 52 F. 5 March

— Halford to be Ensign by purch. vice Drury do.

48 Capt. P. Macdougall, from h. p. 11 F. to be Captain do.

Lieut. H. M'Quarrie, from 86 F. to be Lieut. do.

58 Ensign — Campbell to be Lieut. vice Rogers, dead 12 Feb.

Geo. Fitzroy to be Ens. vice Campbell do.

68 Capt. F. C. Crotty, from h. p. 39 F. to be Capt. 26 do.

Lieut. S. Douglas, from h. p. 50 F. to be Lieut. 25 do.

Ensign J. Kearns to be Lieut. 26 do.

Arthur Mair to be Ensign, vice Kearns, prom. 5 March

69 Gent. Cadet J. E. Muttelbury to be Ensign, vice Weir, prom. 19 Feb.

Gent. Cadet J. F. Woodward to be Ensign by purch. vice Dixon, cancelled do.

Capt. W. Brownson, from h. p. 25 F. to be Capt. 26 do.

Lieut. W. Black, from h. p. to be Lieut. 25 do.

Ensign S. Spooner to be Lieut. 26 do.

Hon. M. Arbutnot to be Ensign, vice Spooner 6 March

77 Lieut. J. Wilson to be Capt. by purch. vice Rogers, ret. 5 do.

Ensign J. G. Rogers to be Lieut. by purch. vice Wilson do.

H. Massingberd to be Ensign by purch. vice Rogers do.

88 John Gibson to be Ensign by purch. vice Smith, ret. 12 Feb.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>			
Hon. J. Gordon	Carnation	J. Trivick	Pike
Alex. Montgomery	Confiance	J. M'Dougal	Pioneer
David Buchan	Dorothea	R. Power	Sappho
Wm Walpole	Curlew	William White	Spartan
John Gore	Doterell	G. T. Applton	Spey
Henry Shiffner	Drake	William Newnham	Tamar
F. E. Loeh	Eden	G. Millard	Tees
W. R. A. Pettman	Ferret	F. Ruekert	Wil. & Mary, &c.
Henry Forbes	Grasshopper	<i>Surgeons.</i>	
A. B. Branch	Harlequin	Henry Hall	Carnation
Hyde Parker	Iphigenia	James Carruthers	Cherokee
John Ross	Isabella	Herman Cochrane	Curlew
F. A. Collier	Liverpool	N. M'Morris	Doterell
James H. Plumridge	Sappho	Thomas B. Wilson	Drake
W. F. Wise	Spartan	Robert Williams	Erne
J. R. White	Spey	John Lawson	Ferret
George Rennie	Tees	Charles Osborne	Grasshopper
<i>Lieutenants.</i>			
Charles D. Ackland	Albion	Pearce Power	Harlequin
W. E. Parry	Alexander	Francis Connin	Iphigenia
H. P. Hoppner	Ditto	J. W. Latham	Liverpool
Robert Boyle	Ditto	Abraham Warner	Sappho
R. P. Littlewort	Antelope	John Rodmell	Spartan
Richard Hoare	Ditto	James Bigger	Spey
James Roy	Blossom	W. S. Thomas	Tees
George Heastey	Cadmus	<i>Assistant Surgeons.</i>	
Fred. Freeman	Carnation	Alexander Fisher	Alexander
George Vevers	Ditto	William Connon	Bulwark
Vaughan Lloyd	Conqueror	Thomas Mitchel	Cadmus
J. A. Morell	Ditto	David Elder	Carnation
S. H. Hemmans	Dorothea	K. Ferguson	Conqueror
Jos. F. Forster	Curlew	W. G. Borland	Dorothea
Wm Downey	Ditto	J. H. M'Manus	Curlew
Jos. J. Johnson	Doterell	W. F. O'Kane	Doterell
V. Munbee	Ditto	Alexander Baird	Drake
Thos W. Moffett	Drake	W. Leyson	Erne
James R. Booth	Eden	James Skeoch	Eurydice
John Church	Favourite	William Barr	Ferret
Henry Croker	Ferret	Camp. France	Grasshopper
Mieh. Stackpoole	Grasshopper	John Conway	Harlequin
W. Ellison	Ditto	Philip Kely	Harricr
J. B. P. Chichester	Harlequin	John Panton	Iphigenia
George Robinson	Ditto	C. J. Beverley	Isabella
Fras Ormond	Iphigenia	A. C. Hyndman	Ister
G. W. C. Courtenay	Ditto	Joseph M'Crea	Larne
Wm Robertson	Isabella	W. Anderson	Leander
R. B. Reed	Liverpool	James Little	Liverpool
R. B. Fenwick	Ditto	Peter Boyd	Myrmidon
C. Carpenter	Minden	Stephen Mason	Northumberland
S. Hopkins	Pike	J. M'Kilray	Pike
Edward Coleman	Pique	Henry Marshall	Protector
W. Hewett	Protector	Robert Gordon	Rochfort
J. W. Young	Queen Charlotte	Cloud Brown	Salisbury
W. R. Cooley	Ditto	H. Carter	Ditto
Alphonso Henry	Ramillies	Evan Davies	Ditto
Mieh. Quin	Sappho	Robert M'Farlane	Ditto
James Annesley	Ditto	Mathew Kay	Ditto
James U. Purches	Shamrock	Robert Marshall	Sappho
George Beckwith	Spartan	John Campbell	Scamander
Wm Shephard	Ditto	John Pragnell	Shamrock
Vere Gabriel	Ditto	Alexander Bernard	Spartan
W. Hobson	Spey	James Smith	Spey
D. C. Clavering	Ditto	Joseph Bassan	Superb
J. S. Murray	Tees	George Sibbald	Tagus
John Franklin	Trent	C. D. Keane	Tamur
F. W. Beechy	Ditto	John Buchanan	Tees
W. B. Weekes	Vengeur	Thomas Elder	Tiber
<i>Royal Marines.</i>			
Capt. E. N. Lowder	Bulwark	J. W. Langstaff	Tonnant
1st Lt. W. J. Stewart	Ditto	Alexander Gillellan	Trent
A. Dunlop	Liverpool	<i>Pursers.</i>	
John Cooke	Queen Charlotte	W. K. Hooper	Alexander
T. Appleton	Tamer	William Bell	Carnation
2d Lt. W. Calamy	Iphigenia	William Wiseman	Confiance
L. D. Woore	Spartan	John Germain	Dorothea
James Clarke	Tees	John Stranger	Curlew
<i>Masters.</i>			
W. Gowdy	Curlew	Thomas Woodman	Doterell
W. Sidney	Doterell	Thomas Cockburn	Drake
A. Campbell	Drake	W. R. Cracknell	Driver
A. Watson	Driver	Phillip Marcuard	Eden
J. J. M'Coy	Erne	George Marsh	Ferret
W. Wilson	Favourite	James Benifold	Grasshopper
James Wilson	Ferret	Robert M. Read	Harlequin
T. P. Lurchen	Florida	Thomas A. Wallis	Iphigenia
William Scott	Grasshopper	W. Thorn	Isabella
R. Holmes	Harlequin	W. Twynam	Liverpool
W. Petre	Iphigenia	Aeneas M'Intosh	Sappho
J. Patrick	Liverpool	John G. Lean	Shamrock
H. East	Pigmy	John Snape	Spartan
		Fred. Bone	Spey
		Stephen Fisher	Tees
		W. Barrett	Trent

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—April 10th 1818.

Sugar. The demand for this article, for the last ten days, has been limited, notwithstanding the stock on hand is very much reduced, and there is a certainty of no considerable quantity of new Sugars reaching the market for some weeks to come. Still there is no depression of price, and the holders confidently anticipate an advance. The excessive bad weather in the Islands has rendered the crops very late, which has retarded, and must yet greatly retard, the arrival of fresh Sugars in the market. In London, an advance upon Refined Sugar is anticipated from the extensive exportations about to take place to Russia. At Liverpool, some East India Sugars, brought forward by Auction, were withdrawn for want of purchasers. In Glasgow, some new Demerara Sugars sold by public sale, at 89s. 6d. and 93s. per cwt.—The demand for Molasses continues extensive.—*Cotton.* The demand in Liverpool continues regular for this article. The sales, for the week ending 4th April, amounted to 6200 bags. Very considerable importations are daily expected in the different ports. In London, the demand for foreign use is very extensive for Bahia Cottons, an inconsiderable quantity could only be obtained. Though the demand is less brisk than formerly for other kinds, still the prices are steady. The price of Cotton abroad is now very high, so much so, that the importer cannot, in many instances, realize the sum paid for it. The East India Company have declared a sale of about 15,000 bags, on the 24th of this month.—*Coffee.* The stock of this article is very much reduced. In London, the demand has of late been more languid; the high prices are however maintained, and the holders anticipate a further advance. Great part of the limited stock now on hand is held by speculators. In Liverpool, the demand has lately been extensive, and about 400 casks and 4000 bags have been purchased by public and private sale, principally for home export and upon speculation.—*Oil.* The arrival of three vessels at London, from the South Seas, with about 1000 tons of Oil, has considerably lowered the market. The depression on Southern Whale Oil may be estimated at £4 per ton. Greenland Oil has, in consequence, given way in price. The Cape Oil lately at market has all been disposed of. Cod and Seal Oil are merely nominal in price. In the Liverpool market, Palm and Turpentine Oil remain steady. Olive Oil moves off slowly. Rape Oil is dull, but Linseed is in request at 4s. 6d.—*Tobacco.* The inquiry for this article continues to be considerable. The principal part of the reduced stock in the London market is held by speculators, who anticipate a considerable advance in price. The demand in Liverpool has been limited, but prices remain unaltered.—*Rice.* For some days the demand for this article in the London market was considerable. It has however again subsided. Considerable quantities of East India Rice were offered for sale, but withdrawn. The qualities, however, were of inferior descriptions. In Liverpool, Carolina Rice has been sold at a reduction of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt., and which was occasioned by the supposition that the new duties would only be 10s. instead of 20s. 0½d. per cwt. Upon the whole, the market for this article may at present be considered as very heavy.—*Corn.* The price of grain has rather advanced. The supply at the London market has lately been more limited, and the demand considerably increased. The expectations, however, of considerable arrivals of foreign supplies may probably prevent any material advance. The abundance of the last harvest on the Continent, as well as in America and Ireland, is far more than sufficient to make up for the deficiency in Great Britain. The demand for Barley for shipping has been considerable. Beans, and gray Pease, and white Boilers, are in good request. The principal advance took place on the finer qualities of Wheat.—*Irish Provisions.* Prime Beef continues in fast demand. The inquiry for India and mess Pork is increased. In Bacon there is no variation. The Butter market has of late been heavy, and a depression in price is expected to take place. In Liverpool, the stock of Butter is small, and the demand regular. Pork is in good demand.—*Naval Stores.* Spirits are not so much in demand, and the price rather lower. In Pitch and Rosin there is no variation. The purchases of Stockholm Tar have been made at a small decline. An arrival of rough Turpentine in London is said to be disposed of at 19s. without any allowance. In Liverpool, 500 Barrels have been sold at 18s. to 18s. 6d. per cwt. and 300 barrels Archangel Tar, 21s. 6d. per barrel.—*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.* In London, the demand for Hemp has given way, but the price is little varied. The sale in Liverpool is very dull. Flax is in limited request, at former prices. There is not much business doing in Tallow; and the limited purchases of yellow Candle are a shade lower. In Liverpool, the stock of Tallow is much reduced, and therefore the article is inquired for.—*Shumac, &c.*—This article has been in great request in the Liverpool market. 1500 bags were lately sold at 21s. to 23s. 6d. per cwt. Brimstone from Sicily has been sold at £27, 7s. 6d. per ton, and higher rates are demanded. 3000 bags of Saltpetre were disposed of on the week ending April 4th, at 41s. to 41s. 9d. per cwt. Several lots of New York and Philadelphia Flaxseed were sold at £5, 5s. per hhd. but upon which an advance of 5s. is now demanded.—*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.* In the London market, the demand for Rum, which had been considerable for exportation, has again subsided, and purchases may therefore be made a shade lower. In Liverpool, the business done on this article has been considerable. From 600 to 800 puncheons were taken in the week ending April 4th, at 3s. 7d.

for 16 O. P. and on which quality the demand chiefly Rum. Geneva continues dull. The better kinds of Brandy, being very scarce, maintain their former prices, inferior qualities of which there has lately been considerable importations from Naples, Spain, and Bourdeaux, may be quoted on the decline. The latter is used for adulterating the real Cognac before it comes to market, and the price of which, in France, is at present uncommonly high.—*Wine.* By the last advices from Oporto, a great rise has taken place on Port Wines. There is little doubt but it must continue to bear a much higher price than it has for some time done. Sherry, by the last advices, is also considerably advanced. The other descriptions are expected to follow.—*Dycwoods.* The demand in Liverpool for Dyewoods has rather been languid. Jamaica Logwood was sold at £9, 10s. to £9, 12s. 6d. off the quay. Nicaragua Wood, at £30 per ton. 140 tons Parafustic at £6 per ton, and small parcels of Cuba, at £16 to £17 per ton. Honduras Mahogany, lately imported, sold at 14½d. per foot. About 1500 Buenos-Ayres' Hides, of good quality, have been sold at 9d. per lb.

In our previous Numbers we have had occasion to notice the increased activity of our Cotton Manufactures. This activity fully continues. During the three first months of this year, the importations of Cotton amount to 146,881 bags, and the export only to 7001 bags, which clearly points out the vast and increased consumption in this country. The excess of importation in Liverpool, during the period we have just mentioned, is 37,633 bags more than for the corresponding period of 1817. From the first of January to the 1st of April, there has been paid, at London and Liverpool, the duties on the following articles for home consumption, viz.

Sugar,	-	727,742 cwts.	Duty is	£1,091,610
Coffee,	-	18,312 ditto	ditto	65,923
Cocoa,	-	276 ditto	ditto	2,612
Rum,	-	424,181 gallons, allowing for strength,		275,700
				£1,334,845

It is not one branch of our manufactures only which have increased, every one has felt the invigorating change. The following is a correct statement of the great increase in the Woollen Manufactures of the kingdom, viz.

Narrow cloth milled during 1817,	132,607 ps.	5,233,616 yds.
Increase in 1817,	11,706 ps.	1,582,907 yds.
Broad cloth ditto,	351,122 ps.	10,974,473 yds.
Increase ditto,	25,673 ps.	839,188 yds.
Making a total increase of	37,379 ps.	2,422,095 yds.

The increase also of the Revenues of the country have kept pace with the most sanguine expectations. During the quarter ending the 5th instant, the excess beyond the preceding quarter is £739,009, and the excess beyond the corresponding quarter of 1817, is no less than £1,589,507. This excess also has taken place after the immense payment made for duties on Sugar, at the end of the previous quarter, and immediately before the additional duties took place, and which amounted to £500,000 or £600,000; and yet, after all this, we find the Customs, for the last quarter, increased nearly £200,000.

Course of Exchange, April 7.—Amsterdam, 37:2 U. Paris, 24:20. Bourdeaux, 24:40. Frankfort on the Maine, 142 Ex. Madrid, 40 effect. Cadiz, 39½ effect. Gibraltar, 3s. Leghorn, 5l. Genoa, 47½. Malta, 5l. Naples, 43½. Palermo, 130 per oz. Rio Janeiro, 67. Dublin, 9½. Cork, 9½. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £4:1:0. New dollars, 5s. 4½d. Foreign gold, in bars, £4:1:0. New doubloons, £0:0:0. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 4d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 30th March 1818.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.	30th.
Bank stock,	287½	Shut.	Shut.	Holiday.	Shut.
3 per cent. reduced,	79½	—	—	—	—
3 per cent. consols,	78¾ ¼	77¾ 78½	77¾ 78½	—	78½ ¾
4 per cent. consols,	99½	—	—	—	—
5 per cent. navy ann.	106½	105½	105½	—	106
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	—	—	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	97 pr.	95 pr.	94 pr.	—	82 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2½d. p.d.	20 pr.	18 pr.	15 pr.	—	16 pr.
Consols for acc.	79½ 78¾	78½ ¼ ¼	78¼ ¾ ¼	—	78¼ ¾
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	65
— new loan, 6p.c.	—	—	—	—	103 103½
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	65 f. 60 c.

PRICES CURRENT.—April 10, 1818.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	75 to —	77 to 81	73 to 77	77 to 79	} £1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	82 86	82 89	78 87	80 82	
Fine and very fine, . .	88 90	—	89 95	87 88	}
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150 155	—	—	154 163	
Powder ditto,	124 128	—	—	111 126	}
Single ditto,	118 124	120	124 126	115 123	
Small Lumps	114 118	112 114	124 128	114 123	}
Large ditto,	110 114	103 110	113 118	107 109	
Crushed Lumps,	65 68	—	68 74	73 75	} 0 7 6½
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	38 40	36 37	39 6 40 0	35 6 —	
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.					} per lb.
Ord. good, and fine ord.	98 108	97 106	96 104	105 110	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	108 110	106 108	105 112	112 118	} 0 0 7½
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	90 94	—	92 99	98 107	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	98 108	98 106	100 107	110 114	}
Mid. good, and fine mid.	108 114	106 112	103 114	115 118	
St Domingo,	100 104	100 103	100 105	108 112	} 0 0 9½
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	9 10	—	—	10 9 ½	
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 7d 1s 6d	3s 6d 3s 7d	3s 5d 3s 7d	3s 4d 3s 6d	} 0 8 1½
Brandy,	14 0 14 3	—	—	12 3 12 6	
Geneva,	3 9 4 0	—	—	3 6 3 8	} {B.S.} 0 17 0½
Aqua,	7 6 7 9	—	—	13 6 —	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	50 54	—	—	£35 60	} {B.S.} 145 18 0
Portugal Red, pipe.	43 50	—	—	46 54	
Spanish White, butt.	30 35	—	—	25 65	} {F.S.} 95 11 0
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	—	—	27 40	
Madeira,	60 70	—	—	60 66	} {B.S.} 96 13 0
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£8 10 —	8 5 8 10	9 5 9 10	8 10 8 15	} 0 9 1½
Honduras,	9 —	8 5 9 0	9 15 10 0	8 15 9 0	
Campeachy,	10 —	10 0 10 10	10 5 10 15	10 0 10 10	}
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	12 15	—	12 0 14 0	14 0 15 0	
Cuba,	17 —	—	16 10 17 5	18 0 18 10	} 1 4 6½
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	—	10 6d 11	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 2 2 4	—	2 9 3 0	—	} 50c. f.
Ditto Oak,	4 6 5 0	—	—	—	
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 4 2 5	—	—	—	} 0 0 4½
Honduras Mahogany	1 0 1 6	0 10 1 8	1 2 1 3	1s 2 1 3	
St Domingo, ditto . . .	—	1 2 3 0	1 10 2 6	1 9 2 0	} 3 16 0
TAR, American, . . brl.	—	—	18 6 20	19 6 —	
Archangel,	22 23	—	21 23	21 9 —	} {B.S.} 1 8 6
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.	10 11	—	—	9 6	} {F.S.} 1 10 1
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	80 81	78 80	80 82	80 81	
Home Melted,	— 80	—	—	—	} 0 3 2
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	— 50	51 52	—	£49 10 —	
Petersburgh Clean, . .	48 50	50 51	51 52	48 10 —	} {B.S.} 0 0 9 1½
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	79 0	—	—	82 —	} {B.S.} 0 0 4 ¾
Dutch,	50 120	—	—	65 80	
Irish,	38 66	—	—	—	} {F.S.} 0 0 7 ½
MATS, Archangel, . . 100.	112 115	—	—	£5 10 5 15	} {B.S.} 1 3 9
BRISTLES,					
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	16 0 16 10	—	—	14 0 14 7 6	} {B.S.} 0 3 6½
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	56 57	60 62	—	57s 58	} {F.S.} 0 4 6½
Montreal ditto,	65 66	65 66	56 56	68 —	
Pot,	58 60	62 64	56 57	— 58	} 0 1 7
OIL, Whale, tun.	52 —	52 53	45 46	£40 42	
Cod,	54 (p. brl.) —	48 49	44 —	40 —	}
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9½ 10½	10½ 11	0 8½ 0 9½	10 11	
Middling,	8½ 9	9 9½	0 6½ 0 7	9½ 10½	} 0 10
Inferior,	7½ 8	8½ 9	0 5 0 6	8 9	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	1 9 1 10½	1 7 1 9	1s 7d. 1s 9d.	} per 100 lbs.
Sea Island, fine,	—	3 2 3 8	2 10 3 0	2s 5d. 3s 6d.	
good,	—	2 10 3 0	2 7 2 9	—	} {B.S.} 0 8 7
middling,	—	2 8 2 9	2 2 2 6	—	
Demerara and Berbice, . .	—	1 11 2 2	1 10 2 3	1 10 2 2	} {F.S.} 0 17 2
West India,	—	1 8 2 0	1 8 1 9½	1 7 1 10½	
Pernambuco,	—	2 2 2 3	2 1 2 1½	2 1 2 2	}
Maranham,	—	2 1 2 1½	1 11½ 2 0½	2 0 2 ¼	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st March 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

- | | |
|--|---|
| Aguilar, J. Devonshire Square, broker | Brain, W. Snodland, Kent, miller |
| Allen, M. Aisgarth, Yorkshire, dealer | Brown, J. A. Liverpool, merchant |
| Allport, E. Birmingham, silver-plater | Cook, J. Liverpool, merchant |
| Almond, R. Dartmouth, Devon, grocer | Cholders, R. George Street, Oxford Street, victual-ler |
| Bull, J. Bristol, victualler | Coles, C. Ditcham Grove, Southampton, stationer |
| Bowdidge, J. Axminster, Devon, baker | Cohen, J. Manchester, hat manufacturer |
| Bishop, J. Warnford Court, Throgmorton Court, merchant | Constantine, J. Crook-mill, Westmoreland, M. Robinson, West-house, Yorkshire, and A. Tyson, Crook-mill, flax-spinners |
| Brown, H. Ruddington, Nottingham, butcher | Cowell, B. B. Shoreditch, oilman |
| Bates, E. Halifax, manufacturer | |
| Boycett, R. Newport, butcher | |

Cracklow, C. T. Scott's-wharf, St Saviour's, marble-merchant
 Curme, G. & T. Brighton, linen-draper
 Dancy, N. Bristol, linen-draper
 Davies, S. Llansaintfraid, Denbighshire, spirit-dealer
 Davies, T. jun. Chorlton, Cheshire, farmer
 Ellwell, W. Birmingham, chemist
 Earle, J. Winchester, Southampton, druggist
 Eeles, T. Colliers rents, Southwark, fellmonger
 Fleming, T. Liverpool, linen-draper
 Gates, S. Steyning, Sussex, wine and spirit merchant
 Garside, R. Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner
 Gibbs, G. Swanmore, Southampton, porter
 Gifford, J. Frome Selwood, coal-merchant
 Gilkes, W. jun. Aldersgate Street, cooper
 Gwillym, A. L. Great Bath Street, Clerkenwell, grocer
 Harvey, W. Houndsditch, coppersmith
 Hall, A. Drayton, Staffordshire, dealer
 Harvey, R. Oxford Street, grocer
 Hawkins, J. Huddersfield, butcher
 Hinde, J. Liverpool, money-scrivener
 Holmes, J. Birmingham, dealer
 Hopkins, W. Aldersgate Street, cooper
 Hughes, H. Liverpool, joiner
 Johnston, A. Manchester, silk-mercier
 Joseph, J. Ratcliffe Highway, slop-seller
 James, R. Bristol, cabinet-maker
 Jenkins, J. Dudley, mercer
 Joseph, S. & W. Hughes, Winchester Street, merchants
 King, J. Swaffham, Norfolk, farmer
 Lord, J. Manchester, tobacconist
 Mills, J. Uxbridge, Middlesex, truss-maker
 Marshal, J. Great Grimsby, corn-merchant
 Marsden, W. N. Manchester, corn-dealer
 Mercer, J. Greystonely, Lancashire, lime-burner
 Moore, G. Liverpool, grocer
 Moore, J. Armitage, Staffordshire, victualler
 Nutt, T. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer
 Proctor, J. & J. Besser, Steyning Lane, cloth-factors
 Patterson, C. Great Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, woollen-factor
 Porter, J. Wington, Somersetshire, nurseryman
 Pugh, J. Tyn-y-foch, Merioneth, farmer
 Peacock, J. H. Burwell, Cambridgeshire, merchant
 Padgett, W. Vauxhall, Surrey, grocer
 Pratt, J. Brook's Place, Kennington, surgeon
 Parker, H. Sheffield, Yorkshire, cutler
 Pitcher, J. Back Road, St George's, bricklayer
 Plummer, T. Brailsford, Derby, innkeeper
 Politt, C. Manchester, grocer
 Proctor, G. & W. Birmingham, opticians
 Rouse, W. Woolwich, victualler
 Ready, S. Southampton, dealer
 Ridler, J. Worcester, dealer
 Ronalds, F. H. & J. Singleton, Foster Lane, Cheap-side, warehousemen
 Rycroft, J. Idle, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer
 Smith, R. Gorton, Lancashire, warehouseman
 Scott, R. Liverpool, merchant
 Sanders, D. Stafford, law-stationer
 Smith, W. & P. P. Papillon, Morton Bridge, Surrey, dyers
 Soutten, E. Fox and Knot Yard, Snow Hill, dealer
 Stubbs, J. Long Acres, coach-plater
 Sunderland, S. & A. Barnoldswick, Yorkshire, corn-dealer
 Tows, W. Workingham, Berkshire, merchant
 Tapscott, W. Plymouth, victualler
 Vose, J. Hardshaw, Lancaster, ironmonger
 William, G. Ironmonger's Lane, London and Manchester, merchant
 Wilks, J. Finsbury Square, merchant
 Watson, M. A. Fareham, Southampton, mercer
 West, J. C. Bristol, broker
 Walthew, M. Liverpool, grocer
 Walker, T. & H. P. Parry, Bristol, ironmongers
 Walton, W. Evesham, Worcestershire, barge-owner
 Ware, W. H. Bow Street, Covent Garden, music-seller
 Wilson, J. & J. Wilson, Shrewsbury, drapers
 Wood, J. Manchester, broker
 Wright, W. Bristol, vender of medicines

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between 1st and 31st March 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brodie, John, ship-owner in Dysart
 Cublick, Wm, merchant, Greenock
 Forbes, Wm, merchant, ship-builder, and ship-owner, in Peterhead
 M'Eachnie, John, merchant in Oban
 Macrae, Adam, some time merchant in Dingwall, now in Cromarty
 Stephen, Alexander, haberdasher, Glasgow
 Sempill and M'Nab, brewers in Hutchesontown of Glasgow, and Hamilton, Collins Sempill and Peter M'Nab, the individual partners of that concern

DIVIDENDS.

Breakenridge, Andrew, & Company, merchants, Glasgow; by James M'Ewan, agent there—a final one.
 Cruden, George, merchant, Glasgow; by King and Campbell, writers there, 15th April.
 Duguid, William, manufacturer, Aberdeen; by Alexander Webster, advocate there
 Fleeming, Hugh, jun. carrying on business as a merchant in Glasgow, under the firm of Hugh Fleeming, jun. and as a manufacturer of soap and candle there, under the firm of the Gallowgate Soap and Candle Company; by James Kerr, accountant there.

Hutchison, John, merchant, Glasgow; by John M'Gavin, accountant there.
 Kirkland, David, late tenant at Lunden of Gallery, by William Hutchison, writer, Forfar.
 Laird, James, and Company, mill-spinners at Murchill, near Forfar; and James Laird, jun. and Robert Don, the partners of that Company, as individuals; by David Jobson, jun. banker, Forfar,—to the creditors of the said James Laird and Company, and Robert Don, but no dividend at this time on the estate of the said James Laird, jun. as an individual.
 Mitchell, Dr William, physician and grocer, Dumfries; by Robert Threshie, writer there.
 Scott and M'Bean, merchants, Inverness, as a company; and William Scott of Seabank, and William M'Bean, merchant, Inverness, as individuals; by James Jamieson, banker there.
 Skirling, Walter, merchant, Dalkeith; by John Aitken, writer there.
 Stewart, John, drover and cattle-dealer, at Dalnaspeddle; by Alexander Menzies at Chesthill, Glenlyon, and George Condie, writer, Perth.
 Todd, David, merchant, Dundee; by John George Russel, merchant, Dundee—a final one.

EDINBURGH.—APRIL 8.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....48s. 6d.	1st,.....44s. 0d.	1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....36s. 0d.
2d,.....44s. 6d.	2d,.....38s. 0d.	2d,.....32s. 0d.	2d,.....34s. 0d.
3d,.....41s. 0d.	3d,.....32s. 0d.	3d,.....27s. 0d.	3d,.....32s. 0d.

Average of Wheat £2 : 2 11-12ths per boll.

Wednesday, April 8.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 4d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	. . . 1s. 0d. to Os. 0d.
Mutton	. . . Os. 7d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	. . . Os. 9d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	. . . 7s. 0d. to Os. 0d.	Butter, per lb.	. . . 1s. 6d. to Os. 0d.
Veal	. . . Os. 7d. to 1s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	. 23s. 6d. to Os. 0d.
Pork	. . . Os. 7d. to Os. 0d.	Ditto per lb.	. . . 1s. 6d. to Os. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	. 11s. 6d. to 12s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	. . . Os. 8d. to Os. 0d.

the mean minimum temperature. The whole month has been, in every respect, more unfavourable than March 1818. The mean temperature is scarcely 2 degrees lower, and the rain more than double.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

MARCH 1818.

Means.			Extremes.		
THERMOMETER.		Degrees.	THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,		43.1	Maximum,	31st day,	51.5
..... cold,		31.8	Minimum,	10th,	25.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M.		36.5	Lowest maximum,	22d	36.0
..... 10 P. M.		36.0	Highest minimum,	29th,	38.0
..... of daily extremes,		37.4	Highest, 10 A. M.	29th,	47.5
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.		37.1	Lowest ditto,	11th,	32.5
..... 4 daily observations,		37.5	Highest, 10 P. M.	18th,	46.5
Whole range of thermometer,		349.5	Lowest ditto	10th,	29.5
Mean daily ditto,		10.6	Greatest range in 24 hours,	31st,	18.5
..... temperature of spring water,		38.5	Least ditto,	22d,	6.0
BAROMETER.		Inches.	BAROMETER.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 42)		29.215	Highest, 10 A. M.	31st,	30.542
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 42)		29.252	Lowest ditto,	5th,	28.029
..... both, (temp. of mer. 42)		29.223	Highest, 10 P. M.	31st,	50.340
Whole range of barometer,		11.259	Lowest ditto,	7th,	28.328
Mean daily ditto,		.563	Greatest range in 24 hours,	3d,	.804
			Least ditto,	31st,	.017
HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)		Degrees.	HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.		12.8	Highest, 10 A. M.	27th,	27.0
..... 10 P. M.		8.5	Lowest ditto,	29d,	2.0
..... of both,		10.6	Highest, 10 P. M.	30th,	15.0
..... point of deposition 10 A. M.		29.1	Lowest ditto,	15th,	2.0
..... 10 P. M.		29.9	Highest P. of D. 10 A. M.	29th,	41.8
..... of both,		29.5	Lowest ditto,	27th,	11.6
Rain in inches,		2.199	Highest P. of D. 10 P. M.	18th,	45.0
Evaporation in ditto,		1.510	Lowest ditto,	10th,	19.9
Mean daily Evaporation,		.042			
WILSON'S HYGROMETER.			WILSON'S HYGROMETER.		
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.		26.2	Greatest dryness, 27th, 10 A. M.		46.0
..... 10 P. M.		21.2	Least ditto,	2d, 10 P. M.	4.0

Fair days 15; rainy days 18. Wind west of meridian 27; East of meridian 4.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Mar. 1	M.55 A.30½	28.623 .615	M.58 A.35	N.W.	Snow morn. frost.	Mar. 17	M.42½	29.140	M.41	N.W.	Snow, storm.
2	M.38½	.897	M.58	S.W.	Clear frost.	18	M.48	.406	M.44	N.	Showery.
3	A.31½	.980	A.38	Cble.	Clear frost.	19	A.54½	.406	A.40	N.W.	Fair foren. rain alteru.
4	M.55	29.194	M.36	S.W.	Clear frost.	20	M.45	.463	M.45	N.W.	Snow.
5	A.31½	28.481	A.36	Cble.	Cloudy.	21	A.58½	1.29	A.47	Cble.	Clear frost.
6	M.39½	.705	M.59	Cble.	Snow fore. clear aftern.	22	M.45	.238	M.44	N.W.	Snow, storm.
7	A.31	.541	A.59	Cble.	Stormy.	23	A.52½	.528	A.40	N.	Snow, storm.
8	M.38	27.952	M.58	N.W.	Clear frost.	24	M.45	.190	M.43	Cble.	Clear frost.
9	A.31	28.555	A.38	Cble.	Stormy.	25	A.32½	.109	A.42	N.W.	Snow, storm.
10	M.37½	.555	M.57	Cble.	Stormy.	26	M.35	.806	M.41	N.	Snow, storm.
11	A.31½	.596	A.38	N.W.	Clear frost.	27	A.30	29.105	A.58	Cble.	Clear frost.
12	M.55½	.811	M.56	N.W.	Snow, storm.	28	M.41	.315	N.59	Cble.	Clear frost.
13	A.29	.486	A.35	N.W.	Clear frost.	29	A.29	.556	A.41	N.	Clear frost.
14	M.38	.764	M.37	N.W.	Snow morn. hail. af. stor.	30	M.40½	.286	M.38	Cb.	Cloudy.
15	A.29	.450	A.57	N.W.	Clear frost.	31	A.29	.590	A.41	Cble.	Clear frost.
16	M.56	.443	M.58	N.W.	Snow morn. hail. af. stor.	1	M.40	.284	M.59	Cb.	Cloudy.
17	A.32	.682	A.35	N.W.	Clear frost.	2	A.30	.528	A.40	Cble.	Clear frost.
18	M.58	.859	M.56	N.W.	Clear frost.	3	M.41	.961	M.40	Cble.	Snow morn. showers aft.
19	A.28½	.932	A.56	E.	Snow foren.	4	A.30½	50.105	A.45	Cble.	Snow morn. showers aft.
20	M.38½	.453	M.38	E.	Snow foren.	5	M.44½	29.959	M.40	Cble.	Snow morn. showers aft.
21	A.29	.458	A.56	E.	Snow foren.	6	A.50½	.990	A.45	W.	Clear frost.
22	M.38½	29.252	M.57	Cble.	Cloudy.	7	M.47	.792	M.45	W.	Clear frost.
23	A.30	.255	A.38	Cble.	Cloudy.	8	A.59½	.750	A.45	W.	Clear frost.
24	M.38½	.568	M.38	N.W.	Cloudy.	9	M.45½	.881	M.45	W.	Clear frost.
25	A.30½	.260	A.39	N.W.	Cloudy.	10	A.37½	50.253	A.46	Cble.	Clear frost.
26	M.56½	.103	M.40	Cble.	Rain.	11	M.49½	.198	M.41	Cble.	Clear frost.
27	A.35	28.986	A.58	Cble.	Mild foren. cold aftern.	12	A.53	.284	A.47	Cble.	Clear frost.
28	M.41½	.995	M.38	Cble.	Mild foren. cold aftern.	13					
29	A.32	29.105	A.42	Cble.	Mild foren. cold aftern.	14					

Rain 1.26 in.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 6. At Quebec, the lady of the Rev. J. L. Mills, a daughter.

Feb. 27. At Backford Hall, Cheshire, the lady of William Egerton, Esq. a daughter.—At Richmond House, the Countess of March, a son and heir.—In St James's Square, London, the Duchess of Northumberland, a still-born child.—At Woolwich, the Lady of Major John Sutherland Sinclair, royal artillery, a daughter.—28. At Rossie House, Perthshire, Mrs Oliphant of Rossie, a daughter.—At Marseilles, Mrs Cuninghame Graham of Gartmore, a son.

March 1. In Hertford Street, London, the Countess of Clonmell, a son.—2. At Eagleshurst, Hants, the Right Hon. the Countess of Cavan, a son.—Mrs John Tod, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, a daughter.—3. Mrs Cleghorn, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, a son.—4. At Eildon Hall, the lady of L. Legge, Esq. a daughter.—At Kincardine Manse, Ross-shire, Mrs Macbean, a son.—7. Mrs Gillanders of Highfield, a son.—At Tunbridge Wells, the lady of Major M'Dougall, a daughter.—At West Viewfield, near Newhaven, Mrs Colonel Maxwell, a daughter.—8. Mrs Patison, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.—Mrs Elouis, a son.—At Kenmure, the lady of Archibald Stirling, Esq. a son.—13. Mrs Church, Langlee, a son.—Mrs P. Kinnear, younger of Lochton, a son and heir.—At Belvidere, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, the lady of John Robertson, Esq. of Foveran, a son.—15. At Ghent, the lady of Major Henry Balneavis, a son.—At his house in Grosvenor Place, London, the lady of Henry Hobhouse, Esq. one of his majesty's under secretaries of state, a son.—16. At Edinburgh, Mrs Court, a daughter.—In Burlington Street, London, the Marchioness of Anglesey, a son.—Mrs Bridges, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—18. At his house in Prince's Street, Edinburgh, the lady of A. Munro, Esq. a daughter.—Mrs Yule, Broughton Place, a son.—19. At Darnhall, the Hon. Mrs Oliphant Murray, a son.—At Portobello, Mrs Alexander Mercer, a daughter.—20. At Wharton Place, Mrs Dunbar, a daughter.—At Irvine, Mrs Sillar, a daughter.—22. Mrs Crawford of Ardmillan, a daughter.—23. Mrs Robertson, Gilmore Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.—24. At Houston, the lady of N. Shairp, Esq. younger of Houston, a daughter.—At Milton, Lady Hunter Blair, a son.—25. At St John's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs James Ballantyne, a daughter.—26. At Portobello, Mrs M. H. Scott, a son.—29.

In North St David Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ford, a son.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 22. At Trichinopoly, Major Gillespie, of the 4th regiment of native cavalry, to Miss Ansell, niece to Mr Andrews, judge at Trichinopoly.

Feb. 10. At Edinburgh, John Munsie, Esq. surgeon, Thornhill, to Miss Anna Torrie, daughter of the late Captain Torrie, royal navy.—24. At Ely, Fife, Mr John Ovenston, shipmaster, to Miss Isabella Carstairs, second daughter of the late Mr John Carstairs.—25. At Edinburgh, Charles Stewart, Esq. of Borland, to Miss M. Macgregor.—26. At Greenock, Mr Charles M'Kenzie of the General Post-office, Edinburgh, to Marion, youngest daughter of Captain George Johnston.—27. At Largo, Fife, Mr George Wilkie, farmer, Cotton of Durie, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Ness, Greenock.—28. At Martin's, in the Fields, London, G. V. Oughton, Esq. to Magdalen, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Dunbar, Esq. of Nairn.

March 3. At Montrose, Mr John Brown, merchant in Kirriemuir, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Francis Souter, surveyor of the customs.—4. At Sweetbank, Mr Robert Russell, jun. tenant, Newton of Markinch, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr Neil Ballingal, factor to General Balfour of Balbirnie.—5. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Viscount Newport, eldest son of the Earl of Bradford, to Georgina Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Thomas Moncrieff, bart. of Moncrieff, county of Perth.—10. At Arbroath, Peter Brown, Esq. late of Bombay, to Mary, third daughter of the Rev. George Gleig, minister of the gospel there.—12. At St Mary's, Lambeth, James William Wallack, Esq. of the Theatre-royal, Drury-Lane, to Georgiana Susanna, daughter of John Johnstone, Esq. of the same theatre.—At Edinburgh, Mr Gilbert Handyside, Inveresk, to Mary Anne, daughter of Mr David Murray, sen. Calton-hill.—13. At the house of Richard A. Oswald, Esq. Claremont Place, Glasgow, William, youngest son of the late William Stirling, Esq. of Kier, captain in the King's dragoon guards, to Mary, second daughter of the late John Anderson, Esq. banker in London.—16. At Redcastle, Lieutenant Donald M'Lean, 16th Foot, to Catharine, daughter of Major Wilson, late of Polmailly.—Sir Charles Eggleton Kent, bart. to Lady Sophia Lygon, sister of the Earl of

Beauchamp.—17. At Glenfechan, Captain John Campbell, 91st regiment, to Elizabeth, daughter of the deceased John Stevenson, Esq. of Glenfechan.—18. At Dundee, Mr William Ellett, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Watson.—23. At Hawick, the Rev. Robert Shaw, minister of Ewes, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. William H. Moncrieff, minister of Annan.—24. In Scaley Church, Andrew Hamilton, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Agnes, second daughter of Rowland Fawcett of Scaley Castle, Esq. Cumberland.—At Edinburgh, the Rev. Patrick Macvicar, one of the ministers of Dundee, to Mrs Dymocke, relict of the late Rev. James Dymocke.—27. At Edinburgh, Robert Henderson, Esq. of Chapelhope, to Miss Isabella Scott, daughter of the late Mr William Scott, farmer in Single.—At Peasebank, James Bruce, Esq. of Broomhill, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Dr Robert Whitehead, physician, Hamilton.—31. At Laurieston Place, Allan Buchanan, Esq. merchant in Glasgow, to Grace, third daughter of Mr John Crombie, dyer.

DEATHS.

June 12. At Calcutta, Major James Gordon of the 15th regiment of native infantry, deputy-adjutant-general at that presidency.

At Saharunpoor, in the East Indies, in July last, Mr Crichton Ramsay, of the Bengal medical establishment, aged 30 years.

August 27. At Madras, James B. Pender, M. D. surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company, son of Thomas Pender, comptroller of his Majesty's stamp-duties.

Sept. 15. At Coolbariak, near Dinapore, James Robertson, Esq. surgeon in the Honourable East India Company's service on the Bengal establishment, son of the late John Robertson, Esq. commissary of Peebles.

Oct. 23. Mr John M'Ewen, planter, Mount Pleasant, Trinidad.

Dec. 27. At Demerara, Mr Alexander Gentle, third son of the late Mr Alexander Gentle, Dunkeld.

Jan. 10. At Jamaica, in Hanover parish, Mr James M'Kechney, surgeon, son of the Rev. W. M'Kechney, Musselburgh, in the 22d year of his age.—15. At St Mary's, Jamaica, Alexander Macdowall Grant, second son of David Macdowall Grant, Esq. of Arndilly.—27. At Balloch, the Rev. William Arbuckle, minister of the parish of Uist.

Feb. 14. At the Retreat, Emma, the infant daughter of Alexander H. Hamilton, Esq. of Hullerhurst, in the county of Ayr, and of the Retreat, in the county of Devon.

—16. At Middlegill, near Moffat, William Ewart of Aldershaw, Esq.—At Kirkwall, James Riddoch, Esq. of Cairston.—17. At Aberdeen, Lieutenant Richard English, R. N.—18. At Glasgow, Mr John Macarthur, iron-merchant.—19. At his father's house, in the 21st year of his age, William,

eldest son of Matthew Poole, Esq. M. D. Waterford, Ireland.—At Kilwhanidy, John Martin, Esq. of Kilwhanidy.—At Aberdeen, Mr John Wilson, manufacturer, in the 67th year of his age.—21. At Penzance, in Cornwall, William Pearson, writer in Glasgow.—22. At Edinburgh, Alexander Napier, one of his Majesty's household trumpeters for Scotland.—At Loak, Mr James Duff, and on the 25th, Mrs Jean Bisset, his spouse; the former in the 78th, and the latter in the 73d year of her age. This venerable couple were interred in the same grave, after having been married 52 years.—At Dykehead, Helen Williamson, spouse to William Thomson, elder, in the parish of Tweedsmuir. They had lived about 54 years in the married state, and their united ages amount to 164; and a most singular occurrence is, that during the whole of that long period, they never had a death in their family, although they have had several children.—23. Miss Margaret Northesk Lindsay, youngest daughter of the late Jas Lindsay Carnegie, Esq. of Boysack.—At Morrishill, Mrs Barbara Sheddan, wife of John Sheddan, Esq. of Morrishill.—At his house in New Street, Edinburgh, Captain Edwin Horsburgh, one of the Minden heroes, aged 82 years.—25. Lieut.-Colonel George Robertson, late of the Canadian fencibles.—At Geneva, Robert Whyte Melville, Esq. of Strathkinness.—Jane, wife of the Rev. Thomas Easton, minister of Kirriemuir.—16. At his house in Union Place, Aberdeen, Sir William Seton of Pitmedden, bart. aged 71.—28. At his house, Castle Hill, Edinburgh, Mr John Brysson, music-seller, Bank Street.—At her house, St John's Hill, Edinburgh, Miss Isabella Hutton of Slighs Houses, aged 95 years.—At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Drysdale, writing-master.

March 3. At Musselburgh, Mary Richardson, spouse of Mr Thomas Thomson, candlemaker and tobacconist.—4. At Perth, Mr Robert Gray, glover; and on the 5th, Mrs Jean Gray, wife of John Monteath, surgeon.—5. At Edinburgh, Mr Silvester Doig, bookseller.—At Maine of Eastwood, Mr John Givan, aged 83.—At Dundee, Miss Isabella Anderson, daughter of the late David Anderson, Esq. of Balgay.—6. At Cockenzie, near Prestonpans, Mr George Swan, baker, much regretted.—At Tunbridge Wells, John Viscount Kelburne, eldest son of the Earl of Glasgow, aged 28.—At his seat, Gawthorpe Hall, in the county of Lancaster, Robert Shuttleworth, Esq.—At Inverkeithing, in the 62d year of his age, Mr Peter Miller.—7. At Stirling Castle, D. J. French, Esq. ordnance store-keeper.—William Gray, Esq. of Heathrey Hall.—8. In Lower Grosvenor Street, London, the Hon. J. A. Stewart Wortley Mackenzie.—At Leith, Mr Alexander Christie, ironmonger.—At Garry Cottage, Perthshire, James George, the infant son of Colonel Macdonnel of Glengarry, in the fourth week

of his age.—At Edinburgh, Agnes Blackie Hardie, daughter of Ralph Hardie, writer, Brown's Square, aged five years.—At Arbroath, Mr Alexander Louson, writer in Arbroath.—At the manse of Montmail, in the 79th year of her age, Elizabeth Lawson, spouse of the Rev. Samuel Martin, D.D.—9. Charles, youngest son of Mr George Henderson, Huntlywood.—At Eweslees, near Langholm, Mr Hugh Scott.—10. John Drysdale, late surgeon in the Honourable East India Company's service, Bombay establishment.—At Arniston House, Mr Thomas Lamb of the Exchequer.—11. At Glasgow, John, the infant son of Mr James Denholm of the Glasgow Academy.—13. Suddenly, at her mother's house in Dublin Street, Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Smail, eldest daughter of the deceased John Smail, Esq. of Overmains, Berwickshire.—At Cunninghamhead, Mrs Snodgrass, spouse of Neil Snodgrass, Esq. of Cunninghamhead.—At Greenock, Mr John Murray, aged 73, late engineer.—At No 94, Strand, London, Lieutenant Charles Maclaren, late of the 42d regiment, or Royal Highlanders, of a protracted illness, from the wounds which he received at the battle of Toulouse. He was a native of Edinburgh.—At Peebles, Miss Elizabeth Dick, aged 94, daughter of the late Rev. Mr James Dick, one of the ministers of Glasgow.—At Williamhead, Newhaven, Harriet, wife of John Mundell, lieutenant, R. N.—14. At Brechin, in the 97th year of her age, Mrs M. Fergusson, relict of the Rev. Mr Patrick Turnbull, late minister of the gospel at Strickathro.—15. At Edinburgh, Hector Macneill, Esq. well known to the literary world as the author of "Will and Jean," and other justly popular productions.—At Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, Mary, second daughter of Henry Porteous, Esq. Honourable East India Company's service, St Helena.—At Leith, Mr Alexander Neilson Lamb, solicitor and procurator-fiscal there. At her house in New Street, Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Donaldson.—16. At Edinburgh, Sir John Stirling of Glorat, bart.—At Willow Bank, Mrs Harley, daughter of John Laird, Esq. Greenock.—Suddenly, at Keith, Banffshire, from the bursting of a blood-vessel, Major Peter Grant, late of the 92d regiment, or Gordon Highlanders. His zeal for the service induced him to join the army in Flanders in 1793, as a volunteer. His services having been noticed by the Marquis of Huntly, his lordship appointed him to his regiment upon its establishment in 1794. Major Grant was constantly present with,

and shared in, the many gallant exploits of this distinguished corps, in Holland, Egypt, and in the Peninsula, &c. In the course of those severe conflicts he was repeatedly wounded, and was finally under the necessity of retiring from the service, in consequence of losing a leg by a cannon ball in Spain. Major Grant was much esteemed by his brother officers and all who knew him, on account of the strict honour and manly frankness which eminently distinguished his character. To his relations he was generous and kind. He was in his 49th year, and was of the family of *Tullochgorum*, in Strathspey.—19. At Edinburgh, Mr John Broadfoot, student of divinity.—At Belfield, Miss Dundan.—20. At the Cairn of Lochryan, Lieutenant James Adair, royal navy, son of Thomas Adair of Genoch, Esq. clerk to the signet.—At Glasgow, after a short illness, Mr James Denholm, of the Glasgow Academy, aged 45. Mr Denholm was author of the "History of Glasgow," and several other estimable works.—22. At Edinburgh, Mr James Bruce, merchant.—23. At Greenock, John Kippen, Esq. in the 76th year of his age.—24. At Prior's Lynn, Dumfries-shire, Jane, second daughter of the late Captain Maxwell, aged 19.—At Dundee, Mrs Francis Sievwright, aged 75, much regretted.—25. At Edinburgh, Mr David Low, late of Dundee, aged 95. His wife died two years ago, aged 84, after having lived together 65 years.—At Roxburgh Place, Mrs Jane Macnab, relict of Walter Macfarlan, Esq. Ledard.

Lately—At his house in South Audley Street, the Honourable Sir George Berkeley, K.G.C.B. admiral of the white, and admiral and commander-in-chief of the Portuguese navy, in the 65th year of his age.—At Airdrie House, in the 88th year of her age, Miss Aitchison of Rochsolloch and Airdrie.—At Broompark, Mrs Baird, relict of James Baird, Esq. of Broompark.—In the island of Dominica, at the age of 19, Mr Alexander Carlyle Grierson, surgeon, only surviving son of the Rev. R. Grierson, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh.—At Berwick House, Lady Catherine Frances Fielding, sister of the Earl of Denbigh.—At Gibraltar, Joseph Larcom, Esq. late a captain in his Majesty's navy, and naval commissioner of the island of Malta.—At an advanced age, Mr Waldren, an old and respectable member of the theatrical profession.—In the hospital of Nampur, aged 109, Maria Charlotte Cario. She preserved to the last moment all her mental faculties, had a great appetite, and never was ill.

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VOL. III.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PATENT KALEIDOSCOPE, INVENTED BY DR BREWSTER.

THE Kaleidoscope is an instrument recently invented by Dr Brewster, for the purpose of creating and exhibiting an infinite variety of beautiful forms. The name is derived from the Greek words, *καλός*, beautiful—*ειδος*, a form— and *σκοπία*, to see.

This instrument, in its simplest form, consists of two reflecting planes, made either of *new* plate glass or speculum metal, ground perfectly flat, and highly polished. The plates may be of any length, but that which is most convenient will be found to be from 5 to 10, or 12 inches. Their breadth should be about 8 or 9 tenths of an inch when the length is 6 inches, but the breadth should increase with the length, in order to have the aperture of the same angular magnitude. Two of the edges of these reflectors, after they are carefully ground to a straight line by the finest emery, and freed from all roughness and imperfection, are placed together, by a particular contrivance, in such a manner, that their inclination, or the angle which they form, is exactly an even aliquot part of a circle, or a 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, &c. part of 360°. When the plates are thus fixed in a brass tube, and the eye placed at one end of them, it will perceive a circular field of view, composed of as many luminous sectors as the number of times that the angle formed by the reflectors is contained in 360°. These sectors, excepting the one seen by direct vision, and constituting the angular aperture of the plates, are a series of images of this aperture, formed by successive reflexions between

the inclined reflectors. The images formed by one reflexion from each of the plates, lie on each side of the direct aperture, and are inverted images of that aperture; the next two images, formed by two reflexions, are images not inverted, and so on throughout the whole series, every two direct images being separated by an inverted one.

From these observations it will be seen, that the Kaleidoscope is not an instrument which produces beautiful forms by the *multiplication of single forms*; for it is demonstrable, that a symmetrical and beautiful pattern cannot be produced by the repetition of any single form; and if it were possible to construct a multiplying glass with mathematical perfection, and free of all the prismatic colours, it would be impossible to produce with it an arrangement of simple forms, marked with symmetry and beauty. The principle of the Kaleidoscope therefore is, to produce symmetry and beauty by the creation and subsequent multiplication of *compound forms*, each of which is composed of a direct and an inverted image of a simple form.

The tube which holds the reflecting plates moves in another tube, and upon the outer end of this last tube is placed a brass cell, or cap, for receiving a series of object-plates, containing fragments of differently coloured glass, and other substances, placed at random. When one of these object-plates is pushed into the cell, the cell is placed upon the end of the outer tube, and the inner tube pushed in as far as it will go. The instrument being held in one hand, the cell containing the object-plate is moved round by the other; and the eye of the observer being placed at the narrow end of the tube, he will

observe the irregular masses of colour arranged in an infinite variety of forms, mathematically symmetrical, and highly pleasing to the eye.

“If the object is put in motion, the combination of images will likewise be put in motion, and new forms perfectly different, but equally symmetrical,—will successively present themselves, sometimes vanishing in the centre,—sometimes emerging from it, and sometimes playing around it in double and opposite oscillations. When the object is tinged with different colours, the most beautiful tints are developed in succession, and the whole figure delights the eye by the perfection of its form, and the brilliancy of its colouring.”*

The effects, of which we have given a general description, obviously arise from the inversion and subsequent multiplication of every object placed before the angular aperture, or the luminous sector seen by direct vision, and from the perfect junction of all the reflected images. When the object is moved, the inverted images all seem to move in an opposite direction, while the images not inverted move in the same direction with the object; and from these opposite motions, as well as from the entrance of new objects, by the revolution or the direct motion of the object-plate, arises that endless variety of forms which affords so much gratification to the eye.

In the preceding form of this instrument, the object must necessarily be placed close to the end of the reflectors; for if it is removed from this position, the symmetry is destroyed, and the deviation from a symmetrical form increases as the distance of the object from the reflector increases. The use of the instrument is therefore limited to objects which can be held close to the reflector.

This limitation, however, has been removed, and the use and application of the instrument indefinitely extended by an optical contrivance. A lens of a short focal length is placed on the object end of the outer tube, and the inner tube is drawn out till the image of objects, whatever be their distance, falls exactly on the outer ends of the reflectors. When this is the case, these objects will be arranged into the most

beautiful and symmetrical forms, in the same manner as if they had been reduced in size, and actually placed at the end of the reflectors. In this way every object in nature may be introduced into the picture formed by the instrument, and the observer will derive a new and endless source of enjoyment by the creation of pictures from natural objects, whether animate or inanimate. The leaves and petals of flowers, the foliage of trees, grass mixed with flowers, the currents of a river, moving insects, a blazing fire, are objects which never fail to delight the eye by the new creations which they afford.

The Kaleidoscope, in its popular form, has been manufactured with much taste by Mr Philip Carpenter, optician in Birmingham, and by Mr John Ruthven of Edinburgh, to whom the public is already indebted for the ingenious printing and copying presses with which he has enriched the arts. It generally consists of two tubes, a lens, six object-plates, one of which is left empty for new objects, and a cell for containing them. Some of them are made without the drawer tube and the lens, and others with stands, and a spare tube which forms a different pattern.

When the Kaleidoscope is intended for scientific purposes, it requires to be made in a different form, with contrivances for varying the inclination of the reflectors. The instrument, with these contrivances, has been made with great skill by Mr Bate, an ingenious optician in London. The reflectors are made of the finest speculum metal, of such a composition that it is incapable of tarnishing. The edges of these metallic reflectors are adjusted with great nicety to the axes of the rings that support them, so that they are made to form any angle from 0° to 90° .

As the Kaleidoscope is of the greatest use in the ornamental arts, particularly to carpet and lace manufacturers, calico printers, architects, paper stainers, ornamental painters, jewellers, carvers and gilders, workers in stained glass, &c. its adaptation to their purposes has been attended to, and the instruments are occasionally furnished with a stand, in order that the pattern may be fixed whilst the artist is engaged in copying it. They are also rendered capable of being used with

* Specification of the Patent.

Dr Wollaston's Camera Lucida, in order that those who are not able to copy the patterns with perfect correctness, may thus be enabled to do it with facility and accuracy.

When the instrument is thus constructed, the painter may introduce the very colours which he is to use, the jeweller the gems which he is to arrange, and in general the artist may apply to the instrument the materials which he is to embody, and thus form the most accurate opinion of their effect when combined into an ornamental pattern. When the Kaleidoscope is applied in this manner, an infinite variety of patterns is created, and the artist can select such as he considers most beautiful and most suited to the nature of his work. After a knowledge of the principle and powers of the instrument has been acquired by a little practice, he will be able to give any character to the figure that he pleases, and he may even create a series of different patterns, all rising out of one another, and returning again, by similar gradations, to the first of the series. In all these cases the pattern is perfectly symmetrical round a centre, or all the sectors, or images of the aperture, are exactly alike, with this difference only, that every alternate sector is inverted; but this symmetry may be altered, for after the pattern is drawn, it may be reduced into a square, a triangular, an elliptical, or any other form that we choose. The instruments are sometimes made to give annular patterns, and straight patterns for borders.

If it is required to introduce a flower, a leaf, a statue, or any other object which is too large to be seen through the aperture, we have only to use the lens, and place the object at such a distance that the image of it, formed by the lens, is sufficiently small to be admitted into the aperture.

In consequence of the popularity of this instrument, it has, we understand, been pirated in London by individuals who are entirely ignorant of its principles and construction, and who have imposed upon the public a wretched imitation of the original, possessing none of the properties which are essentially necessary to the production of beautiful and symmetrical forms. These piracies have been carried on with such dexterity, that in some cases the purchaser obtains one

half of the instrument in one shop, and the other half in another; but this unprecedented invasion of private property has been discountenanced by all the eminent London opticians with a liberality and disinterestedness which might have been expected from that respectable body; and we have no doubt that the public will be equally disposed to discourage such unjustifiable aggressions. Monopolies are no doubt in many cases evils that ought to be avoided; but in this country, a patent is the only reward which is given for mechanical inventions, and for new processes in the arts; and we do not see why the inventor of a machine should not derive the same advantages from his labours that every author does from his writings.

Those who wish for further information respecting the Kaleidoscope, may consult the printed description of it which accompanies the patent instrument, an ingenious paper on the Kaleidoscope in Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy*, vol. XI. written by Peter Roget, M. D. F. R. S., and a *Treatise on the Principles of the Kaleidoscope, and its Application to the numerous branches of the fine and useful Arts*, which will soon be published by Dr Brewster.

ON TRUTH.

The Reverie of an Enthusiast.

THE purposes of life are so various, and its powers so limited, that the mind can scarcely reflect upon its state, without discerning at once a vast inadequacy of the existence it carries on, to the requisitions under which that existence is held, and without feeling a nothingness in that present instant in which the form of its existence is brought, as in a concentrated image, before its inspection. What follows? Either the mind gathers up all the consciousness of its strength and of its destination, and, with violent commotion of its powers, believes and wills a greater future,—or it submits itself patiently to the seeming constitution of a frail nature, contented to know that it shall go on hereafter as it has gone on hitherto:—And so life passes. And is this all? Is this plausible humility of self-knowledge, which suits

so happily the indolent virtue of the world, and squares so well with the unaspiring prudence of its wisdom,—is this Truth? And is that sudden, violent, momentary, grasping of a prouder spirit—is that illusion—the fond folly of presumptuous self-ignorance,

“That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
And parted but the shadow with his hand?”
Who shall give the answer? The same division of spirit among men, which has divided their conduct, divides also their understanding,—and each will answer from his own spirit, as it may have been enlightened, or corrupted, or bewildered, by his past life, and not from inquisition of truth. Though perhaps no man ever feels with full conviction that he possesses truth, yet every man, except in his despairing moments, assures himself that he is near to it,—and perhaps he is so,—as if there were but a veil interposed that he cannot put aside, which sometimes gathers in thicker folds under his hand, and sometimes, perhaps without his endeavour, parts for a moment, and then closes again, while he is yet gazing.

Those who have upheld, as philosophical dogmas, asseverations of our utter incapacity for truth, and have, for their system of nature, represented man as a being bewildering himself, hopelessly and in vain, in dark and inextricable mazes of thought,—have spoken falsely to their own minds, and falsely to the convictions of men. There is no such belief in the human mind: no man, looking back upon his own life, whatever seasons of gloom he may have known, can find a fixed habitual consciousness of living on in bewildering darkness. That forlorn estate is not known to our natural life: There is no place then for such philosophy in nature. But there have been men, who, living according to their own belief, in the very light of their minds, have chosen in their pride, or been otherwise misled, to cast such disheartening illusions on the belief of others, and have given a show of truth to a false philosophy, by taking out from the whole course of life its unhappiest moments, and constituting into a system of permanent belief, the naturally transient impressions of fear, sadness, suspicion, self-aversion, and despair.

We all feel that there is a light by which we must regulate our lives. This is the common consenting belief of all mankind. No doubt their conceptions of truth are various. The impulse, the instinct of nature, which urges them, is the same to all. But soon variance begins by the diversity of individual being. Each sees by his own light, and amidst his own illusions. Each views in different aspect the mysterious, half-revealed, uncomprehended power, which is ever present and ever remote: he shapes by his own mind that undefined form. As his heart suggests—as his will purposes—as his thought dares—he hopes, demands, conceives truth. This he does, not in order to submit himself to truth, but to subject truth to himself, to incorporate her power with his own life. Truth, by which he may strengthen, exalt, enlarge his own being, is what he seeks; not truth, therefore, awful, authoritative, and controlling, but truth fettered and ministering; truth justifying himself to himself—soothing his pride—licensing his passions—taking her looks, her life, her law, her being, from himself. Each man seeks truth, but each his own. And hence is there such diversity in all the opinions of men. Hence is it that, from the birth of science to this hour, philosophy has so often changed her shape,—that the labour of one age has been to pull down the fabric of another, and to build as perishably upon its ruins. Hence is it that the same original principle of belief and desire, working in the minds of fellow-men, has so often conducted them, not to common participation in common good, but to fearful division and implacable hate—to dissensions of opinion—convulsing life,—when the vulgar passions of men have stood aloof and astonished, to see speculative intellect kindle the torch, and forge the sword, to arm the bands of common war.

Each man believes that he desires and seeks truth, that in part he knows it, and in part subjects the course of his life to that knowledge. But when he bends his mind thitherward, he brings it, such as it is, unpurified, unchastised, full of illusions of its own cherishing. Is it wonderful then, if men, thus making endeavour, find no better success? if, under incitement of a principle which might guide them

to just knowledge, they make deeper way into error? or that, with the truth which they find, and in which so far they must consent, they should each blend enough of separate error to hold them all in variance with one another?

What if there be no evidence for truth but that which becomes apparent to each man within himself, in his own thoughts, in his own being? It is possible—it is not inconsistent with any ascertained nature of our faculties, to believe that such must be the evidence of truth,—that it must arise and be formed within the individual mind. If so, it is incommunicable, and the inability of philosophy to furnish it is justified. The evidence of truth,—what is it but the mind's own assured recognition of truth? An act, then, of consciousness, and just, because the state of mind in which that act arises is just. Acts of the mind, states, properties, or powers which it owes to its state,—all seems to refer directly to the mind, and to nothing else. The reception, knowledge, intelligence, discernment, acquisition, production of truth; can they have any distinct origin, property, essence, seat, from that assured recognition of truth which is its own evidence? Are they separable to our apprehension? Have they not almost identity? Are they not all one power, more or less matured, more passive, or more in action? That glowing consciousness of pure just feeling in a spotless heart, is it another truth from that which is calm, and bright, and clear, in the wisdom that has fulfilled its years? Is there truth, in any kind, that the mind can know, of which it must not be the source to itself? Then all we seek is near. Yet so near, inseparable, co-existent, it still seems as if it might not be attained but in long, slow, difficult, toilsome acquisition. And is not that also possible? For though the mind in which truth will spring is given us, yet the state is not given us. What the growth shall be with which that mind must teem is in our own choice,—is not assigned at least in the capacities of the mind, which are free to good and ill. And if there is something to be produced that requires an entire state of adaptation in the mind, is it not probable and reasonable that time, and more than time, should be

required to bring to effect that entire adaptation? Much may be demanded of ourselves: but time is necessary, slowly fulfilling the processes of nature, and changing our minds themselves. Could we wonder, if that knowledge, which shall guide in intellectual and moral light the steps of our lives, be hard and slow to be won? We need feel no distrust then, no anxiety, no dejection, though our first endeavours reap little success,—though the strong effort of our souls be baffled,—though our overstrained sight find darkness. If strong will, and powerful thought, unite their force in vain, time, perhaps, shall bring to gentle solicitations what they could not wrest from him. It is desirable, that knowledge so high and great, in which our spirits shall live in light, which shall embrace, cherish, and sustain all our faculties, should be granted, not to the will's intensest passion, nor to the giant graspings of thought, but to long-continued faithful desire, to the patient love of the soul. It is yielded as a fruit to labour—not as a spoil to power. It is a work growing to perfection, under a diligent hand in long life,—a form of beauty slowly accomplishing—conceived, beloved, but yet unrealized; but still softening, glowing, breathing more and more, and its *various* beauty still more and more blending into one.

It may lie within ourselves;—where else have the wise of all times ever sought it? The teachers of all nations,—the sages whose wisdom has rested upon the people among whom they sprung,—has become incorporated with the history of man,—has flowed down like a mighty river through the regions of time, rolling its calm deep waters, for ever a power of life to the earth, they have told us, where wisdom was to be found. They drew from their own deep spirit. They have left us their lesson and their example. The fountain which they opened wells in every breast; it springs like life to to each man within himself.

Look then within. There dwells the life of truth; there only may it be sought. But how? What is the process? How shall the poor doubting inquirer, who longs for truth, and is told to bend his eyes inward and search there—how shall he begin his uncertain eventful search? Let him turn again to the masters of wisdom! Let

him ask of those who have studied her ways, to whose feet her paths are known. If they cannot save him the labour of the pursuit,—if they cannot confer truth,—let them aid him at least with their counsels. If they constrain him to enter the perilous labyrinth, let them guide him by their knowledge,—let him not be lost in the very entrance.

How shall he begin?—Even as he must seek all that is to be found within himself, in sincerity of purpose and simplicity of desire. If this be not a light, there is no light for us. We are the offspring of chance, and the wanderers of darkness.

And is this all that philosophy can do? This all she can teach? When her willing pupil looks up to her with reverend and supplicating eyes, seeking in her countenance the light of his life,—is it all she will do, to shroud her face, and turn her hand away, and leave him to himself? To throw back the beggar upon the resources of his penury? To rust the benighted wanderer to the guidance of his own light—alas! to his own darkness?

True philosophy leaves man to himself. And what then? Is that to desert him? To tell him that what he seeks from her he brings with him,—that indigent as he deems himself, he is lord of unknown wealth,—that for the darkness of his steps there is a light within himself—a mysterious light that waits but his will to shine? And what if she then dismiss him? Shall she not allot her own favours, and judge the measure of her own bounty? What if she know too well the impetuous spirit, and would but guard it from its own harm? She knows the spirit, its powers, and its will; its bounded powers, its illimitable will. She knows that strong, impatient, ungovernable spirit, which will not know itself. She has seen it from the beginning contending with the limitations of nature, with the laws of its being,—high-gifted and high-destined, yet foregoing its powers, and renouncing its destination, to grasp at impossible existence. Shall she grant to this spirit to choose its own course, its own measure of knowledge? Shall she, the guardian of the treasures of truth, yield them up but at the challenge of this invader? Shall she, the friend, the tutelary genius of this spirit's self, aid it to perish by its own self-confounding will? How wildly,

blindly, within her own precincts, has she seen it fight with the fearful powers it cannot overcome. It knows no awe,—it will know no subjection. It would lift the veil of mystery,—it would pierce the cloud that wraps invisible presence,—it will tread on holy ground,—it will gather interdicted fruit. She fears, when it will not fear. Therefore has she refused her earnest supplicant: She has repelled a lawless or vain desire, and turned back the inquirer on himself. From their dwelling-places of peace, the quiet homes in which nature had cast their lives, her pilgrims break forth, in restless desire, to seek afar her seats of inspiration. They bring to her shrine, in unquiet hearts, their vain wild wishes, and their eager daring solicitings of hidden power. For them, on her temple's front, above its awful gates, to meet their approach and first salutary gaze, she has inscribed, in pity and in mild rebuke, her only willing answer,—her one clear faithful oracle,—her *ἑὴν Σίανρον*. Let them understand the gentle warning, and bethink them ere they press within the sanctuary to wrest from her reluctant lips more dubious responses, words dark with truth that shall avail but to confound them in their own illusions.

She does not leave him to himself; but thoughtfully, tenderly, with gracious awe, she stays his forward impatient zeal. In the pause of suspended expectation she holds up for a moment her mirror to his sight, a mirror that shews him the world of her dominion—a glorious world within himself. She calls back the spirit to still self-consciousness, revealing in it a gladness of inward life,—hopes springing pure and innocent from a softened heart. Gently she raises him whom she had gently abashed; and then she leaves him, to be for ever after an accompanying presence around his steps,—felt but unbeheld,—visiting his spirit with hidden impulses,—charming, with her continual power, his varying life,—and blending, in his heart, her power of truth with its own pure life of innocence and peace.

Is there such a favoured pupil? The time shall come when he shall be the priest of her temple and the minister of her altar,—when all her sanctuary shall be his own, and neither veil nor cloud shall intercept their perpetual communion.

But this, to us, is nothing. This is not our lot. If we shall know truth, we must know it partially, imperfectly, with many interruptions. We have heard another call. We have a necessity that we must obey. We have a work to perform,—a servitude to be accomplished,—functions to which our powers are bound. We have a life set before us, and the path on which we tread prescribes our steps. But amidst these avocations, under this bondage of necessity, and in the conflict and toil of life, we require truth; and truth, in some degree,—to some effect,—to the enlargement of our peace, and to some acquisition of power,—we are able to obtain; and the question of moment to us is, how shall we begin to seek it?

If we are to seek it within ourselves, it is some encouragement that the field of inquiry at least is always at hand. If all that is required to direct the search be clear purpose and pure desire, the means are not difficult to the understanding, if they should prove so to the will.

But what does it mean, to seek truth within ourselves? What truth? Why, that truth which all men seek; that truth, the understanding of which is wisdom, and which, blended in our lives, is peace, and liberty, and power. Let each man understand for himself. He should know his own need. He remembers little of the past, if he has not to tell that he has often felt a fearful void in life,—an oppressive existence of inexplicable evils,—a capacity within himself of good that was not to be found,—desires and wants of something that reality should give, and does not give. He seeks therefore for something which is to satisfy his understanding and fill his heart,—which shall make steadfast his unstable life,—bind together his inconsistent purposes,—give clearness to all the relations of life,—harmony to all the movements of his mind,—unity to his being; that truth which shall be his friend, his monitor, speaking to him at every moment of life—counselling him to do and to leave undone.

We find within ourselves conflicts, tumults, changes of passion, fluctuating thoughts, desires, loves, fears, joys, oppressions of sorrow and pain, a whole world moving within ourselves, in answering motion to an external life. Is

truth any thing that is here? I am a creature living to joy and pain. Do I know even what gives me joy or pain? what gave them yesterday perhaps, and will give them to-morrow? But do I know what my capacities are for joy and pain? or what there is in this world in which I breathe adapted to fill them? in this overflowing inexhaustible world in which I feel that I am unsatisfied? I have a life which I fulfil as a slave; and I have a power of life in which I should be sovereign and free. What is it? and where shall I find it? Surely in myself only, who am what I desire to know. But how shall I direct my thought to this inquiry? How begin my search? How shall I lay hold upon that knowledge, of which this inward life,—my whole complicated, immeasurable, unorderd, unintelligible life,—may furnish the materials? I know them,—I can find them well in my painful, passionate, memory,—I can heap together their incongruous mass:—But what is the potent alchemy to which they shall yield their hidden essence, and breathe up the pure being of truth?

Within myself I must seek, I cannot doubt it. Shall others tell me what is there? Or if the words of their wisdom are borne by my ear, what is it that shall arrest them as they pass, call them down into my heart, and believe them? but that spirit which is searching within, which finds evil and good that it cannot comprehend, and leaps as the light darts in,—that shews it what it sought? Here let me seek. But what the process of search must be,—or what the fruits it shall gather,—or how or when they shall be yielded,—let me leave to discovering time. How should it be understood by the poor dark, wavering, perplexed, perturbed being, who knows only that he is unsatisfied?

LETTER FROM THE CELEBRATED
COLIN M'LAURIN.

MR EDITOR,

I SEND you an Original Letter from the celebrated Colin M'Laurin, written at the time he was private tutor in a gentleman's family in Argyllshire. As the envelope is wanting, it does not appear to whom it was addressed.

DR SIR,

I AM very sensible a correspondence from a most retired corner in the country can be of no value or delight to one ever midst the brightest and most Improving Company. Tho' I cannot but have these thoughts, yet it is an inexpressible satisfaction and relief to me any way to communicate with the place and visit the Company I love and feelingly want. I hope therefor tho' I can communicate nothing of value to you, yet you will kindly welcome and receive these views and remembrances of my former delights and Company. I refresh myself with the belief, when I review the Golden Dreams of Glasgow, that I shall retain them in my remembrance, when time has brightened them and worn off all the anxieties that mixed with them. The remembrance of summer in winter, of youthful delights in old age, of Paradise after the expulsion, and knight errands in a wilderness meeting their mistresses, may something resemble my condition when thus I forget a half years absence and constant cares amongst strangers to remember that ease freedom and past delight I enjoyed then. But to participate with and understand me it were necessary to have felt and known the same and I believe tho' I find People take pleasure to tell their dreams, others take no delight in hearing them.

News and affairs are the most ordinary subjects of correspondence and of them this country is as barren as of corn and plenty. There is nothing new here; the hills stand and the rocks are piled up the same way as they opposed the shock of the flood and have since sustained thro' ages of years successions of tempests, while under them have sprung fountains and streams that constantly run with murmurs and warblings as ancient as the world itself and have given drink to far distant generations of animals, while succeeding generations of grass and woods are nourished by them, descended by an exact lineal descent from that which first clothed the world, and at its nativity raised the songs of morning stars, and has given food since to distant generations of animals of as ancient clans as the oldest Inhabitants. Thus you see there is nothing new or changes here; for nature has ever held an undisputed and uninvaded sway con-

stantly here, and in these antient scenes solely reigns and retired works.

But in the variable Human Mind we do not want our novelties and curiosities. I know you love Natural History and that especially of Men and Characters. Since I have now and in my first Letter given some account of the place and country, I shall describe two very particular characters I have met with in this country. The one is very serious the other as fantastick and comical.

Some time ago there served in this family as Gentlewoman to My Ldy Henriett Campbell, a young woman of the gayest and most jovial (even to extravagance) temper one can imagine. She (as they express it) with her high mirth kept an whole house stirring; she had been exceeding serviceable with this temper to my Lady in her refuge in Holland when her Husband was obliged to fly thither after 1685. Yet in these few years, she has been several times taken with the deepest blackest melancholy to that degree that for a long time she would not speak. She is now under it, and for these two years has not spoken to any but her Husband and very little to him scarce more ever than yes or no. She is married to the minister of the Paroch. She has been ever lying these two years without any other trouble almost. Such influence has it had on her and so killed her mind that last winter when Colonel Campbell (whose sons are Mr Butler's pupils) her Brother whom she particularly had loved, returned after many years absence, she seemed insensible to him and was nothing moved at the sight of him. Some pretend 'tis witchcraft that troubles her and others give reasons considering the person and her friends and station I cannot well communicate this way. This temper runs much in blood, and her Father who was an excellent minister here was lyable to some melancholy damps and sometimes would shun speaking for some weeks. I have insisted on this because I think it a very remarkable experiment anent the passions and their balance, considering her change from high extravagant cheerfulness to such a melancholy; which confirms that the extremes in passions are most easily convertible and shews that proportion obtains much in this balance. I think this horrible instance may be

usefull to caution against the least encouragement of that black passion, which I think company not the secur-est remedy against, but rather the filling the vacaneies of our minds with the highest degree of those noble ardors and affections to the good of mankind and of doing good and gallant actions which may enlarge and cultivate and exalt our minds and keep them still keen and bright.

After this melancholy account I am not disposed to give a suitable relation of the living Don Quixot our Cook who having travelled many parts of Europe, though born in the isle of Sky has gathered some real knowledge of the world which he in all companys mixes with the strangest fictions on taking occasion to extoll some wondrous exploits of his own which he relates with that assurance and constancy and eagerness that all think he believes them himself at least. His family he tells us is 372 years 5 moneths 12 days &c. old. His humour and talk is constantly imaginary and so fertile is his invention that every day some new flight surprises us: He could never read, yet the other day he seriously lamented to me he had got a pair of the finest spectacles broken to him in the kitchen shortly after he came here and could never get any pleased and fitted him since so that he believed he had not read four times since he came here; yesterday he took me aside and after many compliments for my care of his friend (my pupill) he told me he was about to leave us, that he needed not serve the best in Britain he had enough of his own Hang him if he could not live on 4000 merks a-year. He has got many Spanish airs about him and by his perpetual drinking and ranting I believe he does dream these things he tells us. He says always he would not lie for the world; He is the sport of the country and the gentlemen all think him a Jewell. He is an excellent skillfull cook and there is some ground for the great accounts he gives of himself his power and riches abroad, for we hear that he was esteemed there and valued for his skill, having served the Duke of Wittenberg and afterwards General Cuningham. He married an Irish gentlewoman who is now my Ld Presidents Stewart but she will not hear of him now. In short, this travelling with his drinking and the

fumes of brewing, baking and cooking have made him the most fantastick vain yet something gentle fellow ever heard of.

If I did not know you are curious in such characters I would not have insisted so long on this, which I look on as a very great curiosity: there are innumerable flights of his which are only ridiculous and absurd when related but most diverting when heard from himself, such as his exploits, and treasures in tuns of gold abroad, and his flying ships with which he would go to meet the King of Swedeland and his intimacy with the foreign Princes.

I have written to you at this time chiefly that I might hear from you by this good and speedy occasion. If it be pleasant to me to write it must be much more delightful to hear from you and I was disappointed in my expectations to hear from you when I wrote last. I sent you about the end of March a long Letter chiefly on Enthusiasm. I know not if you got it. If you have I have double demand on you. You will excuse my confused and inaccurate way of writing, being much of the time amongst noise and company. Wishing you all health and joy and good things I am sir your Faithful friend & Humble Servant,

COLIN M'LAURIN.

Lochgare May 8 1717.

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.*

WE can imagine nothing more deplorable than the degradation of genius by the spirit of party. One would think, that, to a noble soul, there could be little difficulty in preserving, within its inmost sanctuary, undisturbed and unstained by all mean and paltry feelings, those primal and universal principles which constitute honour, virtue, and truth. Accordingly, the Master Spirits of the world have, with some fatal exceptions, kept high above, and aloof from, the debasing influence of party. Those mighty and gigantic intellects that have come constantly into concussions during the whole of their political

* The Fudge Family in Paris. Edited by Thomas Brown the Younger, Author of the Twopenny Post-Bag. 8vo. pp. 168. Longman, &c. London. 1818.

lives, and fought with all their nerves and sinews, have ever preserved towards each other, personally, a dignified and majestic forbearance,—have mutually attributed to each other honourable motives of action, and given a nobler character to their own cause, by the liberality of spirit manifested towards that of their opponents. That high-minded courtesy which all great men observe towards each other in life, is paid to them, when they die, by all who have hearts to feel the grandeur of the departed. Then, truly, do mere party feelings appear in their native abjectness. And him who could speak of a great dead statesman with bitterness and anger, we at once know to be a man of a perverted nature, and wholly incapable of understanding or feeling the strength, the beauty, or the glory, of any great cause.

On fine and elevated intellects, therefore, party spirit can have no other effect than to stimulate and excite. The sacrifices are but few and unimportant which it calls upon them to make; it never troubles the pure well-head of their principles; it may occasionally ruffle the waters, but it never can change, from its natural channel, that stream of thought that obeys a nobler law, and flows on uninterruptedly to a magnificent destination.

But upon weak and ungenerous minds, the effect of party spirit is most fatal. Unable to grasp general principles, they are pleased to seize upon some petty prejudice within the reach of their paltry understandings; ignorant of the constitutions of empires, and of the mighty events that have swayed their destinies, they are at least knowing enough in the ephemeral arcana of political scandal; untouched by the spirit of ancient times, they feel not in what true grandeur of soul consists, yet, with blind presumption, decide dogmatically on the qualities of the great men of their own day; without impulse to propel, or star to guide, they move in the gales of other men's understanding, and by the light that shines not for them; in the midst of ignorance, weakness, darkness, error, and insolence, they pass their abject lives,—judging, deciding, condemning, eulogising, in words that, to the unsuspecting, would seem issuing from an oracle, such is

their pomp and stateliness; but which, to the wary and the wise, are mere puppet-sounds, unproductive and unprofitable, but reproduced everlastingly and the same, from the same worthless though unwearied machine.

Of such persons every great city contains “numbers numberless.” Do they not swarm in every coffee-house? do they not infest almost every private party of gentlemen? How often is the genial flow of urbane and humane conversation broken by the silly impertinence of some young Whig or some young Tory? The stripling to whom nature may have denied feeling, fancy, imagination, she may have cursed with a tenacious memory. He has studied politics,—he is a party man forsooth. He despises my Lord Castle-reagh, and talks of the Irish Union, and the Irish Rebellion, and Martial Law, and Catholic Emancipation. Lying anecdotes take the place of true reasonings; the most outrageous absurdities are quoted and believed from newspaper authority; falsehoods that have been exposed to the light of day, and scattered to all the winds, are whispered as new and alarming secrets; the most powerful of his Majesty's ministers is perhaps levelled to the dust by some yearling barrister bristling in the new borne glories of a rustling gown and a stiff periwig; and what is the wit of the Right Honourable George Canning, to the sarcasm of a young gentleman who, for a whole winter-session, may have adorned the chair of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh?

It is not very easy to decide whether a young Whig, or a young Tory of this stamp, is the most abject animal. The latter is generally a dull, stupid, well-meaning man, who, being a plodder himself, is well satisfied to see every thing plodding around him; and he therefore starts at the sound of innovation, as he would at the sudden rumbling of a waggon behind him on the street. He chooses his steps through old lifeless opinions, as if he were afraid of dirtying his shoes. He carries an umbrella in dry weather,—he takes shelter in some shed at the first drop of rain; and when other more spirited people are walking home through the shower, his face is seen at the window of a glass-coach, as if afraid of an universal deluge. At table he carves a fowl

with the same stately precision with which he divides an argument; and he swallows his mashed turnips with the same look of importance as if he were gulping a way or a mean from Mr Vansittart's budget.

For our own parts, after a long acquaintance with some worthy representatives of both these classes, we prefer the stupid young Tory to the clever young Whig. He is occasionally contented to be silent. At the worst, he is inclined to be acquiescent. And though the church and state do not seem to require his immediate assistance to support them, yet, as his motives are good, with a smile of approbation we allow him to stand with his shoulder to the edifice, and to utter his benedictions. But Heaven forbid us from a clever young Whig! At an age wherein a grocer's apprentice would be supposed too raw in the properties of peppers and sugars to be allowed to set up for himself,—wherein an understrapper of the Esculapian tribe would not be permitted to practice except on corpses,—wherein a follower of the law would be compelled to sit dumb at a consultation, and reserve all his genius for taking stenographic notes of the “*dicta lectorum peritissimorum et consultissimorum*,”—it is by no means a rare thing to sit at table with one who, at this green and tender age, conceives himself quite entitled to dole out sententious wisdom concerning the affairs of the state; to quote acts of Parliament which he never saw except in a quotation; to rate the conduct of public men, in whose presence the innate consciousness of inanity would render him all one blank of confusion; men whose intentions, principles, and purposes, he no more understands than a fly does the laws of the steam-engine, against one of whose levers it is buzzing. To a Cynic of the genuine breed,—a Voltaire, a Labruyere, a Swift, an Echard, or an Aristophanes,—what pleasure would the contemplation of such precocious presumption afford. With what delight would one of them have watched the oracular frown of the empty forehead,—the philosophical screw of the round, fat features—whereby this infant reformer takes pains to testify that he is “no common observer of men and measures.” With what malicious delight would the witty devil of *Le Sage* have trac-

ed the progress of his daily career,—have seen him gathering the droppings of opinion from some real or fancied oracle of his party at one hour, and bringing them out again hardened and encrusted into folly by their residence within his brain at another. With what a grin of demoniacal satisfaction would he see him retailing these second-hand dogmas to some lower circle, and taking the airs of a high priest among those who had never been permitted to penetrate beyond the outer “court of the Gentiles!” The more dogmatical his assertions, the more indiscriminate his abuse, the more rancorous his frothy indignation,—the more would the satirist or the demon be delighted with the spectacle. For us, we are too much lovers of our species, to enjoy the view of any of its degradations. With the contempt, which we cannot quell, there mingles at least an equal proportion of the milder element of pity. We cannot even consent to view the unhappy stripling as the victim entirely of his own follies; but reserve at least some portion of our blame for those men of superior minds, who have by flattery, or the love of patronage, been induced to countenance his empty airs, and foster the rank fungus of conceit in the bosom of this their otherwise unobserved and insignificant disciple.

Amidst all our contempt and all our pity, we must not, however, hesitate to say, that we really do believe these beardless chatterers are, in so far, acting prudently for themselves. Such absurdities have at least this merit, that they do draw upon their practitioners some little notice. A party out of place has no rewards to distribute, except those which are of such a nature, that generosity, in respect to them, requires no great stretch of liberality. When people are contented with a few smiles and grins, it is scarcely worth while to keep them unsatisfied. So these striplings are caressed a little and flattered a little, and by this means they are raised, not merely in their own opinion, and that of others equally shallow as themselves,—but up to somewhat a higher rank in the crazy ladder of popular estimation than their small faculties and worthless attainments could, in almost any other way, have secured for them. Their place is, indeed, after all, not a very lofty one; but they

flatter themselves they may hereafter get up yet farther. They enjoy at least a blessed delusion, and fancy and believe themselves to be the embryos of very considerable men.

It is of course quite natural, that the tone in which these persons discourse of public men and public affairs, should savour of their paltry notions,—their ignorant heads, cold hearts, and impotent judgments;—of their vulgar pursuits and habits;—of their base compliances and sneaking submissions, and hypocritical vanities. This is quite unavoidable.—They caricature the already overcharged sketches of their masters into absolute and meaningless monstrosity. They are the links between genuine party violence and the mere hubbub of the populace. In short, they do much dirty work in the dirtiest way possible. They are employed to say things which their superiors are not sorry to have said, although they have too much self-respect to be the trumpeters of them *in propriis personis*. They are the tag, rag, and bobtail, of the set. They are the awkward, shambling, dwarfish, crooked drummers and fifers of the procession. The true fighters hold them and their vocation in high contempt; but it is notwithstanding true, they make more noise than all the rest of the array.

With very different feelings, indeed, do we sometimes observe absurdities and extravagancies quite as vulgar and gross as these, exhibited in the virulence of the demon, PARTY SPIRIT, by men well fitted by nature and education to play a very different part on the public stage. That petulant and boyish abuse which is only despised from the lips of self-conceited striplings, becomes, in truth, a very different sort of affair when it finds its mouthpiece in a man of genius. When wit, poetry, elegance, and eloquence, are exerted for any purpose, however vile and unworthy, the material is sure to gain some little value and importance from the workmanship. Minds which resist without difficulty the low raving of daily and weekly newspapers, the froth of debating-clubs, and the dullness of pamphlets, are not secure when attacked by one who possesses the brilliant fancy and matchless ease that characterize all the exertions of the muse of Moore. The same engaging qualities which rendered his

early poems the most seductive instruments of debauchery, and which, therefore, did not save them from the dignified rebuke of a most powerful pen, are now, we fear, rendering his political *jeux-d'esprit* very dangerous weapons in the hands of a set of stupid demagogues, who, had Moore reserved himself for the proper subjects of poetry, would never have had the taste to discover any portion of his merits. We can excuse something to an Irishman, and much to a poet. When a head, exposed to two such inflammations, once begins to turn upon party feelings and party subjects, there is no saying how hot it may grow. But Mr Moore should remember that he is not a mere Irishman, nor a mere poet. He should reflect that he is a Briton, and, above all, that he is, by manners and accomplishments, a gentleman. This word seems now, indeed, to have lost a great deal of its old meaning. It was the boast of the English civil wars, that both parties were headed by English gentlemen; and that the manly and delicate feelings, then inseparable from this high character, took away from a period of battles, and slaughters, and exiles, and revolutions, not a little of that ferocious and unrelenting hostility which the history of any other period of the world would have made us suppose to be the necessary accompaniment of all such times of tumult and convulsion. Surely the interests which were then at stake are sufficient to make the party men of the present day look with some little contempt on the insignificant subjects of their warfares. And yet in those days there was universally observed, by all the eminent men of either side, the most perfect politeness to their opponents. Above all, even in the moments of actual battle and siege, the unfortunate Charles was never mentioned by his insurgent subjects without expressions of deep respect for the personal character, and regret for what they conceived to be the destructive measures of their sovereign. Since that time the character of the king of Great Britain has undergone a very material alteration. The prince no longer lays claim to those high prerogatives, a superstitious love for which was the ruin of Charles. He is the first magistrate of a free state; it is declared by the law that he can "do no wrong;" and

the inviolable dignity of his person and character is watched over by every good subject, because this is supposed to be inseparably connected with a due respect for that happy government, the most important of whose functions are intrusted to his hands, and of whose authority, as well as of the collective greatness of the nation, he is the acknowledged symbol and representative. Such feelings as these, we should think, cannot fail to find an easy reception in the breast of every one who has ever thought at all on the subject of governments and kings. The days are surely no more, in which good deluded men dreamed of republics and consuls, and flattered themselves that they might amend, by one bold blow, the institutions of our fathers. Mr Moore, at least, is surely not quite so wild an enthusiast as to wish for a revolution in Great Britain. If he cherishes no such wishes, however, (and we by no means say that he does so) he is, he may be assured, acting in a manner at once unworthy of his own reputation, and of the land in which he lives, when he consecrates his talents to reviling the personal habits—nay the very countenance and figure—of the prince to whose hands the high functions of sovereignty are committed. We think nothing can be more vile than to lampoon and caricature our superiors in a manner in which we durst not so use our equals. The Prince Regent, it is quite evident, can take no personal notice of the low scurrilities of one in the situation of Mr Moore. The only thing he can do, in respect to such a person committing such an outrage upon all the laws of politeness, is to have him tried at the Old Bailey. And we think we may easily take it upon us to tell Mr Moore, that if the monarch had on the present occasion been as fond of revenge as the subject has been fertile in offences, there is abundant matter contained in one little volume which he has just published, to have given him at least five or six years comfortable lodging in Newgate. It is true, that it would be quite below the dignity of the illustrious person injured to take such a method of revenging himself. Mr Moore knew this:—he was aware, probably, that he might so sin with impunity. But does he not perceive how little of manhood there is in thus abusing generosity? how pitiful a thing

it is to strike because we know disdain must prevent the stroke from being returned? We are happy in having the opportunity of expressing our sentiments on this subject, in regard to a man whose general character is so amiable, and genius so indisputable, as those of Thomas Moore. We are quite sure he will take no offence at what we have said. He is much too good and too great a man to be thrown away upon the outskirts of a party. He should think of Pitt, Fox, and SHERIDAN, and not seek to find either countenance or companionship among those small men whose revilings his muse has echoed into wit, without taking from them their original sin of meanness.

The little book, which has been the means of betraying us into all these observations, is, we think, inferior, in every point of view, to the Twopenny Post-Bag. The vein of wit was then new; and although it is by no means exhausted, the ore does not now seem to us to have quite so much splendour about it as heretofore. "The Fudge Family in Paris" is, in outline and apparent purpose, and, generally speaking, in its measure, an imitation of the famous "New Bath Guide." It professes to consist of a bundle of letters written by the different members of an Irish family during a short stay in the French metropolis. The head of the family is an old gentleman, a sort of spy of Lord Castlereagh, "a legitimate stickler." His son, Bob Fudge, is a young dandy, who revels in the delights of Beauvilliers' and Hardy's cookery, but as to political affairs is "not so particular." The daughter, Biddy, is a sentimental miss, whose love of mustachiod officers supplies the place of the methodistical propensities of her prototype (the admirer of the holy Aaron) in the Bath Guide. These personages all write in the regular nanby-pamby measure used by Anstey and his imitators. But their lucubrations are intermingled with some most fiery and absurd heroics,—the work of the tutor of the family,—a poor cousin of the Fudges, a Catholic and a Reformer,—one whose head has apparently been turned by the perusal of "The Milesian Chiefs" and the "Irish Melodies." This Mr O'Connor, for that is his name, is, by the female side, descended from

"The ragged royal line of Tara,"

And whimpers about the oppressions of "The Green Isle," as if he almost wished back again the old days

"When Malachi wore the collar of gold,"

and Erin, like the Ithaca of Homer, could maintain an independent monarch upon every farm-steading. So much for the interlocutors. We shall now proceed to give our readers a short specimen of each, and, in doing this, we shall endeavour to select the passages which are most honourable to Mr Moore, abstaining, *as far as is possible*, from inserting any of the pitiful or atrocious virulencies, of which, we are persuaded, now that the book is fairly out of his hands, he is himself very heartily ashamed. Politeness induces us to make our first selection from the lady. Biddy's letters are of course addressed to some boarding school intimate in the Land of Bogs.

"Our party consists, in a neat Calais job, Of Papa and myself, Mr Connor and Bob. You remember how sheepish Bob look'd at Kilrandy,

But, Lord! he's quite alter'd—they've made him a Dandy;

A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd,

Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:

Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,

With heads, so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,

That seats like our music-stools soon must be found them,

To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them!

In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean,

And Bob's far the best of the *genus* I've seen:

An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,

And goes to Paris to study French dishes,

Whose names—think, how quick!—he already knows pat,

A la braise, petits patés, and—what d'ye call that

They inflict on potatoes?—oh! *maitre d'hotel*—

I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well

As if nothing but these all his life he had eat, Though a bit of them Bobby has never touch'd yet;

But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,

As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books."

The next is a part of Bob's journal,

"Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris!—but stay—

As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a day,

As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,

All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of *Cocaigne*,*

That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,

Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,

And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream-ice*;

Where so ready all nature its cookery yields, *Macaroni au parmesan* grows in the fields;

Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,

And the geese are all born with a liver complaint!†

I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—

For a lad who *goes into the world*, Dick, like me,

Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—

Almost as tight as *some lads* who *go out of it*. With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold up

The mirror to nature"—so bright you could sup

Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that draws

On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—

With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,

And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,

I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet Beats the field at a *dejeuner a la fourchette*.

There, Dick, what a breakfast!—oh, not like your ghost

Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;

* The fairy land of cookery and *gourmandise*; "Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle les, alouettes tombent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquere."—*Duchat*.

† The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *patés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique*:—"On déplume l'estomac des oies; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hepaticque, qui fait gonfler leur foie," &c. p. 206.

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye
 roves about,
 Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence
 singles out
 One's *pate* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
 One's small limbs of chickens, done *en pa-*
pillote,
 One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but
 plain,
 Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with
 champagne!
 Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—
 or, mayhap,
Chambertin,* which you know's the pet
 tittle of Nap,
 And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate
 stickler,
 Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so par-
 tic'lar.—
 Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and
 then, Dick, 's
 The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious ap-
 pendix,
 (If books had but such, my old Grecian,
 depend on't,
 I'd swallow even W—tk—ns', for sake of
 the end on't);
 A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips,
 Just as if bottled velvet † tipp'd over one's
 lips!
 This repast being ended, and *paid for*—
 (how odd!

Till a man's us'd to paying, there's
 something so queer in't!)
 The sun now well out, and the girls all a-
 broad,
 And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs,
 to appear in't,
 We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh,
 Dick, the phyzzes,
 The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of
 quizzes!
 Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
 With a coat you might date Anno Domini I;
 A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble
 old soul!
 A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-
 hole;
 Just such as our Pr—e, who nor reason
 nor fun dreads,
 Inflicts without ev'n a court-martial, on
 hundreds.‡
 Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish
 eye,
 (Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the
 by);
 And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
 In a silk that has stood since the time of the
 Fronde.
 There goes a French Dandy—ah, Dick,
 unlike some ones

* The favourite wine of Napolcon.

† *Velours en bouteille*.

‡ It was said by Wicquefort, more than
 a hundred years ago, "Le Roi d'Angleterre
 fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les au-
 tres Rois de la Chretiené ensemble."—
 What would he say now?

We've seen about White's—the Mounseers
 are but rum ones;
 Such hats!—fit for monkies—I'd back Mrs
 Draper
 To cut neater weather-boards out of brown
 paper:
 And coats—how I wish, if it would'nt dis-
 tress 'em,
 They club for old B—m—l, from Calais,
 to dress 'em!
 The collar sticks out from the neck such a
 space,
 That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this
 head-opping nation,
 To leave there behind them a snug little
 place
 For the head to drop into, on decapitation!
 In short, what with mountebanks, Counts,
 and friseurs,
 Some mummers by trade, and the rest ama-
 teurs—
 What with captains in new jockey-boots and
 silk breeches,
 Old dustmen with swinging great opera-
 hats,
 And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
 There neyer was seen such a race of Jack
 Sprats!"

We must however give one speci-
 men of the diplomatic talents of the
Paterfamilies.

"Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
 In China, and was sorely nettled;
 But think, my Lord, we should not pass it
 o'er
 Till all this matter's fairly settled;
 And here's the mode occurs to me:—
 As none of our Nobility
 (Though for their *own* most gracious King
 They would kiss hands, or—any thing)
 Can be persuaded to go through
 This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou*;
 And as these Mandarins won't bend,
 Without some mumming exhibition,
 Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
 Grimaldi to them on a mission:
 As *Legate* Joe could play his part,
 And if, in diplomatic art,
 The "volto sciolto"[§]'s meritorious,
 Let Joe but grin, he has it, glorious!

A *title* for him 's easily made;
 And, by the by, one Christmas time,
 If I remember right, he play'd
 Lord Morley in some pantomime;—
 As Earl of M—rl—y then gazette him,
 If t'other Earl of M—rl—y 'll let him.
 (And why should not the world be blest
 With *two* such stars, for East and West?)
 Then, when before the Yellow Screen
 He's brought—and, sure, the very essence
 Of etiquette would be that scene
 Of Joe in the Celestial Presence!—
 He thus should say:—' Duke Ho and So,

* The *open countenance*, recommended
 by Lord Chesterfield.

I'll play what tricks you please for you,
If you'll, in turn, but do for me
A few small tricks you now shall see.
If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,
At least you'll do the same for *my* King.
He then should give them nine such grins,
As would astound even Mandarins;
And throw such somersets before

The picture of King George (God bless him!)

As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
Would, by Confucius, *much* distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
But think you'll find some wisdom in't;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord, (you *know* poor Bob)
Would in the suite be glad to go
And help his Excellency, Joe;—
At least, like noble Amh—rst's son,
The lad will do to *practise* on.*

McPhelim O'Connor's strains are
all in the same rational key with the
following:

“Return!—no, never, while the withering hand

Of bigot power is on that heapless land;
While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
Ev'n in the fields where free those fathers trod,

I am proscib'd, and—like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there—

On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No!—let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs

See nought but food for factions and harangues, &c.”

“But whither?—everywhere the scourge pursues—

Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,

In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of th' oppressor's face!
Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are serv'd up victims to the vile and few;
While E*****, everywhere—the general foe

Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—

Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!
“O England!—

Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings

O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promis'd good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!
If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss

That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this,—

That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;

That, as the Centaur* gave th' infected vest
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,

We sent thee C——gh:—as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,

So hath our land breath'd out—thy fame to dim,

Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—

Her worse infections all condens'd in him!

This stuff, we think, is the *ne plus ultra* of newspaper Billingsgate. But we must conclude with a *morceau*, at least, of good temper. We again quote from Miss Fudge.

But, the dancing—*ah parlez-moi*, Dolly, *de*

There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.

Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance!

Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance

Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias!
Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature—you'd swear,

When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,

That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,

And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.

And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels

Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven,

Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven?

Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, Dolly! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh

To make love to me then—you've a soul, and can judge

What a crisis 'twould be for your friend Bidy Fudge.

The world, we believe, has now had enough of this kind of ludicrous poetry. It was very well in its day, but surely Whistlecraft and Beppo, to say nothing of Odoherly, are enough to put the school of Anstey out of fashion. Mr Moore, we apprehend, would have acted wisely had he confined his exertions to enlivening the diurnal columns of the Morning Chronicle. A man who has a name to support, should look well about him before he makes a book. M.

* Membra et Herculeos toros
Urit lues Nessesæ.
Illes ille victor vincitur.

Sæcæ Herculis. Cæ

* See Mr Ellis's account of the Embassy.

TIME'S MAGIC LANTHERN.

No IV.

Bunyanus Obsessus, or a Tift with Apollyon.

Argument.—John Bunyan, travelling as an itinerant preacher, comes to a small inn, where he means to spend the night; but is turned out of doors, and after divers disasters, is beset by Apollyon, who tempts him to forsake his calling for the sake of worldly ease and comfort.

Scene I. A Hedge Alehouse.

John Bunyan. Gladly do I lay down my staff. The fire crackles pleasantly. Hostess! some bread and cheese, for here I must tarry this night. My bones ache with weariness.

Hostess. Would you not have some ale to these dry crusts?

Bunyan. I cannot pay for ale, and would not wrong thee, woman, of a farthing, for any bodily comfort.

Hostess. A strange man this. What nails in his shoes, and what a sourness in his countenance! I dare be sworn he has the strength of a horse. How far have you come this day?

Bunyan. Fifty-six miles since I last wrought in the vineyard.

Hostess. Then fall to and eat, for you must stand in need of refreshment. What is the meaning of these white streaks upon your coat?

Bunyan. When I was sore spent, a miller permitted me to ascend his cart; by which means my skirts have been whitened with meal.

Hostess. Whether are you travelling?

Bunyan. Hum,—upon no errand of vanity. Inquire no farther.

Enter Two Waggoners.

1 Wag. A sharp night as ever my knuckles remember. Some ale, hostess—and look to the horses; but first bring the pint-pot. Good liquor makes all even.

2 Wag. Come, Joe, we may lay aside our cutlasses now. We are lucky to have met with no footpads. (*Addressing John Bunyan.*) Can you tell us any news, friend? Have they caught Ralph Ryegrass, who so much infested this road?

Bunyan. I can tell you nothing of Ralph Ryegrass, but I can tell you of a far greater footpad—one who frequents all roads alike, whether they

lead east, or west, or north, or south—and who robs and cheats people, even in day-light, of what is more valuable to them than their purses, or their laced coats, or their gewgaws, or their trinkets.

2 Wag. Who can this be?

Bunyan. An old offender; one who will never be caught till the day of judgment.

1 Wag. Sure, I know the names of all notorious robbers and thieves. Can it be Simon Suregun?

Bunyan. No, friend; it is quite a different person.

2 Wag. How do you describe him? Is he a short and brawny man, and hard-favoured?

Bunyan. Hard-favoured enough. I will answer for that.

1 Wag. Can it be Touzling Thomas?

Bunyan. No, friend; it is the devil. It is he who wanders about, sometimes like a wily fox, and sometimes like a roaring lion, gaping for lost souls; and who lurks, not only in dark woods and solitary bye-paths, but also follows people to ale-houses, and stands behind their benches to sweeten the relish of every draught. No waiting-man is half so alert as the devil, nor rejoices more to fetch the dearest and hottest things in the house.

1 Wag. Now I see your drift. But I wish you would let us swallow our liquor in peace. It is time enough to settle with the devil when we have driven our last stage.

Bunyan. Ah, reprobate!

2 Wag. It strikes me that I have heard this man before at Splashdirt fair. Hostess, how many beds have you?

Hostess. Not more than one, besides my own. There can but two folks lodge here.

1 Wag. Friend, we have been always used to have this bed, and we won't be shoved out of our birth, I promise you.

2 Wag. You will find another inn three miles off, or at most five or six, as I am Christian.

Bunyan. Woman, wherefore is this—

Hostess. There need be no words. You are now well refreshed, and another six miles will serve to stretch your legs.

Bunyan. Woman, wherefore is this thing?

1 Wag. Out with him! vile thief!
—I know him.

Bunyan. Thou knave, this is an inn,—I will sleep by the fire.

2 Wag. Out with him! Away with him! He will open the door at night to his comrades.

(John Bunyan is beaten out.)

Scene II. The High Road.

Bunyan. Thus are the servants of the Lord driven forth, and have not where to lay their heads. Yonder is a very black cloud, which will soon pour down upon me, while these carriers remain drinking at the fireside. But hush! John Bunyan, it is not for thee to repine, or to envy their sottish delights. My limbs are stout, and my heart scorns to quail at trifles. I will on sturdily, and count five miles for the half way. Here comes a horseman behind me, if I mistake not.

Enter Apollyon, in the shape of a Gentleman on horseback.

Apollyon. Good even to you, friend. Heavy roads these.

Bunyan. Heavy, indeed, for man and beast.

Apollyon. You travel late, methinks? A foot-passenger would require moonlight here.

Bunyan. I travel towards next inn.

Apollyon. Which is four miles off. When you come to a place where the road branches into two, be sure to keep to the left hand; for, on the other road, no inn is to be found.

Bunyan. I thank you for your admonition, and will attend to it.

Scene III. A desolate Common.

Enter John Bunyan, bewildered.

Bunyan. Whither am I going? Where is this to end? Seven miles at least have I walked, and now I find myself I know not where. This fine dressed spark, upon his roan horse, has been making a mock of me. No appearance of a human dwelling—not even a tree under which to find shelter. Meanwhile, this dainty horseman rides forward with his tinkling trappings and jingling vanities, and chuckles, no doubt, over his jest. My patience is almost out. May the dev—

(Enter Apollyon in the shape of a Herdsman.)

Herdsman. Who is this cursing and swearing in the dark?

Bunyan. One who is sore distraught. Pray you, friend, where am I? Is there not an inn hard by?

Herdsman. Alas, no! Have you lost your way?

Bunyan. Some son of mischief has put me on a wrong track.

Herdsman. Your case grieves me. Do you observe yon light about half way up the hill at some distance?

Bunyan. I do. From whence does it proceed?

Herdsman. From our parson's house. He is a very charitable soul, and will not refuse a night's accommodation to an unfortunate traveller. Keep the light steadily in view, and, upon approaching, you will perceive there is before the house a walled garden, through which you must pass. Go boldly in and knock.

Bunyan. This revives my spirits. Give me your hand, mine honest friend. You laugh, I think.

Herdsman. I rejoice to think how kindly you will be received after all your fatigues.

Scene IV. The Parson's Garden.

Enter the Parson, with Servants.

Parson. Take your stations among the trees. To have my orchard robbed three nights successively is too much. But I think we shall secure the rogue at last.

1 Serv. Shall we cudgel him tightly?

Parson. No; only confine him till to-morrow, and then bring him before Justice Proudpaunch.

2 Serv. If it be the fellow whom I suspect, he wears a broad-brimmed hat, and has something like a respectable appearance.

Parson. Never mind appearances, but do your duty. Hist! here he comes: keep quiet till he mounts a tree.

Enter John Bunyan.

Bunyan. Aha!—softly—softly—the good man. Sorely, all night, have I toiled; but now the fruits await me. What a paradise is this, after these bleak heaths! Snug, warm, pleasant. My face feels easy: no more of those windy and rainy blurtings which confound the senses of the traveller. The good man hath planted his garden with goodly trees. Sure he must be rich and beneficent, and I doubt not but I shall come away with some of his leather-coats in my pocket. Now—

now—now is the time: now for a knock at—

Parson. (*Rushing out with Servants.*) Down with him! Seize him! Pinion him!—A light here, ho!

1 *Serv.* (*Collaring Bunyan.*) So, sirrah, what say you now? You would have a pocketfull of leather-coats, would you?

Bunyan. Gripe not my throat so fast. Wherefore is this?

2 *Serv.* A big-boned and sturdy thief. His pockets are made to hold a bushel each. Why do you leer so piteously at my master?

Bunyan. An herdsman whom I met upon the common beneath directed me unto him, as being a charitable and bounteous man.

Parson. Oh, impudence! What herdsman? No herdsman ever watches there. Seek to abuse mine ear with falsehoods! You will make nothing by adding one sin to another.

Bunyan. Sin!—Woe's me that I should have trusted to the tongues of sinful men!

Parson. Bring him along. The barn, I think, will be the best place in which to secure him.

Scene V. The Interior of the Barn.

Bunyan, solus. What have I done? Am I dreaming? Hard walls, and a door of substantial timber. Nay, this is no vision. And how shall I clear myself to the Justice to-morrow, when these brazen-fronted serving-men shall bear witness against me? I am confounded already. I sought for a charitable man, and I have found a Judas. Instead of bread, he has given me a stone. No more—no more. My strength is utterly exhausted. Let me sink among these trusses of straw.

Apollyon appears in his own shape.

Bunyan. (*Startling.*) What light is this?—Ha! well met, thou damnable fiend! Thou art come, as usual, to taunt me upon my misfortunes.

Apollyon. A fine dilemma this.—What mean you to do, Mr Bunyan?

Bunyan. To sleep till morning; and the sooner thou leavest me the better.

Apollyon. Would you not have been better at home with the sweet Mrs Bunyan? I saw a gallant man, in a red coat, go into her house the other day.

Bunyan. Thou art a cursed liar;

else it must have been some uncle or cousin from abroad.

Apollyon. Mrs Bunyan has been a handsome woman in her time.

Bunyan. She is neither more nor less handsome than the Lord hath made her; for which I return most humble thanks.

Apollyon. Women are weak, Mr Bunyan. Why lookest thou not after thine own ewe, instead of other people's flocks? Were the carriers a whit the better of thee?

Bunyan. It is not for me to speak of my fructifications; but here are my tablets.—*Sunday.* Preached at Eppington, where two weavers seemed deeply smitten, and went away rejoicing.—

Monday. A deathbed conversation with a village lawyer. Hard wrestling. Upshot uncertain.—*Tuesday.* Visit to Bridewell. Nothing but foul language.—*Wednesday evening.* Dispute with a blacksmith on the prophecies.—*Thursday.* Preached at—

Apollyon. And on *Friday evening* you baptized a waxen doll, which was brought you, in the twilight, by two wags, dressed up as father and mother. "The child's name is Martha," says Mr Bunyan.

Bunyan. If I were not aware that thou art altogether made up of gibes and lies, my mind would be troubled.

Apollyon. Troubled or not troubled, what I have told you is a fact. You are a weak man, Mr Bunyan.

Bunyan. My comfort is, that "the devil was a liar from the beginning."

Apollyon. If you had taken the advice which I have so frequently offered, you would have gone home long before now, and lived like a rational person. What has been the result of your whole week's labours, except the affair of the two weavers? The necessity of good works will slip through their minds like a shuttle, and leave nothing but tangled threads of controversy behind.

Bunyan. Peace, envious toad! I have made them new men.

Apollyon. You are quite mistaken. Since the date of their conversion, I have them down in my books for sundry dram-drinkings and misdoings, of which no person has any suspicion.

Bunyan. You may put down what you please in your books, but—

Apollyon. To give you some idea of their contents, I shall read a page or

two.—*Friday evening.* Observed Farmer Gilliflower coming home from market quite drunk, and sitting awry upon his horse.—*Saturday night.* Posted myself within a bed-curtain, and whispered all night in Miss Bridget's ear.—*Sunday evening.* A dinner of clergymen. After the cloth was removed, some choice anecdotes of a certain description from Dr Warmchair, seconded by the Reverend Mr Touchwood.

Bunyan. Enough—enough.

Apollyon.—*Monday morning.* Went into Dame Plausible's shop to try the weights and measures. A pewter pint pot a good deal squeezed on one side: Sugars very damp.

Bunyan. The time will come, when it will be felt how much a light pound helps to weigh down a heavy soul.

Apollyon.—*Tuesday.* Dressed myself in the clothes of a public character, and made a long speech in parliament. Two hours on my legs. Loud cheering.—*Wednesday night.* Gave a sly push to the elbow of a billiard-player, who presently went home and shot himself.—*Thursday morning.* Little stirring. Accompanied a cart of sloes to the storehouse of a certain wine-merchant.

Bunyan. No more—no more.

Apollyon.—*Friday evening.* Attended a debating club in the north. Only five atheists present. President expelled because of a Bible having been found in his pocket. David Dreary-lengths elected in his place. Alexander Antichrist, secretary; Adolphus Utopianus Crackbrain, librarian.

Bunyan. I will hear no more of this; it makes me shudder.

Apollyon. You see what sort of a world you are attempting to reform. And what is the reward of your perseverance? You are locked up here as a fruit-stealer. To-morrow you must answer the charge before Justice Proudpaunch; and what will you say then, Mr Bunyan?

Bunyan. In truth, I know not.

Apollyon. You will be put in the stocks, or perhaps in the pillory; and no person will ever listen to your preaching in future.

Bunyan. Alas! I am sore beset.

Apollyon. What would you give me to carry you safe home, on a broomstick, to the sweet Mrs Bunyan?

Bunyan. I will mount no broom-

sticks. You wish to inveigle me into some devilish bargain.

Apollyon. Never fear. Nothing shall be asked of you but what may be safely complied with. Only promise to give over preaching.

Bunyan. Never while I have breath.

Apollyon. What then? Must the author of the Pilgrim's Progress appear in the stocks as a common thief? Reflect, Mr Bunyan, reflect a little. Only pledge your word, and the barn door shall immediately fly open. You may either mount the broom or not, as you please.

Bunyan. Tempt me no farther.

Apollyon. Infatuated man! reflect once more, ere I leave you to your fate. Our conversation must speedily close.

Bunyan. The sooner the better; for let me tell you, those puffs of sulphur are none of the pleasantest.

Apollyon. I remember a Scottish preacher who thought otherwise. He said he was fond of a wrestle with me, because he generally felt easier after it. I allude to the Reverend Mr Daniel Fidget, whose celebrity was by no means founded on the whiteness of his linen.

Bunyan. What have I to do with Daniel Fidget? Leave me.

Apollyon. One word more. If you will not promise to give over preaching, I am willing to relieve you from your present embarrassment for a slighter consideration.

Bunyan. What is that?

Apollyon. Only recite the creed, leaving out every fourth word.

Bunyan. It is not for me to make or meddle with the creed.

Apollyon. Come then, I will assist you gratuitously. Put your staff between your legs, and I will change it into a most beautiful griffin, with golden claws, which will carry you out through the roof, in the easiest manner possible.

Bunyan. Claws are still claws, although they be gilded.

Apollyon. The saddle shall be velvet; and you will travel as smooth as a morning's dream, or a pigeon with a love-letter.

Bunyan. (*Bitterly.*) To what place, thou prince of sharpers? To what place? Do you take me for a dolt?

Apollyon. Why, home, to be sure. What is the matter?

Bunyan. Home?—Crocodile!

Apollyon. How now? Are you afraid of any thing? Do you doubt my honour?

Bunyan. Leave me, thou blasted liar! thou brimstone-footed lacquey of darkness!—Leave me!—Or if thou wilt have a close grapple, come on, and do thy worst.

Apollyon. I admire your spirit, Mr Bunyan. After all your fatigue, you seem as ready for a tift with me as if you had newly come from church. Draw nigh then, sweetheart: here is for you.

(They wrestle. A loud knocking is heard at the barn door.)

Parson. (Without.) Hollo! Within there! What is the meaning of this disturbance?

Bunyan. (Wrestling hard.) Down, power of evil!

Apollyon. I'll make you pant, Mr Pilgrim.

Parson. (Without.) Is the knave attempting to escape? What noise is this?

He enters.

Apollyon. Another champion!—Come on—twenty more if you please.

Parson. O Lord! where is my book of exorcisms?

Apollyon. Nay, friend, I will rather try you without it.

(Leaves Bunyan, and grapples with the Parson.)

Bunyan. 'Tis well. Now shall this fresh-water theologer be made to know what real service is. Hush!—the door is open. Gripe hard, and stick to each other.

(Steals out, and locks the door upon them.)

Apollyon. He is gone, but you are as good. We shall have a rare night of it.

Parson. O Lord, have mcrey upon me!

Scene VI. A Sequestered Valley.

Bunyan. Safe again. Miraculously have my legs performed their duty. Morning begins to dawn. Here is a little meadow, where the hay has been gathered into ricks; a spot of exceeding pleasantness for a weary man. Triumph, John Bunyan, triumph! Thou hast foiled the Tempter, and quitted thyself nobly; wherefore lie down, and repose in peace. Ye shining ones, who so oft in prison have inspired my dreams, reward me now with a vision of the celestial city.

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF SHIP- WRECK BY DRINK.

From THOMAS HEYWOOD'S English Traveller.

THIS gentleman and I
Past but just now by your next neighbour's
house,

Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth: his father now at sea.

—There this night

Was a great feast.

In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse
was offer'd

Of ships and storms at sea: when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a Pin-
nace,

Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unstedfast footing did proceed

From rocking of the vessel: This conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,

And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover. He
Climbs by the bed-post to the tester there,
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship
and lives,

To cast their lading over-board. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads,
cups,

Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow
whistles;

They take him for the boatswain: one lies
struggling

Upon the floor, as if he swum for life:

A third takes the base-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labours, and rows;

His oar, the stick with which the fidler plaid:
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,

Still fumbling on a gittern.—The rude
multitude,

Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears
about it;

The Constable is call'd to atone the broil;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of eminent shipwreck, enters th' house, and
finds them

In this confusion: they adore his Staff,
And think it Neptune's Trident; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his
watch)

To calm the tempest and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them.

THOUGHTS, FROM A WHIG, ON THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR EDITOR,

THE vacancy which lately occurred in
the office of SPEAKER, gave THE COM-

MONS an opportunity of exercising their high privilege of election, and may furnish, with an excuse for submitting his humble notions of the talents and qualifications necessary to that office, a correspondent, who uses the plural number only because it is less hurtful to his ear than the singular. His views are amenable to controversy. And, while that stands fairly open, you are *editorially* exonerated from giving currency to sentiments which, *individually*, it is quite possible you could neither sanction nor admit.

Towards the last Speaker we are inclined to cherish nothing but that feeling of regret which is natural at parting with a name which had so long met our eyes in the political journals, and a figure with which we were familiar in some of the most interesting moments of our lives. And who that has stepped into the House, even of very late years, pending a great debate, when the lamented Horner was to engage the affections of his opponents by his candour and paramount regard to truth,—to excite their deference by his deep science,—and the attention of all who heard him by his “grave and forcible manner;” or when Samuel Whitbread was to stand up as the voluntary, unhired representative of the human race, or the vindicator of the moral character of his country:—who, that has witnessed such things, does not associate them with some of his better impressions? We recollect, with the veneration of youthful enthusiasm, the temper of mind under which we used to visit the House in our earlier pilgrimages to London,—that land of promised glories and delights, which, though not found, or fleeting when found, we now value perhaps too highly, because the occupation of other pursuits, “as empty quite,” prevent us from thinking of them as we could wish, or from trusting ourselves yet once more on the sea of their anxieties and enjoyments. Some good-natured member had told us that such and such a question was to come on, when certain men on both sides were to speak. Away we hied, after a hasty dinner at some tavern in the neighbourhood of Westminster,—panting with expectation,—feeling our own importance most immoderately, inasmuch as all this din of preparation and trial of intellect seemed to be prepared *for us*,—and occupied with

“thick-coming fancies” of the earlier feats of Fox and Sheridan, and the magic of Erskine. After passing the gross scrutiny of a fat and presumptuous porter, opposite the door of the House of Lords, to whom the license and free awkwardness of our gait seemed no recommendation, we rushed up stairs at once into the gallery. There we commonly made shift to squeeze down as near a front seat as possible, at the expense of the toes, and to the endangerment of the powder and curls of some penurious bachelors, who had taken their places near the reporters, as a cheap way of spending the evening. The hour was six, or half-past; the time, a summer’s evening, about the end of May; *the House* thin, quiet, and languid;—the tender light breaking in from the large window looking to the Speaker’s garden, chequered now and then by the chance-waving of the trees which shaded it, or a boat or two softly gliding past its surface on the silver Thames, which the fresh coolness of the evening seemed to have smoothed to perfect calmness, that the rippling of the oars, or the motion of the boat, might make that stream appear as the creature of man, pent in, and meted in its very risings, for his use and pleasure. If a boat-race, as was not uncommon, happened to be going on, *there* passed the light wherries, with their party-coloured rowers, their gay streamers, and their nicely feathered oars; while now and then the firing of a gun, or a cheerful huzza, announced the success of the happy victor. Within sat the Speaker; a few straggling members passing to and fro, or seated by sixes and sevens on the treasury bench; with Mr Bankes among them,—very much busied in person, and apparently much occupied in mind. Clerks were reading private bills in a low tone, and the Speaker measuring out motions (which nobody could be said to *make*, for they were all read from slips of paper which had been *invisibly* handed to him),—and all the while, with but half his dignity about him, resolving that he should leave the chair,—and then slipping easily down on the nearest seat of the treasury bench, while Mr Bankes took his place at the table—and the House resolved itself into a committee—and the bill was read a second time. Thus passed the hour till the tug of war came, and some of

the master spirits of our isle:—But we can go no farther.—All we can say is,—we now look back on those occasions as some of the happiest of our lives, and should have but little self-esteem could we be shamed out of the remembrance of them by the raillery of wiser heads.—There Mr Abbott's voice was always to be heard; and his still and calm formality, with his under-tones of moderation, and sometimes, we have no doubt, tedious and unwilling, dignity, soothed down our spirits from the rack of excitement to which the mighty themes and mighty masters had screwed them. To be serious, the office is highly respectable, and Mr Abbott did not disgrace it. For our parts, we never felt the slightest emotion of disrespect, nor waxed from the chilling dignity and severe abstraction with which he struck our eyes, sitting in his box-like chair placed backwise to the light,—except when he articulated the words, “Strangers will withdraw.” On these occasions, or when he vociferated “Order! order! at the bar!” with more than usual vehemence, we have, for the moment, given way to a rebellious feeling.

Mr Abbott's honourable labours are over. By the favour of his sovereign, and with the approbation of that House at whose councils he so long presided, he has been raised with honour to the titled bench of nobility; and to this reward of merit, the voice of the people throughout the country has responded. A new Speaker fills his place with proper dignity and discretion, with promises of a kindred excellence, and with the private confidence and regard of men on both sides of the House. But a general election is at hand. The next House, at its first meeting, must of new have recourse to the august and truly English ceremony of choosing a Speaker. He must originate from the solemn and unquestionable suffrage of the greatest legislative assembly on earth, and receive the stamp and sanction of his dignity from the sovereign magistrate of a state which has used the forms of liberal government longer than any other since the Christian era. A little time may therefore not be wasted in taking a simple estimate and rapid glance of those qualities, which, at this time of day, the people of England may not unnaturally expect to

find in that man who is afterwards to preside in that assembly, which is the organ of their rights, and the depository of their interests.

The House of Commons is the practical medium, provided by the civil constitution of Britain, between the rage of popular enthusiasm on the one hand, and the dull, inert, and fruitless pageantry of mere noble rank, high office, and ministerial presumption, on the other. The office of Speaker is one of the only few remaining ones which have an air of republicanism about them, and carry us back pleasingly to the good old stiff days of Cromwell, Vane, and Bradshaw; when Marvell was member for Hull, with John Hambden; and when Milton was Latin Secretary to the Parliament: or, a little farther back, when May wrote its history, fresh from Lucan,* but not with the spirit of Mr Southey.

By a beautiful fiction of our constitutional law, though the king has the prerogative of peace and war, under the advice of ministers responsible with their lives and fortunes for what they advise, the Parliament can refuse the supplies, and thus put a stop to the wildest designs of the most high-souled monarch. The Speaker is the organ by which that House makes known to the Sovereign, personally, its wishes and determinations. He is to guide debate in an assembly, where, if there is any thing like an high spirit of honour, a vehement pursuit of power and office, or any of those “spirit-stirring” motives that agitate great minds, contentions may arise which will require all the efforts of cool wisdom to moderate them. The Speaker is to decide on difficult questions of form. He is to lay down the line of practice on those great points of constitutional law, which will occur the more frequently, the more fully the House and the Speaker understand and value their privileges as representatives of an intelligent people. He is

* May translated Lucan in a rugged, stately, English verse, rather inharmonious and trying to modern ears, but with much of the stern impressiveness, and dark and forcible delineation of that poet of liberty. His *History of the Parliament* was called, by the truly great WARBURTON, “an extraordinary performance; written with great temper, good sense, and spirit, and the qualities of a regular composition.”

to bear up all ascertained and accustomed privileges of the House against oversights of the ennobled legislature, the conflicting authority of courts of law, or the less perceptible and more intangible influence of the sovereign himself. By his casting vote he may decide questions of the greatest moment to the safety of the state, and the liberty of the subject. On his personal character—on his love and right understanding of liberty—on the reach and vigour of his capacity,—it depends whether he shall exonerate himself well from a responsibility which is almost awful. On the same grounds he may, under some happy conjuncture of circumstances, infuse a spirit into the House, and give a character to its whole proceedings. He has to return its thanks to those who have done eminent service to their country. His taste and literature, therefore, are of some consequence. For the historian is guided, after all, in his estimate of the taste, turn of thought, and spirit of the age, by those memorials of the national gratitude to the heroes who have fought for it, or to the sages who have benefitted it, which are scattered through the journals of its parliament.

The Speaker will be a grave, stiff, slow man of precedent; and, however wide his reach of thought, or correct his own internal estimate of things, he must appear to be guided by forms rather than by substances. Forms are often essential parts of our liberties. Forms are the landmarks by which these liberties have been ascertained and made palpable to the general mind, after their value had been evinced through the happy generalizations of first thinkers, and their existence assured by the struggles and blood of patriotism. They are the expedients by which, as a great mind has determined it, the high-souled benefactors of their species first “kept measures with prejudice, which they deemed necessary to the order of society,” and by which “they imposed on the grossness of the popular understanding by a sort of compromise between”^{*} fact and right. So in all free states much depends on forms, that, to ardent spirits, may appear cold, trifling, unseemly, and sometimes contemptible. If a Speaker, however,

should, on great questions, hamper the House with a reference to precedents not often acted on, or forms not essential to the constitutional efficacy of its proceedings,—he may lower the dignity of that House in the world, and shake its character with our country for freedom, and capacity for existing circumstances, and aptitude for emergent exigencies. If he happens to be a man that has leaped into public life from college and the bar,—with no taste for general speculation on the theory of law, government, and national polity,—and with a relish for classical themes merely because they are ancient, or for what is ancient only because it is classical;—he may evince a taste accurate as to modes of expression, genteel manners, and a love of justice merely abstract;—but his appearances will be uninteresting. He will shew, on great occasions, a feebleness of intellect—seeking after trimness and neatness, rather than grasp and force of allusion—always reaching out the dignity of the House as in a state of mere competition with other dignities, rather than, what it essentially is, a *mode* by which the rights of that people which gave it existence are to be practically asserted. In particular circumstances, he will appear rather more out of place, and rather more ridiculous, if he puts forth his little hand to support the ark of the constitution when there is no danger nigh;—learning unthinking men, as Wordsworth says,

“To speak of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand—”

Not recollecting that, in the house of which he is the mouthpiece, there have been, and may be, credulous, weak, unserviceable, and subservient sort of men,—while, perhaps, all that is effected for the safety and character of the nation within its walls is sown, germinated, fructified, and ripened, by the courage, intellect, and information, which exist without.

He should be a grave and discreet person; and, if it be possible to unite such varying qualities, full of that warmth which excites and sustains the eloquence of generous passion, and, when they are conjoined, makes the wise pliancy which wins mankind appear a virtue. It is desirable, too, that he be fond, from early habit and subsequent conviction, of our old

^{*} See “*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,” p. 302.

English writers,—rather tinged with the peculiarities of their rich flowing style, which compasses, at once, so much radical product of the essential thinking-principle with the poetry of eloquence and the language of imagination. In this way he may be able to quote from the best of them, and sometimes from a source whence it is least expected, such a passage as Mr Horner once quoted from Sir Robert Cotton, and of which he strikingly said, “the language is simple, but, in my mind, pregnant with wisdom.”* To this sort of taste and learning he should join a love of political science, as it treats of man relatively to his moral dignity, and lays down the rights and duties of citizenship,—together with a full appreciation of the doctrines of political economy—their application, results, and extension.

The Speaker is commonly, as he ought to be, a lawyer. The study of the law of England, taken fully, is itself as wide as the stretch of the most retentive memory, and fully calculated to try the most strenuous capacity for attentive application. To excel in it requires extraordinary gifts and propensities. The forms and precedents of Parliament themselves, might well employ the study of an ordinary life. Before a man can at all pretend to have gained the vantage-ground of such studies, his character must have been insensibly formed. It is ten to one, therefore, if, at middle life, he sits down, with these acquirements secured, any thing like a finished man. He may have much knowledge, and some clearness of idea, with minute acuteness and tactual penetration of habit, and yet have none of that deep-toned, yet well harmonized, affection,—that easy play of fancy,—that excitability of imagination,—or that taste for the beautiful in nature, and the purely commendable in action; without which no man can be said to have a character fully intellectual. Without some of these, however, neither his classical associations, nor his knowledge of law, nor his acquaint-

ance with precedents, nor his love and even pride of his office, can make a finished Speaker. Without something, at least, of what we have endeavoured to delineate, he will, after all his knowledge, appear but a third or fourth rate man. He will be feeble, dry, and unproductive,—not keeping pace with the knowledge of his time,—and not fitted to comprehend those alterations of public opinion, or to fall in with those changes in the face of establishments which it is the business of a masculine intellect not to wonder at, but to grapple with and to understand. Ever since Montesquieu observed, when speaking of the English constitution, (in reference to *TACITUS, de moribus Germanorum,*) “on verra que c'est de'ux que les Anglois ont tiré l'idée de leur gouvernement politique; ce beau systeme a été trouvé dans les bois,”—it has been fashionable to add the study of legal antiquity to an admiration of our constitutional liberties. But it is something essential to the nature of liberty that, while it does not run riot at every ignis fatuus of fancied improvement, it is not to be stagnant, or unenlargeable on the grounds of reason and expediency;—of reason which makes expediency—and of expediency which gives a sanction to reason. Nor, is that *progressive liberty* which suits advances in knowledge and changes of society to be meted out, or withheld, according to ancient authorities, taken from times remote, and not at all like the present in form and spirit. For this last, it is enough to say, that such authorities are inapplicable. And, at all events, the mind which too much uses them, is likely to degenerate into that most unphilosophical habit—the *idola specus*.

The Speaker should be a man above the enticements of high rank. It is customary to confer the peerage on a Speaker who has served in several Parliaments, and ends his public life in that capacity. But it is not befitting the dignity of this high office, that he who holds it should enlist himself with the high-flown aristocracy and the Crown against the people. He ought to be as seldom as possible found a guest at the table of his prince, or pressing forward at levees, or countenancing projects for addresses of congratulation. There

* “It is not by the ends of wit, or by the shifts of devices, that you can defray the expenses of a monarchy—but by sound and solid courses.”—BURLEIGH, as cited by Sir Robert Cotton.

should, in short, be no "glances and oglings," (to use Mr Burke's phrase,) for favour and confidence from *illustrious personages*. In such a case, the Speaker would sink into the condition of a first-rate Lord of the Bedchamber. He might come at last, unconsciously to sacrifice that independence and high-mindedness essential to his office, to an homage which in other men might be even praise-worthy, but in him fatal. It is now a trite remark of politicians, that, ever since the French Revolution and those popular excitements to which it gave rise in this country, there has been a strong tendency, among the holders of office, however independent of the Crown, *de facto*, and among those whose property or birth is such as to give them the peculiar feelings of a *class*,—to support what is called the dignity of the Crown against popular encroachment. But, it is not trite to bear this in mind,—to watch its tendency,—and to grasp it under the changing forms which it assumes as the false guise of its purposes.

Of late years, the most important labour of the Speaker has been saved in a Committee of Finance, of which some experienced member is the permanent chairman. For all this, however, the Speaker should add to his other acquirements a thorough knowledge of the nature and extent of our financial resources. Political economy will make him familiar with the origin of public wealth,—the media in which it exists freely and securely,—and the means by which it is dilapidated or upheld. His own industry will do the rest. And he must have laid his hand on all the pages of our voluminous statute-book—from the monopoly-breakings of Elizabeth, and the blunders of Cecil, down to the better understood freedom, but not much better practice, of George III. and the pretensions of Pitt. He must know the origin and motives of our laws,—the rise and history of our alliances,—and the nature and progress of our Funding System.

To sum up all in a few words:—The Speaker of the House of Commons should have a large acquaintance with the whole frame of our government—and be thoroughly conversant with the forms and precedents of Parliament. His knowledge, in fact, ought

to be so deep and various as to require, in order that it may be rightly balanced and safely directed,—a mind of an higher cast than even our higher gowmsmen and highest benchmen,—a penetration that can assist him in difficult investigations,—and a ready self-possession that can put on, almost insensibly, the armour of prudence on instantaneous emergencies,—and a temper not to be hurt in "the strife of little tongues,"—a temper more bland than facile, but rather easily pliant than obstinately firm,—with enough of the respectable quality of firmness to make its exertions regarded, and its sacrifices valued.

I am afraid that I have fallen into two faults in this discussion about a Speaker's qualifications,—lengthiness and over-rigidity of exaction. But, something like an approximation to this offered standard is what the state of our country and the tone of the general mind require. H. A.

THE CRANIOLOGIST'S REVIEW.

[OUR friend Doctor Ulrick Sternstare, a learned German, now residing here, has undertaken to supply us with a course of scientific criticisms upon the organization of such individuals as he may judge worthy of attention. This is no jest. The Doctor is a most persevering observer of nature, and has long turned his thoughts to the consideration of the physical structure of mankind. He therefore now steps forward, pregnant with matter, and elated with conscious knowledge, and assumes the dignity of a reviewer, meaning to wield the iron sceptre of criticism with no lenient hand. The Doctor intends to lay the axe to the root of the tree, and to examine, not the productions of the brain, but the brain itself. The review will be conducted with an impartiality inaccessible to political prejudices; and the thick vest shags of hair shall neither disguise pravity, nor shelter stupidity. He will also occasionally analyse works of art.]

NO I.

Napoleon's Head.

NATURE seems to have bestowed much pains upon this individual. His organization is massive, and his cerebral parts largely developed in almost all directions. No region of his brain has been starved, and I am inclined, after a careful examination of those

busts and portraits taken in his earlier years, to believe that his head has continued growing during the greater part of his life. His figure is small; and the struggles in which he has been engaged must have thrown the blood well into his head, which, occurring frequently, never fails to strengthen and fertilize a brain naturally well constituted. I am at a loss to which of the temperaments, or compounds of temperaments, to refer him; but it is evident that his nervous system is of the best quality, and his sensations, volitions, and intellectual movements, all of them intense.

I have remarked that his brain is largely developed in most directions, but I do not mean to say that it is developed in proportions exactly equal. The upper back part of the head, which is the seat of the personal feelings, is perhaps rather too powerful for the anterior and middle parts. I shall consider the different regions in their order.

In his forehead we find an ample space, but no remarkable preponderant organ. The whole is smooth and continuous. The organs of locality, useful in military tactics, stand out a little. The organs of causality, observation, and comparison, are sufficient to have made him a philosopher of no common class, if the back part of his head had not pushed him into active life. The organ of imagination seems to be largely developed, perhaps too much for an active politician and warrior. Hence his fondness for Ossian, his love of what was gigantic and astonishing, and the fanciful nature of some of his projects. In the top part of the forehead, there seem to be indications of clemency; but these, we shall afterwards see, are balanced by another organ. He never had the graciousness nor urbane good-nature of Julius Cæsar. In speaking of this region, I shall not scruple to examine his nose, which, although it contains no brain, is intimately connected with the parts above it. Napoleon's nose is of a good boney and solid structure, so that it has the precision of outline remarkable in Greek heads. Even the flesh parts have that squareness about them which denotes an energetic character. If his nose had been a little broader and larger at the root, it would have given his countenance an opener and more dignified look. His teeth,

it is said, are regularly set. The lower parts of his face indicate muscular vigour.

The side parts of his head are large. The organs of circumspection, cunning, and ferocity, exhibit a development perhaps too much for a great character; although the two former have been very useful to him in his political career. The organ of ferocity above the ear, is the one which I spoke of as counteracting clemency.

In the lower back part of his head, we find the cerebellum sizeable, but not remarkable. The organ of physical courage is also of moderate dimensions; and I think that the courage which he possesses is rather the result of resolution than of combativeness. One of his followers said he was brave only in success; and, if this be true, it must be because success lays the organ of circumspection asleep, but difficulties and hazards call it again into action. On the whole, after considering his three organs of combativeness, circumspection, and resolution (which last in him is large), I am inclined to think, that Bonaparte has sufficient personal bravery to perform, on all occasions, the office of a good general.

In the upper back part of his head, we find an excessive expansion of self-love in the middle, and the love of glory at the sides. The organ of will or resolution forms the highest point in his head. Advancing from this point towards the forehead, we perceive that flatness mentioned by Mr Warden in his Letters from St Helena. This is occasioned by the imperfect development of the organ of veneration, and by the largeness of the lateral and posterior organs which surround the table upon the top of his head.

Thus we see that this extraordinary man, although deficient in some things necessary to form a good character, wants nothing to make him an able one, except, perhaps, a greater command over his passions. He is so amply provided with faculties, that, in politics, he was like Briareus playing at the ball with an hundred hands, and seldom missed an opportunity of improving his fortune. He has more sense than was possessed either by Alexander or Charles of Sweden. I think him a more amiable character than that vile toad Frederick of Prussia, who had no moral faculties on the top of his head; and he will stand a com-

parison with every conqueror, except Julius Cæsar, who perhaps deserved better to be loved than any other person guilty of an equal proportion of mischief.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING TYTHES;
WITH ANSWERS TO QUERIES ON
THAT SUBJECT, LATELY CIRCULAT-
ED IN SCOTLAND BY A MEMBER OF
PARLIAMENT.

MR EDITOR,

THE payment of tythes to ecclesiastical persons, and for charitable purposes, was a burden long severely felt by almost every nation in Europe. Whilst this ancient tax was levied in kind, that is, in a certain share of the produce of land, it was evidently attended with numerous inconveniences both to the payer and the receiver. Hence a commutation of this burden into a money payment has taken place, upon one principle or other, in almost every country of Europe; and except in England, and perhaps in Spain and Portugal, the tax is not now levied according to the principles upon which it was originally established.

The arrangement made in Scotland concerning tythes, during the reign of Charles I., is so well known, that it need not at this time be illustrated. Suffice it to say, that by substituting a certain part of the rent in lieu of tythe, strict justice was not only done to the parties concerned, but the fullest opportunity was thereby gained for making future improvements; seeing that the fruits of these improvements could not afterwards be taxed, or made liable for tythe, as would otherwise have happened, had the arrangement in question remained unexecuted. To the law for regulating tythes, may the uncommon improvements which have taken place in Scotland be chiefly attributed. In fact, no barren country can be improved under the tythe system, for 10 per cent. of its produce far exceeds the amount of any profit which can thereby be derived. Of this our southern neighbours are now fully sensible; hence, in every bill for the division of waste land, an exoneration from tythe is always a prominent feature; and the commutation in lieu of tythe, is a certain share of the land to

the tythe-holder, whether he is an ecclesiastic or a lay impropiator.

But though in the division of common waste land, where in every case a particular act of the legislature is required to sanction the measure, a compensation for tythe may be easily adjusted, it seems quite impracticable to make any arrangement which can free the land held in severalty from that burden, unless the legislature is pleased to pass a general act, which can apply to the whole kingdom. Why a measure of such importance has been so long neglected is not easily accounted for; though it is quite plain that the country cannot be improved to the height of which it is capable before such an act is passed. A tythe of 10 per cent. upon produce, though apparently an equal tax, is in fact the most unequal burden that can be imposed. It might easily be shown, were this the proper place, that a tenth of the produce of inferior soils falls as heavy upon the occupier as if three-tenths were exacted from soils of a different description; that is, when the disposeable produce from each is fairly estimated.

I have some reasons for believing, that circumstances, such as these mentioned, are now operating amongst our southern neighbours, and that a strong desire will soon appear to have tythes settled and arranged in a way that may prevent the improvement of the country from being obstructed by this tax. To me there seems no difficulty in preparing an equitable arrangement, provided the business was taken up by those who alone possess sufficient influence to carry it through the legislature with success. Were a certain proportion of rent, say one sixth, to be taken at all times in lieu of tythes, this would at once secure the interest of all parties. According to this plan, the tythe-holder would receive his share of every advantage which might arise from the growing prosperity of the country. The proprietors of land would be permitted to receive the full value of their respective properties—a circumstance which cannot take place so long as tythes are drawn in kind, or paid for in money, agreeably to an annual valuation. The tenantry would be secured in the quiet and peaceable possession of the lands in their occupation, whilst the whole manure would be kept upon the premises, to the great benefit of the soil from which it

was procured. In short, all the trouble and discontent which hitherto has accompanied an exaction in kind, would speedily be removed, as the agriculturist would thereby be enabled to improve his lands in the most approved manner, without being subjected to a tax, the extent of which was in direct proportion to his industry and abilities.

With this, I take the liberty of transmitting some queries, lately circulated by the gentleman who made the inquiries about the system for supporting the poor in this country, which were presented in your last Number, together with a copy of my answers to these queries, upon which a few alterations have since been made. These may be inserted in your Magazine, provided they are thought worthy of that notice.

A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Queries concerning the Tythe System of Scotland, with Answers, transmitted to a Member of Parliament, by whom the Queries were circulated.

Query 1st. DID any change take place, in the matter of tythes, at the period of the Reformation in Scotland—and what?

Answer. It does not appear that any change took place in the tythe system of Scotland at the period of the Reformation, except in so far as related to the persons by whom tythes were collected. Before the Reformation, tythes, almost in every case, belonged to ecclesiastical persons, such as Bishops, Deans, Parsons, Abbots, and other heads of religious houses; but after that era, the greater part of them were granted by the Crown to Laymen, then generally called "LORDS OF ERECTION," a character precisely the same with that of Lay-impropriators in England. These Lords of Erection being seldom able to collect the tythes themselves, farmed them out to others, by whom they were levied with much greater severity than was formerly exercised by the churchmen. In short, the change of administration of tythes which took place in consequence of the Reformation, was, in the first place, more hostile than advantageous to the public interest. Of course, the complaints of the payers paved the way to that settlement which was afterwards framed,

and carried into execution, in the reign of Charles I. At the same time, it is not unlikely that the strong desire manifested by the Crown to have a share of the tythes served chiefly to bring about a settlement of that ancient burden upon a permanent and solid footing. But be that as it may, it is quite clear, that during the period in question, that is, from 1560 to 1633, the landholders in Scotland, who were not in possession of tythes, considered the exactions of the titulars, or Lords of Erection, as grievous and oppressive in the highest degree.

Q. 2d. At what period did the present scheme of commutation for money take place? and have progressive modifications been resorted to?

A. The period when the settlement was completed was 1633; though steps had been taken for several years before to bring about an arrangement. The parties concerned having submitted the whole business to the King, it was finally determined by him, that one-fifth of the rent, after deducting the value of recent improvements, should be considered as the amount of tythe, which certainly was a fair and equitable principle. The value of the tythe being thus ascertained, the landholder had an option of purchasing the property thereof at nine years amount of its proven value; and in this way the greatest part of Scottish tythe soon became the property of the several owners of land, from whom it was formerly exacted. Some circumstances however occurred, which long prevented the full benefit of this settlement from being realized; and though it is believed the whole tythes of Scotland were in a few years valued, yet, from the Scottish records being carried away by Cromwell, and the burning of the Teind Office in 1701, there is cause to presume that the greater part of the original valuations were at these periods lost or destroyed. Under these circumstances fresh valuations are not uncommon, and when these occur, the same principle is adhered to as was acted upon at the outset, that is, one-fifth of the rental is substituted for tythe. Hence the burden of tythe falls very unequally upon the proprietor of land in Scotland, though the occupiers or farmers of land are not therein interested in the slightest degree. The proprietors who fortunately possess their original valuations, are

much better off than those who have recently caused their tythes to be valued. Most of the original valuations are already exhausted, and of course, the burden of augmentations falls much heavier upon proprietors whose tythes have been lately valued, than upon those who are possessed of the first valuations. In no case, however, can stipend exceed the amount of free tythes, and in numerous instances it does not amount to one half of it, the balance remaining with the proprietor as a fresh fund for a future augmentation. The proprietors of land may have some cause to complain of the Scottish tythe system, as they, in the first instance, were obliged to buy their tythes from the Titular, or Lords of Erection, at nine years' purchase of their proven value, and are now subjected to pay the whole of that value to the clergyman, provided the court of tythes or teinds in Scotland considers an augmentation of stipend to that extent as expedient and necessary. To the cultivator of land, or, in other words, to the improvement of the country, these things, however, are not of the slightest prejudice. Hence a rapid progress in agricultural improvement, for a century back, has taken place in every quarter of Scotland, which could not possibly have occurred, had tythe in kind, or its value in money, according to annual valuations, been paid by the occupiers.

Q. 3d. In what manner was the commutation effected? Did the Kirk resist?

A. The commutation, or, more properly speaking, the regulation of tythe in Scotland took place in 1633, in the way already described, though it was many years after before it could be carried completely into execution. The *Kirk* did not resist, because, in point of fact, its members, with the exception of a few Bishops, were not in possession of the tythes when the submission was made to King Charles. By the decret arbitral afterwards pronounced, it is believed, the Kirk was very much benefited, for it secured every clergyman in a competent stipend, so far as the teinds or tythes in his parish were sufficient for that purpose. In short, a provision far more liberal than allowed to the Presbyterian clergy at any former period was at that time bestowed upon them—a provision far exceeding what is given

to the clergy of England; for though the dignitaries of that church are amply provisioned, it is well known that the great majority of those who bear the heat and burden of the day are by no means favourably dealt with.

Q. 4th. Have the landholders of Scotland derived advantage from the regulation of the tythe system?

A. It is difficult to answer this query in such terms as may be applicable to the country at large. Suffice it to say, that in general cases, had tythe, as formerly paid, been continued, its amount or value at this day might safely be estimated at six times of what is actually paid to the clergy of the country. But then it must be held in view, that the tythes were originally purchased from the titulars or lay-impropriators, and that nine years purchase-money was paid for them, which probably at the time was their full value, as land then sold at twelve years' purchase, whilst the interest of money was not less than eight per cent. Now, holding all these circumstances in view, and taking into consideration that a considerable expense, and not a little trouble, were incurred in the collection of tythes, it likely will appear, that any advantage gained by the landholders of Scotland from regulating the tythe system, has chiefly arisen from the improvements which in consequence were afterwards introduced, and the alteration which has since taken place in the value of money, as a good part of the tythe was valued according to the monied payments made to the titulars or their tacksmen.

Q. 5th. What is the general rate of clerical stipends in country parishes, independently of the manse and glebe? and what may be the differences between town and country stipends?

A. As the stipends of the clergy are in most cases paid in grain, or, in other words, paid in money according to the annual fiars of grain in each county, it is not easy to say what may be their amount *communibus annis*. Perhaps they may be estimated, independently of glebe, house, and garden, at something more than £200 per annum upon an average, though in many instances they amount to double that sum. In no case can a stipend be less than £150, because, in parishes where the stipend is less, and no funds

remain for an augmentation, a parliamentary provision is made in behalf of the incumbent, which secures him the amount of stipend above mentioned. It is only of late that the stipends in towns have been greater than those in country parishes, the former being usually paid in money, whilst the greatest part of the other was paid in grain; therefore, whilst the market prices were high, the country clergyman, generally speaking, was in the most comfortable situation.

Q. 6th. What is the common extent of the glebe land, and the general estimated value to the clergyman?

A. The legal size of a glebe is four Scots acres; and if a grass glebe, sufficient to pasture a horse or cow, is not annexed, a certain sum, to be paid by the heritors of the parish, was fixed by the Parliament of Scotland to make up the deficiency. In numerous instances the arable glebe exceeds four acres; and perhaps the average of glebes may consist of five acres of the best land in the parish to which the glebe belongs. In some cases, the glebe extends to seven acres, but this rarely happens. The value of a glebe may be from £15 to £40, according to circumstances.

Q. 7th. What may be the general average of country parishes, in regard to population and extent?

A. Country parishes differ far more with regard to extent and population than to stipend. In the lowland districts the extent may be from 3,000 to 7,000 acres, and the population from 500 to 1800 souls. In the highland districts the extent is from 10,000 to 50,000 acres, and the population depends very much upon the system of management that is followed in the parish.

Q. 8th. What may be the proportion between Dissenting Meetings and the Kirk, exclusive of Episcopal and Roman Catholic chapels?

A. It is believed that three-fourths of the people in Scotland are steady adherents of the Kirk, and that fully one half of those who dissent from it are more strict Presbyterians than even those who adhere to the Kirk. The number of Episcopalians and Roman Catholics is so trifling that no notice shall be taken of them.

Q. 9th. Are the sects of Methodists increasing—and from what cause?

A. The sect of *Methodists* is not in-

creasing in Scotland. In point of fact, that sect never had such a footing in the country as to make its numbers an object of inquiry.

Q. 10th. Is there a sufficient supply of candidates for Kirk preferment—or does the moderate rate of stipend operate as a check?

A. There is always a sufficient supply of candidates for kirk preferment; indeed the number of candidates far exceeds the demand. As the rate of stipends cannot be considered as moderate, no check arises from that circumstance to the supply of candidates.

Q. 11th. In the ordinary course of things, do not the established clergy live on the best terms with their parishioners?

A. In almost every case the established clergy live on good terms with their parishioners. Not having tythes to draw from them, any cause of difference can seldom arise. Perhaps, in no line can a man pass through life more comfortably and agreeably than he who fills the office of a country clergyman.

Q. 12th. Is it likely that farmers in Scotland could be persuaded to pay a tenth of their produce for church tythes—and would they not consider such a regulation as highly discouraging to industry and enterprise?

A. The farmers of Scotland could not be persuaded, by any influence whatever, to pay tythe in kind; and every one of them would consider a measure of that nature as highly discouraging to his industry and enterprise. But, independent of these circumstances, the trouble and vexation occasioned by an exaction in kind, is sufficient to show the impolicy and absurdity of continuing a burden merely because it originated in the days of barbarous ignorance, when such a thing as the circulating medium was almost unknown—when any trade betwixt man and man was chiefly carried on by bartering one article for another—and when society was in such a state that ecclesiastics and other stipendiaries must either have been paid in the produce of the soil, or have remained without any public support. But now, when these circumstances are wholly changed, the practice of former times ought to be departed from, especially as it may be done without injury to any one, and to the great benefit of the public.

OF THE ARISTOPHANIC COMEDY.

THIS is a species of composition which no modern writer seems to have attempted to revive. Although it was among the earliest inventions of the Greeks, and was afterwards superseded by what they considered as a more refined species of comedy, it is by no means barbarous in its nature, but, on the contrary, highly philosophical, and apparently well adapted to please cultivated minds.

The distinctive principle of the Aristophanic comedy is not its personality, but its practice of investing general ideas, in appropriate visible forms, and turning them into *dramatis personæ*. It has often been remarked, that allegorical personages are cold, and excite little sympathy, because, so long as we keep the allegory in view, we are reminded that they are not real. This, however, is no argument against the Aristophanic comedy, which does not appeal to our sympathies and passions. It is addressed to the understanding; its true object being reflection and pleasantry, and the diversion produced by the play of general ideas, under their dramatic garb. Allegory, although unfavourable to sentiment, is well suited to the purposes of pleasantry, which can hardly bring general ideas into collision, unless by giving them a local habitation and a name. If Swift's Tale of a Tub had been written in the form of a drama, it would have been a modern specimen of Aristophanic comedy.

To relish this species of composition, an audience would require to be acute, observative, and susceptible of pleasantry, in a high degree, and at the same time much interested in, and familiar with, the subjects handled in the piece. All these requisites were found among the Greeks; but it is questionable whether they can be found among modern nations. Madame de Stael, in speaking of this subject, observes, that modern nations, from the nature of their institutions, are not sufficiently habituated to contemplate bodies of men *en masse*; meaning, that when we think of the interests, passions, and opinions of particular classes, we do not conceive these classes, under any visible form, capable of being brought upon the stage. A lively imagination, however, might surely remedy this defect, and furnish us with personifications,

more amusing and characteristic, than any exhibitions which popular institutions, addressed to the senses, can furnish. As, in this species of comedy, the expression of the countenance would be of secondary importance, masks of the boldest and most fanciful construction might be used, which would serve to denote the characteristics of the person who wore them; and an excellent source of pleasantry might also be found in their dresses. The political parties of England, and the views and characteristics of the different classes who compose them, would form a good subject for an Aristophanic comedy, provided it was handled in a manner somewhat philosophical, and not allowed to sink into the tone of vulgar political squibs. Each class might be represented under the form of an individual, with the appropriate dress, language, and manners, boldly caricatured; and the plot of the play might turn upon the solution of their contentions. A play of this description, however, could not be sufficiently impartial to save it from being condemned and overset, either by one party or another.

Aristophanes made use of the absurdities of pagan theology to heighten the burlesque of his pieces, and was scarcely blameable for doing so; but in modern times, even the opinions of fanatics, who view Christianity through a perverted medium, are perhaps an unfit subject for the stage. The Tale of a Tub does not relate so much to the Christian revelation as to the temporal conduct of the different sects of Christians.

Professions are no longer sufficiently pedantic and narrow-minded to answer the purposes of the Aristophanic comedy. Their respective characteristics and prepossessions have been so much obliterated by the diffusion of knowledge, that there would no longer be any diversion in bringing them into contact. When individuals become too knowing with regard to the point of view from which others contemplate them, there is an end to comedy, which finds its choicest scenes upon a mutual ignorance of sentiments and feelings, and upon that unsuspecting steadiness of self-love, natural to minds which have remained hoodwinked within their own peculiar sphere.

The principal objection which occurs against the Aristophanic species

of comedy is, that philosophical pleasantries and satires would not gain so much as ordinary dramas do from being acted. Sentiment and passion acquire a new warmth and interest in the person of a good actor; and his looks and gestures take an irresistible hold of our sympathies; but every one must have observed, that mere repartees or reflections, when they are once known by rote, fall very coldly from the stage, because they are little improved by looks or gestures. A good actor, in representing passion, knows how to kindle the flame anew in our bosoms, although we may have seen the same piece twenty times before. And there is also a species of humour consisting in the exhibition of feeling, contrasted with situation, which gains from the actor, because it hinges upon sentiment, and cannot be definitely and adequately expressed in words. But the species of pleasantry, consisting in the play of abstract ideas, capable of being fully conveyed by language, and which is the one peculiar to Aristophanic and allegorical comedy, is rather an intellectual perception than a personal feeling, of such a nature as to be enforced by gesture and sympathy.

An Aristophanic comedy, however, might have all the advantages of a melo-dramatic *spectacle*; and some practical pleasantries might be represented by such a brilliant apparatus, as would prevent them from appearing tedious. Allegory would afford many subjects fit for the display of machinery and decorations, in which particulars the Greek theatres seem to have been scantily provided. The intellectuality of the piece would thus be relieved by something addressed to the senses, and the wonder excited by bold flights of wit and imagination, would be supported by wonders better adapted to thick and cloudy capacities. It cannot be denied, nevertheless, that such an exhibition would please only once, unless it contained such diversified stores of thought as not to be easily remembered.

These remarks are made merely for the sake of discussion. If any writer were now to succeed in the species of composition above-mentioned, his drama would be known only in the closet, and would not find its way to the stage. Few nations have taken so

much pleasure as the Greeks in mere intellectual perceptions; and the only Greek audience which now remains, consists of men of talent and taste, who are sprinkled over the world at such distances from each other, that they have no chance of meeting within the confines of a theatre. He that looks along the benches of our play-houses, and observes the fine rows of human heads which are nodding around him, would do well to remember how much respect is due to human nature: for, if he sees mere traces of the porter and ale which we have been drinking for so many generations back, than of Athenian perspicacity, there may be found an ample excuse for it in our national extraction, which certainly has had little to do with those southern amalgamations now talked of by philosophers.

—◆—
CASSANDRA.

(From the German of Schiller.)

“CASSANDRA, another work of Schiller’s, might more easily be translated into French, although its poetical language is extremely bold. At the moment when the festival to celebrate the marriage of Polyxena and Achilles is beginning, Cassandra is seized with a presentiment of the misfortunes which will result from it,—she walks sad and melancholy in the grove of Apollo, and laments that knowledge of futurity which troubles all her enjoyments. We see in this Ode what a misfortune it would be to a human being could he possess the prescience of a divinity. Is not the sorrow of the prophetess experienced by all persons of strong passions and supreme minds? Schiller has given us a fine moral idea under a very poetical form, namely, that true genius, that of sentiment, even if it escape suffering from its commerce with the world, is frequently the victim of its own feelings. Cassandra never marries, not that she is either insensible or rejected, but her penetrating soul in a moment passes the boundaries of life and death, and finds repose only in heaven.”—MADAME de STAEL’S Germany, vol. i. p. 348.

JOY was heard in Ilium’s walls,
Ere her lofty turrets fell,—
Songs of jubilee filled her halls,
Warbled from the golden shell.
Rests each warrior’s weary sword
From the work of blood and slaughter;
While Pelides, conquering lord,
Sought the hand of Priam’s daughter.

Crowned with many a laurel-bough,
 Joyful, rolling crowd on crowd,—
 To the hallowed shrine they go—
 The altar of the Thymbrian God.
 Loudly revelling, swept they on
 Through the streets with shouts of gladness,
 One heavy heart was left alone,
 That stood aloof in silent sadness.

Joyless in the midst of joy,—
 See, her solitary way
 To the grove Cassandra bends—
 Sacred to the God of Day.
 To its deepest shades she passed,
 Wrapt in distant vision,—there,
 From her burning brow she cast
 The wreath that bound her streaming hair.

“ Yes! the stream of joy spreads wide,
 Every heart beats light and gay,—
 Troy’s proud hopes are mounting high,—
 My sister hails her bridal day.
 I alone in silence weep,—
 Fancy’s dream deceives not me ;—
 Ruin vast, with eagle-sweep,
 Rushing on these walls I see.

“ Lo! a torch all fiercely gleaming,—
 Not the torch which Hymen brings ;—
 Dark the cloud behind it streaming,—
 Not of nuptial offerings!
 While they deck with hearts elate
 The festal pomp,—in boding sound ;—
 Hark! I hear the tread of Fate
 Come to crush it to the ground.

“ Yes! they mock my silent grief,—
 Laugh my bitter tears to scorn,—
 There alone I find relief
 To this heart with sorrows torn.
 Spurned by Fortune’s minion train,—
 Spurned, insulted by the gay ;—
 Hard the lot thou hast assigned,
 O, un pitying God of Day.

“ Why hast thou thy prophet spirit
 To a mortal maiden dealt?
 What can I from this inherit,
 But woes I never else had felt?
 Why to me the Fates disclosed,
 When I cannot shun their force?
 Still the hovering cloud must break,—
 The day of dread roll on its course.

“ Why, where terrors crowd the scene,
 Back the veil of ages throw?
 Where but ignorance is bliss,—
 Only knowledge leads to woe.
 Hence, that fearful scene of blood!
 Veil it from my aching eyes ;—
 Dread thought! that child of earth should
 dare
 To read thine awful mysteries!

“ Give me back those days of blindness,
 While this heart yet blithely sung ;—
 Joy’s light carols left me only
 Since I spoke with prophet’s tongue.

Each present good fleets past untasted—
 The future fills and mads my brain—
 Youth’s brightest hours in anguish wasted,—
 Take thy treach’rous gift again.

“ Never yet, with bridal garlands,
 Have I dared my locks to twine,
 Since I vowed upon thine altar
 Service at thy gloomy shrine.
 Youth to me has brought but tears,
 Grief has been my only lot ;—
 What the woes that Troy has borne,
 And I have doubly felt them not?

“ See those hearts with whom my pleasures
 Once were shared—a festive crowd,—
 Treading light Youth’s frolic measures,—
 I only wrapt in Sorrow’s cloud.
 Spring returns to gladden all,
 But it shines in vain to me,—
 What bliss knows she who dares to scan
 The dark depths of Futurity.

“ Happy thou, my sister, lulled
 In the dream of Fancy sweet ;
 Soon the mightiest chief of Greece,
 As thy spouse thouapest to greet.
 See, with pride her bosom heaves,—
 See, her transports swelling high ;—
 Spare, ye Heavens! in pity spare,
 Envy not her dream of joy.

E’en this heart, tho’ withered now,
 Loved, and had its love returned ;—
 Long sued the youth,—and in his eye
 Love’s bright expressive glances burned.
 O how blest in humble guise,
 With a heart like this to dwell ;—
 But a shade at midnight hour
 Steps between us,—dark as hell.

“ Whence, ye pale phantoms, are ye?
 Come ye from the Queen of Night?
 Where I wander, where I turn me,
 Shapes of terror cross my sight.
 See, they crowd—a ghastly train!
 To scowl away youth’s lightsome glee ;—
 Life, in all its weary round,
 Holds no longer joy for me.

“ Ha! the murderer’s flashing steel!
 Again! his darkly-gleaming eye!
 On right, on left, by terrors closed,
 I cannot turn, I cannot fly;
 Nor yet my straining eyes avert,
 Fixed in shuddering trance I stand:
 It comes! the fate which crowns my woes—
 A captive in a stranger land.”

Hark! from out the temple’s gate,
 Ere the priestess checked her breath,
 Bursts the wild distracted shriek—
 “ Thetis’ son lies stretched in death.”
 Eris shakes her vengeful snakes,—
 All the Guardian Gods are fled,—
 Heavy hung the thunder cloud
 Over Ilium’s fated head.

LETTERS TO THE SUPPORTERS OF THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW.No I.—To the Reverend THOMAS
CHALMERS, D. D.

SIR,—I know no man who has less reason when a letter is brought to him, to dread that it may contain something disagreeable to his feelings, than Dr Chalmers. You have overcome many disadvantages, and achieved many triumphs; your enemies are few, and the nature of the reproaches which they pour out against you betrays very distinctly the meanness and envy from which they are sprung.—Your friends are numerous; all of them admire your genius as an author, and venerate your zeal as a clergyman; and not a few of them, add to all this, a sincere and ardent love of the simplicity and the kindness which form the best ornaments of your character in private life. Your reception in the world is such as might spoil a mind less pure and dignified than yours. The flattery of women, and the vulgar, you could not of course fail to despise; but the most dangerous of all temptations, the “*Laudari a viris laudatis*,” has been abundantly served up to you; you have been extolled by every one of your eminent contemporaries who has had occasion to hear you preach. You have overcome the cold dignity of Lord Castlereagh, and the reluctant scepticism of Mr Jeffrey, with equal ease; and you have taken a station in the eye of your country, above what is, or has lately been, occupied by any clergyman, either of the English or of the Scottish church.

The praises which have been heaped upon you, have indeed, in many instances, been extravagant and absurd. I consider you as a man of strong intellect and ardent imagination; but I believe, that both in reason and fancy, you have, at the present time, many superiors; and that, had you selected for the subject of your disquisitions any other topic than that of religion, your labours would have attracted much less notice than they have done. I say not this by way of disparaging your talents, for almost every great man is calculated to shine in one department, not in many; and that in which your greatness has been shewn, is certainly as worthy of respect as any which you

could have selected. But, although you have applied to sacred subjects a more vigorous style, and a more energetic imagination, than are commanded by any other preacher of your day, you are not to suppose that you have not been immeasurably surpassed in your own field by many illustrious predecessors. Your reasoning is lame and weakly, when compared with that of Butler and Paley. Your erudition is nothing to that of a Lardner, a Warburton, or a Horsley. Your eloquence is jejune, when set by the side of Barrow, or any of the great old English preachers; and must always seem coarse, and even unnatural, to those who are familiar with Massillon and Bossuet. Nevertheless, you are assuredly a great man. Your mind is cast in an original mould. Your ardour is intense, and no one can resist the stream of your discourse, who has either heart to feel what is touching, or soul to comprehend what is sublime.

A man, situated as you are, cannot fail to be the subject of much conversation among those who are acquainted with his merits. But the “*Digito monstrari et dici hic est*,” are sometimes the penalty, as well as the prize, of eminence; and the same causes which secure every exertion of your virtue or your genius from neglect, cannot fail to draw upon every departure from the one, and every misapplication of the other, the eye of a most minute and jealous scrutiny. Your faults are likely to be blazoned with the same clamour which waits upon your excellences; and the world, which is in no case fond of giving too much praise, will hasten to atone for the violence with which it has applauded, by the bitterness with which it will condemn.

Do not fear that I have made these observations by way of a prelude to abuse. You have no admirer more sincere than myself. Although not personally acquainted with you, I love and respect your character—and every part of it. I by no means coincide with some extravagant positions of the rhapsodist who praised you some months ago in the pages of this Magazine; but the admiration I feel for you is as sincere as his can be; and if you be displeased with any part of my address, remember, I beseech you, that my officiousness is only another illustration of the old Greek proverb, which

says, that "Love hates to be silent," *ἔρω; ἢ φιλεῖ σὸ σιγᾶν.* I think you cannot possibly be the worse of being told, that in my apprehension, and in that of many who admire and love you as I do, you have lately fallen into a great and dangerous error. I by no means wish to set up my voice with any thing like petulance or pertinacity against the conduct of one entitled to so much respect. You may have reasons, perhaps good ones, for what you have done. But, be assured, the world is very anxious to hear them; and till they are explained, in the eyes of all good Christians, and, I will add, of all honest men, you are not what you were.

Your conscience has already spoken.—There is no need for going about the bush with a man of your stamp. You are sensible that the world has reason to wonder at your conduct in becoming a contributor to the Edinburgh Review; and you confess, before I ask you to do so, that, by assuming this character, you have tarnished the purity of your reputation. As you have committed the offence, however, more frequently than once, I shall not ask your leave to tell you, at somewhat greater length, both the grounds and the nature of the opinion which the public is likely to form in respect to every Christian Minister who lends his support to the declining credit of that once formidable Journal.

From all that I have either heard or read of your discourses in the pulpit, if there is one thing more than any other characteristic of you as a preacher, it is the zeal with which you are never weary of telling your audience, that Christianity should exert an intense and pervading influence, not only over their solemn acts of devotion, but over their minds, even when most engaged with the business and the recreations wherein the greater part of every life must of necessity be spent. True religion, according to the doctrine which you support with such persuasive and commanding eloquence, is not the dark Sybil of some Pythian cell, consulted only on great emergencies, surrounded with mysterious vapours, and giving utterance to enigmatical responses.—She is, or ought to be, the calm and smiling attendant of all our steps, the tutelary angel of all our wishes and hopes, the confidential friend and guardian, whose

presence lends to pleasure its greatest charm, whose absence, or coldness, would be sufficient to throw a damp over every exertion, and to chill the very fountain of all our enjoyment. We must go out of the world altogether, if we are never to mingle in the society of the ungodly; but, say you, in no moment of our intercourse with the world, and the men of the world, should we allow ourselves entirely to forget that we ourselves have our treasure laid up elsewhere—far less should we ever, by any deportment of ours, confirm the evil principles, or countenance the evil deeds, whose existence we cannot but observe among those with whom we are thus, at times, compelled to associate. On the contrary, we should take every opportunity of letting all men see what we are—we should remember, that the faith which we possess is not a thing to be worn like a gala garment, and laid aside at pleasure for weeds less likely to attract attention—we should take care that civility to our neighbours do not make us forgetful or careless of the duty which we owe to ourselves.

If an ordinary Christian be thus bound to preserve and sliew his Christianity in the midst of all his occupations, it follows, I apprehend, pretty clearly, that a Christian author must lie under an obligation no less binding with regard to the conduct, purport, and probable effect of all his writings. The Bible informs us, that the Christian ought to consider himself as "a city set upon a hill;" surely the sacred preacher, the pious author, cannot but consider himself as occupying the most prominent part of this conspicuous situation. He cannot but know, that it is his fate to be "seen and read of all men." Beza wrote obscene songs; but this was in the days of his youth, and he lived abundantly to repent and atone for his errors. Marot wished to expiate the sin of his Madrigals; and he composed, with that view, his metrical version of the Psalms. It was reserved for Dr Chalmers to exhibit the apparent converse of their conduct; and after publishing a powerful treatise on the Historical Evidences of Christianity, and a series of masterly sermons against Modern Infidelity, to delight the malignant, and startle the friendly, by coming forth as the prop and pillar of a Deistical Review.

The articles which you have as yet contributed to the Edinburgh Review (such of them, at least, as are generally known, or suspected to be yours), appear to me to be by no means among the most happy of your productions. You are an orator, but you are nothing else. Your style is formed for the pulpit, and no living preacher can there compete with you. But it was not more absurd in Voltaire to attempt an epic poem, or in Mr Fox to attempt a history, than it is in you to imagine that you can gain honour to your name by writing in the Edinburgh Review.—But this has nothing to do with the subject of my address to you. Although you had written like an angel—although you had shewn yourself to be more witty than Mr Jeffrey, more logical than Mr Brougham, and more scientific than Mr Playfair—I assert, that you could have had no reason to pique yourself upon your laurels. I maintain, that by writing in this Review, you are injuring the cause of your faith and of your Master; and I know, that you are incapable of consoling yourself for wrong done to them, by any gratification which your individual vanity might receive.

In one of your late publications—a work with which, by the way, I was much more pleased than most people seem to have been—you caution your readers against blaming too much the papistical submission to creeds, councils, and fathers, while they themselves are, in all probability, the equally unquestioning disciples of some less venerable authorities. Believe me, the circle in which you yourself move, above all, the audience to which you preach, have great need to take this, your admonition, into their serious consideration. I know of no man whose *ipse dixit* affords at this moment a more common, or a more undisputed, argument, among many extensive classes of society than your own. You are the oracle of a few; but many, very many, who make no man their oracle, are inclined to listen with the utmost attention to your advice, and to follow, without much examination, any path of conduct which seems to have the recommendation of your favour.—This much is certain, that any foreigner, a stranger to our country and our popular literature, after a perusal of your avowed works, would think himself extremely safe in

taking up any number of a periodical work, to which he had been informed Dr Chalmers was a contributor. He would never suspect, that the sentiments of those who conduct this Journal, and the main tenor of their disquisitions, could be at all at enmity to those principles and feelings of which he already knew you to be so zealous a partaker, and so vigorous a defender. If he happened to be a weak man (and all good Christians are by no means to be expected to have strong intellects), he would much rather question his own eyes or understanding, than the moral or religious tendency of any thing which he might read in these so consecrated pages. The sanctity of your name would shed an air of reverence over all with which it should be associated; and he would never dream that treason might lurk under those banners of which you were pleased to declare yourself the champion.—If any man is told, that some particular work is supported by a person of acknowledged genius, he takes it for granted that the general talent of this work is at least respectable, and that the great man, for whose name he entertains so much regard, would never stoop to be the coadjutor of a herd of drivellers. Are we to rely with more confidence upon the consistency of intellect than upon that of principle? Are we to allow more license to your Christianity than we would to the genius of another man? The faith which you profess, should teach you that the talents you possess must all hereafter be accounted for. If the Judge be severe upon him who buries his talent in the napkin, how, think ye, will he look upon that man who pawns his treasure to be the surety of the adversary? Take heed, sir, I beseech you; you know not into what serious evils the indiscretion of a momentary vanity may bring the character and the usefulness of a minister of Christ.

It is not necessary to suppose, that many men can be found so ignorant, or so obtuse, as to believe that the Edinburgh Review is a Christian work, even although Dr Chalmers contributes, now and then, its leading articles. But may not much evil be done, although the infatuation should stop very considerably short of this? Is there no danger that they who see the difference between your avowed principles and those of the Journal

which you befriend, may be led, by the respect in which they hold your character and judgment, to suspect, that this difference, great and evident as it may be, is a matter of much less moment than they had formerly supposed? You know as well as I do, how natural a thing scepticism is; with what a seductive charm it seizes upon the affections of the young, the vain, and the inconsiderate; how it flatters the self-love of the ignorant, and lulls to repose the inquietude of the slothful. You know how many there are to be found in every city, who, even after they have recovered from the delusion of youthful self-sufficiency, and learned to suspect that some things are too high for the investigation of unassisted reason, are yet held in fetters by the habits which they have acquired, and arrested at the threshold of faith by the phantom of doubts which they have in vain endeavoured to dispel. Your experience as a clergyman has, I doubt not, made known to you many unhappy individuals, who thus suffer, by the indecision of many comfortless years, for the fleeting satisfaction of their youthful pride. You have seen such men; you have pitied them; perhaps it has not infrequently been your lot to console their weary spirits, and strengthen their shrinking resolutions. What effect, think ye, will it have upon such minds as these, to hear that you lend your countenance, and the strength of your name and genius, to the *Edinburgh Review*?—that you are allowing your writings to go forth into the world, and give their influence to forward the success of a work, from whose treacherous pages it has perhaps been their misfortune to derive not a few of those evil impressions which are rendering their lives unhappy?—that you are become the patron of those whom they cannot help cursing as the misguiders of their youth,—whose impious jeers have left a poison within their breasts, so foul and rankling, that no after penitence can entirely expel it,—whose derision has acted as a corrosive pestilence, mutilating and wasting away, within them, every thing that is most generous in feeling, and most sublime in principle? They had begun to reverence you as the weight in the scale, which was likely to give to the right cause its just preponderance. They were

rejoiced to find genius as great as they had before followed into evil, acting as the pillar and cloud which should conduct them into the land of security and faith. What a blow it is to all their expectations, when they see that you, who talk in the pulpit as if a clever sceptic were the most dangerous pest that ever was let loose upon society, can condescend to cater for that banquet, of which scoffers and infidels are the principal purveyors! How can you suppose that these men will turn from the cold blasphemies or impish grins of the old Reviewers, with that horror which every devout and steadfast Christian must feel in perusing their writings, when they find, that, in spite of all their grins and all their blasphemies, those heirs of the malignity of Gibbon and the scorn of Voltaire are aided and abetted in their impious undertakings by the sincere, the zealous, the manly intellect of Chalmers? What, think you, would the good men of less sophisticated ages have said to the spectacle of such alarming inconsistency? Would Milton have patronised a miscellany conducted by Mr Hobbes? Would Addison have been the coadjutor of Bolingbroke or Shaftesbury? Would Johnson have sent forth his essays mingled with those of Hume? I consider you as both morally and intellectually very much the superior of Robertson; but I think you might derive a very important lesson, from contrasting the contempt wherewith his memory is loaded, with the respect which infidels and Christians alike accord to the firm integrity of Whitaker.*

There is only one supposable case in which I should think it justifiable, or even commendable in you, to be a contributor to Mr Jeffrey's *Review*. It is this. Since the moment this *Review* was commenced, it has maintained a remarkable silence with regard to one very important part of our national literature. Our poets, philosophers, historians, travellers, and wits, have received abundant attention; but little or nothing has been ever said about our divines. Two or three volumes of sermons have indeed been reviewed; and these have been thus highly favoured, it would appear,

* See Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii.

rather on account of personal regard to their authors, than from any affection for the subjects of which they treat. The reviews of these books were written, indeed, with a decent air; but the most superficial observer cannot fail to see, that, in discussing the literary merits of Moncrieff, Alison, and Morehead, the critic has been very careful to abstain from any thing like an eulogy on that peculiar system of faith which it has been, throughout life, the chief object of all these good men's endeavours to illustrate and defend. Your own works have excited much more attention among the literary as well as the Christian world, than any other religious compositions of our day, but not one of them has ever been noticed in this Review,—a circumstance which I attribute not to any unwillingness on the part of Mr Jeffrey to gratify and praise you, but to the intensely Christian aspect and air of the writings themselves, and the difficulty, or rather I should say the impossibility, of assigning to you your due place among the literary men of the time, without saying something decided concerning the topics which you have handled so well, and from which the chief inspiration of your genius seems unquestionably to be derived. Now I do not suppose for a moment, that you could stoop to follow the example of some of your brother authors, and review yourself; but I see nothing absurd in imagining that you might very well review and applaud those who are employed on the same subjects, and animated with the same hopes, which you yourself love and cherish. Had Mr Jeffrey said to Dr Chalmers, "I cannot venture to say a word with respect to religion, but I pledge myself to insert nothing in the Review which can appear hostile to it. Take you this matter entirely into your hands: you understand it better than any of our confederacy. The want of religious reviews is the greatest defect of our Journal; for theological writings have always formed a most important part of English literature, and even in that point of view alone, I am sensible that our neglect of them is a radical error. Say what you please, and do what you please, with this branch of the Review. Leave me the belles lettres and the science, and take you the religion, &c." Had Mr Jeffrey acted in this

open and candid manner, I think you might safely have quenched all your scruples, and set your shoulders to the work, infinitely to your own honour and to the benefit of the Review. But this is not so. The Review still continues to be the organ of infidelity. The part which you play is a very humble one. You are only allowed to write on subjects unconnected with religion: while you are earnestly entreated to join the camp, the weapons in whose use you are most skilful are maliciously kept out of your hands. You are rather there as a part of the pageant than as one of the substantial combatants. It suits neither your interest nor your reputation to maintain so pitiful a post. It is unworthy of you to write in any book, wherein you dare not give full vent to your thoughts on that subject which you profess to consider as of paramount weight and dignity. I own that there would be some risk of ridicule in the attempt to render the Edinburgh Review a defender of Christianity. But if this be so, if you shrink from the derision of the men of the world, should you not still more shrink from their contempt? And contempt, you may depend upon it, is the best wages which some of your present coadjutors will ever give you for all your compliance.

In spite of every thing, you cannot avoid shewing us, who know you, that even in your assumed character of an Edinburgh Reviewer, you still preserve the same ardent love for Christianity which shines with a more effectual splendour among the volumes you have published with your name. In one eloquent passage, you even advance and maintain, with no ordinary vigour, the principle, that the extended influence of our religion would of itself be sufficient to remove all those evils of pauperism and poors-rates which at present occupy so much of the attention of the British legislature. This is noble, and worthy of you. But do not imagine that the full meaning of the writer will ever be guessed at by the majority of those who read the passage. They are so much accustomed to see the terms of "the truth," and "our holy religion," &c. coupled in this Journal with obvious taunts and gibes against the most sacred mysteries of their faith, that they take it for granted the

eulogy of Christianity proceeds merely on the grounds of temporal utility, and that the gospel of Jesus is recommended in England for purposes which would have secured equal enthusiasm in favour of Mahometanism in Turkey, or Brahminism in Hindostan. You are thus coupled, in the minds of those who know not your character but cannot fail soon to recognise the recurrence of your very remarkable style, with that band of humble wits who have been so long contented to earn the applauding smile of the vulgar, by jokes filtered and refined from the rotten fountains of the *Taureau Blanc* and the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. That forcible sweep of language with which you are accustomed to confound the enemies of your creed, is associated, in the minds of these strangers, with the ideas of audacious deceit and unblushing charlatanerie. Your sublime flights are supposed to belong to the same school with the majestic exordiums of the *Œdipus Judaicus*; and you are perhaps classed with the author of that singular performance, as a man who degrades genius, erudition, and oratory, into the instruments of a superstitious and visionary deism.

It is needless to explain to you at greater length the dangerous purposes to which your conduct may be twisted, or the malicious ways in which it may be misrepresented, by the giddy, the superficial, the heartless, the thoughtless, the faithless, and perhaps the godless readers of this Review. Be assured, that however you may be courted and flattered at head-quarters, you will be regarded by the understrappers of the array in no other light than that of a hireling and dishonourable auxiliary. You will consult well for your own character before you proceed farther. You will pause before you plunge more deeply into the pit of error. You will hesitate before you entangle yourself in such a manner, as might render retreat a shameful, perhaps a fruitless, attempt. You will, above all, consider with yourself, by what means you are most likely to prevent your name from being joined, in the mouths of the public, with those of certain scoffing priests, and envious renegadoes, who are already branded with an everlasting infamy for the share which they have taken in the guilty triumphs of the Edinburgh Review.

Pardon me, if I have been betrayed into a warmth of language unsuitable to one who willingly confesses that he is addressing his superior. Be assured that I have no motive in all that I have said, but a strong zeal, both for your reputation, and for the cause of Christianity. It would be superfluous to tell you, that this is not a period in which Christians might expect to be pardoned for deserting, even for a moment, the standards around which it is their duty to be rallied. Infidelity does not indeed speak so boldly as it once did among us; but I fear—I greatly fear—whether her silence be not ominous, rather of her settled hostility than of her genuine repentance. I much suspect, that the candour of Hume is the only part of his garment which has fallen upon no disciples. It is useless to multiply names and facts,—but I am sure you internally acknowledge the justness of my position, when I assert, that infidelity is at this moment more extensively diffused among the higher orders of British society,—aye, and taught in a manner more dangerous by British authors, than was ever known, even in the days when unbelief was the ally of open democracy, and the enemies of our faith enlisted in their cause all the zeal and bigotry of a political insurrection. In common with many of my countrymen I rejoiced in the rise of your name, and saw in you a brilliant luminary likely to dispel much of the darkness which envelopes the religious atmosphere of the land. I trust my forebodings were not in vain. Nay, I know and feel that you are born to do great things,—that you are gifted with very singular talents and feelings,—and that these are not more admirable in themselves, than in their adaptation to the necessities of the time. Surely you will not allow your name to be sullied by the breath of calumny, merely that you may gratify your own vanity or that of Mr Jeffrey.—But, indeed, I imagine you have quite mistaken the relation in which your name and character at present stand to his. He has had his day. The world is agreed that he is the cleverest of reviewers, but that he is not, nor ever can become, one of the great men destined to occupy a place in

“That temple where the dead
Are honoured by the nations.”

Your reputation, on the contrary, is

not yet settled. You have done much and delighted many, but your works abound in marks of hurry and false taste, which all your readers hope to see removed hereafter. Your writings have been accepted as the promise of a vigorous genius, new in the occupation to which it is devoted; and all men are willing to believe that your future exertions may very far surpass those which you have as yet exhibited. It rests with yourself, whether you may not go down as a British classic,—perhaps as the first, or in the very first rank, of our divines. You will not facilitate your path to these worthy objects of ambition, or remove any misgivings which we may have in respect to your future career, by making yourself familiar in the hackneyed walks of secular criticism and political economy. You will do well to devote yourself entirely to your profession; you are at present its ornament, but by its means alone, and in the strength of its protection, are you destined to achieve for yourself a literary immortality. You can gain nothing from Mr Jeffrey; he may hope for much from you. You should calculate well before you consent to be generous, when the object is not good, and the return is sure to be insignificant.

If you become a regular writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, you will certainly learn to look upon that work with somewhat of the feelings of parental partiality. I hint it merely—I may add, modestly and hesitatingly—is there no danger for yourself? There is no wisdom so secure that it may be entitled to despise temptation. No precept is more safe than that which says that we should “flee from danger.”

I have spoken of this *Review* in terms which may appear harsh to many, and to some unjust. To those who understand, as you do, the purport and scope of the work, no apology nor explanation can be necessary. To those who are blind enough to be gulled by its external smoothness, or dull enough to be incapable of penetrating its hidden treacheries, I shall at present say nothing. If any hesitate to adopt the opinion which I have expressed concerning it, let them signify their wishes, and I shall gladly present them in a future letter, with such a body of evidence, as, I flatter myself, has not often been called forth

against so formidable a band of transgressors.

For you, sir, I cannot conclude without again assuring you of my love, respect, and veneration. Had I esteemed you less, or rated your talents more lowly, I should have spared myself the trouble of a long address, which many will not fail to consider as impertinent, but which you yourself, I feel satisfied, will acknowledge to be founded in justice and truth. I am sensible that you are placed in a delicate situation. The amiable manners and kindly dispositions of Mr Jeffrey are known to none better than to myself. I pity his errors, but I never cease to entertain a certain lurking affection for the man. It is for you to consider how far feelings of this kind should be allowed to interfere with matters of a higher order,—with feelings yet more sacred than any to which acquaintanceship, or even friendship, can give birth. That Mr Jeffrey is entitled to the warmest love of those with whom he associates, no man who has the least knowledge of him and his habits can for a moment doubt. Had he been the only person interested in the *Edinburgh Review*, I believe the character of that work, even in a religious point of view, would have been very superior to what it is. But although he is the responsible man, and although the world is quite entitled to take him to task for all the errors of the book, it is well understood, among them who are near the fountain of information, that of those things which have most offended either the critical or the religious opinions of intelligent readers, comparatively a very small part has been the actual production of his own pen. His situation is, indeed, in my opinion, very far from being an enviable one. He is obliged to stand and receive the blame of blunders which he has not committed, and of meannesses which his nature would teach him to despise. In the vigour of his faculties and of his manhood, he is compelled to bear the burdens of querulous and despairing age on the one hand, and of pert, presumptuous, ignorant boyhood on the other. Himself a man of brilliant fancy and happy temperament, he is the captain of a set of obtuse imitators and envious pigmies. The lash which he himself wields is sharp and cutting, but the wound which it leaves is only

in the flesh, and there is no poison in the stroke. But his hireling crew of executioners indulge in their office the malignant invention of infants, and the persevering cruelty of savages. You must not think of Mr Jeffrey alone, when you think of quitting the Review. You must take it into consideration, that your contributions assist not him alone, but all his confederates. Among these of later years are to be found some, whom a man of true genius, such as you, cannot but despise; whom a man of pure morality and honour, like Mr Jeffrey, should blush for a moment to admit into any portion of his confidence. You were formed by nature for higher things than to be the companion and coadjutor of such reprobates as these. Have a care, lest a name which might have gone down to posterity in all the majesty of purity, receive any stain from others, with which you are thus compelling it to be associated.

If you have opinions to express upon any subject whatever, be assured that the authority of your name in a title-page, goes at least as far at the present time as the protecting cover of the Edinburgh Review. You are not in the situation of a young nameless author, whose lucubrations, that they may not languish in obscurity, have need to catch a little second-hand splendour from the established reputation of Brougham, Hazlitt, and the Rev. Sidney Smith. You have no need of leading strings, and you should no longer allow yourself to be dazzled by baubles. Stand on your own strength, and there are none who will overlook you. Your mind was not meant to be a parasitical plant,—you were born to grow and flourish in independence.

I shall conclude with a sentence from the writings of one whom you will allow to have been at least as great a man, and as good a judge of conduct, as any of all your coadjutors in this Journal.

“The Spreit of God,” says the firm and fearless JOHN KNOX, “willeth ws to be sa cairfull to avoyd the company of all that teachis doctrine contrarie to the treuth of Chryst, that we communicat with thame in nathing that may appeir to manteane or defend thame in their corrupt opinioun, for he that bidis thame Godspeid, communicat with their syn; that is, he that appeiris, by keeping thame company, or *assisting unto thame in their proceedings*, to favour thair doctrine, is *guilty before God of*

thair iniquitie, baith because he doith confirme thame in thair error by his silence, and also confirmis utheris to credit thair doctrine because he opponis not himself thairto.”*

With every good wish and hope, I remain, sir, your very obedient humble servant,

IDOLOCLASTES.

May 1st, 1818.

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS TO MR MONTAGU.†

So much, both good and bad, has been written concerning Horace Walpole, that we are sure our readers would not easily pardon us should we invite them to any new dissertation upon so old a subject. We are not aware, however, of any publication which introduces one to so perfect a knowledge of the lord of Strawberry-hill as the present. In it we are presented with a complete and unflattering portrait of him, his thoughts, and occupations. The last, as our readers well know, were in general sufficiently trifling; the collecting of anecdotes about departed and forgotten “rags of qualities,” as he himself calls them,—buying, begging, and borrowing bits of painted glass,—and flattering himself that he was making a castle, when he was only overloading an ill-built cottage with the gilding and varnishing of a Dutchman's cabinet. Horace Walpole was indeed a very effeminate person in most of his tastes, but he was undoubtedly a man of elegant education and much wit. When young, he speaks of every thing with the apparent heartlessness of a Frenchman; but he seems to have grown much wiser as he grew older, and throughout these letters of his, written with all possible haste, and certainly without the most remote expectation of their ever being made into a book, there occur many traces of profound feeling and sober reflection, which would do great honour to heads that made much greater pretensions to gravity and wisdom. These letters were addressed by him to his friend

* See his first letter to Mrs Marjory Bowes, ap. M'Crie.

† Letters from the Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu, Esq. from the year 1736 to the year 1770. Now first published from the Originals in the possession of the Editor. 4to, pp. 446. Rodwell and Martin, &c. London.

George Montagu, between the years 1736 and 1770,—the first of them written before he had left Cambridge, and the last from Strawberry-hill almost immediately before his death. Nothing can be more interesting than to hear exactly what people of fashion in London did and said at the time when the young Pretender landed in 1745, and when the Scots lords were tried and executed in 1746,—or when the present king came to the throne in 1760. With regard to these, and a thousand other matters which are so near as to be wonderfully attractive, and yet so far off as to be in general pretty obscure, we can hear whatever Horace Walpole knew or felt, exactly as we should have done had we been his contemporaries, and he our daily correspondent. We have no intention at present, except of giving a few extracts of various kinds from this correspondence. The first shall be from his letters written during the year 1746.

“*Arlington Street, Aug. 2.*—You have lost nothing by missing yesterday at the trials, but a little additional contempt for the —; and even that is recoverable, as his long paltry speech is to be printed, for which, and for thanks for it, Lord Lincoln moved the House of Lords. Somebody said to Sir Charles Windham, ‘Oh! you don’t think Lord —’s speech good, because you have read Lord Cowper’s:’* ‘No,’ replied he, ‘but I do think it tolerable, because I heard Serjeant Skinners.’ Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing-cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid Lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The duke said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed murdering the English prisoners. His H—— was to have given Peggy Banks a ball last night, but was persuaded to defer it, as it would have rather looked like an insult on the prisoners the very day their sentence was passed.”

“*Aug. 5.*—Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the king last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone. Lord Cornwallis told me that her lord weeps every time any thing of his fate is mentioned to him. Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not winch, lest the

stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders; and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till —, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the jailor, ‘take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe.’

“I must tell you a *bon-mot* of George Selwyn’s at the trial. He saw Bethel’s sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel lords; he said, ‘What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned.’

“My Lord Chancellor has had a thousand pounds in present for his high stewardship, and has got the reversion of Clerk of the Crown (twelve hundred a-year) for his second son. What a long time it will be before his posterity are drove into rebellion for want like Lord Kilmarnock.

“The duke gave his ball last night to Peggy Banks, at Vauxhall. It was to pique my Lady R——d in return for the Prince of Hesse.”

“*Aug. 11.*—I shall not be able to be at Windsor at the quivering dame’s before tomorrow se’nnight, as the rebel lords are not to be executed till Monday. I shall stay till that is over, though I don’t believe I shall see it. Lord Cromartie is reprieved for a pardon. If wives and children become an argument for saving rebels, there will cease to be a reason against their going into rebellion. Lady C—— F——’s execution is certainly to-night. I dare say she will follow Lord Balmerino’s advice to Lord Kilmarnock, and not wince.”

“*Aug. 16.*—I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a half-penny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched lords are in dismal towers, and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino’s windows, because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, ‘Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my lady’s stomach.’ He has written a sensible letter to the duke to beg his intercession, and the duke has given it to the king; but gave a much colder answer to Duke Hamilton, who went to beg it for Lord Kilmarnock; he told him the affair was in the king’s hands, and that he had nothing to do with it. Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified. It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my Lady T—— carries her passion for my Lord Kilmarnock, whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders. She has been under his win-

* William Clavering, Earl Cowper, son of Earl Cowper, who was twice Lord High Chancellor of England.

dows,—sends messages to him,—has got his dog and his snuff-box,—has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night,—and then goes to Greenwich, forswears conversing with the bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on Lord Harvey's promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my Lord Kilmarnock; 'and in return,' says she, 'never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him.' She said gravely t'other day, 'Since I saw my Lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of Sir Harry N—— than if there was no such man in the world.' But of all her flights yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage, told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him, and with a thousand other reproaches flung up stairs. George coolly took Mrs Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle: 'And pray, sir,' said Dorcas, 'do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before.' My lady has quarrelled with Sir Charles Windham for calling the two lords malefactors. The idea seems to be general, for 'tis said Lord Cromartie is to be transported, which diverts me for the dignity of the peerage. The ministry really gave it as a reason against their casting lots for pardon, that it was below their dignity. I did not know but that might proceed from Balmerino's not being an earl; and therefore now their hand is in, would have them make him one."

The next is a picture from the life, of three parts of all Walpole's existence. He was never happy unless rummaging some old house for things that the owners of them despised.

"*Strawberry-hill, Aug. 20, 1758.*—After some silence, one might take the opportunity of Cherbourg* and Louisbourg,† to revive a little correspondence with popular topics; but I think you are no violent politician, and I am full as little so; I will therefore tell you of what I of course care more, and I am willing to presume you do too—that is myself. I have been journeying much since I heard from you; first to the Vinc, where I was greatly pleased with the alterations; the garden is quite beauti-

fied and the house dignified. We went over to the Grange, that sweet house of my Lord Keeper's, that you saw too. The pictures are very good, and I was particularly pleased with the procession, which you were told was by Rubens, but is certainly Vanduyke's sketch for part of that great work that he was to have executed in the banquetting-house. You did not tell me of a very fine Holbein, a woman, who was evidently some princess of the white rose.

"I am just now returned from Ragley, which has had a great deal done to it since I was there last. Browne has improved both the ground and the water, though not quite to perfection. This is the case of the house, where there are no striking faults, but it wants a few Chute or Bendley touches. I have recommended some dignifying of the saloon with Seymours and Fitzroys, Henry the eights, and Charles the seconds. They will correspond well to the proudest situation imaginable. I have already dragged some ancestors out of the dust there, written their names on their portraits; besides which, I have found, and brought up to have repaired, an incomparable picture of Van Helmont by Sir Peter Lely. But now for recoveries—think what I have in part recovered! Only the state papers, private letters, &c. &c. of the two Lords Conway, secretaries of state. How you will rejoice and how you will grieve! They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to the middle of Charles the second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full; all which, during the absence of the last, and the minority of the present lord, were, by the ignorance of a steward, consigned to the oven and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost rotten in a cupboard, were thrown loose into the lumber-room, where, spread on the pavement, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking altogether, brought away a chest near five feet long, three wide, and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats; yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford, and three long ones of news of Mr Gerrard, master of the Charter-house; all six written on paper edged with green, like French modern paper. There are hand-writings of every body, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original proclamations of Charles the first, signed by the privy council; a letter to King James from his son-in-law of Bohemia, with his seal; and many, very many, letters of negotiation from the Earl of Bristol in Spain, Sir Dudley Carleton, Lord Chichester, and Sir Thomas Roe.—What say you? will not here be food for the *press*?"

* About the middle of this month, General Bligh had landed with an army on the coast of France, near Cherbourg, destroyed the basin, harbour, and forts of that place, and re-embarked his troops without loss.

† Alluding to the surrender of Louisbourg, and the whole island of Cape Breton on the coast of North America, to General Amherst and Admiral Boscawen.

"I have picked up a little painted glass too, and have got a promise of some old statues, lately dug up, which formerly adorned the cathedral of Litchfield. You see I continue to labour in my vocation, of which I can give you a conical instance:—I remembered a rose in painted glass, in a little village going to Ragley, which I remarked passing by five years ago; told Mr Conway on which hand it would be, and found it in the very spot. I saw a very good and perfect tomb at Alcester, of Sir Fulke Greville's father and mother, and a wretched old house, with a very handsome gateway of stone, at Colton, belonging to Sir Robert Throckmorton. There is nothing else tolerable but twenty-two coats of the matches of the family in painted glass. You cannot imagine how astonished a Mr Seward, a learned gentleman, was, who came to Ragley while I was there. Strolling about the house, he saw me first sitting on the pavement of the lumber-room with Louis, all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar; then found me in his own room on a ladder, writing on a picture; and half an hour afterwards, lying on the grass in the court with the dogs and the children, in my slippers, and without my hat. He had had some doubt whether I was the painter or the factotum of the family; but you would have died at his surprise, when he saw me walk into dinner dressed, and sit by Lady Hertford. Lord Lyttleton was there, and the conversation turned on literature: finding me not quite ignorant added to the parson's wonder; but he could not contain himself any longer, when after dinner he saw me go to romps and jumping with the two boys; he broke out to my Lady Hertford, and begged to know who and what sort of man I really was, for he had never met with any thing of the kind. Adieu."

Our readers will be pleased to hear his edition of the terrible story of Lord Ferrers.

"Jan. 28, 1760.—You have heard, I suppose, a horrid story of another kind, of Lord Ferrers murdering his steward, in the most barbarous and deliberate manner. He sent away all his servants but one, and, like that heroic murderer Queen Christina, carried the poor man through a gallery and several rooms, locking them after him, and then bid the man kneel down, for he was determined to kill him. The poor creature flung himself at his feet, but in vain—was shot, and lived twelve hours. Mad as this action was from the consequences, there was no frenzy in his behaviour; he got drunk, and, at intervals, talked of it coolly; but did not attempt to escape, till the colliers beset his house, and were determined to take him alive or dead. He is now in the jail at Leicester, and will soon be removed to the Tower, then to Westminster, and I suppose to Towerhill; unless, as Lord T—— promised in the House of Lords, 'not being

thought mad enough to be shut up till he had killed somebody, he will then be thought too mad to be executed;' but Lord T—— was no more honoured in his vocation than other prophets are in their own country."

"April 19.—Lord Ferrers' trial lasted three days. You have seen the pomp and awfulness of such doings, so I will not describe it to you. The judge and criminal were far inferior to those you have seen. For the Lord High Steward, he neither had any dignity, nor affected any; nay, he held it all so cheap, that he said at his table t'other day, 'I will not send for Garrick and learn to act a part.' At first I thought Lord Ferrers shocked, but in general he behaved rationally and coolly; though it was a strange contradiction to see a man trying, by his own sense, to prove himself out of his senses. It was more shocking to see his two brothers brought to prove the lunacy in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. Both are almost as ill-looking men as the earl; one of them is a clergyman, suspended by the Bishop of London for being a methodist; the other a wild ———, whom they call in the country, *ragged and dangerous*. After Lord Ferrers was condemned, he made an excuse for pleading madness, to which he said he was forced by his family. He is respited till Monday-fortnight, and will then be hanged, I believe, in the Tower; and, to the mortification of the peerage, is to be anatomized, conformably to the late act for murder. Many peers were absent; Lord Foley and Lord Jersey attended only the first day; and Lord Huntingdon, and my nephew Orford (in compliment to his mother), as related to the prisoner, withdrew without voting. But never was a criminal more literally tried by his *peers*, for the three persons who interested themselves most in the examination, were at least as mad as he—Lord ———, Lord ———, and Lord ———. Indeed, the first was almost frantic. The seats of the peeresses were not near full, and most of the beauties absent; the Duchess of Hamilton, and my niece Waldegrave, you know, lie in; but, to the amazement of every body, Lady Coventry was there, and, what surprised me much more, looked as well as ever. I sat next but one to her, and should not have asked if she had been ill—yet they are positive she has few weeks to live. She and Lord Bolingbroke seemed to have different thoughts, and were acting over all the old comedy of eyes. I sat in Lord Lincoln's gallery; *you* and *I* know the convenience of it; I thought it no great favour to ask, and he very obligingly sent me a ticket immediately, and ordered me to be placed in one of the best boxes. Lady Augusta was in the same gallery; the Duke of York and his young brothers were in the Prince of Wales's box, who was not there, no more than the Princess, Princess Emily, nor the

Duke. It was an agreeable humanity in my friend the Duke of York; he would not take his seat in the House before the trial, that he might not vote in it. There are so many young peers, that the show was fine even in that respect; the Duke of Richmond was the finest figure; the Duke of Marlborough, with the best countenance in the world, looked clumsy in his robes; he had new ones, having given away his father's to the valet de chambre. There were others not at all so indifferent about the antiquity of theirs: Lord Huntingdon's, Lord Abergavenny's, and Lord Castlehaven's, scarcely hung on their backs; the two former they pretend were used at the trial of the Queen of Scots. But all these honours were a little defaced by seeing Lord Temple, as lord privy seal, walk at the head of the peerage. Who, at the last trials, would have believed a prophecy, that the three first men at the next, should be Henley the lawyer, Bishop Secker, and Dick Grenville?"

"Arlington Street, May 6, 1760.—The extraordinary history of Lord Ferrers is closed: he was executed yesterday. Madness, that in other countries is a disorder, is here a systematic character: it does not hinder people from forming a plan of conduct, and from even dying agreeably to it. You remember how the last Ratcliffe died with the utmost propriety; so did this horrid lunatic, coolly and sensibly. His own and his wife's relations had asserted that he would tremble at last. No such thing, he shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours from the Tower to Tyburn, with as much tranquillity as if he was only going to his own burial, not to his own execution. He even talked on indifferent subjects in the passage; and if the sheriffs and the chaplains had not thought that they had parts to act too, and had not consequently engaged him in most particular conversations, he did not seem to think it necessary to talk on the occasion; he went in his wedding-clothes, marking the only remaining impression on his mind. The ceremony he was in a hurry to have over: he was stopped at the gallows by the vast crowd, but got out of his coach as soon as he could, and was but seven minutes on the scaffold, which was hung with black, and prepared by the undertaker of his family at their expense. There was a new contrivance for sinking the stage under him, which did not play well; and he suffered a little by the delay, but was dead in four minutes. The mob was decent, and admired him, and almost pitied him; so they would Lord George, whose execution they are so angry at missing. I suppose every highwayman will now preserve the blue handkerchief he has about his neck when he is married, that he may die like a lord. With all his madness, he was not mad enough to be struck with his aunt Huntingdon's sermons. The methodists have

nothing to brag of his conversion, though Whitfield prayed for him, and preached about him. Even Tyburn has been above their reach."

The next extract is extremely interesting, both from the *contrast* and *resemblance*. The letter from which it is taken, is dated immediately after the death of George II.

"Arlington Street, Nov. 13, 1760.—For the King himself, he seems all good-nature, and wishing to satisfy every body; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to every body. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address, carried by the Duke of N—— in his doctor's gown, and looking like the *médécine malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear of my Lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord L——d and several other jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "they go to St James's, because now there are so many St James's there."

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest chiaro scuro. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When

we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of N——. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of N—— standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The king of Prussia has totally defeated Marshall Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "who is to be groom of the bed-chamber? what is Sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester-fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night."

The next letter is, by far the best in the whole collection. It is written at the time of his election for Lynn. He slept a couple of nights at Houghton in going and returning.

"Houghton, March 23, 1761.—Here I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a

crowd of reflections! No, Gray, and forty church-yards, could not furnish so many; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time, every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There too lies he, who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled; there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, N—— and B——h, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets.

"The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed: accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them seems poor; but shall I tell you truly, the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring; alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas; must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Does great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect I am very young, I cannot satiate myself with looking: an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode post through the apartments. I could not hurry before them fast enough; they were not so long in seeing, for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers*; they come, ask what such a room is called, in which Sir Robert lay, write it down, admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed. How different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing Street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though seeing them as little as these travellers!

"When I had drank tea, I strolled into the garden; they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground*. What a dissonant idea of pleasure! those groves, those allées, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown—many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clue in my memory, I met two gamekeepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will

think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude; yet I loved this garden, as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton; Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for Lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to; I have long considered how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr Wood. The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment—what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutoire, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself, or us, with the thoughts of his economy. How wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over. If Lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now. Poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant! You will find all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy. Pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified—

‘——— how often must it weep, how often burn!’

“My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr Conway yesterday morning; moral reflections or common places are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune. He is going to Germany; I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts, at least images of very different complexion. I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket. I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

“Epping, Monday night, thirty-first.—No, I have not seen him; he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them, amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne

it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in conversation, the thing upon the earth that I hate, have been to hear Misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Rubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and post-chaises, which, if they have abridged the King's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects. Well, how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my parrot, to play at loo, and not be obliged to talk seriously! The Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed, on finishing it, to sign himself your old friend,

DEMOCRITUS.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me; not from any affection, but curiosity. The first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, “child, you have done a thing to-day, that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you, he always stood the whole time.” “Madam,” said I, “when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it; besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones.” I am sure she proposes to tell her remarks to my uncle Horace's ghost, the instant they meet.

“Arlington Street, April 16, 1761.—You will be pleased with the anacreontic, written by Lord Middlesex upon Sir Harry Bellendine: I have not seen any thing so antique for ages; it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.

“Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join
In solemn dirge, while tapers shine
Around the grape-embossed shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux's wine,
Mixed with your falling tears of brine,
In full libation o'er the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
While you push round the sparkling wine,
And let your table be the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.”

“He died in his vocation, of a high fever, after the celebration of some orgies.”

For the present, we shall here terminate our extracts from this most amusing and interesting correspondence; as the book is very dear, however, and not likely to fall into many hands, we shall perhaps recur, at some future period, to what we consider one of the richest repositories of anecdote, that have of late years been opened to the public.

THE TALE OF IVAN.

(Translated from the Cornish.)

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE sent you the following translation of one of the "Inabinogi," or tales for the instruction of youth, which is chiefly curious, as it is the only tale that I am aware of which is in existence in the *Cornish* language; at the same time, it may not be disagreeable to some of your readers, to see how the ancients of the times gone by conveyed their lessons of instruction to the young. It is to be found in the 251, 252, pp. of Llwyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, with a Welsh translation annexed. Yours, P.W.Y.
Jesus College, Oxford, 23d April 1818.

1 There were formerly a man and woman living in the parish of Llanlavan, in the place which is called Ty. Hwrth.

2 And (the) work became scarce—and therefore said the man to his wife, I will go and search for work, and you may live here.

3 He took fair leave, and travelled far towards the East; and at last he came to the house of a husbandman (Villanus), and asked there for work to perform.

4 What work canst thou perform? said the husbandman. I can perform every kind of work, said Ivan. Then they agreed for three pounds as the hire of a year.

5 And when the end of the year came, his master shewed him the three pounds. Look Ivan, said his master: here are thy wages. But if thou wilt give them me again, I will teach thee a point of doctrine.

6 Give them to me, said Ivan. No, I will not, replied his master,—I will explain it to thee. Keep you them, said Ivan. Then, said his master,—“Take care not to leave the old road, for the sake of a new road.”

7 Then they agreed for another year for the same wages: and when the end of the year was come—(the same conversation takes place as in Nos. 5 and 6, till the master delivers his second aphorism, which is),—“Take care not to lodge where a young woman is married to an old man.”

9—10 (The same conversation, &c. takes place for the third year, and the master delivers his third aphorism),—

“Suffer thyself to be struck twice before thou strikest once, for that is the most prudent quality of all.”

11 Then Ivan would not serve any longer,—but he would go home to his wife. Not to-day, replied his master; my wife bakes to-morrow, and she shall make thee a cake to take home to thy wife.

12 And they put the nine pounds in the cake. And when Ivan was about to take his leave,—Here, said his master, is a cake for thee to take home to thy wife; and when thou and thy wife are most joyous together, then break the cake—and not sooner.

13 Fair leave he took—and towards home (“Tref,” i.e. town) he travelled, and at last he came to Wayn-Iler,—and there he met three merchants from Tre Rhyn, persons of his own parish, coming home from

14 Kaer Esk fair (Exeter). Oho! Ivan, said they, come with us,—joyful are we to see you. Where have you been so long?

15 I have been, said Ivan, in service, and now I am going home to my wife. Oh! said they, come with us, and thou shalt be welcome.

16 And they took the new road, and Ivan kept the old.

17 And as they were going by the fields of the houses in the meadow, not having gone far from Ivan, robbers fell upon them:

18 And they began to cry out, and with the cry which the merchants made, Ivan also shouted Thieves! thieves!

19 And at the shout which Ivan gave, the robbers left the merchants. And when they came to *Market-Joy*, there they met again.

20 Oh, Ivan! said they, we are bound to thee,—had it not been for thee, we should have been lost men. Come with us, and thou shalt be welcome.

21 And when they were entering the house where they were accustomed to lodge,—I must, said Ivan, see the man of the house.

22 The host! replied they; what dost thou want with the host? here we have the hostess, and she is young. If thou must see the host, go to the kitchen, and thou shalt see him.

23 And when he came to the kitchen, he saw the host, and he was an old man, and weak, and turning the spit.

24 Oh! quoth Ivan, here I will not lodge,—but in the next house. Not yet, replied they; sup with us, and thou shalt be welcome.

25 Now, as to the woman of the house, she conspired with a certain monk in the town, to murder the old man in his bed that night, while the rest were asleep, and lay the murder on the merchants.

26 And while Ivan was in bed, there was a hole in the pine-end of the house, and he saw a light, and he rose out of his bed and listened, and heard the monk speaking; and the monk turned his back upon the hole—“perhaps,” said he, “there is some one in the next house who may see our horrid deeds:”—And with that the adulteress, with her paramour, put the old man to death.

27 In the meantime, however, Ivan with his knife cut, through the hole, a pretty round piece of the monk’s gown.

28 And the next morning the adulteress began to cry aloud, because her beloved was murdered; and as there was neither man nor child in the house except the merchants, they ought to be hanged on his account.

29 Then they were taken and carried to prison, and at last Ivan came to them.

30 Alas, alas! Ivan, said they, a hard fate attends us; our host was killed last night, and we shall be hanged for him.

31 Aha! request the justices, said Ivan, to summon those who committed this heinous crime before hem.

32 Who knows, replied they, who committed the crime? Who committed the crime! said Ivan. If I know not how to prove who committed the crime, I will suffer myself to be hanged in their stead.

33 Explanation replied they—(Nos 33, 34, and 35,—Ivan repeats what he had seen, and produces the piece of the gown in evidence.)

36 And with that the merchants had their liberty, and the woman and the monk were hanged.

37 Then they came together out of Market-Joy (Marchnad-Joy—Thursday market). And they said, come with us as far as Coed Carrn yr Wylfa (the Wood of the heap of stones of watching), in the parish of Burnian.

38 There two roads separated, and the merchants wished Ivan to go home

with them; but that time he would not, but would go home to his wife.

39 Then when he had separated from the merchants, he foolishly spent his time to try his wife, whether she proved constant to him, whether she did or did not.

40 And when he came to the door, he heard some one else in the bed; he placed his hand on his dagger to slay them both; but he recollected that he ought to suffer twice before he struck once.

41 And he came out again, and then he knocked. Who is there, in the name of God? said she.

42 I am here, replied Ivan. In the name of Mary, whom do I hear, said she; if you are Ivan, come in.—Bring you also a light, said Ivan.—Then she brought a light.

43 And when Ivan was come in, as I was advancing to the door, said he, I heard some one else in the bed.

44 Oh! Ivan, replied she, when you determined to go away, I was three months gone with child; and now we have a beautiful infant in the bed,—gracious in the sight of God may he be!

45 Replied Ivan, I will tell thee,—my master and my mistress gave me a cake, and told me, when I and my wife should be most joyful together, that we should break the cake—and not sooner. And now we have cause to be joyful.

46 Then they broke the cake, and there were nine pounds in the cake; and the money they had, and the bread they eat; and there never was an idle word nor strife between them afterwards. And so it ends.

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DIALOGUES ON NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

DIALOGUE II.—On Natural Religion.

“SINCE we have come upon this view of the subject,” continued Philo, “which I confess has occupied much of my thoughts, it may perhaps afford you some entertainment, and may be a collateral proof of my argument, if I enter a little into a few metaphysical niceties, which seem to be less apprehended than they might, in consequence of men overlooking this great foundation of all belief, the constant

perception possessed by the human mind, that it moves within the sphere of design and intelligence. What, for instance, if we spend a few words on the famous question about the existence of the material world?"

"In the name of Heaven," said Cleanthes, "what can you propose by running into an inquiry so obscure, and which has brought some very profound metaphysicians into conclusions so remote from common apprehension? Perhaps, like Bishop Berkeley, you propose to deny the existence of matter, with a view of proving, in a more spiritual manner than is usually resorted to, the existence of God. The attempt, however, you must be well aware, is dangerous; for when first principles of belief are once unhinged, the steps by which we arrive at the existence of the divine mind soon vanish from our eyes."

"I have no intention," replied Philo, "to be so sceptical as you imagine. I have no doubt of the existence of matter; but it is of some consequence, in a speculative view, (as agents, the inquiry need not be made,) to know what we mean when we say there is a material world."

"We mean," said Cleanthes, "that the objects which we see and touch actually exist." "What is the proof of their existence?" said Philo. "Certainly our senses," replied Cleanthes. "Our senses," said Philo, "only prove that we see and feel; but sense cannot assure us that there is any thing seen or felt." "Perhaps, then," said Cleanthes, "I cannot tell you how the belief comes; but we have it, and that is enough."

"But," said Philo, "I think I see both whence it comes and what it is. All our perceptions of the external world are consistent, regular, systematic: they all convey, therefore, the impression of design, and our minds perceive this character in them as clearly as our senses are impressed with the perceptions themselves. It is from this character, in fact, that they derive the aspect and form of reality, and that we can distinguish them from dreams and imaginations. Were there nothing steady and consistent, nothing that bore the impress of order and plan, in external nature; did it appear for a moment, and then vanish from our eyes: instead of being a system which assists and promotes

our views and apprehensions, were it a constant source of delusion and uncertainty: were these its characters, I really do not think we could say it had any other existence than we are apt to ascribe to a troublesome dream; and at present it may have no other existence than as the lofty language in which we are addressed by the Supreme Intelligence."

"Not far from Berkeley, however," said Cleanthes.

"I mean," replied Philo, "that when we say we believe there is an external world, our meaning is, we have entire trust and confidence about it. Why? Because we see it is a system, and therefore involves a principle of mind upon which we can depend. In fact, the word *belief* means nothing else but the feeling of trust. Nobody will pretend to say what the material world is, of what kind of being or substance it consists, or that it is any thing more than a *somewhat* about which we have an assurance, and with a reference to which we act without any kind of distrust; which is more than can be said of dreams or reveries."

"I suspect, after all, this is the idea which Berkeley meant to express, but that he was rather strong in his manner of stating it. He says often, that he believes there is a material world, and that his belief does not differ from that which is commonly entertained. He cannot indeed separate the object perceived from the act of perception. I admit that we have an impression of these being distinct things; but I say we should not have this impression, unless our perceptions were of things orderly and consistent. The ordering and arranging of our perceptions, we are conscious, does not proceed from ourselves. It is clearly, then, the work of another mind. The existence, therefore, of a supreme mind is constantly impressed upon our minds by the scene of external existence; and this, I maintain, is at least as certain an impression as that of the existence of external objects themselves, although my argument goes to prove that it is more certain, and that it is in consequence only of the regularity and consistency of the material world, that any fixed impression remains with us of its actual existence. According to this view, therefore, we perceive that mind exists, before we have any steady

belief of the existence of matter; and our belief of the existence of matter is little else but a sentiment of trust in that mind by which it is ordered and arranged."

"I do not mean to say, Philo," said Cleanthes, "that in these opinions there is no truth; but you do not seem to have made them out quite to your own satisfaction, and therefore I think you may as well come down to more level ground."

"My wish was to shew, with Berkeley," replied Philo, "that, properly speaking, there is no system of nature which can afford the slightest pretext for materialism. If he goes too far, in saying mind is the whole, I think I am justified in saying, that it is owing only to the order produced by mind that we have any steady belief of the existence of such a thing as matter. I willingly, however, leave this speculation, as I am ready to acknowledge to you that I have not quite satisfied myself respecting its solidity.

"There is another speculation, however, which amounts pretty nearly to the same thing, and which, I believe, may be made more level to our apprehension. Let our belief of the existence of matter come as it may; and if you will let it rest upon its own foundation, and not upon any adventitious support from the concomitant perception of mind; still I say, that matter cannot be presented to us, without bringing along with it the traces of design and intelligence."

"Do I rightly understand you?" said Cleanthes. "I admit that an orderly world, such as we inhabit, bears the constant indications of design upon its countenance; but you surely do not mean to say that this is the case with matter, considered abstractedly from the system into which we see it thrown."

"An orderly world," said Philo, "is an evidence not merely of design, but of exquisite wisdom; but I wish to pursue materialism to the fountain head, and to shew that matter cannot exist in any form without bearing some indications of intelligence. Can matter exist without form? What is form but an order of existence, a mode of being suited to something, to the faculties, for instance, of a percipient being? Matter imperceptible to every being can scarcely be said to exist.

You cannot suppose an atom so fine but you may conceive an eye capable of taking it in. Now there must be a relation between the eye and the atom. This relation is something adapted, sorted, regulated, designed. Take the system of Epicurus: conceive innumerable atoms rushing through infinite space. No single atom can exist without some adaptation of parts (if an atom has parts, if it has none it is nothing), an adaptation which suits it better than any other. Whence did it get these? Is not intelligence apparent in the formation of an atom as well as of a system? Then take different atoms in their corporate form uniting together, and making something, no matter what, something as rude as you will: whatever it is, there must be a principle of order in it, a coherency of parts, harmony of some kind or other; and you will find, if you examine these ideas, design and intelligence lurking at the bottom of them. Poets speak of a chaos, but it is evident that is a supposition merely poetical, or rather it is one which the human mind cannot make. It is a supposition of contradictions. Wherever there is matter at all, there must be order of some kind or other. It may seem to be order without any purpose, and so can scarcely be called design. Yet order implies the operation of mind. Thus you see, Pamphilus, that I find traces of intelligence not merely in the regular forms of crystallization, but in the most rude and inartificial of material bodies."

"I have been so often disgusted," said I, "with materialism, and have seen so much of it among the Continental philosophers, that I am really not at all disposed to engage in its defence. Your former scepticism on the subject of religion I could endure: there was modesty and hesitation in it; but the abominable self-sufficiency with which these people vent abroad their cold-blooded systems of atheism, is so hateful to any man who ever heard any thing better, that I always looked upon it with the most perfect antipathy, and shall be very happy to see you tear up materialism by the roots."

"I believe," said Philo, "every system of materialism is founded on a mistaken application to matter of ideas which belong to mind only, and on supposing qualities in matter which

it does not possess. They all rise from want of attention to that early and constant impression of the existence of order and design in nature, which the mind of man receives in its first opening, and from applying to matter itself those conceptions which it is merely the means of conveying to the mind. Every thing in nature proceeds on a plan, and there is not a human being in existence to whom the great outlines of the plan are not apparent; but if we forget that the idea of a plan necessarily implies mind or intelligence, we must look in the plan itself for some unintelligent principle by which it is carried on. It is then we begin to talk of the powers of nature, and the necessary concatenation of causes and effects, and similar expressions of that kind, which, when applied to the material system, are, in reality, words without meaning.

“This whole subject,” said Cleantes, “lies under a very considerable degree of embarrassment, and it would be of much consequence for the elucidation of our present inquiry, if the relation of cause and effect were placed upon a right footing.”—“I will let you know,” said Philo, “what are my views on the subject; but I must first premise, that the proofs for the existence of God, which I have already stated, are independent of all speculations on the nature of that relation. We read design upon the face of the universe previously to all contemplation of design as a cause, and the universe as an effect. The universe is rather, as it were, a mirror which reflects the face of divine intelligence; and our belief that it is caused or produced by the divine mind seems to be an after-consideration. The plan of things exhibits the existence of mind before we reflect that mind was the principle which gave a real being to the things planned. Suppose, then, the relation of cause and effect were found to be imaginary, or to be no tie among events themselves, but merely a feeling produced by custom in the mind, in consequence of its constantly perceiving the same events in the same succession: suppose, I say, the notion of causation in the Deity were removed by such a speculation, still the universe would prove his existence in like manner as a mirror proves the existence of the object which it reflects.

The kind of sceptical attempt, there-

fore, which was made in this country, to throw doubts upon the existence of God, by shewing that it is merely custom or experience which establishes the relation of cause and effect, and nothing, in the reason of things, must fall to the ground; because, whether God is the cause of the universe or not, or whether or no the universe has a cause, we still read his existence from the universe, in the same way as a book proves the existence of the mind of the author, even although you could possibly separate the notion of his being the author from that of the intelligence which the book exhibits.

The error prevalent in systems of materialism, again, is the reverse of this sceptical notion. The materialist proceeds on the maxim that every effect must have a cause: he thinks he finds the cause of every effect in nature; and having found the cause, he finds all that is necessary, all that *must* be had, and accordingly he is satisfied without having recourse to the existence of mind as the supreme cause of all. I might in like manner say to the materialist, prove as you will, that mind need not be resorted to as the cause of natural appearances; still these appearances prove to me the existence of mind as infallibly as your words and actions prove you to be an intelligent being. When I believe you to be an intelligent being, I do not speculate upon the principle of intelligence being the cause of your actions; but I read in them, as in a book, the fact that there is intelligence involved in them, it may be, more properly than causing them. Make what you please of the universe then, make its cause what you will, still I read intelligence in it, and this is sufficient to prove the existence of the Deity.

“The system of materialism, however, it is evident, is a very low and earthly system, and argues a great want of philosophical penetration. The slightest attention to natural successions of events, must convince us, that although they are regular and constant, they are still quite arbitrary, and might be conceived to be in every respect the reverse of what they are. We can discover no necessity whatever, that heat should be the consequence of fire, or cold of ice. Why should a round body in the heavens, called the sun, necessarily emit light

and heat? No investigation of philosophy, however profound, can possibly discover any necessary connexion between any two events in nature. Philosophy, in the investigation of causes, does nothing more than trace out those circumstances in nature which invariably precede others, and exhibits them, divested of accidental circumstances which may occur in particular instances. When it has found out a leading general fact, it then farther examines whether this fact, if supposed to precede other facts, will account for them by which is meant,—will be the rule or measure of their appearances. Thus it is discovered, that a body falling to the ground increases its velocity, according to a determinate proportion, as it approaches the ground. This is a fact; but we can discover no sort of necessary connexion between the body called a stone and this principle of gravity which regulates its descent. For any thing we know to the contrary, the stone might exist without the gravity. If thrown into the air, it might proceed for ever upwards, or it might vanish into smoke, or any thing might happen to it as well as what does happen. There may be some more general fact which may account for this principle, something the previous supposition of which will explain all the operation of gravity; but, in the mean time, the discovery of this principle is a very important one, since the motions of the heavenly bodies agree exactly with the supposition of this being the law which regulates them. But is it not clear, that this discovery is the discovery of nothing else but a manner of operation in nature? of an order of things which seems quite arbitrary, and might be the reverse of what it is, without any absurdity in the supposition? In inquiries into natural phenomena, therefore, we never discover why they must exhibit such or such appearances. At least we never make an ultimate discovery of that kind. We may discover, that admitting such and such previous appearances, others will follow of course, but the first admissions are entirely gratuitous, and have no necessity in the nature of things. Philosophy is nothing more than the science of the order of nature, and of the methods observed in its operations. There is no more necessity in any thing which it discovers, than there is

that the sentence which I am now speaking should have followed that which went before it."

"So far then," said Cleanthes, "you agree with the sceptical opinion about cause and effect, that there is no necessary connexion between them."

"None," replied Philo, "between those things which are called causes and effects in the system of nature."

"Where then do you find this relation?" said Cleanthes.—"I cannot well tell you," said he, "where I find necessary connexion, but I think I can easily point out to you a connexion sufficiently strong to build this relation upon. What say you to the connexion between volition and its consequences? I know the effects of will are said to be arbitrary as well as any thing else. I may will a thing this moment which may not take place, although perhaps it would have taken place the moment before. My hand may be suddenly palsied, and may not follow my volition when I determine to move it. Yet whenever I do move my hand in consequence of volition, I am conscious that the motion proceeded from the will, and would not have been without the will. The volition here was more than a precedent event,—was an event without which the other would not have been, and *out of* which, if I may so speak, it was. And this is all that is meant by the word *cause*."

"I cannot think," said Cleanthes, "that by this explanation you account sufficiently for the impression on our minds, that every event *must* have a cause. You leave the connexion too loose." "You will observe," said Philo, "that you cannot shew me any event which does not occur *in nature*; but there is a constant impression on the mind of man that nature is a scheme, therefore every event is part of the scheme; a scheme or plan supposes a mind; we cannot conceive a mind devoid of volition: every event then in nature is an effect of the volition of mind. If you could imagine a chaos, which I believe to be an impossible supposition, then you might also imagine events, changes to take place without causes."

"It is the circumstance of design in nature which proves that there is a real bond of connexion between cause and effect; that every change must have a cause, that is, must proceed from

the volition of the mind. Materialism then is altogether built on a wrong application of words. *Power* means nothing else but will accomplishing its end, and we cannot conceive causation independently of volition. The powers of nature, and the necessary concatenation of causes and effects, are mere words without meaning."

"I hope, Philo," said Cleanthes, "that you have now done with your metaphysical niceties, as you called them, for, to tell you the truth, I am getting a little wearied of them."—"Nay, Cleanthes," said Philo, "this is scarcely fair; you led me into the last speculation on cause and effect yourself, and in pity to my audience, I have been rather more hasty upon it, and have left more to be supplied by their own reflections than was quite doing justice to my *cause*, and yet you are the first to complain of the *effect*. I will, however, put an end to these discussions, if you will permit me to say a few words on another point which seemed to confuse our ideas a little on the outset of our inquiry. I mean on the ground of all argument from experience and analogy.

"I repeat, then, that the foundation of this argument can never be custom, or a mere association of ideas. Indeed I believe every thing which bears the character of reason has its foundation in some original perception of the understanding; and it is never a satisfactory account of any natural process used in the discovery of truth, to say we are carried to it by a mere arbitrary association, by the relations of resemblance or contiguity in place or time, or by the force of custom, in rivetting any particular chain of ideas upon the mind. Imagination is the field in which associations prevail, not reason; and although habit may make imaginations appear reasonable, yet I believe every thing which nature gives that character to, must rest upon a firmer basis. Let us then examine facts. What we have commonly experienced to take place, we expect will take place again; and those events which are similar to others formerly experienced, or bearing upon other appearances in nature, we think much more probable than those which are entirely insulated and unlike any thing else. We constantly expect that fire will burn, and that the sun will rise every morn-

ing; and we think it more probable that the planets, like this earth, have inhabitants, than that they are vast bodies totally useless in creation. To resolve these views of the mind into mechanical influence of custom, seem, as I say, very unsatisfactory. I do not see how custom should be the ground of any opinion. From the custom of seeing fire at all times burn, and the sun rising every day, I can conceive that the idea of the fire should never occur to me without the idea of the burning, or of the sun without the idea of its rising. But I do not see how the opinion should hence be generated, that, as a fact, fire will always burn, and that the sun will continue to rise.

If such an account of this process of mind be unsatisfactory, it seems to me an unphilosophical one to ascribe all these convictions of the understanding to particular instincts. There seems a kind of reasoning in the opinions, that the sun will rise to-morrow, and that the planets are inhabited,—a sort of reasoning which is stronger in the one case than in the other; and if any principle can be found which will form a basis for all these reasonings from experience and analogy, it seems much more philosophical to rest them upon it, than to suppose different shades of instinct answering to every variety of opinion and belief. Now to me it appears, that the early impression of order and design in nature, which the mind, I believe, is originally prepared to receive, and which it cannot continue long in existence without receiving, is that very principle of which we are in search, and from which all the different reasonings of experience and analogy flow with the most natural precision. How soon do we perceive that the regular rising of the sun is a part of the plan of nature? And with what firm dependence and assurance do we look for the daily appearance of that glorious luminary? In like manner, whatever we see constantly happen, and of which, too, we see the uses, the purposes, the intention, that, we expect, will happen again. It is like looking at a cloak. As it has shown the hours to-day, we reason that the artist intended it should shew the hours to-morrow. When we have not an opportunity of knowing facts, we then form probable conjectures. In different parts of the same

plan, probably, the designer carries through something of the same mind. This is reasoning from analogy, which may be more or less strong, according to circumstances. Reasoning from known facts, again, we call reasoning from experience.

"But as I have tired you, Cleanthes, with these speculations, I will only remark farther, that the proof of the existence of God must rest on a much firmer basis than on any analogical argument from a similarity in the works of nature to the works of man, if all arguments from analogy rest on the previous supposition of a plan or design in nature, which is in fact presupposing the existence of God. It would be more philosophical to suppose, that our belief of the existence of reason and intelligence in other men is derived from an analogical argument, because ourselves and others are parts and similar parts of one plan of nature, and therefore there in fact does lie an analogy here—although, I doubt not, our perception or knowledge of the existence of intelligence in each other is an original perception of the human understanding."

"I am much gratified, Philo," said I, "with the lights which you have thrown upon this argument, yet I think there is some degree of certainty still wanting, and your manner of reading design, as you call it, does not seem quite infallible. I wish there were some force in the argument *a priori*, or that it were more level to my understanding." "There is in fact no great need for it," replied Philo, "slight indications of design may not produce perfect assurance; but where they are accumulated without all bounds or measure, I see not that there can be room for a doubt. I have said that even the atoms of Epicurus would suggest to the mind some notion of intention; how then can we hesitate in the conclusion, where the object of our contemplation is a world?"

"The fact is, Pamphilus, that the immensity of the object somewhat embarrasses us. I cannot hesitate a moment in the belief that you are possessed of intelligence, because there is here a rapid sympathy between our minds, and I form a quick conception of the similarity between you and myself. But the mind which I read in nature surpasses all my thoughts

and apprehensions; and while I can have no doubt of its existence, I am lost in admiration and astonishment when I contemplate it. This kind of feeling perhaps sometimes re-acts upon our perception of the evidence, and produces a species of confusion and uncertainty. Let us then, Pamphilus, contract the dimensions of this prodigious object. Let us suppose the world to be a magnificent house, and that we have from the first moments of our recollection been the inmates of a splendid palace. Let us suppose that we have found the rooms sumptuously adorned, clothes provided for us, beds in our apartments, and every useful and elegant article of furniture. At a certain hour of the day a table is introduced by invisible hands, supplied with every costly kind of food. Lamps suspended from the ceilings burn with perpetual fire. Every thing is conducted with the same order as if the master of the house were to appear, and the servants were visibly employed. Is it possible, on this supposition, that we should doubt there was a master of the house, some one who had prepared it for us, and who, unknown to us, superintended it? O, Pamphilus, is not the world such a house, and can it be without a master?

CAUTIONARY HINTS TO SPECULATORS ON THE INCREASE OF CRIMES.

ONE strong feature of the times is the prevalence of atrocious crime. This is the common remark of every day. And every one asks, what is the cause? what is the remedy? We can scarce reasonably doubt the fact of a depravity universally allowed. But to explain its cause may not be easy. Can we expect it should be so? That depravity, whatever it may be, is part of the general temper and condition of a large portion of our society. That present temper and condition is not the result of present causes merely, simple and prominent; it is the complex result of a multitude of causes acting often with very obscure operation, and through long successive periods of time. It is a question then, not of direct practical inquiry, but of that general philosophy which investigates the laws, the powers, and the

revolutions of human society. It is an inquiry then of great magnitude and difficulty, fitted for the highest and strongest minds, and utterly remote from the disquisitions of mere ordinary conversation.

But can we be contented merely to believe this? When the evil urges and presses us,—when our ears are shocked, and our hearts are wrung, with daily accounts of ferocious deeds and fearful domestic wickedness,—when we know, that in the very streets around us, in the dwellings that are built around our own, there is contagion spreading over the lives of men,—can we be satisfied in heart or thought to say, that the understanding of the evil is too high for our knowledge, and therefore to separate ourselves from all part in resisting it? We are not to be so repelled or silenced. And yet, assuredly there seems plausible ground of doubt as to the success of remedies, which are to be attempted without intelligence of the disorder; and nothing seems plainer than that to understand a disorder must be to understand its cause; nothing clearer, than that a cause, which lies in the condition and constitution of human society, can only be understood by understanding that condition and that constitution.

But what is the evil itself of which we speak, and for which we would find a remedy? The deterioration of the character of the people!—what does that mean? Who can affix a meaning to the words, that has not looked upon the people in their daily life with intimate and familiar knowledge? Yet the signs of some great deterioration are plain to all eyes. Acts of crime, startling by their atrocity, oppressive by their frequency, speak in strong language to every mind, and seem to declare some change in the spirit of the nation, as if an obduration of their natural sense were growing on men's minds; as if some dire passion, some lust of wickedness, had entered into their hearts. We see the signs; and, looking as men, upon the acts and lives of men, we cannot be deceived. Our common natural understanding and human feeling are shocked and revolted by what every day shows us; and we know that we are called upon by every claim that enforces our participation in the welfare of others, to act against the

growing evil. Under the impulse of that powerful call, there is a sort of general motion in the mind of society towards such resistance. There is an acknowledgment of something to be done; and an uneasy zeal to begin some great work of opposition to the undefined active principle of mischief, which we witness only in its operation.

But still the difficulty and the doubt recur. What is the remedy required? What is the essential evil against which we would contend? What is the principle in nature we would seek to counteract? and the powers we can bring to that opposition? Such questions as these seem to throw us at once into the widest fields of almost indefinite speculation. Though still unconvinced, we are still unsatisfied; for we can never persuade ourselves that, in the midst of general calamity, and under the pressure of common evil, there is not something that lies at each man's hand to be done, which requires only common feeling and common prudence to know and do.

We are unsatisfied when, seeking to engage in action, we are thrown back on speculation. But what does that unsatisfied feeling argue? Have we a right to expect satisfaction? May not the defect lie in ourselves? Do we know that condition of mind, which, entering upon difficult questions, engaging in new courses of action, may justly expect clearness of view and decided knowledge? and have we reason to suppose that condition ours?

But is it any thing wonderful, if, in such inquiries, we find something unsatisfying and perplexing? Can we suppose that, in setting up ourselves in opposition to principles of mischief, which act under the great laws, and in the strength of the great powers of nature, we shall find at once a clear straight path before us, asking nothing but determination to go on? To legislate against nature,—to build up in the bosom of society resistance to her overpowering force,—to continue and govern the operation of principles which she has implicated with its life,—to inhibit or enact revolutions in the human mind,—to hold in our own hands the law of our own condition,—purposes like these, not much less than these, do we make the subject of our endeavours, when we step out of the ordinary courses of our lives to

combine exertion against the prevalent evils that afflict us. It might seem bold in any man to say, that such purposes are within the sphere of human power. It would also be hard to say, ambitious as such purposes must seem to the measure of our faculties, that their accomplishment is in every degree denied us. Yet surely it cannot be held unreasonable to urge, that every attempt we would make, bearing upon purposes of such great scope, and involving our own acts in such a strife of mighty operation, should be preceded at least by some deliberate and earnest inquiry, and should be undertaken with that calm and stedfast resolution which remains when time has weighed and resolved all doubts,—not in that quick fervour of desire which springs up in the mind during the moment of its first unripe conceptions.

We find it difficult to bear the suspense of thought. Our mind has scarcely begun to conceive, ere we would leap to a conclusion. We find it still more difficult to bear the suspense of action. We have no sooner conceived an end to attain, but at once we would be moving towards it. And that impatience which is the mere working of our ungoverned imaginations, that precipitancy which but indulges the restlessness of incited desire, seem to ourselves the pure ardour and prompt devotion of a lofty zeal. The truth of this observation must be felt by all calm and unimpassioned men, who observe the exclusive pertinacity and headlong energy with which, at present, persons of tolerable understanding attribute the prevalence of crime to some one great ruling cause, for example, the political or religious temper of the times, and would, in consequence, seek to cure the evil by some one great remedy.

It were devoutly to be wished, that those who are strongly affected by the signs of evil which they behold in the face of the times, and who would sincerely give the strength of their own labour to contend against it, and who leap at every suggestion of the means of effecting such resistance, would stay to consider that it is not a light work in which they would guide themselves; that there is rather an improbability attaching to all hasty suggestions for the conduct of such a warfare; that the greatness of the purpose may dazzle them; that the painful

pressure of the evil may unduly sway their minds and precipitate their judgment. Some method of action there must be to every man who feels himself called to act; some duty to be performed by every one who feels duty incumbent on him. But to act precipitately, no man, in the ordinary courses of life, is required; and to begin to spend the strength appointed for the performance of duty before its requisitions are distinctly ascertained, the very nature of duty itself might seem to forbid.

The mind of society turns to the consideration of its disorders. Much false opinion, perhaps, may be engendered in the effort of consideration. But that impulse which directs the general minds of men against common mischief, bending their high and strong powers to purposes of common defence, cannot be ineffectual. They will multiply resources; they will war with augmenting strength against the invading evil. But it seems necessary that they should know before they can act; or, if they can only ascertain the effect of measures by putting them to proof, that at least they should hazard as little as they can, prove their measures by degrees, restrain, as much as possible, their exertions to the limits within which they can observe their success, and provide for and supply their failure.

METRICAL VERSIONS OF THE PSALMS.

(Continued from page 67.)

ACCORDING to Strype, (in his Memorials) the singing of psalms in England was allowed so early as 1548. Though some of Sternhold's psalms were printed by Whitchurche in 1549, the entire version was not completed for several years, as was formerly noticed; this was done by the English exiles, who, during the reign of Mary, resided in Geneva. Nor was that entire version consecrated, as it were, in England for public use till 1562, when it first came forth from the editorial hands of John Hopkins.

The year assigned for the reception of this version by the Scottish Church was 1564. Long before this time, however, some of the psalms in metre appear to have been very generally

circulated; and the Reformation was materially advanced by the increased love for pious poems, metrical dramas, and moralities. "It is certain, (says Dr M'Crie, *Life of Knox*, vol. I. p. 364.) that before the year 1546, a number of the psalms were translated into metre; for George Wishart sang one of them (the 51st) in the house of Ormiston on the night in which he was apprehended." Knox's *Historie*, p. 49. The words of Knox referred to by the doctor are as follows: "Efter supper he (Wishart) held a comfortabill purpos of the deith of Godis chosin children, and mirrelie said, *Me think that I desyir eirnestlie to sleep; and thairwith he said, W'ell sing ane psalme; and sa he apointit the yifitie ane Psalme, quhilk was put in Scottis Meitter, and began thus: Have Mercie on me now, guide Lord, efter thy greit Mercy.*" We find another instance in the same work, under the year 1556, of the custom which prevailed of using a metrical version of the psalms, from which we may infer, that they were commonly sung when the people assembled for divine worship. "For the Brethrein (he says) assemblit thameselfis in suche sorte, in companies, *singing psalmes*, and praising God, that the proudest of the enemies war astonid." Knox's *Historie*, 1732 edition, p. 96. We shall adduce another instance to corroborate our inference, from "A Brieff discours off the troubles begonne at Franckford in Germany, anno dom. 1554, &c." printed in 1575 4to. p. 7. where the author, speaking of the forms of worship observed by the exiles who first took up their residence in Frankfort, says, they resolved "to singe a psalme in meetre, in a plaine tūne, as was and is accustomed in the frenche, dutche, Italian, Spanishe, and Skottishe churches."

John and Robert Wedderburn, brothers to James Wedderburn the poet, (sons of a merchant in Dundee,) are supposed to have been the principal translators of the psalms that were used before the Reformation. This version was never completed, and of it probably only a part is now preserved. In a volume usually attributed to the Wedderburns (but of which, we are perfectly convinced, they were not the *only* authors) some of these occur. We mean the little, rare, and curious work which passes

under the name of "The Gude and Godlie Ballatis." That part of the psalms in this volume were of those used before the Reformation, appears from this, that the two lines quoted as sung by Wishart in 1546, correspond to the commencement of the second stanza of the 51st psalm, which is printed there. We extract the following verses from the 91st, as no unfavourable specimen of these paraphrases of the Psalms, and shall refer our readers for what information is to be found respecting the supposed authors, to Calderwood's *MS. History*, vol. I. 108. 109., M'Crie's *Life of Knox*, vol. I. p. 364., Dalzell's *Cursor Remarks*, p. 35., Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, and Leyden's *Introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland*.

"Quha on the Hiest will depend,
And in his secret help sall traist,
Almighty God sall him defend,
And guide him with his Haly Gaist.
Therefore, with mind ripe and digest,
Thow say to God, My trew releue,
My hope, my God of mightis maist,
Only in him I will beleue.

He sall deliuer thee at need,
And saue thy life from pestilence;
His wings are thy weerely weed;
His pens are thy strang defence;
And thou sall haue experience,
That his trew promeis is thy sheild;
His word of great magnificence,
Sall be thy bucklar and thy beild.

Nay wicked sprit sall thee affray,
Nor thee delude into the night;
The fleeand darts be the day,
To trouble thee sall haue na might.
No sudden change of vncouth slight,
Sall cummer thee, nor make thee red,
Nor thee perturbe in mirke nor light,
But from all plague thou sall be fred.

And thou sall see at thy left hand
A thowsand haue a sudden fall;
And als thow sall see ten thousand
At thy right hand, whilk perish sall.
Zet nocht to thee sall cum at all;
But thou sall with thine eie behald
Sinners put fra memorial,
With plagues greit and monifald."

We have thus seen, that in Scotland, the people, before the Reformation, were in the practice of singing from a metrical version of the Psalms. The Reformers did not consider *singing* as an absolutely necessary part of divine worship. In the *First Book of Discipline*, 1560, it is said, "that psalms should be sung in churches—where convenient;" but it is added,

"in others perchance they cannot." Many circumstances tended to prevent its performance in every church, till they received their version, which they did on the same principle that they received their forms of discipline, &c. from their friends at Geneva. We do not mean to say, that, even before this, any unnecessary neglect of this portion of worship was connived at; for, in the same work, they earnestly exhorted "men, women, and children—to exercise themselves in psalmes; that when the kirk doth convene *and sing*, they may be the more able together, with common hearts and voyces, to praise God." We should suppose that the Assembly had come to the resolution of adopting the English version in 1562, though it might not be generally used till two years after, else they would never, that year, have granted a loan to the printer, of 200 pounds, to help him "in printing of the Psalms." Before proceeding further, we think it advisable to give the following "Reasons," &c. entire. They have never yet been printed; and they contain nearly all the information now to be obtained on this subject. The occasion of their being drawn up, was the attempt, first made in 1632, to have this version superseded by that made by King James. Though rather long, it contains much curious matter, not generally known.

"The Psalmes of David in meeter allowed be the generall Assemblie sould be sung in the kirks of Scotland as they have bein since the year 1564 for the reasons vnder-written.

"The reformed kirke of Scotland, being subject to no vther kirke in the world, bot independant and frie, hes powr to interpret, and apply the word, to hir awin purgation conservation and edification.

"Be vertue of this power, the pastors of this kirke, at comand of the great counsell of this kingdome, penned certane heads of reformation which wer allowed and subscribed in Januar 1560.

"In these articles it is expreslie provided, that men vemen and childrine be exhorted to exercise ymselves in psalmes that when the kirke convenes and sings they may be the moir able together with comoun heartes and voyces to praise God.

"In the generall Assemblie convened at Edr in Decr 1562 for printing of the psalmes, the kirke lent Rot. licprivick printer tva hundredth pounds to help to buy Irons Ink and papper, and to fie craftsmen for printing.

"In the generall assemblie holden at Edr in Decr 1564 it is ordained that evrie

minister, exhorte, and reader, sall have ane of the psalmes buickes printit in Edr, and sall vse the order yrin contained in marriage, Ministratyon of the Sacraments, &c.

"In the generall assemblie holden at Stirlin in februarye 1569 the kirke in testification of yr contentment wt the workes printit be Rot. Licprivick Did assign to him in pension fic pounds.

"If any person or persons had required reformation of the psalmes in whole or in pairt, that mater would have bene doune in right tyme and place animo edificandi, non tentandi, conform to the order agried vpon at Glasco April 1581 and at Perth 1596.

"If the Law of prescription, as it is respected be the civile Law the lawes of nationes and the lawes of this kingdome be a iust exception against pleyes moved efter the expiring of threttie or fourtie yeares and if it wer extendit, as it sould be not only to private mens ryghtes, bot to publick safte and tranquillite, then all actiones moved or to be moved efter thrie scoire and aught yeares against the Scots Psalmes, received and retained Vpon so good grounds, and so profitable and comfortable to christians his maties good subjects would be judged moir then void and ineffectuall.

"If decennalis and triennalis possessio, be the Law and custom, have the nature of a perfect right, wherby thinges pertaining to the kirke, may be peacablie possesed, then ys kirke sould retaine yr possession of the Psalmes, ay and while ther possession be Lawfullie declaired to be groundles and vitious.

"Ffor forder confirmation of the kirkes right and possession of the Psalmes in the year 1579 it is Statute and ordained, be our sovern Lord and his three estates in Parliament yt all gentlemen housholders and all vyrs worth three hundredth merkis of yeirlic rent or above, and all substantious yeamen or burgesses likvayes housholders esteemcd worth five hundredth pounds in lands or guids, Is behalden to have ane bible and psalme buicke, vnder the paines contained in the said act.

"Sundrie Musitians of best scill and affection for furtherance of the act of Parliament anent the instructing of the youth in Musick have set doum comoun and proper tunnes to the whole psalmes according to the divers formes of meeter.

"Both pastors and people have som psalmes or parts of psalmes be heart as may best serve for there different dispositions and cases of conscience and for the changes of their external condition.

"Both pastors and people be long custom, ar so acquainted with the psalmes and tunnes yrof; yt as the pastors are able, to direct a psalme to be sung agriable to the Doctrine to be delyvered so he that takes vp the psalme is able to sing ony tunne and the people for the most pairt to follow him.

“By the los of that heavenly treasure already in yr heart they wold be forder greived and preiudged in yr spirituall estate, then they could be hurt in bodi or goods by suffering for retention of yr awin psalmes.

“In Vther reformed kirkes, as ingland, france, germanie, netherlands, etc. yr psalmes in meeter ar not so absolutely perfite, and frie of blame that nothing can be censured in ym, and yet neyr have they nor will they reject the comlie face of yr owne psalter, for a small blott ane or mair, bot still retain what they have had in long continued and comfortable practise.

“If it sould happen (as God forbid) that our psalme bookes in meeter wt the comoun order prefixed unto ym, and the catechise following ym now printit cum privilegio regie majestatis wer removed, it might be justlie feared as the kirke decayed in moyane and means that the confession of faith, the order of the election of ministers, of the ecclesiastical discipline, and of excommunication, publike repentance, the visitation of the seik, buriall of the dead, the comoun prayers, the formes of the Lords supper, of baptisme and meriage, the book of fasting, Calvines catechise, sould be suppress to the great hinderances of publicke and private vses.

“It were a shamles ingratitude to extinguishe the memorie of so many worthie men by wos cair and paines God had vouchsafed to bestow so manie benefites vpon his kirke and ane great testimonie against the pastors and professors of this age who having these psalmes and vther meanes hes gained so little by ym for yr comfort and edification that they are readier to quitt them then to keep them.

“In the generall assemblee holden at brunteland in maii 1601 be occasion of a certaine motion mad be som brether, concerning our vulgar translation of the bible, the comoun prayers, the Psalmes in meeter, It was ordained that Mr Rot. pont sould revise the psalmes and that his labours sould be revised at the next assemblee, bot as the motion above written proceeded from personall respecte so it is to be supposed, that if that faithfull man who was both hollie and Learned had fund anie just caus of alteration, neither he to whom the mater was recommended nor the assemblee who sould have taken compt of his diligence would have suffred that matter to be buried in oblivion.

“If it had beine found expedient to alter these psalmes, Mongomerie and som vthers principalls of inglish poeie in ther tymes as they gave yr assayes of som psalmes yet extant: So they offered to translate the whole book freilie without any price for yr paines, ather frae the publicke state or privat mens purses.

“As the kirke refused the offer of these poets as needles for the publick and private worship of God so it is statute and ordained in the generall assemblee holden at St

Johnston in junii 1563 and in sundrie Vyr assemblies, that no work be set forth in print, nor published in writt till sic tyme as it sall be advised and approven be the kirk, conform to the order sett Down be the generall assemblee.

“Since it hath pleased God to raise som hoipe of Delyverence to the kirkes of vther countries so long troubled with bloodie persecution, and to stretch out the hand of his power against supperstition and Idolatrie. Pietie and compassion would that we sould hold fast what we have and ferventlie pray to God, to vindicatt his truth from the tyranie of Idolatrsers and to Delyver his distressed people, fra the craft and crueltie of men, that praise may be given to his matie by all kirkes and persons, whom he hes blessed wt any measure of mercifull reformation.

“In respect of the premisses and vther reasons to be eiked as occasione sall require the psalmes in meeter as they have bein and ar vsed privatlie and publicklie in Scotland aught to be retained and no wayes suppressed for any thing seen or hard as yet.”

Though the date of the reception of this version is given, yet no mention to that effect is to be found in any of the existing records. We have already mentioned the time when we imagine it to have been fixed upon. Nor was it servilely adopted, in deference either to the churches of Geneva or of England: some alterations were deemed to be wanting, and these accordingly were made. We are left, however, to discover these changes, merely by a comparison of the earlier editions, printed in England and abroad, with those in our own country; a task neither pleasant nor satisfactory, considering the errors of the press, of frequent occurrence in the initials of the translators' names, as they stand at the head of the various Psalms. The Assembly seem to have adhered more to the version, as it appeared from the hands of the exiles at Geneva, than as it was received by the English church. This accounts for our version containing more of the Psalms which were translated by Kethe than theirs, when they, in common with others, were rejected by Hopkins. But indeed no two editions, before Hopkins's of 1562, wherever they may be printed, entirely correspond together. Kethe seems to have been an Englishman, although Strype, and Warton on his authority, call him a native of Scotland. Some of his translations (generally marked with the simple ini-

tials of his name) have been attributed to a William Kendall, or to a person of the name of Kelton, evidently without sufficient authority. The Psalms which appear to be exclusively appropriated to the Scottish collection were done by two authors, one of whom is known to all—the other, we believe, to none. To ROBERT POINT belong the 57th, 59th, 76th, 80th, 81st, and 83d Psalms. In some of the old editions we see the 85th and 149th (certainly erroneously) also attributed to the same. Psalms 56, 75, 102, 105, 108, 110, 117, 118, 132, 136, 140, 141, 143, and 145, bear the initials “I. C.”* Who he was, we cannot ascertain; but extract, as a specimen of his style—

PSALM CX.

“The Lord most high, vnto my Lord thus spake:
Sit thou now down, and rest at my right hand,
Vntill that I, thine enemies doe make,
A stoole to be whereon thy feete may stand.

The scepter of thy regal power and might
From Sion shall the Lord send and disclose;
Be thou therefore the ruler in the sight,
And in the midst of all thy mortall foes.

Thy people shall come willingly to thee,
What time thine host in holy beauty shew;
The youth that of thy womb doe spring
shall be
Compared like vnto the morning dew.

Thus God hath sworn, and it perform will he,
And not repent, nor any time it break:
Thou art a Priest for euer vnto me,
After the form of King Melchisedek.

The Lord our God, who is at euery stound,
At thy right hand to be thine help and stay,
He princes proud, and statlie kings shall wound,
For love of thee, in his fierce wrathfull day.

He shall be judge among the heathen all,
He places voyde with carcasses shall fill,
And in his rage the heads eke smite he shall,
That ouer countries great do work their will.

Yea, he through hast for to pursue his foes,
Shall drink the broke that runneth in the way;
And thus, when he confounded shall have those,
His head on high then shall he lift that day.”

* To the same author some of the old editions falsely assign the 24th, which is by Sternhold, the 54th, by Kethe, and 60th, which is by Hopkins.

To this we shall add the first verses of the 145th Psalm, which may be compared with those of our present collection. Indeed, the second versions which our collection contains of the 136th, 143d, and 145th Psalms, are in fact those by I. C., as they stand in the former one, only some lines being a little altered, or, it may be improved.

“O Lorde that art my God and King
Vndoubtedlie, I will thee praise:
I will extoll and blessings sing,
Vnto thyne holie name alwaies.
From day to day I will thee blesse,
And laude thy name world without end,
For great is God, most worthe praise,
Whose greatnes none may comprehend.

Race shall thy warkes praise vnto race:
And so declare thy power, O Lord:
The glorious bewtie of thy grace,
And wondrous works will I recorde.
And all men shall the power of God,
Of all thy fearfull actes declare:
And I to publish all abroad,
Thy greatnes at no time will spair.*

* The earliest impression of this version of the Psalms, exclusively intended “for the use of the Church of Scotland,” which we have seen is one printed in 1565. This one was printed at Edinburgh, by Robert Lekpreuk, in sm. 8vo.; though, from what is stated above, it appears there were others of an earlier date. It is a singular fact, that books in universal use, and of which numerous editions have been printed, are often those, of which, in future times, not a single copy is to be found. How many editions of this version must have been printed,—and yet how few we know of, printed during a period of near fifty years,—and often of these few editions, only one solitary copy is to be found, and even then probably in a defective state. Numerous editions of the plain Donat (as it was called) were early printed in Scotland, and yet, who has ever seen *one* copy of any of them? But to keep within our subject, let us notice one, of which a singular circumstance respecting it is on record—one which has eluded the research of the most keen-eyed collector. In July 1568, Mr Arbuthnot was appointed to revise a book complained of by the Assembly, July 1568. The order stands thus (says Mr Wodrow, in his MS. collections) in the Registers, sess. 3. in which he adds, he could find no report.—“The Assembly ordean Thomas Bassandon printer, to call in the books printed by him, intituled *The fall of the Roman Kirk*, wherein the King is called supreme head of the primitive Kirk, &c. and to keep the rest unsold till he alter the forsaid title. Item, to delete the *Baudie Song* (Welcome Fortune, &c.), printed at the end of the *Psalm Book*, without licence; and that he abstain in times coming

We come now to notice what is mentioned in the said document, the design for the revival of the psalmody, projected by the Assembly in 1601, when a new translation of the Bible was also proposed. Nothing appears to have been done as to the one, and the other was, a few years afterwards, carried into effect in England. The words of the register of the General Assembly are nearly to the same purpose as those already given. "Sess. ultima 16 Maji. 1601. Anent ye Translation of ye Psalmes in meeter, It is ordainit y^t ye same be revisit be Mr Ro^t Pont, minister at St cuthbert's kirk, and his travels to be revisit at ye nixt asslie." This design is noticed in the different histories of that period, but we prefer extracting the words of Bishop Spotswood, as being the most particular. No further notice respecting this proposal was taken in any future assembly.

from printing any thing without the licence of the Supreme Magistrate, or if it concern religion, be such as shall be appointed by the Assembly to revise. Mr Alex. Arbuthnet was appointed to revise the foresaid tractat, and report to the next Assembly."

We may further mention some of the earlier editions which we have met with, they are generally reprinted from each other, and mostly without being overburdened with accuracy; and it is curious to see an exact list of the editions which are known, as it may lead to the discovery of some which are not. The Psalmes of David in meeter, &c. printed at Edinburgh, by Thomas Bassandyne, 1575, 8vo: at London, by Thomas Vautroullier, 1587, 8vo: at Edinburgh, be Henrie Charteris, 1594, and again, in 1595, both in 8vo: at Dort, by Isaac Canin, at the expenses of the aires of Henrie Charteris, and Andrew Hart, in Edinburgh, 1601, 8vo: at Edinburgh, by Andro Hart, 1611, and again, by the same printer, 1615, both in 8vo: at Aberdene, by Edward Raban, for David Melvill, 1633, 8vo: and at Edinburgh, by the heires of Andrew Hart, 1635, 8vo (this last edition, in one point of view, to be spoken of by-and-by, is the most valuable). These are all attached to the Confession of Faith, and are accompanied with the forms of discipline, &c. We could easily extend the note, (already we begin to think of sufficient length) with mentioning impressions of a smaller form, by Hart, his successors, Bryson, and other printers; but these, having no intrinsic value, we leave to be particularised by whoever chooses to undertake a History of the Scottish Press, for which abundant food might easily be found.

"After this a proposition was made for a new translation of the Bible, and the correcting of the Psalms in metre: his Majesty did urge it earnestly, and with many reasons did persuade the undertaking of the work, shewing the necessity and the profit of it, and what glory the performing thereof should bring to this Church: speaking of the necessity, he did mention sundry escapes in the common translation, and made it seem that he was no less conversant in the Scripture than they whose profession it was; and when he came to speak of the Psalms, did recite whole verses of the same, shewing both the faults of the metre and the discrepance from the text. It was the joy of all that were present to hear it, and bred not little admiration in the whole Assembly, who approving the motion, did recommend the translation to such of their Brethren as were most skilled in the Languages, and the revising of the Psalms particularly to Mr Robert Pont; but nothing was done in the one or the other: yet did not the King let this his intention fall to the ground, but after his happy coming to the Crown of England, set the most learned divines of that Church, a work for the Translation of the Bible; which, with great pains and the singular profit of the Church, they perfected. The revising of the Psalms he made his own labor, and, at such hours as he might spare from the publick cares, went through a number of them, &c.—*Bp. Spotswood's History, edition, Lond. 1677, p. 466.*

When the Assembly appointed Mr Pont to this task, they no doubt had some regard to his services on the same subject at a former time. What was the cause of this project ending with its proposal, we are uninformed. Mr Pont, either at his advanced age was prevented by indisposition from executing what was intended, or he had considered any material revision to be unnecessary. Of his merits as a poet (with exception of a few straggling lines in some of his works), we are left to judge merely from the Psalms which carry his initials as the translator. Of these we have already spoken, and, with the following animated lines, which form a sort of chorus to the 80th, we shall extract the 76th psalm as a specimen of his poetical talents.

"O Lord God of Armies, our Strength and our stay,

Returne and restore vs, without more delay :
And let shine on vs—thy countenance cleare :
So shall we be safe—and shirinke for no feare.

Some curious particulars of Pont's life are to be found in Dr M'Crie's *Life of Knox* (vol. ii. p. 349), a work

which stands not in need of our commendation, else it should be heartily given.

In Iurie land God is well knowne,
In Israel great is his name :
He chose out Salem for his owne,
His Tabernacle of great fame,
Therein to rays : and mount Sion
To make his habitation,
And residence within the same.

There did he break the bowmen's shafts,
Their fyrie dartes so swift of flight,
Their sheilds, their swords, and all their crafts
Of weir when they were boun to fight.
More excellent and more mightie,
Art thou therefore than Mountaines hie
Of ravenous wolues, without all right.

The stout hearted were made a pray,
A sudden sleep did them confound :
And all the strong men in that fraye
Their feble hands they haue not found.
At thy rebuke, O Iacob's God,
Horses with Chariots ouertrod,
As with dead sleep were cast to ground.

Fearfull art thou, (O Lord our guyde)
Yea, thou alone : and who is he
That in thy presence may abyde,
If once thine anger kindled be !
Thou makest men from heauen to heare,
The judgments just : the earth for feare
Stilled with silence then we se.

When thou, O Lord, beginst to rise
Sentence to giue as Iudge of all :
And in the earth dost enterpryse,
To ridde the humble out of thrall :
Certes, the rage of mortall men,
Shall be thy praise : the remnant then
Of their furie thou bindst withall.

Vow and performe your voves therefore,
Vnto the Lord your God, all ye
That round about him dwell ; adore
This fearfull one with offrings free.
Which may cut of at his vintage,
The breath of Princes in their rage,
To earthlie Kings fearfull is he.

The Conclusion.

To God alone of michtis most,
Be loud praise, glorie, and dignitie ;
The Father, Sonne, and holie Ghost,
Three persons in Divinitie :
As ay has bene in tymes before,
Is now, and shalbe euermore,
Throu sea and land in ilk degre."

During the period while this version continued to be used in our country, many Scottish poets, besides those already mentioned, have left us so much as informs us that their attention had been directed to the cultivation of sacred poetry. Of these we cannot at present take full notice, but shall mention some of them whose labours on the Psalmody still remain. The name of King James stands first.

In his well-known volume, published in his youth, entitled, "The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie. Imprinted at Edinburgh, by Thomas Vautroullier, 1584, 4to, is a paraphrase of the civ. psalme translated out of Tremellivs. Though this rare volume has of late been rendered more accessible by the late reprint edited by the author of "Childe Alarique," (by the way, why are his Majesty's Poetical Exercises of 1591 thus long of making their appearance after being promised to the world by the same excellent and accomplished Editor?) we shall give the first two stanzas, in order to compare his Majesty's youthful essay with the same passage as attempted by another eminent Scottish Poet a few years after.

"O Lord inspyre my spreit and pen to praise

Thy name, whose greatnes far surpassis all :
That syne, I may thy gloir and honour blaise,
Which cleithis the ouer : about the lyke a wall

The light remainis. O thow, whose charge and call,

Made Heauens lyke courtenis for to spread abeid,

Who bowed the waters so, as serve they shall
For cristall syrling over thy house to gleid.

Who walks vpon the wings of restles winde
Who of the clouds his chariot made, euen he,
Who in his present still the spreits doeth find,
Ay ready to fulfill ilk just decie
Of his, whose seruants fyre and flammis they be.

Who set the earth on her foundations sure,
So as her brangling none shall euer see :
Who at thy charge the deip vpon her bure."

So much for his Majesty at present : we shall ere long have occasion again to speak of him and his paraphrase of the Psalms. The rival specimen is as follows :

"My Soule praise thou Iehouah's holie Name,

For he is great, and of exceeding Might,
Who, cloth'd with Glorie, Maiestie, and Fame,
And couered with the garments of the light,
The azure Heauen doth like a Courtaine spread,
And in the depths his chalmer beames hath layd.

The clouds he makes his chariot to be,
On them he wheeles the christall skies about,
And on the wings of *Aeolus*, doth Hee
At pleasour walke ; and sends his Angels out,
Swift Heralds that doe execute his will,
His word the Heauens with firie lightnings fill."

We are induced to give two other stanzas of this beautiful ode.

“All living things, O Lord, doe wait on thee,
That in due season thou mayst giue them food,
And thou vnfoldest thy liberall hands most free,
And giues them euerie thing may doe them
good :

Thy blessings thou so plenteouslie distills,
That their abundance all things breath-
ing fills.

But if thy face thou doe withdraw in wrath,
Thy creatures all then languish, grieve, and
morne,

Or if thou angrie take away their breath,
They perish straight and into dust returne :

But when thy Sprite thou sends them to
renew,

All fresh doth flowrish, Earth regaines her
hue.”

[A Paraphrase of the civ. Psalme, by David
Murray. Edinburgh, printed by Andro
Hart, 1615, 4to.]

There was a little volume, which
comes within our notice, printed at
this time, now of rare occurrence, with
this title: “The Mindes Melodie.
Contayning certayne Psalmes of the
Kingle Prophete Dauid, applied to
a new pleasant tune, verie comfort-
able to euerie one that is rightlie
acquainted therewith. Edinbvrgh,
printed be Robert Charteris, 1605,”
8vo. These certain Psalmes are four-
teen in number; but the “new plea-
sant tune” spoken of, is as uncertain
as the name of the author.

This recalls to our mind the cu-
rious notice, in the foresaid paper,
respecting the gratuitous offer made
by Montgomery and other Poets, to
versify the Psalms anew. We wish
this information had been more par-
ticular. The time when, and the
names of the Poets who concurred
with him in making this offer, are
equally unknown. The few Psalmis
that are known to exist by Mont-
gomery, are composed to peculiar
tunes, evidently in imitation of the
Wedderburns, whose godly hymns
and verses were adapted to the mea-
sures of “prophaine sangis.” Thus
the first Psalm is to the tune of “*The
Solsequium*,” and the “2 psal. to the
Tone of *In thro the To*.” As some of
these Psalmes are preserved in the Ban-
natyne MS., a volume written in 1568,
it carries the period of their composi-
tion farther back than is generally
supposed. Only the 1st and 23d
Psalmes have yet been printed; these
are generally found along with Mont-
gomery’s well-known and admired al-
legorical poem, *The Cherrie and the
Slae*.

We had intended in this place to
bring forward some anecdotes, and
make a few observations on the state
of sacred music in our country after
the Reformation, but find it will be
necessary to defer doing so to some
future Number, as already, we fear,
we have greatly exceeded all reason-
able bounds; so that the following
words of the poet may in earnest be
applied to us, both by the reader
and editor,

“Jam lector queriturque, deficitque,
Jam librarius hoc et ipse dicit!
Ohe jam satis est, ohe libelle.—MARTIAL.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM ANDREW FAIRSERVICE,
JUN. TO DOCTOR NICOL JARVIE.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

ALLOW me to congratulate you on the
successful termination of your remon-
strances regarding the abuses in the
management of the University Library.
Your spirited epistle, which appeared
in Blackwood’s Magazine a few months
ago, put the good folks of the College
into a state of violent fermentation,
and created a strong and universal
interest in this town. The public has
ever since been standing on the tiptoe
of expectation, looking either for a
reply from the able pen of some of
the writing Professors, or for their
silent acquiescence in the justice of
your remarks, testified by the removal
of the grievances libelled, and by the
adoption of the measures recommended
by Dr Nicol Jarvie. The frequent
appearance of John Maclaughlan, pa-
rading the courts with his mace, and
gown, and solemn visage,—the busy
bustling looks of the Professors,—a
report from Archie Cameron’s, that
the Faculty had been sitting, during
several successive days, to a late hour,
in deep divan,—all these circumstances
were well known in the town, and
portended that something was in the
wind. At last our anxious curiosity
has been satisfied. Your exertions
have been crowned with their merited
success. The professors have at last
unbolted the doors of the library, that
the students may enter in. Thanks
to your spirited and patriotic media-
tion.

We are indebted to you, Sir, for having fought and conquered in our cause. There is now no Student, even the son of the most humble parents, who can plead the want of opportunity as an excuse for his ignorance.

Having deposited the small sum of five shillings (the price of subscription fixed by the wisdom of the Faculty), I now enjoy, in common with my fellow-students, the unspeakable benefit of free access to the fountain of knowledge in these parts,—of sharing, in company with the professors and their families, a benefit which all of us agree in estimating at a very high rate. I have already, Sir, (thanks to your manly exertions,) luxuriated in the pages of the Poet of Order,—travelled the Low Countries with your friend the facetious Professor Muirhead, sucking in the ineffable waggery of his jokes,—and tuned my voice to the expression of all those high, heroic feelings, those most divine afflatus, which characterise and adorn the poetry of our British Tyrtæus. Mistake me not. I mention not these particulars from any feeling of vanity (at which I spurn), but by way of reply to an accusation frequently brought forward by the worthy but mistaken professors, viz. “That it is useless to open the library to the students, because they read nothing but the *trash*.”

When my friend, Professor _____ gave me the account of the new decree of the Faculty touching the library, my heart first beat with gratitude to you, who had the glory of being prime mover in a business so powerfully affecting the state of letters in this part of Scotland. Sir, you stand deservedly at the top of your profession in this place, and are equally distinguished above the herd of practitioners, by the depth and extent of your information, as by your skill in the practice of physic. But, Sir, I believe you now stand higher than you ever did before; and however much you may be envied and calumniated by scurvy wits (for scribes must scribble, and genius must pay its tax), be not discouraged. Pursue the same course which you have begun, and you will never cease to have the noble-spirited and the good to love and admire you.

There is another individual who has exerted himself with zeal like yours in defending the cause of the students. His name I cannot pass over in silence. Need I mention that of the represen-

tative of the illustrious Millar. He, as you well know, had always been incensed against the abettors of the system of depriving the students of their just rights, and he dexterously took advantage of the tide of popular opinion, excited by your letter; and which, in a country like ours, must, ever in the long-run, bear down all the obstacles which the selfishness and barbarity of individuals, or of bodies of men, may raise in opposition to what is calculated to cherish the spirit of free inquiry, and of literary enthusiasm. By his prudence and zeal he has brought about that revolution, which you, and all of us, had so much at heart. He has, in one word, approved himself worthy of that truly great man, whose blood flows in his veins; and I trust that we shall never fail to pay our humble tribute of respect and gratitude to one who has fought and conquered in our cause.

I trust that the victory now gained is the earnest of great things yet to come,—the earnest of more liberality in the general management of University concerns on the part of the Professors, and of a more watchful eye on the part of the Students, and of more spirited opposition from them to every semblance of encroachment on their rights. The Students (if they are not stark-blind), must now perceive, that although deprived of many of those privileges in which they were vested by the founder of the college, still, in the present day, if they have one soul and one mind, nothing detrimental to their interests can be firmly established. The Professors, although living within walls of their own—breathing an atmosphere of their own—exercising a jurisdiction of their own—enjoying funds of their own—writing books of their own—although possessing all the essentials of a distinct and chartered community, are still amenable to the tribunal of public opinion.

Rumours are afloat at present with respect to certain intended innovations as to the *college garden*. The same hand, I feel convinced, which has opened the library, will prevent the field of recreation from being converted into a suburb of soap-works and cotton-mills. When you are so near its site, may I hope that you will perhaps vouchsafe a single visit, *en passant*, to the *Hunterian Museum*.—Adieu! sir; there has not

been a single society supper this spring, at which a bumper has not been dedicated to "OUR CHAMPION DR JARVIE." I remain your much obliged servant,

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE.

Dreepdaily, May 1818.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND OF MRS

GRANT.

MR EDITOR,

THE attack on Mrs Grant's literary character in the Glasgow Chronicle, and the defence in your Magazine, are calculated to give a degree of painful publicity to the name of an individual who has for some time past withdrawn from public notice.

It may be satisfactory to her friends at a distance to know, that her personal character was no way implicated in this attack. It was merely a blundering attempt at discovery in the Terra Incognita of Literature. The Chronicer had first attacked the "Tales of my Landlord," in a most acrimonious criticism, and then, with all the certainty of self-conceit, assured the public that the lady in question had all the demerit of their imputed impiety and indecency.

Such charges that lady should never have thought of repelling, considering them as equally unfounded in themselves and inapplicable to her. Fearing, however, that entire silence might be considered as acquiescence, and disdaining, even from folly and ignorance, credit for a performance so greatly above her powers, she refuted the assertion in strong terms.

The Chronicle still continued the complimentary process of filling daily columns with specimens from Mrs Grant's writings, opposed to parallel columns from "The great unknown," to shew that there was a "river in Macedon, and a river in Monmouth, and, doubtless, salmon in both." Captain Fluellin, however, will be allowed by all good judges of geography and literature, to have produced a more happy and complete resemblance than the Chronicer. The reflections on her acknowledged writings are easily forgiven, and the friends of the object of all this criticism will be pleased to know, that it is only in the character

of an author that she has been the subject of the critic's animadversions.

To make this point clear is the intention of the friend who thus at once puts an end to the mystery implied in a defence which leaves the nature of the attack unexplained. A LADY.
Edinburgh, 12th May 1818.

Note by the Editor.

The above was handed to us by a lady who is in habits of intimate friendship with the distinguished person, a wanton attack upon whose character gave rise to the statement which it has been her wish to explain. The delicate expressions under which she has veiled her indignation, cannot prevent our readers from perceiving what the nature of the assault on Mrs Grant's character really was. It is true, as our correspondent says, that the literary character alone of her friend was professedly the object of the Glasgow critic's animadversions. But those who have perused his tedious and vulgar paragraphs on the subject in question (which we ourselves have this day done for the first time), will have no difficulty in observing, that the blow aimed apparently at the authoress alone, was in fact insidiously intended to fall also upon the lady. We have neither leisure nor inclination to enter at present into the minutiae of this deservedly obscure controversy. There are not many papers in Scotland which make any pretence to literary character at all. A few exceptions, and one or two happy ones, may be found. The Glasgow Chronicle is not one of these. It seems to be a paper conducted on principles not widely different from those of the lowest engines of the mob-party in London. It is a humble provincial imitation of the Statesman, proceeding upon the absurd mistake, that a small town, abounding in intelligence, where every body is known to every body, and every scandal is at once searched to the bottom, can possibly be a fit place for the same foolish misrepresentations, and the same malicious virulencies, which are found so well adapted to the endless crowds and tumults of an overgrown capital. Like those of its prototype, its criticisms are full of all manner of affectation, ignorance, and insolence. To be a good or great man in any department, is sufficient to draw upon your

head the abuse of these Plebeian wits. They may sell a few more copies of their journal than they would otherwise do, by means of their personalities. But we suppose, after all, their success is not great, as there are few places so devoid of all taste or feeling, as to swallow mere malevolence and vulgarity, unsweetened by the smallest admixture either of wit, humour, or sense. We shall have an opportunity of returning to this subject at considerable length, in an Essay which we hope soon to lay before our readers, "On the History and Principles of the present Scottish Newspapers." EDITOR.

which it has been the wish to plan. The Editor has the pleasure to inform which the Editor has the pleasure to inform

ON SOME POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS IN WALES.

MR EDITOR,

THE popular superstitions of the Scotch Highlanders have been often and ably treated of,—and many are the singular and striking stories on record, illustrative of their imaginative character. In Wales, the popular superstitious creed cannot but be poetical, and probably similar, in many striking points, to that of Albion. I am but little conversant with the history of the Welsh, and am unable to supply you with much authentic information on the subject of their popular superstitions; but now I venture to throw out a hint to the zealous natives of the Principality, that some detailed philosophical account of their ghosts, spirits, demons, fairies, &c. could not but participate of deep and universal interest.

I lately laid my hands upon a curious enough little book, entitled, "A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits, in the County of Monmouth, and the Principality of Wales;" By the late Rev. Edmund Jones of the Tranch.—The worthy Divine maintains, in a prefatory Vindication of his Treatise, "That they are chiefly women, and men of weak womanish understanding, who chiefly speak against the account of spirits and apparitions. In some women it comes from a certain proud fineness, excessive delicacy, and a superfine disposition, which cannot bear to be disturbed with what is strange and disagreeable to a vain mind. But why should the daughters of mother Eve be so averse to hear of the adversary Satan, with whom she

first conversed, and whom she first believed, and was deceived by him?"

With the Rev. Edmund Jones, a disbelief in ghosts is equivalent to a disbelief of immortality, and all incredulous persons are by him uniformly called Sadducees. He has collected a great number of well-authenticated ghost-stories to overwhelm the Sadducees with confusion, more particularly those who are such thorough-paced infidels as to despise, not only *corpse-candles* and *Kyhirraeths*, but itinerant preachers and baptist meetings. Yet I suspect, that in his work, silly, and absurd, and ill arranged as it is, we can discern the leading features of the Welsh superstitions. As Mr Jones' book is circulated only among the lower orders of his own countrymen; as few copies of it have ever penetrated into England, and probably none at all into Scotland, I have thought that a few selections from a work so little known, may perhaps amuse many of your readers more than any original dissertations with which I could have favoured them. Perhaps, too, they may be the means of directing the attention of your more learned contributors to a new field of inquiry, alike interesting to the philosopher and the antiquarian, as to those who seek, in their reading, for nothing more than amusement, I have classed my extracts under different heads. In Mr Jones' book no attempt at any sort of arrangement is made. The fears with which his mind was agitated, were too powerful to leave him either power or wish to distinguish dogs of hell from fairies, or demons from witches.

I.—Witch Stories.

"At one time two gypsies came to the house of Lewis Thomas, son of Mr Thomas Lewis of *Lanharan* in *Glamorgan-shire*, when he was not at home, and seeing his wife by herself, began to be bold and very importunate for this and that which they wanted; but she having an aversion for those kind of people, commanded them to be gone, which they refused to do, till she took down a stick and threatening to beat them (being a strong courageous woman), at which the gypsies went away muttering and threatening revenge. Some night after, they heard like a bowl rolling above stairs, from the upper end of the chamber to the middle of the room—stopping a while—then rowling down to the foot of the stairs; upon which Lewis Thomas said to his wife, 'I believe the old gypsey is come to give thee a visit.' Next

morning when she arose, she saw on the floor the print of a bare foot without a toe, dipped in soot! and gone from the foot of the stair toward the door! The next day when they went to churn, the cream soon began to froth as if it was turning to butter, but it did not, though they churned much; they at length poured it into a vessel, where, after it had stayed some time, came a thick slimy cream above, and underneath it was water coloured with a little milk. They boiled the cream, having a notion it would torment the witch, and they were no more disturbed that way."

"About the end of the sixth century, there lived in the valley of *Sirhowy*, in this parish, David Ziles, an honest substantial freeholder; his house was often troubled by night with witches, who were very mischievous, destroying the milk, &c. In process of time, Hopkin David, a quaker, by trade a turner, came there to work: one night when he was there, those witches made a disturbance, which he supposed was moving his tools; he rose from bed and went down stairs, there he saw them like so many cats, and knowing what they were, spoke to them, and asked one, 'Who art thou, and what is thy name?' to which she answered, 'Ellor-Sir-Gare,' (Carmarthenshire Elenor). He then asked another, 'Who art thou?' the answer was, 'Mawd Anghyvion,' (Unrighteous Mawd); and the other answered, 'Isbel Anonest,' (Unjust Jesebel); to which he answered, 'Unjust is thy work in meddling with my tools.' He severely reprov'd and threatened them. As they betrayed themselves, and knew they were in danger of punishment, they did not trouble the house afterwards. This good the honest quaker did to an innocent honest family."

"Llanhyddel mountain was formerly much talked of, and still remembered concerning an apparition which led many people astray both by day and by night, upon this mountain. The apparition was the resemblance of a poor old woman, with an oblong four-cornered hat, ash-coloured clothes, her apron thrown across her shoulder, with a pot or wooden can in her hand, such as poor people carry to fetch milk with, always going before them, sometimes crying out wow up. Whoever saw this apparition, whether by night or in a misty day, though well acquainted with the road, they would be sure to lose their way; for the road appeared quite different to what it really was; and so far sometimes the fascination was, that they thought they were going to their journey's end when they were really going the contrary way. Sometimes they heard her cry wow up, when they did not see her. Sometimes, when they went out by night to fetch coal, water, &c. they would hear the cry very near them, and presently would hear it afar off, as if it was on the opposite mountain, in the parish of Aberystroth, and sometimes passing by their ears. The people have it by tradition, that

it was the spirit of one Juan White, who lived, time out of mind, in these parts, and was thought to be a witch; because the mountain was not haunted with her apparition until after her death. When people first lost their way, and saw her, they thought it was a real woman which knew the way; they were glad to see her, and endeavoured to overtake her to inquire about the way; but they could never overtake her, neither would she ever look back to see them; so that they never saw her face."

II.—*Stories of Ghosts, Evil Spirits, Demons, &c.*

"John Jenkins, a poor man, who lived near *Abertillery*, hanged himself in an hay-loft; his sister presently after perceived him hanging, she cried out with a loud voice; upon which Jeremiah James, who lived in *Abertillery*-house, looking towards the place where John Jenkins lived; saw the resemblance of a man coming from the hay-loft, and violently turning upwards and downwards topsy-turvy towards the river; which was a dreadful sight to a serious godly man, who saw the catastrophe, and was very impressing; for it could be no other but an evil spirit going with his prey, the self-murderer, to hell."

"*The Parish of Mynyddustwyn*.—Some years since, John, the son of Watkin Elias Jones, a substantial man of this parish, after his father's death, ploughing in a field, when the oxen rested, sent the lad which drove the oxen to fetch something which he wanted, and before the lad came back, he saw a cloud coming across the field towards him, which came to him, and shadowed the sun from him; and out of the cloud came a voice to him, which asked him, which of these three diseases he would chuse to die of,—the fever, the dropsy, or the consumption, for one of them he must chuse in order to his end. He said he would rather die of the consumption. He let the lad go home with the oxen, and finding himself inclined to sleep, he laid down and slept; when he awoke he was indisposed, and fell by degrees into the consumption whereof he died; yet he lived more than a year after he had seen the apparition in the cloud, and heard the supernatural voice out of it. Some say that he saw the similitude of a venerable old man in the cloud speaking to him, and I believe it was so, and that it was the disembodied Spirit of some good man, likely one of his ancestors, and not an angel; for angels do not appear like old men, nor is it proper they should, because there is no decay in them as in men subject to mortality."

"Mary M. living near *Crumlin* Bridge, and standing on the Bridge one evening, heard a weak voice like a person in distress going up the river, saying, O Duw beth y wnaif fi? O Duw beth y wnaif fi?—(O God what shall I do? O God what shall I do?) At first she thought it a human voice of one

in distress; but while she was considering to think what the voice was like, a great terror seized her suddenly, so that she thought her hair moved, and she could neither move forward or backward from the place where she stood; but seeing her cousin standing in the yard belonging to the house near the bridge, with great difficulty called her,—who also had heard the lamentable voice, and came to her; when she came to the house she fainted. The voice which she heard was most probably the voice of some disembodied spirit, who had lived and died in sin, and felt the wrath of God for it; which will make all impenitent sinners cry at last!”

“*The Parish of Bedwas.*—Mr Henry Lewelin having been sent to Samuel Davies of *Ystrad Defodoc* parish, in Glamorganshire, to fetch a load of books, viz. Bibles, Testaments, Watts’ Psalms, Hymns, and Songs for children, and coming home by night, towards *Mynyddusheyn*, having just passed by *Clwyd yr Helygen** ale-house, and being in a dry fair part of the lane, the mare which he rode stood still, and would go no farther, but drew backward; and presently he could see a living thing round like a bowl, rolling from the right hand to the left, crossing the lane, moving sometimes slow, and sometimes very swift, swifter than a bird could fly, though it had neither wings nor feet; altering also its size. It appeared three times lesser one time than another; it appeared least when near him, and seemed to roll towards the mare’s belly. The mare then would go forward, but he stopped her to see more carefully what it was. He stayed, as he thought, about three minutes, to look at it; but fearing to see a worse sight, thought it time to speak to it, and said, ‘What seekest thou, thou foul thing? In the name of the Lord Jesus go away;’—and by speaking this, it vanished, as if it sunk in the ground near the mare’s feet. It appeared to be of a redish colour with a mixture of an ash colour.”

“*In Denbighshire.*—The Rev. Mr Thomas Baddy, who lived in *Denbigh* town, and was a dissenting minister in that place, went into his study one night, and while he was reading or writing, he heard some one behind him laughing and grinning at him, which made him stop a little. It came again, and there he wrote on a piece of paper, that devil wounding scripture, 1 *John* iii. ‘For this was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil,’ and held it backwards towards him, and the laughing ceased for ever; for it was a melancholy word to a scoffing devil, and enough

to damp him. It would have damped him yet more, if he had shewn him *James* ii. 19. ‘The devils believe and tremble.’ But he had enough for one time.”

“*In Cardiganshire.*—The circumstance which I am going to relate is concerning Sir David Llwyd, who lived near *Yspythi-Ystwyth*, in this county, who was a curate, likely of that church, and a physician; but being known to deal in the magic art, he was turned out of the curacy, and obliged to live by practising physic:—There was once a tailor, a profane man, and a great drunkard, who having been to a fair, and coming home drunk, met a certain man on horseback, who asked him if he was a tailor? He said he was. The man on horseback asked him if he would make clothes for him? He said he would, and received a piece of cloth, with a charge to be sure to be at home on such a day, and such an hour, to take his measure. The tailor said he would. Although he was drunk, he observed this person’s feet was not like a man’s, but like horses’ feet; and some other circumstances which made him concerned; the more he considered it, his fear increased, thinking it was not a man, but something belonging to the devil; he being in great fear about the matter, went to Sir David to ask his opinion about it, from whom he received the following advice:—To delay the measuring of him as much as possible, and not to stand before but behind him; he bid him be sure to be at home the time appointed, and that he (Sir David) would come to meet him that time. The supposed man came, and the tailor, in great fear, began to measure him, at the same time fearing he was something not good; and according to the advice given him, delayed measuring him, pretending that he wanted this and that thing: at last the supposed man said to him, thou art very long about it, and why standest thou behind my back? why dost thou not come before me? The tailor being in greater fear, thought every minute a long time, expecting Sir David to come according to his promise; accordingly he came, and having looked on the strange man who was come to be measured, said to him, What is your business here? Go away; and he went away. This the tailor told to all who inquired about it, and it passed through the country.”

III.—*Stories of Fairies.*

“W. E. of *Hafodafel*, going a journey upon the Beacon Mountain, very early in the morning, passed by the perfect likeness of a coal race, where really there was none; there he saw many people very busy; some cutting the coal, some carrying it to fill the sacks, some rising the loads upon the horses’ backs, &c. This was the agency of the fairies upon his visive faculty, and it was a wonderful extra-natural thing, and made a considerable impression upon his mind. He was of undoubted veracity,—a

* “Near *Clwyd yr Helygen*, in times past, and near the place where the apparition was seen, the Lord’s day was greatly profaned. It may be, also, the adversary was angry at the good books and the bringer of them; for it knew what burden the mare carried.”

great man in the world,—and above telling an untruth. The power of spirits, both good and bad, is very great, not having the weight of bodies to incumber and hinder their agility.”

“W. L. M. told me, that going upon an errand by night, from the house of Jane Edmund of *Abertillery*, he heard like the voice of many persons speaking one to the other, at some distance from him; he again listened attentively, then he heard like the falling of a tree, which seemed to break other trees as it fell; he then heard a weak voice, like the voice of a person in pain and misery, which frightened him much, and prevented him proceeding on his journey. Those were fairies which spoke in his hearing, and they doubtless spoke about his death, and imitated the moan which he made, when some time after he fell from off a tree, which proved his death. This account, previous to his death, he gave me himself. He was a man much alienated from the life of God, though surrounded with the means of knowledge and grace; but there was no cause to question the veracity of his relation.”

“*The Parish of Bedwellty*.—From under the hand of the Rev. Mr Roger Rogers, born and bred in this parish, I have the following remarkable relation: A very remarkable and odd sight was seen in July 1760, acknowledged and confessed by several credible eye-witnesses of the same, i. e. by Lewis Thomas Jenkin’s two daughters, virtuous and good young women (their father a good man and substantial freeholder), his manservant, his maid-servant, Elizabeth David, a neighbour and tenant of the said Lewis Thomas, and Edmund Roger, a neighbour; who were all making hay in a field called *Y Weirglod Fawr Daflog*. The first sight they saw was the resemblance of an innumerable flock of sheep over a hill, called *Cefen Rhychdir*, opposite the place where the spectators stood, about a quarter of a mile distant from them. Soon after they saw them go up to a place called *Cefen Rhychdir ucha*, about half a mile distant from them, and then they went out of their sight, as if they vanished in the air. About half an hour before sunset they saw them all again; but all did not see them in the same manner; they saw them in different forms. Two of these persons saw them like sheep, some saw them like gray-hounds, some like swine, and some like naked infants: they appeared in the shade of the mountain between them and the sun. The first sight was as if they rose up out of the earth.—This was a notable appearance of the fairies seen by credible witnesses. The sons of infidelity are very unreasonable not to believe the testimonies of so many witnesses of the being of spirits.”

“E. T. travelling by night over *Bedwellty* mountain, towards the valley of *Ebwy Fawr*, where his house and estate were, within the parish of *Aberystroth*, saw the

Fairies on each side of him, some dancing. He also heard the sound of a bugle-horn, like persons hunting; he then began to be afraid; but recollecting his having heard—that if any person should happen to see any fairies, if they draw out their knife they will vanish directly; he did so, and he saw them no more. This the old gentleman seriously related to me. He was a sober man, and of such strict veracity, that I heard him confess a truth against himself, when he was like to suffer loss for an imprudent step; and though he was persuaded by some not to do it, yet he would persist in telling the truth, though it was to his own hurt.”

“*The Parish of Llanhyddel*.—Rees John Rosser, born at *Hen-dy* in this parish, a very religious young man, on going very early in the morning to feed the oxen, at a barn called *Ysgybor y lann*, and having fed the oxen, he lay himself upon the hay to rest. While he lay there he heard like the sound of music coming near the barn; presently a large company came in the barn with stripped clothes, some appearing more gay than others, and there danced at their music. He lay there as quiet as he could, thinking they would not see him, but in vain; for one of them, a woman, appearing better than the rest, brought him a stripped cushion with four tassels, one at each corner of it, to put under his head. After some time the cock crew at the house of *Blaen y Coome* hard by, upon which they appeared as if they were either surprised or displeased; the cushion was then hastily taken from under his head, and they went away.”

“This young woman’s grandfather, William Jenkins, for some time kept a school at *Trefethin* church, and coming home late in the evening, used to see the fairies under an oak, within two or three fields from the church, between that and *Newymidd* bridge. And one time he went to see the ground about the oak, and there was a reddish circle upon the grass, such as have been often seen under the female oak, called *Brenhin-bren* (King-tree), wherein they danced. He was more apt to see them on Friday evenings than any other day of the week. Some say, in this country, that Friday is apt to differ often from the rest of the week with respect to the weather. That when the rest of the days of the week are fair, Friday is apt to be rainy or cloudy; and when the weather foul, Friday is apt to be more fair. If there is any thing in it, I believe it must be with large and frequent exceptions, which yet may possibly consist with some measure of reality in the matter; but of this I am no judge, having neglected to make observation of the matter.”

“I am now going to relate one of the most extraordinary apparitions that ever was communicated to me, either by word of mouth or by letter, which I received from the hand of a pious young gentleman

of *Denbighshire* then at school, who was an eye-witness of it:—

“ March 24th, 1772.

“ Rev. Sir,—Concerning the apparition I saw, I shall relate it as well as I can in all its particulars. As far as I can remember, it was in the year 1757, in a summer's day about noon, I, with three others, one of which was a sister of mine, and the other two were sisters. We were playing in a field called *Kae-kaled*, in the parish of *Bodvary*, in the county of *Denbigh*, near the stile which is next *Lanelwyd* house, where we perceived a company of dancers in the middle of the field, about seventy yards from us. We could not tell their numbers because of the swiftness of their motions, which seemed to be after the manner of Morris-dancers (something uncommonly wild in their motions); but after looking some time we came to guess that their number might be about fifteen or sixteen. They were clothed in red, like soldiers, with red handkerchiefs spotted with yellow about their heads. They seemed to be a little bigger than we, but of a dwarfish appearance. Upon this we reasoned together what they might be, whence they came, and what they were about. Presently we saw one of them coming away from the company in a running pace. Upon seeing this we began to be afraid and ran to the stile. Barbara Jones went over the stile first, next her sister, next to that my sister, and last of all myself. While I was creeping up the stile, my sister staying to help me, I looked back and saw him just by me; upon which I cried out, my sister also cried out, and took hold of me under her arm to draw me over; and when my feet were just come over, I still crying and looking back, we saw him reaching after me, leaning on the stile, but did not come over. Away we ran towards the house, called the people out, and went trembling towards the place, which might be about one hundred and fifty yards of the house; but though we came so soon to see, yet we could see nothing of them. He who came near us had a grim countenance, a wild and somewhat fierce look. He came towards us in a slow running pace, but with long steps for a little one. His complexion was copper-coloured, which might be significative of his disposition and condition; for they were not good, but therefore bad *spirits*. The red—of their cruelty; the black—of their sin and misery; and he looked rather old than young.

“ The dress, the form, the colour, and the size

Of these, dear sir, did me surprise;
The open view of them we had all four,
Their sudden flight, and seeing them no more,

Do still confirm the wonder more and more.

“ Thus far Mr E. W.—'s Letter.”

“ P. W. who lived at the Ship in *Pont-y-Pool*, and born also in *Trefethin* parish, an honest virtuous woman, when a young

girl going to school, one time seeing the fairies dancing in a pleasant dry place under a crab-tree, and seeing them like children much of her own size, and hearing a small pleasant music among them, went to them, and was induced to dance with them, and she brought them unto an empty barn to dance. This she did at times both going and coming from school for three or four years. Though she danced so often with them, yet she could never hear the sound of their feet, therefore she took off her shoes, that she might not make a noise with her feet, which she thought was displeasing unto them. Some in the house observing her without shoes, said, this girl walks without shoes to school; but she did not tell them of her adventure with the fairies. They all had blue and green aprons on. They were of a small stature, and appeared rather old.”

IV.—*Dogs of Hell.*

One time as Thomas Miles Harry was coming home by night from a journey, when near *Ty yn y Llwyn*, saw the resemblance of fire, the west side of the river, on his left hand; and looking towards the mountain near the rock *Tarren y Trwyn*, on his left hand, all of a sudden saw the fire near him on one side, and the appearance of a mastiff dog on the other side, at which he was exceedingly terrified. The appearance of a mastiff dog was a most dreadful sight. He called at *Ty yn y Llwyn*, requesting the favour of a person to accompany him home. The man of the house being acquainted with him, sent two of his servants with him home.

As Thomas Andrew was coming towards home one night, with some persons with him, he heard, as he thought, the sound of hunting; he was afraid it was some person hunting the sheep, so he hastened on to meet and hinder them: he heard them coming towards him, though he saw them not: when they came near him their voices were but small, but increasing as they went from him: they went down the steep towards the river *Ebwy*, dividing between this parish and *Mynyddastwyn*, whereby he knew that they were what are called *Cwn wybir* (Sky Dogs), but in the inward part of Wales, *Cwn-anrwen* (Dogs of Hell). I have heard say that these spiritual hunting dogs have been heard to pass by the eves of several houses before the death of some one in the family. Thomas Andrew was an honest religious man, who would not have told an untruth either for fear or for favour.

“ W. J. was once a Sabbath-breaker at *Risca Village*, where he frequently used to play and visit the ale-houses on the Sabbath-day, and there stay till late at night; on returning homeward he heard something walking behind him, and turning to see what it was, he could see the likeness of a man walking by his side; he could not see

his face, and was afraid to look much at it, fearing it was an evil Spirit, as it really was; therefore he did not wish it good night. This dreadful dangerous apparition generally walked by the left side of him. It afterwards appeared like a great mastiff dog, which terrified him so much that he knew not where he was. After it had gone about half-a-mile, it transformed itself into a great fire, as large as a small field, and resembled the noise which a fire makes in burning gorge."

"Mr D. W. of *Pembrokeshire*, a religious man, and far from fear and superstition, gave me the following account:—that as he was travelling by himself through a field, called the *Cot-Moor*, where two stones are set up, called the *Devil's Nags*, at some distance from each other, where evil spirits are said to haunt and trouble passengers, he was thrown over the hedge, and was never well afterwards. Mr W. went with a strong fighting mastiff dog with him; but suddenly he saw another mastiff dog coming towards him. He thought to set his own dog at it; but his dog seemed to be much frightened, and would not go near it. Mr W. then stooped down to take up a stone, thinking to throw at it; but suddenly there came a fire round it, so that he could perceive it had a white tail and a white snip down his nose, and saw his teeth grinning at him; he then knew it was one of the infernal dogs of hell, one of those kind of dogs against whom David prayeth in *Psal. xxii. 20.* 'Deliver my soul from the power of the dog.'"

"As R. A. was going to *Laugharn* town one evening, on some business, it being late, her mother dissuaded her from going, telling her it was late, and that she would be benighted; likely she might be terrified by an apparition, which was both seen and heard by many, and by her father among others, at a place called *Pant y Madog*, which was a pit by the side of the lane leading to *Laugharn*, filled with water, and not quite dry in the summer. However, she seemed not to be afraid, therefore went to *Laugharn*. On coming back before night, (though it was rather dark) she passed by the place; but not without thinking of the apparition. But being a little beyond this pit, in a field where there was a little rill of water, and just going to pass it, having one foot stretched over it, and looking before her, she saw something like a great dog (one of the dogs of hell) coming towards her; being within four or five yards of her, it stopped, sat down, and set up such a scream, so horrible, so loud, and so strong, that she thought the earth moved under her, with which she fainted, and fell down. She did not awake and go to the next house, which was but the length of one field from the place, until about midnight; having one foot wet in the rill of water which she was going to pass when she saw the apparition."

"Before the light of the gospel prevailed,

there were, in *Carmarthenshire* and elsewhere, often heard before burials, what by some were called *Cwn Annwn* (dogs of hell), by others *Cwn bendith eu Mamau* (dogs of the fairies), and by some *Cwnwybir* (sky dogs). The nearer they were to man, the less their voice was—like that of small beetles; and the farther the louder: and sometimes like the voice of a great hound sounding among them, like that of a blood-hound—a deep hollow voice."

"One Thomas Phillips of *Trelech* parish heard those spiritual dogs, and the great dog sounding among them; and they went in a way which no corpse used to go; at which he wondered, as he knew they used to go only in the way in which the corpse was to go. Not long after a woman who came from another parish, that died at *Trelech*, was carried that way to her own parish church to be buried, in the way in which those spiritual dogs seemed to hunt."

"An acquaintance of mine, a man perfectly firm to tell the truth, being out at night, heard a hunting in the air, and as if they overtook something which they hunted after, and being overtaken made a miserable cry among them, and seemed to escape; but overtaken again, made the same dismal cry; and again escaped, and followed after till out of hearing."

V.—*Corpse Candles.*

"About the latter end of the 16th century, and the beginning of the 17th, there lived in the valley of *Ebwy Fawr*, one Walter John Harry, belonging to the people called Quakers, a harmless honest man, and by occupation a farrier, who went to live at *Ty yn y Fid*, in that valley, where one Morgan Lewis, a weaver, had lived before him, and after his death had appeared to some and troubled the house. One night, Walter being in bed with his wife, and awake, saw a light come up stairs, and expecting to see the spectre; and being somewhat afraid, though he was naturally a very fearless man, strove to awake his wife by pinching her, but could not awake her; and seeing the spectre coming with a candle in his hand, and a white woollen cap upon his head, and the dress he always wore, resolved to speak to him, and did when he came near the bed, and said, 'Morgan Lewis, why dost thou walk this earth?' To which the apparition gravely answered, like one in some distress, 'that it was because of some bottoms of wool which he had hid in the wall of the house, which he desired him to take away, and then he would trouble them no more.' And then Walter said, 'I charge thee, Morgan Lewis, in the name of God, that thou trouble my house no more;' at which he vanished away, and appeared no more."

"A clergyman's son in this county, but now a clergyman himself in England, who in his younger days was somewhat vicious,

having been at a debauch one night, and coming home late when the doors were locked, and the people in bed, feared to disturb them; fearing also their chiding and expostulations about his staying so late, went to the servant, who slept in an out room, as is often the manner in this country. He could not wake the servant, but while he stood over him, he saw a small light come out of the servant's nostrils, which soon became a *corpse-candle*. He followed it out until it came to a foot bridge, which lay over a rivulet of water. It came into the gentleman's head to raise up the end of the foot bridge from off the bank whereon it lay, to see what it would do. When it came, it seemed to offer to go over, but did not go, as if loath to go because the bridge was displaced. When he saw that, he put the bridge in its place, and stayed to see what the *candle* would do. It came on the bridge when it was replaced; but when it came near him, it struck him, as it were with an handkerchief; but the effect was strong, for he became dead upon the place, not knowing of himself a long time before he revived: such is the power of the spirits of the other world, and it is ill jesting with them. A Sadducee, and a proud ridiculer of apparitions, in this gentleman's place now, would have a pure seasoning for his pastime. 'Tis true, these gentlemen have not seen the *corpse-candles* of Wales; but they should believe the numerous and ever-continuing witnesses of it, and not foolishly discredit abundant matters of fact, attested by honest wise men. We have heard of others, who, from an excess of natural courage, or being in liquor, have endeavoured to stop the *corpse-candles*, and have been struck down upon the place; but now none offer it, being deterred by a few former examples, related, remembered, and justly believed."

"Joshua Coslet, a man of sense and knowledge, told me of several *corpse-candles* he had seen, but of one in particular which he saw in a lane, called *Hcol brwlch y gwynt* (Wind gap lane), in *Landilo Fawer* parish, where he suddenly met a *corpse-candle*, of a small light when near him, but increasing as it went farther from him. He could easily perceive that there was some dark shadow passing along with the *candle*; but he was afraid to look earnestly upon it. Not long after a burying passed that way. He told me, that it is the common opinion, doubtless from some experience of it, that if a man should wantonly strike it, he should be struck down by it; but if one touches it unawares, he shall pass on unhurt. He also said, that some dark shadow of a man carried the *candle*, holding it between his three fore fingers over against his face. This is what some have seen, who had the courage to look earnestly. Others have seen the likeness of a *candle* carried in a skull. There is nothing unreasonable or unlikely in either of these representations."

"One William John, of the parish of *Lanboydi*, a smith, on going home one night, being somewhat drunk and bold (it seems too bold), saw one of the *corpse-candles*; he went out of his way to meet with it, and when he came near it, he saw it was a burying, and the corpse upon the bier, the perfect resemblance of a woman in the neighbourhood whom he knew, holding the *candle* between her fore fingers, who dreadfully grinned at him; and presently he was struck down from his horse, where he remained a while, and was ill a long time after before he recovered. This was before the real burying of the woman. His fault, and therefore his danger, was his coming presumptuously against the *candle*.—This is another sensible proof of the apparition and being of spirits."

"The fore-knowledge of those *corpse-candle* spirits, concerning deaths and burials, is wonderful, particular as the following instance will shew:—One Rees Thomas, a carpenter, passing through a place called *Rhŷw Edwst*, near *Cappel Ewen*, by night, heard a stir coming towards him, walking and speaking; and when they were come to him, he felt as if some person put their hand upon his shoulder, and saying to him, *Rhys bach pa fodd yr y'ch chwai?*—(Dear Rees, how are you)? which surprised him much, for he saw nothing. But a month after, passing that way, he met a burying in that very place; and a woman who was in the company, put her hand upon him and spoke exactly the same words to him that the invisible spirit had spoken to him before; at which he could no less than wonder. This I had from the mouth of Mr T. I. of *Tre-vach*, a godly minister of the gospel."

"The following account I had from under the hand of Mr Morris Griffith, a man truly religious, and a lively preacher of the gospel among the Baptists, which came to pass in Pembroke-shire, as follows:—When I kept school at *Pont-Faen* parish, in *Pembroke-shire*, as I was coming from a place called *Tre-Davith*, and was come to the top of the hill, I saw a great light down in the valley, which I wondered at, for I could not imagine what it meant. But it came to my mind that it was a light before a burying, though I never could believe before that there was such a thing. The light which I saw then was a very red light, and it stood still for about a quarter of an hour in the way which went towards *Lanferch-llawddog* church. I made haste to the other side of the hill, that I might see it farther; and from thence I saw it go along to the church-yard, where it stood still for a little time, and entered into the church: I stood still, waiting to see it come out, and it was not long before it came out, and went to a certain part of the church-yard, where it stood a little time, and then vanished out of my sight.

"A few days afterwards, being in school with the children about noon, I heard a great noise over head, as if the top of the

house was coming down; I went to see the garret, and there was nothing amiss. A few days afterwards, Mr Higgon of *Pont-Facn's* son died. When the carpenter came to fetch the boards to make the coffin, which were in the garret, he made exactly such a stir in handling the boards in the garret, as was made before by some spirit, who foreknew the death that was to come to pass. In carrying the body to the grave, the burying stood where the light stood for about a quarter of an hour, because there was some water cross the way, and the people could not go over it without wetting their feet, therefore they were obliged to wait till those that had boots helped them over. The child was buried in that very spot of ground in the church-yard where I saw the light stop after it came out of the church. This is what I can boldly testify, having seen and heard what I relate,—a thing which before I could not believe.

MORRIS GRIFFITH."

"Some have been so hardy as to lye down by the wayside where the corpse-candle passed, that they may see what passed; for they were not hurted who did not stand in the way. Some have seen the resemblance of a skull carrying the candle, others the shape of the person that is to die, carrying the candle between its fore fingers, holding the light before its face. Some have said that they saw the shape of those who were to be at the burying. I am willing to suspend my belief of this, as seeming to be extravagant, though their foreboding knowledge of mortality appears to be very wonderful and undeniable."

VI.—*The Kyhirraeth.*

"I am now going to give you an account of the *Kyhirraeth*, a doleful foreboding noise before death, and inquire into the cause of this, and of the appearance of the corpse-candles.

"D. P. of *Lan y Byther* parish, a sober sensible man, and careful to tell the truth, informed me, that in the beginning of the night, his wife and maid-servant being together in the house, which was by the wayside, they heard the doleful voice of the *Kyhirraeth*; and when it came over against the window, it pronounced these strange words, of no signification that we know of—*Woolach, Woolach*; and sometime after a burying passed that way. I confess a word of this sound, especially the latter part of the last syllable sounding in Welsh like the twenty-third letter of the Greek alphabet, at least as they pronounced it formerly in the schools, pronounced by a spirit of the night near at hand, with a disagreeable horrid-sounding voice, was very terrible and impressive upon the mind and memory. The judicious Joshua Coslet, who lived on that side of the river *Towy* which runs through the middle of *Carmarthenshire*, where the *Kyhirraeth* is often heard, gave

me the following remarkable account of it:—That it is a doleful disagreeable sound, heard before the deaths of many, and most apt to be heard before foul weather: the voice resembles the groaning of sick persons who are to die—heard at first at a distance, then comes nearer, and the last near at hand; so that it is a threefold warning of death—the king of terrors. It begins strong, and louder than a sick man can make; the second cry is lower, but not less doleful, but rather more so; the third yet lower and soft, like the groaning of a sick man almost spent and dying; so that a person well remembering the voice, and coming to the sick man's bed who is to die, shall hear his groans exactly alike, which is an amazing evidence of the spirits' foreknowledge. Sometimes, when it cries very loud, it bears a resemblance of one crying who is troubled with a stitch. If it meets any hindrance in the way, it seems to groan louder. It is, or hath been, very common in the three commots of *Ynis-Cenin*. A commot is a portion of ground less than a cantref, or a hundred; for three commots make up the hundred of *Ynis-Cenin*, which extends from the sea as far as *Landilo-Fawr*; containing twelve parishes, viz. *Landilo-Fawr, Bettws, Lanedi, Lannon, Cydweli, Langenich, Penfre, Lanarthney, Langydeirn, &c.* which lie on the south-east side of the river *Towy*, where sometime past it cried and groaned before the death of every person, as my informant thought, who lived that side of the county. It sounded before the death of persons who were born in these parishes and died elsewhere. Sometimes the voice is heard long before death, yet three quarters of a year is the longest time before hand. But it must be a common thing indeed, as it came to be a common thing for people to say, by way of reproach, to a person making a disagreeable noise, *Oh 'r Kyhirraeth*; and sometimes to children crying and groaning unreasonable."

The Parish of Machen.—As J. W. James was going towards *Bedwas*, with a young woman (whom he pretended to court) towards *Risca*, and before they came opposite *Machen Hill*, they saw, on the east side of it, facing the parish of *Risca*, the resemblance of a boy going before them; and while they were looking at it, they saw it put its head between its legs, and transforming itself into a ball of fire, rolling towards the top of the hill; it being as easy for a spirit to go up as to come down. Presently after they heard the jingling sound of iron, with which they saw many horses drawing a load; they went beyond *Pont y Meister Bridge*, and then turned to a cross lane leading towards a house where there was a man laying dead. When they went a little farther, they saw the earth cleaving and opening, and out of it came a pillar of fire, which, waving in the air, singed the young woman's handkerchief of a yellow colour, which could never be washed out,

but continued as long as any of the handkerchief remained. The man afterwards seriously confessed, that it was his intention to debauch the young woman in his journey, but this dreadful sight prevented his evil intention."

"Walter Watkins of *Neuath*, in the parish of *Landdettly*, in the county of *Brecon*, being at school at *Carmarthen*, and as he and some other scholars, who lodged in the same house with him, were playing ball by the house, late in the evening, heard the dismal mournful noise of the *Kyhirraeth* very near them, but could see nothing which was very shocking to hear. Though these sort of men are incredulous enough, yet they were soon persuaded that it was the voice of neither man nor beast, but of some spirit, which made them leave their play and run into the house. Not long after, a man who lived near the house died. This kind of noise is always heard before some person's death.

"The woman of the house where these scholars lodged, related to them many such accounts, which they heard with contempt and ridicule, believing nothing of what she said. One morning they asked her, sportingly, what she had seen or heard of a spirit that night? She readily answered, that she heard a spirit come to the door, and passing by her while she sat by the fire, it seemed to walk into a room where a sick man was, and after some time I heard it coming back, and as if it fell down in a faint and was raised up again. Soon after the sick man rose up, thinking he was able to walk, came into the room where the woman heard the fall, and fell down dead in that very part of the room where the spirit made the same kind of stir which his fall made, and was made by those that raised him up."

"In *Montgomeryshire*.—Edward Lloyd, in the parish of *Langyryg*, being very ill, those that were with him heard the voice of some person very near them; they looked about the house, but could see no person; the voice seemed to be in the room where they were. Soon after they heard these words, by something unseen, *Y mae Nembren y Ty yn craccio* (the uppermost beam of the house cracketh); soon after, *F'e dorr yn y man* (it will presently break); then they heard the same voice say, *Dyna fy yn torri* (there it breaks); he died that moment, which much affected the company."

"A woman in *Carmarthen* town, protested to Mr Charles Winter, of the parish of *Bedwellytly* (who was then at the academy, and since became a preacher of the gospel), that she heard like the sound of a company, as it were a burying coming up from a river, and presently as it were the sound of a cart coming another way to meet the company; and the cart seemed to stop while the company went by, and then went on. Soon after a dead corpse was brought from the river from one of the vessels, and a cart met the burying, and stopped till the com-

pany passed by, exactly as the woman heard. Mr W. was no man to tell an untruth, and the woman no self-interest to serve by telling an untruth. The wonder is, how these spirits can so particularly forshow things to come. Either their knowledge of future things near at hand must be very great, or they must have a great influence to accomplish things as foretold. Be it either way, the thing is wonderful! of the very minute and particular knowledge of these spirits in the manner of death and burials."

The reader will be at no loss to perceive the resemblance of the above superstitions to those of the Highlands of Scotland. The same book contains a great variety of miscellaneous stories about the devil, balls of fire, &c. but I have sent you all the passages that appeared to me worthy of transcription. If this communication be acceptable, you shall hear from me again ere long.

T. P. C.

Bristol, May 4th.

LETTER FROM Z. TO LEIGH HUNT,
KING OF THE COCKNEYS.

SIRE,

YOUR Majesty, the King of the Cockneys, having signified your royal resolution to preserve an inviolable silence towards me, the unfortunate Z., who am said to "think the green leaves black," and to be "ignorant of all noble theories," (I refer your Majesty to one of your late edicts in the *Cockney Court-gazette*.) I shall, notwithstanding, as it becomes a good and faithful subject to do, continue to pay a little further homage to your Majesty; and I therefore now seek, with a fitting tribute, once more to approach your throne. In the first place, then, I humbly suggest, that you give yourself too many of those regal airs so natural to a crowned head, and that you conduct yourself, at your court at *Lisson Grove*, with a stateliness and hauteur that may be considered, by the youthful nobility of *Cockaigne*, a perfect model of monarchical dignity, but is, in fact, risibly characteristic of your plebeian origin and education. Your Majesty is also subject to unseemly fits of passion, which you try to smile off before your courtiers with an aspect alarmingly ghastly; yet, on the whole, your personal appearance, which with wincing soreness you ac-

cused me of having caricatured, is not uncaptivating. What with your "ivy crown" "shed nodding over both eyes," as it was fixed there by the delicate hand of young Mister Keats, —what with "your ripe locks and fair light limbs," and the "yellow breeches" celebrated by me in my first address, and which, to better eyes than mine, may, for any thing I know, "seem sky-blue scarlet,"—your Majesty must be a most formidable personage to the Maids of Honour about court; and such bodily accomplishments and attractions are quite sufficient to justify that harmless personal vanity which "the many men so beautiful" have in general exhibited, whether fate have kept them, throughout life, in a private station, or elevated them, like Leigh Hunt, to a throne.

That I may not feel myself too much constrained, however, by this image of royalty regularly carried on throughout, I propose now to address you sometimes as plain Leigh Hunt, sometimes as the editor of the Examiner newspaper, sometimes as the author of the incestuous "Story of Rimini," sometimes as the gatherer of "Foliage" and "Green-woods," and sometimes as the potent and august King of the Cockneys. And if, in following out this method, I occasionally depart from that respectful language which the vulgar prejudices of the ignorant may think due to majesty, I hope that the Cockney King will extend to me his gracious pardon, while he calls to mind his own youthful imprudences in that sort, and those many melancholy prison hours, when he sought to beguile the punishment inflicted on him for the outrage he had committed against his sovereign, by the whisper of that Italian Muse who "visited his slumbers nightly," and breathed into his ear all the agonies and all the transports of an incestuous passion.

It appears then that you, Leigh Hunt, after ten years' unintermitted abuse of your sovereign and of the government of your country, and after the publication of many hundred libels, both of a public and private kind, have suddenly fallen into convulsions at the first frown of a "poor creature," whom, nevertheless, you pretend to despise; and after having lain in a speechless state for some weeks, you

have awaked raving, and subject to uncouth peals of hysterical and sardonic laughter. That clever actress, Mrs Bartley, could not have recited Collins's Ode to the Passions with greater variety of action and gesticulation, with more "whisks and whirrings" of frenzied emotion, than did Leigh Hunt peruse my Critique. Anger, pity, fear, and revenge, alternately ruled that royal bosom,

"Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting."

What a fine subject for a series of pictures! "Collins's Ode to the Passions, illustrated by a series of views of Leigh Hunt in appropriate costume. Engraved by Landseer, from the original paintings by R. Haydon," with this motto,

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

These you might have framed, and hung up in that magnificent chamber of yours at Lisson Grove, where, amiable but infatuated bardling, Mister John Keats, slept on the night when he composed his famous Cockney Poem in honour of

"Him of the rose, the violet, and the spring,
The social smile, the chain for freedom's sake,"

and other mighty masters of the lyre, that often as you are sickened with the follies and sins of mankind, (a complaint to which, you weekly inform us, you are lamentably subject, as well as to bad headaches, proceeding from bile and indigestion,) you may withdraw to the holy contemplation of your own divine perfections, and there "perk up with timid mouth" "and lamping eyes," (so you have it) upon what to you is dearer and more glorious than all created things besides, till you become absorbed in your own identity,—motionless, mighty, and magnificent, in the pure calm of Cockneyism.

Does your Majesty remember, how, during the paroxysms of your passion, you kept fearfully crying out for Z.? Nothing would pacify you but the appearance of that gentleman. A message was accordingly sent to him, and, being a good-natured man, he was about to visit the patient, when, all at once, you "stayed your hand, and changed your measure," and threatened the very person whom, in the same breath, you had invited to visit you, with

all the terrors of the law, if he should venture to set foot within the Cockney King's dominions. Not wishing to be brought into any unnecessary trouble by a lunatic, I contented myself with quoting the following rhymes, which you may find in Cambden :

" Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Beside the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney."

In spite and in pity of your wild yells of " Coward ! Coward ! " I am, at this present moment, writing incog. And I purpose doing so, till it may suit my own convenience to affront, " in angry parle," the offended majesty of Lisson Grove. But, meanwhile, let me open your eyes, if possible, to the foolishness of this expression—" Coward."

You, Leigh Hunt, allow your rage and conscious guilt (for you know that Rimini is an incestuous poem) to drive you into the stupidest inconsistency of speech. You tell us that you are answerable for every thing in your inflammatory and unprincipled newspaper, and that *therefore* every man who writes against you, ought to give his name to the public. There is no logic in this—it is a non-sequitur. You may unblushingly expose yourself and your name to the scorn and disgust of the wise and the good—you may endeavour to sap the foundations of civil society and of social life—you may, as you have often done in prose, eulogise prostitutes and kept-mistresses, and sneer at that dull thing a wife—you may, as you have done in something that is not prose, hold up to the love, and pity, and admiration, and worship of virgins, the incestuous and adulterous wretch, who took to her polluted embraces her husband's brother, for no other cause than because he was a handsome man, and " more light-somely dropt in his lordly back"—you may, as you have done, abet murder and assassination, by blaming the general principle, and yet applauding or extenuating each particular instance of it—and to all these enormities you may affix, with an imperial flourish, the sign-manual of LEIGH HUNT—†. But is that any reason why Z., or any other man, should voluntarily offer himself to the filthy abuse of a crew of Jacobins and incendiaries ? How can courage or cowardice be in any way shewn, by

concealing or avowing one's self to be the castigator of your wicked and pernicious tale of incest ? To fear Leigh Hunt, is beyond the power of human timidity. But while I despise you and your noisy impotence, I choose freedom from the molestation of your abuse. You are the coward. You bawled upon a man, who, you clearly saw, held you in derision, to offer himself to the combat. You are like some puny drunkard at a village-wake, " shewing fight " to a sober man ; and, in the midst of all his vapouring, well aware, first, that the muscular object of his slandering curses would be satisfied with merely holding up his fist ; and, secondly, that his own gang would prevent him from fighting, and were his challenge accepted, cry out for a constable.

" Then see what thou'lt do :
Woul't weep ? WOUL'T FIGHT ? woul't
fast ? woul't tear thyself ?
Woul't drink up easil ? eat a crocodile ?
I'LL DO'T."

In the midst of your fury, you would fain be jocular. You tell me that I think the " green leaves black," and am ignorant of " all noble theories." Truly if I were to form my opinion of " leaves " from your system of " Foliage," I should have singular notions both of their shape and colour. A tree in the hands of Leigh Hunt is a very odd affair. No such tree as he is in the habit of describing grows in the British isles ; nor is any description of it to be found in Evelyn's *Silva*. I am sorry it is not in my power to admire what I never saw. But how is this my insensibility to the colour of leaves, or rather the diseased state of my optical nerves, connected with that hatred and disgust which I, in common with every body else, entertain for indecent and immoral compositions in verse, more particularly the " Story of Rimini ? " And can it indeed be, that no one can admire, or even *see*, the beauties of nature, without also admiring that most artificial of all objects, Mr Leigh Hunt ?

With respect to my ignorance " of all noble theories," there again breaks forth the vanity of the Cockney King. You think that " all noble theories " are contained in your own writings—for of those alone did I speak. And I presume, that the " ideal beauty of " all those noble theories " is to be found

in the "Story of Rimini." Noble as those theories are, let me hope that they may never be carried into practice. Let me hope that wives may continue to love their husbands, and to remain faithful to their bed, though they may chance to see finer men at church and market,—that a holier power guards the sanctity of the marriage-couch, than whim, fancy, caprice, passion, and shameless desire,—that execration and hatred shall for ever pursue the memory of the unprincipled adulteress,—that instead of flowers being sprinkled, and annual hymns chaunted over the mingled dust of incestuous paramours, weeds may grow there, and toads undisturbed engender; and that all low-minded and paltry men, who, in folly, or in wickedness, shall seek, like Leigh Hunt, to versify vice into virtue, may meet with some just infliction, as severe as that which makes him at this moment to wince, wail, and tremble, and in his heart to feel all the agonies of remorse, without the softening of repentance, at having dedicated to a licentious muse the prison-hours that were doomed to be the punishment of his sedition.

But it seems that Leigh Hunt now denies having had any thing to do with these pot-valiant denunciations of vengeance against Z. You sat still and silent,

"As the female dove,
Or ere her golden couplets are disclosed,"
You are still "he of the rose and the violet,"

"A fool of sweetness, crispness, ease,
Compound of lovely smallnesses."

But your brother, who appears to be the drudge at the printing-office in town, while your Majesty resides at Hampstead, was, you say, the oracle on that occasion. Really the King of the Cockneys must himself be sensible of the imprudence of Prince John. That unhappy prince must needs have two separate readings of his creed. He calls upon Z. to come forward with his name, and declares him to be a coward for withholding it, though all that Z. did was to expose the wickedness of an immoral poem. By and by the Examiner publishes, with high praise and commendation, a letter to Mr Canning, which, whatever may be its character as a literary composition, is, beyond doubt, the most malignant and fiendish curse ever uttered by one hu-

man being against another, and concludes with a threat of assassination, either idiotically unmeaning, or savagely wicked. Prince John is in high glee at the sarcasms of this lurking assassin; he delights to think that Mr Canning allowed himself to be disturbed by them; a single unguarded expression of an animated orator, during the warmth of discussion, is judged by him worthy of death and a con-juration of murderers; for the sake of one word, an accomplished gentleman, rhetorician, scholar, and poet, ought, according to this moralist, to be outlawed from human society, and denied the common attributes of a human being; and, at the fancied idea of his humiliation, a shout is raised by the royal brothers, that shakes the whole kingdom of Cockney, from Lisson Grove to No 18, Catherine Street, Strand.

Your Majesty seems to be sensible of the extraordinary style of your royal edicts, and you seek to preserve your own consistency by the sacrifice of Prince John. How hard the hearts of kings! There, alas, generosity is not to be found. You, forsooth, think, that the author of the letter to Mr Canning ought to come forward; though you also think, that he may have good reason for not doing so; and with these clashing opinions of your own, you give your royal brother a sort of awkward lecture on his absurd and contending principles. But still you admire the author of the letter—hint that he is your friend—and the friend of man—talk of enduring "petrefaction" before you disclose his name—breathe not a syllable of displeasure with his ferocity and avowed determination, under supposeable circumstances, to commit murder—and delight in the universal odium against Mr Canning, which, according to you, his atrocious epistle has excited.

Prince John can have no hopes of the succession, for you have often told the world, that your throne is surrounded by a numerous progeny, but you ought to drill him into the appearance of consistency with himself and his elder brother; so that he may not drive you into the necessity of again speaking of the "poor creature whom you last week dismissed;" as if Z. could be said to be dismissed from a mind which his image for ever haunts like an avenging shadow, and from

which it wrings out delirious and passionate outcries at the very moment when you are lauding your coolness and magnanimity.

And now, before parting with you for a month, allow me to return you my best thanks, for the very kind and condescending permission which, in a late Number of the Examiner, you gave me to come forward and avow myself. This was more than kind—it was generous. I need fear nothing from you—so you inform me. But it would seem as if there were some other formidable Champion into whose hands you would wish slyly to deliver me. Of him, as of you, my contempt is perfect. As you got him to praise you and your verses in the Edinburgh Review, so may you get him at small cost to defend you in a Sunday Newspaper. But let him have a cooling draught before he enters the lists. I observed him lately breaking all the laws of chivalry, by using foul language to some humble squire who had spied a pimple on his nose. Give him a visor and send him forth to the battle. Choose for his shield-bearer the flower of the Cockney youth. Have warm possets and salves ready against his return from the combat, and one or two of your own "Nepheleads" to bring some "bubbling freshness" to his green wounds. Let this man of steel come at his leisure. You at least are disposed of. True that you called out "a foul blow," but it has been decided against you by impartial umpires, and it is evident that you have not weighed your metal before you rushed into the battle. Your imprudence has been great; had it not been the offspring of so much conceit I should have disdained to punish it. The die is cast. It is now too late to talk of retreating.

And now, for the present, I know not that I have much more to add. That you have been irritated to a state of lunacy by my Critiques on the Cockney School of Poetry, of which you are the founder, is proved by your raving and incoherent denials. You, who have libelled so many men, ought not to have considered yourself sacred from the hand of vengeance. Above all persons living, you, the Editor of the Examiner, who have so often run *a muck*, stabbing men, women, and children, should, if unable to defend yourself when the avenger came, have

had the sense and fortitude at least to endure punishment with decent composure. But your whole mind seems to be one universal sore of vanity, and the pinch of a finger and thumb causes you to shriek out, as if you were broken on the wheel, and to burst into insane invectives with the very avowal of silence on your pale quivering lips. Silent you cannot remain; and when you speak out against me, what is it you say? Nothing. Your abilities, which on some subjects are considerable, then utterly desert you; and instead of rousing yourself from your lair, like some noble beast when attacked by the hunter, you roll yourself round like a sick hedge-hog, that has crawled out into the "crisp" gravel walk round your box at Hampstead, and oppose only the feeble prickles of your hunch'd-up back to the kicks of one who wishes less to hurt you, than to drive you into your den.

The question at issue between Leigh Hunt and Z. is not to be decided by raving on your side, or contempt on mine. It is to be decided by that portion of the public who have read your works, and, if need be, the charges I have brought against them. You alone, of all the writers in verse of the present day, of any pretensions, real or imaginary, to the character of poet, have been the secret and invidious foe of virtue. No woman who has not either lost her chastity, or is desirous of losing it, ever read "The Story of Rimini" without the flushings of shame and self-reproach. A brother would tear it indignantly from a sister's hand, and the husband who saw his wife's eyes resting on it with any other expression than of contempt or disgust, would have reason to look with perplexing agony on the countenances of his children.

You may, henceforth, endeavour to remain silent, and it may be well for you that you do so. But I shall hereafter have much to say to you. Your vulgar vanity, your audacious arrogance, your conceited coxcombrery, your ignorant pedantry,—all the manifold sins and iniquities of Cockneyism lie spread before me as in a map; and I will not part with your Majesty till I have shewn your crown, which you imagine is formed of diamonds and pearls, to be wholly composed of paste and parchment, and

glass-beads; your robes to be worthless as old rags from St Giles'; your sceptre to be a hollow-hearted and sapless broom-stick, which no hawk could vend without dishonesty; and your throne itself, though glittering with gew-gaws, to be no better than a broken-armed kitchen-chair, and worthy to be the seat of that "Washerwoman," whose charms you, in the "Round Table," have, like a fitting knight, so chivalrously celebrated.

I shall probe you to the core. I shall prove you to be ignorant of all you pretend to understand. I shall shew that you have written verse for these ten years without ever having had one glimpse of what true poetry is; that you have been a weekly babler about patriotism and freedom, and yet, all the while, the most abject slave that ever bowed himself to clear the path before the idol-chariot of anarchy. I shall shew the world to what a low pass the spirit of England is reduced, when any of her children can stoop to be instructed by one who has not a single iota of the English character within him; one who is in his religion as base and cold as a second-hand sceptic of the *Palais Royal*; who, in his politics, mingles the vulgar insolence of a Paine with the weakness of a mountebank and theatrical *notable*; whose perceptions of moral truth have been embalmed in strains that might be cheered from a Venetian Gondola, but which have had no effect in England, except that of heaping an already contemptible name with the blackest infamy of voluntary pandarism and coveted humiliation.

The advantage which I have over you, Mr Hunt, is indeed a very considerable one. You should have reflected better before you thus compelled and invited me to make my most of its power. I have the established sentiments of national honour on my side. There is not a man or a woman around us, who venerates the memory of a respectable ancestry, or the interests of a yet unpolluted progeny, that will not rejoice to see your poison neutralized by the wholesome chemistry of Z. There is not a single mother of a seduced daughter, or a single father of a profligate son, or a single repentant victim of sophistical vice, that does not lavish the foulest of execrations on your devoted head. Even

in those scenes of wickedness, where alone, unhappy man, your verses find willing readers, there occur many moments of languor and remorse, wherein the daughters of degradation themselves, toss from their hands, with angry loathing, the obscene and traitorous pages of your Rimini. In those who have sinned from weakness or levity, the spark of original conscience is not always totally extinguished. To your breast alone, and to those of others like you, the deliberate, and pensive, and sentimental apostles of profligacy, there comes no visiting of purity, no drop of repentance. Your souls are so hardened, that the harlot deity, who is worshipped by others with their senses alone, claims and receives from you the prostration and slavery of intellect. Alas! that where pity is so much the predominant feeling, I should be forced, by the stubbornness of the offender, to array myself in the externals of severity. Confess only that you have done wrong,—make a clear breast of it,—beg pardon of your God and of your country for the iniquities of your polluted muse, and the last to add one pang to the secret throbbings of a contrite spirit, shall be

Z.

FRAGMENT OF A FIFTH CANTO OF
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Dedicated to Mr H.

I STOOD, Edina, on thy Bridge of Sighs,
For who that passes but has sighed or bann'd,
To see from out the loch that structure rise,
As from the touch of dark enchanter's wand?
A thousand years shall its dull rays expand
Around thee? Doth a dying glory smile
O'er that fair princely street, with house and
land

Fronting the Scottish lions castle pile,
Fronting Auld Reekie, thron'd on stinking
closes vile?

She looks like old Cybele on mount Ida,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers,
At airy distance, with majestic pride, a
Mother of lawyers, writers' clerks, and
whores:

And such she was—her daughters had their
dowers
From spoils of clients—nor her casements
ceased

To pour into her lap their yellow showers,
Gilding her robe—and of that fragrant feast
Monarchs partook, nor turned their noses
up, the least.

In Reikie sounds the town-guard's drum no more,
Nor cadie plies, nor "wha wants me" is near,
Her Luckeabooshs now choak the common shore,
And "Gardeloo" but seldom meets the ear.
Those days are gone—but wenches still are here :

Lands fall, flats empty—nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Reikie once was dear,
With her cheap clarets' bright festivity,
Revel of tappet-hen, high-jinks, and mut-ton-pie !

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her lands of fourteen stories, long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms descend

Above the Provostless city's waning sway :
Ours is a trophy which will not decay,
With all the Bailies—Brodie, Thomas Muir,—

Leith-pier will ne'er be worn or swept away,
The key-stones of the arch ! Though, to be sure,

What now I would be at, sounds, I must own, obscure !

The beings of the wynd are not of clay,
Or stone, or lime, or mortar ; they create
And multiply false keys, or else the ray
Of more insidious eloquence ; that which fate
Prohibits to dull life in this our state
Of moral bondage, is by such supplied,
Fine spirits exiled, pilloried, or late
Tucked up ! No matter ! Leith-pier will abide

The longest, giving air and exercise beside.

This the best refuge for our youth and age—
So Hope will tell you—so will Gregory ;
An old idea peopling many a page,
As well as that which grows beneath mine eye :

Yet these are truths whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land : good news, good news,

To hypochondriacs, such whose fantasy
Those strange quack-medicines constantly amuse,

Which Solomon and Co. are skilful to infuse.

I too have swallowed such—but let them go—
They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams :

And whatsoe'er they were—they're but so so :
I could replace them if I would, still teems
My mind with many a nostrum drug, which seems

Such as I sought for, and at moments found :
Let these too go—for waking reason deems
Such overweening phantasies unsound,
And other Doctors call, all whom may Heaven confound !

Monro once ruled, and Gregory now reigns ;
George Bell now feels the pulse which John Bell felt ;

Dispensaries, Infirmaries, and chains
Purge, slash, andclank where'er the city's belt

Girdles it in—a space that may be smelt !
So we go on, I fear to little good—
Meanwhile the rivals one another pelt !
Oh, for one hour of him who knew no feud,
Th' octogenarian chief, the kind old Sandy

Wood !

* * * *

Notes to *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

CANTO V.

Chiefly Written by Mr H.

STANZA 1.

" *I stood, Edina, on thy bridge of sighs,
For who that passes but has sighed or bann'd,*" &c.

The reason given in the text for affixing the appellation of "bridge of sighs" to the bridge commonly called the North Bridge, which joins the old and new town of Edinburgh, may be the true one ; for the hideous building alluded to, which, like Satan's Pandemonium, lately "rose like an exhalation" out of the North Loch, has been more sighed over and execrated by the good people of Edinburgh, than any thing which has happened in our day, if we except the publication of that unparalleled piece of blasphemy and scurrility called the Chaldee MSS. A more accurate investigation, leading to a very curious historical illustration, will, however, point out a more probable explanation of this term. It is perhaps not generally known to the inhabitants of this renowned city, that there are certain dungeons called "pozzi," or whatever other delicate name you may choose to give them, sunk in the thick walls of the bridge, which, from the groans that issue from them, may well get the name of the Bridge of Sighs. You descend to them by a narrow trap-stair, and crawl down through a passage half-choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the level of the street. If you are in want of consolation for the general extinction of Cloacian patronage in Edinburgh, perhaps you may find it there, though scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells ; and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the lower wall admits the damp air from the loch below, and serves for the deposition of the prisoners' food. A wooden cross bar, raised about two feet from the ground, is the only furniture. There are many cells in the same line ; but there are some beneath the others, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the Magistrates descended to inspect these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen minutes. But the inmates of the dungeons had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may perhaps owe something to recent in-

genuity. Some of them appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, from the indecencies and blasphemies, or from the churches and belfries, which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, four of them are as follows:—

1
 "Trust no other,
 Not even your brother
 Can give thee assistance.—
 Here goes! keep your distance!
 James Craigie."

2
 "Speak no word;
 Hold in your breath;
 Press hard
 For life or death.
 John Buchan of the College Kirk."

3
 Friends and foes may say as they please,
 So help me God! I shall here have my ease.

4
 Pauperibus æque prodest, locupletibus æque,
 Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.
 Th. Lamb. Stud. Log. 1817.

For a more scientific and statistical view of this subject, see the leading article of *Constable's Scotch Magazine* for March.

STANZA 2.

"She looks like old Cybele on Mount Ida,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers."

An old writer, describing the appearance of the old town of Edinburgh, has made use of the above image, which could not be poetical were it not true,—as Boileau's "creaking lyre, that whetstone of the teeth, monotony in wire," has it—"Rein n'est beau que le vrai."

STANZA 2.

"Mother of lawyers, writers, clerks, and
 wh—es."

This line alludes to a very curious old rhyme which the author of *Childe Harold* and another English gentleman, the writer of this notice, heard when they were rowed to Pettycur with two singers, one of whom was a chairman, and the other a fisherman. The former placed himself at the bow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the pier of Leith they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived off Inchkeith. They gave us, among other essays, "The Death of Sir Patrick Spence," and "Wat ye wha's in yon town," and did not sing English but Scotch verses. The chairman, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could translate the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had not spirits (*juirntosh* was the word he used) to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew. A man must have idle time

on his hands to acquire or to repeat; "and, said the poor fellow, "look at my *brecks* and at me; I am starving." This speech was more affecting than his performance, which habit alone can make attractive. The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous, and the fisherman behind assisted his voice by plugging his finger into one side of his mouth, and making his cheek sound "buck" as he drew it out. The chairman used a quiet action, something like the regular jolt of a chair; but he became too much interested in his subject altogether to repress his vehemence. The verses to which my noble friend so elegantly alludes are the following:

"Glasgow for bells,
 Linlithgow for wells,
 Edinburgh for writers and wh—es."

Many, amongst the lower classes, these men informed us, are familiar with this interesting and most comprehensive stanza, which, for rapid *sketching*, is equal to any thing in our language.

STANZA 4.

"Provostless city."

Vates, I remember being taught at Harrow (I owe all to the benevolent birch of Dr Joseph Drury), signifies a prophet as well as a poet. It is in the former character that I speak here. Edinburgh has still her Provost and her Bailies, but "how long?" All the law proceedings on this interesting question, as well as every scrap that has been spoken or written on the subject of the new buildings on the Bridge of Sighs, shall appear in the historical illustrations.

"Brodie."

Thanks to the acumen of the Scotch, we know as little of Brodie as ever. The hypothesis which carried many along in its current, viz. that he is still alive, is run out; and we have thus another proof that we can never be sure that the paradox, the most singular, and therefore having the most agreeable and authentic air, will not give way to the established ancient prejudice.

It seems however certain, in the first place, that although Brodie was born, lived, and was hanged, we have no proof that he was buried. The Grey-friars and the West-kirk may indeed resume their pretensions, and even the exploded Calton-hill may again be heard with complacency. That deliberate duties were performed round a carcass deposited in one of these three places of interment, twelve hours after the execution, we have incontestible proofs,—but who knows whether it was not the body of one who died of the plague, or of the typhus fever? Did any one see the mark of the rope round the neck? There was indeed a false key and a forged note thrown into the grave along with it; but that may have been done out of mere malice. It does not appear that even Bailie Johnston could bring ocular proof (though he were to produce the skeleton) that this was the identical Brodie.

Secondly, Brodie was very *tender* of his life, and very *prudent* in his schemes; and it is well known that he had contrived some *little machinery*, by which the alternate risings and fallings of the rope might be obviated, and even the first hangman of the age be deceived. Brodie's love of life was certainly not Platonic. The happiness which he longed to possess did not lie in another world,—and that he looked upon any such vain expectation as either too shadowy, too much of mind, and too little of matter, for his taste, may be perhaps detected in at least six places of his own letters. In short, his love for life was neither Platonic nor poetical,—and if, in one passage (he understood Italian, for he lived much with fiddlers) he speaks of “*amore veementissimo ma unico ed onesta*,”—he confesses, in a letter to a friend, that it was guilty and perverse, that it absorbed him quite, and mastered his heart.

“*Thomas Muir.*”

Thomas Muir retired to Fontainbleau immediately on being carried into France, after his unsuccessful attempt to escape from Botany Bay to America, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Paris in company with Tom Paine, he appears to have passed his last years in that charming solitude. He was in a state of great pain from his wound for some months previous to his death, but was at last, one morning, found dead in his library chair, with his hand resting upon “*The Rights of Man*.” The chair is still kept among the precious relics of Fontainbleau; and from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man, from the moment of his death to the present time, it has a better chance of authenticity than even the chair on which the great Napoleon, at the same place, signed his first abdication, and which has been waggishly termed his Elba-chair.

STANZA 8.

“*Oh, for one hour of him who knew no feud,
Th' octogenarian chief, the kind old Sandy
Wood!*”

The reader will recollect the exclamation of the Highlander, “*Oh, for one hour of Dundee!*”—Sandy Wood (one of the delightful reminiscences of old Edinburgh) was at least eighty years of age when in high repute as a medical man, he could yet divert himself in his walks with the “*hie schuil laddies*,” or bestow the relics of his universal benevolence in feeding a goat or a raven. There is a prophecy of Meg Merrilies, in which these ancients are thus alluded to. “*A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the caves of the inhabitants of Dunedin,—Sandy is at his rest: they shall beset his goat, they shall profane his raven, they shall blacken the buildings of the infirmary: her secrets shall be examined: a new goat shall bleat until they have measured out and run over fifty-four feet*

nine inches and a half.”—After having reigned more than thirty years at the head of his profession, he died full of years and honours, and was buried. Strangely enough must it sound, that though there are still many excellent medical practitioners in Edinburgh of the name of Wood (not to mention the rebel quack apothecary who migrated to Manchester, and called himself Dr Lignum), there is not one Sandy among them.

As these notes would run out to much too great a length for the poem to which they are appended, it is proposed to publish the remainder in two large quarto volumes, on the model of Dr Drake's Shakspeare and his times.

H.

SOME REMARKS ON W.'S ACCOUNT OF
THE KRAKEN, COLOSSAL CUTTLE-
FISH, AND GREAT SEA SERPENT.

MR EDITOR,

I AM a sea-faring man, and have, in my time, seen sights, the mention of which would appear incredible to a mere landsman, but I confess that your learned correspondent W. makes me stare at his apparently well-authenticated stories of sea monsters, hitherto supposed to have only lived in the imagination of poets, or the superstitious fancy of ancient historians.

And first, If such a sea monster as the kraken do really exist,—a monster resembling a floating island, with numerous arms, equal in length and size to the masts of ships,—of such immense size that the Norwegian fishermen, (*but no other*,) do constantly endeavour to find out its resting place, (which they know, it is said, by the shallowness of the water,) to catch the fishes that lie round it, as a bank,—I say, if such a monster has been playing its accustomed pranks, during unnumbered years, is it not very remarkable, that not one out of seven hundred British ships, (exclusive of foreigners,) which have crossed and recrossed every part of the North Sea, even to polar regions, perhaps four, or even six, times in one year, should have all been so extremely unfortunate, (or, I ought rather to say, fortunate; for, had any one of these ships run upon this mass, it would have been fatal as a rock,) as never to have seen one of such sea monsters. This is of itself, in my opinion, a sufficient refutation of all the narratives of early voyagers,—the fictions record-

ed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,—or the inconsistent vagaries of Norwegian fishermen.

Indeed, Mr Editor, it is a happy circumstance for our country, that if such an animal as the kraken do exist, their numbers are not great, nor are they capable of any great exertion. If this species had an existence when Pliny flourished, (which your correspondent seems to prove,) there either must have been no propagation since that period, or the passage over the German Ocean (at least between Shetland and Norway,) must have been rendered, many years ago, impracticable, by their natural mortality. The general depth of that channel is from 60 to 80 fathoms; and in no part, even up to Spitzbergen, deeper than 6 or 700 fathoms. Now, allowing that when Pliny wrote, there existed ten couple of these animals—that they propagated only one male and one female in sixty years—that they never were killed by accident, nor by the hand of man, (for so it appears,) but died a natural death at the good round age of two hundred years, what must be the aggregate number lying dead, or now roaming at large on the northern ocean? As this question, however, involves much nicety of calculation, I shall at present leave it to the determination of our worthy professor of Mathematics.

The whale, which is the largest sea animal, except the one in question, that we know of, is generally supposed to have young every second or third year; and the Greenland fishers, aware of this fact, always make sure of the mother, (for the maternal affection is here exhibited in a very striking point of view, which I have more than once witnessed;) by killing her young first. Allowing, however, that the whale had been originally constituted like the kraken, at least so far as never to appear on the surface but in calm weather, (which is seldom the case in these climates,) nor any of the species to have been killed by man, and that the usual term of their existence was two hundred years, is it at all probable, or consistent with reason, to suppose, that out of one hundred and fifty-seven thousand whales, (about the average number killed by Europeans since 1660,) not one of this multitude should ever have been seen by ships passing and re-

passing on their respective voyages, floating dead or alive on the sea, or driven, by various causes, either on the coast of Scotland, its isles, or that of Norway. On the contrary, seldom a year passes but there are numerous instances of whales losing themselves, and running on some of the above-mentioned coasts. I shall not agitate this question farther; and therefore proceed to the examination of the colossal cuttle-fish, which shall not detain us long.

The cuttle-fish, though, according to Pennant, Shaw, and others, enormously large, bears no comparison to the mighty kraken; nor can I well see, from the description given of the two monsters, how they can be identified as the same species; the one being an inhabitant of the Indian Ocean, the other of the North Sea.

The only thing like evidence in support of the existence of the colossal cuttle-fish, (and that is of a most suspicious kind,) is an account given by a Captain Dens, recorded in the works of Denys Mertfort, and made use of by subsequent authorities, that the Captain, while in the African Seas, lost three of his men by an attack from this monster, whilst employed in cleaning the ship's sides; and he adds, "that its arms were the thickness of a *mizen mast*, with suckers of the size of pot-lids." Pennant, it appears, only affirms, "that he was well assured by persons of undoubted credit, that in the Indian Seas it has been found of such a size as to measure two fathoms in breadth across the central part," &c. &c.—the remaining part of the passage is too absurd to merit attention. Dr Shaw appears to have made Captain Dens' account of this sea monster a subject of lecture, without the support of ocular demonstration, or other testimonies sufficient to impress us with any belief of its actual existence.

Now, Mr Editor, I was fifteen years afloat in the Indian Ocean, and, during that eventful period, visited almost every island, capital, creek, and course, from the Cape of Good Hope to the confines of the Molucca Islands, but never saw nor heard of this monster, nor any of the ravages of its ferocity. It may, however, be asserted, and with some justice, that the evidence of seamen, relative to the wonderful productions of nature, or other

subjects peculiar to the countries they have visited, is often unaccountably exaggerated; or, if near the truth, so perplexed with ignorance, that it is extremely difficult to gather truth from such authority. I conceive, however, that if the ravages committed by the colossal cuttle-fish were nearly as frequent as the horrid ferocities of the shark, alligator, &c. its name and terror would have been as frequently in our mouths and minds, as the names and terrors of these enemies of the human race; but, so far from this being the case, I do not recollect ever having heard, during the long period I was in those seas, of the name ever being mentioned.

Whilst in the Red Sea, watching the motions of Bonaparte, I remember often observing, as did also every officer and man in the ship, an enormous sea monster; but so far from being ferocious, like the cuttle-fish, when we made any attempt in our boats to approach it, it continually disappeared. This fish (the name of which I never ascertained,) was always to be discovered in the Red Sea, by vast flocks of gulls hovering over the spot where it lay. When perfectly calm, which was there frequently the case, particularly in the mornings, we used to be highly amused by looking at this monster lying basking in the rays of the sun, with the upper jaw of the mouth, which had some resemblance to the great porch door of an old cathedral, but probably much larger, hove back to the angle of 45° from the perpendicular, whilst the lower jaw lay extended on the surface of the sea. In this position, while thousands of gulls (whether attracted by the odour of its breath, or some other cause, I know not) were flying immediately over the throat, making a dreadful noise, which was heard at a great distance, the upper and lower jaws were brought together like lightning, with a clap resembling the report of a great gun, by which means some hundreds of the feathered tribe were entrapped into the stomach. This operation was repeated about every ten minutes, until satisfied, when the animal disappeared.

After what I have advanced against the existence of the kraken and cuttle-fish, it may be expected I should say something about the great sea serpent. I have often witnessed, both in the

East and West Indies, as well as in the southern parts of the coast of America, many sea snakes, as they are called, from six to twelve, and even fourteen feet in length, but very harmless in their nature. In the year 1792, while at anchor at St Johns, Antigua, one of these snakes, which was about six feet, as well as I remember, in length, got on the ship's deck by means of the cable, through the hawse-hole, which was taken up in the naked hand, and heaved into its own element.

Had your correspondent repressed Paul Egede's absurd and irreconcilable fiction (for it deserves no other term), and a few others of the like cast, our belief would have been greatly strengthened by the information given by our transatlantic brethren; but when we see so many absurdities mixed with facts, I really do not well know what to think of the whole, when deliberately called on to give credit to such a fable as, "A hideous sea monster was seen, July 6th," but no year mentioned, "which reared itself so high above the water, that its head overtopped our mainsail," which must have been at least forty feet above the surface of the sea. "It had a long pointed nose, out of which it spouted like a whale. Instead of fins; it had great broad flaps like wings; its body seemed to be grown over with shell-work," perhaps in masonic order; "and its skin was very rugged and uneven. It was shaped like a serpent behind; and when it dived into the water again, it plunged itself backwards, and raised its tail above the water a whole ship's length from its body."

I shall only observe again, that it is a most fortunate circumstance, that these sea monsters are so very scarce as not to be seen more than once or twice in a whole century; for if more numerous, the consequence would have been most fatal to a great maritime nation, like Great Britain. Our seamen, undoubtedly the most superstitious part of the whole community, would very soon have lost all that ardour and enterprise with which this brave and heroic body of men are so universally characterised; our eminence, foreign and domestic, would soon have been annihilated, government bankrupt, and the nation a prey to famine and civil discord. These

are considerations worthy, if not of the attention of your correspondent, at least of the serious contemplation of ministers; and in order to ascertain the fact of the existence of these sea monsters, I strongly recommend, without loss of time, such measures as, in the wisdom of government, may appear most conducive to that end. But perhaps the ships that have gone on the northern expedition have orders to this effect. W. B.
Edinburgh, 9th May 1818.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No V.

Covent Garden Theatre.

MR SHEIL, the author of the *Apostate*, has written a new tragedy called *BELLAMIRA, OR THE FALL OF TUNIS*, which was produced at this theatre on the 22d of April. It is characterised by the same faults as Mr Sheil's first production, and they are carried to even a more extravagant extent; but, from what we could judge by the representation, it possesses more and greater beauties. The plot is, to the last degree, puerile and improbable. It seems to have been taken from the circulating library, which could very well afford to part with it, for there are five hundred or five thousand as good left behind. The scene is laid at Tunis,—but *wherefore*, there appears no conceivable reason, for all the chief persons are Italians. In fact, Chance has brought the five principal characters together, for the sole purpose of affording Mr Sheil an opportunity of writing a tragedy about them; and he seems to have chosen Tunis, in preference to any other place, in order that he might be delivered of certain common-places which he had conceived, respecting the conduct of the European powers, in so long suffering a herd of vulgar barbarians to make slaves of their more polite and civilized Christian neighbours, who would no doubt have been greatly scandalized at doing any thing of the kind themselves. The plot, which we in part extract from the newspapers, is as follows:

Count Manfredi (Mr C. Kemble), a nobleman of Naples, who is in slave-

ry at Tunis, discovers that Charles V. is marching against the pirate city. He arms the Christian slaves against their tyrants, and becomes himself their leader; binding himself by an oath, that not liberty, or even the embraces of his wife and child, shall make him abandon the common cause. At this period his wife Bellamira (Miss O'Neil), whom he considered to be in Italy, and separated from him for ever, arrives at Tunis with her child, as slaves. Manfredi attempts to save his wife from the grasp of the barbarians, and is, in consequence, about to be sacrificed to their rage, when Montalto (Mr Young) arrives on the spot, and saves him. Montalto has been admiral of Naples; but being exiled, by the intrigues of his own brother Salerno (Mr Terry), he repairs to Tunis, abjures his religion, and is placed in high power. He uses it to give freedom to Manfredi, his wife, and child, about whom he is particularly interested, on account of her resemblance, both in name and person, to his own (as he supposes) murdered child—murdered by Salerno. At this period Sinano (Mr Macready), who is also a renegade from his country, arrives from the barbarian camp, with orders to destroy the chief of the Christian slaves, and to depose Montalto from the government. In Manfredi he finds his deadly foe, the favoured lover of Bellamira, and the cause of his disgrace and exile from his native land. He separates the husband and wife, disgraces and imprisons Montalto and Manfredi, and takes Bellamira to his palace. Various scenes ensue between these two characters, in which she resists all his threats and intreaties, and rejects his proffered love. At this time Tunis is attacked by the Spaniards. Sinano is wounded in the battle which ensues, but has still strength left to arrive at the dungeon where he has confined his enemies, in order to destroy them. He kills Montalto, and is killed by him, but not before Montalto has discovered that Bellamira is his child, and Salerno his guilty but repentant brother. Tunis is now taken; and the tragedy closes with the reunion of Manfredi and Bellamira.

This, as the reader will perceive, is forced and extravagant enough. But in truth, the plot of a tragedy, as well as of any other of the higher species

of poetry, is of the smallest possible consequence; at least Shakspeare and the Greek tragedians thought so, and they knew something of the matter, whatever our modern dramatists may think. With them character and passion were every thing, and plot nothing: with us it is just the reverse. That the story of Electra had been chosen for the subject of tragedies before his time, was perhaps the very reason that Sophocles fixed upon it for the most beautiful that remains to us of his. The audience knew every particular of the plot beforehand; so that there was nothing to divide or distract their attention from the developments of character or passion. On the contrary, the audience of a modern play can find nothing better to do, the moment it begins, than set about to conjecture how it will end. It was so at Covent Garden theatre on the first night of Bellamira. The *viva voce* critics who sat near us in the pit began to discover, in the second act, that Miss O'Neil* could be no other than C. Kemble's wife; shortly after, they settled that she would turn out to be Young's daughter; and lastly, as Mr Terry still remained without "a local habitation or a name," they concluded, that as he must be somebody, he was the brother of Mr Young, and consequently the uncle of Miss O'Neil. Before long, all these conjectures proved to be very true; and when they ceased to be secrets, the persons who had made the discoveries, having no farther interest in the matter, talked of something else.

It is this "fatal curiosity," this diseased appetite for violent stimulants, that has been the bane of the modern stage. It was at first the *effect* of bad dramas, and is now become the *cause* of them; and what is worse, it is the cause of the absence of good ones. We have poets who are qualified to excel in the very highest departments of our acting drama; but they are deterred from attempting it, on account of the vitiated state of the public taste. Mr Sheil possesses powers that might and should have been employed in helping to correct this unhealthy

craving after unwholesome and enervating food; instead of which, they have hitherto done nothing but administer to and aggravate it. And the worst of all is, that he has made his chief agent in this bad work, a charming creature, who is endowed with qualities adapted, in the most beautiful manner, to a directly opposite purpose. Miss O'Neil, and beings like her, were given us to cure the evils of humanity, not to enhance them; to "make a sunshine in a shady place," not to scatter clouds and tempests in our path. In the Apostate, Mr Sheil carried this moral torture, to which we allude, as far as we thought it could go; but in the tragedy before us he has invented a new kind of rack, by which the feelings are absolutely drawn and quartered. He places Miss O'Neil on a certain spot in the centre of the stage, and contrives to keep her there by means of the most violent emotions, which pull at the same moment in precisely opposite directions, and with nearly equal forces. The three grand *cords* (besides several subsidiary ones) by which he effects this notable purpose, are, maternal, conjugal, and filial affection. The maternal, however, seems to have the strongest power; and accordingly, a little child is used as a kind of loadstone to draw her about just as the author pleases. It is introduced into several scenes for this sole purpose, and never speaks a word during the whole play. This is very mischievous and unworthy trifling; and, judging from ourselves, its only effect is to give unmingled pain at first, and at length to become quite ludicrous.

We shall endeavour to return to this subject in a future Number. In the mean time, we must add, that we think this second dramatic production of Mr Sheil evinces rare and valuable powers. The language, though sometimes overstrained, and disfigured by the common-places of poetry, is frequently pure, vigorous, and unaffected; the characters are, upon the whole, powerfully and consistently drawn; and there occasionally occur original and highly poetical thoughts and images.

* The audience of a modern play always speak and think of the characters by the name of the persons who act them. This is a more severe and sagacious criticism than they intend it to be.

Drury-Lane Theatre.

MARLOW'S JEW OF MALTA.—On the 24th of April, this play was re-

vived here. The Jew of Malta is, on many accounts, a very curious and interesting work. It is undoubtedly the foundation of Shakspeare's Jew. But it possesses claims to no common admiration for itself; for, besides the high poetical talent it exhibits, it may be considered as *the first* regular and consistent English drama; the first unassisted and successful attempt to embody that *dramatic unity* which had been till then totally neglected or overlooked. The dramatic poems which preceded the Jew of Malta could be considered as dramas only in so far as they exhibited events, instead of relating them. The poet, instead of telling a story himself, introduced various persons to speak their own thoughts and feelings, as they might be supposed to arise from certain events and circumstances; but his characters, for the most part, expressed themselves in a style and language moulded and tintured by his particular habits of thinking and feeling.

Marlow was the first poet before Shakspeare who possessed any thing like real *dramatic* genius, or who seemed to have any distinct notion of what a drama should be, as distinguished from every other kind of poetical composition. It is with some hesitation that we dissent from the opinion of an able writer in this Magazine, in thinking, that the Jew of Malta is Marlow's best play. Not that we like it better than the Faustus or Edward II., but it is better *as a play*. There is more variety of character, and more of moral purpose, in the Edward II., and the Faustus exhibits loftier and more impassioned poetry; but neither of those plays possess, in so great a degree as the one before us, that rare, and when judiciously applied, most important quality, which we have called dramatic unity,—that tending of all its parts to engender and sustain the same kind of feeling throughout. In the Jew of Malta, the characters are all, without exception, wicked, in the common acceptation of the term. Barabas, the Governor, Ithamore, the Friars, Abigail, to compass their own short-sighted views, all set moral restraint at defiance, and they are all unhappy, —and their unhappiness is always brought about by their own guilt. We cannot agree with many persons in thinking, that this play is without a

moral purpose; or that Barabas is a mere monster, and not a man. We cannot allow, that even Ithamore is *gratuitously* wicked. There is no such thing in nature—least of all in human nature, and Marlow knew this. It is true that Ithamore appears to be so at first sight. He finds it a pleasant pastime to go about and kill men and women who have never injured him. But it must not be forgotten that he is a *slave*; and a slave should no more be expected to keep a compact with the kind from which he is cut off, than a demon or a wild beast. Who shall limit the effects of slavery on the human mind? Let those answer for the crimes of Ithamore who broke the link that united him to his species. For a more full account of this play in its original state, we refer the reader to Vol. II. p. 260, of this Magazine.

The alterations in the Jew of Malta, as it has now been performed, are chiefly confined to omissions, with the exception of a long and tedious scene between Lodowick and Mathias at the commencement, in which each tells the other and the audience the story of his love for Abigail, the Jew's daughter, which said love nobody cares any thing about. What could be the inducement to change the fine and characteristic commencement of the original, in which we are at once introduced to Barabas in his counting-house, among his gold? Lodowick and Mathias are very uninteresting and intrusive people at best; and it is quite time enough to be troubled with them when the author wants them in order to heighten his principal character. But it is a remarkable fact, that managers of theatres seem to know less of the true purposes and bearings of the dramatic art than any other given set of people whatever. After saying this generally, it is but fair to add, that we noticed two slight alterations in this play, which seemed to evince something that looked almost like genius. In the third act, after having purchased the slave Ithamore, in order to ascertain whether he will suit his purposes, Barabas desired to know his "birth, condition, and profession." Ithamore answers, that his profession is any thing his new master pleases. "Hast thou no trade?" says Barabas, "then listen to my words;" and then, after counselling him to dis-

card all natural affections, proceeds, in a horrible and most unnatural speech, to sum up all his own past crimes, by describing how *he* has been accustomed to employ his time.

"As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells," &c.

Instead of omitting this speech altogether in the acted play, Barabas is made (*aside*) to feign that he has done all this, in order to try Ithamore's disposition. This is a very happy thought; and the answer of Ithamore is not less so. Instead of echoing back a boasting confession of the same kind of guilt, as he does in the original, Ithamore, with a low and savage cunning worthy of the character, hints, generally, that he knows and has practised better tricks, to plague mankind, than even those his master has just spoken of, but that "*none shall know them!*" We consider both these as very lucky hits, though not likely to tell, or even be noticed in the representation. We willingly offer the credit of them, wherever it is due.

The other chief alterations from the original, are the omission of every thing relating to the poisoning of the nuns, and some change, not much for the better, in the manner of Barabas's death.

We think the play, upon the whole, greatly injured by the alterations, and see no reason for any of them, except those we have particularised above, and they are only adapted to the closet. The performance flags very much during the second and third acts, and is not likely to become a favourite with the public.

The whole weight of the play lies upon Mr Kean. No one has a single line that can be made any thing of in the way of acting. The character of Barabas is, as far as it goes, well enough adapted to display some of Mr Kean's peculiar powers, but not those of the highest or rarest kind. In some parts, however,—and those the very best,—he made more of the character than the author has done. There was something very fine and sepulchral in his manner of delivering that admirable speech at the beginning of the second act, where he goes before daylight to seek for Abigail, who is to bring him the concealed remnant of his treasures.

"Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that
tolls

The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,
Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas
With fatal curses towards these Christians,"
&c.

The next speech is still finer than this; and Mr Kean's manner of delivering was beautifully solemn and impressive.

"Now I remember those old womens' 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 whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole
hope,
And when I die, here shall my spirit walk."

Also, when Barabas recovers the gold he has concealed, nothing could surpass the absolute delirium of drunken joy with which he gives the speech,—or rather the string of exclamations in the same scene, beginning "Oh, my girl! my gold!" &c.

Upon the whole, Mr Kean's Barabas was as fine as the character would admit of its being made; but it bore no more comparison to that of Shylock, than the play of the Jew of Malta does to the Merchant of Venice.

We would willingly omit to notice the song that Mr Kean was made to sing, when disguised as the minstrel. This contemptible degradation could never be of his own choosing. He surely knows himself better! If he likes to amuse himself, or his private friends, in this way, in the name of all that's pleasant, let him! But his public fame should not be trifled with for "an old song," much less for a new one.

A burlesque interlude, called AMOROSO, KING OF LITTLE BRITAIN, was produced at this house on the 21st of April, and with complete success. It is an imitation of Bombastes Furioso, which is an imitation of Tom Thumb, which is an imitation of nothing at all. It inculcates the morals of St James's in the phraseology of St Giles's. The author—(*author!* what *will* the term be applied to next? But the shoe-blacks of Paris call themselves *Marchands de Cirage!*) The author of this piece seems to think that vulgarity is fun; which is quite

as great a mistake, and of the same kind, as those over-wise people make who think that fun is vulgarity. The readers of this Magazine will not expect us to say much on such pieces as these. There would be little chance of our having any thing to say worth hearing on any subject, if we could not better employ both their time and our own.

There have been two or three other new afterpieces since our last, but we have been prevented from seeing them. We hear they are quite worthless. If, however, on seeing them we should think otherwise, delay shall not be made an excuse for neglect. Mr Elliston has also returned to the stage. If he keeps to his own line,—in which he is at present quite unrivalled,—we shall congratulate the lovers of hearty happy gaiety on a most delightful re-acquisition. Since his absence, a whole constellation of dramatic stars have been blotted out. Stars, too, whose forms and influences we can afford to part with less than any others. That whimsical being, Benedict, and that “gay creature of the element,” Mercurio, administer “medicine for sick minds, worth all the pharmacopœia of all the solemn fools who have been admitted to practice since the establishment of the College of Souls’ Physicians.

THE HERALD.

I DO remember a strange man—a Herald,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted,
In party-coloured coat, like a fool’s jacket,
Or morris-dancer’s dress. Musty his looks,
Like to a skin of ancient shrivelled parchment,
Or an old pair of leather brogues twice turned.
And round the dusky room he did inhabit,
Whose wainscoat seem’d as old as Noah’s Ark,
Were divers shapes of ugly ill-form’d monsters,
Hung up in scutcheons like an old church aisle;
A blue boar rampant, and a griffin gules,
A gaping tiger, and a cat-a-mountain,
What nature never form’d, nor madman thought,
“Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire,”
—And right before him lay a dusty pile
Of ancient legers, books of evidence,
Torn parish registers, probates and testaments,

From whence, with cunning art and sly contrivance,
He fairly culled divers Pedigrees,
(Which make, full oft, the son beget the father,
And give to maiden ladies fruitful issues);
And next, by dint of transmutation strange,
Did coin his musty vellum into gold.—
Anon comes in a gaudy city youth,
Whose father, for oppression and vile cunning,
Lies roaring now in limbo-lake the while;
And after some few words of mystic import,
Of Douglas, Mowbray, Steuart, Hamilton,
Most gravely uttered by the smoke-dried sage,
He takes in lieu of gold* the vellum roll,
With arms emblazon’d and Lord Lyon’s signet,
And struts away a well born gentleman.†
Observing this, I to myself did say,
An’ if a man did need a coat of arms,
Here lives a caiff that would sell him onc.
S.

To the Veiled Conductor of Blackwood’s
Edinburgh Magazine.

SIR,

THERE are few things so much affected by the change of manners and circumstances, as the quality and the effect of evidence. Facts which our fathers were prepared to receive upon very slender and hearsay testimony, we are sometimes disposed to deny positively, even when fortified by all that the laws of evidence can do for them, by the confession of the perpetrator of wickedness, by the evidence of its victims, by the eye-sight and oath of impartial witnesses, and by all which could, in an ordinary case, “make faith,” to use a phrase of the civilians, betwixt man and man. In the present day he would be hooted as an idiot, who would believe an old woman guilty of witchcraft, upon evidence, on the tenth part of which a Middlesex jury would find a man guilty of felony; and our ancestors

* See if the bear be gone from the gentleman—and how much of him he hath eaten—they are never curst but when they are hungry—this is fairy gold, boy.

Winter Night’s Tale.

† Clown. Give me the lye, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Autol. I know you are, now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Aye, and have been so any time these four hours.

would have pelted, as a Sadducee and an infidel, any one who, on the twentieth degree of testimony so rejected, would not have condemned the accused to faggots and tarr'd barrels.

To accommodate those who love the golden mean in judgment, or are inclined, with Giles Passamonte's ape, to pronounce the adventures in Montosinos's cave partly true and partly false, Dr Ferriar of Manchester has invented a new mode of judging evidence with respect to those supernatural matters, in which, without impeaching the truth of the narrator, or even the veracity of the eyes to whose evidence he appeals, you may ascribe his supposed facts to the effects of preconceived ideas acting upon faulty or diseased organs.

I have, Sir, unfortunately no means of making myself the head of any new class of believers or infidels upon these mysterious points; for it is evident, that narrations of this marvellous complexion must be either true or false, or partly true, partly fictitious; and each of these classes have already their leaders and patrons. As, however, you, Sir, are yourself a mystical being, and, in the opinion of some, a non-entity, you cannot fail to be interested in examples referring to the mystical, and to that which, being hard of belief, is sometimes rejected as incredible. You are not, perhaps, being yourself a reserved personage, entitled to expect ample communication on the part of your correspondents; yet thus much I am willing to announce to you, as the preface to the present and future correspondence.

My father, Sir Michaelmas Shadow, lived in a glen, into which the sun does not shine above ten times a year, though we have no reason to complain of want of moisture. He was wont to say, that he was descended from the celebrated Simon Shadow, whom the renowned Sir John Falstaff desired to have in his regiment, in respect he was like to be a cool soldier, and refreshing to sit under after a hot day's march. My father abridged his days, by venturing out into the meridian sun (an hour remarkable for cutting short our family) with the purpose of paying his respects to an eclipse, which a rascally almanack-maker falsely announced as being on the point of rendering our globe a visit. I succeeded to him, Sir, in his retired habits, and

his taste for the uncertain, undefined, and mysterious. Warned by my poor father's untimely fate, I never venture into broad day-light; but should you, Sir, leave your bower at sun-rise or sun-set, like your prototype the veiled prophet of Moore, it is possible that you may meet and distinguish your correspondent by his tall slim figure, thin stilts of legs, and disproportioned feet. For I must inform you, in case of a disagreeable surprise, that my appearance reverses that of Michael Scott and the wizzards of old, from whom the devil is said to have stolen the shadow; whereas, in my case, it would seem he had stolen the substance, and left the shade to walk the earth without it.

My education and reading have been as fantastic as my person; and from a kindred propensity to those stories which, like the farther end of the bridge in Mirza's vision, are concealed by shadows, clouds, and darkness, they have been turned towards the occult sciences and mystical points of study. My library is furnished with authors who treat of the divining rod of the magical mirror, the weapon-salve, charms, lamens, sigils, chrystals, pentacles, talismans, and spells. My hereditary mansion, Castle Shadoway, has a tower, from which I can observe the stars (being something of an astrologer, like the valiant Guy Mannering) and a dungeon haunted by the restless ghost of a cooper, whilome confined there till his death by one of my ancestors, for having put two slight hoops on a barrel of March beer, by which the generous liquor was lost. This goblin shall hammer, dub-a-dub, scratch, rustle, and groan with any from the Hermitage Castle to Castle Girnigo, for an hundred pounds down play or pay. Besides this, I pretend to be acquainted with all spirits that walk the earth, swim the wave, or wing the sky; goblins, night-mares, hags, vampires, break-necks, black men and green women, familiars, puck-harries, Oberon, and all his moon-light dancers. The wandering Jew, the high-priest of the Rosy-cross, the genius of Socrates, the dæmon of Mascon, the drummer of Tedworth, are all known to me, with their real character, and essence, and true history. Besides these points of occult knowledge, my conversation has lain much among old spinsters and widows, who

pardoned the disproportion between my club-foot and spindle-shanks, and my general resemblance to a skeleton hung in chains, in consideration of my conversational talents as an excellent listener. In this way, my mind, from youth upwards, has become stored with matter deep and perilous to read or narrate, which, with due effect, the hand of the clock should point to twelve, and the candles be in the snuff.

The time now approaches, Sir, that I must expect, in the course of nature, to fade away into that unknown and obscure state in which, as there is no light, there can of course be no shadow. I am unwilling so much current and excellent information should go with me to the darksome bourne. To your veiled and mysterious character, Sir, you are indebted, as I have already hinted, for the preference which I give to your work as the means of recording these marvels. You must not be apprehensive that I will overwhelm you with too many marvels at once, for I am aware, by experience, of the indigestion which arises after having, like Macbeth, "supp'd full with horrors." Farther, you may place absolute reliance upon the statements which I may give concerning my authorities. Trusting this offer may be acceptable, and that at a time when you are moving heaven and earth for furnishing instruction and amusement to your readers, you will not think the assistance of the inferior regions to be despised, I send you the first article of my treatise, which, with your permission, I entitle

Phantasmagoria.

"Come like shadows—so depart."

No I.

The incident which I am about to narrate, came to your present correspondent through the most appropriate channel for such information, by the narration, namely, of an old woman. I must however add, that though this old lady literally wore the black silk gown, small haunch-hoop, and triple ruffles, which form the apparel most proper to her denomination, yet in sense, spirit, wit, and intelligence, she greatly exceeded various individuals of her own class, who have been known to me, although their backs were

clothed with purple robes or military uniforms, and their heads attired with cocked hats or three-tailed periwigs. I have not, in my own mind, the slightest doubt that she told the tale to me in the precise terms in which she received it from the person principally concerned. Whether it was to be believed in its full extent, as a supernatural visitation, she did not pretend to determine, but she strongly averred her conviction, that the lady to whom the event happened was a woman not easily to be imposed upon by her own imagination, however excited; and that the whole tone of her character, as well as the course of her life, exempted her from the slightest suspicion of an attempt to impose on others. Without farther preface, and without any effort at ornament or decoration, I proceed to my narration, only premising, that though I suppress the name of the lady, out of respect to surviving relations, yet it is well known to me.

A lady, wife to a gentleman of respectable property on the borders of Argyleshire, was, about the middle of the last century, left a widow, with the management of an embarrassed estate and the care of an only son. The young gentleman approached that period of life when it was necessary that he should be sent into the world in some active professional line. The natural inclination of the youth, like most others of that age and country, was to enter into the army, a disposition which his mother saw with anxiety, as all the perils of the military profession were aggravated to her imagination by maternal tenderness, and a sense of her own desolate situation. A circumstance however occurred, which induced her to grant her consent to her son's embracing this course of life with less reluctance than it would otherwise have been given.

A Highland gentleman, named Campbell (we suppress his designation), and nearly related to Mrs —, was about this time named to the command of one of the independent companies, levied for protecting the peace of the Highlands, and preventing the marauding parties in which the youth of the wilder clans were still occasionally exercised. These companies were called *Sidier-dhu*, i. e. black soldiers, to distinguish them from the *Sidier-roy*, or red soldiers,

of the regular army; and hence, when embodied into a marching regiment (the well-known forty-second), the corps long retained, and still retains, the title of the Black Watch. At the period of the story the independent companies retained their original occupation, and were generally considered as only liable to do duty in their native country. Each of these corps consisted of about three hundred men, using the Highland garb and arms, and commanded by such gentlemen as the Brunswick government imagined they might repose confidence in. They were understood to engage only to serve in the Highlands, and no where else, and were looked upon rather as a kind of volunteers than as regular soldiers.

A service of this limited nature, which seemed to involve but little risk of actual danger, and which was to be exercised in his native country alone, was calculated to remove many of the objections which a beloved mother might be supposed to have against her only son entering into the army. She had also the highest reliance on the kindness and affection of her kinsman, Captain Campbell, who, while he offered to receive the young gentleman as a cadet into his independent company, gave her his solemn assurance to watch over him in every respect as his own son, and to prevent his being exposed to any unnecessary hazard until he should have attained the age and experience necessary for his own guidance. Mrs —, greatly reconciled to parting with her son, in consequence of these friendly assurances on the part of his future commander; it was arranged that the youth should join the company at a particular time; and in the mean while, Mrs —, who was then residing at Edinburgh, made the necessary preparations for his proper equipment.

These had been nearly completed, when Mrs — received a piece of melancholy intelligence, which again unsettled her resolution; and while it filled her with grief on account of her relation, awakened in the most cruel manner all the doubts and apprehensions which his promises had lulled to sleep. A body of Katerns, or freebooters, belonging, if I mistake not, to the country of Lochiel, had made a descent upon a neighbouring district of Argyle-

shire, and driven away a considerable *creagh*, or spoil of cattle. Captain Campbell, with such of his independent companies as he could assemble upon a sudden alarm, set off in pursuit of the depredators, and after a fatiguing march came up with them. A slight skirmish took place, in course of which the cattle were recovered, but not before Captain Campbell had received a severe wound. It was not immediately, perhaps not necessarily, mortal, but was rendered so by want of shelter and surgical assistance, and the same account, which brought to Edinburgh an account of the skirmish, communicated to Mrs — the death of her affectionate kinsman. To grief for his loss, she had now to add the painful recollection, that her son, if he pursued the line which had been resolved on, would be deprived of the aid, countenance, and advice, of the person to whose care, as to that of a father, she had resolved to confide him. And the very event, which was otherwise so much attended with grief and perplexity, served to shew that the service of the independent companies, however limited in extent, did not exempt those engaged in it from mortal peril. At the same time, there were many arguments against retracting her consent, or altering a plan in which so much progress had been already made; and she felt as if, on the one hand, she sacrificed her son's life, if she permitted him to join the corps; on the other, that his honour or spirit might be called in question, by her obliging him to renounce the situation. These contending emotions threw her—a widow, with no one to advise her, and the mother of an only son whose fate depended upon her resolving wisely—into an agony of mind, which many readers may suppose will account satisfactorily for the following extraordinary apparition.

I need not remind my Edinburgh friends, that in ancient times their forefathers lived, as they do still in Paris, in *flats*, which have access by a common stair. The apartments occupied by Mrs — were immediately above those of a family with whom she was intimate, and she was in the habit of drinking tea with them every evening. It was duskish, and she began to think that her agitation of mind had detained her beyond the hour at which she should have joined her friends, when,

opening the door of her little parlour to leave her own lodging, she saw standing directly opposite to her in the passage, the exact resemblance of Captain Campbell, in his complete Highland dress, with belted plaid, dirk, pistols, pouch, and broad sword. Appalled at this vision, she started back, closed the door of the room, staggered backwards to a chair, and endeavoured to convince herself that the apparition she had seen was only the effect of a heated imagination. In this, being a woman of a strong mind, she partly succeeded, yet could not prevail upon herself again to open the door which seemed to divide her from the shade of her deceased relation, until she heard a tap on the floor beneath, which was the usual signal from her friendly neighbours to summon her to tea. On this she took courage, walked firmly to the door of the apartment, flung it open, and—again beheld the military spectre of the deceased officer of the Black Watch. He seemed to stand within a yard of her, and held his hand stretched out, not in a menacing manner, but as if to prevent her passing him. This was too much for human fortitude to endure, and she sunk down in the floor, with a noise which alarmed her friends below for her safety.

On their hastening up stairs, and entering Mrs ——'s lodging, they saw nothing extraordinary in the passage; but in the parlour found the lady in strong hysterics. She was recalled to herself with difficulty, but concealed the extraordinary cause of her indisposition. Her friends naturally imputed it to the late unpleasant intelligence from Argyleshire, and remained with her till a late hour, endeavouring to amuse and relieve her mind. The hour of rest however arrived, and there was a necessity, (which Mrs —— felt an alarming one,) that she should go to her solitary apartment. She had scarce set down the light which she held in her hand, and was in the act of composing her mind, ere addressing the Deity for protection during the perils of the night, when, turning her head, the vision she had seen in the passage was standing in the apartment. On this emergency she summoned up her courage, and addressing him by his name and surname, conjured him in the

name of Heaven to tell her wherefore he thus haunted her. The apparition instantly answered, with a voice and manner in no respect differing from those proper to him while alive,—“*Cousin, why did you not speak sooner,—my visit is but for your good,—your grief disturbs me in my grave,—and it is by permission of the Father of the fatherless and Husband of the widow, that I come to tell you not to be disheartened by my fate, but to pursue the line which, by my advice, you adopted for your son. He will find a protector more efficient, and as kind as I would have been; will rise high in the military profession, and live to close your eyes.*” With these words the figure, representing Captain Campbell, completely vanished.

Upon the point of her being decidedly awake and sensible, through her eyes and ears, of the presence and words of this apparition, Mrs —— declared herself perfectly convinced. She said, when minutely questioned by the lady who told me the story, that his general appearance differed in no respect from that which he presented when in full life and health, but that in the last occasion, while she fixed her eyes on the spectre in terror and anxiety, yet with a curiosity which argued her to be somewhat familiarized with his presence, she observed a speck or two of blood upon his breast, ruffle, and band, which he seemed to conceal with his hand when he observed her looking at him. He changed his attitude more than once, but slightly, and without altering his general position.

The fate of the young gentleman in future life seemed to correspond with the prophecy. He entered the army, rose to considerable rank, and died in peace and honour, long after he had closed the eyes of the good old lady who had determined, or at least professed to have determined, his destination in life upon this marvellous suggestion.

It would have been easy for a skilful narrator to give this tale more effect, by a slight transference or trifling exaggeration of the circumstances. But the author has determined in this and future communications to limit himself strictly to his authorities, and rests your humble servant,

SIMON SHADOW.

FOURTH CANTO OF CHILDE HAROLD.*

IT would be worse than idle to endeavour to shadow out the lineaments of that Mind, which, exhibiting itself in dark and perturbed grandeur, has established a stronger and wider sway over the passions of men, than any other poetical Intellect of modern times. We feel as if there were a kind of absurdity in criticising the power that hurries us along with it like a whirlwind. When standing within the magic circle, and in the immediate presence of the magician, we think not upon his art itself, but yield ourselves up to its wonder-working influence. We have no wish to speculate on the causes which awoke and stirred up all the profoundest feelings and energies of our souls,—the deep pathos, the stormy passion, has been enjoyed or suffered,—and, in the exaltation or prostration of our nature, we own the power of the poet to be divine,—and, with a satisfied and unquestioning delight, deliver ourselves up to his gentle fascination, or his irresistible dominion.

We do not say that Byron stands above criticism—but that criticism seems to be altogether foreign to the nature and to the purposes of his genius. It is impossible to speak of his poetry without also speaking of himself, morally, as a man; and this, who shall dare to do, who has had even a feeble glimpse into the haunted darkness of the human soul? In his poetry, more than any other man's, there is felt a continual presence of himself—there is everlasting self-representation or self-reference; and perhaps that, which to cold and unimpassioned judgment might seem the essential fault of his poetry, constitutes its real excellence, and gives it power, sovereign and despotic.

Strictly speaking, and according to the rules by which great poems have been builded, it cannot be said that Byron has ever created a great Poem. He has celebrated no mighty exploit, or event, or revolution in the destinies of mankind; nor brought before us one majestic portion of the history of our species, in which, as in a course perfect and complete, the mind of man

has been seen to run a career of power and glory. He has brought forward from the darkness of past times, no shining spectres—no immortal ghosts. One Figure alone is seen stalking through the city and through the solitude—over the earth and over the sea: and that Figure, stern, melancholy, and majestic, is still no other than Himself, on the same dark, mournful, solitary, and perplexing Pilgrimage.

“The wondrous Childe” passes before our eyes, and before our hearts, and before our souls. And all love, and pity, and condemn, and turn away in aversion, and return with sympathy; and “thoughts that do lie too deep for tears” alike agitate the young and the old,—the guilty and the sinless,—the pious and the profane,—when they think on the features of his troubled countenance,—when they hear the voice of his lofty mournings,—when they meditate on all the “disastrous chances that his youth has suffered.” There is round him a more awful interest than the mere halo round the brow of a poet. And in his feelings, his passions, his musings, his aspirings, his troubled scepticism, and his high longings after immortality, his eagle-winged raptures, his cold, dull, leaden fears, his agonies, his exultation, and his despair,—we tremble to think unto what a mysterious nature we belong, and hear in his strains, as it were, the awful music of a revelation.

We have no hesitation in saying, that Byron's creations are not so much poems, as they are glorious manifestations of a poet's mind, all irresistibly tending towards poetry. Having in himself deep sense of beauty—deeper passions than probably any other great poet ever had—and aspiring conceptions of power, the poetry in which he expresses himself must be full of vivid portraiture of beauty, deep spirit of passion, and daring suggestions of power. It is obvious that he has never yet soared to his utmost pitch. He is the poet of the age from whom most is to be expected. For there are things in his poetry—strong and irregular bursts of power, beyond the strength of the strongest. At times he seems possessed and over-mastered by an inspiration. A spirit is then in him that works at will, and it is a spirit that in its perfect grandeur

* *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto the Fourth; by Lord Byron, 8vo. pp. 258. London, Murray. 1818.

seems to have visited none other of the children of men.

The popular belief, that his heroes are himself, is a true belief; and the world has at last convinced the poet of that which he had at first but indistinctly understood, and imperfectly believed. His heroes are himself—that is, either what he is, or has been, or what he would wish or fear to be. Whatever may have been his intention, there is in his mind a predominant consciousness of himself, which determines the character he draws. This appears most in the first two Cantos of *Childe Harold*, where his mind seems so enslaved to itself, that it cannot escape even from a direct journal of his own travels. But much more than his characters are drawn from himself. Almost every feeling, passion, thought, or image, or represented object in his poetry, has magnitude and interest assigned to it, not in proportion to its plan in the poem, but to its direct interest to his own mind,—and not to his imagination, but to his passions, and his life of passion. He thus seems seldom to go back to the early periods even of his own mind, and then but by fits and starts—but to be continually living in the last, almost the present years of his life. His is indeed a mind under the dominion of its passions, and which cannot escape from them, even in imagination. This may, indeed must, make a sameness in his writings. But in proportion to their sameness is their variety. It is almost incredible, that a man producing continually the same passions and the same feelings, should produce them, as he has done, in such continual change of shape, that we never complain of repetition. This can only be owing to the unequalled intenseness of passion, which, like the power of life, is endlessly unfolding itself in new forms. It can only be the simple, natural, human force of the vivid utterance of intense passion, that produces in minds of every description so strong a sympathy with Byron in all his different moods, and too often, in spite of reluctance and repugnance, of moral and intellectual condemnation.

But does not the question naturally arise, Is this the best, the noblest poetry? Is it fitting, is it truly great, that a highly-gifted spirit, potent by nature, and enriched by the highest studies, should voluntarily circum-

scribe the sphere of its dominion that its power may be more despotical? Or if it be not a free agent, is there not something degrading to the soul of man in the idea, that inward disease or outward affliction can subjugate under its yoke him, who, nevertheless, would seem to despise subjugation, and who vainly imagines that he can display the spirit of freedom in the majestic air with which he drags his chains?

We must all feel that Byron, with all his mighty faculties, is at times only shielded from contempt, by the conviction that many of his miseries are self-inflicted. They are often imaginary; and therefore is it that our imagination redeems him who awakens it. He exasperates his soul into agony. He sinks it down into despair. But genius breathes forth the profoundest sighs that disturb us, and often converts them, in an instant, into an exulting hymn. And often the long majestic sweep of sorrow, that winds up a subduing stanza, is suddenly succeeded by airy music, as if in derision of the melancholy close; and Byron's soul bounds exultingly forward, escaping from the dim cell into which it had retired in voluntary imprisonment.

Many awful lessons may certainly be learned from the poetry of Lord Byron. Yet, undoubtedly, there are many things there barren and unavailing. The good, the happy, and the innocent, can draw no instruction from what they cannot imagine even in dreams; while the erring or passion-stricken spirit contemplates, too often, the ruins as it were of its own nature, without hope of the temple being rebuilt, or if so, ever again being animated with the spirit that is fled.

Of the danger resulting from such poetry to souls of fine aspirations, but steadfast wills,—to souls where passion is the only or chief impulse, and where there is a tendency to hold cheap, and in derision, the dull duties of ordinary life, and at the same time not strength sufficient to grasp and master the objects of a more ambitious existence,—to such souls (and they are numerous among the youth of Britain,) that poetry is most fatal which flings aside the antiquated bonds consecrated by mere every-day associations,—which renders reason itself subservient to the senses (ennobled as they are by the imagination), and ad-

mits no other laws of life but the tyrannic passions, cherished in the conscious pride of that power, which, in turn, uses those passions as its most abject slaves.

If such may be the effects of Byron's poetry on good natures, it is to be feared that it may exert a lamentable influence over those prone to evil. There must appear in the splendour, and power, and majesty, wherein his genius enshrouds feelings and passions intrinsically worthless or pernicious, a fatal justification of that evil, from which, in its native nakedness, even the fallen spirit would turn with aversion. When virtue is dead, pride often remains in full life. It firmly fastens on representations like these, by which a veil is thrown over its own meanness,—and a false but dazzling world is thus created for it, wherein it may move, and act as bold and fearless a part as virtue herself walking in her untroubled beauty. To Byron, and to great though erring spirits like his, we mournfully allow the privilege of his pride. It is a shirt of mail wherewith he would seek to guard his bosom from the shafts of sorrow. And it may be, that its folds sometimes indeed repel those “unkindest blows of all,” against whose infliction the soul hath no other shield in its solitude. But with them whose passions tend only towards mere earthly objects—unsanctified by genius or by grief—reckless, importunate, and selfish—sacrificing to their indulgence, without compunction, the happiness of other hearts—how pernicious must that philosophy be (and the poetry of Byron is but too full of it), that lends robes of royalty, and a seeming sceptre to passions that are in themselves base, odious, and contemptible, or, haply, such as conduct to ruin, agony, and death.

There is one school of poetry (we use the word somewhat unwillingly) from which this great Poet has already learned much, and from which his noble nature may yet learn more—the poetry of the Lakes. Byron need not be ashamed—nay, he must exult to be instructed by the wisdom of Wordsworth. Nothing can impair the originality of his genius; little need be added to its power. But a warning voice may arise from the untroubled magnificence of the mountain solitude, and the wandering “Childe” may

pause in the darkest track of his pilgrimage, to hear the calm, pure, lofty anthem that the poet sings to nature in the sinless happiness which she has created, sanctified, and blest against violence or decay. Lord Byron seems to have roamed through the Alps with the spirit of Wordsworth often at his side;—and his soul was elevated by the communion. It is cold and unmeaning to say, that in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, he imitated or competed with the author of the *Excursion*. He followed him—he was led by him—to the same eternal fountain of all beauty and all grandeur. Different as are the souls of these two illustrious men, nature bowed them down or elevated them up into similitude; so that in Byron's glorious songs among the Alps, we see the same soul at work that had before sublimed the mountains of England,—and are delighted to behold how the calm wisdom of contemplative age and recluse philosophy can purify, and sustain, and strengthen, the impetuous energy of a wilder spirit, revelling deliriously among the maddening magnificence of nature.

It would lead us into a most interesting, but difficult and long inquiry, were we to endeavour clearly to point out the connexion subsisting between much of Byron's late poetry, and the spirit of Wordsworth's and of some of his disciples. This we purpose doing on a future occasion. Suffice it to say, that such spiritual communion between two great poets, in many things so unlike, is honourable to both,—and we fear not that we shall soon see the day, when Byron, escaping from the too severe dominion of his own passions, shall look abroad over nature with a wider sweep of speculation,—become a happier, a better, a greater man, as the benign influences of nature are suffered to enter, unopposed, into the recesses of his heart,—and that the penance which he has for so long endured, and often self-inflicted, shall be found to have fitted and disposed his soul for the reception and love of those lofty and universal truths, on which alone a splendid poetical reputation can ultimately rest, and by which alone he can hope to be of essential and lasting benefit to his fellow-mortals. He knows, that the great poet to whom we have alluded, though accused of bigotry, infatu-

ation, and narrowness of view, has taken ampler and nobler prospects of the soul of man than any other living mind. He knows the depths of the calm of that wisdom, which the storms of the world cannot disturb. He knows that poetry is a divine art—that its influences are divine. And all may see scattered throughout the darkest scenery of his own soul, lights that seem as if they would fain break through the gloom, and that wait but for his will to shine on him and his spirit for evermore, and make him, what every great poet should be, the glad, exulting, hoping, undismayed, friend and vindicator of the immortal destinies of man.

We said, that we should not criticise, and we have accordingly thrown out merely a few unformed feelings and reflections, which many of our readers may think but little illustrative of the subject immediately before us. But we may have touched a string, perhaps, in some meditative heart, and afforded food for thought to those who love to think and feel for themselves, and who, on that account, are contented to peruse with pleasure the most wandering reveries of others, when they seem to tend, at least, towards what is right and beautiful. We shall now give some extracts from the last, and perhaps the finest canto of Childe Harold, the finest, beyond all comparison, of Byron's poems.

At the opening of the Fourth Canto, the Poet represents himself as standing upon a Bridge of Venice, and indulging himself in such a train of meditations as might well be excited by the decaying splendour, unexpected desertedness, and ancient glories of this romantic city.

1.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, thron'd on her
hundred isles !

2.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ;—her daughters had their
dowers

From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless
East

Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling
showers.

In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity
increas'd.

3.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not
die,

Nor yet forget how Venice oncè was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

He then seems tacitly to reproach himself for taking all the subjects of his musing from among strangers, and bursts into one of the few truly patriotic pieces of poetry which are to be found in his works.

8.

I've taught me other tongues—and in strange
eyes

Have made me not a stranger ; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with—ay, or without mankind ;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause ; and should I leave be-
hind

The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

9.

Perhaps I loved it well : and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land's language ; if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline,—
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Ob-
lition bar

10.

My name from out the temple where the
dead

Are honoured by the nations—let it be—
And light the laurels on a loftier head !
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
' Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.'
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the
tree

I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed ;
I should have known what fruit would spring
from such a seed.

He then returns to Venice, and alludes to the well-known affection entertained by her inhabitants for the poetry of Tasso.

17.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were
thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,

Thy choral memory of the bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should
not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery
wall.

18.

I lov'd her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Rattcliff, Schiller, Shakspeare's
art.*

Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and
a show.

19.

I can repeople with the past—and of
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were
wrought

Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours
caught:

There are some feelings Time cannot be-
numb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be
cold and dumb.

20.

But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine
shocks

Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk,
and mocks

The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose
blocks

Of bleak, gray, granite, into life it came,
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may
grow the same.

21.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance makes its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

22.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,
Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd and
rebuoy'd,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,

* Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; the Ghost-seer, or Armenian; the Merchant of Venice; Othello.

And weave their web again; some, bow'd
and bent,

Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their
time,

And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good, or crime,
According as their souls were form'd to sink
or climb:

23.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which
bring

Back on the heart the weight which it would
fling

Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music,—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall
wound,

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound;

24.

And how and why we know not, nor can
trace

Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves
behind,

Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead
—anew,

The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!
—yet how few!

Wearied with the contemplation of
scenes so humiliating to the eye of
man,—the Poet and the Pilgrim, for
they are now confessedly the same,
rejoices to escape into the pure soli-
tude of nature, and to sooth his mind
with the survey of less transitory
beauties. At Arqua, the little hamlet
where Petrarch spent the last years of
his life, and where his house, chair,
&c. are still shewn to travellers, ex-
actly as the relics of Shakspeare are at
Stratford-upon-Avon, Byron is filled
with admiration of the modest retreat
selected by this illustrious poet, and
enters fully, for a moment, into the
quiet and self-subdued spirit of one
with whom, in general, he appears to
have very little in common.

32.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

33.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and
flowers,

And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlese it seem, hath its morality.

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;
It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give
No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God
— must strive.

The description of an Italian evening on the banks of the Brenna, is one of the most beautiful passages in the poem. The poetry of Nature, which he has learned from Wordsworth, seems to be heightened and improved in his hands, by the unseen influence of the more glorious scenes and climates to which he has transferred it.

27.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains ; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity ;
While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of
the blest !

28.

“ A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd
within it glows,

29.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from
afar,

Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse :

And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
Dies like the Dolphin, whom each pang im-
bues

With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and
all is gray.

We must not venture upon Ferrara. The strain of sentiment is in general quite the same with that of his Lament of Tasso. But Ferrara is only one of a long line of half-peopled cities, and perished sovereignties, through which he passes ; and the view of such scenes, where all the misery that is appears so distinctly to be the necessary consequence of the envious jealousies and brutal malig-

nities of petty tyrants, is well fitted to call up that mist of morbid contempt through which Lord Byron delights to look upon the frail pageants of external grandeur.

At Florence he seems to have thought of little except the statues in the gallery, and the tombs in the church of Santa Croce. This, we think, is the first time that he has ever come directly upon the subject of art ; and although he is careful to tell us how much he prefers a single green valley, or roaring cataract, and all the master-pieces of the chisel and the pencil, still his soul is so conversant with ideal creations of loveliness, majesty, and terror, that he speaks of the Venus, the Apollo, and the Laocoon, in a style which our readers will easily acknowledge to be far superior to any thing which the admiration of art had before embodied in English Poetry.

49.

There, too, the goddess loves in stone, and
fills

The air around with beauty ; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality ; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self
would fail ;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could
mould.

There is something to us inexpressibly touching in the transition from this splendid enthusiasm to the mournful shades of the Florentine cemetery. Never was more deep meaning conveyed in one line than in the eighth of this stanza.

54.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past,
and this,

The particle of those sublimities
Which have relaps'd to chaos :—here repose
Angelo's, Alferi's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his rocs ;
Here Machiavelli's earth, return'd to whence
it rose.

Although the Venus is the only great statue of which he speaks when at Florence, we prefer to quote his verses concerning the Apollo and the Laocoon at the same time.

160.

Go see

Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending :— Vain

The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's
 grasp,
 The old man's clench ; the long envenomed
 chain
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on
 gasp.

161.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—
 The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow
 bright

With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.

162.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
 Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
 And madden'd in that vision—are express'd
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
 When each conception was a heavenly guest—
 A ray of immortality—and stowed,
 Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god !

From the smiling beauties of the
 Vale of Arno, he rushes to breathe
 again, an atmosphere more congenial
 to his soul, among the rugged defiles
 of Thrasimene—the imperishable mon-
 ument of Carthaginian skill and Ro-
 man despair. It is well known that
 an earthquake, which shook all Italy,
 occurred during the battle, and was
 unfelt by any of the combatants.

62.

I roam

By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
 The host between the mountains and the
 shore,

Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
 And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions
 scatter'd o'er.

63.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;
 And such the storm of battle on this day,
 And such the phrenzy, whose convulsion
 blinds

To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away !
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
 Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet ;
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring
 nations meet !

64.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
 Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
 The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe

Which reigns when mountains tremble, and
 the birds

Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and with-
 draw

From their down-toppling nests ; and bel-
 lowing herds

Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread
 hath no words.

65.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
 Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath
 ta'en—

A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine
 rain ;

And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwill-
 ing waters red.

Venice, Lombardy, and Tuscany,
 rich as they are in relics of fallen
 grandeur and inimitable art, and still
 more so in scenes where nature dis-
 plays herself both in beauty and sub-
 limity, are, after all, only the avenues
 to the main attraction of the poet and
 the poem. Even Greece, with all her
 natural graces, and all her heroic re-
 collections, wants that majestic charm
 of unapproached greatness, which
 binds the heart of every profound
 thinker to the contemplation of the
 skeleton of Rome. It was here that
 the nature of man arrayed itself in
 greatness so terrific, that it almost me-
 rited the name of a disguise. It was
 here that imagination and passion,
 disdaining all individual hopes, and
 feelings, and exactions, concentrated
 themselves with unswerving pertinaci-
 ty in the idea of country.

A Roman thought himself great and
 noble, not because he was himself, not
 for any thing that himself had done or
 could do, but simply because his birth
 and home were in the eternal city.
 All other men are vain. The Roman
 only was proud. He looked upon him-
 self as a being animated with the in-
 spirations of a nobler nature than is
 given to other men. Even the Greek,
 with all his philosophy, poetry, art,
 and eloquence, was regarded as an in-
 genious animal of a lower species.
 Nay, the Greeks, rich as their accom-
 plishments were, seem to have acknow-
 ledged their inferiority, whenever they
 were brought into actual contact either
 with the bodies or the spirits of these
 "Men of Iron."*

* We had lately sent to us a translation
 of an Elegy, by William Augustus Schle-

78.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come
and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,
Ye!

Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

79.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle
her distress!

80.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,
and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and
wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a
site:—

Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, 'here was, or is,' where all is
doubly night?

81.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt
and wrap

gel, from which our correspondent supposes that Lord Byron has borrowed not a little of the spirit, and even of the expressions, of the Fourth Canto. We cannot, we must confess, observe any thing more than such coincidences, as might very well be expected from two great poets contemplating the same scene. The opening of the German poem appears to us to be very striking; but the whole is pitched in an elegiac key. Lord Byron handles the same topics with the deeper power of a tragedian.

Trust not the smiling welcome Rome can give,
With her green fields, and her unspotted sky;
Parthenope hath taught thee how to live,
Let Rome, imperial Rome, now teach to die.

'Tis true, the land is fair as land may be,
One radiant canopy of azure lies
O'er the seven hills far downward to the sea,
And upward where yon Sabine heights arise.

Yet sorrowful and sad, I wend my way
Through this long ruined labyrinth, alone
Each echo whispers of the elder day,
I see a monument in every stone.

All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample
lap;

But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry 'Eureka!' it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises
near.

82.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictur'd page!—but these shall
be

Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when
Rome was free!

83.

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's
wheel,
Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue
Thy country's foes ere thou would pause to
feel

The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the
due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy
frown

Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
With an atoning smile a more than earthly
crown—

84.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou di-
vine
To what would one day dwindle that which
made

Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
By aught than Romans Rome should thus
be laid?

She who was named Eternal, and array'd
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
Earth with her haughty shadow, and dis-
play'd,

Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Al-
mighty hail'd!

85.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
Too swept off senates while he hewed the
throne

Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it cost to be a moment free
And famous through all ages! but beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier,
yield his breath.

87.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austere form of naked majesty,

Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bath'd base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a
scene?

88.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of
Rome!

She-wolf! whose brazen-imag'd dug impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy
wild teat,

Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's etherial dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost
thou yet

Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond
charge forget?

89.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babes are
dead—

The men of iron; and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things they fear'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same
course steer'd,

At apish distance; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd hy himself, to his own
slaves a slave—

90.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he
beam'd,

91.

And came—and saw—and conquer'd! But
the man

Who would have tamed his eagles down to fice,
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
With a deaf heart which never seem'd to be
A listener to itself, was strangely fram'd;
With but one weakest weakness—vanity,
Coquettish in ambition—still he aim'd—
At what? can he avouch—or answer what
he claim'd?

92.

And would be all or nothing—nor could
wait

For the sure grave to level him; few years
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
On whom we tread: For *this* the conqueror
rears

The arch of triumph! and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flow'd,
An universal deluge, which appears

Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow!—Renew thy rain-
bow, God!

After several magnificent stanzas, in
which the poet pours out his indigna-
tion on the present political degrada-
tion of Rome and Italy, he adverts to
the fantastic but generous designs of
Rienzi, the friend of Petrarch, who
perished in a vain attempt to restore
the Roman republic in the fourteenth
century.

114.

Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree
Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion, and the people's
chief—

Her new-born Numa thou—with reign,
alas! too brief.

115.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoever thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly
bodied forth.

116.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years un-
wrinkled,

Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters
sleep,

Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers,
and ivy, creep,

117.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the
grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes,
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems col-
oured by its skies.

118.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted
cover,

Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic
meeting

With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?
This cave was surely shap'd out for the
greeting

Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

119.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his re-
plying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in
sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine
art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
The dull satiety which all destroys—
And root from out the soul the deadly weed
which cloys?

The intensely personal nature of Byron's poetry was never so perfectly displayed, as in his meditations over the ruins of the imperial city. Deeply as he is impressed with the nothingness of individual sorrows, when set by the side of departed nations and deserted cities, he cannot look either at the coliseum, the pantheon, the forum, or the capitol, without mingling with the meditations which these excite,—the agonizing wanderings of his own wounded spirit. He is standing by moonlight within the coliseum—our readers have not forgotten the beautiful allusion to the same scene in Manfred.

128.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to
illuminate

This long-explor'd but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies
assume

129.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye
of heaven,
Float o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadow forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are
its dower.

130.

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—

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Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave
of thee a gift:

131.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made
a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate:—
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have
worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they*
not mourn?

132.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Lost the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage
long—
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the
abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in
this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart!—Awake!
thou shalt, and must.

133.

It is not that I may not have incur'd
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferr'd
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought
and found,
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake—
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet
awake.

Our extracts have run out to a very disproportionate extent, but this is a fault for which we expect an easy pardon. Once more, and we have done. It was a thought worthy of the great spirit of Byron, after exhibiting to us his pilgrim amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay,—after teaching us, like him, to sicken over the mutability, and vanity, and emptiness of human greatness, to conduct him and us at last to the borders of “the great deep.” It is there that we may perceive an image of the awful and unchangeable abyss of eternity, into whose bosom so much has sunk, and all shall one day sink,—of that eternity wherein the scorn and the contempt of man, and “the love of woman,” and the melancholy of great, and the fretting of little minds, shall be at rest for ever. No one, but a true poet of man and of nature, would have dared to frame such a ter-

* 2 E

mination for such a pilgrimage. The image of the wanderer may well be associated for a time with the rock of Calpe, the shattered temples of Athens, or the gigantic fragments of Rome; but when we wish to think of this dark personification as of a thing which is, where can we so well imagine him to have his daily haunt as by the roaring of the waves? It was thus that Homer represented Achilles in his moments of ungovernable and inconsolable grief for Patroclus. It was thus he chose to depict the paternal despair of Chriseus.

“*Βῆ δ' ἄκτιον παρα θύνα πολυφλοίσβοιο
Σαλασσης.*”

178.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all
conceal.

179.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—
roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and
unknown.

180.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy
fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength
he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful
spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let
him lay.

181.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Tra-
falgar.

182.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest
now.

183.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or
storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and
sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each
zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fa-
thomless, alone.

184.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my
joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I
do here.

185.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—
my theme
Has died into an echo ; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted
dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is
writ,—
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions fit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering,
faint, and low.

186.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath
been—
A sound which makes us linger ;—yet—
farewell !
Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;
Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of
his strain !

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*On the raising of Olive Trees.**—Trials have been frequently made, but without success, to multiply the olive by sowing the seeds; it has always been found necessary either to employ cuttings, or to procure wild plants from the woods. One of the inhabitants of Marseilles, astonished to find that we cannot obtain by cultivation what nature produces spontaneously, was led to reflect upon the manner in which the wild plants were produced. They proceed from the kernels, which kernels have been carried into the woods, and sown there by birds, who have swallowed the olives. By the act of digestion, these olives have been deprived of their natural oil, and the kernels have become permeable to the moisture of the earth, the dung of the birds has served for manure, and, perhaps, the soda which this dung contains, by combining with a portion of the oil which has escaped digestion, may also favour germination. From these considerations the following experiments were made:

A number of turkeys were caused to swallow ripe olives; the dung was collected, containing the kernels of these olives, the whole was placed in a stratum of earth, and was frequently watered. The kernels were found to vegetate, and a number of young plants were procured. In order to produce upon olives an effect similar to that which they experienced from the digestive power of the stomach, a quantity of them was macerated in an alkaline lixivium; they were then sown, and olive plants were produced from them as in the former experiment.

This ingenious process may be regarded as a very important discovery, and may be applied to other seeds besides that of the olive, which are, in the same manner, so oily, as that, except under some rare circumstances, the water cannot penetrate them and cause their development. Of this description is the nutmeg, which will seldom vegetate in our stoves; but which, perhaps, would do so, was it submitted to the action of the stomach, or of the alkaline solution.

On the Magnetizing Power of the Violet Rays of the Solar Spectrum.—The reported discovery of M. Morichini, respecting the magnetizing power of the violet rays, which was scarcely credited in this country, has received the confirmation of Professor Playfair, as related in one of the late Numbers of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. He gives the following account of an experiment of which he was a witness, and which was performed by M. Carpe:

After having received into my chamber a solar ray through a circular opening made

in the shutter, the ray was made to fall upon a prism, such as those which are usually employed in experiments in the primitive colours. The spectrum which resulted from the refraction was received upon a screen; all the rays were intercepted except the violet, in which was placed a needle, for the purpose of being magnetized. It was a plate of thin steel, selected from a number of others, and which, upon making the trial, was found to possess no polarity, and not to exhibit any attraction for iron filings. It was fixed horizontally on the support by means of wax, and in such a direction as to cut the magnetic meridian nearly at right angles. By a lens of a sufficient size, the whole of the violet ray was collected into a focus, which was carried slowly along the needle, proceeding from the centre towards one of the extremities, and always the same extremity, taking care, as is the case in the common operation of magnetizing, never to go back in the opposite direction. After operating in this manner for half an hour, the needle was examined; but it was not found either to have acquired polarity or a sensible attraction for iron filings. The process was then continued for 25 minutes more, 55 in the whole, when the needle was found to be strongly magnetic; it acted powerfully on the compass, the end of the needle which had received the influence of the violet ray repelling the north pole, and the whole of it attracting and keeping suspended a fringe of iron filings.

It is stated, that a clear and bright atmosphere is essential to the success of the experiment, but that the temperature is indifferent. At the time when the above experiment was made, about the end of April, the temperature was rather cool than warm.

Blue Iron Earth.—The blue iron earth, or native Prussian blue, as it was formerly called, has been found in many parts of the Continent of Europe, and also in Iceland and in Shetland; but it had never been discovered in the island of Great Britain, until it was observed by Dr Bostock, at Knotshole, near Liverpool. On the north-east bank of the Mersey, about a mile and a half above the town, a small glen, or dingle, is formed, apparently by a fissure in the brown sandstone, which, in this place, rises up to the edge of the water; the sides of the dingle are covered with brush-wood, and at the bottom is a flat swampy pasture. The upper stratum of the soil of the pasture is chiefly sand, mixed with a little vegetable mould; but at the depth of four or five feet, there is a body of stiff white clay, mixed with a considerable quantity of vegetable matter, consisting principally of the roots and stems of different species of rushes, and other aquatic plants.

* Journ. Phram. de March 1817.

Improvement in the purification of Coal-Gas.—It is sufficiently known, that the production of carburetted hydrogen obtained from coal, and its fitness for the purpose of illumination, varies much according to the circumstances under which the gas is obtained, and the means employed for purifying it. To deprive coal-gas of that portion of sulphuretted hydrogen, with which it is always more or less contaminated, it has hitherto been made to act on quicklime, either in a dry state, or combined with water in particular vessels, so constructed as to bring a large surface of the lime into contact with the gas. This method must naturally be very imperfect, on account of the feeble action of sulphuretted hydrogen upon lime. In proof of this statement, the gas supplied to this metropolis, need only be examined in the following manner: Collect a four ounce phial full of the gas, in a wash-hand basin, or other vessel full of water, in the usual manner, and then plunge into it a slip of paper moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver, or super-acetate of lead. The paper will instantly acquire a brown colour.

A new method of getting rid of the sulphuretted hydrogen gas has been lately resorted to with success; and the facility, cheapness, and expedition, with which this process may be employed in the large way, give reason to believe that it will be highly beneficial to the manufacturer of coal-gas in general. The process consists in passing crude coal-gas, as it is disengaged from coal, through a heated iron cylinder, or other vessel, containing fragments of metallic iron (the waste clippings of tinned iron will do very well), or any oxide of iron at a minimum of oxidation; for example, clay iron-stone, so disposed as to present as large a surface as possible: by this means the sulphuretted hydrogen becomes decomposed by the metallic iron, and the gas is obtained in a pure state. This iron, if in a state of a metal, acquires by this process a crystalline structure, and affords abundance of sulphuretted hydrogen by the affusion of dilute sulphuric or muriatic acid, a proof that it is converted into a sulphuret;—a quantity of sulphuric and sulphureous acid is likewise collected at the extremity of the vessel. The gas thus treated, affords no disagreeable odour during combustion, and its purity is attested by its not acting upon the solutions of lead, silver, or any of the white metals.

Water Spouts.—The following observations of Captain Thomas Lynn, commander of the East India Company's ship Barkworth, afford a striking corroboration of the statement of the ingenious writer in our

last Number, Mr J. H. viz. that the particles of water ascend upward from the sea, in the phenomenon called a water spout:

“Barkworth, Dec. 11, 1816, in lat. 4° N. long. 129° E. (having passed through the Siao channel yesterday) at 11 A.M. the officer of the watch, Mr Dudman, came down and informed me there had been a *whale blowing* close to the ship for several minutes, and that it was continuing to do so. I then, from curiosity, went upon deck, and was surprised to find it was the vortex of a water spout, within one hundred yards of the ship, on the windward quarter:—ordered a gun to be got ready, by which time it had passed under the stern, within thirty yards of the ship, which afforded us an excellent opportunity of observing this wonderful phenomenon.

“The space it occupied upon the sea was apparently about thirty feet in circumference, and the water so much agitated in the centre, as to be quite frothy, *ascending* in a spiral form in *visible particles* like rain, and making a rushing noise about as loud as the blowing of a whale continued, and communicating with a spout* depending from a black cloud over head, gradually passing to leeward, and disappearing about a mile off.”—*Phil. Mag. for April 1818.*

New Alkali.—The experiments of Arvedson, relative to the discovery of the new alkali called lethson, have been confirmed in France by M. Vanquelin.

Ice.—As every fact relative to the state of the Arctic regions is now of more than usual interest, we transcribe the following postscript to the journal of the brig Jemima, which sailed last summer from London to the Moravian Missions in Labrador:—“The captain and mate report, that though for these three years past they have met with an unusual quantity of ice on the coast of Labrador, yet in no year since the commencement of the mission in 1769, has it appeared so dreadfully on the increase. The colour likewise of this year's ice was different from that usually seen, and the size of the ice-mountains and thickness of the fields immense, with sand-stone imbedded in them.” As a great part of the coast of Greenland, which for centuries has been choked up with ice, apparently immovable, has, by some revolution been cleared, perhaps this may account for the great quantity alluded to.

* We could not perceive the communication with the spout, the particles being too minute for the eye to discern much above the sea, but we had no doubt of the fact.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The Rev. James Raine, of Durham, has circulated a prospectus of the History and Antiquities of North Durham, with engravings from designs of Mr Edward Blore, in a folio volume.

Mr Blore has also made a set of drawings for the Rev. Mr Hunter's History and Antiquities of Hallamshire, which will likewise make a folio volume, and contain many interesting particulars respecting the Talbot family, as well as many topographical and antiquarian memoirs.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare has prepared a third and supplemental volume to the Rev. Mr Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy. It is intended to complete the labours and supply the omissions of that traveller, and to describe such parts of Italy as he had not visited, and others have rarely explored. The author has enlarged its contents by a Tour round the whole island of Sicily, an Account of Malta, an Excursion to Pola in Istria, and a description of the celebrated monasteries of Montserrat in Spain, and the Grande Chartreuse in France.

Speedily will be published, a translation of Extracts from a Journal kept in Greenland in the years 1770 to 1778, by Hans Egede Saabye, formerly missionary there; with an Introduction respecting the Way of Life of the Greenlanders, the Mission in Greenland, and other subjects connected with it, by Mr G. Fries.

Dr Aikin is preparing an Enlargement of his England Delineated, under the title of England Described.

A Life of John Howard the Philanthropist, by Mr Brown, in one volume 4to, will speedily make its appearance.

The first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, is expected to be ready for publication in the course of May.

A new volume on the Diseases of the Eye, by the late Mr Ware, is in the press.

A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. James Bryce of Calcutta, will speedily appear.

Mrs Darke, of Calne, has in the press a volume of Sonnets and other poems.

Mr Papworth will shortly publish an architectural work of original designs for villas, ornamented cottages, lodges, park entrances, &c. many of which are tasteful, elegant, and useful.

The Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Holy Land, Mount Libanon, and Cyprus, by Captain Light, are nearly ready for publication, in one volume 4to, with plates, including a view of Jerusalem.

Mr William Carey is preparing for the press, a Biographical Sketch of B. R. Haydon, Esq. with Critical Observations on his

Paintings, and some Notice of his Essays in the Public Journals.

Captain Bosquett's long promised Treatise on Duelling will be published this month.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a new edition, considerably improved, of Dr Withering's Systematic Arrangement of British Plants, with an easy Introduction to the Study of Botany; illustrated by copperplates, in four volumes, 8vo.

A Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions, for the Discovery of a Northern Passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, from the earliest period to the present time; accompanied with a general Description of the Arctic Lands and Polar Seas, as far as hitherto known; by John Barrow, F. R. & L. S. 2 vols 8vo.—The history of the early voyages and discoveries of the maritime nations of Europe is distributed among such a multitude of large, expensive, and scarce books, which are seldom looked at for the purpose of being read, that a brief abstract of the various efforts that have been made for the discovery of a northern passage, by the east and by the west, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, accompanied with a general description, from the most authentic and some original sources, of the arctic lands and polar seas, may, at least, serve as a preparative for the history of the proceedings of the two expeditions now pending, which have attracted, and deservedly so, no common share of the public attention of European nations: and in this view it is hoped the present work will not be deemed altogether superfluous nor unacceptable.

The proprietors of the Rev. H. J. Todd's edition of Dr Johnson's Dictionary beg to inform the public, that they are preparing an Abridgement of that valuable work, under the direction of the editor, which will be very soon published.

Prince Hoare, Esq. is preparing for the press, Memoirs of the late Granville Sharp, Esq. composed from his own MSS. and other authentic documents, which will form a quarto volume.

James Morier, Esq. has in great forwardness, a Second Journey through Persia and Constantinople, in 1810-16, in a quarto volume, with maps, coloured costumes, and other engravings.

Lieut.-Col. Johnson is printing, in a quarto volume, a Narrative of an Overland Journey from India, performed in the present year, with engravings of antiquities, costume, &c.

Capt. Bonycastle, of the royal engineers, is preparing for publication, Spanish America, or an Account of the Dominions of

Spain in the Western Hemisphere, illustrated by maps.

Lieut. F. Hall, late military secretary to General Wilson, governor of Canada, has in the press, *Travels in Canada and the United States of America*, in 1816-17.

The Rev. Oliver Lodge has in the press, *Lectures on the Gospel of St Matthew*, in an octavo volume.

A *System of Divinity*, in a series of Sermons, by the late Dr Timothy Dwight of Connecticut, is printing in five octavo volumes, accompanied with a *Life of the Author*.

The Rev. Peter Roberts has in the press, a *Manual of Prophecy*, or a *View of the Prophecies contained in the Bible*, and the Events by which they were fulfilled.

T. Walford, Esq. will soon publish, in two pocket volumes, the *Scientific Tourist through England, Wales, and Scotland*.—The *Scientific Tourist through Ireland* is also in the press.

EDINBURGH.

Dr Macleay of Glasgow, who furnished several Anecdotes respecting Rob Roy, which appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, has in the press, and will immediately publish, *Historical Memoirs of that celebrated character and the Clan Macgregor*, including *Original Notices regarding Lady Grange*; a *Prefatory Sketch*, illustrative of the condition of the Highlands prior to the year 1745, will also be given; and the whole will comprise such authentic information, characteristic of Highland Customs and Manners, from sources only accessible to the writer, as have not before been made known. The Work is expected to be out in the course of next month; and it will be accompanied with an excellent Likeness, from the only Original Painting extant, of Rob Roy.

We understand that the "New Tales of my Landlord," 4 vols 12mo, will be published next month.

Historical Account of Discoveries in the Seas and Countries round the North Pole, illustrated by maps; by Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. author of an *Historical Account of Africa*, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

A *General View of the Structure, Functions, and Classification of Animals*, with plates and illustrations, adapted in a particular manner to facilitate the Study of British Zoology; by John Fleming, D. D. F.R.S.E. M.W.S. &c. 2 vols 8vo.

Account of the Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, particularly with regard to Geology; together with *Observations on their Scenery, Antiquities, and Agriculture*; by J. Macculloch, M.D. F.R.S. 2 vols 8vo, with a volume of illustrative engravings in 4to.

Elements of Geology, with illustrative plates; by Robert Jameson, 1 vol. 8vo.

Manual of Mineralogy; by Robert Jameson, Regius Professor of Natural History,

Lecturer on Mineralogy, and Keeper of the Museum in the University of Edinburgh, 1 vol. 12mo.

A *Treatise on the Covenant of Grace*; by John Colquhoun, D. D. Minister of the Gospel, Leith.

The *Angler's Vade Mecum*; containing a *Descriptive Account of the Water Flies, their Seasons, and the kind of Weather that impels them most on the Water*; the whole represented in 12 coloured plates: to which is added, a *Description of the different Baits used in Angling, and where found*; by W. Carrol, post 8vo.

In the press, and speedily will be published in 3 vols, *Saint Patrick*; a *National Tale of the Fifth Century*; by an Antiquary.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 4to, with maps and illustrative engravings, *Account of the Kingdom of Nepal*; by Francis Hamilton, (formerly Buchanan), M.D. Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and of the Societies of Antiquaries, and of the Linnean and Asiatic Societies.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 3 vols 8vo, with maps, a *Statistical and Historical Account of the United States of America*, from the period of the first establishments to the present day, on a new plan; by W. D. Warden, formerly Consul-General of the United States at Paris.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 8vo, *Reports of Cases Tried in the Jury Court*; by Joseph Murray, Esq. Advocate, from the Institution of the Court in 1815, to the Sittings at Edinburgh, ending in March 1818.

Whole length Portrait of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. F.R.S.E. author of the *Man of Feeling*, &c. The Public are respectfully informed, that it is proposed to publish a Print, from the Picture painted by Mr Geddes, and esteemed a striking likeness by Mr Mackenzie's friends. The Portrait will be engraved in the line manner, about the size of 16 inches by 11, by that able artist, Mr Richard Rhodes of London; and as the Picture will be delivered immediately into his hands for that purpose, the Subscribers may depend upon having the work as speedily executed as the nature and attention of such an undertaking demands.

The Rev. Professor Mearns of Aberdeen, has in the press, an *Essay on the Principles of Christian Evidence*; containing *Strictures on Dr Chalmers' Evidences of Revelation*.

Professor Dunbar is engaged in preparing an additional volume to Dalziel's *Collectanea Majora*, to contain the following Extracts, with Notes, selected and original, chiefly explanatory of the Text; 1st, *Æschinis Oratio adv. Ctesiphontem*; 2d, *Demosthenis Or. pro Corona*; 3d, *Thucydidis Hist. lib. vii.—1st, Æschyli Prometheus Vincit ad Septem adv. Thebas*; 2d, *Sophoclis Philoctetes*; 3d, *Euripidis Alcestis*; 4th, *Euripidis Cyclops*; 5th, *Aristophanis Plutus et Nubes*.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

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An Essay on Agriculture, containing an introduction, in which the science of Agriculture is pointed out, by a careful attention to the works of Nature; and the means of rendering Barren Soils luxuriantly productive; to which is added a Memoir, drawn up at the express desire of his Imperial Highness the Archduke John of Austria, on the Nature and Nutritive Qualities of Fiorin Grass, &c.; by W. Richardson, D.D.

A Treatise on Soils and Manures, as founded on actual experience, and as combined with the leading principles of Agriculture; in which the Theory and Doctrines of Sir H. Davy, and other Agricultural Chemists, are rendered familiar to the experienced Farmer. 5s.

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 Landaff and Wells; 2 vols 8vo, with portrait. £1, 6s.

A Critical Examination of the Bishop of Landaff's Posthumous Volume, entitled, "Anecdotes of his Life." 8vo. 3s.

Annual Obituary, Vol. II. 1818. 15s.

Memoires et Correspondence de Madame d'Epinau, où elle donne des détails sur ses liaisons avec Duclos, J. J. Rousseau, Grimm, Diderot, le Baron d'Holbach, Saint Lambert, Madame d'Houdetot, et autres personages célèbres du dix-huitième siècle, 3 vols 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough; with his Original Correspondence, collected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources; by William Cox, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. Archdeacon of Wilts, and Rector of Bemerton. Vol. I. 4to, illustrated by portraits, maps, and military plans. £3, 3s.

BOTANY.

Prodromus of the Plants cultivated in the Southampton Botanic Gardens; by William Bridgewater Page, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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The Classical Journal, No 33, containing a variety of classical, biblical, and oriental literature. 6s.

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MEDICINE.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

SCOTTISH CHRONICLE.

April 1.—Mr J. Sheet of Staffordshire, who died very lately, was said to be the only remaining soldier of those employed under General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec. But there is at present living in the burgh of Linlithgow, one of those heroes who was an eye witness [to that General's receiving his mortal wound. The health, strength, and activity of this veteran is such, that he still joins in public and social amusements. At a recent meeting of a Masonic body he was present, accompanied by a son and grandson of his own, upon which occasion he sung the "Death of Wolfe" with much feeling and energy. His name is William Wilson. Although employed in the field of Quebec, he properly belonged to some of the ships of war, and, owing to that circumstance, it seems he never had any pension from Government.

On Tuesday, the 17th March, William Napier Milliken, Esq. of Milliken, was served heir male general of Archibald, third Lord Napier of Merchiston, Bart. of Nova Scotia, great grandson of the inventor of logarithms.

On Tuesday, in consequence of presentations by the Crown, the Senate of the University of Glasgow admitted Dr Thomas Thomson, Professor of Chemistry, and Dr Robert Graham, Professor of Botany.

Daring Robbery.—Friday night, about nine o'clock, Peter Muir, Whitburn carrier, was attacked by three fellows about a mile beyond Toll-cross, near Glasgow, and robbed of about £200. Two of them seized him and threw him on the ground, where they held him, while the third mounted his cart, and took from a basket a great coat, in which the money was deposited. The villains did not take his watch.

As Mr Walter Armstrong, jun. a respectable merchant in New Castletown, Roxburghshire, was returning from Bellingham fair, on the evening of the 18th ult. he unfortunately lost his life near Falstone, in attempting to ford the river Tyne, which was much swollen by the melting of snow near its source. Strict search has been made for the body, but hitherto without success. Mr Armstrong has left a widow and two children to lament his untimely end. The melancholy event has also occasioned universal regret among an extensive circle of friends.

April 2.—*The Climate.*—As the seed-time this year has been much later than ordinary, it may be satisfactory to know, from the following statement, that the earliness or late-

ness of the Spring, neither hastens nor retards the harvest :

Seed-time commenced on the north banks of the Clyde at Carnwath, at the following dates, for 21 years:—

1796, March 1st,	September 12th.
1797, February 27th,	September 16th.
1798, March 29th,	August 16th.
1799, March 13th,	September 26th.
1800, March 21st,	September 1st.
1801, March 9th,	August 24th.
1802, March 17th,	September 16th.
1803, March 22d,	August 31st.
1804, March 12th,	September 11th.
1805, March 19th,	September 5th.
1806, March 24th,	September 6th.
1807, March 26th,	September 7th.
1808, March 7th,	August 22d.
1809, March 9th,	September 13th.
1810, March 27th,	September 12th.
1811, March 18th,	September 10th.
1812, April 3d.	September 25th.
1813, March 18th,	September 4th.
1814, March 28th,	September 6th.
1815, March 21st,	September 12th.
1816, March 26th,	September 14th.
1817, March 18th,	September 22d.

3.—On Friday se'nnight, about 12 o'clock at night, John Brodie, a young man from Dunkeld, accompanied by a woman of the name of Margaret Robertson, from the parish of Auchtergavin, came to the house of Allan Jamieson, St John's Street, Perth, for the purpose of being married, and remained there for the night, Jamieson having told them that he would get a clergyman to marry them next day for 30s. A clergyman was accordingly procured, in the person of John M'Diarmid, a corporal on the Staff of the Perthshire Militia, who, being dressed in black clothes, went through the ceremony in due form, from the Common Prayer Book, and received 5s. for his services from the bride. After the ceremony, the party regaled themselves plentifully at the bride's expense; and having spent all the money she had brought with her, amounting to 30s. they stripped her of her pelisse, to pay for 16s. worth of more spirits, and then kicked and turned her out of doors. By the vigilance of the sitting Magistrates, Jamieson and M'Diarmid were committed to jail on Monday, and Brodie on Tuesday, to answer for this disgraceful outrage.

6.—*Clydesdale Road.*—At a respectable meeting which took place at Hamilton on the 4th instant, for the purpose of promoting

this important undertaking, the subscription was raised to upwards of £10,000; and such measures have been adopted as must ere long ensure the command of funds adequate to the completion of a road, which bids fair to be one of the most useful and beautiful in the united empire, while it promises ulterior communications and improvements of great national importance.—Operations will, we are informed, forthwith commence, and contracts be advertised for making and repairing the most needful parts of the projected line.

7.—On Tuesday, Mary Hutcheson, aged 24 years, a native of Tyron, charged with fraud, was committed to Glasgow Jail. The folly on the one hand, and the duplicity on the other, which are developed in this case, are sufficiently singular. The prisoner acknowledges that about four years ago she began to tell fortunes by reading cups. She was in the habit of giving information to people who had lost property by theft or otherways. Her art only enabled her to give a description of the persons of the thieves, not being able to tell their names. A servant girl, it seems, began about a year ago to call on this woman for the purpose of getting her destinies unfolded. In reading the cups she told the simpleton that she was to receive some money, concealed in a corner of her master's room; and in order to show her where to look for it, she went to the house along with the girl, and laid down some money in the place where the promised sum was to be got. So complete was the ascendancy which she had over this young woman, that in the course of three weeks she got from her sums to the amount of £27, assuring her that when the money promised was found it would be increased twenty fold. For the purpose of so increasing, it was pretended to be deposited, the ceremony of doing which was not a little imposing. It was laid down in presence of the girl; and Mary, after telling her to retire, read several passages of scripture, and prayed. She has also defrauded a man, who employed her fortune-telling powers, of several pounds. To a blind person she promised to give sight, received a considerable sum as the reward of her promise; and to a person affected with deafness she was to restore hearing. These are understood to be only a few of her tricks. She maintains that the servant's money will be returned when the time of its rising comes.

8.—On Tuesday, the Sheriff-substitute sitting in the Police-office, sentenced James Macclachlan, Adam Macdonald, Alexander Macmillan, John Mackenzie, and Grace Macmillan, to be confined in Bridewell sixty days each, for various acts of theft. This is another gang of the juvenile predators with which this town and neighbourhood has been so much infested. The oldest does not exceed thirteen, and the girl is not ten years of age, but all of them have been repeatedly in Bridewell for theft.

Macclachlan, who seems to be the leader of this set of young thieves, is perfectly callous and regardless. Their practice was to go about the environs of the city to see where clothes were left in areas and greens, and then come back in the evenings and carry them off. The things stolen were generally carried to the house of one Johnston, in the Calton, where they were left, but neither sold nor pawned, a trifling sum being given for each article, and sometimes a little bread and cheese. Johnston and his wife are in custody for this offence.

The first anniversary of the Edinburgh Society of Highlanders, was celebrated on Thursday last, in the British Hotel, Prince's Street. The meeting was numerous and respectable. The members and visitants appeared in the full Highland dress of their respective clans. The evening passed away in the utmost harmony. The laudable purposes that drew the members together as a society, glowed in every bosom, and broke forth in every sentiment;—these purposes are to keep alive the language, dress, and customs of their ancestors, their funds being principally devoted to benevolent objects. Many loyal and patriotic toasts were given, and songs sung, in the Gaelic language, appropriate to the occasion; and the company broke up at a late hour, singularly gratified with such an opportunity of recalling feelings connected with “*Tir na'm beaun, na'w gleaun, agus, na'n gaisga ch.*”

On Tuesday forenoon, a meeting of the members of the Trades House, Glasgow, in consequence of a requisition to the Convener, took the question of Burgh Reform into consideration. After considerable discussion, it was agreed to postpone the farther consideration of the question till the Lord Advocate should bring forward his bill relating to this subject in Parliament. At this meeting the Convener exhibited an abstract which he had taken from the Chamberlain's books of the city's funds, which appeared to be in a very flourishing and prosperous condition.

Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—Thursday the Commission of the General Assembly, convoked by a circular letter from several members, met here in the Assembly Aisle. After the meeting had been opened in the usual form, by the Rev. Dr Gibb, moderator, and the authority by which it was called had been read, Dr David Ritchie shortly stated the urgent necessity of having the proposed legislative measure of the increase of churches extended to Scotland.

Dr Nicol then read a printed report of the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject, and from this inferred, that it was only necessary to draw up a strong case of the very destitute state of many parts of Scotland of religious instruction, to obtain the concurrence of Government for the requisite extension of the bill to this part of the island.

Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld, in a short but most interesting speech, stated, that it was consistent with his personal knowledge, that there were parishes in the Highlands of 60 miles long by 40 broad, with only one place of worship, and that he had met with persons of 60 and 70 years of age, who had only once, in the course of their lives, heard a sermon. That the ignorance of the people in many places was consequently extreme. They were, therefore, the ready dupes of the Missionaries of any superstitious or fanatical creed with which they happened to come in contact. That there had very recently arisen in the Highlands of Perthshire a new sect, denominated Freemen, who professed open hostilities to all existing denominations of Christians. In other parts the Catholics were gaining ground in a most alarming degree; and though the Missionaries sent out by the Church of Scotland were very useful, yet their influence was necessarily of a far inferior description to that of established clergymen; and the want of accommodation was such, that he himself, when employed in that service, had usually preached under a tree, or a rock, in a cave, or a barn.

James Grant, Esq. writer to the signet, mentioned some striking instances of the success of the Catholic Missionaries for the want of established churches.—Among others, he instanced one particular district, of very considerable extent and population, where, at the close of the 17th century, there was not a single Catholic; but being destitute of the ministry of a regular protestant clergyman, a catholic priest from Ireland had landed in it, and in the course of half a century, the whole population, with scarcely an exception, were re-converted back to the Catholic superstition.

Dr Nicoll then moved, that the house should appoint a committee to draw up a strong case to be transmitted to Government, and to take into consideration what would be the best means for supplying the deficiency of churches.

Dr Anderson stated, upon the authority of a correspondent in the Highlands, that the most imminent evil was the spread of the Catholic religion; and therefore he was of opinion, that the mere erection of churches is not sufficient, but that new parishes should be formed, and proper provision made for the officiating clergy.

Dr Inglis read a memorial, pointing out, in a very forcible manner, the extreme importance of increasing the number of churches in Scotland, particularly in the Highlands and manufacturing districts.—He mentioned, as extraordinary instances of the disproportion between the population and the established religious accommodation, the parish of St Cuthbert's at Edinburgh, and that of the Barony at Glasgow, each of them containing fully forty thousand inhabitants, with only one established church.

It was at last agreed, that a committee

should be appointed to draw up a memorial, to be submitted to the consideration of the commission, of which committee Dr Inglis was to be a member, and his sketch to be adopted as the basis of the memorial to government.

9.—On Saturday last, as a merchant in Sanquhar was coming to Dumfries on business, he was attacked by three stout looking Irishmen, who knocked him down, and dragged him a considerable way into a wood near Closeburn, where, after striking and kicking him in a barbarous manner, they searched his pockets in the expectation of finding a sum of money which he was going to pay away in Dumfries; but were disappointed, as he had it concealed in a private pocket next to his shirt. It is thought the villains were alarmed by the noise of some people who were working in the wood, for they ran off abruptly, after giving the merchant a few more kicks, which rendered him insensible for a considerable length of time, and it was with much difficulty that he could find his way out of the wood.

A man, charged with murder, has been committed to Dumbarton jail. The following are said to be the particulars of the case:—That on Friday, the deceased, called Borrowman, having approached the spot in the muir of Dumbarton where some men were engaged in smuggling, they at first gave him whisky, which he drank in large quantities. They then stripped him naked, and, having rubbed his body with whisky, they set him on fire, and tortured him in the manner of the American Indians. He survived only 24 hours. Two men, who are not yet apprehended, are said to be implicated. The deceased has left a wife and six children. It is reported that he became obnoxious to the smugglers, as they suspected him of being a spy.

11.—In the neighbourhood of Perth, and in Strathearn, the oat-seed is just commencing. In the higher districts, the ground has been covered with snow for the greater part of the month, and spring ploughing is far in arrears. It may be stated as something new in the annals of meteorology, that ground could not be ploughed, for snow, so late as the 28th of March, within a mile of the Carse of Gowrie. An unbroken sheet of snow covered the Grampian Hills throughout the greater part of the month, destructive to the hopes of the Highland shepherd, whose flocks must be perishing for want of food at the approach of the lambing season.

13.—*Scotch Burghs.*—In the House of Commons, on Friday, the Lord Advocate rose for the purpose of moving for leave to bring in a Bill to regulate the funds of the Royal Scotch Burghs. Hitherto the magistrates of those burghs had given in their accounts to the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, without any check on their proceedings; he should therefore propose, that these accounts should be produced to the bur-

gesses before they were brought before the Court of Exchequer; but as this might not be entirely effectual in preventing abuses, a power was to be given to five burgesses, to make representations on the subject to the Court of Exchequer. He then moved for leave to bring in a Bill to regulate the mode of accounting for the common good and revenue of the royal burghs, and controlling their expenditure.

Lord A. Hamilton approved of the Bill, so far as it went. The burghs had, for more than thirty years, been asking the boon, but it had been perseveringly and invariably denied, till many of them were reduced to bankruptcy. But the bill did not do away with the self-election of the magistrates, which had led to the dissipation of their funds. The corruption of those burghs had gone on from year to year, till it was admitted by judges that various statutes had fallen into desuetude.

The Lord Advocate said, the Bill was sufficiently wide to cure all the grievances complained of, as to the mismanagement of the funds; but it certainly was not intended, like some of the measures proposed by the Noble Lord, as a mere stalking-horse for parliamentary reform.

After some conversation between the Learned Lord and Sir J. Newport, on the principle of the Scotch law, according to which statutes might go into desuetude, the motion was agreed to. The Bill was immediately brought in, read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time this day three weeks.

14.—Among the many benevolent institutions which have adorned the British character within the last twenty years, there is not one which so entirely meets the approbation of the philosophical mind, or one so absolutely free from objections to the political economist, as that of saving banks. The very purest eleemosynary charities offer a bonus, more or less, to idleness, and sap to a certain degree that spirit of independence, which becomes no order of the people so well as the inferior and labouring class; and make a breach in that principle of self-reliance, which is the firmest support of the social system, and which, once broken in upon, soon becomes a total ruin. Of the saving banks, all we need say in commendation is, that their effects are the very opposite of these; that they cherish industry, teach prudence, give security and increase to the fruits of honourable exertion, encourage moral habits, and reward a youth of labour with an old age of comfort.

The operations of the Monkland Canal having rendered it necessary to remove the old Martyr's stone at the west end of the Canal Basin, the proprietors have very handsomely erected a new one, with the same inscription.

16.—Sunday, a house in Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, during Divine Service, was entered by a person of decent

appearance, who, ringing the bell, and not finding it answered immediately, took from his pocket a bunch of keys, and very deliberately opened the door and went in; but some of the family coming home in the mean time, he made a very precipitate retreat, without waiting to answer interrogatories, or being able to carry any thing off.

17.—Lately, as a lame man was carried about from door to door, in the High Street, Glasgow, in a hand-barrow, begging, he arrived at the door of a Scottish cloth-shop, when the boys began to tease him. He laid about him stoutly with a cudgel, till the alarm was given that the police were coming, upon which he started nimbly up from his carriage, which he shouldered, and ran off with it so quickly, that he could not be overtaken. We are credibly informed, that scarcely an hour elapsed before he was again at his trade in the Bridgegate.

18.—*Circuit Court, Stirling.*—This day the Circuit Court of Justiciary was opened here by the Right Hon. Lord Pitmilley.

Peter Robertson, portioner of Corntown, in the parish of Logie, and county of Stirling, was put to the bar, accused of murder, in so far as he, upon the 9th day of March 1818, did, within his dwelling house at Corntown, wickedly and feloniously bereave of life and did murder Elizabeth Robertson, his daughter, by inflicting a severe blow upon her head with a pair of tongs, whereby the said Elizabeth Robertson was mortally wounded; did languish until the morning of the 10th day of the said month of March, when she expired.

This was a most distressing case. The pannel having quarrelled with Margaret Malcolm, his servant, for having allowed one of his children to go to a dancing-school ball against his express orders, in the heat of passion he seized upon a pair of tongs, seemingly for the purpose of throwing at the said Margaret Malcolm; but (as rather appeared from the evidence) which he threw from him as a foolish expression of rage, when they struck the forehead of his little favourite daughter, of eight years of age, and fractured her skull.

Mr Maconochie, Advocate-Depute, charged the Jury very ably on the part of the Crown; and Mr Jeffrey, in a most ingenious speech on the part of the pannel; and Lord Pitmilley having summed up the evidence, the Jury found the pannel guilty of culpable homicide.

Lord Pitmilley, after a suitable admonition, sentenced the pannel to six months imprisonment in the jail of Stirling.

23.—A new fever hospital has been established at Queensberry House, in the Canongate, by the Managers of the Infirmary, at a great expense, as the present hospital could not admit all the patients who applied. Into this new hospital a great number of patients have also been admitted.

Upon Sunday forenoon, while the family were at church, a house in the Gallowgate,

a little above Claythorn Street, was broken into, by forcing through the lath roof of the adjoining close, and descending by a hatchway into the house, where the villains (supposed to be boys, from the size of the hole by which they entered,) broke open a chest of drawers, and took therefrom two twenty shilling notes and about one pound in silver; amongst the silver were three South Sea shillings; also, a box containing two gold rings, one set with hair and the other with mock diamonds; a gold brooch, and a quantity of confections from the shop window. It is supposed the thieves were scared, as a number of other articles were left in a state ready to be carried off.

26.—*Queensberry Leases*.—This important case, which involves a great part of the immense personal property of the late Duke of Queensberry, amounting to upwards of £1,200,000, is again brought under the review of the House of Lords, by the appeal of the Duke of Buccleugh against the judgment of the Court of Session, confirming the leases granted on the Queensberry estate. The case for the appellant was opened by the Lord Advocate, followed by the Solicitor-General (Sir W. Giffard). Sir S. Romilly, who appeared as counsel for the trustees under the Duke of Queensberry's will, made a most able and eloquent speech; and next day Mr Cranstoun, one of the most eminent counsel of the Edinburgh Bar, spoke on the same side. The House was more than usually crowded with the Gentlemen of the long robe from Westminster Hall, to hear the luminous argument of that distinguished advocate. The final decision of this case is most anxiously looked for by the legatees of the late Duke. It has now been nearly twelve years in dependence.

Last Friday afternoon, a man was observed lying at the side of the Dundee road, a little to the westward of Arbroath. On approaching him, it was found that he was in a state of insensibility. Medical assistance was therefore procured; and he was conveyed to a public-house in the town to be taken care of. It is suspected that he had taken poison, as a phial containing a small quantity of laudanum was found upon him. In his pocket were several recommendatory letters to and from respectable people in Glasgow, with a few pawnbroker's receipts for a gold watch and sundry articles of wearing apparel, which he had pledged. All the money in his possession amounted only to 7d. Through the kind attention of the Magistrates in providing medical and other attendance, the unfortunate man has been again placed in a state of convalescence, and is likely soon to recover. The account which he gives of himself is, that he is a native of the United States; was an officer in the French army under Bonaparte; had been recommended to a situation in Glasgow, of which he had been disappointed; had proceeded from Glasgow to Aberdeen in quest

of employment, but had not been successful; and is now on his return to Edinburgh. The respectability of his personal appearance, and the manner in which his feelings are affected by the contemplation of his present condition, leave little room to doubt the truth of his statement.

27.—*Dumfries*.—At the Circuit Court on Friday last, a boy, or rather a child, of the name of John Wilson, was indicted for stealing a pocket-book containing £7 in notes and 4s. in silver, from the shop of Jonah Nicholson, grocer, High Street, so far back as October 1817. This, in fact, appeared to be the youngest prisoner we ever recollect to have seen in a court of justice, and when he took his place at the bar, surprise and pity were pictured in the countenance of every beholder. At first he seemed quite composed, but he had no sooner looked round on the formidable array of the bench and the bar, than he hung down his head, and began to cry very bitterly. Having confessed his crime, the jury unanimously recommended him to mercy; and after a suitable admonition from the bench, he was sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment in the jail and bridewell of Dumfries, to the latter of which places he is to be transferred as soon as it is ready for his reception. The manner in which this boy spent the money he had stolen, is another proof of the necessity of a good example on the part of parents, and evinces how readily even mere children mimic the vices of their elders. It appeared that the whole £7, 4s. was spent in the course of a few days, in taverns, or rather, as the Lord Justice Clerk justly termed them, *low tipping houses*, by this boy, and a few of his companions who were in the secret, and with whom he had shared the booty. His lordship here commented, with becoming zeal, on the degraded character of those publicans, who could open their doors to such juvenile customers, and exchange their poison for money, which, they must have been well aware, had been either pilfered from the boys' parents, or obtained by means still more criminal.

John Lissens, who had formerly been in the army and navy, was next brought to the bar, accused of robbing Thomas Rule, candlemaker.—He pleaded Not Guilty.

Thomas Rule, sworn—is a tallow chandler, and resides near Inchbonny, near Jedburgh: left home in August last in quest of work: went to Newcastle and Leeds, and was unsuccessful: returned to Knarsburgh and Carlisle, in which last place he was employed by Joseph Monkhead for one week, and received 18s. of wages: returning to Scotland, he arrived at Longtown on the 13th September, where he got a pint of beer: proceeded on the road to Langholm, and met with the pannel at the bridge on the Langholm side of the town: pannel rose from the end of the bridge, where he was sitting, and asked witness what road he was

going, and how far: witness told him he was going to Langholm, and pannel said he was going that way too. They went on together about nine miles, when pannel took a knife out of his pocket, like a butcher's knife: pannel asked if that would let out a man's blood; witness replied, he thought it would: pannel, who was then at his left hand, turned round, and desired him to deliver up his watch and money, as that was what he came for; witness gave him the watch out of his own hand: pannel asked if he had any money, and requested him to deliver it up likewise immediately, at the same time lifting his stick above his head in a threatening attitude, and holding the knife in his left hand: on this witness gave him a 3s. and 1s. 6d. piece: pannel was not satisfied, and asked him if he had any more: on his answering that he had not, pannel put his hand into witness's waistcoat pocket, and took out another shilling, and a penknife with two blades: all those articles were taken from him by force, in consequence of threats: pannel asked what there was in his bundle: witness replied, a shirt and a pair of stockings: pannel took it in his hand, and after examination returned it: on going away, pannel turned, and damning him, said, if he had not been a *canny* young man he would have murdered him. Pannel then went over a wall into a bank of wood, and when there, asked him if ever he had seen bold Johnston the highwayman before? Witness made no reply; on which he repeated the question, and told him to make the best of his way to Langholm, for there were other nine of them in the neighbourhood, and if they came up to him they would perhaps take his life. Proceeding on the road to Langholm, he soon came up to some labourers and masons working at the turnpike, and told them the circumstance which had just happened; on which about fourteen persons pursued immediately in the direction he had pointed out: John M'Intosh and Andrew Murray were two of them: he accompanied them, and passed the house of Mr Armstrong of Brocketlees, who was told what had happened, and also followed in pursuit on horseback: Mr Armstrong outstripped the rest: when witness came up to the pannel, Mr Armstrong and a great crowd were surrounding him: witness pointed out the pannel as the robber, and M'Intosh seizing him, ordered him to give up the articles he had taken; whereupon the pannel gave up the watch and knife, and 5s.: there was no 3s. piece among the money returned, but he is sure the watch and penknife are the same that the pannel took from him: pannel passed along the road a short way, in custody of John M'Intosh: pannel being asked what he had done with the large knife, said, he had thrown it away: the stick had been taken from him before witness came up, and was in possession of one of the crowd: some persons began to feel pannel's pockets in

the outside for the knife, and said, it is here: he thinks pannel took it out of his pocket himself, and delivered it to M'Intosh: proceeded towards Langholm, pannel being in custody of John M'Intosh and Andrew Murray: at Langholm pannel was taken to the office of Messrs Scott and Henderson, writers. (The recovered articles were then identified.)

Andrew Murray, tenant in Nittyholm, and John M'Intosh, labourer at Hollows Constable, and Robert Armstrong, tenant in Brocketlees, all in the parish of Cannoby, were next examined, who corroborated the statement of Thomas Rule in all particulars. It appeared that the constables had been very active and zealous in the performance of their duty, and that Mr Armstrong had shown a determination and courage which did him the highest credit: they severally received the commendation of the court. The jury, without leaving the box, returned a *viva voce* verdict, all in one voice finding the libel proven. Whereupon the Lord Justice Clerk pronounced sentence of death against the prisoner in a very impressive manner.—He is to be executed on Wednesday the 3d June next.

During the whole of the trial, Lissens behaved in the most hardened manner, and repeatedly tried to intimidate, by staring the witnesses full in the face, and muttering imprecations against them. The persons he had to deal with in the present instance were too steady to be practised upon by such arts; but we can easily conceive witnesses whom his conduct might have overawed and embarrassed; for the natural expression of the fellow's countenance is in the highest degree villanous and ferocious, and his appearance, apart from all evidence, seemed to convince every one that he was capable of perpetrating even greater crimes than that of which he stood accused. When the person robbed was brought to the bar, Lissens whispered, loud enough to be heard, "You may take the body, but, d—n you, you cannot take the soul!" and we understand he afterwards paid a similar compliment to the judges. After his sentence was pronounced he began to droop a little, and, in a tremulous and inarticulate voice, attempted to crave the mercy of the court, in consideration of his alleged services as a soldier. Thomas Rule, the young man who was robbed, appeared much more affected than the prisoner at the bar; and as the sentence of death was pronounced, unable longer to restrain his feelings, he burst into tears in the open court.

Proceedings of the Committee on the Proposed National Monument for Scotland; the Earl of Moray in the Chair.—The convener having stated to the committee the former proceedings which had taken place on this subject, the following resolution was thereupon moved by the Right Honourable the Earl of Wemyss and March, and seconded by Lord Gray, viz:—"The committee

having resumed consideration of the proceeding of the Highland Society on the 9th January and 17th June 1816, relative to a National Monument for Scotland, commemorative of the victories by sea and land, and particularly of the victory of Waterloo, in which Scotsmen bore so distinguished a part, are of opinion, that such a tribute would be most gratifying to the feelings of all ranks in this part of the united empire; and that a monumental church of ornamental architecture would be a most appropriate and useful testimonial of national gratitude, and would furnish an hallowed place of record for inscribing, on some durable material, the names of those Scottish heroes, who by their signal exertions, upheld the martial fame of their ancestors."

This resolution having been unanimously approved, it was then resolved to refer the consideration of the most proper means of carrying it into effect to a sub-committee of noblemen and gentlemen, who were named accordingly.

The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the Earl of Moray for his conduct in the chair, and to their convener, Mr Linning, for his zeal and exertions in promoting the object of the meeting.

Bill for Controlling the Expenditure, &c. of the Scots Royal Burghs.—Yesterday a General Meeting of the Guildry Incorporation of Edinburgh was held in the Freemasons' Hall, for the purpose of taking into consideration the bill lately brought into Parliament, by the Lord Advocate, for regulating and controlling the expenditure of the common good of the royal burghs in Scotland, when the report of the standing committee upon that subject was read, and the following resolutions unanimously adopted:

Freemasons' Hall, 27th April 1818.—At a General Meeting of the Incorporation of the Guildry of the City of Edinburgh, called by repeated advertisements in the newspapers, upon the refusal of the Lord Dean of Guild to comply with a requisition addressed to his Lordship to convene the Guildry, for the purpose of considering a bill lately introduced into Parliament for regulating the expenditure of the common good of royal burghs, and from which meeting precautions were adopted to exclude all persons who did not produce Guild tickets or other evidence that they belonged to the Guildry:

In the absence of the Lord Dean of Guild, Mr William Phin was, on the motion of Mr Inglis, unanimously called to the chair. The bill being submitted to the consideration of the meeting, and, together with the report of the committee, having been thereafter very fully and deliberately discussed, on the motion of Mr Arch. Anderson, seconded by Mr Bowie, it was unanimously

Resolved, 1st, That the above bill, instead of correcting the evils that have long been complained of, and are now publicly

admitted, will aggravate and legalize them; that the only true remedy for these evils is one which shall be of a preventive nature; and that, unless the radical abuse, which consists in the Magistrates electing their successors, be corrected, every other provision in favour of the community must prove abortive.

2dly, That the report of the committee be therefore approved of and adopted, as expressing in detail the opinion of the Guildry.

3dly, That petitions shall be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying that the bill may not pass into a law.

4thly, That Mr Kirkman Finlay, Lord Provost of Glasgow, and member of the district of burghs, be requested to present the petition to the House of Commons, and that Lord Viscount Melville be requested to present the petition to the House of Peers.

5thly, That these Resolutions be printed once in each of the newspapers published in Edinburgh.

It was also suggested that the Resolutions be inserted once in the London Courier, Times, and Morning Chronicle, which was agreed to.

It was resolved, that the management of this opposition shall be vested in the Standing Committee, and it be recommended to the Committee to co-operate with any other incorporations or public bodies whose sentiments coincide with those of this incorporation.

The thanks of the meeting were, on the motion of Mr Inglis, unanimously voted to Mr Phin, for his judicious conduct in the chair. (Signed) WM PHIN.

We understand that the objections of the Committee to the measure were chiefly founded on the following points: That the Auditors of the public accounts are to continue to be appointed by the Magistrates, to whom they must report, and by whom their report must be approved; the Committee thought that the nomination should be with the citizens, and the report should be made to the Exchequer, in which effect should be given to the objections that might be stated to them.

That the vouchers of the accounts could not be seen by the citizens until after they had preferred a complaint to the Exchequer, where, when it was too late, the objection might be obviated by the nature of the voucher, but nevertheless the party complaining *must* pay the expenses; a risk which none would choose to run.

That the accounts are proposed to be merely of receipt and expenditure, instead of charge and discharge, with state of revenue and of debts due to and by the common good, as provided by that part of the act 1693, which is *not* quoted and revived.

That the arrangement under which the borrowing of money by the Magistrates is authorised, is altogether most highly objectionable, as legalizing and extending a

power which they consider, at present at least, to be exceeding doubtful; and

That that the distinction drawn betwixt those citizens whose object in complaining must be for remedy of abuses which they may conceive to exist, and for the benefit of the common good, and betwixt those Magistrates whom the act contemplates may be found guilty of lavishness and profusion, and impropriety and corruption, is most invidious and highly improper; by it the former must in all cases inevitably pay expenses, and in many cases penalties, without its being in the power of the Court to relieve them, however undoubted their *bona fides* might have been; while it is considered that the costs of the other, even after proof of the fact, ought to be paid from the common good.

Merchant Company.—A general meeting of this respectable body having been held this day, to consider a report of their committee on the above-mentioned bill, it was resolved, by a majority of 107 to 9, that it should be opposed.—The bonnetmakers and dyers have also resolved to oppose the bill.

On Sunday, the 20th instapt, a vagrant woman called at a house in Tranent, much frequented by persons of her description, to light her pipe, having in her arms a boy about three years of age. She said she was going to Haddington, being acquainted with

several persons in that place. Having proceeded on that road about a mile east of the village, she laid down the child in a small clump of trees, having previously hushed it asleep, and there inhumanly left it. She was seen, shortly after, running back through the village without stopping, with her shoes in her hands, having on a striped bed-gown and a blue quilted petticoat, without a cloak. The boy thus exposed by her has lately had the small-pox, as the blanes or marks of them are visible on his skin. He has brown hair, with very dark eyes and eye-lashes, and on the whole a good-looking dark child. From the inhumanity of the act, it is probable that she is not the mother of the child, but has stolen it for the purpose of exciting compassion in her trade of begging; but finding it not to answer, she has fallen on this method of getting free of the incumbrance. Very fortunately some little children, amusing themselves among the trees, espied the child still sleeping, and ran to acquaint their mother with what they had seen. With a mother's feelings, this good woman immediately ran to the spot, took up the child, nearly half dead with cold, and brought it to her own house, and took care of it until the evening. She then carried it to the minister of the parish, who has procured a woman to take charge of it, and it is now well, under the protection of the kirk session.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ayrshire has appointed William Neill, Esq. of Barnwell, a Deputy Lieutenant of that county.

The Prince Regent has been pleased to approve of the appointment of the Honourable Archibald Douglas, of Douglas, and Charles Chisholme of Chisholme, to be Deputy Lieutenants of the County of Roxburgh.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Rev. Mr Adam, of Baron Smith's Episcopal Chapel, Blackfriars Wynd, is appointed rector of St John's, Christianstadt, and English chaplain in the Island of St Croix.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has presented the Rev. John Grierson, minister of Dunning, to the church and parish of Dunblane, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr Stirling.

The Rev. John M'Lachlan, minister of Alva, has been presented by the Right Hon. the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of Edinburgh, to be minister of Wemyss, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr George Gibb.

The Right Hon the Earl of Airly has presented the Rev. George Winehouse, missionary minister on the Royal Bounty in Clova and Glenprisen, to the church and parish of Auchterhouse.

III. MILITARY.

2 L. G. A. Reid to be Cornet and Sub Lieut. by p. vice Harley, ret. 7th Mar. 1818
W. N. Burrows to be Cornet and Sub Lieut. by p. vice Colcroft, ret. 12th do.
3 Dr. L. L. Lloyd antedated to the 14th May 1817
9 Maj. De Laney ditto 24th Oct.
Cornet R. Norris to be Lieut. by purch. vice Smith, ret. 18th Mar. 1818

9 Dr. H. Ferguson to be Cornet by purch. vice Norris 18th Mar. 1818
Henry Knight to be Cornet by purchase 19th do.
18 Cornet H. De Lapasture to be Lieut. by purch. vice Woodberry do.
19 Assist. Surg. James Dunne, from h. p. 53 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Hollier, 62 F. 12th do.
20 L. C. Russell to be Cornet by purch. vice Atkinson, prom. do.
21 Lieut F. de Visme to be Capt. by purch. vice Craufurd 19th do.
Cornet G. F. Boulton to be Lieut. by purch. vice De Visme do.
— C. H. Somerset, from Cape Corps, to be Lieut. by purch. vice Proctor, 60 F. 20th do.
25 — G. W. Prosser to be Capt. by purch. vice Cox, ret. 21th Jan.
Cornet A. M. Bayard to be Lieut. by purch. vice Prosser do.
Rich. Wright to be Cornet by purch. vice Bayard do.
1 F. G. Lieut. and Capt. Hon. O. Bridgman antedated to the 25th Dec. 1815
— Thomas Starke antedated do.
to the — Charles P. Ellis antedated do.
to the — James Simpson antedated do.
to the — Edward Clive antedated do.
the — William Grimstead antedated do.
2 — B. Lord Hotham antedated do.
to the — Adjutant Wedderburn antedated to the 8th Jan. 1818

- 3 F. G. Lieut. and Capt. Alexander Fead antedated to the 25th Dec. 1813
 ————— John H. Stapleton antedated to the do.
 ————— C. O. Prendergast antedated to the do.
 ————— R. F. G. Cumberland antedated to the do.
- 32 F. J. G. Campbell to be Ensign by purch. vice Darroch, ret. 12th Mar. 1818
- 36 Gen. G. Don, from 95 F. to be Colonel, vice St John, dead 4th April
- 53 Brevet Lt. Col. John Mansel to be Lt. Col. 12th Feb.
- 56 Lieut. General Sir J. Murray, Bart. from 3 W. I. R. to be Colonel, vice Norton, dead 31st Mar.
- 60 Lieut. William Proctor, from 21 Dr. to be Lieut. vice Fleeson, Cape Corps 20th do.
- 62 Assist. Surg. E. Hollier, from 19 Dr. to be Assist. Surg. vice Home, ret. h. p. 53 F. 12th do.
- 63 Lieutenant C. Perceval antedated to the 15th Aug. 1815
 ————— E. C. Colls antedated to the 16th do.
- 72 Ensign D. Matheson to be Lieutenant, vice Cameron, dead 12th Mar. 1817
 Vol. Paul Hughes to be Ensign, vice Matheson do.
- 74 Lt. Black antedated to the 24th do.
- 89 Captain J. M. Shand antedated to the 15th Jan. 1812
- 95 Lieut. Gen. Sir T. Hislop, Bart. to be Col. vice Don, 56 F. 4th April 1818
- 100 Lieut. J. Williams to be Capt. by purch. vice Steele, ret. 12th Mar.
 Ensign T. Kerr to be Lieut. by purch. vice Williams do.
- 3 W. I. R. Major Gen. Sir J. Kempt, G. C. B. from 60 F. to be Colonel, vice Sir J. Murray, 56 F. 31st Mar. 1818
- 4 W. I. R. Ensign J. Curten, fm. late Meuron's Reg. to be Ensign, vice Watts 25th Feb.
- Cape C. Lieut. J. Fleeson, from 60 F. to be Lieut. vice Somerset, 21 Dr. 20th Mar.
- R.H.G. Cornet G. Brander to be Lieut. by purch. vice Brooke, 17 Dr. 26th Mar.
 S. Hotchkin to be Cornet by purch. vice Brander do.
- 2 D. G. Lieut. F. J. Graham, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Green, exch. do.
- 3 Rich. Martin to be Cornet by p. 2d April
- 4 Lieut. J. Chatterton, from 12 Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice White ret. 26th Mar.
- 5 ————— T. Matthews to be Capt. by purch. vice Houghton, ret. 2d April
 Cornet H. Higginbotham to be Lieut. by purch. vice Matthews do.
 Ensign W. Battier, from 98 F. to be Cornet, vice Spence, exch. 1st do.
 Gent. Cadet — Ramsay to be Cornet by purch. vice Higginbotham 2d do.
- 11 Dr. Lieut. E. I. H. Brisco, from h. p. 40 F. to be Lieut. vice Sandys, ex. rec. diff. do.
- 15 Sir F. Henniker, Bart. to be Cornet by p. vice Douglas, prom. do.
- 18 J. V. Scarlett to be Cornet by purch. vice De La Pasture, prom. 26th Mar.
- 19 Lieut. John Hammersley to be Capt. by purch. vice Anderson, ret. 2d April
- J. F. S. Hepburn to be Cornet by purch. vice Snoad, prom. do.
- 22 Surg. A. C. Colclough, from h. p. 56 F. to be Surgeon, vice Edwards, ret. h. p. 96 F. do.
- 25 Lt. J. Macqueen, from 80 F. to be Lieut. vice Williams, exch. do.
- 1 F. G. Lt. Col. W. C. Eustace, from h. p. Chas. Brit. to be Capt. and Lt. Col. vice Davies, exch. 25th Mar.
 Capt. Lord J. Hay to be Capt. and Lt. Col. vice Cooke, ret. 26th do.
- 3 Capt. C. Talbot to be Capt. and Lt. Col. vice Home, ret. 2d April
 Lieut. D. Murray to be Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Talbot do.
 P. Cosby to be Ensign and Lieut. by purch. vice Murray do.
- 1 F. Captain W. H. Butler, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. to be Capt. vice W. Gordon, exch. rec. diff. 26th Mar.
- 6 Lieut. R. Wallace, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Hamer, exch. rec. diff. 2d April
- 5 F. Ensign E. C. Hill, from h. p. to be Ensign, vice Bishop 25th Mar.
 ————— H. Bishop to be Qr. Master, vice Watson, h. p. 26th do.
- 10 Capt. G. Chandler, from h. p. 1 Gk. L. I. to be Captain, vice Fothergill, exch. rec. diff. do.
 Surg. W. O'Donel, from h. p. New Bruns. Fen. to be Surgeon, vice Pritchard, exch. do.
- 11 Surg. W. Chermiside, M. D. from North Cork Mil. to be Assist. Surg. vice Dix, who retires upon h. p. of Assist. Surg. to the Forces 2d April
- 12 Lieut. B. Chamberlayne, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Gale, exch. rec. diff. do.
- 14 Capt. W. Turnor, from h. p. to be Capt. vice Nooth, exch. 26th Mar.
- 28 Ensign J. Borthwick, from h. p. 10 F. to be Ensign, vice Lynam, exch. 2d April
- 29 Lieut. A. Richardson, from h. p. to be Lt. vice Hamilton, exch. rec. diff. 26th Mar.
- 32 Lt. Col. Hon. J. M. Maitland to be Lt. Col. vice Maitland, exch. do.
- 35 Ensign E. Ingram, from h. p. to be Ensign, vice Macdonell, exch. 2d April
 Capt. G. Moulson, from h. p. to be Paym. vice Home, ret. on h. p. do.
- 40 Ensign J. Newman, from h. p. 12 F. to be Ensign, vice Napier, exch. 26th Mar.
- 48 Lieut. E. J. O'Brien, from Rifle Brig. to be Lieut. vice Gibson, exch. do.
- 49 ————— H. Maxwell, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice King, exch. rec. diff. do.
- 51 ————— J. Jones, from h. p. 81 F. to be Lt. vice Read, exch. rec. diff. do.
- 55 B. Lieut. Col. O. G. Fehrszen, from h. p. to be Major, vice Mansell, pro. 12th Feb.
- 54 Lieut. C. H. Potts, from York Rang. to be Lieut. vice J. H. Potts, exch. 26th Mar.
- 55 Capt. F. Welsh, from h. p. Yk. L. I. V. to be Capt. vice Campbell, exch. 2d April
- 56 Lieut. W. Grey, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Dundas, exch. rec. diff. 26th Mar.
 ————— W. Woulds to be Adj. vice Dundas, res. the Adj. only do.
 Surgeon H. W. Markham, from h. p. 96 F. to be Surgeon, vice Colclough, 22 Dr. 2d April
- 61 Lieut. H. M. Randall, from h. p. 60 F. to be Lieut. vice Ellison, rec. diff. do.
- 62 Ensign J. Higginbotham to be Lieut. vice Heyland, dead 26th Mar.
 John Lane to be Ensign, v. Higginbotham do.
- 63 Lieut. Wm Chlune, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. to be Lieut. vice Cosby, exch. 2d April
- 71 Ensign J. F. Woodward, from 73 F. to be Ensign, vice Spalding, exch. do.
- 73 ————— J. Spalding, from 71 F. to be Ensign, vice Woodward, exch. do.
- 75 Paym. C. Cox, from h. p. Roll's Reg. to be Paym. v. Tiddeman, ret. h. p. 26th Mar.
- 80 Lieut. A. Williams, from 25 Dr. to be Lt. vice Macqueen, exch. 2d April
- 81 Capt. T. Coleman, from 98 F. to be Capt. vice Duff, exch. 26th Mar.
- 87 Lieut. J. Turner to be Capt. vice Fitz Clarence, dead do.
 ————— H. W. Desbarres, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Turner 2d April
- 88 Captain W. Mackie, from h. p. to be Capt. vice Oates, exch. 26th Mar.
- 89 ————— Roger Sheehy, from h. p. to be Capt. vice Hill, exch. 2d April
- 93 Lieut. E. R. Macdonnell, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Ewart, exch. rec. diff. do.
- 95 Assist. Surg. W. Williams, from h. p. to be Assist. Surg. vice Napier, Staff do.
- 98 Capt. R. Duff, from 81 F. to be Capt. vice Coleman, exch. 26th Mar.
 Cornet J. Spence, from 5 D. G. to be Ensign, vice Battier, exch. 1st April
 Rif. Br. Lieut. E. Gibson, from 48 F. to be Lieut. vice O'Brien, exch. 26th Mar.
 ————— W. H. Douglas, from h. p. 26 F. to be Lieut. vice Thomson, exch. 2d April
- 3 W. I. R. Ensign A. Turner to be Lieut. vice Hodgkinson, dead do.
 Gent. Cadet F. Scargill to be Ensign, vice Turner do.
- 4 2d Lieut. J. Senior, from h. p. 3 Cey. Reg. to be Ensign, vice Williams, exch. rec. diff. do.

- R.A.C. Hosp. Assist. J. M'Mullen to be Assist. Surg. v. Armstrong, h. p. 25th Jan. 1818
- R.Y.R. Lieut. J. H. Potts, from 54 F. to be Lieut. vice Potts, exch. 26th Mar.
- W. Tudor, from h. p. 82 F. to be Lieut. vice Stewart, exch. 2d April
- R.W.I.R. Lieutenant W. A. Anderson, from h. p. Yk. L. I. V. to be Lieut. vice Swayne, exch. do.
- York Ch. Lieut. J. Muirson, from h. p. 1 F. to be Lieut. vice Jones, exch. do.
- Staff.*
- Lieut. Col. J. Maitland, from 52 F. to be Insp. Field Officer of Mil. in Ionian Islands, vice Hon. J. Maitland, exch. 26th Mar.
- Staff Surg. J. G. Van Millengen, M. D. from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Howell, who retires on h. p. 2d April
- Assist. Storekeeper Gen. T. A. Somersall to be Dep. Storekeeper Gen. to the Forces, 13th Feb.
- Hospital Staff.*
- Dep. Insp. Fraser antedated to the 16th July 1817
- Hosp. Assist. A. Gibson, from h. p. to be Hosp. Assist. vice Nicoll, dead 12th Mar. 1818
- Garrisons.*
- Gen. A. Earl of Lindsey to be Gov. of Charlemont, vice Norton, dead 31st Mar. 1818
- Sir H. Dalrymple, Bart. to be Gov. of Blackness Castle, vice Earl of Lindsey do.
- Exchanges.*
- Captain Stepney, from 60 F. with Captain Wood, 4 W. I. R.
- Driberg, from 19 F. with Capt. M'Glashan, 1 Ceylon Regt.
- Waldron, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Thomson, h. p. 9 F.
- Lieut. Bradshaw, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sir H. J. Seton, h. p. 52 F.
- Lieut. Gowan, from 30 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Macdowall, h. p. 22 F.
- Oldershaw, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dickson, h. p. 10 F.
- Armstrong, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hunter, h. p.
- Daniel, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gage, h. p.
- Seaver, from 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sperling, h. p. 60 F.
- Lee, from Royal African Corps, with Lieut. Armstrong, h. p. 21 F.
- Cornet Loft, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Elton, h. p.
- Kenyon, from 2 Dr. with Cornet Trollope, 58 F.
- Ensign Savage, from 1 F. with Ensign M'Gregor, h. p.
- Surg. Wynne, from R. Wagg. Train, with Surg. Thomas, h. p. 57 F.
- Assist. Surg. Wharrie, from 81 F. with As. Surg. Raleigh, h. p. 84 F.
- Resignations and Retirements.*
- Capt. Crauford, 21 Dr.
- Cox, 25 D.
- Steele, 100 F.
- Lieut. Harley, 2d Life Guards
- Smith, 9 Dr.
- Barras, 9 Dr.
- Woodberry, 18 Dr.
- Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Chalcraft, 2d Life Gds.
- Ensign Darroch, 52 F.
- Appointments Cancelled.*
- Lieut. Finch, (returns to h. p. 13 Dr.) 20 Dr.
- Saunders, (returns to full pay 20 Dr.) h. p. 13 Dr.
- Reinstated.*
- Lieut. Henry Pierard, 47 F.

Deaths.

<i>Generals.</i>		<i>Captains.</i>		<i>Lieutenants.</i>		<i>Medical Staff.</i>	
Hon. H. St John, 36 F.	4th April 1818	H. Fitz Clarence, 87 F.	21st Sept. 1817	Chalmers, 37 F.	15th Dec. 1817	Bigger, 61 F.	23d Jan. 1818
Hon. C. Norton, 56 F.	27th Mar.	Macqueen, h. p. 1 F.	12th April 1818	Hay, 66 F.	22d Oct. 1817	T. Fraser, 67 F.	12th Sept.
<i>Lieut. Generals.</i>		Sears, late 8 R. V. Bn.		Brush, 89 F.	20th June	Brush, 89 F.	
St Leger, late 24 Dr.	28th Mar.	Delgarno, Yarmouth Castle		Hodgkinson, 3 W. I. R.		Bryant, R. African Corps	
Sir A. Gledstanes, late 100 F.	25th April	Brunton, 25 Dr.	13th Aug. 1817	Philby, Sussex Mil.			
<i>Lieut. Colonel.</i>		Gordon, 2 F. G.					
Thomas, Barr. Mas. Portsmouth		Greenhill, 17 F.	27th June				

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—11th May 1818.

Sugar. The stock of this article in London being much reduced, and 2500 casks less than at this period last year, the sales of the finer qualities bring former prices; while inferior qualities are scarcely looked after. Considerable arrivals may be looked for very soon, although the crops in all the colonies are unusually late from the unfavourable state of the weather. In Liverpool there is but little doing. The stock on hand consists of about 1000 casks of new importations. In Glasgow there is only a small quantity of the new crop, which is brought to market as soon as it arrives, and disposed of freely. Some very fine Sugars have lately been imported into the Clyde, from the East Indies. The quality is vastly improved, and, notwithstanding the additional duty of 10s. per cwt., must tend to keep down the price of the West India produce. The prices of refined Sugar vary but little. Loaves may be purchased a shade lower. Lumps for crushing continue in steady demand for the Russian market.—*Molasses* have been in good request.—*Coffee.* The demand for this article is again increased. The spirit of speculation is very active, and the demand continues lively, at a considerable advance in price. In two days an advance of 5s. took place in the London market. The quantity on hand is small, and the stock is 4,300 tons less than at this period last year. In Glasgow, no Coffee remains for sale, so that the expected arrivals are sure to meet with a ready market. Foreign Coffee is at present most saleable in the London market, though an equal advance is demanded for British plantation.—*Cotton.* Very considerable importations of this article having taken place, and still greater being expected immediately, the prices in Liverpool and Glasgow are rather giving way. The difference is however trifling, and not likely to remain long on the decline. In London the prices have been maintained. On the week

ending 5th May, the importations into London were 4,749 bags; and into Liverpool, on the week ending 2d May, the imports were 9,224 bags, and the sales 8,282 bags. In Glasgow last week the sales were very extensive, and amounted to 3,186 bales; the imports from foreign parts only 844 bales.—*Corn*. The importations from foreign countries having been considerable, the prices are in general on the decline. The markets are very dull, and few sales can be effected. Those who hold flour do not seem inclined to meet the views of those wishing to purchase. In some instances, the quantity offered for sale has been withdrawn in expectation of higher prices. There is little doubt, however, but that, if the weather prove favourable, the prices must decline considerably. As yet, the Spring has been cold and backward. The demand for Rice is dull, and prices nominal.—*Tobacco*. There is little business doing in this article; nevertheless, from the state of the stock on hand, the prices remain steady.—*Dyewoods*. The demand for Logwood has been limited. In Fustic there has been a little more doing. Some sales have been effected of Niearagua wood. The price of Madder roots are quite unsettled, from a decline in the price in the London market.—*Pimento*. This article is chiefly held by second hands, who seek higher prices than can be obtained. Indigo, attempted to be sold by public sale in Glasgow, has been withdrawn owing to the reduced prices which was offered for it.—*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow*. In Hemp there is nothing doing. Tallow is dull of sale; purchases may be made in the London market, for the July shipment, at 72s., and at 70s. for all the year. The price of Flax is nominal.—*Hides* remain in good demand.—*Oils* are stationary in price.—*Barilla* is declined in price.—*Tar* is dull in sales.—*Turpentine* is steady.—For *Ashes* there has been some trifling inquiries. Of various other articles of Commerce, it is scarcely possible, from the state of the market, to make any difference from our former Report.—*Fruit*. Figs are dull of sale, as the market is overstocked. Turkey Raisins continue most in demand.—*Irish Provisions*. No alteration from our Report.—*Rum, Gin, and Brandy*. In Rum there is little business doing, and prices merely nominal. Geneva the same. Brandy, of inferior qualities, has declined in price. The price of real Cogniac advances in France, nor can there be any reduction till it is ascertained there will be an abundant vintage.—*Wines*. By the last advices from Oporto, and the prices for the year being fixed in Portugal, the price of Port Wine has advanced greatly. The advance is from £10 to £12 per pipe. The late bad vintages, and the great rise in the Exchange, have occasioned this rise. The demand is also greater. Sherry has advanced for the same reason; and other Wines are soon expected to become higher in price. Great quantities of Cape Madeira continue to be poured into this country;—the qualities of it are various and very different. The worst kinds afford a great profit when sold at 26s. per dozen. It, however, has no body, and will not keep. A bottle, when opened and not finished, becomes, by next day, like bad porter;—from being subject to only one third of the duty upon other Wines, it is largely used to adulterate others, to the great loss of the revenues of the country and injury of the fair trader.

What we some time ago anticipated, with regard to the great improvement of the trade of this country, turns out to be correct. We are informed, by official authority, that the exports for 1817 exceeds those of 1816, by £3,000,000; and the internal consumpt for the former year exceeds that of the latter by twice the sum. The Chancellor of the Exchequer also informed us, that the trade of Ireland for last year exceeded that of every previous year. It must yet increase, particularly to the East Indies; and were tranquillity restored to the distracted provinces of South America, the trade of this country would meet with a still greater increase. It is with the parts which remain quiet under the royal authority that we have any trade of consequence, though the contrary opinion is eagerly circulated over this country. We hope soon to be able to notice this subject more at length, and shew the fact from authentic documents.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th April 1818.

	April 1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock,	—	285	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced.....	—	79	81½	79¾	—
3 per cent. consols.....	79¾, 78½	79¼, 80½	82, 81	80½, 79¾	—
4 per cent. consols.....	—	97½	98½	97¾	—
5 per cent. navy ann.....	106¾	107	108½	106¾	—
Imperial 3 per cent. ann. ..	—	79¾	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	89 pr.	97 pr.	98 pr.	99 pr.	—
Exchequer bills, 2½d.	20 pr.	25 pr.	27 pr.	21 pr.	—
Consols for acc.	79¼, 78½	79¼, 78½	79¼, 78½	80½	79¾, 78½
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	65
— new loan, 6 per cent.	—	—	—	—	103, 103½
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	67 l. 45 cts.

Course of Exchange, May 5.—Amsterdam, 37 Us. Paris, 24: 30. Bourdeaux, 24: 30. Frankfort on the Maine, 142. Ex. Madrid, 40 effect. Cadiz, 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ effect. Gibraltar, 0. Leghorn, 51 $\frac{1}{2}$. Genoa, 47 $\frac{1}{2}$. Malta, 52. Naples, 44. Palermo, 130 per oz. Lisbon, 59. Rio Janeiro, 66 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dublin, 10. Cork, 10. Agio of the Bank of Holland 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £4, 2s. 6d. New Dollars, 0s. 0d. Foreign gold, in bars, £0. New doubloons, £0. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

PRICES CURRENT.—May 8, 1818.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	80 to —	75 to 80	69 to 75	77 to 78	} £1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	84 88	81 92	76 86	80 82	
Fine and very fine, .	90 96	—	87	86 88	} £1 10 0
Refined, Doub. Leaves, .	150 155	—	—	144 160	
Powder ditto, .	124 128	—	—	111 125	} £1 10 0
Single ditto, .	120 124	120 126	124 126	115 124	
Small Lumps . . .	114 118	116 118	124 128	114 122	} £1 10 0
Large ditto, . . .	112 114	110 112	112 118	108 110	
Crushed Lumps, . .	— 68	—	68 72	75 75	} £1 10 0
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	38 —	38 —	59 6 —	56 —	
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.					} £1 10 0
Ord. good, and fine ord.	102 110	100 108	107 114	112 118	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	111 112	109 110	115 120	120 126	} £1 10 0
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	96 104	—	98 107	105 112	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	102 111	100 109	109 115	115 122	} £1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112 114	110 115	116 120	124 150	
St Domingo, . . .	108 112	108 112	108 114	117 120	} £1 10 0
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	— 10	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10	— 10	9 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	5s 7d 5s 9d	3s 6d 3s 7d	5s 5d 5s 6d	5s 5d 5s 6d	} £1 10 0
Brandy,	14 0 14 3	—	—	12 0 12 6	
Geneva,	3 9 4 0	—	—	3 6 5 8	} £1 10 0
Grain Whisky, . . .	7 6 7 9	—	—	13 6	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growth, hhd.	50 54	—	—	£55 60	} £1 10 0
Portugal Red, pipe.	45 50	—	—	46 54	
Spanish White, butt.	54 55	—	—	25 65	} £1 10 0
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	—	—	27 40	
Madeira,	60 70	—	—	60 66	} £1 10 0
LOGWOOD, Jam. . . ton.	£9 9 —	8 5 8 10	9 5 9 10	8 10 8 15	
Honduras,	10 —	8 8 9 0	9 10 10 0	8 10 9 0	} £1 10 0
Campeachy,	10 10 —	10 0 10 10	10 5 10 15	10 0 10 10	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	12 15	—	12 10 14 10	14 0 15 0	} £1 10 0
Cuba,	17 —	—	16 10 17 5	18 0 18 10	
INDIGO, Caracae fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	—	10 6 11	} £1 10 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 2 2 3	—	2 9 3 0	—	
Ditto Oak,	4 3 5 0	—	—	—	} £1 10 0
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 2 2 4	—	—	—	
Honduras Mahogany	1 0 1 6	0 10 1 8	1 2 1 3	1s 2 1 3	} £1 10 0
St Domingo, ditto	— —	1 2 5 0	1 10 2 6	1 9 2 0	
TAR, American, . . . brl.	— —	— —	18 6 19 3	19 6 —	} £1 10 0
Archangel,	23 24	— —	21 23	22 6 —	
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	13 —	} £1 10 0
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	78 —	80 —	80 —	78 —	
Home Melted, . . .	— 77	— —	— —	— —	} £1 10 0
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	49 50	51 52	52 —	£49 —	
Petersburgh Clean, .	47 48	50 51	51 52	49 —	} £1 10 0
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	79 80	— —	— —	82 —	} £1 10 0
Dutch,	50 120	— —	— —	65 80	
Irish,	58 66	— —	— —	— —	} £1 10 0
MATS, Archangel, . . 100.	110 112	— —	— —	105s —	
BRISTLES,					
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	16 0 16 10	— —	— —	14 0 14 7 6	} £1 10 0
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	55 —	— —	— —	55s —	
Montreal ditto, . . .	62 —	60 62	57 —	62 64	} £1 10 0
Pot,	57 —	56 58	56 —	55 —	
OIL, Whale, tun.	46 47	50 51	48 50	58 59	} £1 10 0
Cod,	54 (p. brl.) 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	47 48	44 —	41 —	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 11	0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 11	} £1 10 0
Middling,	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9	9 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ 0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Inferior,	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9	0 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 0 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8	} £1 10 0
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 10 1 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1 9	— —	
Sea Island, fine, . . .	— —	3 10 4 0	3 6 3 8	2s 5d 3s 6	} £1 10 0
good,	— —	3 6 5 9	3 6 3 8	— —	
middling,	— —	3 3 3 5	2 3 3 4	— —	
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	2 0 2 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 11 2 5	2 0 2 4	} £1 10 0
West India,	— —	1 8 2 0	1 9 1 10	1 11 2 1	
Pernambuco,	— —	2 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 4	2 2 2 5	2 1 2 2	} £1 10 0
Maranham,	— —	2 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 2	2 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 1	2 0 2 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th April 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

- Agg, T. Water Lane, Fleet Street, printer
 Atkinson, J. Aldgate High Street, butcher
 Ball, G. M. Great Spring Street, Chadwell, auctioneer
 Beauchamp, R. Coventry Street, lace dealer
 Bell, W. Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper
 Berry, J. Fleet Street, tailor
 Biggs, G. Holborn Bridge, silversmith
 Burnett, A. Lisle Street, St Anne, cabinet-maker
 Butler, J. Prescott, Lancashire, nurseryman
 Batley, C. Red Lion and Spread Eagle Yard, White-chapel, stable-keeper
 Bishop, C. High Street, Southwark, linen-draper
 Cave, T. Hindley, Lancashire, dealer.
 Cole, R. King Street, Holborn, coach-maker
 Coles, C. and F. Galpin, Fleet Street, stationers
 Croucher, J. H. Great Alie Street, spirit and beer merchant
 Cuthbert, R. Alborough, Yorkshire, miller
 Daulby, D. and R. Grace, jun. Manchester, coal merchants
 Dowgill, B. Great Woodhouse Carr, Yorkshire, stone-mason
 Duckworth, E. Manchester Square, liquor-merchant
 Davenport, S. Egham, Surrey, brewer
 Dennis, R. Bardney, Lincolnshire, blacksmith
 Firth, J. and M. Bailey, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, clothiers
 Fletcher, B. Deptford, linen-draper
 Frost, J. Grange Road, Bermondsey, victualler
 Forster, P. Liverpool, merchant
 Gill, J. Mill Pleasant, Devon, rope-maker
 Gregory, J. Salford, Lancashire, victualler
 Gooch, J. B. Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street, merchant
 Hack, T. Bear Garden, Southwark, anchor-smith
 Hardwick, T. Lutterworth, Leicester, corn-factor
 Hardwick, P. Westbury, Somersetshire, innholder
 Hart, W. Newport, schoolmaster
 Hayes, F. Waverton, Lancashire, innkeeper
 Henderson, J. Tunbridge Place, St Pancras, merchant
 Horrubin, R. Bolton en le Moors, Lancashire, hatter
 Howard, R. Stockport, Cheshire, manufacturer
 Humphreys, J. Talbot-Court, Gracechurch Street, tailor
 Illingworth, A. Philpot Lane, wine-merchant
 Jackson, J. Leeds, merchant
 James, J. Bristol, grocer
 Laud, E. Warwick Row, Blackfriars Road, baker
 Lawrence, W. Old Street Road, victualler
 Leach, H. and J. Ambrose, Bristol, linen-merchants
 Liddiard, T. Chiswell Street, plumber
 Lockwood, J. Stephen Street, St Pancras, chair-maker
 Lachlan, J. Great Alie Street, Goodmansfields, ship-builder
- Lowe, A. C. Tokenhouse Yard, merchant
 Mabson, R. High Road, Knightsbridge, baker
 Macavoy, E. King Street, Greenwich, victualler
 Martin, T. and S. Hopkins, Bristol, linen-drapers
 Miles, J. High Holborn, linen draper
 Nicoll, E. Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, wine-merchant
 Osbourne, O. Billiter Square, merchant
 Oldaires, W. Ortonhouse, Leicester, farmer
 Osbourne, W. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, merchant
 Page, G. Cranbourn Street, silk-merc
 Parish, J. East Teignmouth, dealer in musical instruments
 Payne, H. H. Strood, Kent, brewer
 Peak, J. Newcastle-under-Line, grocer
 Penfold, R. Lower Road, Deptford, victualler
 Powell, T. late of Leominster, trader
 Plaistrier, J. Le, Minorities, watchmaker
 Poolman, J. H. New York Coffee House, merchant
 Pritchard, J. Battlebridge, varnish manufacturer
 Powell, J. Bristol, broker
 Ramsear, M. Pancras Lane, Bucklersbury, warehouseman
 Read E. and T. Baker, Russel Street Bloomsbury
 Robinson, C. Spalding, Lincolnshire, dealer
 Robinson, J. St Mary Hill, ship insurance-broker
 Russel, J. Old Change, stationer
 Rains, J. S. Wappingwall, merchant
 Sage, J. and T. Pomfret, Maidstone, millers
 Sandback, J. Woolwich, currier
 Sandwell, R. B. Deal, grocer
 Scholes, R. Huddersfield, corn merchant
 Sheppard, W. Bristol, bookseller
 Smith, C. and J. Viekaridge, Southampton-row, Russel Square
 Southey, G. Canterbury, grocer
 Stephens, H. Penryn, Cornwall, merchant
 Still, J. Bristol, brass-founder
 Stubbs, J. Haxey, Lincolnshire, innholder
 Szepl, L. Haymarket, jeweller
 Small, J. Bristol, coach proprietor
 Sarjent, J. Hastings, Sussex, ship-owner
 Southan, J. Birmingham, baker
 Tett, P. Seaton, Rutland, farmer
 Thackray, T. and R. Bottrel, Greenwich, linen-drapers
 Walter, S. E. Madeley, Shropshire, printer
 Walton, B. Birmingham, merchant
 Welsh, J. Great Yarmouth, haberdasher
 West, J. Abbey Green, Staffordshire, corn-dealer
 Wilcocks, E. Aldersgate Street, ironmonger
 Wilks, J. Finsbury Square, merchant
 Willson, G. Ironmonger Lane, merchant
 Willates, T. Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields
 Willie, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, brewer
 Williams, L. Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, colourman
 Wale, E. Sheephead, Leicestershire, baker

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th April 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Berrie, Robert, drover and cattle-dealer in Thomaston
 Campbell, John, of Auchivillin, and late tacksman of the slate quarries on the estate of Kairnes, in the Island of Bute
 Hornie, Robert, haberdasher, Kilmarnock
 Hymd, John, merchant, broker, and underwriter, formerly of Glasgow, now of Greenock
 Macgrouther & Coats, merchants in Greenock, as a Company, and James Macgrouther and David Coates, the partners of that Company, as individuals
 Nichols, James, merchant-tailor and butler in Langholm
- Robertson, James, of Glentyre, lately merchant in Perth
 Scott, Thomas, jun. merchant in Edinburgh
 Walker, Thomas, jun. merchant, Kirkwall
 Walker, Charles, merchant, Glasgow

DIVIDENDS.

- Aberdeen, M'Haffie, & Company, merchants, Aberdeen; by the trustee: 6s per pound after 18th May
 Bathgate, John, late skinner at Bellsmills; by Thomas Miller, North Bridge, Edinburgh, to those creditors whose claims were lodged subsequent to 10th February 1814

Dunbar, Magdalen, late milliner and dress-maker, Edinburgh; by Wm Henry Brown, merchant, Edinburgh
 Dempster, Robert, merchant, Nairn; by John Forsyth, writer, Forres
 Douglas, John, merchant Leith; by Thomas Scott, merchant, Edinburgh
 Dunlop, Alexander, merchant, Greenock; by William Kelly, Glasgow
 Jobson, David, senior, merchant, Dundee; by Wm Bisset, merchant, Dundee
 Maclellan, Alexander, and William Maclellan, in Crossmichael, and John Collic, in Kirkcudbright, copartners as timber-merchants in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, under the firm of William Maclellan and Company, and the said Alexander Maclellan, William Maclellan, and John Collic, as individuals; by the trustee
 Papillon, Charles, merchant, Glasgow; by Dugald Bannatyne, merchant, Glasgow

Richards, James and William, late wood merchants and manufacturers, Hawick, as a Company, and the said James Richards as an individual; by Andrew Lang, writer, Selkirk
 Renny, Samuel, merchant, Arbroath; by James Marnie, merchant, there—a second dividend
 Steven & Fraser, Booksellers, Glasgow; by James Imray, there
 Sibbald, John, and Company, merchants, Leith, and John Sibbald, and William Sibbald, jun. individual partners of that Company; by Jas Duncan, merchant, Leith,—a dividend of 6d. per pound on 29th May
 Webster, Andrew, merchant, St Andrews; by Wm Moncrieff, agent for the Bank of Scotland there,—8th May
 Wilkin, Robert, in Schaws of Tinwald; at the Globe in Dumfries,—14th May at 12

London, Corn Exchange, May 4.

ForeignWheat, 60 to 76	Boilers, new . 54 to 56
Fine do. . . . 78 to 80	Small Beans 44 to 51
Superfine do. . 82 to 85	Old do. . . . 54 to 62
Old do. . . . —	Tick do. . . . 38 to 50
English Wheat, 65 to 75	Old do. . . . 54 to 62
Fine do. . . . 82 to 88	Feed Oats, . . 22 to 24
Superfine do. . 90 to 93	Fine do. . . . 26 to 28
Rye 40 to 50	Poland do. . . 21 to 30
Barley, new . 56 to 42	Fine do. . . . 32 to 34
Superfine do. . 52 to 56	Potato do. . . 28 to 32
Malt, 62 to 74	Fine do. . . . 34 to 36
Fine do. . . . 76 to 78	Fine Flour, . . 75 to 80
Hog Pease . . . 42 to 46	Seconds, . . . 70 to 75
Maple 44 to 48	Bran 15 to 16
White Pease . 44 to 52	Fine Pollard 16 to 30

Seeds, &c. May 8.

Mustard, Brown, s. s.	Ryegrass . . . 16 to 48
New, 12 to 22	Common . . . — to —
White 5 to 11	Clover, English, . . . — to —
Tares 17 to 18	Red, 70 to 75
Turnips, New 14 to 20	White 100 to —
Red — to —	Trefoil 10 to 12
Yellow, new — to —	Rib Grass . . . — to —
Canary 60 to 84	Carraway, Eng. 58 to —
Hempseed . . . 60 to 75	Foreign 54 to —
Linseed 80 to 90	Coriander . . . 18 to 22
Cinquefoil . . . — to —	
New Rapeseed, £50 to £54.	

Liverpool, May 2.

Wheat, s. d. s. d.	Rice, p. cwt. 42 0 to 41 0
per 70 lbs. . . 12 6 to 13 6	Flour, English, . . . 280lb. fine 70 0 to 72 0
English . . . 12 6 to 12 9	Seconds 64 0 to 68 0
Scotch . . . 11 6 to 12 9	Irishp. 240 lb. 58 0 to 60 0
Welch . . . 10 0 to 11 6	Ameri. p. bl. 50 0 to 51 0
Irish . . . 12 6 to 13 3	Sour do. 43 0 to 44 0
Dantzic . . 11 6 to 15 3	Clover-seed, p. bush.
Wismar . . 11 6 to 15 3	White 90 to 95
American . 12 6 to 15 3	Red 80 to 85
Quebec . . 11 6 to 12 0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.
Barley, per 60 lbs.	English . . . 40 0 to 43 0
English . . . 8 0 to 8 6	Scotch . . . 40 0 to 41 0
Scotch . . . 7 6 to 8 3	Irish . . . 38 0 to 40 0
Irish . . . 7 3 to 7 9	
Malt p. 9 gls. 11 6 to 12 0	
Rye, per qr. 54 0 to 56 0	
Oats, per 45 lb.	
Eng. pota. 4 6 to 4 10	
Welsh potato 4 to 4 9	
Scotch . . . 4 8 to 4 10	
Foreign . . . 4 3 to 4 6	
Irish . . . 4 5 to 4 9	
Rapeseed, p. l. £50 to £52	
Flaxseed, p. bus. 9s. to 10s.	
Sowing, p. hhd. 100 to 105	
Beans, pr qr.	
English . . . 60 0 to 70 0	
Foreign . . . 0 0 to 0 0	
Peas, per quar.	
Boiling . . . 60 0 to 64 0	

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, per cwt. s. s.
Belfast . . . 126 to 0
Newry . . . 120 to 0
Drogheda . . . 0 to 0
Waterford, new 0 to 0
Cork, 3d . . . 0 to 0
New, 2d, pickled 112
Beef, p. tierce 95 to 100
p. barrel 60 to 65
Pork, p. brl. 95 to 105
Bacon, per cwt.
Short middles 78 to 80
Long do. 0 to 0

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 25th April 1818.

Wheat, 91s. 1d.—Rye, 56s. 5d.—Barley, 55s. 11d.—Oats, 31s. 11d.—Beans, 54s. 11d.—Pease, 57s. 8d.—Oatmeal, 55s. 0d.—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 April 1818.

Wheat, 72s. 0d.—Rye, 55s. 8d.—Barley, 43s. 5d.—Oats, 55s. 7d.—Beans, 55s. 1d.—Pease, 56s. 1d.—Oatmeal, 27s. 10d.—Beer or Big, 58s. 7d.

EDINBURGH.—MAY 12.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....44s. 6d.	1st,.....38s. 0d.	1st,.....32s. 0d.	1st,.....33s. 0d.
2d,.....41s. 0d.	2d,.....32s. 0d.	2d,.....28s. 0d.	2d,.....31s. 0d.
3d,.....37s. 0d.	3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....25s. 0d.	3d,.....29s. 0d.

Average of wheat, £1 : 14 : 7 : 8-12ths per boll.

Wednesday, May 6.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 5d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf . . .	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	Os. 7d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	1s. 0d. to Os. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	6s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.	Butter, per lb. . . .	1s. 8d. to 1s. 10d.
Veal	Os. 7d. to Os. 9d.	Salt ditto, per stone	24s. 0d. to Os. 0d.
Pork	Os. 5d. to Os. 7d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d.
Tallow, per stone . .	11s. 6d. to 12s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . . .	Os. 9d. to Os. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—MAY 1.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....44s. 6d.	1st,.....43s. 0d.	1st,.....29s. 0d.	1st,.....30s. 0d.	1st,.....29s. 0d.
2d,.....39s. 0d.	2d,.....39s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....26s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.
3d,.....36s. 0d.	3d,.....34s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.
Average of wheat, £1 : 16 : 11 : 4-12ths.				

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.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of April commenced with very dry weather, which continued during the first week. On the 8th there fell nearly an inch of rain, with a strong gale from the East. From that time till the 26th, the weather was generally dry, and sometimes exceedingly so. On the 26th, and during the whole of the 27th, it rained very hard; the quantity, in 24 hours, exceeding an inch; after which, a considerable increase of temperature took place, and the month terminated with mild weather. On the whole, however, the month was cold and stormy, the wind blowing generally from the East and North East. On the afternoon of the 4th, Leslie's Hygrometer stood at 67, and Wilson's at 63; the Thermometer, at the same time, being at 56. This dryness, according to Anderson's Formula, gave the point of deposition as low as 14 of Fahrenheit, but neither was this the lowest observed during the month. On the morning of the 25th, Leslie's Hygrometer stood at 36, but the temperature being then only 41, the point of complete saturation was as low as 8. To account for this extraordinary depression, it must be remarked that, as the wind was blowing strong from the North East, and directly upon the spot where the Hygrometer is exposed, the instrument indicated a much greater degree of dryness than actually existed; though, from the cold regions over which the wind passed, that dryness must also have been considerable. To the prevalence of that wind, during the greater part of the month, must be ascribed the depression of the mean point of deposition below the mean minimum temperature. The fluctuations of the Barometer have been smaller, those of the Thermometer greater, than usual. The mean temperature is nearly 5 degrees lower than the same month last year, and the quantity of rain more than quadruple.

Errata in last Report.—In last line but one, for *March* 1818, read *March* 1817; and in the Table, mean daily range of Thermometer, for 10.6, read 11.3.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

APRIL 1818.

<i>Means.</i>		<i>Extremes.</i>	
THERMOMETER.	Degrees.	THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	46.6	Maximum, 29th day,	58.0
..... cold,	34.0	Minimum, 6th,	26.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	42.6	Lowest maximum, 8th,	38.0
..... 10 P. M.	38.0	Highest minimum, 28th,	42.0
..... of daily extremes,	40.3	Highest, 10 A. M. 29th,	55.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	40.3	Lowest ditto, 8th,	31.0
..... 4 daily observations,	40.5	Highest, 10 P. M. 29th,	48.0
Whole range of thermometer,	377.5	Lowest ditto 11th,	31.5
Mean daily ditto,	12.6	Greatest range in 24 hours, 4th,	26.0
..... temperature of spring water,	41.0	Least ditto, 26th,	4.5
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
	Inches.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 47)	29.666	Highest, 10 A. M. 3d,	30.493
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 48)	29.674	Lowest ditto, 9th,	28.937
..... both, (temp. of mer. 47)	29.670	Highest, 10 P. M. 2d,	30.555
Whole range of barometer,	6.097	Lowest ditto, 8th,	29.045
Mean daily ditto,	.203	Greatest range in 24 hours, 9th,	.539
		Least ditto, 29th,	.057
HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)		HYGROMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	20.0	Highest, 10 A. M. 23th,	56.0
..... 10 P. M.	12.1	Lowest ditto, 27th,	1.0
..... of both,	16.0	Highest, 10 P. M. 23d,	22.0
..... point of deposition, 10 A. M.	28.7	Lowest ditto, 27th,	1.0
..... 10 P. M.	29.2	Highest P. of D. 10 A. M. 28th,	43.8
..... of both,	28.9	Lowest ditto, 25th,	8.0
Rain in inches,	2.462	Highest P. of D. 10 P. M. 29th,	41.4
Evaporation in ditto,	2.280	Lowest ditto, 23d,	17.0
Mean daily Evaporation,	.076		
WILSON'S HYGROMETER.		WILSON'S HYGROMETER.	
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	53.5	Greatest dryness, 12th, 10 A. M.	48.0
..... 10 P. M.	27.0	Least ditto, 27th, 10 P. M.	0.0
Fair days 21; rainy days 9. Wind West of meridian 3; East of meridian, 27.			

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
April 1	M.46½	30.318	M.45	E.	Fair.	Apr.16	M.52	29.264	M.47	E.	Clear, very cold.
	A.53	.318	A.45				A.32	.377	A.46		
2	M.45	.387	M.45	N.E.	Frost morn. cold day.	17	M.51	.390	M.39	E.	Cloudy, cold.
	A.36	.462	A.43				A.34½	.405	A.41		
3	M.42½	.465	M.42	N.E.	Do. cloudy.	18	M.43½	.489	M.43	E.	Frost morn. clear, cold.
	A.33½	.332	A.43				A.27½	.489	A.43		
4	M.54½	.242	M.42	N.E.	Do. clear.	19	M.50	.561	M.45	E.	Clear, cold.
	A.29	.105	A.49				A.27½	.686	A.46		
5	M.50	29.769	M.46	N.W.	Cloudy, cold.	20	M.49	.566	M.47	E.	Ditto ditto.
	A.30½	.455	A.45				A.31	.515	A.45		
6	M.35	.202	M.37	N.E.	Storm. snow.	21	M.48½	.446	M.42	E.	Heavy rain.
	A.30	.405	A.37				A.32	.509	A.41		
7	M.38½	.430	M.36	Cble.	Frost morn. clear cold.	22	M.44½	.588	M.43	E.	Clear, cold.
	A.25	.335	A.38				A.31	.521	A.43		
8	M.35	.152	M.36	E.	Snow fore. rain after.	23	M.39	.521	M.43	N.E.	Cloudy, cold, hail.
	A.29½	28.892	A.36				A.27½	.492	A.40		
9	M.35	.782	M.38	N.E.	Sleet & rain.	24	M.37	.340	M.40	E.	Ditto ditto, wind even.
	A.51	29.158	A.56				A.30	.340	A.38		
10	M.38½	.378	M.37	N.E.	Snow morn. clear.	25	M.39	.190	M.39	E.	Cloudy, cold.
	A.30	.417	A.38				A.30½	.220	A.39		
11	M.37	.320	M.36	N.E.	Ditto ditto.	26	M.38	.427	M.39	E.	Cloudy, rain thro' night.
	A.29½	.530	A.37				A.30	.427	A.40		
12	M.40	.695	M.40	N.W.	Frost morn. clear.	27	M.44	.266	M.40	Cble.	Heavy rain. fore. & night.
	A.27	.885	A.40				A.34	.294	A.44		
13	M.44½	.630	M.41	S.	Do. cloudy.	28	M.51½	.409	M.46	S.W.	Rain fore. fair after.
	A.29	.465	A.42				A.39	.535	A.48		
14	M.47½	.332	M.43	N.W.	Clear foren. Hail & rain.	29	M.37	.640	M.48	S.	Cloudy.
	A.36	.457	A.45				A.41	.742	A.51		
15	M.52	.421	M.46	W.	Clear.	30	M.51	.653	M.54	Cble.	Mild fore. cold after.
	A.34	.363	A.49				A.41	.504	A.48		

Rain, inches .6

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 7. At Kingston, Jamaica, the lady of Dr Alexander M'Larty, a son.

March 23. In Albermarle Street, London, the Countess of Waldegrave, a daughter.—In Hertford Street, May Fair, Lady Emily Drummond, a son.—26. At Wickham Rectory, the Hon. Mrs Grey, a son.—27. At Ballinaby, Mrs Campbell, a daughter.—Lady Eleanor Lowther, lady of the Hon. Lieut.-colonel Lowther, a son and heir.—28. In Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, the Countess of Warwick, a son and heir.—29. At Otterston, Fifeshire, the lady of Captain Richard Hussey Moubray, of the Royal Navy, C. B. a daughter.—30. At Urr Manse, Mrs Macwhir, a daughter.—In Elder Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Dr Thatcher, a daughter.

April 2. Mrs Campbell, Picardy Place, Edinburgh, a son.—Mrs Brown, George Street, Edinburgh, a son.—3. At Exeter, the lady of Sir Charles Dalrymple, a son.—5. At Chesterhall, Mrs John Gray, a son.—6. At Gartcraig, Mrs Millar of Frankfield, a daughter.—Mrs Paul, Union Street, Edinburgh, a son.—At the Briars, Mrs Archibald Douglas, a daughter.—8. At

Ochertyre, Lady Mary Murray, a son.—9. At Paris, Lady George William Russell, a daughter.—Mrs Bartlet Buchanan, a daughter.—At Glentayn house, the lady of Wm Stirling, Esq. a son.—12. At Yesterhouse, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, a daughter.—14. Mrs Currie, Gray Street, Newington, Edinburgh, a daughter.—16. Mrs Turnbull, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, a son.—17. At Portland Place, London, Mrs A. Millar, a daughter.—18. The lady of John Douglas, Esq. of Lockerby, a son.—Mrs Erskine, Albany Street, Edinburgh, a son.—19. In North Frederick Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Colonel D. Rattray, a daughter.—At 56, George Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Major Bogle, 94th regiment, a son.—At Lochmalong, the lady of Major Horsburg, a son.—20. At Inverness, the lady of Lieut.-colonel Ross, 2d West India regiment, a son.—At Fareham, the lady of Lieut.-colonel Campbell, 46th regiment, a daughter.—23. At his house, Cadogan Place, London, the lady of Arch. Campbell, Esq. a son.—25. Mrs James Borthwick, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.—27. Mrs Robert Paul, Anne Street, St Bernard's, London, a son.—At

Stamford Hill, London, the lady of Patrick Maclachlan, Esq. a daughter.—28. At Ham Common, near London, the lady of George Sinclair, Esq. younger of Ulbster, a son.—Mrs Morrison, Pilrig Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—At her house, Gower Street, Bedford Square, London, the lady of G. W. Lawrence of the Island of Jamaica, Esq. a son.—Viscountess Folkestone, a son.—In Wimpole Street, London, Mrs George Arbuthnot, a son.—29. At Merchiston Castle, the lady of the Honourable Captain Napier, R. N., a daughter.—At Haddington, Mrs Henry Davidson, a son.—30. At Paris, the lady of the Honourable George John Tucket, a daughter.

May 2. Mrs Kermack, Picardy Place, Edinburgh, a son.—4. Mrs Campbell of Dalsert, a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 19. At the hotel of the British Ambassador at Paris, the Right Hon. the Earl of Athlone, to Miss Hope, daughter of the late John Williams Hope, Esq. of Cavendish Square and Amsterdam.—29. At Heighington-house, in the county of Durham, Duncan George Forbes, Esq. of Culloden, to Sarah, daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Walker of Lanchester.—30. At Clyde Bank, the Rev. John Dick, minister of Rutherglen, to Miss Janet Crawford, daughter of the late Mr Charles Crawford, Edinburgh.—At Aberdeen, Jonathan Morison, Esq. merchant in Leith, to Mary Ann, daughter of Patrick Still, Esq. brewer.—At Aberdeen, Thos Donald, Esq. writer, Stonehaven, to Anne, daughter of Mr John Milne.—At Aberdour-house, Patrick Duff, Esq. of Carnoussie, to Penelope, second daughter of William Gordon, Esq. of Aberdour.—At Auchans, James Dunlop, Esq. of Annanhill, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of James Haldane, Esq.

April 1. At Edinburgh, Lieut.-colonel Robert Walker, Lieutenant-governor of Sheerness, to Anne, eldest daughter of John Ewart, Esq. Salisbury Road, Newington.—2. At Achur, Appin, Mr Donald Macintyre, Cuill, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr Duncan M'Coll, tacksman in Duror.—At Edinburgh, J. S. Impey, Esq. to Barbara, eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Fenwick.—4. At Doonholm-house, John Carr, Esq. of St Anne's, Yorkshire, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Hunter, Esq. of Bonnytown.—6. Mr Wm Millar, wood-merchant, Leith Walk, to Miss Margaret Muir, daughter of Mr Robert Muir, civil engineer, Fyfe Place, Leith Walk.—7. At Edinburgh, Thomas Sanderson, Esq. of the Bengal cavalry, to Jessie, only daughter of the late Hugh Bremner, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh.—At Cheltenham, Captain Honyman, grenadier guards, second son of Sir William Honyman, to Elizabeth Essex, youngest daughter of Admiral Bowen.—8. At Edinburgh, Lieut.-colonel

Robert Swinton, to Anne, daughter of the late Alexander Elphinstone, Esq.—9. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, the Hon. William Fraser, only brother of Lord Saltoun, to Elizabeth Graham, second daughter of David Macdowall Grant, Esq. of Arndilly, in the county of Banff.—10. Mr R. S. Oliver, South Bridge, to Miss Walker, Greenside Place, Edinburgh.—11. At Mary-la-bonne Church, Lieut.-colonel Dick, C. B., K. M. T., St. Wr. 42d, or Royal Highlanders, to Eliza Ann, daughter of J. Macnabb, Esq. of Arthurstone, Perthshire.—At Edinburgh, John Boyd, Esq. Bonnington Place, to Isabella, daughter of the late John Yule, Esq. Blackdykes.—13. At Edinburgh, Jas Lang, Esq. W. S. to Eliza, daughter of John Dickson, Esq. advocate.—At Greenock, E. Newman, Esq. ship-owner, Greenock, to Jessy, second daughter of the late Mr John Crawford, merchant, there.—14. At Mains of Aberdalgie, Mr George L. Cornfute, merchant, Glasgow, to Cecilia, only daughter of Adam Pringle, Esq.—The Rev. James Somerville of Airth, to Miss Janet Scott, daughter of the late Captain Andrew Scott.—20. At Tonderghie, J. Simpson, Esq. comptroller of the customs at Wigton, to Christian, youngest daughter of John D. Stewart, Esq. of Tonderghie.—21. At Edinburgh, Mr H. Pillans, to Jessie, only daughter of the late William Handyside, Esq. St Patrick Square.—At Glasgow, Rob. Raeburn, Esq. surgeon, Glasgow, to Marion, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Woodrow, late minister of Islay, Argyllshire.—22. At Parkhall, Ephriam Lockhart, Esq. W. S. to Miss J. Learmonth, daughter of the late John Learmonth, Esq.—23. At Edinburgh, George Gillespie, Esq. of Biggar Park, to Helen, eldest daughter of the deceased Captain John Hamilton, of the 73d regiment of foot.—27. At Edinburgh, Mr J. Hunter, writer, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Hill, Long Hermiston.—28. At Edinburgh, Mr Alex. Gibson, merchant, Glasgow, to Miss Helen Macdonald, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.—At Leith, Mr James Geddes, storekeeper of his Majesty's Customs, Edinburgh, to Isabella, daughter of Mr Norman Morrison, late merchant, Stornoway.—At Aberdeen, Mr Michael Anderson, writer, 53, Castle Street, Edinburgh, to Miss Elizabeth Gordon, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Gordon, late minister of Cabrach.—30. At the house of Thomas Ramsay, Esq. Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Mr James Harper, merchant, Leith, to Miss Jane M'Leod.—At Windsor, William Curll, Esq. younger of Eastfield, to Charlotte, daughter of Anthony Healey, Esq. Windsor.

DEATHS.

Oct. 12, 1817. At Serepore, in Berar, Colonel P. Walker of Clayton, while proceeding with an escort of a regiment of light cavalry (the 3d) to join the third division of

the army of the Decan, which he was appointed to command.—28. At Buxur, in the East Indies, Major John Lindsay, second son of the late William Lindsay, Esq. of Feddinch.—29. Mr William Hector, surgeon, R. N. in the 30th year of his age. He was on his passage from Quebec, on board the Autumn of Dundee, which vessel was wrecked on the coast of Iceland, and all on board, to the number of twenty, perished.

Jan. 16, 1818. At St Vincent's, Robert Manners, Esq. one of the oldest inhabitants of the island.—29. At his house, James Aitken, Esq. of Springfield, St Anns, Jamaica.—31. At Demerara, Mr Coult's Trotter, third son of Alexander Dalzell, Esq.

Feb. 15. Suddenly, in Westmoreland, Jamaica, Robert Blair, fourth son of the late Mr John Blair, merchant in Glasgow.—16. In the parish of Clarendon, Jamaica, William Nicoll, Esq. of Elgin Plantation.—24. At Newfoundland, Admiral Pickmore, commander-in-chief on that station.

March 1. In the 78th year of his age, at the island of Gozo, Malta, Arch. Dalyell, Esq. collector of his Majesty's revenues and chief magistrate there, many years governor-in-chief of Cape Coast Castle, and the British settlements on the Gold Coast of Africa.—7. At Vivay, in Switzerland, Jane Jamima Ainslie, eldest daughter of Mr Rob. Ainslie, W. S.—11. At New Strelitz, her Serene Highness the Princess Maria Louisa Albertine, widow of the Landgrave George of Hesse Dramstadt. She was a Countess of Leiningen, Dachsberg, and Broich; was born on the 16th of March 1729, and had nearly completed her 89th year.—16. At her house at Greenwich, in the 88th year of her age, Ann, widow of Lieutenant-general Forbes Macbean, of the royal artillery.—17. At the Manse of Biggar, Mr William Watson, youngest son of the Rev. Mr Watson.—18. At Fasuch, Skye, Mrs M'Leod, wife of Olaus M'Leod, Esq. of Unish, and third daughter of Alexander Macalister, Esq. of Strathaird.—At Edinburgh, Henry D. Goodsir, Esq. late surgeon of the 89th foot.—At Killichonare, in the 70th year of his age, Mr John Macdonell, commonly called John Dow, Aberarder. His remains were attended to the grave by 459 brave Highlandmen, as a mark of their respect for the memory of a genuine Highlander.—20. At Bristol, Lieut.-colonel Henry Balfour of the East India Company's service, Bengal establishment.—21. At Howard Place, Helenor, aged seven, youngest daughter of the late James Campbell, Esq. paymaster 2d battalion 72d regiment.—At her house in Pitt Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Buchanan, relict of John Crawford, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.—At Glasgow, Dame Frances Shaw Stewart, widow of Sir John Shaw Stewart, Bart. of Greenock and Blackhall.

—22. At Glasgow, Mrs Muir, relict of James Muir, Esq. surgeon.—At Renfrew, Mrs Mary Glen, wife of the Rev. Thomas Burns.—At Kilmarnock, aged 87, Mr Thomas Gilmore, merchant there.—At Anstruther, in the 81st year of his age, after 13 years' illness, which he bore with great resignation, Mr Daniel Conolly, late treasurer of Craik, and formerly a serjeant in the 28th regiment of foot.—23. At Forfar, Bailie David Adam, merchant, aged 86 years.—24. At Dublin, in the 25th year of his age, J. James, Esq. son of Sir W. James of Langley Hall, county of Berks.—25. In York, aged 34, Henry Weber, Esq. late of Edinburgh, editor of Metrical Romances and a variety of other literary works.—26. At his house, No 5, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, Mr William Slider, merchant-tailor.—At Edinburgh, Mr Geo. Wardlaw, surgeon, R. N. in the 32d year of his age.—In Lincolnshire, Sir Thomas Moncrieffe of Moncrieffe, Bart.—At Dundee, Mrs Agnes Pinkerton, wife of the Rev. Malcolm Colquhoun.—27. At St Andrews, in the 41st year of his age, after a severe and tedious illness, Mr Thomas Paton, pastor of the congregational church there.—At Stirling, Dr Thomas Rind, aged 56.—At Womersley, in Surrey, the seat of Lord Grantley, General the Honourable Chapple Norton, colonel of the 56th regiment, and governor of Charlemont.—At Dunblane, Miss Ann Rob, daughter of the late John Rob, Esq. sheriff-clerk, Dunblane.—At Edinburgh, Captain Alex. Grant Clugston, R. N.—At Edinburgh, Mr James Cochran of the Royal Bank.—28. At Edinburgh, in the 20th year of his age, Robert Rolland, son of William Rolland of Burnside.—At her mother's house, Edinburgh, Mrs Euphemia Young, wife of John Young, Esq. younger of Bellwood, and daughter of the late Neil Maavicar, Esq.—At his seat, Hollydale, near Bromley, Kent, Col. James Kirkpatrick, formerly in the East India Company's service, aged 80.—At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Wright, eldest daughter of Dr Peter Wright of Erskine Place.—On the 7th, Frances, and on the 29th, Williamina, infant daughters of Mr Nathaniel Gow, 2, Hanover Street, Edinburgh.—29. In Baker Street, Portman Square, London, Lieutenant-general William St Leger, aged 58, late of the 24th light dragoons.—30. At Leith Links, Mrs Martha Cleghorn, spouse of Mr Andrew Scales, senior, merchant, Leith.—31. At Higham, Fifeshire, Mr Robert Walker, farmer there.—At Edinburgh, after a few days' illness, Mrs Elizabeth Buchanan, aged 32, wife of Mr P. G. Buchanan, bookseller, St Andrew Street.—At Kirkcaldy, Matthew Crawford, youngest son of the late Hugh Crawford of Brownmuir and Hillend, Esq. writer, Greenock.—At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Little Gilmour, youngest daughter of the late William

Charles Little Gilmour, of Craigmillar and Liberton.—At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Hunter, brewer.

April 1. At the Nursery, Leith Walk, James Niven Shanklie, youngest son of Mr J. Shanklie, seedsman, East Register Street, Edinburgh.—At his house in Dean Street, London, William Preston, Esq. in the 77th year of his age, a gentleman who may properly be designated a pioneer in literature, having conducted, through the press of the house of Messrs Strahan, the most celebrated works of the last century.—At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Baird, eldest daughter of Thomas Walker Baird, Esq. advocate, at the age of 17 years.—At Chester le street, in the county of Durham, at a very advanced age, Mrs Catherine Oswald, sister of the late Mr James Oswald, the celebrated composer of Scottish music.—2. At Haddington, Mrs Susanna Stewart, wife of Mr Robt Stewart, there.—At Glasgow, Claud Hamilton, Esq. collector of his Majesty's Customs.—3. At her house in St John Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Tod, widow of Lt.-col. C. Tod of Dryburgh.—Lieut.-colonel Colville, in the 71st year of his age, commandant of the Royal Hibernian Military School, Phoenix Park, Dublin.—4. At Castlehill, Lanark, in her 85th year, Martha French, spouse of Mr Thomas Carmichael.—At London, Mrs Robert M'Brair, second daughter of the Reverend Dr Johnston, North Leith.—At Fife Place, Leith Walk, Isabella, infant and only daughter of Robt Watson, Esq. merchant, Leith.—In Audley Square, London, the Hon. Gen. Henry St John, aged 80, brother to the late Viscount Bolingbroke, and colonel of the 36th regiment, having been 63 years in his Majesty's service.—5. At Jedburgh, Margaret Neil, at the advanced age of 100. She retained her senses and faculties to the last.—At the manse of Alves, the reverend Wm Macbean, minister of Alves.—Mrs Elizabeth Abernethie, wife of Mr Patrick Riddell, Craiglockhart.—At Grangehill, Ayrshire, Robert Beresford, the infant son of R. Patrick, Esq. of Trearne.—At his father's house, 20, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Jas Colquhoun Thomson, student of medicine, aged 20 years—a victim to typhus fever, caught in the ardour of his profession.—At Ayr, Daniel M'Carter, printer, son of Mr David M'Carter, printer, there.—6. At Glasgow, Miss Euph. Watson, daughter of the late David Watson, Esq. of Stobcross.—At Glasgow, John Robertson, Esq. long a distinguished member of the society of Friends.—7. At her brother's house, Pilrig Street, Edinburgh, Agnes, youngest daughter of Mr Wm Rhind, Inverlochty.—At Inverness, A. Fraser, Esq. merchant.—At Dildawn, Archibald, only son of Arch. M'Dougald, Esq. of Dildawn.—8. At his house, Heriot's Bridge, Mr John Pearson, merchant, Edinburgh.—9. At Glasgow, Margaret, sixth daughter of the late Robert Dennistoun, Esq.—Of typhus fever, aged

19, Patrick, youngest son of Lieut. Gen Sinclair of Lybster.—At London, James Lawson, Esq. F. R. S. director of the machinery of his Majesty's mint. He was a son of the late reverend Archibald Lawson, minister of Kirkinahoe.—At Edinburgh, Miss Helen Renny, daughter of the late Robert Renny, Esq. of Borrowfield, Forfarshire.—10. At Bonnington Park, James Paterson, jun. Esq. merchant, Leith.—At North Berwick, Mr James Dickson, student of divinity, a native of Carluverock, near Dumfries.—At Arbroath, after a long and severe illness, Mr Alexander Hay, youngest son of the late Alexander Hay, Esq. of Letham, in the 15th year of his age.—At Glasgow, Mrs Elizabeth Gilmour, widow of Hugh Morton, Esq. of Greenbank.—Aged 90, Henry Duncombe, Esq. of Copgrove, near Knaresborough, many years representative of the county of York.—The Rev. James Oliphant, minister of Dumbarton, in the 84th year of his age.—11. At Morton Bank, John Thomson, Esq. aged 77.—At Glasgow, Mary, third daughter of the late Captain John Goldie, Ayr.—At her house, 51, Fountain Bridge, Miss Catharine Wardrobe, daughter of the late David Wardrobe, Esq. surgeon in Edinburgh.—At the manse of Wemyss, the Reverend George Gibb, minister of that parish, in the 68th year of his age and 34th of his ministry.—12. At Gask House, Miss Tarleton, daughter of General Sir Banastre Tarleton, Bart.—Mr James Gardner, apothecary, George Street, Edinburgh.—13. At Dundee, Mrs Margaret G. Young, spouse to Mr David Cobb, writer there.—At Paisley, Mr Peter Lyall, aged 37, much regretted.—At Castlebarns, Mr Richard Porteous, Lochrin Distillery.—At the Grove, Fountain Bridge, Andrew Bell Bonar, second son of the late Thomson Bonar, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.—At her house, New Street, Canongate, Miss Elizabeth Spence.—14. At her house, Leith Walk, Mrs Ann Ogilvy, relict of Mr David Stevenson, shipmaster, Leith.—15. At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Ann Hay, youngest daughter of the late Lewis Hay, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.—At Netherbyres, Miss Elizabeth Crow, daughter of the deceased William Crow, Esq. of Netherbyres.—At St James's Square, Edinburgh, Mr John Muir, merchant.—At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth M. Ross, daughter of the late Lord Ankerhill.—18. Of a water in the head, Thomas, third and only son of Mr Smith, tailor, College Street, aged ten years and seven months.—18. At Edinburgh, Miss Watson, eldest daughter of the late Dr Watson, principal of the United College of St Andrews.—At Edinburgh, in the 19th year of his age, Mr Robert C. Forbes, second son of the late Duncan Forbes, Esq. general examiner of excise.—20. At Buccleuch Place, Mrs May Clark, relict of William Thomson, Esq. of the Island of St Kitt's.—At Edinburgh, at an advan-

ced age, Mrs Penelope Watt, relict of Mr D. Campbell, surgeon in Fort William.—21. At the Vice Regal Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin, the Honourable Walter Chetwyn Talbot, son of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Countess of Talbot, in the 6th year of his age.—At Richmond, Surrey, Captain Edward Cumming, formerly of the Honourable the East India Company's service, and brother to the late Sir A. P. Cumming Gordon of Altyre, Bart.—In Bolton Street, London, Harriet Elizabeth, only child of Charles M'Vicar, Esq.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Duncan, wife of Mr Campbell Gemble, perfumer, George Street.—22. At Muirhall, Mr James Black, farmer.—At Southfod, John Stenhouse, Esq. younger of Southfod.—23. In the Old Assembly Close, Edinburgh, Mrs Isobel Taylor, aged 105. She was born in the parish of Crieff, county of Perth, on the 4th of March 1713, in the reign of Queen Anne. Her memory remained nearly unimpaired, and she would converse on the events of 100 years since with surprising correctness.—Her hearing and sight were good to the last day of her life, and her recollection continued till within an hour of her death.—At Edinburgh, Eliza, daughter of Mr James Burness, writer.—In his 8th year, William, son of Dr Beilby, George Street.—24. At Westfield, near Cupar Fife, Henry Walker, Esq. of Pittencrieff.—25. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Bell, late farmer at Hillhead, county of Edinburgh, aged 78. This gentleman was one of the few survivors who fought under the banners of the 25th, or Edinburgh regiment of foot, at the battle of Minden, where six battalions of British troops, and two of Hanoverians, beat 15,000 French.—At Surinam, Robert, fourth son of the late Mr Robert Ramsay, writer, Dumfries. Having occasion to go on board a merchant ship lying in the river there, he fell from an open boat and unfortunately perished.—26. At Balcarras, Mrs Ann Murray Keith, daughter of the deceased Robert Keith, Esq. sometime his Majesty's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the court of Russia.—27. At Edinburgh, Mr Jonathan Pew, late farmer at Drylaw.—29. At Hawthorn Bank, Selkirk, Mrs Wilhelmina Anderson, wife of Mr John Anderson.

Lately—At Delnies, near Nairn, in the 104th year of his age, John Reid, supposed to be the oldest soldier in his Majesty's dominions, having entered the service in the 2d battalion of the royal Scots, 85 years ago. His first encounter with the enemy was in 1743, at Dettingen, where the British, under the command of that gallant and true Scotsman, the Earl of Stair, defeated the French with immense slaughter. In 1745 he fought at Fontenoy. In 1746 he fought with his regiment at Culloden. In 1749 he was one of the storming party at

the murderous encounter at Waal in Holland, where his regiment was nearly annihilated. His last appearance on the field of honour was in 1759, on the heights of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe breathed his mighty soul in the arms of victory. His strength was such, considering his great age, that he scarcely passed a day without walking three or four miles; and, to the day of his death, was able, without the aid of glasses, to read his Bible, which afforded him exquisite delight through a long course of years.—At London, Lieut.-general Sir A. Gladstones.—At Penzance, the Countess of Bellamont, daughter of James, Duke of Leinster.—At Madeira, the Hon. John Perceval, eldest son of Lord Arden.—At Upper Canada, Captain Sir Robert Hall, K. C. B. commander-in-chief of his Majesty's naval forces on that station.—At London, Mr Hill Darley, a gentleman well known in the sporting world. He was killed in the Haymarket, by a horse in a break taking fright.—In Charterhouse Square, London, Mrs Tait, wife of Mr William Tait of St Paul's Church Yard, and daughter of Dr John Hunter, Professor of Humanity in the University of St Andrews.—At Ladyfield Place, Edinburgh, aged 19, Margaret, second daughter of Alexander Fergusson, Esq. of Baledmund.—At Rhinisdale, Andrew Aitchison, Esq. formerly surveyor of taxes, and late clerk to the commissioners of property tax, Lanarkshire.—At Spanish Town, Jamaica, David, son of the late Robert Milligan, Esq. of Roslyn.—At New York, Archibald Bruce, M. D. Professor of Mineralogy in the Medical Institution of that city.—At Dumfries, Wm Babington, D. D. in the 70th year of his age.—At Limehouse, John Macgeorge, Esq. captain in the royal navy. His death was occasioned by a fall consequent upon a paralytic affection, brought on by his length of services in the West Indies. He served at the reduction of the West India Islands, and commanded his Majesty's ship Wellington, at the surrender of Guadaloupe.—At Peterhead, the Reverend Dr Geo. Moir, 55 years minister of that parish.—The Rev. James M'Auley, minister of the seceding congregation of Castleblaney, aged 80. He had been minister of that congregation 53 years.—At his house in Katharine Street, Edinburgh, Mr John Grant, aged 83.—At Dublin, Sir R. Musgrave, Bart. collector of excise in the port of Dublin, author of the History of the Irish Rebellion, &c.—At Aberdeen, the Rev. Adam Annand, Episcopal clergyman, St John's Chapel.—At Seaforth House, near Arbroath, James Arrott, Esq. of Edinburgh, surgeon, R. N. aged 76.—At Keith, Miss Grant, eldest daughter of the late John Grant of Gallovie, Esq.—At Mapperton House, Miss Grant, daughter of John Francis Grant, Esq. late of the island of St Vincent.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XV.

JUNE 1818.

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EDINBURGH:

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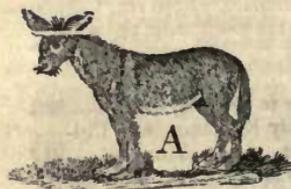
To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed;

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Here follow

THE NOTICES,

Done into Metre by an ingenious Friend.



I.

VERY singular report, we hear,
Has, with intent injurious and malicious,
Been stoutly circulated far and near,
That we, of public favours grown suspicious,
Intended no more NUMBERS should appear—
Our enemies are very keen to dish us,
And thought they had great cause their stars to thank,
When they perceived our Notice-page a blank.

II.

Them we despise,—but to our friends we owe
Some small apology for that omission,
For all Contributors are fond to know
Whether their articles shall have admission ;
And we a most particular care bestow
To satisfy the excusable ambition
Of clever persons that aspire to shine,
O Blackwood ! in thy peerless Magazine.

III.

As for the crowds of dull and prosing papers,
From the four winds of heaven that daily reach us,
We some of them employ—to light our tapers,
Another batch the empty grate enriches,
The superfluity we lend our Drapers
To take the measure of mankind for breeches,
—The Publisher, besides, doth filch a few
About his roasting mutton-shanks to screw.

IV.

But loyalty, as is of late well known,
Is of our work and us a shining quality ;
And we derive great pleasure, we must own,
From knowing that much good comes in reality
Out of this mania, that so rife has grown
Among the literary commonalty,
Of cramming thus that “ Bocca di Leone,”
Our silent, ravenous, mouth-piece of Ebony.

V.

We understand that the Post-Office here
Finds business so increas'd since we began,
That they're to leave their present shop next year
For one upon a more extensive plan.
If Ministers did right, we think it clear,
They'd give a jolly treat to our divan,
By way of marking their respect official,
For writers to the Fisk so beneficial.

VI.

A kindred claim we deem in justice lies,
'Gainst those that bring our parcels from far parts
Highfliers, Bluchers, Cobourgs, Mails and Flys,
And the long coaches and the carriers' carts.
(To pass in silence live commodities,
On our account transported to these parts ;
The Glasgow Telegraph alone, we think,
Might well afford a dinner and a drink.)

VII.

But to return—why really this strange heat
Agrees by no means with our constitution ;
It blunts the pens, it makes the ink a cheat,
It keeps ourselves in thaw and dissolution.
No wonder tho' we wander now and then,
When every thing around is in confusion ;
O for one deep, black thunder-gush of rain,
Then should we sing “ Blackwood's himself again.

VIII.

(We do not wish to make a new digression,
But merely in parenthesis to state,
That persons of the critical profession,
Should in these dog-days pay attention great,
Their wasted carcasses each night to freshen,
And the expended moisture recreate
By copious draughts of claret or old hock,
Or any shilpit liqueur in their stock.

IX.

Or if these foreign luxuries be beyond
The measure of their lean and limber purses ;
Still we'd by no means have them to despond,
Or thro' a hasty spleen in envious curses.
For tho' of dainties we're extremely fond,
We find we scribble fairish prose and verses ;
Altho' our only tippie is at times,
A little weak rum-punch with ice and limes.)

X.

We can't express our hatred of this WE,
 We bear the monosyllable a grudge ;
 Tully, we think, in his Curulian glee,
 First introduc'd at Rome the pompous fudge :
 But now it is a standing vanity,
 From which no modern editor will budge ;
 From Mr Jeffrey down to Mr Hone,
 They all preserve the same imposing tone.

XI.

Even we, (remark the tyranny of fashion !)
 Even we, tho' singular enough and single,
 We can't forbear, in spite of all our passion,
 The same absurdity ourselves to mingle,
 With every sentiment—we cannot dash on,
 Thro' one short stanza of our triple jungle ;
 In short we should be sadly at a loss,
 Were we restricted from our stately nos.

XII.

But let that pass—there's nothing half so wise,
 As going on in the old jog-trot way ;
 " Never no good doth come of novelties,"
 Se we'll be we until our dying day :
 We wish, instead of aiming to surprise,
 By dash, originality, display,
 We had from our commencement been thus sober,
 (Hang that confounded 20th of October !)

XIII.

Then had our course of life been smoothly gliding
 In moderate unenvied calm prosperity ;
 Worthy old women then had not been chiding
 Our deafening whirrs and cataracts of asperity,
 Nor all the goddess wits their faces hiding,
 Idoloclastis ictibus perterriti,
 Nor whiggery's meteor dimly forced to twinkle
 Before the rising star of LAUERWINKEL.

XIV.

No acid drop had tainted then the jorum
 Of them that love the Yellow and the Blue ;
 Jeffrey had still been princeps criticorum,
 The undisputed oracle of *gout* ;
 And plain Scots heads had boo'd *more majorum*,
 To that despotic democrat Review,
 That over-rated much, but smart miscellany,
 Which now we're boldly thrashing to a jelly nigh.

XV.

Then Hunt and Hazlitt, Haydon, Webb and Keats,
 Had quaffed at Hampstead currant-wine in peace,
 In gentle interchange of " fine conceits,"
 Of " Laurel Garlands," and of mutual grease ;
 Such, we may gather, are their Cockney treats.—
 (Alas ! that joys so heavenly e'er should cease ;
 That envy such a paradise should visit,
 In the vile demon shape of crooked Z.)

XVI.

Then had Odoherly (mad bard !) not rushed
 On the high corpus of F. R. S. E.'s ;
 Nor from the tongues of cits hot foam had gushed,
 Against some blarney about Irish fees ;
 Nor philosophic Peers with fury flushed,
 Poissarded Ebony's enormities.
 (Imprudent mineralogist and banker,
 For individual notice dost thou hanker ?)

XVII.

Were vanity our foible, (which it an't)
 The notice of such heroes were enough
 To turn the head of the most pious saint ;—
 Think only of a Lord, (with gesture gruff,
 Back'd by a Banker) making sore complaint
 About a little monthly piece of stuff !
 A whole Society of such renown
 Harangued to put one Irish Ensign down.

XVIII.

Behold the Thistle of our native land
 'Mid the gay garden rising like a queen !
 How beautiful the airy leaves expand,
 How soft the virgin coronal's purple sheen.
 But stay, rash stranger, stay thy venturesous hand ;
 Grasp not the modest garment of her green.
 Our's be the emblem ! Fops and fools beware,
 Admire in safety, touch us if ye dare !

XIX.

After this prelude " Bion" will not stare,
 Though we reject his quizzical " Lament ;"
 We think it has a very wicked air,
 To such outrageous fury to give vent ;
 Moreover, still the Bailies' hopes are fair,
 For still the Court of Session may relent.
 Besides it is a trick of good " old John's,"
 Of differing from them all to make no bones.

XX.

There is no saying about things which lie
 Far in the Fates' inscrutable dark womb,
 Of prophecies the wise are very shy,
 But, 'spite of all the SCOTSMAN'S boded gloom,
 We see not in the Magisterial sky
 Any such symptoms of a dismal doom ;
 Instinctive reverence still we entertain
 For resolute Mackenzie's gown and chain.

XXI.

Heroic Provost !—Hast thou ever been
 Present when Shakspeare's Richard 3^d was played ?
 Remember how the Pit applauded Kean,
 With hand disarmed still daring Henry's blade—
 Such awe was our's, when, on that real scene,
 Even in the front of Boyle, most bold Kincaid
 In front of Craigie, Bannatyne, and Miller,
 Stedfast and stern, stood firm our civic pillar.

XXII.

The " Letter on Election" is too long,
 Too ethically, querulously sad ;
 Bailies and Bailie's Wives have stomachs strong,
 And punch is, at this season, far from bad ;
 And Candidates would do exceeding wrong
 To change old fashions to please any lad
 That takes't into his head he is their betters,
 Who do not drink green tea, or write dull letters.

XXIII.

It gives a Scottish Borough quite a spring,
 When civil gentlemen come hurrying down,
 With heads agog on schemes of canvassing—
 They kiss the voters' sponges thro' the town,
 They kiss their daughters also, and they fling,
 To every boy they meet with, half-a-crown ;—
 Hot dinners and hot suppers are the word,
 And every Deacon is as drunk's a Lord.

XXIV.

And then, at night, to see the balls are given—
Was ever such a glorious motley scene!
To see how the slim candidate is driven
In furious circles by some strapping quean;
Or, how some sighing Jenny is in heaven,
With compliments and squeezes soft between;—
To see the jiggling, jolting, touzling, tumbling;
Silks, flannels, chapeau-bras, blue bonnets jumbling.

XXV.

If we had leisure, we could pen a treatise
Upon the real vulgar style of dancing;
People have no idea what a treat 'tis
To be a looker-on when they are prancing,—
What an enormous twinkling 'mong their feet is,
With what velocity their toes are glancing,
In, out, above, below, before, behind,
Your eye can't follow tho' you have a mind.

XXVI.

Your regular hopper, your true Dandy chap,
Has thewes and sinews of such brittle make,
He fears the frail machinery might snap,
If he one glorious, boisterous, fling should take.
He has no juice about his bones, no sap,—
Mark with what languour moves th' enervate rake!
Look how he swims, and glides, with poised toe,
Genteelly weak, and fashionably slow!

XXVII.

Turn to the Burgess or the rural hind,
With horny calf and light elastic heel,
His motions bold and active as the wind,
With crackling fingers and unceasing squeal
Of joy, behold him capering, unconfined,
Thro' the mad maze of the congenial reel:
See, Dandy! how the damsels eye their boor,
And think on *your* cold partner's gaze demure.

XXVIII.

We owe our grateful thanks to Mr B.
Grace, in whate'er he writeth, must appear.
We like his "premiere fois" wondrously.
"The Highlanders" lie snug 'mong our best gear.
"The Jury Trial," would, in Devilry
Tenfold, set Satan loose, we greatly fear.
The Author of "The Dentist" is most rash;
If printed, 'twould secure him a *squabash*.

XXIX.

The Letters to the Reverend Sidney Smith,
Professor Playfair, Hazlitt, and Tom Moore,
Have all Idoloclastes' nerve and pith—
We never read more bitter things before.
But wherefore hack so cruelly each lish
And limb of the Review—thou Matador!
The Horn is blunt—he's in a deep decline,—
Reserve for nobler Beasts that mace of thine!

XXX.

We have received Philemon's sharp epistle
To Mr Wilson, author of "The Isle
Of Palms," which calls that poet's lyre a whistle,
And cuts him up throughout in monstrous style.
Philemon makes a great display of bristle,
And seems to breathe the very soul of bile:
A manly Wit would scorn to take such views
Of the productions of so meek a Muse.

XXXI.

Our female friends will hear, without regret,
The OLD INDIAN's bunch of letters is reclaim'd;
Like other Bachelors, he used to fret,
And female follies lustily he blamed.
But old Mysogynist Quizzes (never yet
Did we observe it fail) at last are tamed:
Old Tough's been fairly hooked by a shrewd aunt;
We wish him comfort in his marriage jaunt.

XXXII.

'Tis just the season; in a chaise and pair
By day they roll thy margin green beside,
Of lakes most classical, Winandermere!
Or on thy bosom in a skiff they glide.
With spectacle on nose they stify stare,
And very bitterly the boatman chide,
If, through his blundering, they be not relanded
The very minute dinner was commanded.

XXXIII.

A fine young couple, full of life and love,
Just wedded to their mind, and, for a time,
Free 'mid some soft Elysian scene to rove,
And hear no earthly sound save the near chime
Of merry bells from out the village grove,—
Their honeymoon is sweet as Eden's prime.
Of love, love only, do they talk and think;
They take no notice what they eat or drink.

XXXIV.

But when old musty, dry, and doting sinners
The laws of nature by a wedding shock,
They make a tour, and order famous dinners,
Soup, fish, and fricassee, at five o'clock.
Landlords and landladies are the chief winners,
Waiters and waiting-maids enjoy the joke.
The feeble cooing of the fond old ninnies
Productive of an universal grin is.

XXXV.

We're going out of town to-morrow week,
To London (to see Baldwin) by the smack,
And scarcely hope that to the Nest of Reek,
Before the first of August, we'll be back.
Sharp-set Contributors, the truth to speak,
Had better Blackwood instantly attack;
We wish to go with comfort on our trip,
And see each article e'er we take ship.

XXXVI.

The fact is, our good friends have been so steady
This spring, that we've a huge enormous box
Full to the brim, completely cut and ready,
Of papers fit for every sort of folks:
For young and old, male, female, grave, and giddy,
Abundant food our reservoir unlocks;
Bate only the correcting in the slip,
Never was easier CONDUCTORSHIP.

XXXVII.

"Farewell! a word which hath been and must be!"
If any Wit, before in idlesse sitting,
Now write and send his papers postage free;
If any that before hath dully written
Now learn to write with vigour and with glee;
If any that before we had not smitten,
For this, our Monthly Treasure, thirst and hunger,
Then not in vain hath rhymed your

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XV.

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VOL. III.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WRITINGS OF
GEORGE BUCHANAN.

It is very far from being our intention to enter upon any thing like a formal lamentation over the decay of classical learning in Scotland. And yet we are persuaded that, to an enlightened German, Italian, or Englishman, it must appear an almost inexplicable anomalé in the constitution and appearance of such a country as ours, that those authors whose works, in every other part of civilized Europe, are venerated and studied as the best fountains of philosophy, and the only perfect models of taste, should be almost entirely overlooked among a people whose habits and conversation are tinged, to an elsewhere unequalled degree, with the spirit of literature. The truth is, that we believe the unparalleled diffusion of education among all classes of our countrymen, however it may be entitled to our gratitude for having elevated and ennobled the spirits of our peasants and artizans, has, nevertheless, been the means, in no inconsiderable degree, of degrading the literary habits of those among us, whose business and ambition it is to be not only the subjects, but the instruments, of cultivation. When all men read, authors soon find it to be their best policy to write for all men. Those elegancies of allusion and of expression, and those labours of patient research, whose merits can be estimated by a very few only among any people, are gradually dropt; and modes of excitement, whose stimulus is of a more universal application, come very naturally to be adopted in their stead. The tone of literature becomes every day more vulgar (we do not use the

word entirely in its primary sense); its professors seek and obtain popularity by sacrificing, after the example of some other privileged orders, not a few of the most imposing, and therefore most obnoxious, of their distinctions. We doubt, however, whether this method of proceeding be, upon the whole, either a wise or a just one. It may throw a deal of ready money into the hands of the present incumbents; but does it not very manifestly tend to maim and enfeeble the resources of their successors? Nay, a democratic government is the most thankless of all masters; and may perhaps repay only with contempt or exile, those who have sacrificed the most, in order to purchase its capricious and transitory favour.

The first race of authors who adopt this mode of courting popular applause, although they may, *bona fide*, wish and endeavour to follow it to its full extent, are seldom able to do so. The habits and prejudices of their earlier views and opinions cling to them, and fetter them, in spite of all their efforts to discard them.
*Quo semel estimbuta recens, servabit odorem,
Testa diu.*

A certain tinge and flavour adheres, and betrays the old liquor in the midst of all the drugs and adulterations to which its receptacle has been exposed. Besides, those who set the dangerous example are sometimes not unwilling that their followers should go farther than themselves; or, it may be, do not scruple privately to take the advantage of old guides and stepping-stones, which they affect to consider as useless, and advise their pupils utterly to despise. We strongly suspect that somewhat of this kind has occur-

red in Scotland. — No man has done more by the tone of his writings to discourage classical learning, and erudition as it is called, than David Hume; and yet we think it would be difficult to point out any English author, whose works, above all in respect to language, bear stronger marks of a mind imbued and penetrated with the very spirit of antiquity.* The authors of the next age have had no occasion for so much duplicity. Their contempt of Greek and Latin rests not upon policy, but on the more stable foundation of ignorance.—It is fair, however, to say one word in regard to the Edinburgh Review. The greater part of these ingenious Journalists, in addition to being the perpetual enemies of the government and religion of their country, have waged a warfare, equally inveterate and equally insidious, against the old supremacy and worship of the classics. A few excellent papers on classical criticism have been furnished to them by some of the best English scholars; but these are technical, so to speak, in appearance, and their influence, whatever it might otherwise have been, has been neutralized or annihilated by the gross and blundering ignorance of other articles; but most of all, by the general tone and character of the work in which they were inserted.—But we introduced the subject in order to pay a compliment;—we shall do so, without, we hope, incurring any suspicion either of partiality or of flattery. Mr Jeffrey, we venture to assert, belongs, in this matter, to the class of his predecessors rather than to that of his contemporaries. His papers have, even when he affects to deride scholarship, a scholar-like air about them, which it is impossible to mistake. He is in many respects a wiser man than he wishes to seem. After all his abuse of the Lake Poets, it turns out that his favourite pocket-companion is the “*Lyrical Ballads* ;” and we are satisfied, from internal evidence, that he has, in

like manner, bestowed more time on the study of the classics than is confessed by himself, or suspected by the greater part of his admirers. A complete disguise is a matter of very great difficulty. We discover the classical touch of Mr Jeffrey amidst the rude daubings of his disciples, as we should a gentleman clothed in a waggoner’s frock, among a whole barn of genuine rustics. A single look, or gesture, or tone, is sufficient in the one case, and a single parenthesis, nay, a single word, may furnish evidence equally convincing in the other.

The violent national partiality of the Scots, unlike most of their alleged peculiarities, is confessed by themselves, almost as much as it is derided by their neighbours. The Scots authors have, in general, been under no inconsiderable obligations to this propensity of their countrymen. Their fame has generally begun, as it ought to have done, at home; and their works have gone forth among strangers, backed by the zealous commendations of a multitude of admirers at home. If, in many instances, the voice of domestic praise has died into a faint expiring echo abroad, the misfortune of the author has been caused by himself, not by his countrymen; nor are these easily to be shaken from the favourable opinion they have once formed, even although they see that the critics of most other countries are obstinate in refusing to second their applauses. We know of one great Scots author only, whose writings are neglected by his countrymen, while they are studied and admired by the literati of every other district of Europe. There needs no other proof to a foreign scholar of the shameful extent to which our aversion for classical learning is carried, than the simple fact, that we, a people devoted to literature, and filled with prejudices eminently and vehemently national, neglect one of the greatest, and withal, one of the most national authors our country has ever produced, for no other reason than because his works are written in Latin.

If any time shall ever again appear, when poets and historians shall be in danger of falling into a fashion of composing in a dead or foreign language, the most effectual of all warnings will be that which is addressed to their vanity. By those who have any of the noblest ambition with which great authors are animated—the ambi-

* We have heard, we cannot recollect where, or upon what sort of authority, that among Hume’s books there was found, after his death, a copy of Thomas Aquinas, completely covered with the marks of patient study. How much greater must have been the labour he bestowed on those great masters of ancient wisdom, whose works he commonly affected to talk of as if they were scarcely worthy of being read.

tion of building for themselves a lasting place in the bosoms and affections of their countrymen,—that voice shall not be listened to in vain, which shall bid them remember the fate of **GEORGE BUCHANAN**. In genius, as in language, he is beyond all comparison the first of the modern writers of Latin. Scotland has never produced any man who is worthy of being classed with him; so exquisite are his talents, singly, so matchless in their union. Yet what influence does he exert over the minds of his countrymen? A few of his translations of the Psalms are read by our school-boys, before they are capable of comprehending their beauties; in the belief of our vulgar, he, the grave and dignified patriot, the counsellor, and instructor, and terror of kings, is degraded to a mimic and a court-buffoon; his works are read and praised by a few secluded scholars, chiefly, we verily believe, because they are read and praised by no one else. But in regard to all active influence over the souls and tastes of his countrymen, George Buchanan has, in truth, scarcely any existence at all, or is at least, beyond all calculation, the inferior even of an Allan Ramsay or a Burns. His name, indeed, is a great name among us. Such genius has not breathed in our land, without leaving behind a faint majestic shadow to haunt the spot where it hath been. We know that we have reason to be proud that Buchanan was our countryman. We talk of him, we extol him; we are delighted to hear an Italian or a German scholar confess his superiority to Vida, Sannazar, Casimir, or Baldé. His glory resembles that of some gigantic hero of the elder time, some Bruce, or Keith, or Douglas, at whose name our hearts leap up within us, although we have scarcely any record or precise knowledge of those deeds which have linked this mysterious grandeur to an empty sound. There is something very noble in this privilege of genius, in whose virtue even the ignorant are made to pay homage to its possessors. But those who are really acquainted with the works of Buchanan, will not easily rest satisfied with such homage as this. They will wish others to partake in the same enjoyments which have been imparted to themselves; they will strive to make their favourite better known; and they will be confident,

that in so doing, they run no risk of lessening his reputation. For if it be very true in the general, that “intimacy diminisheth reverence,” that humiliating maxim has no application, either to the person, or the writings, of such men as Buchanan.

For ourselves, we are well aware, that to many of our well-educated readers beyond the Tweed, there may appear to be something almost ludicrous in writing, at this time of day, either a critique, or an eulogium upon such a writer as this. We would it were so. But if our friends recollect the one solitary fact, that no tolerable edition of Buchanan’s Works has ever been published in this island, except a huge unmanageable one in folio,* more than a century ago, our opinion, as to the neglect in which these writings are held, can scarcely, we imagine, appear to be destitute of foundation; and if it be correct, we are sure none of them will disapprove of the motives which have induced us to call the attention of our readers to Buchanan, even although they should wish, as they may well do, that the business had fallen into better hands.

Buchanan’s first and greatest character is that of a Poet. His prose works were the occupation of his declining years, and are the monuments of his practical wisdom. But the fire of his youthful genius expanded itself entirely in verse; it was the fault of the age, and it has been the misfortune of our country, that his verse was Latin. There is no occasion for repeating the common-place and unanswerable arguments against writing poetry in any other language than that which has been taught in childhood. Every one must admit, that had the language of Scotland been in a state fit for the higher sorts of poetry, Buchanan would have done very ill to make use of any other than his mother-tongue. We must take things as they are;—we must examine his productions, and judge of them by the eternal rules of beauty;—we must compare him with those who

* This is the edition of Ruddiman, Edinburgh, 1715. It forms the ground-work of the greatly superior one, by Peter Burmann, in quarto. These are the only two editions of the Opera of Buchanan. The one is clumsy and inconvenient; the other seldom to be met with, and very dear.

have used similar instruments in similar situations;—we must reflect what were his difficulties, in order that we may estimate the merits of his success.

The world has seen several examples of foreign languages being acquired, even in such perfection as is requisite for the purposes of poetical composition,—mastered and swayed to all appearance as thoroughly as if the thoughts and the words had grown up together in the familiarity of the same bosom. With a dead language the difficulty is infinitely greater, and the acquisition infinitely more rare. It is indeed the high prerogative of the language of cultivated men, to survive even the ruin of those that fashioned it, and bear down to posterity the image and glory of refinement and wisdom that have passed away. It is thus that mind asserts its immortality; it refuses to be embodied in materials that are less than imperishable. But how shall the vigour which moves in the nerves and veins of the living speech, be found to animate even the most skilful of after imitations? The counterfeit may be exquisite, the features may be beautiful, but does not even their beauty betray the coldness and stiffness of death? Every living language is in so far free—it may receive new combinations—it may even sanction the privilege of creation. Without this, how shall genius have that liberty which is its birthright? Shall that which is by nature free as air, be straitened and cooped up within the walls even of a magnificent prison? How shall the rod of the magician work its wonders in a fettered hand? Can any man breathe the spirit of life and energy into a cold and artificial mass? Of all the modern poets who have written in Latin, is there one who has stamped upon his verses the impress of genius rioting in its strength,—the symbol of uncontrolled might,—the full majesty of freedom? If such an one there be, who shall deserve, so well, the name of a Prometheus,—the rival of creators,—the conqueror of bondage?—To those who doubt the power of genius to overcome even these difficulties, and achieve even these triumphs, we must address only one word—*READ BUCHANAN.*

He is by no means the only man of high and powerful genius among the modern Latin poets; neither is he the

only one among their number who has overcome the necessary difficulties of his situation. But he has excelled all his brethren in the splendour as well as in the variety of his triumphs. Not satisfied with mastering the difficulties of any one mode of composition, he has grappled with those of all, and in all has he been successful. In ode, epigram, elegy, satire, and didactic, he has rivalled the first favourites of the Roman Muse.* He assumes, with equal ease, the careless grace of Catullus,—the lyric ardours of Horace,—the soothing tenderness of Tibullus,—the sublime indignation of Juvenal,—and the philosophic majesty of Lucretius. To those who are strangers to Buchanan, these praises of a modern Latinist cannot fail to appear hyperbolic and absurd. How the thing was done, it is indeed scarcely possible to imagine; it is sufficient for us to know and feel that it is so.

Buchanan is distinguished from almost all his rivals by the boldness with which he infused into the shape of Roman verse, the richest of those elements which are furnished to a modern poet by religious feelings and national recollections. His best poems are those which he has written either in the spirit of a Scotsman or of a Christian. He stands at an immeasurable distance above those scores of German and Italian poets, who scorned all modern affairs, and even the sanctities of the true religion, as unworthy of being adorned by their elegant muse, and sickened the world with their endless repetitions of the metamorphoses and personifications of the classical mythology. He knew wherein true poetry and true feeling consist, and he drew largely upon the treasures which he had discovered. But for the existence of the Paraphrase of the Psalms, and the lines on the death of Calvin, we doubt whether any one would have believed it possible to clothe, in a form of the most perfect classical purity, ideas so utterly unknown to the formers, and masters of the ancient language, as those which Buchanan had gathered from the study and the feeling of Christianity.

* *Eorum nemo est cui idem quod Buchanano contigerit ut in quovis carminum genere summum obtineret: Cujus quidem rei laude omnem etiam antiquitatem provocat,* &c.—*SCIOPPIUS.*

We shall quote the beginning of the *Calvini Epicedium*.

“ Si quis erit nullo superesse a funere manes
Qui putet, aut si forte putet, sic vivit ut Or-
cum

Speret, & æternas Stygio sub gurgite pœnas,
Is merito sua fata fleat, sua funera ploret
Vivus, & ad caros luctum transmittat amicos.
At nos, invitis quanquam sis raptus amicis
Ante diem, magnis quamvis inviderit ausis
Mors, te flere nefas, Calvine, & funera vanæ
Ludibrio pompæ, & miseris onerare querelis.
Liber enim curis, terrenæ & pondere molis,
Astra tenes, propiusque Deo, quem mente
colebas,

Nunc frueris, puroque vides in lumine purum
Lumen, & infusi satiatus Numinis haustu,
Exigis æternam sine sollicitudine vitam :
Quam neque dejiciunt luctus, nec tollit inani
Ebria lætitia spes, exanimantve timores,
Quæque animo offundit morbi contagia cor-
pus.

Hanc ego quæ curis te lux exemit acerbis
Natalem jure appellem, qua raptus in astra
In patriam remeas, & post fastidia duri
Exilii, mortis jam mens secunda, secundæ,
Fortunæ imperio major, primordia longæ
Ingreditur vitæ. Nam ceu per corporis artus
Quum subit animus, pigræ vegetatque mo-
vetque

Molis onus, funditque agilem per membra
vigorem ;

Quum fugit, exanimum jacet immotumque
cadaver,

Nec quicquam est luteæ nisi putris fabrica
massæ :

Sic animi Deus est animus, quo si caret, atris
Obruitor tenebris, specieque illusor inani .
Fallaces rectique bonique amplectitur um-
bras.

Ast ubi divini concepit Numinis haustum,
Diffugiunt tenebræ, simulacraque vana fa-
cessunt,

Nudaque se veri facies in luce videndam
Exhibet æterna, quam nullo vesperæ clauditor
Septa caput furvis nox importuna tenebris.”

We shall think ill of those whom these lines do not inspire with reverence both for the poet and the divine.

Of all the poetical pieces of Buchanan, perhaps none has been so often quoted and commended as the “*Maia Calendar*.” One of the most fervent of its admirers is Alison. “ I know not,” says this accomplished critic, “ any instance where the effect of association is so remarkable in bestowing sublimity on subjects to which it does not naturally belong, as in the inimitable poem of Buchanan on the month of May. This season is in general fitted to excite emotions very different from sublimity, and the numerous poems which have been written in celebration of it, dwell uniformly

on its circumstances of “*vernal joy*.” In this ode, however, the circumstances which the poet has selected are of a kind which, to me, appear inexpressibly sublime, and distinguish the poem itself by a degree and character of grandeur which I have seldom found equalled in any other composition.”— We doubt, indeed, whether Wordsworth himself has ever touched with a more masterly hand, that secret chord of sympathy which connects the meditative soul of man with the external manifestations of nature,—or called up to dignify and consecrate the enjoyment of the senses, thoughts more profound, and aspirations more sublime. It is a glorious triumph of “*the Vision and the Faculty Divine*.” It mingles all the graces of youth and love, with the gravity of philosophy, and the energy of faith.—The exquisite version which we place by its side is from the classical pen of Mr Wrangham.

Maia Calendar.

“ Salvete sacris deliciis sacra
Maia Calendar, lætitiæ et mero
Ludisque dicata jocisque,
Et teneris Charitum choreis.

Salve voluptas et nitidum decus
Anni recurrentis perpetuâ vice,
Et flos nascentis juvenatæ,
In senium propterantis ævi.

Cum blanda veris temperies novo
Illuxit orbi, primaque sæcula
Fulsere flaventi metallo,
Sponte sua sine lege justa ;

Talis per omnes continuus tenor
Annos tepenti rura Favonio
Mulcebat, et nullis feraces
Seminibus recreabat agros.

Talis beatis incubat insulis
Felicis auræ perpetuus tepor,
Et nesciis campis senectæ
Difficilis querulique morbi.

Talis silentum per tacitum nemus
Levi susurrat murmure spiritus,
Lethenque juxta obliviosam
Funeræ agit cupressus.

Forsan supernis cum Deus ignibus
Piabit orbem, lætaque sæcula
Mundo reducet, talis aura
Æthereos animos fovebit.

Salve, fugacis gloria sæculi,
Salve secundâ digna dies notâ,
Salve vetustæ vitæ imago,
Et specimen venientis ævi.

The First of May.

Hail ! sacred thou to sacred joy,
To mirth and wine, sweet First of May !
To sports, which no grave cares alloy,
The sprightly dance, the festive play !

Hail ! thou, of ever-circling time
That graces still the ceaseless flow !
Bright blossom of the season's prime,
Aye-hastening on to winter's snow !

When first young Spring his angel face
On earth unveil'd, and years of gold
Gilt with pure ray man's guileless race,
By law's stern terrors uncontroll'd :

Such was the soft and genial breeze,
Mild Zephyr breath'd on all around ;
With grateful glee, to airs like these
Yielded its wealth th' unlabour'd ground.

So fresh, so fragrant is the gale,
Which o'er the islands of the Blest
Sweeps ; where nor aches the limbs assail,
Nor age's peevish pains infest.

Where thy hush'd groves, Elysium, sleep,
Such winds with whisper'd murmurs blow ;
So, where dull Lethe's waters creep,
They heave, scarce heave the cypress-
bough.

And such, when heaven with penal flame
Shall purge the globe, that golden day
Restoring, o'er man's brighten'd frame
Haply such gale again shall play.

Hail, thou, the fleet year's pride and prime !
Hail ! day, which Fame should bid to
bloom !

Hail ! image of primeval time !
Hail ! sample of a world to come !

The subject of the tremendous ex-
ecration "in Colonos Brasilienses" pre-
vents us from making any observations
on it, or offering any version. But we
must quote it, because it is, we believe
it to be, the most energetic of all his
lyrics.

" Descende cælo turbine flammeo
Armatus iras, Angele, vindices,
Libidinum jam notus ultor
Exitio Sodomæ impudicæ.

En rursus armis quod pereat tuis
Lustrum Gomorrhæ suscitât æmulum
Syrum propago, & exsecrandæ
Spurcitæ renovat palæstram.

Pars ista mundi, quam sibi propriam
Sedem dicavit mollis amœnitas.
Luxusque, sub fœdis colonis
Servitium tolerat pudendum.

Abominandis arsit amoribus
Strigosus æstu, pauperie & fame,
Glandis vorator, virulentum
E raphanis redolens odorem.

Quem, rere, ponet nequitia modum
Frenis libido libera ? & insolens
Humanioris ferre victus
Ælecebras meliore cælo ?

O Christiani infamia nominis !
O fœda labes & nota temporum !
O turpium turpisque causa, &
Exitus, & pretium laborum !

Ignota rostris verrimus æquora,
Gentes quietas sollicitavimus
Terrore belli, orbisque pacem
Miscuimus misero tumultu.

Per ferrum & ignes & mare naufragum
Secreta rerum claustra refregimus,
Ne deesset impuris cinædis
Prostibulum Veneris nefandæ.

Gens illa nullos mitis in hospites,
Et ora victu assueta nefario,
Portenta conspexit Cycloplum
Sanguinea dape fœdiora.

Nunc Scylla sævos exsere nunc canes,
Nunc nunc Charybdis vortice spumæ
Convolve fluctus, & carinas
Flagitis gravidas resorbe.

Aut hisce tellus in patulos specus,
Ætherve flammis perde sequacibus
Turpes colonos, Christianæ
Dedecus opprobriumque terræ."

A beautiful contrast to this is sup-
plied by one of his epigrams, addressed
to a real or imaginary mistress, to his
devotion for whom Milton was sup-
posed, by Warton, to have alluded in
those lines :

" Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amarylhis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair."

In Neæram.

" Illa mihi semper præsentî dura Neæra,
Me, quoties absum, semper abesse dolet.
Non desiderio nostri, non mæret amore,
Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.

Dr Irving informs us,* that Menage
was "peculiarly delighted with the
felicity of these lines," and that he
imitated them as follows, in one of his
Italian madrigals :

" Chi creduto l'avrebbe ?
L'empia, la cruda Iole
Del mio partir si duole.
A quel finto dolore
Non ti fidar, mio core.
Non è vera pietade
Quella che monstra, nè ; ma crudeltade.
Dell' aspro mio martire
La cruda vuol gioire ;
Udir la cruda i miei sospiri ardenti,
E mirar vuole i duri miei tormenti."

Of all Buchanan's original produc-
tions, the least read is, we imagine,
the didactic poem, *De Sphaera*. We
are far from being admirers of the spe-
cies to which this belongs ; and we
lament that the majestic genius of Lu-
cretius was not devoted to better pur-

* Memoirs of Buchanan, by David Irving,
LL. D. p. 131.

poses than any which it can supply. But, like that of his great predecessor, the muse of Buchanan has not deserted him, even although he misapplied her energies. Here and there, in this neglected poem, amidst a mass of dry and inaccurate statements concerning the structure of the universe, there are embalmed a few fragments of poetry not unworthy of being set by the side of the most exquisite gems of Lucretius. After shewing how insignificant an appearance our planet makes, when considered in relation to the infinity of stars and worlds with which it is surrounded, he concludes with these exquisite verses :

“ Hæc illa est hominum sedes, hæc illa ferarum

Et volucrum domus : hoc angusto e carcere quantum

Surripit Oceani terræ circumfluis humor ?
Quique per Herculeæ irrumpens divortia metæ,

Europam Libycis late sejungit ab oris ?

Adde huc claustra Arabum, quæque arctant æquora campos

Hyrmanos : huc adde lacus laxasque paludes,
Et quæ præcipiti labefactant flumina montes
Vortice, vel pigris stagnant immota lacunis.
Dumque hæc vi rapiunt, hæc orbem gurgite mergunt,

Conditur exiguæ sub aquis pars maxima terræ.

Quod superest, magno velut insula parva profundo

Innatat : hæc etiam quantum vel squalat arenis ?

Vel tumet in vastos sine fruge, sine arbore montes ?

Vel nimiis ardet flammis ? vel frigore torpet ?
Vel jacet humano indocilis mansuescere cultu ?

Vel fœcunda malis animantium in funera succis ?

O pudor ! o stolidi præceps vesania voti !

Quantula pars rerum est, in qua se gloria jactat,

Ira fremit, metus exanimat, dolor urit, egestas
Cogit opes ; ferro, insidiis, flamma atque veneno

Cernitur, & trepido fervent humana tumultu.”

In the next passage, the opening of the fifth Book, it is delightful to see how a Christian poet contemplates the same objects which filled the mind of his Epicurean master with the coldness, if not with the despair, of Scepticism.

“ Macti animi, heroes, seclis melioribus orti,
Qui primi ingenii nixi pernicibus alis,
Perque leves vecti stellas, totque orbibus orbis
Implicitos, magni intrastis penetralia cœli,
Ausi ingens facinus, penitus penitusque repostas

Naturæ in latebris caussas ratione sagaci
Detexistis, & in cæca caligine mersi
Certa ostendistis terris vestigia veri.

Non cæca ambitio vobis, non blanda voluptas,

Non vigiles curæ, non lucri pallida tabes,
Sublimes fregere animos, quin invia rerum
Sensibus humanis mentis penetraret acumen,
Eque Deum arcanis adytis per secula longa
Astrorum erueret cassas interprete leges.

Ergo nec imperium vos formidabile lethi,
Nec quæ cuncta domant longis oblivia seclis,
Sub latebrisque suis & cæca nocte coercent :
Sed procul obscuri tenebris ab inertibus Orci
Gloria sublimes illustri in luce reponet,
Præpetibusque vehet per postera secula penis,

At qui divitiis au incubuere caducis,
Aut Veneris faucibus cæcoque Cupidinis æstu
Ablati in terram divinæ semina mentis
Merserunt, pecudum de more ignobilis oti
Tempora transmisere velut per somnia, seclis
Ignotique suis, ignorandique futuris.
Namque ubi corporei labefacta est tabe veneni,
Torpentemque bibit Lethæo e gurgite somnum

Mens cognata polo, vel molli laxa remisit

Frena voluptati, rebusque elata secundis

Intumet, aut duris cadit, aut, velut orbacarina

Remige, jactatur fortunæ impulsa procellis,

Nec videt, aut sperat placida statione quieti

Littora, nec tutos a fluctu & flamine portus.

Victa malis igitur, quicquid vel profuit olim,

Vel nocuit, putat esse Deum : si murmure cœlum

Increpat, elisus fulsit si nubibus ignis,

Corde micans trepidat, consternaturque timore ;

Soricis occentus metuit, corvique volatum.

Exigit hac pœnas veræ ignorantia causæ,
Contentusque Dei, & nimium sibi credulus error.”

The satirical poems of Buchanan abound in caustic and bitter sarcasm, and rise, now and then, into passages of severe and dignified declamation. During his own lifetime they rendered him the fear and hatred of a most powerful body of men, against whom the keenest of his shafts had been directed ; they at one period made him an exile from his own country, and at another they subjected him to all the hardships of a long imprisonment abroad. But the wit of Buchanan, how sorely soever it tortured its contemporary victims, was exerted by him for noble purposes. He had a satisfaction which has fallen to the lot of few satirists,—he could pardon in himself the having injured the self-love of a few, when he reflected that his severities had contributed in no inconsiderable degree to promote the welfare of the many. The forms of folly which he ridiculed have indeed

passed away; but pride, hypocrisy, and arrogance, are by no means exhausted. The vices which characterized the Franciscans of Buchanan's time, have passed, under somewhat different shapes, into men of other professions, and of more worldly-wisdom in our own. The tyrants of opinion, whoever they may be,—those who demand from the public a deference which is not due either to their talents or their virtues,—those who wrap themselves in the mantle of superciliousness, and lie in wait at corners to entrap the reverence of the inexperienced,—all quacks, of whatever pretensions, and under whatever disguises, many take to themselves as much as they please of the ridicule and contempt of Buchanan.

“*Vestra nec incauto pateant mendacia vulgo,
Nec videat crassos Plebs Tunicata dolos;
Et nova sub patribus tironum turba severis
Inveniat quaestus ingeniosa novos.*”

The indignation of our poet was kindled against the lazy monks of his time, because he conceived that their errors and vices had been the chief means of bringing religion itself into contempt, among the greater proportion of the cultivated men who were his contemporaries. Had he lived in our days his wrath might have vented itself upon a very different generation of delinquents; his love for the Truth would, under any circumstances, have been the same; and he would have crushed the open enemies, with the same irresistible arm which he directed against the hypocritical champions of Christianity.

Buchanan, then, has written poems of the most different species, and all apparently with enviable success; but, surely, in some of these he has been less at home than in others. His genius must have had some favourite walk, and the superior freedom and elegance of its motions may perhaps betray the secret. He can assume the appearance of tenderness, levity, or wit; he can charm us by the melting softness of his elegy, the joyous negligence of his *jeux d'esprit*, or the sharpness of his ridicule; but the careful reader will soon discover, that in none of these lies the native element of Buchanan. His mind was cast by nature in a grave and serious mould;—his passions and caprices might at times make him appear unlike himself, but the resting place of his spirit was in

the pure and lofty regions of patriotism, morality, and religion. The vehemence of offended purity, the whirlwind of virtuous wrath, the calmness of devout contemplation, or the extacies of holy hope;—it was in these that the man delighted, and it is in these that the best triumphs of the poet are made manifest.

We shall resume this subject next month, and offer a few remarks on the political and historical writings of Buchanan.

THE STORY OF SHAKRAK AND THE
MAGICIAN OF CONSTANTINOPLE;

Being a Subject for a Melo-drama.

MR EDITOR,

BEING fond of melo-dramas and fine spectacles, I regularly attend the theatres when any thing of that kind is going forward. On these occasions I have observed, that although the children seemed to feel some interest in the rational and natural parts of the story, the grown-up persons felt none. They waited with impatience for scenes which revolted probability, and were calculated to scatter the lethargic associations of ordinary life; for before evening arrives, most busy people are heartily tired of the real world.

Hence it occurred to me, that in these pieces the tastes of the graver part of the audience (such as judges and members of parliament) had not been sufficiently consulted, and that melo-dramas were not in general sufficiently absurd. I therefore resolved to take up the pen myself, and attempt something for the “deeper sort,” as Lord Bacon calls them; and I accordingly produced the following tale, to serve as the foundation of a brilliant after-piece. Before throwing it into a dramatic form, I shewed it to different managers in London, whose names I will not particularize, but found them as deaf as adders, and cold as stones. They rejected my proposals. After having been so shockingly used, I was going to throw the shining morsel into the fire, when it occurred to me, that if it were printed, the public could not fail to perceive what treasures of stage-effect it contained, and thrust it down the throats of the managers by main force. Trusting to the friendly efforts

of persons in high station upon the bench and elsewhere, I am, sir, yours, &c.

FRANCIS FINEGLARE.

London, *St Paul's*,
24th May 1818.

CHAP. I.—*Of the Magician Nakoonar and his Pastimes.—Shakrak is carried off.*

ONCE, in Constantinople, there lived a very skilful magician, whose name was Nakoonar. This man was of a cruel and proud disposition, and nourished in his bosom a sullen scorn of mankind. His appearance was ugly and frightful; and the rapid additions which, by means of hard study, he every day made to his power, were employed in executing the most wanton, wicked, and absurd tricks he could think of.

After it was dark, his hour of recreation came on. He had constructed one of those wooden horses which were at one time so much used by magicians, and so much celebrated over all the East. He mounted it every night, and shot from a window, to gallop about in the murky vacuity above Constantinople. He delighted to see the city stretched below him, while he was taking violent exercise in all directions; sometimes shooting straight up the firmament, sometimes skimming close to the smoke of the city.

These exertions used to put the old fellow into good humour, and make him quite frolicsome, so that he would occasionally dip down with his horse, and pick up from the streets some lonely individual, to carry home and frighten with strange sights and enchanted entertainments.

One night he saw a slave gazing about in a very stupid manner, and carried off the poor fellow, who uttered loud howls of terror as he rose in the atmosphere. Nakoonar had invited some other magicians to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. He accordingly ushered Shakrak, the slave, into a superb banqueting-room, where there were sitting five figures, with great white beards, and a mock severity of countenance; as also an huge evil genius, with six horns, and an aspect otherwise unpromising. The five magicians rose from their chairs, and

affected to receive Shakrak with ceremonious politeness. Each, in his turn, embraced him, in spite of his struggles to avoid the compliment: but more than all the rest, the genius with the six horns seemed studious of grace and gentility in his deportment, as if to palliate the disagreeableness of his person, and saluted him with a bow to the very ground. When they had placed themselves at table, they found it loaded with a variety of fruits, whose juice exuded like amber through their golden rinds. Other articles were intermixed: of course there was wood of aloes burning, and every sort of finery. Shakrak, who now began to suspect in what sort of company he was, could hardly be prevailed upon to touch any thing. He resolved to confine himself to the fruits, as having the closest resemblance to nature, and being probably the most innocent in their composition.

Nakoonar then told him to rise and fetch a vessel of sherbet which was on the sideboard. While his back was turned, the magicians made use of the opportunity to change their faces into the appearance of elephants and rhinoceroses. Shakrak gave a great roar, and let fall the sherbet; upon which they immediately resumed their old shapes, and joined in a hearty laugh.

Shakrak began to persuade himself that they intended no serious mischief, but was again annoyed by his friend the evil genius, who wished to pledge him with a cup of wine. The cups were filled, and the evil genius, with an ironical cough, drank "To our better acquaintance." Shakrak found the wine very pleasant, but could not empty the cup, which seemed to replenish as fast as he gulped at it. The gentleman with the six horns winked to the rest, and insisted upon his seeing the bottom. Then it was that Shakrak, after a violent effort, uttered his first words. "Most noble sir," said he, tremulously, "the wine increases upon me, insomuch that I cannot hold it. Your excellent worship knows that, and is pleased to be merry." "Come, come," said the genius, "I perceive you are a wag, and wish to play upon us." Whereupon there was another loud roar of merriment. Shakrak being now somewhat elevated, ventured to put in a good-natured bray of his own; but

they immediately stopped and erected their eyebrows, so that he was obliged to set the cup again to his head, to conceal his confusion.

Nakoonar then told him again to rise and fetch another bottle. While Shakrak was stretching forth his hand to do so, the bottle changed into a beautiful young woman, who ran away. "Never mind these accidents," cried Nakoonar; "catch her, and she will resume her old shape again." The slave, with a good-humoured smile, pursued her round the table, but all in vain. She was graceful and light of foot, and looked back upon him, over her shoulder. Shakrak followed, panting and smiling, and thought this was the best joke of the whole. In the meantime, the magicians encouraged him to increase his speed, which he did with sparkling eyes and outstretched arms. But unfortunately, when passing behind the chair of the gentleman with six horns, something caught his foot. He fell, the vision disappeared, and he rose from the floor with a wounded nose. The magicians affected great concern; but having got as much sport as they wished, they took a short leave, and went off through the window.

Nakoonar searched the pockets of Shakrak, under pretence of looking for something to staunch the wound, and he found a letter written as follows:—"To-morrow night I will speak to you from the window, at a quarter from twelve. You are to behave with the utmost discretion, or never expect to see me again."

Nakoonar put on a stern countenance, and made Shakrak follow him to another chamber, where there was nothing but a small lamp burning. "Vile slave!" said he, "disclose to me the history of this note, for my curiosity is excited. If you falsify, I shall immediately know by that lamp's going out; after which I have only to push you into the next passage, where there is a monster, who will make his supper of you." Shakrak declared that the note was addressed to his master, a young merchant in Constantinople, and that it was written by the daughter of a certain emir in the city. The lamp continued to burn. The magician withdrew, and bolted the door after him, resolving to have a finger in the concern; a resolution which boded no good to the lovers.

CHAP. II.—*The Monster and the Bar of Iron.*—*Shakrak is engaged in an extraordinary Adventure.*

SHAKRAK, being now left alone, said unto himself, "Woe's me! I fear some evil is intended to my mistress. Stupid wretch that I was, to loiter so long on the streets with her note! But who would have thought of a wooden horse? Woe's my heart! what shall I do?" So saying, he looked round the apartment, and saw no window or outlet—nothing but the door of the passage wherein there was a monster.

Shakrak was impelled by irresistible curiosity to take a peep into the closet. He found that the door had a small glass window in it, through which some light proceeded. Upon looking in, he perceived that the passage led off into a spacious lighted gallery. The monster's head, somewhat resembling that of an enormous crocodile, projected from the wall of the passage, and lay across the floor, close behind the door.

This was a shocking sight, but Shakrak was desperate. He found a large bar of iron lying in the room; and having opened the door, presented himself before the eyes of the monster. Its pupils dilated, and it opened its scaly jaws, which were about two yards long. Shakrak immediately placed his bar upright within its mouth. The upper jaw descended upon it, and was unable to close; leaving an enormous hiatus, and shewing its rows of polished teeth on both sides. The monster seemed astonished, but was too stupid to know how to relieve itself; being in the habit of leading a pampered life, without ever exercising its faculties. Shakrak therefore prepared for a very bold attempt. He took hold of the bar with one hand, and nimbly sprung through between its jaws, leaving the horrid animal utterly astonished at not being able to swallow him.

He found himself alone in a stately gallery, at one end of which a door appeared, over which was inscribed, in large letters, "The stable of the wooden horse;" for it is well known that magicians take great care of their unnatural machinery, however unfeeling they may be towards human beings.

Shakrak had never seen so fine a

stable. The door was ornamented with marble pillars; its valves were covered with crimson velvet, and studded with large golden nails; so that he thought he was going into the antichamber of a princess. Upon entering, he found it was a noble saloon, with the wooden horse standing at one end. Two grooms, also carved out of wood, were beside him. One of them knelt with a basket full of pearls, by way of offering him food, although the magician probably knew well enough that his pearls were quite safe, and would never be tasted. The other held a curry-comb, as if about to apply it to his back, which had already been made smooth enough by the rider's own body. Perhaps these vain appearances might be necessary, according to the rules of magic; but if they were not, I think the magician must have been making a mock of his horse; which was the more unmanly, on account of its being unable to see his drift. Yet let us pause before we condemn him. It is impossible for us to decide whether the wooden grooms formed an indispensable concomitant or not. In all arts and mysteries there are certain particulars, which, to the ignorant, appear superfluous, and perhaps foolish; but which, at the same time, form necessary links, or *quasi vincula*, without which the whole would be void and inept.

The rest of the apartment was fitted up with a sort of remote but magnificent resemblance to a stable; and in a corner Shakrak found as many different kinds of switches, as if they had belonged to a lad of fifteen. From a table he took up a small pocket volume, entitled, "Rules for managing the Wooden Horse;" and after reading a few pages, the principles began to open upon him in a much clearer manner than he expected; inasmuch, that, being eager to escape, and tenderly anxious for the safety of his mistress, he resolved to mount and take his chance.

In the room there was a large window reaching down to the floor, and unfolding upon hinges. It was evidently meant for letting out persons on horseback. Shakrak opened it, and found a small platform without, from which he had a prospect of the starry sky, and the whole of Constantinople at an immense distance below him. There he shed a flood of tears on ac-

count of his hapless condition, saying, "Oh, my dear young lady! do not vex your soft bosom, nor allow the peach-bloom to steal out of your cheeks. Your lover is as true as the stars, which keep the courses whether they be seen or not, come cloud or clear sky. I am going to ride a very strange sort of horse; but if I break my neck, it will be for your sake. So here goes."

So saying, he went in trembling; whereupon the wooden groom laid down his curry-comb, and held the stirrup. Shakrak gave a great cry, and again consulted the book, where he found these words, page 15, "The wooden groom will hold your stirrup, and do any thing you wish in mounting." Perceiving that this procedure was quite regular, Shakrak was again summoning up resolution, when he caught the sound of steps advancing towards a different door from that by which he had entered; and presently Nakoonar's voice was heard asking, "Who cried out a little while ago? Was it Mephistopheles wanting me? Open the door." One of the wooden grooms immediately went to open the door, and Shakrak, in attempting to stop him, was thrown down, for there is no possibility of stopping contrivances of that sort; but he immediately recovered his feet, and scampered off along the gallery, darted through the jaws of the monster, and got back to his own apartment.

CHAP. III.—*Nakoonar watches in the Garden.—The result.*

NEXT night, about half an hour from twelve, Nakoonar came to the stable, saying, "I have heard that this Safie is a very choice young damsel, and of rare beauty; but if she merely shews herself at the window, I shall not be able to seize her. An holy dervis has placed in her apartment so powerful an amulet, that nothing wicked dare enter. However, I shall repair to the spot, and if her lover comes, I may perhaps overhear some conversation that will suggest to me by what means I may bear away the prize."

He mounted, took several turns, and perceiving that the emir's garden was silent and solitary, dropt down, and concealed himself and horse in an arbour. The night was extremely beautiful. The full moon shone

brightly over the garden wall. The walks were adorned on each side with long rows of lilies, which, although the air felt somewhat cold, did not cease to pour forth a fragrant smell. The blossoms of the arbour also enchanted him with their odour; and the long tendrils of climbing plants, glittering with moisture, trembled at the least breath of wind. Nakoonar was visited with the remembrance of his earlier days, when the passion of love had visited him for the first time, and made the blood tingle in his veins with a sweetness to which he had for long been a stranger.

A total silence pervaded the garden as well as the house, which was quite near. The walls were white, and reflected the moonshine strongly. The lowest row of windows was not more than a yard from the ground. While Nakoonar sat looking and listening, one of the sashes was thrown open, and the beautiful Safie put out her head cautiously, as if to see whether any person was there. Finding that nothing stirred, she withdrew. Her mind was probably in a state of sanguine restlessness and expectation, which would not allow her to suppose that any thing could detain her lover, although she had not heard from him, and which overcame her with sweet throes of tenderness, intermingled with anxiety.

Shortly afterwards she appeared a second time. She leant out over the roses which grew beside the window, and listened attentively. In the meantime, Nakoonar had an opportunity of observing the beauty of her neck, which was very white and smooth, and of her cheek, which did not appear to have much red, but only a gentle and modest crimson, set off by two or three dark curls. Her hands were also very white; and it grieved Nakoonar to consider the roughness of the stone before her, which, in her thoughtfulness, she was grasping and rubbing unconsciously. Cruel and unworthy wretch! whose mind was, at the same time, filled with the most sinister intentions.

When she could not hear any steps, she opened the window a little more. At this juncture, the cunning magician made a rattling with the bridle of his horse; and the idea occurred to her, that perhaps her lover was not far off, but, owing to the negligence or

stupidity of her slave, had not been instructed how to lift the latch of a certain wicket. This idea came, and went, and came again. Could she venture out at the window? No, no, no. Only a few steps? No, no. Yet there was no great impropriety. She would only tell him how to come in. She would immediately return; and by the time he had unfastened the wicket, she would be safe within the window.

So she reasoned, and found, that, in her present mood, she could not withdraw contentedly and go to sleep. She endeavoured to remember the advices of the holy dervis; but they passed over her mind without bringing back good resolutions.

The fair Safie, believing that no eye observed her, put forth her slender foot upon a stone seat beneath the window, and took what might be called a very improper step, of which she soon felt the consequences. Nakoonar, perceiving that all obstacles were removed, got hold of her immediately. He mounted his horse, and away they flew.

CHAP. IV.—*Shakrak falls in with the Gentleman with the Six Horns.—He again sees his Mistress.*

IN the meantime, Shakrak having spent the whole day in a most disconsolate manner, without tasting any food, except a few dates which were brought him by the magician, resolved, when night came on, to make a second attempt to escape. He accordingly passed once more through the jaws of the monster, and repaired to the stable, but found the horse gone. Upon opening the door at which Nakoonar had knocked on a former occasion, he found it led into another suite of apartments, which probably served Nakoonar as a workshop for carrying on the different branches of his art. They were full of very extraordinary articles. In the last room, Shakrak found the gentleman with the six horns pounding at a huge mortar, and venting, from time to time, lamentable groans and complaints against the absent magician; for, by means of spells, he had been forced to become Nakoonar's servant, and was kept very closely at work.

No sooner did he perceive Shakrak, than, throwing down his pestle, he

ran to detain him. "My dear friend," said the evil genius, "you see how I am used. Whatever may be Nakoonar's politeness to me before company, I can assure you, that in private he treats me no better than a dog. I have worked to him for twenty years, and would fain escape from my bondage; which, if I had some assistance from others, I could easily accomplish. I know several of his talismanic secrets. I am an evil genius myself, no doubt, and many things therefore lie out of my reach; but if some holy and pious person could be introduced into this palace, and persuaded to act according to my directions, Nakoonar might be destroyed, much for the good of Constantinople."

"Perhaps," replied Shakrak, "my help might be somewhat in this matter; but how can I be sure of your sincerity?"

"Never doubt that," said the genius, striking his palm upon that of Shakrak with a loud noise. "Come along with me into a neighbouring apartment, and I shall give you convincing proofs."

They proceeded into a fair chamber, spread with the richest carpets, and scented by orange trees and other plants, which grew in vases. It likewise contained many sofas and musical instruments, and was altogether a delightful place, but had no windows, and was lighted only by globular lamps, finely painted.

"How do you like this?" asked the genius.

"Exceedingly well," replied Shakrak.

"Oh, the magician! the magician! I hear him coming!" cried the gentleman with the six horns, and was off in an instant, leaving poor Shakrak to creep under a sofa.

Nakoonar entered, bearing the fair Safie in his arms, and placed her upon a seat. Her eyes were full of tears, and she seemed quite exhausted with terror and astonishment at her journey through the air, insomuch that she did not even attempt to speak or inquire where she was. The magician thought it would be best to leave her to repose for some time; and accordingly, having laid her gently upon a sofa, he went away, locking the door after him.

Shakrak now peeped out. He saw his sweet mistress lying languidly,

with her dark hair shaken out of her turban, and her silken robes disordered. The small ribbons which tied her sandals were half unloosed, and shewed that, before she made the fatal step out of the window, she had just been preparing to retire to sleep. Now drooping with her tulip cheek over the sofa, she seemed slowly to recover the regularity of her breathing, and uttered from time to time heavy sighs.

It would be unnecessary to describe her astonishment, when the faithful Shakrak presented himself before her view. "Ah, my dear mistress!" said he, "you know not what terrible things I have gone through since we parted. This is a magician's house; but do not despair, for I am here to guard you, and hope soon to accomplish our escape. The magician carried me off as I was going to Haslan with your letter."

"Now I begin to understand my situation," said Safie. "What a frightful looking man that is, with his shaggy hair! Oh, Shakrak, you must certainly have been loitering, or doing something wrong, when you was carried off."

"No, no," replied Shakrak, "I protest that I was doing nothing wrong. But where did the magician get hold of you, madam?"

"We shall speak of that afterwards," replied Safie, blushing; and they entered into a conversation, in the course of which Shakrak related all that he knew, disclosing also what prospects had been held out to him by the gentleman with the six horns. "But, alas!" cried Shakrak, "although this room is beautifully decorated, I perceive it is a prison, from which there is no other outlet except the door, of which the magician has the key; and I can do nothing while I remain here." So saying, he knocked loudly at the door, and then hid himself under a sofa.

Safie did not perceive the meaning of this; but presently Nakoonar entered, and came up to her with as sweet an expression of countenance as he could assume, saying, "Fair lady, behold your humblest slave. This palace is yours, with all its delights; and you see before you one who would rather follow your steps on all fours, and kiss the floor where you have been walking, than be admitted at once to the third heaven."

"Impious and abominable man!" cried Safie, "how dare you come near me? Are you not ashamed to use this language to her whom you have so cruelly snatched away from her friends? Your appearance testifies that you cannot be far from sixty, an age at which there is no longer any excuse for wanton outrages: nevertheless, you conduct yourself like a green and giddy reprobate. I am sure your head exhibits gray hairs enough to make you pass for a dervis or a philosopher."

"Ah, madam!" cried Nakoonar, kneeling, "you see what a philosopher I am."

"Begone, for I wish to repose myself," cried Safie, who now perceived that Shakrak had crept out of the room unobserved.

"For what purpose did you make such a noise lately?" asked Nakoonar.

"I know nothing about these noises," replied Safie. "It must have been some of your own wicked genii; from whom, as well as yourself, I trust that our holy Prophet will defend me. In the mean time, you would oblige me very much by retiring, and locking the door after you."

"Sweet lady," replied Nakoonar, "I will obey; but you must ultimately have pity on me." And accordingly he withdrew.

CHAP. V.—*Nakoonar prepares an Exhibition for Safie.*

NAKOONAR, in coming away, heard some stir in the stable of the wooden horse, and was proceeding in that direction, when he was stopped by the six-horned genius, who wished to have his directions about mixing certain preparations in the workshop. Nakoonar went to look at the mortar. Finding that very little had been pounded, he turned furiously round upon the genius, and asked him what he had been doing for two hours. The genius replied, sheepishly, that he had been working as hard as he could; whereupon Nakoonar, taking the pestle out of his hands, belaboured him dreadfully, and concluded by knocking off three of his horns. This was too much to be endured; and the spirit sternly folded his arms, muttering threats of revenge.

"Let me have no sulkiness," cried Nakoonar, "else you shall fare worse

than you have done. Bestir yourself, and decorate the banqueting-room as superbly as possible. Spread forth my talismans upon the table, and prepare my books; for there is a fair lady before whom I wish to make a grand display of my art. I shall grudge no pains to please her. As for you, make your outside as decent as possible, and be ready to execute whatever I may command. To improve my appearance, I think I shall lay aside my usual safeguard of the enchanted doublet, and shall content myself with the staff of cedar which I received from that old magician who now lives in retirement among the ruins of Dendera."

So saying, he retired. The genius, still smarting with his wounds, went immediately to the wardrobe, where the staff of cedar was kept, and deposited another in its place.

CHAP. VI.—*Shakrak gets the Assistance of a Dervis.—Safie is rescued.*

IN the mean time, Shakrak, having mounted the wooden horse, shot boldly down into Constantinople. It was now day-light; and his first care was to find Haslan, the lover of Safie, who, after a short explanation with the panting and perspiring slave, mounted before him. Such persons as were abroad at that early hour stood gazing at the strange machine; and when it rose again, they saluted it with loud huzzas. The two riders, however, were determined to have a third, namely, the holy dervis Noodlegander, who had placed an amulet in Safie's apartment. Upon repairing to the street where he lived, they found the venerable old man seated before his door, reading the Alcoran. He was extremely thick-sighted, and also obtuse in his hearing, so that they could not make him understand what they wanted. Nevertheless, at their solicitations, the venerable old man, who was so completely sacred that nothing could come amiss to him, tucked his Koran under his arm, and mounted without hesitation. He felt quite at home everywhere, because he knew himself to be incapable of receiving any hurt; and accordingly the wooden horse ascended with its three riders.

When they were about half way from Nakoonar's house, the venerable old man put his hand gently upon

Haslan's shoulder, and said, "My good friend, what is the meaning of this haste? Beware of the left side of the road, for I think I perceive a ditch there."

"Never fear," replied Haslan; "we are far above every thing of that sort. We want you to assist us against a great magician."

"Music is a lascivious art," replied the dervis, shaking his head. "I never assist in these things."

"I do not say musician," replied Haslan. "He is a great necromancer."

"Romances are worse," said the dervis, shaking his head a second time.

"Reverend father, you mistake me," said Haslan. "I mean a great sorcerer."

"Oh ho! a sorcerer!" cried the dervis. "My eyes have much failed me of late, but you shall see presently what an old man can do. To me a sorcerer is as pleasant as a hare to a greyhound."

They landed on the platform, and passed through the stable, where the wooden grooms fell prostrate, as the dervis hobbled past with his Koran. According to the directions which Shakrak had received, they proceeded forthwith to the banquetting-room, where they beheld the utmost splendour of decoration. In one corner sat the evil genius, burning with rage and shame for the loss of his horns. He could scarcely look Shakrak in the face, but seemed rejoiced at their arrival. In the middle of the room stood a table covered with fine velvet, upon which were spread various jewels and curiosities. "Oh ho!" cried the dervis, "I perceive there are talismans here: we must secure these in the first place." And he accordingly put the whole in his pocket.

At this juncture Nakoonar rushed into the room, flashing fire from his eyes, and uttering frightful imprecations. He lifted up what he supposed to be his cedar staff, and made a tremendous blow at the dervis, who very coolly warded it off with an old pair of spectacles. The staff flew in pieces.

Nakoonar being thus deprived of all personal power, was running to open a great iron door, and let loose his monster upon them, when the evil genius took hold of him, and threw him headlong from a window. His revenge was accomplished, and he disappeared.

They now repaired joyfully to the orange-tree apartment, where Safie

was confined. They found her asleep, with the roses mantling in her cheeks. She was muttering something about stepping out from a window by moonlight; and whenever Haslan touched her, she screamed and awoke. The utmost congratulations passed among all the parties; and the good-natured dervis promised to give a hint to the parents of the young people.

Shakrak would fain have been allowed to carry away the wooden horse for his own use; but to this the dervis would by no means consent, quoting a certain adage, which it is unnecessary here to repeat.

They left Nakoonar's house by a great staircase which led down to the street; and next morning the dervis having revisited it, with the cadis of the district, had all the unlawful implements and monsters consumed and killed, which was a dreadful business for those who were engaged in it. But after these things were accomplished, there remained some very pretty apartments, ready for the reception of Safie and her husband.

ON THE STATE OF MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.

IT is only of late that music has become a subject of great or general interest in Scotland. It is not, however, because we are not a musical people that this is the case. On the contrary, there is hardly any nation which possesses more sensibility to music, or among whom a greater variety of beautiful national melodies is to be found. The delicacy, grace, and expression of our slow pastoral airs,—the energy and boldness of those of a martial kind,—the sportiveness and vivacity of the airs of our humorous songs,—and the bounding gaiety of our dances,—render our music not only our own pride, but the admiration of the most cultivated taste in every other country. In this respect, we will venture to say, that Italy alone surpasses us, and that no other country can be compared to us. The national music of the English hardly deserves the name. Of the few airs that seem to belong to them, the greater part are clumsy and monotonous; and they seem at all times to have been glad to import, for their own use, the songs of Scotland

and Ireland. The French music, in so far as it is national, is in a most wretched taste. It is true, that we hear, now-a-days, a great many pretty French airs, which pass for the national music of that country; but these airs may, in general, be traced to the opera, and are many of them Italian. The attachment of the French, of all classes and degrees, to the amusements of the stage, makes every body acquainted with the music of the opera. Of late years, many composers of great merit, both native and foreign, have employed their talents in writing for the French opera; and the consequence is, that the most pleasing airs of Guetry, Piccini, and Gluck, are to be heard over all France—in the streets, the villages, and the fields. We have witnessed the mortification of a Frenchman, who, with the usual vanity of his countrymen, was declaiming on the exquisite music of his nation, when he was assured, that the beautiful air of "*Avec les jeux dans le village*,"—which he gave, with great triumph, as a specimen,—was the composition of an Italian named Sacchini. This air is just as common, and as popular in France, and is as firmly believed to be a national air, as the *Bush aboon Traquair* in Scotland; and yet there is no doubt of its having been written by that celebrated composer, who died only within these very few years—so rapidly does a good opera air become national in France, and so speedily is its origin forgotten. Those who wish to see the French tunes, in all their old deformity, may do so, and procure at the same time a great deal of amusement, by looking into the *Théâtre de la Foire* of Le Sage, in the fine edition of that author's works lately published at Paris, where the airs of all the songs in his dramatic pieces are given. These pieces (which are full of humour) are chiefly *harlequinades*, consisting almost entirely of songs and action; and, the songs and dances being set to the most common and popular airs of the time, this book affords a very distinct view of the French national music as it existed before the introduction of the novelties we have been speaking of. It is really curious to observe how utterly destitute these airs, with hardly an exception, are of every spark of melody, grace, or expression. They have all one character

of lugubrious monotony; and on reading the songs, which are admirable, resembling, in their gaiety, wit, and humour, the songs in the Beggar's Opera, it is hardly credible that they could have been coupled to such doleful ditties. A comparison between them, and the exquisitely characteristic Scottish airs with which Gay embellished the songs of his opera, affords an excellent contrast between the genuine national music of the two countries.

The state of music in Germany seems to be such as to render it impracticable now to distinguish the old and traditional airs of the country from the regular productions of art. It is hardly too much to say, that the whole population of Germany are musicians. Every body performs on some instrument, with greater or less skill of course; but all are acquainted with the rudiments of music, and the works of the principal composers. Persons of this description do not amuse themselves much with national airs. They are in the habit of meeting together, and performing, in concert, the works of the best authors—it being no unusual thing to hear, in a village alehouse, a symphony or quartetto, executed by blacksmiths and weavers, that would put to shame the performances of most of the amateurs, and many of the professors, of this country; and their solitary recreations consist in the repetition of the most pleasing airs of their favourite composers. It would be out of place here, to inquire into the causes of this singular diffusion of musical knowledge and skill; but its inevitable consequence is, that the old national airs are neglected and almost forgotten. Of what are called German airs, therefore, the greatest number are, doubtless, the productions of the innumerable composers whose works are played or sung over Germany; and those which possess the wildness of character peculiar to national music, are known, in most cases, to belong to the Tyrol, or other remote districts, where the people retain their primitive rudeness and simplicity. That the national music of Germany, however, in the sense in which we have been using the term, is not remarkably good, may, we think, be inferred from the well known circumstance, that the pure German school of composition, though learned

and profound, is deficient in grace and melody, and that it is only those modern composers who have ingrafted the Italian style upon their own, who have produced the most exquisite masterpieces of the art. It is the combination of the Italian and German styles in the operas of Mozart, which has rendered them so inexpressibly delightful.

Though there are many pleasing national melodies in Spain, Russia, and other countries of Europe, yet there is no reason to suppose that any of these countries has a body of national music worthy to be compared to that of Scotland. The airs of those countries, in so far as we know them (and it is to be presumed that it is the best of them only which find their way to this country), are rude and unpolished, compared to our own; and from the sameness of character which we observe in all the airs of any one country, we may conclude that they are very deficient in variety. The national music of Ireland, however, resembles our own very closely, both in the character of the melodies and the diversity of their style, though there is a much greater number of fine airs in Scotland than in Ireland.

Notwithstanding, however, the excellence of the Scottish national music, it is certain, that, till within these very few years, music, as a branch of polite education, has been more neglected in Scotland than in any other civilized nation in Europe. A consideration of the causes of this apparent inconsistency would lead to an inquiry, into which at present we have not room to enter. The musical establishments of the church in Italy, Germany, France, Spain, and even in England, have contributed much to the diffusion of musical taste and knowledge in those countries; and in some of them, the cultivation of the music of the drama has had similar effects. From both these great sources of improvement we have been precluded, and this alone may be sufficient to account for our inferiority. But another cause of it, we apprehend, is to be found in the very excellence of our national music. Our airs are so good, so numerous, and so various in style, that we find them sufficient to satisfy our taste, and have no wish to go in search of any other. In countries where the na-

tional music is indifferent, increasing refinement and taste in the fine arts will necessarily produce a sense of the rudeness of the popular airs, and music of a higher order will be sought for and cultivated. But it is the boast of the music of Scotland, that it combines the wildness and native energy of national music with a considerable degree of delicacy and refinement; and is thus calculated to delight the most cultivated taste. In Scotland, therefore, it is very possible to have an enlarged understanding,—a cultivated taste,—a delicate perception of beauty in all the arts,—and, in particular, the greatest sensibility to music, and yet never to have looked for specimens of that art beyond the mountains and valleys of our own country. This seems to have made us somewhat too vain of our Scottish airs, and too indifferent about music of every other kind. It has prevented us from learning, that national airs, however beautiful, form but a very trifling department of music, standing, to the higher productions of the art, in about the same relation that our old ballads do to *Othello* or the *Paradise Lost*. It has hindered us from observing, too, that though the Scottish airs are much more polished than national melodies generally are, yet they cannot for a moment be compared to the airs composed by the great masters of the art, in which the very soul of passion is embodied in forms of the utmost symmetry and grace. Our national airs are as far removed from the melodies of Mozart and Paisiello, as our Border ballads from the most exquisite effusions of Burns or Moore;—and who would wish, that instead of possessing their beautiful lyrics, we had remained contented with the rude poetry of our forefathers?

What we have already said, however, is less applicable to the present state of music in Scotland than to its state some years ago. Of late, this art has been much cultivated, and appears to be in a state of rapid advancement. We have for many years, no doubt, had a succession of able professional musicians resident in Edinburgh; and many people still talk with regret of the old concerts in St Cecilia's Hall, as of something much finer, and more classical, than the concerts of these degenerate days. But these lovers of the "olden time" have just as much

reason to regret the days of St Cecilia's Hall, as "the golden days of good Queen Bess;" for, with the exception of the leader of the band, and sometimes a good principal singer, the performers consisted of the few professional musicians whom the town could then afford to maintain, and of a number of amateurs, who were very inferior in skill and knowledge to the amateurs of the present day. These concerts, however, had a very favourable effect on the improvement of music, as it was then first discovered in Edinburgh, that music was a liberal and elegant amusement, at least, as becoming a gentleman as drinking or cock-fighting; and it is to those who remain of the little band of amateurs that was then formed, that we are indebted for the spirited improvements of the present day.

The Musical Festival in 1815, forms an era in the history of music in Scotland. Its charitable object originally procured it the patronage of many people of rank and influence, who probably would have bestowed little attention on an endeavour merely to get up a great musical performance in Edinburgh. During the long period of its preparation, it gradually attracted the attention of the public; and for a considerable time before its commencement, it became an object of almost undivided curiosity and interest in all parts of Scotland. The crowds which flocked to Edinburgh on this occasion were unprecedented in this country. Many, of course, were attracted by the love of music, and the hope of exquisite gratification; but the greater number, no doubt, were drawn together from different motives—curiosity to witness so novel an entertainment—a wish to mingle in a scene of gaiety and bustle, and the necessity of being fashionable, by doing what was done by every body else. In short, Edinburgh was crowded with a splendid assemblage of company, from the causes which crowd Inverness at a Northern meeting, or an English county-town at the races or assizes. But, whatever may have been the motives which brought these crowds together, the universal feeling produced by the stupendous performances which they heard, was that of wonder and delight. The multitudes who had never before felt, or even conceived, the effects of the sublime

compositions of Handel and Haydn, performed by such an orchestra, found themselves gifted, as it were, with a new sense; and we have heard persons, who till then were ignorant of the power of such music, speak of the impressions they received, in the same rapturous language which would be used by one who, having been blind from his birth, had been suddenly blessed with the sight of the most sublime and lovely objects in nature. Such impressions, once made, are not easily effaced; and ever since this Festival, there has been in Scotland a much more general attention to the higher kinds of music than was ever paid to them before.

An immediate consequence of the Festival was, the establishment of the Institution for the Encouragement of Sacred Music. It became a matter of regret, that the sublime sacred compositions of Handel and Haydn could not be performed without the troublesome and expensive preparations of a Musical Festival; and this led to the idea, that a band of vocal and instrumental performers might be trained in Edinburgh, sufficient to perform those compositions in a manner not unworthy of them. The necessity of some improvement on the mean and rude psalmody of our churches, came also to be generally felt; and it was believed, that both these objects might be accomplished by an Institution for the cultivation of Sacred Music of every description. The Institution, accordingly, projected and set on foot by the zeal and spirit of a few individuals, immediately obtained the most extensive patronage. Many persons of the highest respectability, including most of the clergy of Edinburgh, enrolled themselves in the list of its directors, and have exerted themselves with unwearied assiduity in its management. The results have been successful even to a surprising degree. Though the Institution has subsisted only between two and three years, yet it is long since a large body of young men and boys have been so well instructed in music as to be able to execute, with considerable precision and good effect, many of the finest chorusses of Handel and Haydn; and these are so powerfully accompanied by a numerous instrumental band, consisting partly of professional musicians, and partly of amateurs, that the

public concerts of the Institution now afford a musical entertainment of a very high order. The natural consequence of all this is, a striking improvement in the psalmody of the churches. Good psalmody is now an object of the attention both of the clergyman and of the congregation. Numbers of the pupils of the Institution sing in the different churches: the congregations themselves sing much better than formerly; and this fine part of our devotional exercises is now beginning to be performed in a manner not unbecoming a refined and cultivated people.

In speaking of the means by which the Institution has produced these great improvements, it is impossible to overlook the combination of zeal, energy, and musical talent, displayed by Mr Mather in instructing the singers. None but musicians can be aware of the great difficulty of teaching the mere rudiments of music, particularly vocal music; and, to such persons, the proficiency of so great a number of young people, all of whom were previously quite ignorant of the art, must appear an absolute prodigy. Several of the directors, too, are known to be persons of considerable musical attainments; indeed, had it been otherwise, the details of this establishment could not have been managed with the skill and judgment necessary to render it successful. One of these gentlemen, Mr G. F. Graham, who deservedly enjoys the reputation of being the most learned and accomplished musician in this country, prepared a little elementary work for the use of the Institution, which has been lately published with the sanction of the directors, under the title of "The Elements of Singing, written for the Edinburgh Institution for the Encouragement of Sacred Music." We have been highly gratified by the perusal of this little treatise, which contains, in a most modest and unpretending form, a view of the general principles of music, and a system of instructions in singing, equally accurate, luminous, and comprehensive. The author, in a short and well-written preface, states, in the following words, the object of the publication. "The elementary lessons contained in this little work, were written for the use of the pupils in the great school of the Edinburgh Institution

for the Encouragement of Sacred Music. They were written as a short manual, by means of which the memory of the student might be refreshed, and his understanding directed, in the absence of his oral instructor, and as a sketch of some of the first rudiments of music, which might be useful to those pupils of the Institution who were called forth from the great school in this metropolis, to reside as teachers in the country-towns, and in the remoter districts of Scotland." But Mr Graham's work is calculated to be much more extensively useful than to the pupils of this Institution; and, on this account, the directors have most properly published it, with a view to its general circulation. It contains a summary of all the technical knowledge requisite for a vocal performer, arranged in a clear and systematic manner,—a number of sound and judicious remarks on the circumstances necessary to be attended to, in acquiring a correct and graceful style,—and a variety of illustrations and examples of his precepts, most happily suited to their purpose. The exercises in *solmisation*, or *solfaing*, as it is more familiarly called, contain, in a very small compass, almost every variety of interval and transition which the voice has to make in music of ordinary difficulty; while, at the same time, they form melodies of so pleasing and graceful a structure, that they cannot be sung without improving the taste of the pupil. In short, we have no hesitation in saying, that this little work, small and unpretending as it is, is better calculated than any thing we have yet seen, to be used as a textbook in teaching every description of vocal music.

We find that we have been led insensibly to extend our remarks on this little book to a greater length than is perhaps consistent with the nature of an article of this kind. But it happens, unfortunately, that the appearance of a good elementary work on music is a very rare occurrence. Persons who are merely practical musicians are not in general well calculated, from their education and habits, to give clear and rational views of the rudiments of their art. It is only when a man, who, like Mr Graham, combines great practical knowledge of the art, with habits of accurate thinking on its general principles, under-

takes such a task, that there is any chance of its being well executed. But, when such a work does appear, even though it should be as small in size as the volume we are speaking of, its value is incomparably greater than that of the ponderous tomes which have been published by singing-masters, who have no resource but that of mixing up their illiterate verbiage with a mass of crude and undigested examples, consisting frequently of long compositions, of which not one tenth part has any application to the rule (such as it is) intended to be exemplified. Nothing has retarded the progress of music in Great Britain so much as the total want of good elementary works on the subject; and, perhaps, nothing has contributed so much as the abundance of such works to produce an opposite effect in France. In that country, a number of works on music have been produced by men of science,—some of them by the most splendid names of which their literature can boast. We trust, however, that the want of such works in our own country will soon be supplied. Now that music occupies the attention of so many men of science and general literature, it is not to be doubted, that, in this inquiring and philosophical age, the principles of this enchanting art will be developed, cleared of the heaps of technical rubbish in which they are buried, and exhibited in all their native simplicity and beauty. When that is done, it will be found, that the study of music is no less delightful as a science, than its practice is as an art.

TIME'S MAGIC LANTHERN.

No V.

DIALOGUE *between* LORD BACON *and*
SHAKSPEARE,

Lord Bacon (in his study). Now, my pen, rest awhile. The air of this dark and thought-stirring chamber must not be breathed for too long at a time, lest my wits grow sluggish by reason of too much poring. I will go forth and walk. But first let me restore to their shelves these worm-wood schoolmen. Come gray-beard Aristotle, mount thou first, and tell the spiders not to be astonished if their

holes are darkened, for a seraphic doctor is about to follow. Scotus and Ramus, why these dogs ears? It was once a different sort. And now, as I lift each book, methinks its cumbersome leaves club all their syllogisms, and conspire to weigh down that feeble arm, which has just been employed in transcribing the *Novum Organon*. Alas! that folly and falsehood should be so hard to grapple with—but he that hopes to make mankind the wiser for his labours must not be soon tired. My single brain is matched against the errors of thousands; and yet every time I return to reflect upon the laws of nature, she meets my thoughts with a more palpable sanction, and a voice seems to whisper from the midst of her machinery, that I have not inquired in vain.—Ho! who waits in the anti-chamber there? Does any one desire an audience?

Page. The Queen has sent unto your Lordship, Mr William Shakspeare the player.

Bacon. Indeed!—I have wished to see that man. Shew him in. Report says her Majesty has lately tasked him to write a play upon a subject chosen by herself. Good-morrow, Mr Shakspeare.

Shakspeare. Save your Lordship! Here is an epistle from her Majesty.

Bacon (Reads). “The Queen desires, that as Mr Shakspeare would fain have some savour of the Queen’s own poor vein of poesy, he may be shewn the book of sonnets, written by herself, and now in the keeping of my Lord Chancellor, who indeed may well keep what he hath so much flattered; although she does not command him to hide it altogether from the knowing and judicious.”

Shakspeare. How gracious is her Majesty! Sure the pen, for which she exchanges her sceptre, cannot chuse but drop golden thoughts.

Bacon. You say well, Mr Shakspeare. But let us sit down, and discourse awhile. The sonnets will catch no harm by our delay, for true poesy, they say, hath a bloom which time cannot blight.

Shakspeare. True, my Lord. Near to Castalia there bubbles also a fountain of petrifying water, wherein the muses are wont to dip whatever posies have met the approval of Apollo; so that the slender foliage, which originally sprung forth in the cherishing

brain a true poet, becomes hardened in all its leaves, and glitters as if it were carved out of rubies and emeralds. The elements have afterwards no power over it.

Bacon. Such will be the fortune of your own productions.

Shakspeare. Ah, my Lord! Do not encourage me to hope so. I am but a poor unlettered man, who seizes whatever rude conceits his own natural vein supplies him with, upon the enforcement of haste and necessity; and therefore I fear that such as are of deeper studies than myself, will find many flaws in my handiwork to laugh at both now and hereafter.

Bacon. He that can make the multitude laugh and weep as you do, Mr Shakspeare, need not fear scholars. A head naturally fertile and forgetive is worth many libraries, inasmuch as a tree is more valuable than a basket of fruit, or a good hawk better than a bag full of game, or the little purse which a fairy gave to Fortunatus more inexhaustable than all the coffers in the treasury. More scholarship might have sharpened your judgment, but the particulars whereof a character is composed are better assembled by force of imagination than of judgment, which, although it perceive coherences, cannot summon up materials, nor melt them into a compound, with that felicity which belongs to imagination alone.

Shakspeare. My Lord, thus far I know, that the first glimpse and conception of a character in my mind, is always engendered by chance and accident. We shall suppose, for instance, that I, sitting in a tap-room, or standing in a tennis-court. The behaviour of some one fixes my attention. I note his dress, the sound of his voice, the turn of his countenance, the drinks he calls for, his questions and retorts, the fashion of his person, and, in brief, the whole outgoings and incomings of the man. These grounds of speculation being cherished and revolved in my fancy, it becomes straightway possessed with a swarm of conclusions and beliefs concerning the individual. In walking home, I picture out to myself what would be fitting for him to say or do, upon any given occasion, and these fantasies being recalled, at some after period, when I am writing a play, shape themselves into divers mannikins, who are not

long of being nursed into life. Thus comes forth Shallow, and Slender, and Mercutio, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Bacon. These are characters who may be found alive in the streets. But how frame you such interlocutors as Brutus and Coriolanus?

Shakspeare. By searching histories, in the first place, my Lord, for the germ. The filling up afterwards comes rather from feeling than observation. I turn myself into a Brutus or a Coriolanus for the time; and can, at least in fancy, partake sufficiently of the nobleness of their nature, to put proper words in their mouths. Observation will not supply the poet with every thing. He must have a stock of exalted sentiments in his own mind.

Bacon. In truth, Mr Shakspeare, you have observed the world so well, and so widely, that I can scarce believe you ever shut your eyes. I too, although much engrossed with other studies, am, in part, an observer of mankind. Their dispositions, and the causes of their good or bad fortune, cannot well be overlooked even by the most devoted questioner of physical nature. But note the difference of habitudes. No sooner have I observed and got hold of particulars, than they are taken up by my judgment to be commented upon, and resolved into general laws. Your imagination keeps them to make pictures of. My judgment, if she find them to be comprehended under something already known by her, lets them drop, and forgets them; for which reason a certain book of essays, which I am writing, will be small in bulk, but I trust not light in substance. Thus do men severally follow their inborn dispositions.

Shakspeare. Every word of your Lordship's will be an adage to after times. For my part, I know my own place, and aspire not after the abstruser studies; although I can give wisdom a welcome when she comes in my way. But the inborn dispositions, as your Lordship has said, must not be warped from their natural bent, otherwise nothing but sterility will remain behind. A leg cannot be changed into an arm. Among stage-players, our first object is to exercise a new candidate, until we discover where his vein lies.

Bacon. Do not those who enact

what you write fail sometimes in rendering your true meaning?

Shakspeare. Grievously, alas! and yet methinks they often play well too. In writing, however, I strive to make the character appear with sufficient clearness in the dialogue, so that it may not lie altogether at the discretion of looks and gestures.

Bacon. In what esteem hold you the man who enacts Falstaff? Plays he not well?

Shakspeare. Indifferently, my Lord. He lacks the eye of a true jester, and does not speak the wit as if it were his own. Nevertheless, my shafts do not seem entirely blunted by his shooting them, since they are so eagerly waited for by the spectators. As for pregnancy in himself, he has none.

Bacon. Yet, by giving voice and utterance to your thoughts, he has pleased the Queen to a degree seldom known before. At each time of his reappearance, her Majesty seemed to rejoice as if it had been the coming of a bridegroom, and the ladies of her court failed not to clap their hands. When they saw him fall down in battle at Shrewsbury, they cried out, "Alas! for our sport is ended!" but when he rose again, alive and well, the Queen began to laugh more than ever, and said she would know Falstaff better next time; and asked Essex, who stood behind her chair, if he had any such devices for saving himself at need. After the curtain fell, Essex brought Sir John a purse of angels, which the Queen said he would require, as Mrs Quickly had now pawned all her plate, and could no longer support him in his debaucheries.

Shakspeare. Does your Lordship sometimes honour these scenic pastimes with your presence?

Bacon. To say the truth, I have more frequently read your plays than seen them acted. Look round this narrow closet, Mr Shakspeare. Behold these rows of books, in which are marshalled various samples of men's wisdom and folly. Here is the theatre which I love most to visit, although it be not always for sport or relaxation. This table is a stage, upon which these grave doctors sometimes descend to play their pranks, until I grow weary, and cut short their logic by flapping their leaves together. These pens are what once served them for swords and

daggers; and this wax is like the human understanding, which they have run into a mould, and stamped with the head of Aristotle.

Shakspeare. Touching that matter I have the advantage of your Lordship. I care not whose head they stamp it with, or what doctrines and opinions are current; for, so long as men are born with the same passions and dispositions, the world will furnish the same handles to the tragedian. Therefore, while my Lord Verulam is vexing his brain with subtle questions, William Shakspeare lives with little thought, except it be to gather fresh fuel for his fancy. To the poet who has a ready-going pen, there needs not much painful preparative, since his best impressions are often got in the midst of idleness and sport.

Bacon. I am told that you do not invent the plots of your own plays, but generally borrow them from some common book of stories, such as Boccaccio's Decameron, or Cynthio's Novels. That practice must save a great expediture of thought and contrivance.

Shakspeare. It does, my Lord. I lack patience to invent the whole from the foundation.

Bacon. If I guess aright, there is nothing so hard and troublesome as the invention of coherent incidents; and yet, methinks, after it is accomplished, it does not shew so high a strain of wit as that which paints separate characters and objects well. Dexterity would achieve the making of a plot better than genius, which delights not so much in tracing a curious connexion among events, as in adorning a phantasy with bright colours, and eking it out with suitable appendages. Homer's plot hangs but ill together. It is indeed no better than a string of popular fables and superstitions, caught up from among the Greeks; and I believe that they who, in the time of Pisistratus, collected his poem, did more than himself to digest its particulars. His praise must therefore be found in this, that he reconceived, amplified, and set forth, what was but dimly and poorly conceived by common men.

Shakspeare. My knowledge of the tongues is but small, on which account I have read ancient authors mostly at second hand. I remember, when I first came to London, and began to be

a hanger-on at the theatres, a great desire grew in me for more learning than had fallen to my share at Stratford; but fickleness and impatience, and the bewilderment caused by new objects, dispersed that wish into empty air. Ah, my Lord, you cannot conceive what a strange thing it was for so inexpressible a rustic, to find himself turned loose in the midst of Babel. My faculties wrought to such a degree, that I was in a dream all day long. My bent was not then toward comedy, for most objects seemed noble, and of much consideration. The music at the theatre ravished my young heart; and amidst the goodly company of spectators, I beheld, afar off, with dazzled sight, beauties who seemed to outparagon Cleopatra of Egypt. Some of these primitive fooleries were afterwards woven into *Romeo and Juliet*.

Bacon. Your *Julius Cæsar* and your *Richard the Third* please me better. From my youth upward I have had a brain politic and discriminative, and less prone to marvelling and dreaming than to scrutiny. Some part of my juvenile time was spent at the court of France, with our ambassador, *Sir Amias Paulet*; and, to speak the truth, although I was surrounded by many dames of high birth and rare beauty, I carried oftener *Machiavelli* in my pocket than a book of madrigals, and heeded not although these wantons made sport of my grave and scholarlike demeanour. When they would draw me forth to an encounter of their wit, I paid them off with flatteries, till they forgot their aim in thinking of themselves. *Michael Angelo* said of *Painting*, that she was jealous, and required the whole man, undivided. I was aware how much more truly the same thing might be said of *Philosophy*, and therefore cared not how much the ruddy complexion of my youth was sullied over the midnight lamp, or my outward comeliness sacrificed to my inward advancement.

Shakspeare. The student's brain is fed at the expense of his body; and I suspect that human nature is like a Frenchman's lace;—there is not enough of it to be pulled out both at the neck and the sleeves.

Bacon. What you observe is in part true. Yet if we look back upon ancient times we shall find exceptions. *Plato's* body was as large and beautiful as that of any unthinking Greek; and so

also was the body of *Pythagoras*, whom men had almost deified for his conjunct perfection of mind and person. To mention *Alcibiades*, *Epaminondas*, *Cæsar*, and others, would be unseasonable; since, although these men had ability enough for the great advancement of their own or their country's fortunes, the same portion might have gone but a small way toward the extension of knowledge in general. But here we touch upon the distinction between understanding and those energies which are necessary for the conduct of affairs.

Shakspeare. Speaking of bodily habits, is it true that your lordship swoons whenever the moon is eclipsed, even though unaware of what is then passing in the heavens?

Bacon. No more true, than that the moon eclipses whenever I swoon.

Shakspeare. I had it from your chaplain, my lord.

Bacon. My chaplain is a worthy man; he has so great a veneration for me, that he wishes to find marvels in the common accidents of my life.

Shakspeare. The same chaplain also told me, that a certain arch in *Trinity College, Cambridge*, would stand until a greater man than your lordship should pass through it.

Bacon. Did you ever pass through it, Mr *Shakspeare*?

Shakspeare. No, my lord. I never was at *Cambridge*.

Bacon. Then we cannot yet decide which of us two is the greater man. I am told that most of the professors there pass under the arch without fear, which indeed shews a wise contempt of the superstition.

Shakspeare. I rejoice to think that the world is yet to have a greater man than your lordship, since the arch must fall at last.

Bacon. You say well, Mr *Shakspeare*; and, now, if you will follow me into another chamber, I shall shew you the *Queen's Book of Sonnets*; which, not to commend up to the stars, would shew much blindness and want of judgment. Her Majesty is a great princess, and must be well aware of the versatility of her own parts, which fit her no less for a seat among the *Muses*, than to fill the throne of her ancestors.

Shakspeare. Were her Majesty to listen to all that might be spoken of her good gifts, she would find the

days too short for expeding any other business. The most her subjects can do with their praise is, to thrust it upon her by snatches; and, as Jupiter is said to have had a small trap-door in heaven, through which, when open, ascended the foolish prayers and vows of mankind, so might her Majesty's presence-room be provided with a golden funnel for receiving the incense of those innumerable worshippers, whose hearts are full of her, although their quality enables them not to approach her person.

Bacon. Walk this way, Mr Shakespeare. The Queen's book is not to be found among ordinary classics.

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No VI.

JOHNSON'S MIDNIGHT WALK.

Scene—the Streets of London.

Savage. Mr Johnson, I must insist upon your going home to your lodgings.

Johnson. No, sir; I had as lief walk with you, and chat with you.

Savage. Your complaisance carries you too far. Necessity has accustomed me to pass the night in this manner. But you have a lodging, and need not encounter these hardships.

Johnson. A man, sir, takes a pleasure in tasting the diversities of life, when he knows it is in his option whether he shall do so or not.

Savage. Your frame is robust. You will catch no harm, at any rate, from your present whim.

Johnson. Why, sir, I love occasionally to aberrate from routine. It awakens and varies my ideas. The streets are almost silent just now. These large and opaque masses of building have nothing in their exterior to set the mind a-going; but they affect us, sir, because we know them to be pregnant with the workings of the human heart, from the cellar to the garret. There is no time when mankind so distinctly feel their happiness or misery, as before retiring to sleep. Action being then suspended, they have time to estimate its results, and to calculate what remains to be enjoyed or suffered.

Savage. Damn calculation! Damn it—ah!

Johnson. I have never yet been so situated as to—(I will not repeat your expression,) but I have never yet been

so situated as to wish to have done with calculation.

Savage. Mr Johnson, you know what I once was. Is it wonderful that I should swear?

Johnson. This is a painful topic, and an old one between us.

Savage. Well, let us wave it. I have some verses in my pocket which I composed this morning, and wrote on the back of a play-bill with a pen which I procured in a grocer's shop. If these lamps were not so dim, you should hear them read.

Johnson. The ancients said of Love, that he had been cradled on rocks, and suckled by tigers.

Savage. What of that?

Johnson. It is astonishing under what unfavourable circumstances poetical enthusiasm, which is one of the finest movements of the soul, will sometimes thrive and fructify. I do not much wonder at Cervantes having written Don Quixote in prison; for it would appear that the assembling of humorous conceptions is a harsh and hardy operation of the mind, and not liable to interruption from slight inconveniences. We find humour among men, whom the rigours of their situation have entirely blunted to tenderness. Take, for instance, sailors and highwaymen.

Savage. What do you suppose to be the hardiest of all faculties?

Johnson. That of ratiocination, sir. But it requires to be supported. When I lived, as at one time I was obliged to do, upon four pence a-day, I experienced frequent defalcation of mental activity.

Savage. Starvation may enfeeble the faculties, but in me it leaves the passions as active as ever. It leaves me still the same proud and uncontrollable Richard Savage.

Johnson. Nature has probably ordered things in such a manner, that our personal energies shall be the last to suffer from bodily exhaustion. In many cases the intellectual faculties may be considered as mere superfluities; while, on the other hand, the personal energies are requisite to the last in our intercourse with human society, even although they should have some ill-directed tendencies, as I fear is the case with yours.

Savage. I will permit you to say so, Mr Johnson, for I know you are my friend.

Johnson. After dinner, sir, I generally feel inclined to meditation. Reading is then less agreeable to me, because of the trouble of holding the book to my eyes.

Savage. When do you dine?

Johnson. Generally at three.

Savage. Heigho! you are a happy man. You will one day do credit to literature, when poor Savage——

Johnson. Nay, sir, do not speak thus. I am but a harmless drudge, a word-hunter—little worthy of being envied. He that deludes his imagination with golden dreams of the dignity of literature, need only enter the garret of the lexicographer, and see him at his diurnal task, to be convinced that learning is honoured only in its results, and not in the person of the possessor.

Savage. Have you visited my Lord Chesterfield lately?

Johnson. Why, no, sir. I found that I was kept waiting for hours in the anti-chamber, while his Lordship was engaged with such persons as Cibber.

Savage. D—n him. Stupid scoundrel! Fellows like that get on well wherever they go.

Johnson. And what if they do, sir? They are more gainly, sir, than we, because they are meaner. You are to consider that their progress is purchased by the loss of what we think one of the greatest luxuries in life, namely, the habit of following the wayward impulses of personal inclination. Sir, the man who approaches people like Chesterfield must not have any humours of his own. Now, sir, I am not one of those who can clear their foreheads, and look pleasant whenever occasion requires. I love to be as sour as I please. *Mea virtute me involvo.*

Savage. But surely Lord Chesterfield ought to make some distinction between——

Johnson. Chesterfield, I believe, does as we ourselves would do in his situation. He knows what it is to be a courtier, and he expects to be courted in his turn, for whatever he has to give.

Savage. Learning and worth ought——

Johnson. Nay, sir, do not talk stuff. Learning and worth may pace the streets, and reflect on their own merits till they are weary, but the world has other matters to think of. Personal

qualities do not rise in society, unless their possessor has the art of making them subservient to the wants of others. A man who appears at Vanity Fair, with a species of merchandise which every person can do without, will only be laughed at if he gives himself airs.

Savage. Who lies here?—Some one sleeping upon a bulk. Poor fellow! his coat appears to have seen better days. His hat has dropped off, and may perhaps become the prey of some light-fingered passenger. Shall I awaken him?

Johnson. Is it an author?

Savage. I am uncertain. He does not seem to be a drunkard; for he breathes quite freely. I rather think it is an author.

Johnson. Do you know the individual?

Savage. I believe it is a Mr Andrew Carmichael, a young man from Scotland, author of an elegant little poem, entitled the Woes of Genius.

Johnson. Nay, sir, if he is from Scotland, let him lie.

Savage. The poor young man will lose his hat.

Johnson. Sir, a Scotchman has no need of a hat. It only supplies warmth and stimulus to the seat of knavery.

Savage. If you will allow me to make you acquainted with this gentleman, you will find his conversation well calculated to remove these prepossessions. Ho! friend; get up. Don't you recollect Savage?—Ah, Derrick! is it you?

Derrick. For whom did you take me?

Savage. For the poor lad Carmichael. The Woes of Genius, you know.

Derrick. You need not look for him. He is off the list.

Savage. How? What say you?

Derrick. Tucked himself up the other morning. 'Tis a shocking story; but he was desperate. He was originally a tutor in a Scottish family, where he gave so little satisfaction, that he was turned off, and came to London full of authorship. When he first arrived, he used to dine at a shilling chop-house. By degrees, however, he came down to a sixpenny one, and then to a fourpenny one. Afterwards he became irregular, and lived only when he could. In the meantime, his

appearance and dress fell off rapidly. He grew hollow and yellow about the eyes, and was seldom seen as formerly about the booksellers' shops. He used to compose elegies, however, full of the most high-sounding phrases, and recite them aloud with passionate emphasis. Gradually he lost heart, even at this. His pride began to be sapped, and his hopes to leave him, and the catastrophe—

Savage. Was what you have told us. Say no more about it.

Derrick. Your servant, Mr Johnson. You see that I have just been taking a nap in an easy way. Our friend, *Savage*, prefers walking. He is so little fond of stone cushions, that I believe he would not lie still, even if a sculptor were to provide him with one in Westminster Abbey.

Johnson. Westminster Abbey!—Why, sir, that is a long look forward.

Savage. Yet the love of fame is a noble propensity.

Johnson. The love of fame, sir, never made a great man. When an individual possesses extraordinary faculties, the pleasure of exercising them is what first sets him a-going. Fame, or what is more powerful, money, may afterwards be necessary to overcome his indolence, and to make him encounter the labour of committing his mental riches to such a vehicle as will transfer them to other minds. But all great advances of thought, and achievements of conception, are made from the love of thinking and conceiving; and all artists who become eminent, become so from the love of their art. We see, on the stage, that bad actors are continually wooing and consulting the audience with their eyes; but good actors seem wrapt up in their own feelings.

Derrick. You will admit, however, that the love of fame sometimes prompts men to great actions. Witness the heroes of antiquity, some of whom were almost entirely actuated by this passion.

Johnson. Why, sir, that is a different thing. Although the love of fame will not confer genius or intellect, it may induce an individual to persevere in such a laudable course of conduct, as will secure the applause of his fellow citizens who profit by it; and indeed if fame were to be obtained only by good actions, vanity would be the best of all passions, since it would

make us as zealous in serving mankind as ourselves. But the mere love of a respectable reputation is a better principle. It urges us to no mischief, and it restrains us from much evil.

Savage. Respectable reputation is not enough to slake the thirst of restless minds; and we see around us multitudes, who, rather than remain merely respectable, push forward into notoriety, and become ridiculous. These are the men upon whom the snug and cautious members of society pour forth the vials of their wrath. We are all fond of fame in our hearts; but some have sense enough to perceive that it is beyond their reach; and their suppressed hopes are naturally enough changed into malice against bolder adventures.

Derrick. Which is felt, to their cost, by unsuccessful authors, players, politicians, orators, schemers, &c.

Johnson. In society, sir, there is a sort of conventional *status*, which may be acquired by any individual who lives *secundum bonos mores*. But when a man becomes a candidate for celebrity, he ventures upon different ground. He abandons his conventional *status*, and throws his weight upon his personal pretensions; and he must sink or swim along with them.

Derrick. The life of a professed author is certainly far from being a tranquil one. It is a state of severe trial, unless his talents and good fortune are such as to convey him aloft into the arm-chair of established reputation.

Johnson. Arm-chair enjoyment, sir, is the lot of few.

Derrick. I wish I had followed the trade of a grocer, as was originally intended by my friends in Holborn. I should then have speedily acquired a large chin and a cheerful eye, and become like one of those over-grown rascals whom I see wallowing in clover behind their counters. No literary carpings would then have disturbed my repose; and my gossipings would have been only about Broughton's last boxing-match, or the Cock-lane ghost.

Savage. Have you heard any thing new concerning the Cock-lane responses?

Derrick. Nothing. But as I passed through Cock-lane about an hour ago, I saw numerous carriages stopping at the house. Some of them brought ladies of rank, and others set down

clergymen in full dress, with powdered hair and black silk stockings. I never saw such a bustle. Some of the audience are said to bring biscuit in their pockets, to enable them to sustain the fatigues of the night; and others chew figs to disguise the chattering of their teeth. The whole is conducted with a solemnity that shakes the firmest nerves.

Savage. What a strange species of infatuation!

Johnson. (*Solemnly.*) Gentlemen, I must leave you.

Savage. We need not part yet. We shall accompany you home.

Johnson. (*Angrily.*) Nay, sir, I am not going home.

Derrick. Where, then?

Johnson. (*Sternly.*) Sir, 'tis not agreeable to me to be questioned. I bid you good night.

Derrick. He is off. What can be the meaning of this?

Savage. I have a shrewd suspicion that this man, venerable for his learning, and formidable for superior intellect, is now stalking towards Cocklane. He has an unaccountable hankering after the marvellous.

Derrick. Impossible!

Savage. It would grieve me to offend him by dogging his steps, but we can follow, unobserved, at a distance. The lion must be tracked warily, softly—softly—there he goes—just in the direction I expected. I was sure of it.

—

KIDD AND BRANDE.*

No being can be more tenderly alive to the very semblance of offence, or, to use a common sort of phrase, more thin-skinned, than an Oxford professor. We have a very high respect for the ancient university itself; we scorn and despise the paltry attacks which were made upon its general character and usefulness a few years ago, by certain sceptical wits, who cannot be persuaded that there is any thing either good or great beyond the petty sphere

of their own unambitious and ignorant self-complacency. But even upon that occasion, we must say, there appeared to us to be something not a little ridiculous in the furious zeal with which so many grave academics laid aside the sober honours of the inactive toga, and started forth in the unwonted and unnatural succinctness of the sagum, to repel the assault of a "telum imbelles sine ictu" which had glanced with impotent malignity against the venerable towers of their Alma Mater. A tutor, or professor of this time-hallowed seminary, feels as severely the slightest sarcasm against its character, as a sentimental lover does an imputation against the chastity of his mistress. Wrapped in the sable swaddling-bands of his dignity, and strutting for ever under echoing arches, he soon comes to fancy himself a constituent part of the gloomy and gothic grandeur which is familiar to his eye. He is satisfied that he is a fixture; and, with excusable vanity, dreams that it is his business to be a prop, where nature and art have only meant him to be a pendicle.

A more amusing instance of the absurd excitability of the Oxonian pride, has not often been exhibited than in this formal little pamphlet of Dr Kidd. The doctor himself is, we understand, a man of much modesty and merit, and withal, one who has commonly been supposed to be a great deal more free from the besetting prejudices of the place than almost any of his brethren. If a man of his acknowledged eminence and excellence can display so much violence upon so little provocation, what must be the exquisite soreness felt upon similar occasions by the every-day members of the order to which his name is an ornament,—the mere common-place masters of arts, and bachelors, and doctors of divinity, who imagine themselves to be exemplifying the highest possible glories of the "contemplative life" of the Peripatetics, when they are swaggering along Christ-church meadow, or assisting in all the ineffable grandeur of dulness, at the diurnal solemnities of the high table?

The wrath, however, of these ordinary graduates, intense and ebullient as its heat may be, commonly evaporates in the harmless shape of high-church toasts, and songs from The Sausage, uttered with the full emphasis of

* An Answer to a Charge against the English Universities contained in the Supplement to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. By J. Kidd, M.D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford. Sold by J. Parker and by R. Bliss, Oxford; and Messrs Rivington, London. 1818.

indignation, to the sympathising audience of a common room. To such transitory, but adequate instruments of academical resentment, we think it might have been wise in the worthy Professor of Chemistry to have left the vindication of the university from the aspersions of Mr Brande. But we must put our readers in possession of the facts before we can expect them to adopt the opinion which we have formed. It is fair that the plaintiff should be permitted to open the case for himself.

“ In a dissertation on the progress of chemical philosophy, written by Mr Brande, and prefixed to the Supplement to the fourth and fifth editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it is asserted, that, ‘ excepting in the schools of London and Edinburgh, chemistry, as a branch of education, is either entirely neglected, or, what is perhaps worse, superficially and imperfectly taught.’ And it is added, that ‘ this is especially the case at the English universities, and that the London pharmacopœia is a record of the want of chemical knowledge where it is most imperiously required.’

“ As Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford, I am, to a certain extent, necessarily implicated in the charge here brought forward; and I naturally feel desirous of defending myself against it; though, in the opinion of some, I may be thought to compromise the dignity of the University, in answering an accusation made by an individual not educated among its members, and probably, therefore, an incompetent judge of the scope of an academical education. But I respect Mr Brande, both on account of the honourable rank he holds as secretary to the royal society, and still more on account of his industrious exertions in the promotion of practical chemistry; and I shall be happy if, in convincing him that he has advanced an assertion not warranted in fact, I may remove from his mind a prejudice, the existence of which I have perceived with much regret.”

Now, we really must not hesitate to say, that, in our humble opinion, Dr Kidd has here fallen into the very error which he alludes to in his next paragraph, as a distinguishing one of the times. Wherefore all this mighty respect for that most absurd and pompous of all lecturers and essayists, Mr William Thomas Brande? If he be not one of “ those obscure and illiterate sciolists whom the easy courtesy of the present age would dignify with the name of philosopher,” who, we should like to be informed, are the persons so described by Dr Kidd? Had any serious charge been made upon the uni-

versity of Oxford by Sir Humphrey Davy, or Professor Leslie, we could have pardoned a zealous academic for some impatience to wipe off the stigma. But really the smooth gentleman who talks to the fine ladies at the Royal Institution,* about primitive rocks, and secondary rocks, granite, porphyry, syenite, and serpentine, in a style of rumbling solemnity, compounded of the worst things about Darwin and Pinkerton,—and amuses and delights the same enviable audience with the leaps of dead frogs, and the other awe-inspiring wonders of the Galvanic battery,—this important person, even though he has been permit-

* To give our country readers an idea of his manner, we quote a few sentences from Mr Brande’s very self-complacent essay “ on the Rise and Progress of the Royal Institution.”

“ Nor of less importance are the popular lectures delivered weekly in our theatre. It is here that we behold a sight not to be paralleled in the civilized world. It is hither that our countrymen flock to give their all-powerful countenance to pursuits which ennoble the mind. While beauty and fashion continue to patronize mental improvement, it will ever be unfashionable to be uninformed; while the female classes exert their influence to keep alive a love of instruction, it will be doubly disgraceful for men to be ignorant. And while we acknowledge with gratitude the benefit which science derives from a patronage which is as irresistible as it is extensive, justice calls upon us to rebut the charge of fickleness. Since the first foundation of the institution, the female part of our audiences has never deserted us. Long may the ladies of London continue to derive ‘ that healthy and refined amusement, which results from a perception of the variety and harmony existing in the kingdoms of nature, and to encourage the study of those more elegant departments of science which at once tend to exalt the understanding and purify the heart.’

We cannot follow this more appropriately than by the well-known lines of the poet.

“ They say that learning is diffused and general,

And taste and understanding are so common;

I’d rather see a sweep-boy suck a penny roll,
Than listen to a criticising woman.

And as for *chemistry*, the time of dinner all,
Thank God, I then have other things to do, man,

Exceptions ’gainst the fair were coarse and shocking,

I’ve seen in breeches many a true blue stocking.”

ODOHERTY.

ted to write one of the introductory dissertations in the Supplement to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, need not, we think, have been treated with quite so much respect by a learned and grave functionary of the University of Oxford. The illustrious chemist of the institution is, to be sure, himself a very liberal person. Hear with what amiable condescension he talks of the lectures which such men as Thomas Campbell and Coleridge have delivered within the walls of this fashionable seminary. One would almost be inclined to imagine that Mr Brande did believe, genius may be well employed out of the laboratory.

“In favour of the fine arts, *we blush not* to say that we sometimes relax the academic strictness of our laws. We consider it no disgrace, that the first masters of poetry, eloquence, and music, have been heard within our walls; and we cannot blame the taste which has drawn overflowing crowds to listen to the charms of such attractive sounds. Even the most rigid critic, we may be allowed to hope, will not condemn the policy of laying under contribution the pleasures of the lighter muses to enliven the severer studies of their graver sisters.”

There is something in all this so utterly ridiculous, that we wonder Dr Kidd could treat any assault upon the university or its professors, coming from the same quarter, otherwise than with good-humoured indifference, or, at the most, with silent contempt. But granting that some reply was expedient, Dr Kidd was certainly the most proper person to make it; and we think he has done so very effectually, although at somewhat too much length.

“It is evident,” says he, “to those who reflect on the subject, that the whole tenor of an academical education, so far at least as intellectual endowments are concerned, regards the general improvement of its members, rather than their qualification for any particular profession; and hence the trite objection, so often even now brought forward, that the physical and experimental sciences are here neglected, can only proceed from want of candour or of information. For a candid and enlightened mind would readily allow, that though the discipline of classical and mathematical studies is well calculated to form the groundwork of excellence in the physical and experimental sciences, the converse of this is by no means true; witness the deficiency, both with respect to taste and reasoning, in the literary productions of individuals, whose fame in other points deservedly ranks high in the scientific and professional world.

“The physical and experimental sciences then are not neglected in this place. They are not cultivated, indeed, to the same extent as in some other schools; but they are cultivated so far as is compatible with the views of a system of general education: and hence the object of the lecturers in the several branches of those sciences is, rather to present a liberal illustration of their principles and practical application, than to run into the minutiae of a technical, or even a philosophical, detail of facts. These branches of science, in this place at least, may be considered with reference to divinity, classics, and mathematics, in the same light as the supernumerary war-horses of Homer’s chariots; which were destined to assist, but not to regulate, the progress of their nobler fellow-coursers.

“With respect to Chemistry, indeed, it is the opprobrium of that science, if science it may even yet be called, that though it has at once dazzled and ameliorated the condition of the world by the discoveries of philosophers like Davy, Scheele, and Wollaston, it has in some respects debased the character of Philosophy itself. It has been the means, that is, of elevating to the title of philosophers a host of individuals, whose talents were just equal to that species of inductive reasoning, the nature of which has been of late years so egregiously mistaken, and its importance so absurdly maintained. That man, in truth, must be possessed of but ordinary abilities, who cannot draw a general conclusion from a number of analogous facts continually passing before his eyes; while, after all, it must be genius alone that can penetrate beyond the limits which apparently confine it, and connect at once the distant or hidden links in a chain of philosophical reasoning. It was genius in its fairest form and happiest hour, which discovered to Sir Humphry Davy the connexion between the cooling power of a metallic surface and the extinction of contiguous flame; which taught him to extend the application of an abstract principle to the preservation of human life; and added thus a more lasting wreath of honour to his temples, than the decomposition of potash or of all the alkalis in nature could ever have conferred.

“And undoubtedly Lord Bacon did not look forward to those easy triumphs over the mysteries of the material world, which some seem to expect from the inductive method. He only maintained, what I believe no one is now disposed to deny, that without induction founded on experiment or observation, no advances could be reasonably expected in the physical sciences: but a mind imbued so deeply with the spirit and matter of ancient learning, was not likely to overlook the advantages to be derived from the discipline of a classical education. And if superiority of intellect be shewn in the choice of those experiments or observations on which induction is to rest,

and this I think no one will attempt to controvert, it is in the highest degree probable, that the same mind will be more or less successfully exerted in the prosecution of any particular branch of science, in proportion as its powers have been previously exercised by the discipline of general education: not indeed that education can communicate new powers to the mind, but that it improves those which it naturally possesses, and enables it to direct them at once to the most appropriate points of observation. In saying this, however, I do not mean to disparage those self-elevating powers of extraordinary talents which occasionally are found to supersede the necessity of any education, being at once the master and scholar of themselves.

“If indeed Mr Brande had asserted, that chemistry was imperfectly cultivated by the generality of the members of the English universities, he would doubtless have asserted a truth, and a truth of which the reason is sufficiently obvious; since nearly ninety-nine out of every hundred there educated, are destined not for the profession of medicine, nor for commerce, but for the church, or the bar, or the diplomatic departments of the state. I would ask therefore any reasonable person, not whether it is likely, but whether it would be desirable, that the preparation for such grave and important duties should be interrupted by more than a passing attention to pursuits, which can only be hereafter cultivated as a liberal relaxation from severer studies and engagements. But if in after life the intervals of the more important duties should afford sufficient leisure for the cultivation of natural science, there is no reason why it may not be cultivated; and there are those among the members of the university, and I am proud in reckoning some of them in the number of my nearest friends, who have thus contributed to the advancement not only of chemistry, but of other branches of natural knowledge.”

Chemistry is a science (if indeed that name can as yet be rightly applied to it) which can give no man any title to eminence, unless he devotes to it the whole of his time, and increases its boundaries in some remarkable manner, by the united efforts of genius and labour. They who are really ambitious of the name of chemists must not expect to obtain their object by attending the lectures either of Mr Brande or Dr Kidd, or of any other teacher. All that these men can do for them, is to give them the elements of the art of making experiments; and unless they apply what they have thus learned, immediately and indefatigably, to the purposes of solitary study, they might just as well have never entered the doors of the lecture-room.

Of what benefit is it to the mind of any man, to have a few superficial notions of the properties of oxides and alkalies? And even Mr Brande, we presume, will not pretend that his auditors derive any thing more from their attendance upon him. Such learning may be a good enough preparation for the

“Daily ‘tea is ready’

Smug coterie, and literary lady;”

But truly, that any university should be ridiculed for not furnishing all its disciples with such “armour of proof,” appears to us to be not a little amusing. If she provides an intelligent professor, who teaches regularly, to such as are inclined, the initiatory part of the science, and furnishes every adequate facility to those who wish to go deeper into its mysteries, we apprehend she does all that any man who has ever thought seriously upon the nature and purposes of academical education will suppose to be her duty. Oxford, we believe, does all this. Dr Kidd is a man of much eminence in all those branches of learning which belong to his profession; and he delivers every year within a trifle of as many lectures as are given even at Guy’s Hospital. His course is numerously attended, and it deserves to be so. What more could the university do, unless she were to require specimens of chemical skill from her candidates for degrees? We hope the time is far distant when she shall adopt any such schemes, to gratify the capricious taste of such petulant admonitors as Mr Brande.

I. K.

POETICAL ACCOUNT OF AN OXFORD
EXAMINATION.

MR EDITOR,

I AM happy to inform you, that your excellent Magazine is daily increasing in favour both with the graduate and under-graduate part of this university. I enclose you a poetical epistle, written by a young gentleman of our college some years ago. It was addressed to his father in the country, and accompanied by Dr Coplestone’s first pamphlet against the Edinburgh Review. At the time the whole university was kept in hot water by that now forgotten controversy. If you insert this, I shall be happy to send you, from time to time, any *jeux-d’esprit*

which may be circulated among us.
I am, Sir, with much respect, your
obedient servant, H. O.
C. C. C., Oxford, May 14, 1818.

To the REV. DR —————

SINCE the cold-cutting jibes of that Northern
Review
Have tormented and teased uncle Toby and
you,
I'm exceedingly happy in sending you down
A defence, which is making much noise in
this town,
Of all our old learning and fame immemo-
rial,
Which is said to be writ by a fellow of Oriel;
Not that this is designed to elude your com-
mand
Of presenting a picture of things as they stand;
Alma mater is altered, you plainly will see,
Very much since you entered in seventy-three.

Her externals, indeed, remain nearly alike,
With a reverend awe the beholder to strike;
—The scarfs of our masters—the wigs of our
doctors—

The staves of our bull dogs—the sleeves of
our proctors,—
Though, e'en here, some small matters, it
must be confessed,
Have been changed, and *the men* are less
decently drest.

Some canonical rules to oblivion are creeping,
And from under some gowns boots and gai-
ters are peeping,

But the things which are marked by most
grave alterations,
Are *the Schools*, without doubt, and the
EXAMINATIONS.

You remember, of old, 'twas a thing under-
stood,

These might almost be managed by puppets
of wood,

The mounting of pulpits, the bowing, the
chatting,

The chopping of Logic, the rhyming of La-
tin,—

These things had no value, except as fore-
runners

Of fine flowing bumpers and fat greasy din-
ners;

And a Bachelor's gown adorned every young
man

Who could sport the Examining Masters a
can!

Ye Saturnian times! thousands sigh o'er
your lapse,

Yet your joyous return is not distant, perhaps.

But, at present, these things wear a different
look,

They have managed it so, sir, by hook or by
crook,

That, 'pon honour, 'tis now quite a rarity
gown,

To see a young gentleman alter his gown.

Their questions so strict are, their looks are
so blue,

He's a lucky young dog that can squeeze
himself through;

What peril, good Lord, modest merit environs
From four fiery young masters just hot off
the irons!

While ingenious youth appears humming
and hammering,

No pity they feel for your stuttering and
stammering;

They screw up their brows, and their eye-
brows they knit,

The more burning your blush is, the sharp-
er's their wit;

At each attic retort, and each recondite pun,
You the titter can hear round the gallery run,
Till you're quite overpowered with their dig-
nified fun;

At last, they just hint, you may seat yourself
down,

And relinquish all hopes of a graduate-gown,
Till you line with more Greek your unclas-
sical crown.

But if dismal the terror of *PLUCKING* ap-
pears,

For a pleasanter tale you may prick up your
ears,

For I mean to delineate, as well as I can,
The far different fate of a fortunate man.

Our college, 'tis fit my dear father should
know,

Turned out a *crack man*, about two months
ago,

Very strong in his Greek, as a cucumber cool,
So we went in a body and crowded the school.

First, according to rule, came the book of
the Law,

For Divinity still keeps, in Oxford, the *pas*,
But they soon gave it o'er, when they plain-
ly perceived

He could answer so well as to what they be-
lieved.

Every doctrine so perfect! no slip could they
find,

Smelling strong of the zeal of an Orthodox
mind;

Every Catholic claim with some Scripture
confounding;

The unbroken succession of Bishops ex-
pounding;

Abhorring, like hell, Mr Gibbon's impiety,
And expressing a scorn of the Bible Society.

In philosophy next they his bottom must
search,

And the creed of the Aristotelian church,
By the worship of ages to Oxford endeared,
And almost on a par with the gospel revered;

But so brazen his face is, in vain do they
bully,

And harass him with Socrates, Plato, and
Tully;

He so heartily rails at the gardens obscene,
And so lovingly talks of the dear golden mean;

And so intimate seems with the stoical sage,
That they all put him down for the flower
of the age.

One wipe at the new Caledonian creed,—
 One snuffle *en passant* at Stewart and Reid—
 And so to the histories let us proceed.

A few facts such as Fellows of Colleges quote
 us,

Nothing trivial or recent, from old *Herodotus*,
 About dumb men that spake, and huge
 mountains cut through,

And old Ocean, the mutineer, scourged black
 and blue;

Showers of flame, or of hailstones, each
 twenty pound heavy,

Or a calf with four queues as recorded by
 Livy,—

If to these be a skill in belles lettres annexed,
 And two or three botchings of *Æschylus'*
 text;

And two or three dozen of Horace's rhymes,
 Rendered into such prose as a puff of "*the*
TIMES;"

And two or three metres of Pindar corrected;
 And two or three tid bits of Ovid dissected;
 While great greasy grizzle wigs gloats *con*
amore,

O'er the tickling details of each delicatostory.
 "If you please, rather louder, young gen-
 man," bawling,

Lazy streams of delight from their blobber
 lips falling.

When all this is accomplished, it cometh to
 pass,

That they put our young miracle in the *first*
class;

Then, Lord! what a fuss is! what drink-
 ing! what dining!

Await the sweet blossom of merit so shining!
 What fumbling of Doctors! of Deans what
 caressing!

At the routs of Jack B—— what squeez-
 ing! what pressing!

Of doctorial tabbies and blue-stocking
 nymphs,

Of the prodigy's features to ravish a glimpse!
 If an Oriel fellowship vacant should be,
 No man has a chance, my dear father, but he;
 Our own dear, adorable, clever crack man,
 Is pursuing in fact the identical plan.

If old Oxford proceed in the way she is in,
 What though Sidney may chatter, and
 Playfair may grin!

Ineffective rebounds, from her armour of steel,
 The venomous dart of the "*wee reekit deil*,"
 Adhering to rules that by Alfred were plan-
 ned,

And rooting French principles out of the
 land,—

We through ages of glory shall still be the
 same!

We covet no new metaphysical fame,—
 We desire not to nurture a chemical race,—
 No! great Oxford disdains to be moved
 from her place.

But in spite of the teeth of her Chancellor
 Whig,

Neither Papists nor Methodists minding a fig,
 Still unfading in honours, immortal in years,
 The great mother of Churchmen and Tories
 appears.

I for hours could go on, but my paper is done,
 So believe me, dear father, your dutiful son.
 S. S.

C. C. C., 1810.

THE OLD INDIAN AND ALPINA.

MR EDITOR,

WE have read the letters of the Old Indian, and of Alpina, without being much edified by the plan of reform proposed by the gentleman, or by the personal abuse, and flippant repartee, resorted to by the lady. It is much the fashion, indiscriminately to censure all the amusements of the young; but, while we lament the dissipation of the youth of the present day, we consider the excess alone as the error, and think it immaterial whether a country-dance or minuet claim the undivided attention of rational beings, during so many months of every year. We do not see any thing criminal in a ball, when it is only an occasional amusement; and we very much suspect that the young lady who would allow the too familiar pressure of her toe at a rout, might possibly be as willing to submit to the same indignity under the protecting leaves of a tea-table. From the happy temperament of our countrymen, the occasional gaieties of their youth seem in no way to unfit them for the fulfilment of their duties as wives and mothers;—in our Scotch metropolis, we see those very girls who, a few years ago, have appeared entirely engrossed with the effect of their own appearance at the last ball, and with preparations for the next, transformed by the magic torch of Hymen into sober heads of families, and considering it an exertion to pay an occasional visit to a country neighbour.

We must confess, that husband-hunting seems more the propensity which induces mothers to the injudicious display of their daughters in every crowd during a winter's campaign, than any wish to see them distinguished as the votaries of folly. Indeed we have sometimes been unable to suppress a smile, when we have seen a country laird's wife renounce the superintendence of her pigs and poultry, fly to Edinburgh, and at once commence patroness of all fashionable entertainments; plunge, night after night, into every dissipation, with the sole view of bringing out and procuring an establishment for her daughters.

There is an offence to delicacy in this system, which cannot be sufficiently reprobated; and we have often seen a pretty modest girl shrink before the silly eagerness of a shewing-off mother, when compelled to make a display of her accomplishments to every puppy who is deemed rich enough to hear the song of Maria,—the harp of Julia,—or to be favoured with a sight of Matilda's sketches from nature. We own ourselves more offended by the gross indelicacy of this proceeding, than if the young ladies were taken into public merely to acquire a taste for the incessant and unvarying routine of a fashionable life; but experience shews, that to those who obtain the grand desideratum, the consequences of their early initiation into the Scotch gay world are by no means prejudicial. The natural love of our countrywomen for their husbands and children, together with the smallness of their fortunes, induce them, with admirable grace, to renounce the cloying charms of a dissipated life, for the sober joys of their own fire-side. We must however confess, that a very numerous body, we mean the old maids, who have not domestic ties to counteract their early introduction to folly, are often sufferers from the present system, and do not seem to remember, that showing their poor old faces at every card-table in town, can scarcely be considered a fit occupation for immortal beings.

We think, Mr Editor, we hear you ask our intention in thus addressing you? Why then, our wish is hereby to say, we do not look upon ourselves as at all renouncing the character of thinking beings, because, when young, we sometimes dance at a ball! But though we condemn the pertness of Alpina to the Old Indian, his last letter evidently corroborates the truth of Alpina's remark, that his own inability to relish tripping in the fairy ring, is alone the cause of the preference he gives to a fat dinner, over sipping lemonade among the votaries of Terpsichore. Let men and women try to improve the rational part of their nature, and we shall only object to those amusements which are criminal in their tendency, or when, instead of the occasional relaxation, they become the business of life; and let mothers teach their daughters, that it is quite possible to live without matrimony, and

that, whether single or married, they are alike responsible for the use they make of their time, as candidates for a kingdom where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.—I have the honour to be, Mr Editor, your

CONSTANT READER.

6th June 1818.

NOTICE OF ZACHARIE BOYD'S "LAST BATEL OF THE SOULE."

MR EDITOR,

I happened lately to be rummaging among some old books belonging to a friend of mine, who has a very complete collection of the theological works which appeared in Scotland, from the time of the Reformation down to nearly the middle of the last century. The following title page struck my eye: "The Last Battel of the Soule in Death. By Mr Zacharie Boyd. Edinburgh, 1629." The author I had often heard mentioned as having exerted his genius in a metrical paraphrase of the Bible, and from what I had heard of that production, I cannot say I anticipated much edification from his "Last Battel."—After having perused it, however, I may safely affirm, that it is a very interesting book, and that, if I have derived no benefit from it, the fault is my own. It is evidently the production of a vigorous intellect, and of a strong, if not very refined, imagination. Moreover, if we may judge from the work, Mr Zacharie Boyd must have been eminently qualified for that important part of the pastoral office—the consolation of the sick.

It is true, that the style of the times in which it was written, and of which it hath a strong savour, is scarcely adapted to the fastidious taste of this polished age; but many of your readers, I am persuaded, will not on that account turn away with disgust from a work of real intrinsic merit.

As the book is very rarely to be met with, I shall take the liberty of extracting from it some passages which may give your readers a proper idea of it. It is divided into eight conferences, which take place chiefly between a dying man and his spiritual guide. It also contains the last speech of the former to his wife and children, and concludes with a dispute between the

Devil and the Angel Michael, touching the soul about to be disembodied.

At the beginning of the conversation, the sick man is sorely beset with temptations of different kinds. By his own confession, his attachment to the world is great, and it is not without a violent struggle that he is able to wean his thoughts from it. The faithful pastor, however, is always at hand with his assistance, and uses the following argument to reconcile him to quit the world: "If a lord should give to some of his tenants a cottage-house of clay, with some little piece of ground for colewort or cabbage for to live upon, saying, This will I give thee for my life time; but if afterward this lord should say, Fetch thee my good servant out of his clattie cottage, and bring him to my palace, that he may eat at mine own table for ever: Tell me, if by the change that servant hath lost; would that servant, think yee, say, No, Lord, I will not come to thy table, for thou hast promised me this cottage-house for my life time? What lord in the land was ever troubled with such an answer?"

Some conversation here ensues, but the minister's words are not attended with any immediately wholesome effect. The dying man continues to speak his mind plainly, and confesses, without hesitation, his carnal attachments. "I have filled my barnes, and I desire to enjoy the fruits thereof. There is no man but hath desire, after great paines, to reape some fruites of his labours: I wish that death would excuse me for some years: This is my griefe, for I must be plain with you, I cannot well accord to leave such comforts." After some farther argumentation, he still remains very much in the same state of feeling. "I have lately bought some heritage; my servants are plowing it; before I die I would wish once to reap the fruites thereof." And again, "My lands are laboured; the harvest draweth neere; there is a plentiful croppe upon the ground; cornes and wheat and all abound."

At last, however, he gives in. He exclaims, "Fye, fye, on my faultes and my folie: I foolishlie once thought that I should feather a nest into this world that should never be pulled down: Mine heart hath been bent toward this vanity, that I have neither moved foote nor finger toward eternal life."

Many interesting conversations now take place, in the course of which the dying man has his doubts removed, and his views greatly enlightened. Of the seasonable assistance of the pastor he seems fully sensible, and his gratitude vents itself in the warmest expressions of obligation. The humble pastor is, however, far from attaching any merit to his own labours. "We who are pastors (says he,) are but the Lord's spouts and cocks of his conduits, whereby his graces are conveyed unto the hearts of our hearers."

The advices which are bequeathed to the wife, may be listened to with advantage by the present generation.

The husband seems aware of the danger that his spouse will not tarry long to fill up the vacancy which his death will occasion, and accordingly admonishes her to content herself without carnal marriage. "As for thee, my spouse, now shortlie thou art for to bee a widow: I counsell that thou marrie thyself to Christ; let him be thy spiritual spouse." After this preamble, he enters into the consideration of the question in form, and has the precaution to begin with a quotation on his side from St Paul.

Having exhausted this topic, he gives her the signs of the spiritual life, which is to be the object of her aim. "There must appear four effects from the four winds: From the East, the orient of that life, there must bee an arising from sinne: From the West, there must bee a dying to sinne, even a setting and going down of wickedness: From the South must come the heat of zeale, moisted with showers of tears of true repentance; and last, from the North must come a chill cold of trembling fear to offend God."

He is, however, far from wishing that, amidst her aims after more exalted objects, she should neglect the prudent management of her worldly matters. "My counsell is, that often, thou reade the holie Scriptures, and particularlie the 31st chapter of the Proverbs, where thrift and godliness are joined together."

His advice touching the mode of apprelling herself is also very sound. "Beware to out-runne thy rank, or to out-weare the fashions by attyring thyself too gorgeously. Soft apparell is but for kinges houses: what are such cuts and cordons, silk and satins, and other such superfluous vanities, wherewith many above their rank and place

are so disguised, but infallible tokens of an unsanctified heart? With such follies are often joynd libertyne eyes, and wandering with wanton glaunces." He seems to love to dwell upon this subject, again remarking, "Too curious busking is the mother of lusting works, the very bush hung out for to inveigle unsanctified hearts unto folie."

The discourse which he holds with a carnal acquaintance, who sounds him touching the funeral and some other particulars, indicates the same good sense. Such is his humility, that he will not even hear of a tomb-stone with his name carved upon it. Here follow his directions: "Lay me under the greene turfe.—How many martyres have been burnt into ashes, which have been cast up into the winds, and scattered upon the waters? *caelo tegitur qui non habet urnam.*" His aversion from a funeral sermon is equally repugnant. "Away" says he, "with the flattering panegyricks of such funerale praise. All men are lyers, but dummie cannot lye."

A short time before the last scene, a dialogue takes place between the soul and the body, in which the latter expresses its grief at their approaching separation, in a very natural way, and the former attempts to reconcile the latter to its fate, by observing, that their separation is only temporary, and that the time approaches when they shall again meet to enjoy each other's society more than ever.

There is perhaps as much power of imagination manifested in the dispute between the devil and the angel Michael as in any part of the work. Satan commences thus: "I have many things to lay to this man's charge. I am the Lord's proctor and attorney, appointed to plead for his justice. I have already sifted his life. Of force this soul must be damned. Nane assies can cleanse it. It is now taken red hand in the path and passage of sin." Michael is not deterred by these threatening words of the enemy, but openly challenges him to do his utmost. "Come, come, with thy most foule mouthed objections; what canst thou allege against the soule of this man before that it come out of the body: Come on, fraime thy inditement against him. Discharge thy fiery darts with the utmost of thy force." The devil again proceeds to his accusations. "In his youth he

scorned against God's word, counting it but paper-shot. He burned with lust like an oven heated by the baker. Hee so loved his lust, that it was his love. His hands were full of pickerie; his eyes were full of adultery, and his heart was of guile, and his tongue full of lyes, ever gagging like a goose. He was a cunning claw-back, and a paunch pike-thank. His custom was to defile the air with belghs of blasphemy. Hee sported at all reproofs. O the noble juggling." There, then this gear goeth trimme. "By hooke and by crooke he sought for gaine. How hee won it hee cared not, if men perceived not his fraud. With Judas hee was wholly given to the bagg and baggage of his covetousnesse." "Christ would never be a cautioner for such a reprobate goat as he. In wickedness he hath outstripped all others; he put on Christ like an hat which goeth off to every one that wee meete. The wyne pynt and tobacco pype, with sneesing powder, provoking snevell, were his heart's delight." "At his prayers before men, he did chirpe like a grasshopper, but where are his tears of repentance? He in his braggs was like the hen which cackleth at every egg she layeth."

The reader is now perhaps sufficiently satisfied with the devil's merits as a pleader. He had, however, very soon to lower his tone some little, and it was evident that Michael would carry off the prize. He attempted to give the dying man a "girke with his rodde," but Michael prevented him.

At last he was glad to make the following humiliating proposal: "Seeing in his life I have been his master, let him be divided, let me have any part, and let God take his choice in the partnership.

Michael, of course, enters into no such bargain with Satan, but refuses any farther parley with him, and straightway, taking the soul under his protection, directs his flight to the mansions of the blessed. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. T. B.*

Glasgow, Feb. 22, 1818.

* We should be extremely obliged to our correspondent, if he would favour us with some farther notices of Boyd's writings; in particular, of the far-famed version of the Bible. A sketch of his life would also be very acceptable to us, and we are persuaded, to our readers.

MARRIAGE. A NOVEL.*

So many reviews of novels have appeared within the last two or three years, that we ourselves are well-nigh sick of criticism upon such subjects. The plan we follow in private, is to skip over the first two or three pages of the article, which commonly contain a regular history of romance writing and novel writing, and to commence reading at that paragraph which we find opening with "—the hero, or heroine, of the present work, is the son or the daughter," &c. We are pretty sure, from this point, to read something that we have not met with before; and that, to all students of prose fiction, is all in all.

There is only a single remark which we wish to make, before proceeding to a short sketch of the exquisite performance which lies before us. It is this. The merits of those female authors who have written English novels are, we think, praised with more ardour than judiciousness. It is commonly said, that ladies have more leisure to make observations, in regard to small things, than falls to the share of the other sex; and that the characteristic excellence of their productions consists, accordingly, in the delineations which they give of the minutæ of social life. This is all very true, so far as it goes; but we think the works of Madame D'Arblay and Miss Edgeworth are chiefly valuable for something of a yet more important nature,—for the new light, namely, which they have thrown upon one great department of human nature. They have introduced men into a more intimate acquaintance with the characters of women, than they could before pretend to, or, at least, than could at all be gathered from any works, either in prose or verse, written by persons of their own gender. The arrangements of society among us are such, that women spend by far

the greater part of their lives with women, and men with men; and seldom does it happen, that the characters of any considerable number, either of males or of females, is understood by a person of the opposite sex. Men, above all, are mysterious beings to women. They flatter themselves that they thoroughly comprehend us, and they do, indeed, seize, with great facility, on as much of our nature as is sufficient for their purposes. But, behind this there remains an immense and a highly interesting region, which is, and, we suspect, must always continue to be, untouched upon by the most adventurous of female explorers. We, in like manner, only go "so far but no farther" in our individual advances towards a knowledge of woman. But the female novelists have been sad traitors to their own sex; they have gone on blabbing "the secrets of the prison-house" most unconscionably, and we fancy (for we cannot pretend to form any very precise or determinate opinion on the subject,) that the limits of their terra incognita are now much more contracted than those of ours.

"Marriage," is at once discovered to be the work of a female hand, both by the minute accuracy of its ordinary details, and by the exquisite originality and instinctive fidelity of its female portraits. We are not sure that any fair author ever went farther in the practice of that sort of tale-bearing, to which we have just alluded, than this apparently new offender. She possesses, indeed, all those talents which lend eminent dangerousness to the character of a spy. She is, in the first place, both as acute and as extensive an observer, as Miss Edgeworth herself; like her, she pours, with equal facility and accuracy, every gradation of social life, from the highest *ton* of the cool and indifferent metropolis, where every body's maxim is "nil admirari," down to the enthusiastic ignorance of a poor Highland laird's "purple" daughters, and the tawdry blue-stockingship of a young lady from the manufacturing district of the Lowlands. But our author knows and feels many things of which no trace is to be discovered in the witty pages of the Irish spinster. She has, in short, been in love in her time, and that has given her a mighty advantage over her calm and satirical rival. She thus

* *Marriage, a Novel*; in 3 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh. Murray, London. 1818.

"Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities—in the performance of daily duties—in the removal of small inconveniences—in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small and frequent interruption." JOHNSON.

unites some of the best qualities of Edgeworth and Burney; and has composed a novel, which, although very defective, both in the design and the conduct of its fable, and marked, besides, with many failings characteristic of an unpractised writer, contains in it almost as much of nature, humour, good sense, and amusement, as are to be found in any one of their most admired productions.

The plot is by no means excellent. One whole third of the book is over before we hear a word of the personage in whom its principal interest is designed to centre. But the truth is, that the heroine of *Marriage*, like the heroes of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, is among the most uninteresting members of the whole fabulæ personæ. The work consists of a series of scenes and portraits, most of them excellent in themselves, but few of them deriving much advantage from the general arrangement and purposes of the gallery in which they are inserted and displayed. We dare say, the author, after she had written her book, and considered with herself whether there were no one among her personages by whose name it should be called; and finding, with her usual discernment, that there was in reality no such individual, she christened it "*Marriage*;" and thus very prudently divided the compliment among some half-score of her heroes and heroines, whom, towards the conclusion of the work, she had conducted, pair by pair, to that blessed consummation.

The first volume might almost have been published as a separate tale, as it contains, in fact, the whole of the interesting and active life of its heroine, Lady Juliana Lindore, and her husband, Captain Douglas. Her ladyship marries this handsome guardsman for love, in the midst of all the splendid preparations for a more suitable alliance with the Duke of L——. This proceeding throws both parties out of favour with all their rational friends; the young lady is talked of as a lost creature by her family, and the captain is deprived of the countenance of an old bachelor, one General Cameron, who had long considered him as his adopted son. These things, however, are not at first viewed with much concern by the happy pair, and the honeymoon passes very delightfully on the banks of one of the lakes in West-

moreland. At the end of this enchanting period, their purse is discovered to be very light, and they resolve, by way of a *dernier resort*, to visit Glenferri Castle in Lochaber, the seat of Douglas' father, whom he had never seen "from a boy." Lady Juliana has read several novels, whereof the scene is laid in mountainous regions, and imagines that she is about to visit a magnificent castle after the fashion of Udolpho.

"The impressions, which the scenes of his infancy had left upon the mind of the young Scotsman, it may easily be supposed, were of a pleasing description. He expatiated to his Juliana, on the wild but august scenery that surrounded his father's castle, and associated with the idea, the boyish exploits, which, though faintly remembered, still served to endear them to his heart. He spoke of the time when he used to make one of a numerous party on the lake, and, when tired of sailing on its glassy surface, to the sound of soft music, they would land at some lovely spot; and, after partaking of their banquet beneath a spreading tree, conclude the day by a dance on the grass.

"Lady Juliana would exclaim, 'How delightful! I doat upon pic-nics and dancing!—apropos, Henry, there will surely be a ball to welcome our arrival?'

"The conversation was interrupted; for just at that moment they had gained the summit of a very high hill, and the post-boy stopping to give his horses breath, turned round to the carriage, pointing at the same time, with a significant gesture, to a tall thin grey house, something resembling a tower, that stood in the vale beneath. A small sullen-looking lake was in front, on whose banks grew neither tree nor shrub. Behind, rose a chain of rugged cloud-capped hills, on the declivities of which were some faint attempts at young plantations; and the only level ground, consisted of a few dingy turnip fields, enclosed with stone walls, or dykes, as the post-boy called them. It was now November; the day was raw and cold; and a thick drizzling rain was beginning to fall. A dreary stillness reigned all around, broken only at intervals by the screams of the sea-fowl that hovered over the lake; on whose dark and troubled waters, was dimly descried a little boat, plied by one solitary being.

"'What a scene!' at length Lady Juliana exclaimed, shuddering as she spoke; 'Good God, what a scene! how I pity the unhappy wretches who are doomed to dwell in such a place! and yonder hideous grim house; it makes me sick to look at it. For heaven's sake, bid him drive on.' Another significant look from the driver, made the colour mount to Douglas' cheek, as he stammered out, 'Surely it can't be; yet somehow I don't know. Pray, my lad,'

letting down one of the glasses, and addressing the post-boy, 'what is the name of that house?'

"'Hooss!' repeated the driver; 'ca' ye thon a hooss? thon's gude Glenfern Castle?'

"Lady Juliana, not understanding a word he said, sat silently, wondering at her husband's curiosity respecting such a wretched looking place.

"'Impossible! you must be mistaken, my lad: why, what's become of all the fine wood that used to surround it?'

"'Gin you mean a wheen auld firs, there's some o' them to the fore yet,' pointing to two or three tall, bare, scathed Scotch firs, that scarcely bent their stubborn heads to the wind, that now began to howl around them.

"'I insist upon it that you are mistaken; you must have wandered from the right road,' cried the now alarmed Douglas in a loud voice, which vainly attempted to conceal his agitation.

"'We'll shune see that,' replied the phlegmatic Scot."

Their introduction to the inhabitants of this goodly mansion is as follows.

"It was a long, narrow, low-roofed room, with a number of small windows, that admitted feeble lights in every possible direction. The scanty furniture bore every appearance of having been constructed at the same time as the edifice; and the friendship thus early formed still seemed to subsist, as the high-backed worked chairs adhered most pertinaciously to the grey walls, on which hung, in narrow black frames, some of the venerable ancestors of the Douglas family. A fire, which appeared to have been newly kindled, was beginning to burn, but, previous to shewing itself in flame, had chosen to vent itself in smoke, with which the room was completely filled, and the open windows seemed to produce no other effect than that of admitting the rain and wind.

"At the entrance of the strangers, a flock of females rushed forwards to meet them. Douglas good humouredly submitted to be hugged by three long chinn'd spinsters, whom he recognized as his aunts; and warmly saluted five awkward purple girls he guessed to be his sisters; while Lady Juliana stood the image of despair, and, scarcely conscious, admitted in silence the civilities of her new relations; till, at length, sinking into a chair, she endeavoured to conceal her agitation by calling to the dogs, and caressing her mackaw.

"The Laird, who had been hastily summoned from his farming operations, now entered. He was a good-looking old man, with something the air of a gentleman, in spite of the inelegance of his dress, his rough manner, and provincial accent. After warmly welcoming his son, he advanced to his beautiful daughter-in-law, and taking

her in his arms, bestowed a loud and hearty kiss on each cheek; then, observing the paleness of her complexion, and the tears that swam in her eyes, 'What! not frightened for our Highland hills, my leddy? Come, cheer up—trust me, ye'll find as warm hearts among them, as ony ye hae left in your fine English *policies*,'—shaking her delicate fingers in his hard muscular gripe, as he spoke."

At breakfast, next morning, the following scene occurs.

"Here Miss Grizzy sunk back in her chair, overcome with horror; and Miss Nicky let fall the tea-pot, the scalding contents of which discharged themselves upon the unfortunate Psyche, whose yells, mingling with the screams of its fair mistress, for a while drowned even Miss Jacky's oratory.

"'Oh! what shall I do?' cried Lady Juliana, as she bent over her favourite: 'Do send for a surgeon; pray, Henry, fly! Do fetch one directly, or she will die; and it would quite kill me to lose my darling. Do run, dearest Harry!'

"'My dear Julia, how can you be so absurd? there's no surgeon within twenty miles of this.'

"'No surgeon within twenty miles!' exclaimed she, starting up. 'How could you bring me to such a place! Good God! those dear creatures may die; I may die myself before I can get any assistance!'

"'Don't be alarmed, my dearest niece,' said the good Miss Grizzy; 'we are all doctors here. I understand something of physic myself; and our friend Lady Mac-laughlan, who, I dare say, will be here presently, is perfect mistress of every disease of the human frame.'

"'Clap a cold potatae to the brute's tae,' cried the old Laird gruffly.

"'I've a box of her scald ointment that will cure it in a minute.'

"'If it don't cure, it will kill,' said Mr Douglas, with a smile.

"'Brother,' said Miss Jacky, rising with dignity from her chair, and waving her hand as she spoke—'Brother, I appeal to you, to protect the character of this most amiable respectable matron from the insults and calumny your son thinks proper to load it with. Sir Samson Maclaughlan is your friend; and it therefore becomes your duty to defend his wife.'

"'Troth, but I'll hae aneugh to do, if I am to stand up for a' my friens' wives,' said the old gentleman. 'But, however, Archie, you are to blame: Leddy Mac-laughlan is a very decent woman; at least, as far as I ken, though she is a little free in the gab; and, out of respect to my auld friend Sir Sampson, it is my desire that you should remain here to receive him, and that you trait baith him and his lady discreetly.'

"This was said in too serious a tone to

be disputed; and his son was obliged to submit.

"The ointment meanwhile having been applied to Psyche's paw, peace was restored, and breakfast recommenced.

"I declare our dear niece has not tasted a morsel," observed Miss Nicky.

"Bless me, here's charming barley meal scones," cried one, thrusting a plateful of them before her. "Here's tempting pease bannocks," interposed another, "and oat cakes! I'm sure your ladyship never saw such cakes."

"I can't eat any of those things," said their delicate niece, with an air of disgust. "I should like some muffin and chocolate."

"You forget you are not in London, my love," said her husband reproachfully.

"No indeed, I do not forget it. Well then, give me some toast," with an air of languid condescension.

"Unfortunately, we happen to be quite out of loaf bread at present," said Miss Nicky; "but we've sent to Drymsine for some. They bake excellent bread at Drymsine."

"Is there nothing within the bounds of possibility, you would fancy, Julia?" asked Douglas. "Do think, love."

"I think I should like some grouse, or a beef-steak, if it was very nicely done," returned her ladyship, in a languishing tone.

"Beef-steak!" repeated Miss Grizzy.

"Beef-steak!" responded Miss Jacky.

"Beef-steak!" reverberated Miss Nicky.

"After much deliberation and consultation amongst the three spinsters, it was at length unanimously carried, that the Lady's whim should be indulged.

"Only think, sisters," observed Miss Grizzy, in an under tone, "what reflections we should have to make upon ourselves, if the child was to resemble a moor-fowl!"

"Or have a face like a raw beef-steak!" said Miss Nicky.

"These arguments were unanswerable; and a smoking steak and plump moor-fowl were quickly produced, of which Lady Juliana partook, in company with her four-footed favourites."

This intolerable sort of life is endured through upwards of two hundred pages, till the patience, both of the gentleman and lady, is quite exhausted. The old laird offers his son a snug farm, with £100 per annum, but that cannot induce the pair to take up their abode for life in the Highlands. General Cameron, on Douglas's earnest application, relents so far as to offer him £700 a year. This appears to be "wealth untold" to the foolish couple, and they return to "dear London," taking with them one of their two daughters with whom they have been by this time blest, and leaving the other to the care of the

captain's elder brother and his lady; who happen, very opportunely, to have no children of their own. To Lady Juliana's extravagance, and her husband's folly, £700 a year is nothing; but that might have been remedied, but for her ladyship's impudence in disgusting General Cameron by a wanton display of her absurdities. The old officer is so thoroughly offended, that he retires into the country, and marries his steward's daughter;—In answer to a letter from Douglas, announcing the birth of a son, the General writes as follows:

"Hort Lodge, Berks.

"Dear Henry,—By this time twelvemonth, I hope it will be my turn to communicate to you a similar event in my family, to that which your letter announces to me. As a preliminary step, I am just about to march into quarters for life, with a young woman, daughter to my steward. She is healthy, good humoured, and of course vulgar; since she is no connoisseur in china, and never spoke to a pug-dog in her life.

"Your allowance will be remitted regularly from my banker until the day of my death; you will then succeed to ten thousand pounds, secured to your children, which is all you have to expect from me. If, after this, you think it worth your while, you are very welcome to give your son the name of yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM CAMERON."

Upon this becoming known, Douglas is arrested by his creditors, who had always fancied him to be the heir-general of Cameron. Lady Juliana becomes reconciled to her brother, and enters into immediate occupation of a very elegant set of apartments, left vacant, a day or two before, by the elopement of his spouse. The good-natured brother consents to take the debts of Captain Douglas upon himself, observing very wisely, that to a man who owed so much as he, a few thousands in addition were neither here nor there. The captain exchanges into a marching regiment, and is ordered to join it immediately in India. The following is the termination of this preliminary romance, which we suspect, after all, to be better than any other equal proportion of the work.

"Upon hearing of this arrangement, Lady Juliana's grief and despair, as usual, set all reason at defiance. She would not suffer her dear, dear Harry, to leave her. She knew she could not live without him—she was sure she should die; and Harry

would be sea-sick, and grow so yellow, and so ugly, that when he came back she should never have any comfort in him again.

“Henry, who had never doubted her readiness to accompany him, immediately hastened to assuage her anguish, by assuring her that it had always been his intention to take her along with him.

“That was worse and worse. She wondered how he could be so barbarous and absurd, as to think of her leaving all her friends, and going to live amongst savages. She had done a great deal in living so long contentedly with him in Scotland; but she never could, nor would make, such another sacrifice. Besides, she was sure poor Courtland could not do without her; she knew he would never marry again; and who would take care of his dear children, and educate them properly, if she did not. It would be too ungrateful to desert Frederick, after all he had done for them.

“The pride of the man, as much as the affection of the husband, was irritated by this resistance to his will; and a violent scene of reproach and recrimination terminated in an eternal farewell.”

So much for marriage the first. The basis on which it was founded accounts sufficiently for the result.

At the beginning of volume the second, we find that, in due course of inheritance, the heroine-ship of the book has passed to one of the daughters of Lady Juliana—of course, the deserted one, who had been left for education among her relations in the Highlands. This young lady enjoys the inestimable advantage of being brought up in the most rational and virtuous manner possible, under the direction of a perfect paragon of aunts. The author takes many sly opportunities of contrasting the excellent system of Mrs Douglas, with that pursued by her sisters-in-law, the venerable spinsters of Glenfern Castle. The following account of the religion and morals of the belles who benefit by their precepts, is evidently from the life.

“To attend the parish church, and remember the text; to observe who was there, and who was *not* there; and to wind up the evening with a sermon stuttered and stammered through by one of the girls (the worst reader always piously selected, for the purpose of improving their reading,) and particularly addressed to the Laird, openly and avowedly snoring in his arm-chair, though at every pause starting up with a peevish ‘Weel?’—this was the sum total of their religious duties. Their moral virtues were much upon the same scale; to knit stockings, scold servants, cement china, trim bonnets, lecture the poor, and look up to Lady Maclaughlan, comprised

nearly their whole code. But these were the virtues of ripened years and enlarged understandings; what their pupils might hope to arrive at, but could not presume to meddle with. Their merits consisted in being compelled to sew certain large portions of white work; learning to read and write in the worst manner; occasionally wearing a collar, and learning the notes on the spinnet. These acquirements, accompanied with a great deal of lecturing and fault-finding, sufficed for the first fifteen years; when the two next, passed at a provincial boarding-school, were supposed to impart every graceful accomplishment to which women could attain.”

Miss Mary Douglas grows up as beautiful and as accomplished as could be wished, till about the age of sixteen years;—at that time, the old laird of Glenfern’s funeral procession is perceived by a second-sighted person in the vicinity, and the real ceremony, of course, follows close on the heels of the visionary one. Mary’s health from this time begins to droop, and all the domestic materia medica having in vain been exhausted, it is at last agreed that she shall be sent to visit her mother, for the benefit of the milder air of the south of England. Her uncle, Major Douglas, attends her as far as Edinburgh.

Miss Douglas is, like all other strangers, delighted with this metropolis. The morning after her arrival, her uncle and she walk round the Calton Hill, and inspect the new walks, prisons, and hermitage. One of the bailies—(alas! *fuius Troes, fuit ingens gloria Dardanidum!*)—who appears to haunt this beautiful spot like a tutelary genius, explains to them the merits of all the improvements, and concludes with proposing a visit to Lord Nelson’s monument.

“‘And noo,’ said the Bailie, ‘will ye step up to the monument, and tak a rest and some refreshment?’

“‘Rest and refreshment in a monument!’ exclaimed Mr Douglas. ‘Excuse me, my good friend, but we are not inclined to bait there yet a while.’

“The Bailie did not comprehend the joke; and he proceeded in his own drawling hum-drum accent, to assure them, that the monument was a most convenient place.

“‘It was erected in honour of Lord Neilson’s memory,’ said he, ‘and is let aff to a pastry cook and confectioner, where you can always find some trifles to treat the ladies, such as pies and custards, and berries, and these sort of things: but we passed an order in the council, that there should be naething of a spirituous nature introdu-

ced; for, if ance spirits got admittance, there's no saying what might happen.*

"This was a fact which none of the party were disposed to dispute; and the Bailie, triumphing in his dominion over the spirits, shuffled on before to do the honours of this place, appropriated at one and the same time to the manes of a hero, and the making of minced pies. The regale was admirable, and Mary could not help thinking times were improved, and that it was a better thing to eat tarts in Lord Nelson's Monument, than to have been poisoned in Julius Cæsar's."

We have reason to suspect that the bailie did not, upon this occasion, reveal all the secrets of the Nelson club, which assembles in this singular house of call, and at whose meetings he himself presides, at times, with so much success. But it would be ungenerous, at the present moment, to take any severe notice of the slips of the "fallen great."*

Their next visit is to the aerial habitation of Mrs Violet Macshake, a "great-grand-aunt" of our heroine. This venerable personage still occupies her old quarters on the Castle Hill.

"They had now reached the airy dwelling where Mrs Macshake resided, and having rung, the door was at length most deliberately opened, by an ancient, sour-visaged, long-waisted female, who ushered them into an apartment, the *coup d'œil* of which struck a chill to Mary's heart. It was a good-sized room, with a bare sufficiency of small-legged dining-tables, and lank hair-cloth chairs, ranged in high order round the walls. Although the season was advanced, and the air piercing cold, the grate stood smiling in all the charms of polished steel; and the mistress of the mansion was seated by the side of it in an arm-chair still in its summer position. She appeared to have no other occupation than what her own meditations afforded; for a single glance sufficed to shew, that not a vestige of book or work was harboured there. She was a tall, large-boned woman, whom even Time's iron hand scarcely bent, as she merely stooped at the shoulders. She had a drooping snuffy nose—a long turned up chin—small quick gray eyes, and her face projected far beyond her figure, with an expression of shrewd restless curiosity. She wore a mode (not *à-la-mode*) bonnet, and

* For the benefit of posterity let it be known, that we have penned this critique this present Saturday the 6th of June 1818, the very day on which the Court of Session pronounced their first interlocutor, disfranchising the city of Edinburgh, and reducing her bailies to the station of common men.

"Alas, the provost-less city!"

cardinal of the same; a pair of clogs over her shoes, and black silk mittens on her arms.

"As soon as she recognised Mr Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality,—shook him long and heartily by the hand,—patted him on the back,—looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction,—and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlemen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise went off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

"An wha thought o' seein you enow?' said she in a quick gabbling voice; 'what's brought you to the toon? are ye come to spend your honest faither's siller, e'er he's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?'

"Mr Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health.

"Health!" repeated she, with a sardonic smile, 'it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that's made aboot young fowk's health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye're aw made o', grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand; 'a wheen puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa to Ingleland for yere healths.—Set ye up! I wonder what cam o' the lasses i' my time, that bute to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sude like to ken, 'll ere leive to see ninety-sax, like me.—Health! he, he!"

"Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

"Tak aff yere bannet, bairn, and let me see yere face; wha can tell what like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on yere head.' Then, after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse—'Weel, it's ae mercy, I see ye hae neither the red heed, nor the muckle cuits o' the Douglasses, I ken nae whuther yer faither had them or no. I ne'er set een on him: neither him nor his brow leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me; but I was at nae loss by aw accounts.'

"You have not asked for any of your Glenfern friends," said Mr Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic chord.

"Time enough—wull ye let me draw my breath, man? fowk canna say aw thing at ance.—An ye bute to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wad nae serr ye.—An yere wean, I'se warran', it's ane o' the world's wonders; it's been uuca lang o' cummin—he, he!"

"He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!" said Mr Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

"An wha's faut was that? I ne'er heard tell the like o't, to hae the bairn kirsened an' its grandfather deen!—But fowk

are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to du;—aw thing's changed.'

" 'You must indeed have witnessed many changes,' observed Mr Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter any thing of a conciliatory nature.

" 'Changes!—weel a waat, I sometimes wonder if its the same waurld, an if it's my ain heed that's upon my shooters.'

" 'But with these changes, you must also have seen many improvements?' said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

" 'Improvements!' turning sharply round upon her, 'what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin whar I mind Jewks and Yerls.—An that great glowrin new toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'whar I used to sit and luck oot at bonny green parks, and see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnys rowin an tummlin, an the lasses trampin i' their tubs.—What see I noo but stane an lime, an stoor an dirt, an idle chields, and dinket oot madams prancin'.—Improvements indeed!'

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

" 'Mainars!' repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh, 'what caw ye mainars noo, for I dinna ken; ilk ane gangs bang in till their neebor's hooss, and bang oot o't as it war a chynghe hooss; an as for the maister o't, he's no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunky ahint his chyre. I' my grandfather's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a faamily had his ain sate in his ain hooss aye, an sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an had his ain dish, an was aye helpit first, an keepit up his owthority as a man sude du. Paurents war paurents then—bairnes dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife an servants, reteeners an' childer, aw trummelt i' the presence o' their heed.'

" 'Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue; but after having duly wiped her nose with, her coloured handkerchief, and shook off all the particles that might be presumed to have lodged upon her cardinal, she resumed—

" 'An' nae word o' ony o' your sisters gawn to get husbands yet? They tell me they're but coorse lasses: an' wha'll tak ill-rarred tocherless queans, when there's walth o' bonny faces an' lang purses i' the market.—He, he!' Then resuming her scrutiny of Mary—'An' I'se warren ye'll be lucken

for an English sweetheart tu; that'll be what's takin ye awa to Ingland.'

" 'On the contrary,' said Mr Douglas, seeing Mary was too much frightened to answer for herself—'On the contrary, Mary declares she will never marry any but a true Highlander; one who wears the dirk and plaid, and has the second-sight. And the nuptials are to be celebrated with all the pomp of feudal times; with bagpipes, and bonfires, and gatherings of clans, and roasted sheep, and barrels of whisky, and—'

" 'Weel a wat an' she's i' the right there,' interrupted Mrs Macshake, with more complacency than she had yet shewn.—'They may caw them what they like, but there's nae waddins noo. Wha's the better o' them but innkeepers an' chise-drivers? I wud nae count mysel married i' the hiddlins way they gang about it noo.'

" 'I darsay you remember these things done in a very different style?' said Mr Douglas.

" 'I dinna mind them when they war at the best; but I hae heard my mither tell what a bonny ploy was at her waddin. I canna tell ye hoo mony was at it; mair nor the room wad haud, ye may be sure, for every relation an' freend o' baith sides war there, as weel they sude; an' aw in full dress: the leddies in their hoops round them, an' some o' them had satten up aw night till hae their heeds' drest; for they hadnae thae pooket-like taps ye hae noo,' looking with contempt at Mary's Grecian contour. 'An' the bride's goon was aw shewed ow'r wi' favors, frae the tap doon to the tail, an' aw round the neck, an' about the sleeves; an' as soon as the ceremony was ow'r, ilk ane ran till her an' rugget an' rave at her for the favors, till they hardly left the claise upon her back. Than they did nae rin awa as they du noo, but sax an' thretty o' them sat doon till a graund denner, an' there was a ball at night, an' ilka night till Sabbath cam round; an' than the bride an' the bridegroom, drest in their waddin suits, an' aw their freends in theirs, wi' their favors on their breests, walkit in procession till the kirk. An' was nae that something like a waddin? It was worth while to be married i' thae days.—He, he!'

" 'The wedding seems to have been admirably conducted,' said Mr Douglas, with much solemnity. 'The christening, I presume, would be the next distinguished event in the family?'

" 'Troth, Archie—an' ye sude keep your thoomb upon kirsnins as lang's ye leeve; yours was a bonnie kirsnin or ens no! I hae heard o' mony things, but a bairn kirsened whan its grandfather was i' the deed-thraw, I ne'er heard tell o' before.'—Then observing the indignation that spread over Mr Douglas' face, she quickly resumed, 'An' so ye think the kirsnin was the neist ploy?—He, he! Na; the cryin was a ploy, for the leddies did nae keep themsels up than as they du noo; but the

day after the bairn was born, the ledly sat up i' her bed, wi' her fan intill her hand; an' aw her freends cam an' stud round her, an' drank her health an' the bairn's. Than at the ledly's recovery, there was a graund supper gien that they caw'd the *cummer-falls*, an' there was a great pyramid o' hens at the tap o' the table, an' anither pyramid o' ducks at the fit, an' a muckle stoup fu' o' posset i' the middle, an' aw kinds o' sweets doon the sides; an' as sune as ilk ane had eaten their fill, they aw flew till the sweets, an' fought, an' strave, an' wrasted for them, leddies an' gentlemen an' aw; for the brag was, wha could pocket maist; an' whiles they wad hae the clath aff the table, an' aw thing i' the middle i' the floor, an' the chyres upside doon. Oo! muckle gude diversion, I'se warran, was at the *cummer-falls*—Than whan they had drank the stoup dry, that ended the ploy. As for the kirsnin, that was aye whar it sude be—i' the hooss o' God; an' aw the kith an' kin bye in full dress, an' a band o' maiden cimmers aw in white; an' a bonny sight it was, as I've heard my mither tell.

“ Mr Douglas, wha was now rather tired of the old lady's reminiscences, availed himself of the opportunity of a fresh pinch, to rise and take leave.

“ ‘ Oo, what's takin ye awa, Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there,’ laying her hand upon his arm, ‘ an' rest ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit breed; or may be,’ turning to Mary, ‘ ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye. What gars ye luck sae blae, bairn? I'm sure it's no cauld; but ye're just like the lave: ye gang aw skiltin about the streets half naked, an' than ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame.’

“ She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine, and a platefull of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

“ ‘ Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are ye fear'd for?—it'll no bite ye. Here's t'ye, Glenfern, an' your wife, an' your wean, puir tead, it's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat.’

“ The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

“ ‘ Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern. Hoo's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky?—aye workin awa at the pills an' the drogs—he, he! I ne'er swallowed a pill, nor gied a doit for drogs aw my days, an' see an ony o' them'll rin a race wi' me whan they're naur five score.’

“ Mr Douglas here paid her some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added, that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

“ ‘ Gin your roebuck's nae better than

your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin': poor dry fisnless dirt, no worth the chowin'; weel a wat, I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl was na that ill, but they're no worth the carryin; they're dong cheap i' the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a caulder sawmont, there would hae been some sense in't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that'll ne'er harry yoursel wi' your presents; it's but the pickle poother they cost you, an' I'se warran ye're thinkin mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick, when ye're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts.’

“ Mr Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before; but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips, as he strode indignantly towards the door.

“ His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh, as she patted him on the back, ‘ So I see ye're just the auld man, Archie,—ay ready to tak the strums, an ye dinna get a' thing ye're ain wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts whan ye was a callant. Div ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye, an' a tanker o' tippeny, ae night to ye're fowerhoors, afore some leddies—he, he, he! Weel a wat, ye're wife maun hae her ain adoo to manage ye, for ye're a camstairy chield, Archie.’

“ Mr Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

“ ‘ Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,’ said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bed-chamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond ear-rings. ‘ Hae, bairn,’ said she, as she stuffed them into Mary's hand; ‘ they belanged to your faither's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-an'-twenty sons an' dochters, an' I wiss ye nae war fortin than just to hae as mony. But mind ye,’ with a shake of her bony finger, ‘ they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', sient haed wad ye hae gotten frae me.—Noo, haud ye're tongue, an' dinna deive me wi' thanks,’ almost pushing her into the parlour again; ‘ an' sin ye're gaun awa the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo—so fare ye weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I hae muckle to say to you; but ye manna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be,’ with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite, as they shook hands and parted.

“ ‘ Well, how do you like Mrs Mac-

shake, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home.

" 'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she with a smile. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them.'

" 'That is always the case with those whom Mrs Macshake has obliged,' returned Mr Douglas. 'She does many liberal things, but in so ungracious a manner, that people are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could any thing equal her impertinence about my roebuck?—Faith, I've a good mind never to enter her door again!'

" Mary could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked, that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her countrywomen for her.

" 'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs Gawffaw or Mrs Macshake,' said she, laughing.

" 'I hope you won't carry away the impression, that these two *lusus naturæ* are specimens of Scotchwomen?' said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil—the latter, to be sure, is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field, or genial climate. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rank; consequently, the ladies of those days possess a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement. Had your time permitted, you could have seen much good society here, superior, perhaps, to what is to be found any where else, as far as mental cultivation is concerned. But you will have leisure for that when you return.'

Our extracts have run out to such a length, that we must be contented to go over the rest of the story without specimens. On arriving at the seat of Lord Courtland, Mary finds her mother, a heartless unfeeling piece of selfishness, and her sister Adelaide, a beautiful creature, in the fair way to become just such another. Lady Emily Lindore, her cousin, is a fine, high-spirited, frank, and amiable girl, who has long been in love with Mary's brother Edward, a sailor; and from her alone she receives a kind and encouraging reception. The family circle at Beech Park is described with infinite skill, and shews how accurately the author has observed the dull and ob-

jectless mode of life adopted by too many of our nobility. Above all, the parasitic physician, Dr Redgill, is a very happy sketch, and abounds in touches of a quiet and graphical humour.

The last volume, although it unfolds the amours, and brings about the marriage, of no less than three couples, is by no means so amusing as the first. The loves of Mary Douglas and Colonel Lennox, however, are told in a simple and graceful manner; and this part of the narrative cannot be read without giving us as favourable an idea of the character, as the whole work must do of the talents, of the author. Marriage the second, in short, is in every respect the very opposite of marriage the first. Marriage the third occurs between Adelaide Douglas and a certain formal dignified Duke of Altamont, and the lady, as might be expected, proves false to him, and elopes with her cousin, young Lord Lindore, in the course of a few months after the wedding. Lady Emily and Edward Douglas form marriage the fourth, and are happy in a calm steady sort of way, as if nothing particular had happened.

There is an excellent underplot carried on through all the book, by means of Sir Simon McLaughlan, a dwarfish and hunch-backed baronet, and his spouse, the pink of all rough, rude, dogmatical, snuff-taking, doctoring, intolerable old viragos. But we must not venture to touch upon these rich characters. We are sure our readers will be anxious to read the book, and hope we have succeeded in not spoiling their appetite for it, by giving too full an account of its contents. We trust the fair author will not be long silent; and that, when she next comes forth, she will not hesitate to disclose a name, which, whatever it may be, she is in no danger of dishonouring.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC FEELING.

WHO has not heard the old story about the sturdy gentleman who was persuaded, by a trick of his acquaintances, into a firm belief that he was the victim of a galloping consumption? at every corner he was met by some new member of the wicked confederacy, and saluted with anxious inquiries after his health, and doleful condolings

on the obvious decline of his vigour. One or two might be mistaken, but "*vox populi, vox Dei*," said the dupe to himself; so he went home in sorrow, and despondency and drugs soon made him a more pitiable object than even his persecutors had represented him to be.

We shrewdly suspect that the domestic enemies of the peace of England, are adopting a mode of attack not very dissimilar to this. They embody their true wishes in the shape of false statements; and hope, by the unceasing administration of cautions, condolences, and recipes, to persuade us, both that our country is in a state of disease, and that they themselves, as they have been the first to discover, so they are also the most likely persons to cure her maladies. Does any one modestly express his hesitation about believing their alarming story? they assure him that *they* cannot be mistaken, that their diagnosis is their *forte*, and that it is no great wonder an unexperienced individual like himself should be deceived by symptoms of vigour which they know to be superficial and insignificant. Does some man of firmer nerves express not only his disbelief of their statement, but his suspicion of their candour, and his contempt of their skill? the cunning empirics turn upon the heel, and whisper to all they meet, that the bold sceptic is a hypocritical and designing knave, who "speaks peace while there is no peace," and is willing to extenuate the virulence of the disease, in order that he may profit in private by the hypochondriacal facility of the deceived and flattered, although drooping and desperate patient.

One of the most fatal symptoms of political decay which these quacks of party affect to decry and to deplore, is a want of confidence in the government among the majority of the people. According to them, the inhabitants of England have lost that habitual veneration for the legal authorities of their country, which formed so distinguishing a characteristic in the spirit of their fathers. The House of Commons, they assert, is no longer regarded by us as the fair and honourable representation of the wishes and the wisdom of the people; the Peers have descended from their old dignity of independence, and are alternately the masters and the slaves of a corrupt-

ing and unprincipled ministry; but above all, the monarchical part of the establishment has "fallen from its high estate." Royalty has become a cipher and a pageant. It is courted without love, and obeyed without devotion.—The spring of constitutional attachment has been loosened; and the motions of the great machine are becoming every day more languid. Opinion, the main support of every government, and the only effectual one of a free government, has become changed. Our love of our institutions, and our pride in their excellence, were once great, and could not have been lessened, except these institutions had become corrupted, and that excellence obscured. The luminary of British freedom,—if we are to trust the report of these wise Chaldeans,

"Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change,
Perplexes monarchs."

We think it would not be a very difficult matter to expose to Englishmen the futility of all these melancholy statements and dismal expectations, as well as the malignant hearts or stupid heads, of those by whom they have been most boldly and most extensively promulgated. The tricks are old, and favourite ones with those whose interest it is to arrogate the praises of extraordinary sincerity and discernment.

Μαντι κακων, ἢ σωστων μοι το κρηγυον ἱππας.
Λισι τοι τα κακ' εστι φιλα φρισι μαντινισθα.
Εσθλον δ' ἔδει τι πω ειπας σπος υδ' επιλυσσας.

But we are sorry to find that these false and treacherous oracles have found their way to the minds of foreigners, who have fewer means in their power, either of detecting their inherent absurdities, or of estimating the character of those who utter them. Even abroad, however, it appears that the soundness of our national feeling, principle, and attachment, is asserted and maintained by those who know us best, and are therefore most entitled to speak of us. The following extract from a letter, written a few weeks ago, by the BARON VON LAUERWINKEL, will, we are sure, be acceptable to all our readers.

"Osmanstadt, April 1818.

* * * * *

"My friend has been deceived by those who have persuaded him that

the public feeling of the people of England towards their government has been changed. In every country, the violence of the spirit of faction, and the grossness of those absurdities which party men utter for their own purposes, bear an exact proportion to the freedom, and therefore to the excellence, of its government and constitution. The very calumnies to which you have been a listener, carry their own refutation upon their front. What they tell you of the English is true of the Prussians, the Bavarians, and the Wirtembergers,—but who among them dares to make use of such language as you have heard from the discontented and disaffected subjects of Britain?

“ You have never been in England ; I am satisfied that a few weeks’ residence among the people of that blessed island, would effectually dispel all the foolish notions which you have communicated to me. I have studied their history and their literature, and I have visited and contemplated their modes of life ; and I see no reason to suspect that the unity of their national sentiments has been shaken, even by the most violent of those convulsions which have reached the centre-spirit of the continental nations. The party which is out of power is always ready to revile that which is in ; and a government, such as that of England, can never be exposed to a more severe reproach, than that of having forfeited, in any measure, the attachment of its subjects. Be assured, that the tales which you have heard are merely idle mists, called up by party-conjurors, to blind the eyes of those whom it is their interest to deceive. They serve the petty purpose for which they were created, pass away, and are forgotten ; to be succeeded, in due season, by other tricks equally contemptible, and equally transitory. Such things make no impression on the general mind of the nation. The simple dupes of faction believe, indeed, that the darkness which veils their own optics is an universal darkness ; but, in truth, it is “ a cloud no bigger than a man’s hand ;” and beyond the petty circle in which they are confined and agitated by the jugglings of an impure sorcery, the face of nature is as fair, and the ether as serene as ever. The voice of the people of England is still unbroken and the same. They have submitted to many privations, they have made

many sacrifices ; but they know that the objects for which they were contending were worthy of all that they could do or suffer. They have neither been unduly depressed by their misfortunes, nor indecently elated by their successes ; for both the misfortune and the success was the lot of all ; and every feeling, whether of sorrow or of joy, is calmed, and consecrated, and sublimed, by being the feeling of a nation. The wise and meditative English are not easily to be persuaded that they owe no gratitude to those principles of administration, which brought the sacred ark of their freedom, entire and triumphant, out of those billows of democratic or despotic rage, which overwhelmed the more gaudy, but less substantial, vessels of their neighbours. They are not to be told by those who shrunk during the tempest, that the pilots, who were unmoved either by danger or by obloquy, have founded for themselves no claim to the respect of those whom they saved. In the midst of their proudest exultation, they remember that their struggle was made, not for acquisition, but for preservation ; and they sit down at the termination of the conflict, satisfied abundantly to be the same that they had been. So secure is their position, that they have no occasion either to be jealous of those who have guided, or fearful of those who would have betrayed, them. They feel that virtue and religion are still alive within them ; and they have no reason or inclination to suspect that their patriotism has become extinct. They entertained no foolish or extravagant hopes, and they do not complain because they have not been disappointed. They still preserve the same tone which their fathers bequeathed to them, and which, they doubt not, they shall transmit to their children. As the Athenians said manfully in their sorrow, the English are content to say, calmly, and with better reason, in their triumph, ‘ Our form of government is not devised after foreign fashions : it is such, that we are rather imitated by others than emulous of them. In private affairs, justice is rendered to every man according to the laws. And as for public honours, these are obtained mostly by virtue and reputation, not by the mere adoption of a party : neither is any man so poor, that his obscurity of station cuts him off from the

possibility of making himself useful to his country.*

“In a country enlightened and refined to such a pitch as that which has been attained by England, the nature of the habitual feelings and dispositions of the people may be gathered, with almost unfailing certainty, from the pages of their popular poets. The present age of English poetry is a rich and brilliant one. It boasts, at this moment, of at least three great masters, each intensely original, and two of them eminently national. What is the voice of these interpreters of the thoughts of their countrymen? Does Scott minister to the sickly cravings of change, or the cowardly fears of decay? His works have nourished the high spirit of chivalry and honour, and stimulated and refreshed the martial ardour of British bosoms. He has been, like the nation to which he speaks, unmoved and unshaken amidst the vicissitudes of the times. His voice has been like the music of a rich rejoicing trumpet, cheering, and animating, and ennobling the souls of men—loud and invigorating in the hour of danger—soft, airy, and delightful in the season of repose. They who embalm, within their memories and their hearts, the echoes of such a voice as this, can *they* be a set of doleful, desponding, trembling, unsatisfied, unhappy changelings? The supposition is monstrous and absurd.—Wordsworth is a poet of profounder sentiment; his delight has been in solitude, and he has therefore spoken less to the ordinary passions of active men. His familiarity has, indeed, been

“Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature.”

Yet the majesty of his country, the sacred and secure repose of her freedom, have not been witnessed without filial awe and admiration by this serene and solitary bard. The vulgar

declamations of demagogues, the hypocritical dogmas of self-constituted judges, have never deceived the stately intellect that holds its converse with the

“Wisdom and spirit of the universe,
The soul that is the eternity of thought.”

His patriotism has been like his poetry, affectionate, tender, and beautiful, but at the same time strong, rational, and sublime.

“The only great English poet of our time, who seems to despise the triumphs of his country, to despair of the security of her freedom, and to treat without respect the instruments to which she has delegated her authority, is Byron. It is pity that it should be so. Such a spirit deserved better things than it has found. But we must beware of drawing any general conclusions from the tone in which this gloomy poet speaks of political affairs. If he be a just interpreter of the political feelings of his countrymen, shall we not admit his testimony to be of equal weight in regard to their notions of religion, but, above all, of morality? Alas! Byron is no Englishman in any of these things. His creed seems to be that of a dark despairing fatalist, who despises exertion, and almost disbelieves futurity. His morality is apparently even more unworthy of his genius. Formed by nature to be the promoter of high thoughts and magnificent aspirations, he condescends to extenuate the foulness of heartless corruption, and to scoff with bitter derision at the proudest of all his country's distinctions—the purity of her domestic virtues. We must lament the perversion of this great mind; but we should beware of quoting that as an authority, which can only be viewed as a lamentable and unnatural exception.

“During the last visit which I paid to England, my thoughts were often directed to the subject on which you have addressed me; for so must the thoughts be of every one who reads the daily newspapers and tracts circulated among all classes of this people of politicians. The more I reflected, the more confidence did I gain. But I must confess that the circumstance which made most impression on my mind, was one, which has never, perhaps, presented itself to you, and whose weight I suspect, indeed, is not duly felt by those who are more nearly

* Χρωμιβα γαρ πολιτια κ ζηληση της των πελας νομου, παραδειγμα δε αυτοι μαλλον οντις, η μιμημενοι ιτιους.—μισιστι κατα μιν τυς νομυς προς τα ιδια διαφορα πασι το ισον, κατα δε την αξιωσιν, ος εκασος εν τω ινδοκιμει, εκ απο μερυς το πλιος ες τα κοινα η απ' αρετης προσηματα, εδ' αυ κατα πεινας, εχων δε τι αγαλον δεσσαι την πολιν, αξιωματος αφαισας κεκωλυται.—Thucid. lib. 2.

interested in these matters than any foreigner can pretend to be.

"Many years have now elapsed since the aged King of England has been able to exercise, for himself, the high duties of his office. It has pleased God to visit this virtuous monarch with the severest infliction to which our nature can be subjected,—to darken in him the light of Reason, and render him a stranger in the midst of his friends. Heartless, indeed, must they be who can contemplate, without compassion, any victim of such an awful visitation. But the people of England have, in their conduct towards their unfortunate Prince, displayed, I think, something far more than mere humanity or pity could have prompted. A reverential silence has been observed by all, as if they were afraid that even the whisper of anxious affection might disturb the repose of his affliction. The whole nation (I know scarcely of one exception,) have behaved as a family of kind and dutiful children might have done, had their father been touched with such a calamity. Is there not something very affecting and very noble in this quiet and tender sympathy of a proud and generous people? And do not this quietness and this tenderness bear with them the most unequivocal testimony, not only of respect to the individual, but of attachment to the system? The King of England is venerated by his people as the descendant of their ancient monarchs, but above all, as the living witness of their freedom. On his person they willingly concentrate not a little of the love which they bear for that unequalled constitution, which reconciles, in their happy land, the interests of the subjects with those of their Prince, and renders affection for him the symbol of reverence for those laws which are as imperious over him as over the meanest of his people.

"The kings of England may well be grateful for the lot which has fallen to them. Preserved from the dangers which surround a despotic throne, far above the torments which attend the consciousness of instability, it is their privilege to enjoy the blessings, almost entirely unmingled with the disadvantages, of monarchy. The confidence which they repose in their people is not founded on any arrogant or delusive claims of personal talent or importance. They are the repositories

of national dignity, and they are aware that the nation will not be unjust or disrespectful to itself.

"Be assured that, in spite of all the ravings of violent, and the sarcasms of cold-blooded demagogues, the edifice of British Freedom and British Confidence is entire. Blest in the possession of those privileges which the wisdom of their fathers obtained for them, the only prayer of Englishmen worthy of the name is, that their children may be as happy as they are. Undazzled by the specious pretences of those who seek in innovation the chances of unmerited advancement, they place their hope and their attachment where they should be. Proud as they may well be of their own elected representatives in parliament, they do not allow themselves to despise or envy the duties or dignities of the hereditary magistracy in the Peerage; and sensible as they are that legislation should always proceed from the collective wisdom of many, they accord without hesitation a rightful homage to the legal executive prerogatives of One. It is still as true as it was in the days of Shakspeare, that

"The king's name is a tower of strength."

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THE CRANIOLOGIST'S REVIEW.

No II.

Greek Heads.

THE peculiar form of the Greek nose, which comes down from the forehead in a line almost straight, has long been a subject of wonder and of speculation with physiognomical observers. Some have supposed it to be ideal, and a violation of nature; but those busts, which are believed to represent real individuals, frequently exhibit this configuration, although certainly in a smaller degree. Neither could it have been considered as beautiful by the Greeks, unless they had met with it under their eyes daily. For my part, I am inclined to consider it as the indication of a very vigorous and powerful temperament, which shot out in a superfluity of bone, and which was derived from a noble breed of semi-barbarians, who spent their lives in physical exertion, and were nurtured un-

der one of the finest climates in the world. Nations may lose this boney prominence between the eyes, but I suspect they will never regain it after having lost it. A debilitated organization has not materials within itself to work its own restoration.

But let us inquire a little more narrowly. Let us compare old facts with theories recently started. The cerebral organs, situated immediately above the nose, were those with which the Greeks, (from what we know of their intellectual constitution) ought to have been most amply provided. All those organs which observe and judge of external objects, and which constitute what may be called perceptiveness, are placed in this region. The organ of form is behind the root of the nose, locality and observation above, and colour above the eyes. Hence the peculiar prominence of the lower part of the Greek forehead, which advances over the eyes, and has a tendency to carry out the nose along with it, and hence the exquisite talent of this nation for painting, statuary, architecture, and their sensibility to the loveliness of forms and proportions; so that the remnants even of their most homely furniture are still a mine of beauty for less gifted nations. Hence also their turn for individual facts which gratify the organ of observation, and their thirst for amusing sights and wonderful objects, as well as their passion for news and gossipings. No people was ever so much awake to external impressions, and hence in some measure the vivacity and flightiness of their dispositions. The mind which broods over considerations generated within itself, commonly pursues a uniform track, because the source of its impulses is always the same.

As an exemplar of an ideal Greek head, we may take the Meleager, which exhibits the configuration above mentioned in a remarkable degree. This lovely hunter is still in his youngest bloom, and we do not find the metaphysical and reflective part of the forehead so much developed. The Greeks were by no means profound thinkers as to cause and effect, and, with all their observation, they wanted philosophical observation, which calls in the metaphysical organs to ascertain the dependence of one phenomenon upon another, and which also solicits the aid of

the comparative organ, to arrange objects into classes, for the sake of generalizing upon them. Neither does Meleager's head exhibit much imagination, at least so far as the hair enables us to discern. That which characterises this head, and which helps to give it such a noble aspect, is the great development of all the faculties on the top of the head. As an ideal head (for it is more than mortal), it exhibits the very pattern of energy, enthusiasm, and nobleness of mind. The back part of the head presents a very suitable and well proportioned development.

It is remarkable, that the sculptor has given Apollo, the god of poetry, more perceptiveness than imagination, in which respect it corresponds with the Meleager; but the dressing of Apollo's hair is such as to disguise the rest of the head. The Venus de Medicis is also well provided with those organs which enable one to judge of beauty.

These remarks upon the perceptiveness of the Greeks lead me to advert to a circumstance highly characteristic of modern nations, who, in contemplating a work of art, pay much more attention to those traits which offer food for the imagination and the sensibilities, than to the palpable and real beauty of form and symmetry residing in the object before them. Instead of exercising their perceptions, they exercise their imaginations; and consider a statue or picture only as a sort of centre, round which to assemble poetical ideas. Hence the vague, frothy, and spurious enthusiasm with which so many people came charged from the Louvre. There can be little doubt that the pleasure which the Greeks took in works of art was a very matter-of-fact sort of pleasure. Their perceptions clung closely to the object, and their gratification was legitimately and directly derived from examining it. A great many modern amateurs, on the other hand, might as well shut their eyes at once, and fall a dreaming about it. They would have learnt as much about Apollo by sleeping a night at the foot of the pedestal, as by staring at it a whole day. When we consider these constitutional differences, we are naturally led to the conclusion, that modern painters should trust more to expression,—to well chosen subjects,—and to the art of telling a story

pathetically upon canvass,—than to any thing which taxes the perceptiveness of the spectator.

After these general remarks (which might be improved upon were they stated more at large), I shall throw in to the bargain one or two modern heads, by way of recreation.

No III.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

THIS man had many strange points about him; yet the power of his character was sufficient to make us look up to him as a person energetically and formidably absurd, and hardly to be contemplated with levity. David Hume seems to have enjoyed him. Cromwell's sagacity and ability were of a peculiar kind, working almost in the dark, and partaking rather of the nature of instinct, than of reasoning or reflection. Although practically wise in his conduct, his ideas seem to have existed in a state of utter confusion; a fact which would lead us to suppose, that the watchfulness and activity of mere personal organs will often carry a man forward in life, with little assistance from the speculative faculties.

Upon surveying this man's portraits, we perceive a forehead high, but flat, being probably a mere face work for the brain behind. The top of the head is well expanded; and there can be little doubt that Cromwell was sincerely religious, notwithstanding that worldly craft found means to join issue with pious zeal, and to pursue its own ends, without scandalizing the upper strata of his brain. The first years of his life were dissolute and impetuous; for he had strong animal faculties. Then came his devotion, and the first uncouth stirrings of his understanding, when he used to detect "flat popery" in the sermons which passed well enough with other people. As yet he had probably conceived no ambitious thoughts, but circumstances opened upon him. Opportunities came and jostled and dallied with him, and nature gradually awoke.

No IV.—*Franklin.*

THE largeness of Franklin's features made his brain appear smaller than it was. His temperament, partaking a good deal of the phlegmatic, gave him large cheeks and a heavy chin. Never

was there an individual, however, more happily compounded by nature. Serene in his temper,—virtuous and rational in his inclinations,—sage in his schemes,—his personal feelings and understanding seem to have walked hand in hand. He was, like Socrates, not only wise in consequence of observation and thinking, but also from the happy natural ingredients of his character—wise even in his wishes.

On examining the portraits, we see a forehead apparently well advanced, although not uncommonly high. It narrows a little from the lower part. His metaphysical and comparative organs were probably less expanded than that of observation. We see nothing here of that magnificent pile of brain, in the upper part of the forehead, which enabled Bacon to become the legislator of philosophers.

Franklin had a good ear for music, as also a turn for the mechanical arts, which two organs help to spread the forehead laterally in the lower part. Farther up, the sides of his forehead incline to fall inwards; the reason of which is obvious, for he had little imagination.

Franklin was pious from reflection, but had not by nature much ardour of devotional sentiment. He lived at a time when religious opinions were so much canvassed as to exercise rather the metaphysical faculties than the moral ones.

No V.—*Voltaire.*

VOLTAIRE is generally represented with such great perukes, that we can see nothing but his forehead; and his interest certainly was, that nothing more should be seen, for it was probably the best part of his organization. Those effigies that represent him bare-headed, disagree, and I know not which to trust. It is difficult to say whether or not he was destitute of enthusiasm. I think not.

Is there such a thing in human nature as an abstract love of mischief? or have certain faculties a tendency to run into mischief if not suitably counterbalanced? Perhaps the sense of ridicule is one of these; for as it delights in ideas strongly contrasted, it sacrilegiously rifles the recesses of our nature for conceptions repugnant to each other, and violates the moral order which should prevail within. It is

like a person who crushes and distorts a beautiful piece of tapestry, in order that he may gratify his wantonness by bringing remote corners of it together, so as to join the head of a man to the body of a dog, or the ears of an ass to the bishop's mitre. Too strong an appetite for ridicule, tears asunder materials which, if viewed in their proper places, would make a commanding appeal to our moral nature, but which, when scattered, are mere straws to be blown about by the wind. Of all the faculties, it is the only one which finds its harvest in the midst of disorder, and in the reversement of the true bearings of objects and feelings. Yet ridicule goes hand in hand with perspicacity and judgment; for he who does not perceive the consonance of ideas, can never perceive their discrepancy. Wit and reason both consist in examining the relations of ideas, although for different purposes; and hence an individual, who is remarkable for a discriminating intellect, is seldom without some share of pleasantry.

These observations apply to the abstract nature of wit. Like all other faculties, it is capable of good applications as well as bad ones. True moral satire does not tend to corrupt our feelings, or produce anarchy in our associations; because, in combining ideas, it is constantly exercising our sense of right and wrong, as well as the sense of pleasantry. The ridicule of perversity and absurdity, cannot be perceived without a reference to their opposites. Dean Swift therefore, with all his outrages, is not so vicious a jester as Voltaire:

But there is a sort of desperado gaiety, which mounts its infernal horse without any purpose, and takes the road with a determination to have sport at all ventures. This is the species of wit for which Voltaire is culpable. His comprehensive and penetrating mind sought for exercise in examining the nature of man and his condition; and not being contented to mock, like a comedian, at the ordinary exemplifications of folly which occur in social life, he looked for subjects of raillery in the fundamental principles of the human constitution, which he endeavoured to contrast ludicrously with each other, as well as with the external condition of man. This species of raillery had an over-

whelming power when it was first started, and every true thinker must look with astonishment upon the genius which was capable of originally giving it birth; but it will lose its point in proportion as the composition of human nature comes to be more profoundly understood, and the arrangements of providence inquired into with less precipitation.

Voltaire's forehead presents a very fine organization. It is both high and broad. The upper department of it, however, seems to have been better developed than the under ones. He delighted more in wit and reasoning than in observation. He had also more wit than imagination; and hence the corners of his forehead seem to have gone sharply off. His mind was not much stored with pictures of the details of human nature. Hence, he could never write comedies. He took no pleasure in fixing his attention long on individual facts, but flew about, like an eagle, from peak to peak, delighted with birds-eye glances, and with the comparison of remote objects. Therefore, although he made us acquainted with many general conclusions before unattended to, he noted no new particulars.

His temperament was vivacious, sensitive, and excitable, but not passively excitable, for he was all elasticity and rebound. His feelings seem to have been intense, but short-lived and inconceivably rapid in their succession. His nose, arched and prominent, corresponds with his sanguine restless disposition. We see in it that headlong energy which run him into so many scrapes. Upon the whole, he wanted solidity, perseverance, and moral earnestness, to make him a dignified character.

ON DRESS.

It is impossible to see people of semi-barbarous nations, as we are pleased to call them,—an inhabitant of Turkey, or India, or Persia, for example,—pass along our streets, without feeling into what a lamentable state the art of dress has degenerated among us! This is very far from being a trifling evil. The moment the necessary arts take place of the ornamental ones in a nation,—the moment utility supersedes

beauty,—that nation has passed the true pitch of refinement, and verges towards its fall. The neglect of dress in this country may be attributed in part to that crying sin of the age—the love of money,—a love which, like Aaron's rod, threatens to swallow up all the rest. The apophthegm we learned at school, of “*Crescit amor nummi,*” &c. which we could not understand a word of then, and which even now we scarcely comprehend, is yet, in spite of our wilful ignorance, perpetually returning upon us, and pressing its truth on our eyes, and hearts, and understandings.

There is another very active cause, for the neglect of which we complain. Clever people have greatly increased of late years; and the worst of *merely* clever people is, that they are apt to be very superficial, and very affected: and finding, that to pass for something now-a-days, it is necessary to know something of a great many things, in order to circumscribe the number of these *essentials*, what they do not feel it convenient to excel in, they affect to despise, and endeavour to depreciate and make others despise. *Dress* they place at the head of these *non-essentials*, partly because it is an art very difficult to excel in, and partly because they can easily find plausible reasons against studying it. “We can employ our time better,” they say. But *do* they employ it better? “Those who are to be pleased by externals only, are not worth pleasing at all.” This is another of their paltry sophistries. They have no right to put in the word “only.” But even without that, the axiom would be false. People are worth pleasing, in exact proportion as they are to be really pleased by any thing external from themselves; and those who are most worth pleasing, are to be pleased by every thing in its due place and proportion.

The truth is, there is quite as much vanity and coxcomby in slovenliness, as there is in its most extravagant opposite. The old citizen worth a *plum*, is as vain of his thread-bare coat, as the mere Bond-street loungee is of his embroidered one. The minor poet, who goes into company with a dirty neckcloth and straggling locks, as much anticipates and chuckles over the question, “Who is that?” and the answer, “Oh, so and so, a devilish clever fellow,” as the dandy who

scorns to have an *id-e-a* beyond the *set* of his clothes, expects the same question, and the answer, “Oh, the best dressing chap in the town.” And we do not see a pin to choose between the two.

But upon what do these *clever* people found their indifference about externals? Does it spring from their acquaintance with the analogies of nature, or from their admiration of antiquity? Alas! they know or care as little about the one as the other. In nature, all the best things are at the same time the most beautiful. We mean this without reference to the pretended laws of association. Is not the rose at once the sweetest and the loveliest of flowers? Is not the lily the richest in scent, and the most stately in form? Of all the prospects in external nature, that which the most enchants and satisfies the human mind, is the view of an extensive tract of country, covered with villages, and woods, and meadows, and corn fields, and waters, with a blue sky over all;—and does not such a scene as this include the greatest portion of goodness, and utility, and happiness? But perhaps they may want analogies from the living world. Is not the horse at once the noblest and the noblest-looking of all unreasoning animals? and is not the reasoning animal, man, “the human face divine,”—nobler than all?

Will their classical tastes not be satisfied unless we lead them back to antiquity? They had better not accompany us there;—they will find nothing to suit their purpose. The Apollo and the Venus, in their pure and unapproachable beauty, have outlasted all the speculations of all their contemporary sages. We know and care more about the Parthenon of Phidias than we do about the Republic of Plato, though the latter as well as the former is made of *stone*.

Did any men, either before or since, ever *look* like the Greeks and Romans? and did any men ever *act* like them? They were the handsomest, the noblest, the most unaffected, and the best dressing; in short, the most *gentlemanly* people that ever were or will be. We, at the moment, recollect but one very affected person among them, Diogenes the Cynic; and it is remarkable, or rather, on *our* principle, it is *not* remarkable, that *he* was a sloven.

If the reader thinks these speculations worth attending to, we may perhaps renew them in a future communication. In the mean time we cannot resist the temptation of corroborating what we have said, by mentioning that, among our own immediate acquaintance, the two persons of different sexes who possess the most entire sincerity of heart, the most simple purity of principle, and the most perfect consistency of action, happen to be, without comparison, the best looking and best dressing people we know; and we are not sure that it would be going too far to add—*vice versa*.

A. Z.

London, June 5, 1818.

JEFFREY AND HAZLITT.

MR HAZLITT has lately put forth a book of Criticisms upon English Poetry, which may be considered as a fair specimen by which to estimate his powers. He and Mr Jeffrey being at present the two most eminent speculators on literary topics, one is naturally led to compare their merits.

These two individuals do not excel in the same faculties. Mr Jeffrey seems to have more of the faculty of ratiocination and deduction, and Mr Hazlitt more of observation and perception. If, instead of writing criticisms, they had written books of their own, Mr Jeffrey would probably have soared a great way above Mr Hazlitt, by the superior force and productiveness of his genius. Mr Hazlitt could not so well furnish a test of his own. At least his excellence would lie rather in teaching mankind to think justly, than in presenting them with new and undiscovered conclusions. In all that relates to tracing the concatenation of a sequence of propositions, Mr Jeffrey has evidently the advantage. He is well versed in the laws of the intellectual world, and his reasonings must always be listened to with pleasure; but there is reason to believe that Mr Hazlitt, by means of intense perception, and persevering examination, has attained to a more accurate statistical view of the real world. He belongs to that class of men who, when an object is placed before their optics, reconnoitre it carefully, minutely, and maturely, and carry off in their minds

an exact impression of its real nature. Mr Hazlitt also perceives those inferences which result immediately from the knowledge of facts; but beyond this his mind does not take many steps. Mr Jeffrey, in examining an object, seems to find less pleasure in persisting long in observation, and is often obliged to turn aside his gaze to follow out a long series of meditations. In giving an account of a poem, he sometimes forgets his object, and throws in colours of his own, as one may see in his review of Byron's *Manfred*, &c. Although Mr Hazlitt's faculties partake less of the nature of talent than Mr Jeffrey's, we should not on that account be inclined to undervalue them, when it is considered, that the most important conclusions frequently do not lie very far off from an extended observation and impartial attention to existing circumstances; and that the first inference drawn from three facts, taken together, is often more valuable than the tenth inference drawn from two facts. Upon the whole, Mr Hazlitt's *apperçus*, concerning particular works, are truer than those of Mr Jeffrey, because he lays out his mind in a more passive manner to receive impressions from them.

Mr Jeffrey's great merit lies in those general speculations which he has appended to his appreciations of particular books. In originality and ingenuity, they were so far above the level of all former publications, that they could not fail to be read with admiration. The public was then scarcely acquainted with any higher philosophy than what could be found in Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*. Mr Jeffrey cannot be said, in the course of his career, to have thrown any very new or important light upon fundamental principles, but he has solved many detached problems in a very satisfactory manner, and has theorised well upon the history of English Literature, besides furnishing explanations (more or less perfect) of the different phenomena which have occurred in his own day.

As to the faculties of imagination and wit, it is difficult to say whether these two individuals have exhibited all they possess. Mr Jeffrey seems to have a very considerable share of imagination, which would have been more apparent had his speculative under-

standing been less active, and allowed his conceptions to form into masses. His imagination, however, has probably been of use in exercising his other faculties, by supplying them with a constant stream of ideas for analysis and comparison. It does not appear that Mr Hazlitt has so much imagination, or that what he has is so elegant or well-trained. Mr Jeffrey has likewise the finer wit of the two, though not always the more profound. His wit is rather subtle, dexterous, and ingenious, than imbued with the *vis comica*; which indeed is not now so much sought for in pleasantries, as it was in Swift's time. Mr Hazlitt sometimes hits off a good humorous trait, full of real sagacity and dry scorn, which throws disgrace on those tawdry and endless metaphors, and epigrammatical patchworks, which deform the external surface of his compositions, and which his well-wishers must wish to consider not as voluntary movements of his own genius, but as compliances with the stupidity and bad taste of his readers. Criticism, except what is ephemeral, has not in itself many popular attractions; and to become a popular critic on works no longer new, it is necessary to advance many things in a snappish and obtrusive manner, to make the vulgar perceive that something is going forward. Persons who are unable to follow the *substratum* of strong sense in Mr Hazlitt's discourses, are at least able to watch the clink of his epigrammatical hammer.

But the intellectual faculties of a critic are not the sole means to be employed in forming his judgments. His moral constitution should be as much awake to sentiment, as his understanding to the relations of ideas. To estimate the truth and propriety of different tones of feeling, is even a more difficult task, in some cases, than to reason. I do not allude so much to the appreciation of what is morally beautiful and decorous between man and man, for there we have the accumulated suffrages of ages and of multitudes to appeal to. The most difficult questions in morals, are those which relate to the temper of mind with which the world and the business of life ought to be contemplated, since the propriety of our feelings, on these subjects, must depend on very

extended and complicated considerations.

The tone of Mr Hazlitt's feelings is not easy to be guessed. They never appear but in the train of his understanding, which itself seldom appears but in the train of his perceptions. His feelings seem to be universal, though not active or spontaneous in their movements; and, in examining literary works, his nature exhibits no blind sides. Mr Jeffrey betrays a greater number of spontaneous and gratuitous stirrings of the heart; and his sentiments, so far as they go, are in general amiable, dignified, and just. Neither of them are men of much unborrowed strength of feeling. Some individuals have been gifted by nature with such energetic moral faculties, that they have become oracles to other men, not on account of intellect or penetration, or of wisdom acquired from without, but on account of an exalted nature, which speaks the language of the deity, and which contains within itself an unborrowed morality, that cries out from the recesses of the heart. Mr Jeffrey and Mr Hazlitt are wise and knowing, as to the regulating principles of the external world and the comparison of ideas, but, in other respects, their mental constitution is little more than ordinary.

In these latter times, men do not stand in a good predicament for the cultivation of certain faculties. We have so much to learn from without, that the understanding is kept in a perpetual bustle with the reception of thoughts, and there is not at any time a sufficient leisure within to allow the heart to be seriously consulted and exercised upon them. Hence most people (however strong their feelings may be at first) end in mere observers and men of the world. The principal defect of instinctive and unreasoning morality is, that it contains within itself no security against the intermixture of prejudice and personal inclination. One impulse is not easily known from another. But if the morality which is founded upon reason is less subject to error, so far as it goes, it is at the same time cold and destitute of impelling force. As society grows older under the influence of literature, much business will be assigned to the understanding, at the expense of the heart; and the only persons likely to

remain untainted with laxity of morals, will be those who sternly wrap themselves up in religion, and receive with jealousy all external impressions. To contemn worldly wisdom will not now be so difficult as formerly, because reason is no longer an unexplored region; but religious reverence having been thrown aside, reason has been traced to its last results, and found to end in nothing,—at least so far as relates to happiness. Hence, even many men of the world may long to turn methodists when it is too late.

The last thing to be spoken of is, the merit of Mr Jeffrey's and Mr Hazlitt's writings, considered as literary compositions. But a critical discourse is generally such a patched, pyebald, and polygeneous affair, that one does not know by what rules of taste it should be tried. The style at present used in such compositions, whatever may be its copiousness and brilliancy, is certainly nothing but an abominable hodge-podge, garbling and confounding all associations. Instead of accomplishing its object by well chosen words, it makes out its meaning by throwing in one word to modify another, till the whole becomes a crude mass of ill-concocted epithets, which leave no unity of impression upon the memory. It is a style which may be made to convey one's meaning with accuracy enough, since all kinds of phrases, however uncouth, may be drawn in for that purpose; but it conveys it without grace, concentration, or singleness of effect. Every thing is driven into the reader by reiterated strokes. He comes away with as little pleasure as a spectator does from tracing the forms of plants upon a glaring screen, where they are distinctly enough rendered, perhaps, but without the least pretensions to clare-obscure, or harmony of colours.

Of all the writers who have cultivated this style, Mr Jeffrey is certainly the best. He has far surpassed the sturdy English moralist, who, if he were now alive, would probably feel himself quite jejune, flaccid, and empty, upon listening to the overwhelming roll of expletives in the Edinburgh Review. He would look like a schoolmaster who had been suddenly drowned with Greek by one of his own pupils. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, that the indigenous English used by Swift and Arbuthnot, did not con-

tain a sufficient number of words adapted to metaphysical purposes, and, so far as this defect existed, the adoption of learned words has certainly been an improvement; but the writers did not stop when the demands of utility were satisfied, and consequently the style now chiefly used is a Babylonish sort of English, made up of learned and sonorous phrases, intermingled with glittering fragments of poetical diction. Nicholas Poussin, when living at Rome, was asked by a stranger concerning antiquities; whereupon he lifted from the ground a handful of dust and fragments, and said, "Here is some of the ancient city." In the same manner, if a foreigner were to inquire about the works of great English writers, we might shew him a page of some modern periodical publication, and say, "Here is the *debris* of many ancient poets and philosophers."

But although the faults of Mr Jeffrey's principles of composition are rendered more glaring by crowds upon crowds of unskilful imitators, who use the Babylonish dialect without having any thing of importance to communicate, yet he may console himself with the old reflection, that, "next to the merit of having improved a nation's taste, the greatest merit is that of having corrupted it."

Mr Hazlitt, although by no means untainted with the Babylonish dialect himself, shews, in his remarks upon Arbuthnot and Swift, that he is perfectly aware of its being a cup of abominations. He observes, that its defect lies in its total want of applicability to one set of ideas more than another. It is bound to the thoughts, conveyed in it by no ties of nature or association, and consequently leaves no distinct impression, no pleasing flavour.

After all, purity of style, in periodical publications, is not of much importance. The speculative ideas circulated in these works, are not expected to be considered as any man's property, and every exposition of them is liable to be superseded by later and shorter ones. Most essays now are hardly worthy of the name of compositions, being merely a series of sentences printed in the same page, without any pervading harmony to bind them into a whole, and if they hang together for a twelvemonth, it is a

long life. A new speculation is like a handful of crumbs dropt into a brook, where it is immediately nibbled and carried off by the minnows in all directions. Perhaps this is the necessary fate of speculative ideas. Periodical literature will probably swallow up all other kinds, and leave nothing classical but poetry and works of sentiment, where the ideas are connected by such fine invisible and mysterious ties, that they cannot be removed from their places without losing their value entirely.

However excellent and original, therefore, may be the thoughts from time to time started by these two individuals, especially by Mr Jeffrey, there is reason to suspect that their compositions will be like those figures drawn upon the sand by the early mathematicians—figures from which their pupils learned much, but which were washed away by the return of the tide.

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A NARRATIVE OF THE TAKING OF THE ISLAND OF TIMOR, BY H. M. S. HESPER, IN THE YEAR 1811.

[The following paper was communicated by the commanding officer of the *Hesper* to Professor PICTET of Geneva, and translated by him in a late number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. By the kindness of Professor PICTET, who is now in this city, we are enabled to present to our readers the original paper as written by Capt. THURSTON. EDITOR.]

TO PROFESSOR PICTET.

MY DEAR SIR,

I SEND you, at the same time with the note you desired, a sketch of the operations which led to the capture of the island of Timor, by H. M. ship *HESPER*, under my command, in the year 1811. I have likewise added a few circumstances that took place subsequently to that event. It is probable you will find that, in the narrative, I may have dwelt somewhat too long on the minute details of sea service; but though they may prove tedious to a landsman's ear, yet they will give you an idea of the adventurous character of a seaman's life; and perhaps you may feel, that the naval profession is a school of active discipline, where all the more severe virtues and energies of mind are daily,

may hourly, called into action. I make no apology for the almost total want of dates, my professional journal being in England; but the circumstances themselves being trying and difficult, they left on my memory so deep an impression, that the recollection of them is still perfectly fresh and vivid.—I remain, my dear sir, your obedient,
C. T. THURSTON.

IN the autumn of 1810, the combined British naval and military forces, under the respective commands of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford and Gen. Sir Samuel Achmuty, employed on the expedition against the island of Java, succeeded in carrying, by storm, the entrenched camp of General Janssen, in the neighbourhood of Batavia. The fortification had been projected and finished by General Daendels, who had lavished all the resources of military talent on a situation extremely strong by nature; but the Malay troops, though bold, and trained in the European tactics, were unable to stand against the assault of our veteran regiments, assisted by the Indian troops, who emulated their companions in arms; and after a severe and bloody affair, their entrenchments were successively carried, and their remaining detached corps were in a few days either destroyed, or surrendered at discretion. This affair decided the fate of the Dutch empire in the east, as in the capitulation were included the various settlements in the Indian seas. The course of operations had carried the admiral to the port of Sourabaya, the most eastern establishment on the island; and there, when the arrangements were finally closed, I received the command of the *Hesper* sloop of war. The climate, and hard service as artillery men during the campaign, had not spared the crew of this vessel any more than those of the other ships of the squadron; and out of a complement of 120 men, there remained not more than 80 or 90, 50 of whom were at this time in the hospitals, or on the sick-list on board. Shortly after the departure of the admiral from the island, a report was brought by some vessel from Europe, that a squadron of French frigates had left Brest, bound, as was supposed, for the relief of the island of Java. The British naval commanding officer immediate-

ly made the necessary arrangements for their reception, in the event of their finding their way into these seas; and I received orders to proceed, with H. M. sloop under my command, to the Straits of Bali, to watch well their southern entrance.

I received on board some few convalescents from the hospital, and immediately repaired to Balambuan, in the straits above-mentioned. While at anchor there, I had the misfortune to lose the only experienced officer on board, who sunk under the effect of the marshes of Batavia. Subsequently I found his loss irreparable. While taking in here our water, the westerly monsoon had set in with its usual violence, and though perfectly secure at our anchorage, the offing held out no very agreeable prospects; and the extreme severity of the weather, accompanied with torrents of rain, of which scarcely an idea can be formed in a northern temperate latitude, made me sometimes hesitate on the propriety of proceeding to sea. But the system of naval discipline is founded on the same principle as that of the ancient Roman armies; and with us, as with them, the highest virtue is obedience without calculation. I determined to run all risks; and, having completed the supply of water, stood to sea early one morning in the middle of December, with the intention of returning to the anchorage in the evening, if I should find, upon trial, that the severity of the weather, or strength of currents outside, should render it necessary. In half an hour from the time of our quitting the Straits, an extremely heavy squall came on, which entirely hid the land from my view. I stood on for a few hours, and then tacked, in the expectation of reaching my anchorage in the Straits before dark. The weather, during the whole day, had been so extremely thick, that we were never once enabled to see more than half a mile distant. About four o'clock, P. M. I calculated that I was again at the mouth of the Straits, which I had left in the morning. The weather, as we approached the shore, became more moderate, and the land was discovered at no very great distance. I stood in with full confidence, when, to our no little astonishment, the face and form of the Straits had entirely changed their character, and I soon discovered that it

was in vain to search for our old friendly anchorage here; in short, I now comprehended, that the easterly current, for which it was impossible to calculate during the thick weather of the day, had driven me, in spite of all my endeavours to keep to windward, into the Straits of Lombo, which are formed by the island of Bali and that of Lombo. I endeavoured to gain the offing; as the only rough manuscript chart in my possession represented these Straits as extremely dangerous, from the extraordinary currents there prevailing. But it was too late to recede. The wind had almost at once fallen to a dead calm, and I found myself irresistibly drawn into this gulf with a rapidity the most alarming. The vessel was now perfectly ungovernable, from the total stagnation of wind; and it is scarcely possible to describe the very extraordinary appearance and effects of the currents which now acted upon us with the most capricious fury. At one moment all was calm and smooth as a mirror—not a ripple to be seen or heard; and in an instant a mountainous wave rose at a short distance, and directed its course to the vessel, boiling and roaring with a velocity and noise the most astounding. It then broke over the vessel on both sides, and left us, carrying on its coarse and wild appearance for a hundred fathoms more; and then at once the surge ceased, and all again was still. This phenomenon happened every minute. During the whole of this scene, the vessel was turned round and round in the most frightful manner: she appeared but as a plaything in the hands of the genii of this whirlpool. At one moment we found ourselves close to the breakers which border the shore of the Straits, upon which we were hurried with a rapidity that seemed scarcely to leave time to prepare for the threatened catastrophe; and then, at the very moment that we had lost the hope of deliverance, a counter current caught us with the same violence, and hurried us over to the opposite shore, where a similar counteraction again preserved us. The chart before me was not particularly calculated to cheer us, as the Dutch navigators had marked a small island at the entrance of the Straits, *Banditti Island*; another, *Murderers' Point*, *Assassins' Bay*, &c. I now ob-

served, with attention and satisfaction, the progress of the vessel in this wild hurly-burly; and found that, independently of the counter currents, the direction of the whole movement was to the northward through the Straits with a very great velocity, so that, at the expiration of two hours, we had opened the northern entrance; and I gained, the same night, the Java sea without any accident, and, in the course of the following morning, again entered the Bali Straits by a northern entrance.

The weather was now for a day or two tolerably settled; so that, notwithstanding the experience I had gained in my first attempt to remain at sea, I was induced to make a second experiment. Accordingly I started again by the same route. The morning was fine, and the easterly current outside did not appear too rapid to prevent my *holding my ground*; but towards the afternoon it grew black to the S.W. and in a short time a gale of wind came on with excessive fury; it blew a perfect hurricane all the night; and in the morning, when I stood in for the land, I discovered by my observations of chronometer, that I was now opposite the coast of Sumbaya. The strength of the currents of course vary with the violence of the wind; and as it still continued to blow with unabated fury, I considered any attempt to return to my cruising ground perfectly hopeless and impracticable, until the termination of the monsoon, unless I had chosen to cross the equinoctial line, and thus, by profiting of the contrary monsoon which blew to the northward of the equator, be enabled to return to Java; but the short stock of provisions, and the wearied sickly state of my crew, rendered it necessary that I should immediately find some sheltering port. I cast my eyes over the chart, and saw no place where I could expect to find refreshment nearer than Timor, and though I had no local knowledge of the state of the settlement, I concluded it, from its appearance on the chart, to be of some importance, and hoped, that before this time the British government had sent a garrison to take possession of it. I decided then on making the best of my way to that place. I ran before the wind, running some risk from the coral reefs, which extend to a considerable dis-

tance from Sandalwood Island, and which were not marked down in the chart. I found myself the next day in the open sea, between the above-mentioned island and the Timor Islands. The weather was now occasionally clearer, though still blowing with undiminished violence; but I was fortunately able to determine with tolerable precision the latitude by double altitudes, which was of the utmost consequence, as my intention was to enter the Straits which are formed by the two small islands lying to the westward of Timor. At eight o'clock in the evening I was, by calculation, exactly in the latitude of the Straits at the supposed distance of about fifty miles. I therefore gave orders to *heave the ship to* for the night, and not to attempt a nearer approach until the following morning. These orders were so unskilfully executed by the officer of the watch, that a tremendous squall coming on at the same time, the fore-guard was carried away. To clear the wreck, it was absolutely necessary to put again before the wind, at the risk of approaching the lee-shore during the night. I steered then due east for the straits, and was obliged to remain running for a considerable time, until the wreck was cleared, when we were enabled again "*to heave to.*" I knew that by this time we must be within twenty miles of the land, and my anxiety was extreme. I remained on deck all night—the weather was excessively bad—and the vessel drifted fast to the eastward. The day had not yet broken, when the alarm was given, "*Breakers on the lee-bow,*"—the ship was instantly wore round, and scarcely had she gone on the other tack, when again, "*land a-head.*" The surf broke over the rocks with tremendous noise and fury. I could now only hope that we were in the Straits, but our safety depended on various circumstances—upon the correctness of the latitude of the Straits, as marked down in the chart, on the precision of my observations the preceding day, and on the exactitude of our cruise during the night. It was a fearful moment. If we were in the Straits I knew we were safe, but if a quarter of a mile to the northward or southward, nothing could possibly save us from destruction. The day was not yet clear. We wore round frequently to avoid the tremendous breakers on

either side. The Straits were not half a mile in breadth. A perfect silence prevailed on board. Every individual seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the imminent danger, and the rapid execution of each successive order shewed the superiority of the British seamen over every other in the hour of danger. I had sent men aloft to report if any opening could be observed between the lands to leeward; when at once, on the dispersion of a dark and heavy squall, which kept back the day, several voices exclaimed, "We are in the Straits, sir," and the opening appeared every moment more manifest. We had stood the cast for life or death, and the throw was successful. I now steered confidently in the Straits, and we were soon in that part of them formed by the northernmost of the two islands I have spoken of, and Timor. Here we were perfectly sheltered from the fury of the monsoon, but our difficulties were not all over. Our chart, owing to the liberal practice of the Dutch government, whose invariable practice was to preclude strangers from all knowledge whatever of their seas, contained no details, and I knew not in what part of the island to look for the anchorage. Our sounding lead could never reach the bottom with forty fathoms. The day was employed in a vain search in the Straits. I was in hopes, by the interception of some canoe, to have opened communication with the shore, and to have gained the necessary information of the position of the settlement. But neither man nor habitation presented themselves in this quarter. I remained in the Straits all the night, and on the morning sallied out to explore the northern coast of Timor. The weather had somewhat moderated when I quitted my sheltering Straits. The land of Timor I found formed a deep bay to the northward, at the bottom of which I suspected the settlement I was in search of existed. I stood in for a considerable time, but no signs of habitation appearing, I began almost to despair of finding the object of my search here, when, as I put my glass to my eye for the last time, I imagined I discovered a red habitation peeping from among the trees. I now stood in farther, and sounding a precipitous point, my doubts were changed to certitude. The picturesque town

of Copang presented itself, sheltered by the battery of Vittoria, which stood high on a cliff to the westward of the town. Our colours were now hoisted, and a signal gun was fired; and I expected of course to see the British flag hoisted on the fort; but you may judge of my embarrassment, when I observed the Dutch flag wave. What measure was to be taken? I immediately despatched an officer with a flag of truce on shore, bearing a letter to the governor, in which I informed him of the success of our arms at Batavia, and that by the capitulation all the Dutch settlements were surrendered to the English; and demanding the surrender of the colony, and his immediate attendance on board. The officer returned with the answer of the governor, that he could not comprehend the affair; that he had no communication with Java for nearly two years, and begged me to come on shore to explain. I did not hesitate. With the white flag in my hand, I was received on the beach with military honours; the battery was manned, and the troops and militia drawn up. I proceeded to the government-house, and commenced the conversation by a recapitulation of the late events at Java, &c. and demanded again the immediate surrender of his settlement. He required to see my authority, and the written orders on the part of government, usual on such occasions. I was obliged to be frank with him, and represented to him the truth, that accidental circumstances had brought me to Timor, where I had expected to have found already a British garrison, but that not being the case, it became my duty as a British officer to pull down an enemy's flag wherever I might find it, adding, that if he did not think proper to surrender the island on the ground of its having been included in the capitulation by General Jansen, I now summoned him, in my own name, to surrender to me, as to an enemy of superior force; stating to him, that I had now 300 men ready to be thrown on shore, and who waited but for my return to commence an immediate attack. I warned him likewise, that the blood which might be shed in this useless contest must rest on his shoulders; and should the life of a single Englishman be lost in the struggle, he might rest assured, that the British government would

visit it severely on his head. I then, with the view of impressing still more deeply on his mind the verity of my statement, entered into minute details of the campaign, mentioned the names of individuals whom I had personally known at Java, &c. &c.

He was considerably agitated, and undecided what part to take. To compel him to decision, I drew out my watch, "Sir, I give you ten minutes for deliberation, if, at the expiration of that time, you are not decided, I am."—"I shall then return on board." His inquietude increased. I saw that he was inclined to obey the summons, but the fear of committing himself would not allow him to act. I whispered to my Dutch interpreter to proceed to the fort, which was in sight from the portico of the government-house, where the conversation was held, and endeavour, by feigning himself to be the bearer of orders to that effect, to haul down the flag. He executed his commission so well, that before the ten minutes were expired, and while the governor still was hesitating, the flag of Holland was lowered, and the British ensign waved in its stead. It was too late for him to retract. I thanked him for his promptitude, and immediately established him in due form as vice-governor provisionally, till the ulterior orders of the British government were received; and I then promised him, that provided he would answer for the fidelity of his colonists, that I would not run the risk of disturbing the harmony which I hoped would reign in the settlements, by landing a single Englishman, excepting my own boat's crew, as a body guard for myself. He acquiesced entirely in my views. You will easily conceive what were really the motives of my apparent delicacy, viz. the almost total impossibility of garrisoning the fort, not having more than 30 or 35 efficient men, who were scarcely sufficient for the ordinary duty of the ship. Our measures were now all amicably arranged. I received and returned the official visits of the chief personages of Copang. Fresh provisions, &c. were sent off in abundance to the ship, and I procured a pilot to place her in the anchorage, which I learnt with pleasure was at a considerable distance from the place, as by that means I should have less difficulty in preventing communica-

tion, and letting the real state of our force be known, till my authority was securely established. But feeling that that authority could only be maintained by public opinion, my grand aim now was to procure conciliation and attachment. With the governor himself I had no difficulty, for the more we lived together, the more reason he had to be convinced that he was not deceived; but I soon found the case was far different with those who had not the same opportunity of investigation. The public mind was in a state of great ferment. Weeks had elapsed since my first arrival, and no vessel had arrived from any quarter, bearing the confirmation of the capture of Java, and the overthrow of their empire in the east, which were looked upon as equally chimerical as the destruction of one of the great powers of Europe.

I had a Malay slave, who was much attached to me. This man brought me continually reports of what passed in the societies of Copang. They had already more than suspected the distressed and sickly state of our force, and exclaimed loudly against what they termed the pusillanimity of the governor, in lending a credulous ear to the improbable story I had told him. My trusty slave also informed me, that a report was abroad of a conspiracy entered into by the governor and principal inhabitants, and the four native rajahs in the neighbourhood; who, on a preconcerted signal, were to unite their forces, make myself prisoner, and re-hoist the Dutch flag. I was the more inclined to give credit to his story, as my dwelling-house had been beset lately, during the night, by parties of the natives and slaves, who had startled me from my sleep by repeated howls and warcries. The activity and alertness of my trusty guard prevented any thing unpleasant occurring.

It now appeared to me that matters were drawing to a crisis, and that some decided measure must be taken. I repaired on board my ship early the following morning, without making my intentions known. I left orders with the commanding officer to bring the ship immediately as close to the town as was consistent with her safety, and to have all clear for action. I myself proceeded with my boat's crew, with the intention of making myself

master of the person of the governor, as a hostage and a security for the good conduct of the inhabitants. I chose mid-day for the enterprise: in the tropics it is the season of tranquillity and repose. I entered the inner harbour, which led to the very door of the governor's house. No alarm was given; not a soul was stirring. I was in the inner apartment with my trusty men, who planted themselves at the door. The governor appeared. He was alarmed and agitated. I explained to him the report which had reached my ears, of a conspiracy against us, and that he himself was supposed to be not perfectly free from taint. He was excessively distressed—called on every thing sacred to witness his perfect innocence—but admitted, that for some days past he had not been perfectly satisfied with the conduct of some individuals, who had talked to him in a manner very indiscreet. In reply, I stated to him my extreme dissatisfaction at the want of confidence of the colonists, who appeared to have mistaken my hitherto mild manner of treating them for a want of force and authority. It was now necessary to undeceive them. (At this moment a gun was fired from the Hesper, which was the signal to me that she had taken her station close to the town.) I directed a call of the principal inhabitants immediately, and they were informed to prepare themselves to take the oath of allegiance the following morning, in the castle-yard. In the mean time, the governor was to remain a state prisoner in his own house; and it was understood that his person was responsible for any tumult or outrage that might take place. This sudden call and declaration, the appearance of the Hesper's broadside within three hundred yards of the beach, checked at once the rising seeds of disaffection. They renewed to me their promises of fidelity and attachment, and professed themselves perfectly ready to take the oath of allegiance to his Britannic Majesty.

The night passed without any thing extraordinary. In the mean time I had thrown into the battery every disposable man from the ship, leaving the convalescents and boys to do their best in keeping a constant fire on the town, in case it should be necessary. Asiatic indolence was astonished and alarmed at the promptitude and deci-

sion of the measures of the men of the north; they felt and acknowledged their inferiority.

At nine the following morning, the procession moved from the governor's house towards the fort. I could scarcely keep my gravity at the spectacle. The governor, secretary, and suite, had ransacked their wardrobe to make up gala dresses, and never were seen such originals. However, the solemnity was well preserved; and we entered the castle-yard, after a military salute from the troops and the detachment of seamen. I had forgotten to mention, that the four native princes whom I spoke of attended the ceremony at the head of their respective councils. The Malay corps were in line, the principal inhabitants assembled around me. The governor advanced in the middle, and read aloud the oath of allegiance, which was answered by all present, amidst a salute of twenty-one guns fired by our detachment. All seemed to pass off well, when an unlucky peal of thunder seemed to waken the superstitious feelings of my demi-civilized friends. I determined to anticipate the evil augury, and my interpreter exclaimed, that Heaven likewise joined in the solemnity we were celebrating. It was answered by a *viva*; and we assembled in the evening to a ball and supper, prepared under the portico of the government-house, adorned by some fine old banyan-trees, which had stood there for ages, and whose successive branches, having taken root, formed a most singular and picturesque shelter from the heats of day or dews of night.

Universal harmony prevailed. Keisar, the chief of the princes, paid his devotions most earnestly to the brandy bottle which was placed before him. His attachment to his new masters increased at every glass. He embraced me, fell on his knees, embraced me again, and swore to follow me through this world. All present seemed to feel the effects, more or less, of their hearty libations. I gave the signal to rise; and in the same instant, an officer whom I had stationed with some fire-works discharged the rockets. From that moment I felt myself perfectly secure of the fidelity of my subjects. With few exceptions, almost all, creoles and natives, fell with their faces on the ground; and several moments

elapsed before the consternation had passed.

Nothing of any moment occurred after this affair, till the arrival of some visitors on the island, whom, being of a race and character perfectly distinct from the native Timorese, or other islanders in the neighbourhood, I beg leave to introduce to your notice. I had been informed by the governor, that between Timor and Sandalwood island lay the small island of Savu, the king of which came annually, with two or three large boats, to do homage to the Dutch power, and left a detachment of men for the year, who assisted in all the public works, and were particularly useful for the harbour sea-duties, as they were bold and enterprising seamen, in contradistinction to the native Timorcese, whom nothing could ever persuade to trust themselves to the treacherous element. The arrival of these islanders was daily expected, as the westerly monsoon now was at its height. In fact, we were surprised, early one morning, by the arrival on the beach of three or four large launches, full of men. One of my seamen had gone down early in the morning to bathe. The strangers were landing—who, of course, were ignorant of the change of affairs at Copang. He was pointed out by some evil-disposed person as an Englishman and an enemy. One of the chiefs immediately advanced to him with his creesse in his hand, and my fellow was glad to escape from the threatened danger, by taking to his heels. He ran to my apartment, and awakened me with his tale of invasion and attack. I repaired to the government-house; and a few minutes afterwards the newly-arrived rajah entered, and a scene truly dramatic ensued.

I never shall forget the noble, manly, dignified appearance of this savage. He stood upwards of six feet high, well proportioned, and his loosely-flowing robes shewed him like a model from the antique. His countenance, and those of his countrymen, had none of the Malay features, which generally express the presence of the worst passions. His face was Roman, nose somewhat aquiline, eye full and open; and his hair, unlike that of the Malay, was short and thick-curl'd, but without the woolly texture of the African negro. We saluted, and the governor explained to him the new relationship which existed between the Dutch and

English, and which consequently affected him. We were no longer enemies. I then desired that they would make known to him my displeasure at the menace given by one of his subjects to a man of mine. His eye was lighted up with fury; he ordered the culprit into his presence; when arrived, in an instant he seized him with his left hand, dashed him to the ground, placed his foot on his body, and, raising his right arm with his naked creesse, exclaimed, turning to me, "Shall I strike?" The action, the attitude, the gesture, was so fine, that, had not the life of the trembling victim been at stake, I should have remained gazing at him. I staid his arm, and interceded for the offender; he was allowed to rise, and then threw himself at my feet. The chief then turned to his followers, and, in a discourse accompanied with the most powerful and expressive action, declared his determination to punish with instant death the man who should henceforth disturb the harmony that existed between his new friends and him. This individual I found, during the rest of my stay on the island, of a character most superior. In him were united all the noble virtues of the savage, with few or none of the vices; and I parted from him with regret.

I am now drawing near my departure. The monsoon had begun to relax; and towards the month of March, light and variable airs announced the return of the fine season. I took my leave of my new friends, leaving them in a state of tranquillity and perfect submission to the British authority; as, in the interim, a Chinese junk had touched at the island, and confirmed the news of the downfall of their empire. I returned to Java without accident or difficulty, and was hailed with satisfaction by the rest of the squadron, who had long given us up for lost.*

* The Bibliotheque Universelle, in which Professor Pictet's translation of the above narrative appeared, is distinguished among all the continental journals, as that which affords the best and most copious information respecting English literature. It is, besides, enriched with the literary and scientific communications of all the first men in Switzerland, and is, upon the whole, one of the most interesting and useful miscellanies in Europe.

PETRARCH'S LETTER TO POSTERITY.

MR EDITOR,

As I am not aware that the following autobiography, the work of a most illustrious man, has yet appeared in English, I venture to offer it to your acceptance, and remain yours, &c.

F. R. S.

FRANCIS PETRARCH *to Posterity,*
Greeting.

It is barely possible that you may have heard me slightly mentioned, though it may reasonably be doubted whether a name, so lowly and obscure as mine, is likely to extend over any considerable interval, either of space or time. In that case you will probably wish to learn what kind of a man I was, and what success attended my literary labours; particularly those, of which the character (in terms more or less favourable,) has reached your ear. Upon the first head, representations will of course widely differ, as men generally speak under the impulse rather of passion than of truth, and are seldom moderate either in their commendations or their censures.

I was one of your own class, a petty human being, of a lineage neither splendid nor vulgar; but (to adopt an expression of Augustus Cæsar's,) of an ancient family! My disposition was not naturally, till tainted by the contagion of bad example, either vicious or immodest. Age, however, corrected the errors of my boyhood and youth, by impressing upon me, experimentally, the truth of my early lessons,—that “youth and pleasure” are empty sounds; and that the great Creator of times and seasons occasionally permits his wretched creatures, buoyed up by bubbles, to float at random, in order to teach them, even by a late discovery of their transgressions, the knowledge of themselves!

Of a frame, when young, rather active than athletic, I may say without too much vanity, that in earlier life it was not ill formed to please. My complexion was blooming, and inclined to brown; my eyes full of fire, and my sight, for a long period, intensely keen, till by its unexpected failure after my sixtieth year, I have been reluctantly compelled to make use of spectacles. But age, though it found me sound

and strong, has not failed to introduce its usual train of disorders. My parents, inhabitants of Florence, of respectable extraction, but of moderate (or to speak more correctly, of decayed) fortunes, amidst the troubles of the times had been driven into exile. During this exile, I was born at Arezzo, early on Monday morning, August 1,* 1304. A determined despiser of wealth, not from indifference to its comforts, but from a hatred of the toils and anxieties which are its inseparable companions, and a disrelish of its pampered festivals. I have spent my days more happily at a frugal board, and with temperate fare, than the whole tribe of Apicii with all their luxuries. Banquettings indeed, and revelries, are equally unfriendly to modesty and to morality; and, as such, have always been my horror. Hence I have invariably shunned the giving and receiving of formal invitations; though the casual dropping in of a friend has always enhanced the enjoyment of my table, nor would I ever by choice sit down to a solitary meal. Of all things, parade displeases me the most; not only as criminal in itself, and adverse to true humility, but also as harassing and vexatious. Victim in my youth of a single and honourable, but most passionate attachment, I should longer have endured its violence, had not the flame, which age had already mitigated, been extinguished by the severe, but salutary, hand of death. Much as I could wish to represent myself unstained by sensual indulgences, I will not do so at the expense of truth; but I can truly affirm, that, even when hurried into them by the impulse of youth and constitution, I constantly reprobated them in my heart; and on the approach of my fortieth year, without having experienced any abatement of appetite or vigour, I as totally renounced the pleasures and memory of the sex, as if I had never looked upon a woman in my life. This, indeed, I class among my principal blessings; and most devoutly do I thank my Creator, that before the period of languor and decrepitude, he rescued me from

* Kal. Aug.—But a xiii. seems to have been by mistake omitted, as he elsewhere says, (Ep. ad Boccac. viii. 1.) he was born July 20; and in 1304 *that day would fall on a Monday, not August 1.*

so degrading and hateful a thralldom. But to proceed.

Pride, the infirmity of other minds, was never mine. Little as I was in reality, my self-estimate always stood at a still lower point. This, though I frequently felt its ill consequences myself, never injured any body else. Of respectable friendships,—I speak it with honest exultation, because I know that I am speaking the truth,—I was always most covetous; vehement in my resentments, but ever ready to forget their cause; and religiously tenacious of the memory of kindnesses. Enviably fortunate, however, as I was in the condescensions of princes and sovereigns, and the intimacies of the great, I could not escape the penalty of age, the surviving of numbers most dear to me. Why my royal and noble contemporaries thus respected and loved me, it is for them, not me, to explain. I scarcely seemed, indeed, to be more with them, than they with me; and their station, of which I often felt the benefit, was in no instance irksome or oppressive. Yet numbers thus distinguished, much as I regarded them, from my innate love of liberty I studiously shunned, as implying by their very title something hostile to that blessing.

My talents are rather equable than acute; but though not disinclined to any respectable or useful study, they seem peculiarly adapted for the cultivation of moral philosophy and poetry. The latter, however, in process of time, I laid aside, or reserved for occasional embellishment, from my passion for sacred literature, in which I found a hidden and long neglected delight. Among my various pursuits, I engaged ardently in the investigation of the remains of antiquity, having ever entertained such a dislike for the present age, that, were it not for the bonds of love and friendship, I should have preferred being born in any other, as I was always, in idea, transferring myself to some of its nobler predecessors. This made me partial to the works of historians, though I could not but be revolted by their discrepancies. In such cases, however, I regulated my belief by the probability of the fact recorded, or the authority of the chronicler.

My elocution, as many have asserted, was loud and clear: to myself it always appeared feeble and indistinct.

In the ordinary course of conversation with friends or acquaintance, I never studied eloquence; and I am surprised that an Augustus ever did. But under particular exigencies of circumstance, or place, or person, I failed not to exert myself in this respect,—with what success, others must decide. In my own judgment, the merit of the lips, compared with that of the life, is of very inferior account. The glory arising from mere splendour of diction, is nothing more than a breath.

My past life has been distributed by chance, or inclination, as follows: The greater part of my first year I spent at Arezzo, where I was born; and the six which ensued, in my father's house at Ancisa, (distant only fourteen miles from Florence,) with my mother, who had been recalled from banishment; the eighth at Pisa; the ninth, tenth, &c. in France, on the left bank of the Rhone, at Avignon, where the Roman pontiff holds (and has long held,) the church of Christ in disgraceful exile; although Urban V. appeared, not long before, to have re-established her in her ancient seat. But the attempt failed; the Pope himself, (for he was still alive,) I am sorry to observe, apparently repenting his honourable effort. Had he survived a little longer, he would undoubtedly have learned my opinion upon that subject. I had already taken up my pen for the purpose, when the unhappy old man quitted his glorious project and his existence nearly together. I say "unhappy," because he might have died by Peter's altar, and in his own Vatican. For had his successors continued there, to him would have been referred the credit of their restoration; and if they had again seceded, their misconduct would have served as a foil to his magnanimity. But this is prolix and querulous digression.

At Avignon then, on the bank of a gusty river, I passed my boyhood under the sway of my parents, and subsequently (with many interruptions indeed,) under that of my follies, I wasted my youth. For at this period, Carpertras, a small town situated a little to the east of Avignon, possessed me full four years; during two of which, I gave as much attention to grammar, logic, and rhetoric, as my age admitted, or rather as schools usually exact. That this is to a very mo-

derate extent, the reader is, I doubt not, perfectly aware. Thence I migrated for a second four years to Montpellier, to study the law. Lastly, I spent three years at Bologna, in the same pursuit; during which I attended lectures on the whole body of civil law, and in the opinion of many, held out the promise of great proficiency, in the event of my persevering. But upon the death of my parents, I abandoned the pursuit, not as disliking legal investigations, which are of high authority, and abound with allusions to Roman antiquity, one of my favourite studies,—but because their application is vitiated by the chicanery of man. This made me reluctant to learn what I scarcely could practise without dishonesty, though dishonestly I certainly would never have practised it at all,—notwithstanding the imputation of ignorance which I must, in that case, have incurred.

I was two-and-twenty when I returned home,—for by that name I call my Avignon exile, where I had so long been an occasional resident. For custom has a power second only to that of nature. There I began to be noticed, and my friendship to be cultivated by the great. At present this attention, of which I cannot discover the grounds, excites my surprise; but it appeared quite reasonable at the time, as with the ordinary vanity of youth I deemed no honour too great for my deserts. Above all others I was courted by the ancient and illustrious family of Colonna, which at that time attended—I ought rather to say, dignified the Roman court. By them I was sought out, and by the incomparable James de C. bishop of Lombes, with a degree of honour then certainly (and, perhaps, even still) undeserved, carried into Gascony, at the foot of the Pyrenees, where I spent an all-but-heavenly summer in delightful intercourse with my noble host and his friends; an intercourse which I never refer to without a sigh. Upon my return, I passed many years with his brother, the cardinal John de Colonna, in whom I found not a master but a father, or rather a most affectionate brother; living, indeed, as if at my own disposal, and under my own roof.

Youthful curiosity now impelled me to make the tour of both France and Germany; and though other mo-

tives were alleged for my journey, in order to obtain the sanction of my superiors, the true one was, an earnest wish to see the world. During this excursion I first visited Paris, happy in the opportunity thus afforded me, of ascertaining what was correct, and what exaggerated, in the accounts of that celebrated city. I then proceeded to Rome, which I had longed to see almost from my cradle; and, while there, attached myself so closely to Stephen de Colonna, the noble father of the family above mentioned, a man of primitive integrity, and was so cordially beloved by him in return, that in no respect could I be said to differ from a son. This excellent man's affection for me never varied throughout his life; and mine for him still glows with unabated ardour, and can only end with my existence. After my return, nauseating and hating, from my very heart, all city-residence, and anxiously exploring some port or place of refuge, I found a very small but delightful solitary valley, called Vaucluse, about fifteen miles distant from Avignon, which gives birth to the Sorga, the king of streams. To this enchanting spot I conveyed myself and my books. It would be a tedious story, were I to detail what I did there during the lapse of many and many a year. Suffice it to state, that there nearly every one of my compositions had either its completion or its commencement; and these are so numerous, that even to this day they occupy and exhaust my attention. For my intellect, like my body, was distinguished rather by its alertness than its vigour. Hence many projects of easy conception, but difficult execution, I have at various times thrown aside. Among other subjects, the character of the surrounding scenery suggested a Bucolic song, the work of a woodland muse, and two books upon a solitary life addressed to Philip —, always a distinguished personage, though at that time holding only the small bishopric of Cavillon. He is now the great cardinal bishop of Sabino, and of all my ancient friends the single survivor.* This illustrious man loved, and still loves me, not (as Ambrose did Augustine) after the formal fashion of a bishop, but with the

* He died two years before Petrarch, in 1372.

fondness of a brother. While I was rambling on one of our church-holidays about the mountains, I conceived a strong resolution to write an epic poem on the first Scipio Africanus, whose name I had ever singularly cherished from my early life. But, though I set about it with great enthusiasm, the distraction of various worldly cares intercepted its progress. It was denominated, after its hero, "Africa;" and by its own happy fortune, or mine, excited an interest in its favour before it was known.

As I lingered in this beloved abode, by a surprising concurrence, letters reached me, on the same day, from the Roman Senate and from Paris (through the friendly intervention of the Chancellor), emulously inviting me to these two cities, to receive the laurel-crown. My youthful vanity was inflamed; and weighing, not so much my own deserts, as the opinions of others, I could not help regarding myself as worthy of what such men were solicitous to confer. Yet was I undecided whether of the two to obey. Upon this subject I consulted, by letter, my friend above mentioned, Cardinal John de Colonna, as he was within so short a distance, that, having written to him late in the evening, I received his reply the next day but one, at three in the morning. His advice determined me in favour of Rome; and two letters of mine to him are extant, signifying my acceptance of his counsel. To Rome, in consequence, I proceeded; but, however, like other young men, disposed to estimate myself in the most flattering manner, I blushed at the very idea of appearing to adopt the judgment of those by whom I had been summoned, though they undoubtedly thought me entitled to the compliment. I therefore resolved previously to visit Naples, and pay my respects to its illustrious philosopher, King Robert,—a prince not more distinguished by his station than his learning—the only one indeed, in my time, who patronized science and virtue,—in order that he might form his judgment of my pretensions. How I was received by him, and how approved, excites my frequent astonishment, and, on a detail of the particulars, would equally astonish the reader. The news of my errand gave him extraordinary pleasure, both in respect to my juvenile confidence, and the ad-

ditional reflection, perhaps, that the solicited scrutiny was not without its glory, since he had been selected from his whole species as the only competent judge. In short, after numerous conversations upon various subjects, and a perusal of my "Africa," (which delighted him so much, that he begged it might be dedicated to him as a great favour—a favour I was neither inclined nor able to refuse) he appointed a day for the object of my journey, and detained me, by his examination, from noon until the evening. This, as subjects grew upon us, was repeated on the two following days; and on the third, after a thorough sifting of my ignorance, he pronounced me worthy of the laurel. He even offered to crown me at Naples, and earnestly pressed my acceptance of the compliment; but my love of Rome overcame the importunity of this great sovereign. Perceiving, therefore, that I was not to be dissuaded, he gave me letters, and despatched messengers to the Roman Senate, in which he emphatically stated his opinion of me; and *that opinion was sanctioned by many others, as well as that time by my own. At present, I rate myself very differently. But affection, and a tender feeling for my youth, had more weight with him than a regard for truth.* I returned to Rome; and notwithstanding my unworthiness, on the strength of so lofty a testimonial, with the loudest approbation of all those who could attend the ceremony, though but a very unfinished scholar, received the poetic laurel; upon which subject some letters of mine still exist, both in verse and prose. *Alas! this laurel, without adding to my literature, swelled the tide of envy against me;—but the narrative of what I endured in consequence, would be too prolix for this place.*

From Rome I proceeded to Parma, and spent some time with the Correggi, who, agreeing only in their kindness and liberality toward me, notwithstanding their domestic feuds, ruled that city with unprecedented rigour. Not insensible to this honour, and anxious to appear not wholly unworthy of it, one day as I was clambering along the mountains, and had entered the wood called *Piana*, beyond the *Enza*, on the border of *Rezzio*, I was all at once reminded by the association of the scenery of my forgotten "Africa," and, under the

*influence of this revived glow, resumed it that very day, making some additions to it for several days in succession ;** and on my reaching the retired and quiet mansion, which I subsequently purchased and still possess, I so zealously continued the work, and so soon completed it, that I can hardly myself review my efforts without amazement.

Returning thence to the Sorga, and my residence beyond the Alps, I left behind me my four-and-thirtieth year, having every where, thank God, during my long abode at Parma and Verona, been treated with a degree of kindness far beyond my deserts. After a considerable interval, my reputation attracted the notice of the excellent James de Carrara the younger, of all my great friends the most accomplished ; and for many years, by messengers and letters, which sought me beyond the Alps, and followed me through Italy wherever I chanced to reside, I was so earnestly urged and importuned to accept his friendship, that though I hoped for nothing, I resolved to pay him a visit, and ascertain what all these pressing solicitations of the illustrious stranger meant. Accordingly, at a late period of my life, I went to Padua, and was received by him with such transports of unparalleled esteem and affection (*almost, indeed, like a beatified spirit in heaven*), that language can convey no idea of their extravagance. Among other favours, knowing that I had been a clerk from my youth, with a view of binding me more closely both to himself and his country, he bestowed upon me a canonry of Padua ; and had he fortunately been indulged with longer life, here would have terminated all my wanderings. But such, alas ! is the transitory nature of every thing mortal, and so surely is sweet succeeded by bitter,—within two years

God took him to himself. And though his son and successor, a man of great discretion, in pursuance of his father's attachment, always favoured me with his regard, yet upon the loss of one so much more suitable to me (particularly in point of age), I determined, in my restlessness, to revisit France, not so much from a desire to see over again what I had seen a thousand times before, as to sooth my sufferings, like the tossing sick, by a change of place. * * * * *

THE BRITISH READY RECKONER, AND
UNIVERSAL CAMBIST.*

THE first part of this little volume consists entirely of tables, of which the largest serves to point out the value of any number of articles, at any rate from a farthing to a pound ; and it may be easily accommodated to any higher price. Such a table ought to be in every person's hands ; for few men live a week without finding it requisite to ascertain the value of goods. He who buys or sells,—who pays or receives wages,—or who is employed in any similar transactions,—may, by only inspecting such a table as this, determine with certainty and ease the amount of his engagement. The less expert calculator is raised by it, so far as concerns prices, to a par with the most acute ; and even the skilful arithmetician will often find it useful for saving the expense of time. It is necessary that tables of this kind be above all suspicion of inaccuracy, and therefore we have examined the table with all the attention in our power. We could not indeed afford the time necessary for calculating every number separately. This would have subjected us to all the labour of the author. We took a shorter, but, we think, a very effectual method. We marked all the quanti-

* N. B.—The passages above printed in italics, are variations in my copy of the last passages of the letter, which, for the sake of the printer's convenience, after being partly printed at full length, have been compressed, in a small type and a contracted phraseology, into a crowded page, bearing on its back part of the table of contents of the subjoined volume, De Remediis Utriusque Fortunæ. Roterod. 1649. 12mo. Whether, indeed, the folio editions terminate this abruptly, I have no means of ascertaining at present.

* The British Ready Reckoner, and Universal Cambist, for the use of Bankers, Merchants, Farmers, Tradesmen, and Men of Business in general ; compiled from the most Authentic Sources ; by William Stenhouse, Accountant in Edinburgh, Author of the Tables of Interest, &c. Third edition, greatly enlarged and improved. 32mo, pp. 276. Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh ; Law & Whittaker, London.

ties and rates which produced the same value, and then examined the table whether this value was affixed to each of them; for example, we found that £1, 6s. 3d. ought to be the value of each of the six following quantities and rates, viz. of 45 at 7d., of 63 at 5d., of 35 at 9d., of 9 at 2s. 11d., of 7 at 3s. 9d., and of 5 at 5s. 3d.; and we inspected the table to see if this was the case. By proceeding in this manner with other values, we examined considerably more than half the table. We then reduced the values into parcels, and compared their sums and differences with other values in the table; and we used a variety of other ways of comparing the values, so as to make the table, by cross-examinations carried on through its whole extent, to bear testimony for or against itself. We acknowledge, that the detection of error was our immediate object in this examination; and if we had discovered in it either numerous or important errors, our respect for the author would not have prevented us from condemning the work as an imposition on the public. But we were not successful in discovering a single error, and have, in consequence, been led to express a high degree of confidence in its accuracy. It is a matter of extreme difficulty to print arithmetical tables, of such extent, without the smallest omission or mistake, and on that account we do not venture to assert that there is not a wrong figure in the whole table, but we are certain, that if there be any, they must be very few and of minor importance.

There are three other tables in this part of the work, one of them for finding the interest of money for any number of days, and the other two for reducing Scotch land-measure into English, and English land-measure into Scotch. The first of these tables will be found of great use in calculating interest, at all the usual rates per cent.: the other two, though perhaps not so generally requisite, will nevertheless be of essential utility to the land-surveyor.

In the second division of the work before us, the author treats of the monies, weights, and measures, of all the countries of the world, which are concerned in foreign commerce. This part is remarkable for its accuracy and conciseness, but it possesses also, in a high degree, a quality not always consistent with brevity, for there is no

portion of it which can be called obscure. In describing the monies, weights, and measures, of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Mr Stenhouse is more copious than he is in explaining those of foreign nations; but here also he is very short, considering the multiplicity of weights and measures which are in common use among the different parts of these kingdoms. When pointing out the legal measures of length in Scotland, the author has adverted to a mistaken opinion which has prevailed among us, that the standard Scotch ell is equal to 37.2 English inches. And he prefers Mr Troughton's measurement, which makes it only 37.069 English inches; this length of the ell has been lately confirmed by an experiment of Professor Copland of Aberdeen. We have, in this part of the performance, a particular account of the local measures of corn in all the counties of Scotland, and a method is explained, of checking and of equalizing these measures, by means of the weight of water contained in the standard pint jug of Stirling, compared with its content in cubical inches; from which it is shown, that a single weight for each of our standard measures would be sufficient for regulating the whole; whereas no vessels made by coopers, to prescribed forms, can be depended upon.

Mr S. has also explained the principle upon which the bill, brought into Parliament in the year 1816, for equalizing the weights and measures of the kingdom, was founded; and his remarks upon the system contained in that bill are very candid and judicious. The reader will find them in the 195th page of the work, to which we beg leave to refer him.

In settling the intrinsic value of foreign coin, the author has given us the weight of the pure gold or silver in a piece, and has expressed their weight in English troy grains, from which the value of the piece in sterling money is then deduced. On this part Mr S. appears to have bestowed a great deal of care. He informs us, in his preface, that he has consulted all the most eminent writers on commercial subjects, and has extracted whatever was most valuable in their works; and the list of his authorities, both *British* and *Foreign*, is highly respectable. Many of them had access to information superior to that of the generality of writers, and they were well

qualified for making the most advantageous use of it. A knowledge of the relation of foreign money to that of Britain, might be of great and permanent utility to the commercial world, if the coins of different nations were constantly to retain the same intrinsic worth. But though the variation cannot be very great in a century, yet we know that it has been the practice of governments, at all times, to alter, in some degree, either the weight or the fineness of their coin; and it appears, from the volume before us, that the same practice is still continued. We shall notice only the monies of Spain and Portugal, because several of the coins of these nations are current in Britain. In the days of Sir Isaac Newton, the crusado of Portugal was found to be worth 34.31 pence sterling, which makes the milree equal to 71.46 pence sterling; but the crusado of the year 1802, is worth only 27.886 pence sterling, and of course the milree is only equal to 58.094 pence sterling. Again, a Mexican dollar ought, according to law, to be worth 4s. 6d. sterling nearly; but it is now found, by actual assays at the mint, to be scarcely worth 4s. 4d. And a similar depreciation has taken place in their gold coins. Of the same nature with these changes, is the alteration which has taken place last year in the weight of our silver coinage. Instead of 62s. being coined out of a troy pound of standard silver, as was done formerly, 66 of the new shillings have been coined from the same weight, which makes the new coin about 6 per cent. less valuable than the old. We do not stay to discuss the policy or the advantages of such a measure, we only mention the circumstance on account of its effect in altering the relation which our money formerly bore to those of other nations. It makes an apparent rise in the value of foreign coin in the same ratio in which our money has been depressed. In the work which we are reviewing, the relation of foreign money to our old coin appears to be estimated with great precision, but the performance was prepared for the press before the issue of the new coinage, and therefore the alteration which has taken place could not be introduced into the body of the work. But the author has prefixed a short table, which will be found at the end of the preface, by

which the value of any foreign piece may be converted from the old to the new standard with great ease, in many cases by inspection only, and in every case by a simple addition.

The weights of foreign nations are all valued by reducing them to English troy grains, and their measures of length are reduced to English inches. Their measures of capacity, both liquid and dry, are first reduced to English cubical inches, and then compared with our wine gallon, or with the Winchester bushel. But the author himself has given a very plain, and, as appears to us, a very faithful account of all these reductions in his Preface, to which we refer the reader who wishes fuller information.

It has been the opinion of many eminent men, that instead of making use of measures of capacity, which can never be managed so as to secure perfect accuracy, it would be not only more equitable, but also equally convenient, to buy and sell liquids, as well as dry goods, by weight only. This, Mr S. informs us, is the general practice in Persia, where commerce has been long carried on, and, in some periods, to a great extent. With regard to dry goods, our own experience ought long ago to have convinced every person in this country of the expediency, and even of the necessity, of valuing them by weight only. Several experiments have also been made upon liquids, with every appearance of success. Indeed, the only objection in this case is, some inconvenience in the way of using the weights; if this were got over, and the method generally adopted in any nation, the people would soon be familiarized with it, and its equity and utility would recommend it to their approbation. At any rate, the uniformity and simplicity of the plan entitles it to a fuller consideration than it has yet obtained.

To facilitate the reduction of the money of one country into that of another, and to shew the nature of exchange, Mr S. has annexed ten tables to the work, of which the first nine serve for pointing out the sterling money equal to any sum of the money of Scotland, Ireland, Isle of Man, and of the different parts of North America and the West Indies, and also the value of Sterling money expressed in the money of these coun-

tries. The tenth is a very useful table, containing the courses of exchange, at a certain period, between London and the principal commercial cities of Europe; to which is subjoined, particular and appropriate illustrations, which are sufficient for enabling persons to judge of the favourable or unfavourable state of the exchange, by comparing the courses of exchange given in the newspapers at any time with the par as given in this table, and thus to ascertain the advantages or disadvantages attending money transactions. The work is concluded with an account of the mode of discounting bills upon London and other places, by the bankers of Edinburgh and Glasgow: this, though never before published, is a subject with which the people of Scotland ought to be intimately acquainted. The table of stamp duties on bills, receipts, &c. is a proper sequel to the work.

Upon the whole, we do not hesitate to recommend this performance as a work of great merit, and of very general utility.

PRINCIPAL BAIRD'S REPORT ON THE
MANAGEMENT OF THE POOR IN
SCOTLAND.

OUR readers are aware that the public attention in England has at length begun to be seriously directed to the subject of the poor-laws, with a view to alleviate their pressure, if not gradually to effect their abolition, and that inquiries into the state of the poor have commenced, and are now going on, in both Houses of Parliament.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which met in 1817, in consequence of an application by the Parliamentary committees, appointed a committee of their number to inquire into the management of the poor in Scotland. The result of their labours was laid before last Assembly, embodied in a report (founded on returns by the clergy to queries circulated by the committee), which we have no hesitation in pronouncing one of the most interesting and important statistical documents which has appeared in any age or country; whether we consider the nature, and extent, and accuracy of the facts,—or the sound sense and

enlightened views of political science, which so remarkably distinguish it. It was indeed gratifying to observe, in the unanimous and zealous approbation of the report, expressed by the Assembly, the most ample acknowledgment of the truth of those principles of political economy, which, however they may have been admired in theory, have hitherto been allowed to exercise but too little practical influence on national measures.

In expressing ourselves thus warmly of the Report, it would be unpardonable to omit the name of Principal Baird, the convener of the sub-committee, who is in fact the author of it, and who procured and digested the vast mass of facts on which it is founded. He has already received the thanks of the Assembly for the extraordinary ability and the disinterested zeal he has displayed in the execution of this great work, and we are not going too far, when we say that this tribute of their approbation is truly the expression of that respect and gratitude entertained for him by the public, which will be associated with his name long after he shall have ceased, in the course of nature, to occupy the station he now holds, with so much honour to himself and advantage to society.

The general report has not been printed, nor is it intended to be so, till returns from every parish in Scotland be received. As yet only about 750 parishes have made returns; but there is no doubt that they will all be received, and their results added to the report, before the next session of Parliament, when we presume it will be published. In the meantime, we present our readers with a paper circulated by the committee, for the purpose of enabling the Assembly more easily to follow the general report when it was read to them by Dr Baird.

*Index to the Report of the Committee of the
General Assembly (1817) on the Man-
agement of the Poor.*

1. Preliminary explanation of the object of the committee.
2. Summary of Scottish statutes relative to a provision for the poor.
3. Sketch of the practical management of the poor by the heritors and kirk-session.
4. Detail of the proceedings of the committee of the Assembly to procure information as to the management and state of the poor in the different parishes.

Result of Information received by the Committee of Assembly on the following Points, in the order of the Queries transmitted to the Ministers of Parishes.

1. Annual collections at the church-doors.
2. Contributions by heritors.
3. Expense of managing the funds of the kirk-sessions.
4. Assessments, including—their total amount, the rate or rule of levying them,—the authority by which they are levied,—their commencement and increase in number,—their rise and amount,—and the expense of management.
5. Reluctance of the poor to apply for charity to the parish funds.
6. Number of the poor, and the rate of relief given to them.
7. Consideration paid to the character of a pauper on admission to the roll, and fixing the allowance.
8. Removal of paupers from parishes.
9. Litigations betwixt parishes as to paupers, and the expense of them.
10. The claim by kirk-sessions to the effects of paupers at their death.
11. The enforcement by paupers of higher allowances than kirk-sessions fix.
12. The poor of the different religious sects.
13. The practice of begging by stranger and parish poor.
14. Extraordinary collections for individual cases of distress.
15. Number of the deaf and dumb.
16. Relief to the industrious poor in 1817.
17. Savings banks.
18. Friendly societies.
19. Sunday schools.
20. Mortifications for the support and education of the poor.
21. Means of common and religious education.
22. Conclusion.

Appendix.—The Appendix contains the following Tables illustrative of the Report.

Table I.—This table consists of seventy-eight leaves, each leaf containing a view, arranged in nine columns, of the whole reported parishes in *one* presbytery, in respect to the following particulars, viz. the amount of the population, of contributions by heritors, of the annual collections, of the general session funds, of the assessments, and of the total parish funds for the poor, as made up of the preceding *items*. It contains a view also of the number of poor *regularly* and *permanently* on the roll—of those only *occasionally* on the roll—and of the total number of the poor. This table shews farther, a separate abridged view of the above particulars, and of some others, as to the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Table II.—It contains a state of all the assessed parishes reported, and of their assessments in the different synods. It shews, in nine columns, the *total* number of parishes in each synod—the number of these

parishes that are assessed—their population, and the proportion of the poor to the 100 of the population. It shews, farther, the amount of the assessments—the amount of the general session funds—the sum total of parish funds (as consisting of the two preceding *items*), and the average allowance paid to each pauper per annum. This table shews, also, the dates of the commencement of the respective assessments in the different synods, their progressive increase in number, and their total present number in each synod; and, consequently, their whole number in Scotland, so far as reported.

Table III.—It contains a state of the parishes in each synod that are *not* assessed. There are seven columns in it, shewing the total number of parishes in each synod—the number of parishes in each that are *not* assessed—their population—the proportion of poor in the 100 of population—the whole amount of the parish funds for the poor—and the average allowance paid to each pauper per annum.

Table IV.—There are eleven columns in this table, which contains a *summary* of all the parishes reported in all the synods as to the following particulars, viz. the total population of each synod—the total amount of contributions by heritors—of annual collections—of general session funds—of assessments—of the whole parish funds for the poor jointly—of the total number of poor in each synod, either *regularly*, or *permanently*, or *occasionally* only on the roll—the total number of poor of both these classes—the proportion of poor to the 100 of population, and the average allowance paid to each pauper per annum—and, by the *summation* of the *items* for the synods, this table shews the same particulars for the whole of the parishes of Scotland from which reports have been sent by the clergy.

It is impossible for us to enter into any thing like a *detail* of the results of the inquiries in the Report, as it could have but slender pretensions to accuracy; but some important facts, taken down during the reading, may not be unacceptable.

It appears that, in the 750 parishes from which returns have been received, the annual collections at the church-doors amount to £21,730. The voluntary contributions by heritors to £35,438, and the assessments for the poor to £43,317. In those parishes where there are no assessments, the distribution of the poor's funds is *gratuitously* managed by upwards of 4000 persons; while in those where an assessment exists, it is done at an expense of £1400 *per annum*. The rapid increase in the number of these assessments is

now but too apparent. Prior to the year 1709, *three* only existed in Scotland; in the course of last century ninety-eight were introduced; and within the present century fifty-one have been added to the number. Their introduction seems to have produced the usual consequences,—the assessments, in some instances, doubling themselves in ten years, in others in four. The numbers of the paupers have, of course, gone on in similar ratios, and the collections at the church-doors are diminished, and in some given up as altogether unproductive.

Nothing can afford a more decisive proof of the ruinous tendency of assessments than the result of Tables 2d and 3d. From these it appears, that the number of poor in those parishes where assessments are not resorted to, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ in the hundred; and the average cost for maintenance of each £3:6:9. While in those parishes where the practice of assessment obtains, the number of paupers is $3\frac{1}{2}$ in the hundred, and the cost of maintenance £5, 14s. These facts are indeed important, and their weight is increased by the universal report of the clergy, that in the assessed parishes the spirit of honest pride and independence, which once characterized their inhabitants, is rapidly giving way to the baneful influence of this ruinous system. The total number of paupers in the 750 parishes is about 30,000, of whom one-third are males. There are no instances of forced removal from one parish to another, and the expense of litigation is extremely trifling, amounting, within the last ten years, to about £1640, of which sum the assessed parishes are chargeable with £1230. During the same period, the expense of litigation in England has amounted to about *two millions*.

Although the original and chief object of the committee was to inquire into the situation of the poor, they availed themselves of this favourable opportunity for collecting information on other important subjects relative to the general condition of the lower orders. Thus it is stated, that the number of blind persons is 745, and of deaf and dumb 542: that there are 130 savings banks (exclusive of Edinburgh and Glasgow), whose funds are stated at £30,000, and that there are 7000 depositors.

There are, as will be seen from the Index, many other important points on which ample and accurate information has been procured. Of these there is one which we own has filled us with grief and astonishment, and which must serve to lower that tone of exultation in which our countrymen have hitherto been accustomed to boast, of the universal facilities afforded to the lower orders of Scotland for the acquisition of common and religious education. It now appears from incontrovertible evidence, that while in the Lowland districts of Scotland there are ample provisions for education, there are many parishes in the Highlands and Islands where one-third, one-half, and three-fourths of the inhabitants cannot read; and who, it may be almost literally said, have not the gospel preached to them. In one parish, containing 5000 inhabitants, there are absolutely eleven-twelfths in this wretched condition. A *Bible* is even of difficult acquisition to many who can read, and though some families are possessed of one, they have none for their children to take to school;—and this has been, and still is, the state of extensive districts in Scotland. While thousands and tens of thousands of pounds are obtained, from a zealous and religious people, to carry the Scriptures to every nation on the earth, thousands of our own countrymen are destitute of these inestimable treasures; and while even the lowest menial is called upon from the pulpit to contribute his mite to send the gospel of Christ to the Mongolian Tartars, his brethren of the Hebrides are allowed to remain in darkness, utterly destitute of those consolations which the Scriptures alone can impart. Yet these poor people are thirsting for knowledge, and many affecting instances are given in the Returns, of their anxiety to obtain for their children those blessings which have been denied to themselves. In more than one remote parish, where the lower orders are so poor as to be unable even to send one of every family to a distance to be educated, a subscription is entered into, and some clever boys maintained at school till he can read the Scriptures; after which he returns home and repays the friends who had supported him, by teaching their children at his leisure hours, or by reading during the long nights of

winter to an audience collected from the adjoining country, many of whom, indeed, come from a distance of several miles. Without resorting to this expedient, old and young must be almost entirely ignorant of the gospel; for in those remote and stormy regions, the most zealous pastors (and none are to be found more zealous than those in the Islands) cannot venture far from home, during six months of the year.

In stating these facts, we would not be understood to convey censure on the Bible Societies. They have not known the true state of things, else would they have long since directed a portion, and a large one too, of their immense funds to objects of such paramount importance as those now laid before them. *Here* there can be no doubt as to the result of their exertions, for the people are imploring assistance, and they have the most unexceptionable assurance of the proper management of their bounty in the zeal and intelligence of a resident and enlightened Clergy, and in the patriotic exertions of the Highland Societies. Indeed, after the melancholy pictures which the returns from many Highland parishes present to us, it is not to be expected that any Scottish Bible or Missionary Society will direct a shilling of their funds to foreign objects, till satisfactory assurances are received that the "means of common and religious education" in the Highlands, are on a level with those of the most favoured Lowland districts.

NOTE TO THE EDITOR,

*Enclosing a Letter to the Author of
Beppo.*

MR EDITOR,

THE mode in which the critics of your Journal have, on all occasions, expressed themselves concerning the poetry of Lord Byron, convinces me, that they have not as yet considered its tendency in the same point of view with myself. Borne away by a pardonable enthusiasm in favour of its genius, they have overlooked, for otherwise I do not imagine your correspondents would have failed to condemn, the effect which it is likely to produce upon readers of superficial at-

tainments, or unsettled principles. I rely, however, upon the liberality of your professions; and doubt not that you will give a place in your pages to my opinion of this great author, although it should chance to be more different from your own, than, after a little more serious reflection on your part, I expect it to be.

The notion which I had long ago formed of Lord Byron's true character, has lately received confirmation, more than I ever looked for, from the publication of his *Beppo*. The baseness of his principles is there represented in a manner not indeed more open, but, I doubt not, infinitely more dangerous, than before; and I cannot help wondering very much at the conduct of the ingenious critic, who, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, entertained us with a little, lively, flimsy dissertation on ludicrous poetry in general, and with many expressions of admiration for the ease, grace, and vivacity of this Venetian Story, without thinking himself bound to express a single feeling of indignation at the wickedness of those topics on which so much of all this ease, grace, and vivacity has been wasted. One should have thought that no Englishman, who understands so well as Mr Jeffrey does the value of that pure domestic morality on which the public prosperity of his country is founded, would have failed to think "foul scorn," that a great English poet should degrade his genius, by writing a series of cool sarcasms in ridicule of the fidelity of English wives. But my business is with the poet, not with his reviewer; although I think the latter has, on this occasion, laid himself quite as open to a serious rebuke as the former. If it should seem worth while to honour *his* misconduct with any more formal notice, I leave that business to those who have already so severely chastised him in your Magazine, and rendered both you and it the horror of all the infidels in Edinburgh,—I mean the German Baron, and Idoloclastes.

TO THE AUTHOR OF BEPPO.

MY LORD,

IT has for many years been almost impossible that any thing should in-

crease my contempt for the professional critics of this country, otherwise the manner in which these persons have conducted themselves towards your Lordship, would, most certainly, have produced that effect. The hyperboles of their sneaking adulation, in spite of the far-off disdain with which you seem to regard them, have probably reached, long ago, the vanity of the poet, and touched, with a chilling poison, some of the better feelings of the man. I have formed, however, a very mistaken opinion of your character, if, conscious as you still are of the full vigour of youthful genius, you can allow yourself to be permanently satisfied, either with the subjects or the sources of the commendation which has been poured upon you. If you feel not within yourself a strong and tormenting conviction, that as yet you have done little more than exhibit to the world, the melancholy spectacle of a great spirit, self-embittered, self-wasted, and self-degraded,—if, in your solitary moments, there shoot not sometimes across your giddy brain, the lightnings of a self-aborrent and un-hypocritical remorse, the progress of the mental paralysis has been more deadly than I had been willing to believe;—but even then, a friend of Charity and of Virtue may expect a ready pardon for having hoped too much, and for having spoken to you in vain.

To few men, either in ancient or in modern times, has been afforded an opening destiny more fortunate than yours. Sprung from a long line of generous cavaliers, and inheriting from them a name to which no English ear could listen without respect,—and, adding to these, the advantages of a graceful person and a powerful genius,—where was that object of worthy ambition which could have appeared to be beyond the wishes or the hopes of Byron? You chose to build your fame upon poetry, and your choice was wise. The names of Marlborough, Nelson, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and Burke,—what, after all, are these when compared with those of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton? To add another name to the great trio of English Poets, and to share the eternal sovereignty which these majestic spirits exert over the souls of the most free, and the most virtuous of people,

this was indeed a high and noble ambition, and the envy of kings might have been due to its gratification. Such were the proud aspirings that a few years ago possessed your mind, and your countrymen were eager to believe and to proclaim the probability of your success. Alas! my Lord, when you reflect upon what you have done, and upon what you are,—when you remember with what wanton hypocrisy you have tortured our feelings, and with what cool contemptuousness you have insulted our principles,—you cannot scruple to confess, that the people of England have been shamefully abused, and are, with justice, disappointed.

I admire the natural splendour of your genius as much as the most violent of your slavish eulogists. I do more—I reverence it; and I sigh with the humility of a worshipper, over the degradation of its divinity. The ideas which you must have of the true greatness of a poet, are, doubtless, very different from those of ordinary mortals. You have climbed far up among the crags and precipices of the sacred hill, and have caught some glimpses of their glory, who repose amidst the eternal serenity of its majestic summit. It is not necessary to tell you by what an immeasurable space your loftiest flights have as yet fallen short of the unseen soarings of the illustrious dead. You know and feel your superiority to the herd of men; but the enviable elevation which enables you to look down upon them, convinces you at the same time of your inferiority to those, who sit together in unapproached greatness, the few peerless spirits, alone among men and among poets,—HOMER, DANTE, and the British THREE. Distances and distinctions which are lost to weaker and remoter optics are seen and penetrated by your more favoured eye. Beholding, as you do, Alps on Alps rising beyond you, even the gratification of your self-love cannot prevent you from contemning their voice, who would extol you as having already reached the utmost limit of ascension. Nor will this contempt for their foolish judgment be lessened by the consciousness, which I believe you feel, that your progress might have been more worthy of their admiration, had you not clogged your march with needless fetters, and loitered perverse-

ly beneath difficulties, which, by a bold effort, you might for ever have overcome.

In spite, then, of the shouts of vulgar approbation, you feel, my Lord, a solitary and unrevealed conviction, that you have not as yet done any thing which can give you a permanent title to being associated with the demigods of poetry. This conviction, to a spirit so haughty as yours, must be bitterness and wormwood. To others it might afford no trivial consolation to know, that although, since poetry began, scarcely one age has passed which did not suppose itself to be in possession of a first-rate poet, the names of those whose claims to that character the world has ratified, may all be written with a single drop of ink. But you, unless you be a greater hypocrite than even I suppose you, have that within which would make you prefer total obscurity to any fame that falls short of the most splendid. By comparing the nature of your own with that of more glorious productions,—above all, by observing the contrast which your own character affords to that of greater poets,—you may perhaps discover somewhat, both of the cause of your failures, and of the probable method of retrieving them. The compliment which I pay to your genius, in supposing, that, even under any diversity of circumstances, you might have become the rival of those master-spirits with whom you have as yet been so unworthy of comparison, is assuredly a great one. Of all that read my letter, none will understand its weight so well as you: none will so readily confess that it verges upon extravagance, or be so apt to accuse of unconscious flattery the admonisher that has bestowed it.

It is not my purpose (for from me to you such a disquisition would be absurd) to describe, or to attempt to describe, to your Lordship, wherein your productions and your spirit differ from those of the great poets that have preceded you. I am not of the opinion of certain modern sophists, who affect to try every thing in poetry by the rules of logic. I *feel*, and so does every man of common understanding, that if you were born with the elements of heroic growth within you, your stature has been stunted; and that, when brought into contact with those whom

perhaps you *might* have emulated, you are but a pigmy among a band of giants. One great distinction, however, between you and them, as it relates not to your art alone, but to the interests and welfare of those to whom that art addresses itself, a plain man, who makes no pretensions to the character of a poet, but who loves and venerates the nature of which he is partaker, hopes he may notice in a few words, without giving just offence either to you or your admirers. Your predecessors, in one word, my Lord, have been the friends—you are the enemy of your species. You have transferred into the higher departments of poetry (or you have at least endeavoured to transfer) that spirit of mockery, misanthropy, and contempt, which the great bards of elder times left to preside over the humbler walk of the satirist and the cynic. The calm respect which these men felt for themselves inspired them with sympathetic reverence for their brethren. They perceived, indeed, the foibles and the frailties of humanity, and they depicted, at least as well as you have ever done, the madness of the senses and the waywardness of the passions; but they took care to vindicate the original dignity of their nature, and contrasted their representations of the vice and weakness, which they observed in some, with the more cheering spectacle of the strength and the virtue, whose stirrings they felt within themselves, and whose workings they contemplated in others. Conscious of the glorious union of intellectual grandeur and moral purity within, they pitied the errors of other men; but they were not shaken from their reverence for the general character of man. Instead of raving with demoniacal satisfaction about the worthlessness of our motives and the nothingness of our attainments, they strove, by shewing us what we might be and what we had been, to make us what we should be. They drew the portraits of wrath, jealousy, and hatred, only that we might appreciate more justly the kindly feelings which these fierce passions expel from the rightful possession of our bosoms. They took our nature as it is, but it was for the purpose of improving it: they sung of our miseries and our tumults in noble strains,

“ Not wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and
 chace
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow,
 and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds.”

With the names of SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, we associate the idea of our nature in its earthly perfection,—of love, pure, tender, and ethereal,—of intellect, serene and contemplative,—of virtue, unbending and sublime. As the Venus, the Apollo, and the Theseus, are to our bodies, the memories of these men are to our minds, the symbols and the standards of beauty and of power. The contemplation of them refines and ennobles those who inherit their language. The land that has given birth to such ministers of patriotism and of virtue, fears not that the sacred flame should expire upon her altars. We are proud of England because she produced them, and we shrink from degradation, lest their silent manes should reproach us.

Had it been your destiny to live two centuries ago, and in the place of these illustrious spirits, to form the national poetry of England, how miserably different had been, with regard to you and to themselves, the feelings of your countrymen! In all your writings, how little is there whose object it is to make us reverence virtue, or love our country! You never teach us to despise earthly sufferings, in the hope of eternal happiness. With respect to all that is best and greatest in the nature and fate of man, you preserve not merely a sorrowful, but a sullen silence. Your poetry need not have been greatly different from what it is, although you had lived and died in the midst of a generation of heartless, vicious, and unbelieving demons. With you, heroism is lunacy, philosophy folly, virtue a cheat, and religion a bubble. Your Man is a stern, cruel, jealous, revengeful, contemptuous, hopeless, solitary savage. Your Woman is a blind, devoted, heedless, beautiful minister and victim of lust. The past is a vain record, and the present a fleeting theatre, of misery and madness: the future one blank of horrid darkness, whereon your mind floats and fluctuates in a cheerless uncertainty, between annihilation and despair.

The interest which you have found means to excite for the dismal creations of your poetry, is proof abundant of the vigour of your genius, but should afford small consolation to your conscience-stricken mind. You are a skilful swordsman; but you have made use of poisoned weapons, and the deadliness of your wound gives no addition to your valour. You have done what greater and better men despised to do. You have brought yourself down to the level of that part of our erring and corrupted nature, which it was their pride and privilege to banish from the recollection and the sympathy of those to whom they spake. In the great struggle between the good and the evil principle, you have taken the wrong side, and you enjoy the worthless popularity of a daring rebel. But hope not that the calm judgment of posterity will ratify the hasty honours which you have extorted from the passions of your contemporaries. Believe me, Men are not upon the whole quite so unprincipled,—nor Women quite so foolish,—nor Virtue so useless,—nor Religion so absurd,—nor Deception so lasting,—nor Hypocrisy so triumphant,—as your Lordship has been pleased to fancy. A day of terrible retribution will arrive, and the punishment inflicted may not improbably consist of things the most unwelcome to a poet's view—the scorn of many, and the neglect of all. Even now, among the serious and reflective part of the Men and the Women of England, your poetry is read, indeed, and admired, but you yourself are never talked of except with mingled emotions of anger and pity. With what pain do the high spirits of your virtuous and heroic ancestors contemplate the degradation of their descendant. Alas! that the genius which might have ennobled any name, should have only assisted you to stamp a more lasting stain upon the pure, the generous, the patriotic, the English name of Byron.

Any other poet might complain with justice, should he see remarks of a personal nature mixed up with a criticism upon his writings. You, my Lord, can scarcely flatter yourself that you have any right to expect such forbearance. If the scrutiny of the world be disagreeable to you, either in its operation or in its effects, you need blame no one but yourself. We were

well enough disposed to treat you with distant respect, but you have courted and demanded our gaze. You have bared your bosom when no man entreated you; it is your own fault if we have seen there not the scars of honourable wounds, but the festering blackness of a loathsome disease. You have been the vainest and the most egotistical of poets. You have made yourself your only theme; shall we not dare to dissect the hero, because, forsooth, he and his poet are the same? You have debased your nobility by strutting upon the stage; shall we still be expected to talk of you as of a private and unobtrusive individual? You must share the fate of your brethren, and abide the judgment of the spectators. Having assumed, for our amusement, these gaudy trappings, you must not hope to screen your blunders from our castigation, by a sudden and prudish retreat into a less glittering costume. You have made your election.—The simile which I have employed may appear inept to many; of these, I well know, your Lordship is not one.

You made your debut in the utmost dignity and sadness of the *Cothurnus*. You were the most lugubrious of mortals; it was the main ambition of your vanity to attract to your matchless sorrows the overflowing sympathies of the world. We gave you credit for being sincere in your affliction. We looked upon you as the victim of more than human misery, and sympathized with the extravagance of your public and uncontrollable lamentations. It is true that no one knew whence your sorrow had sprung, but we were generous in our compassion, and asked few questions. In time, however, we have become less credulous and more inquisitive; the farce was so often renewed, that we became weary of its wonders; we have come to suspect at last, that whatever sorrows you may have, they are all of your own creating; and that, whencesoever they may be, they are at least neither of so uniform nor of so majestic a character as you would fain have had us to suppose.

There was indeed something not a little affecting in the spectacle of youth, nobility, and genius, doomed to a perpetual sighing over the treachery of earthly hopes, and the vanity of earthly enjoyments. Admitting, as

we did to its full extent, the depth of your woes, it is no wonder that we were lenient critics of the works of such a peerless sufferer. We revered your mournful muse; we were willing to believe that, if such was her power in the midst of tears, a brighter fortune would have made it unrivalled and irresistible. The forlornness of your bosom gained you the forbearance of the most unrelenting judges. Every thing was pardoned to the chosen victim of destiny. We regarded you as the very masterpiece and symbol of affliction, and looked up to you the more that your glory had been withered—

“As when Heaven’s fire
Had scathed the forest oak, or mountain-
pine,
With singed top his stately growth, though
bare,
Stands on the blasted heath.”

Although, however, we at the time believed what you told us, and opened all the stores of our pity to your moving tale, we have not been able to abstain, in the sequel, from considering somewhat more calmly the items of its horror. The first thing which made us suspect that we had been played upon, was the vehemence of your outcries. If your account of yourself were a true one, your heart was broken. You decked yourself in the sable trappings of a *Hamlet*, and, like him, you were free to confess that “the earth seemed to you only a sterile promontory, and the goodly canopy of heaven a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. You had no pleasure in Man, no! nor, for all our smiling, in Woman neither.” You stood like another *Niobe*, a cold and marble statue, frozen by despair amidst the ruin of your hopes. Had your sorrow been so deep, my Lord, its echoes had been lower. The dignified sufferer needs no circle of listeners to fan, by their responding breath, the expiring embers of misery. Poetry was born within you, and you must have made it the companion of your afflictions; but your lyre, like that of the bereaved hero of old, would have uttered lonely and unobtrusive notes, had your fingers, like his, been touched with the real tremblings of agony. A truly glorious spirit, sunk in sorrow such as you assumed, might have well deserved the silent veneration of its more lowly and more happy contem-

plators. But it would neither have courted their notice nor enjoyed their sympathy. Alone, in its gigantic wretchedness, it would have scorned to lay its troubles open to the gaze of common men. Your delicacy was less exquisite, or your grief was less sincere. You howled by day upon the house-top; you called upon all the world to admire your song of lamentation, and to join their voices in its doleful chorus.

Under pretence of making us partakers in a fictitious or exaggerated grief, you have striven to make us sympathize with all the sickly whims and phantasies of a self-dissatisfied and self-accusing spirit. That you were, as you have yourself told us, a dissipated, a sceptical, and therefore, for there was no other cause, a wretched man, was no reason why you should wish to make your readers devoid of religion, virtue, and happiness. You had no right to taint the pure atmosphere of the English mind with the infectious phrenzies of the fever of debauch. Your misery was the punishment of your folly and your wickedness; why did you come to rack the eyes of the wise, the good, and the tranquil, with the loathsome spectacle of your merited torments? Could genius, a thousand times more splendid than yours, entitle the poor, giddy, restless victim of remorse, to make his art the instrument of evil,—to abuse the gifts of his God, by rendering them the engines of corruption and ruin among his fellow-men? For shame! my Lord, for shame upon your mauhood! If you had acted as became the dignity, either of your person or of your genius, you would have hidden yourself from the public gaze, until you had expiated, in the solitude of some congenial dungeon, the sins that had embittered your conscience, and degraded your muse. You had offended the eternal laws of virtue, and yielded up your self-condemning soul to be the play-thing—the *αισιον παιχνυμα*—of doubt, and of derision. But although you felt within yourself the hell of conscience, why should you have assumed at once the malevolence of a demon? Alas! you have not even attained to the generosity of “the superior fiend.” While the abject instruments of his rebellious rage found comfort in the companionship of many, the Satan of Milton preserved a nobler sentiment in the midst

of his calamity. He scorned the vulgar consolation, and would have wished to have been alone in his sufferings, as he had been unequalled in his fault.

“His form had not yet lost
All his original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined. * * *

* * * his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and
care

Sat on his faded cheek. * * *

* * * Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung,
For his revolt.—”

I have a singular pleasure, I know not how, in quoting to your Lordship the lines of Milton. You cannot listen to their high and melancholy music, without reflecting with repentant humiliation on your own perverted and dishonoured genius. To his pure ear, the inspirations of the muse came placid and solemn, with awful and majestic cadences. She ruffled not, but smoothed and cherished the wings of his contemplation. She breathed the calm of a holier harmony into his unspotted bosom. Reason and imagination went hand in hand with virtue. He never forgot that his poetry was given him, only to be the ornament and instrument of a patriot and a saint. Beside your pillow the “nightly visitant” respire the contaminating air of its pollution. The foul exhalations of disorder and sensuality poison her virgin breath, and dim the celestial lustre of her eye. In despair of ennobling you, she becomes herself degraded, and lends her vigour to be the weapon of that violence, which, had its phrenzy been less incurable, her ministrations might have soothed and tempered. Milton is to you as his own cherub was to the apostate.

“That glory then, when thou no more wast
good,
Departed from thee.”

His very name is to your unwilling ears “a grave rebuke;” and you feel, when you reflect upon the beauty of his purity, as the revolted demon did in “the place inviolable.”

“Abashed the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own shape more lovely; saw,
and pined

His loss: but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impaired.”

I give you credit for a real anguish, when you turn from the contemplation of this happy spirit, to that of your own "faded splendour wan."

Visible, however, as was your apostacy, and mean your vengeance, there was still something about you to create respect, even in those who comprehended the best your vices and your errors. If you were an immoral and an unchristian, you were at least a serious, poet. Your pictures of depravity were sketched with such a sombre magnificence, that the eye of vulgar observers could gain little from surveying their lineaments. The harp of the mighty was still in your hands; and when you dashed your fingers over its loosened strings, faded as was the harmony, and harsh the execution, the notes were still made for their listening, who had loved the solemn music of the departed.

The last lingering talisman which secured to you the pity, and almost the pardon, even of those that abhorred your guilt,—with the giddiness of a lunatic, or the resolution of a suicide,—you have tossed away. You have lost the mournful and melancholy harp which lent a protecting charm even to the accents of pollution; and bought, in its stead, a gaudy viol, fit for the fingers of eunuchs, and the ears of courtezans. You have parted

"With what permissive glory, since that fall,
Was left——"

You have flung off the last remains of the "regal port;" you are no longer one of "the great seraphic lords," that sat even in Pandemonium, "in their own dimensions like themselves." You have grown weary of your fallen grandeur, and dwarfed your stature, that you might gain easier access, and work paltrier mischief. You may resume, if you will, your giant-height, but we shall not fail to recognise, in spite of all your elevation, the swollen features of the same pigmy imp whom we have once learned—a lasting lesson—not to abhor merely, and execrate, but to despise. You may wish, as heretofore, to haunt our imaginations in the shadowy semblance of Harold, Conrad, Lara, or Manfred: you may retain their vice, and their unbelief, and their restlessness; but you have parted irretrievably with the majesty of their despair. We see you in a shape less sentimental and mysterious. We look

below the disguise which has once been lifted, and claim acquaintance, not with the sadness of the princely masque, but with the scoffing and sardonic merriment of the ill-dissembling reveller beneath it. In evil hour did you step from your vantage-ground, and teach us that Harold, Byron, and the Count of Beppo are the same.

I remain,

My Lord,

with much pity, and not
entirely without hope,

Your Lordship's

most obedient,

most humble servant,

PRESBYTER ANGLICANUS.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN
LONDON.

NO VI.

WE have seen Mr Elliston in the Duke Aranza, and in Archer. We were so much accustomed to receive unmixed pleasure from this gentleman's acting, before we were either capable or desirous of judging of its merits, that we are quite unable to think or even talk critically about it now. But we may yet be permitted to say that his return is truly delightful to us. It gives us back an image of the very spring-time of our play-going: a time that we thought nothing could have restored even the resemblance of. It is, indeed, *only* an image. A dim one,—like that of a beautiful woman seen in a mirror covered with gauze; or a starry sky reflected in a lake over which a breeze is passing—wavering and indistinct, but still lovely.—Criticism is a good thing enough in its way—but one hour of *that* time was worth a whole eternity of it. *Then*, what did we care how the magazines or newspapers thought or spoke of the last new play? What was it to us whether it was a good or a bad one? We neither knew or desired to know any thing about the matter. *It was* a play—and that was enough for us. It made us happy—and what could we wish for more? Oh! "Either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, &c."—"Scene undividable or poem unlimited,"—*that* was your only time! Lillo was not "too heavy," nor O'Keefe "too light."

We have learned better since then;

and are heartily sorry for it. We have pryed into the arcana of nature and of art, and paid dearly for our curiosity. We have acquired just skill enough to take the Kaleidoscope to pieces, and find that its beautiful and ever-varying forms are composed of nothing but beads and bits of broken glass. But why should we complain? In learning to take the machine to pieces, we have also learned to put it together again: so that the delight we receive in looking through it is only changed in its kind,—not destroyed. That which was a restless and ever-changing admiration, has become a quiet and permanent love. *Then*, we gloried in the skies and the trees and the flowers, because we felt that the presence of them made us happy: *now*, if we glory in them less we love them more—for we know that at least they *ought* to make us happy; and that if they do not, it is not their fault but ours.

But the memory of what *has been* is enticing us to forget what *is*—the play-house, Mr Elliston, and every thing else. And this is not as it should be—for in “this visible, diurnal, sphere,”—this real world in which we live,—there are few better places than a play-house. For our own parts, we know of none,—except an open common, and an enclosed garden. Why *these* are better than a play-house, or any other place, we cannot stop to tell. And if we could, it would be fruitless to attempt to make those understand what we mean, who do not already feel it.

We said in our last, that the absence of Mr Elliston had deprived the theatre of that delightful class of characters which he alone was capable of representing. But perhaps we did not attribute the neglect of them to the right cause. The characters themselves have become obsolete, because their prototypes are no longer to be found in real life: And with all their charms they are not of a kind to maintain their influence over us for any length of time, when we know that they are nonentities. There was nothing essentially *natural* in them. They were not sufficiently founded on the permanent, to be allowed to rank as *pictures*. They affected us as an authentic bust or portrait does,—because they were *copies* of nature; not as the Apollo does,—precisely because it is *not* a copy, but an imitation.

They arose out of a certain state of society, and have decayed with the decay of that state.

In fact, the *beau ideal* of a man of fashion is extinct among us, as well on the stage as in the drawing-room. Those delightful creatures, the Sir Harry Wildairs, Young Mirabels, &c. are superseded by stiff neckcloths, tight pantaloons, and the milling cut. The former must have been very mischievous people. They seemed “framed to make women false,” so that the change is perhaps for the better—unless we admit the maxim, that it is better to do mischief than to do nothing. Indeed our modern Mirabels are the most harmless if not the most innocent creatures in the world. They would not injure a lady’s honour if they could, if it required any trouble;—and they could not if they would, if it required any wit. Then as for love,—the very name as well as the thing is prescribed among them—from the court to the city—from White’s to the Stock Exchange. Damages have taken the place of duels—horses of mistresses—and boxing of intrigue. Or if they do fight now and then, it is not to defend a woman’s honour,—for they would scorn to own a woman who had any; or to prove that they possess it themselves: but merely to show that they have nerves and impudence enough to do without it.—Then if they drink, it is not to get wit or spirits, but to get drunk. Even Burgundy—“dear, delightful Burgundy!” can do nothing for them—for their stomachs are as hard as their faces: or if it makes any change at all in them it is that it finds them fools and leaves them beasts.

In short, a modern rake is a perfect negation of all possible qualities, good, bad, or indifferent. He has no knowledge, no fancy, no wit, no imagination, no passions—he has no love and no hate—no pride, no vanity, no ambition—no hopes, no fears—no taste, no feeling, no manners, “no nothing.”—Yes—he *has* a body,—as every modest woman who is obliged to pass along Bond Street at a certain hour can testify, when three of the species, linked together, shoulder her off the pavement. A body which, to make it complete, is endowed with the head of a pin, the stomach of an ostrich, and the nerves of a brick wall.

We hope that now Mr Elliston has returned to the theatre, he will remain

there. For these nameless non-entities have hitherto been confined to the lobbies, the park, and the fashionable streets; and they do no harm there, except to block up the way. But if their entertaining and brilliant predecessors should be banished from the stage for want of an actor with grace and spirit enough to represent them, who knows if the easiness of the task may not tempt our modern play-makers to replace them by these sons of the "mighty mother"—these mock diamonds set in lead—these multiplication tables of nothing. Such an exhibition, if it were true to nature, would be duller than the New Series of an Old Magazine,—or a debate on the corn-bill,—or a chapter of the statutes at large, put into blank verse.

We must now take leave of our readers till the next season. We hope a month's unceasing fine weather will account for and excuse our meagre Notices of the Acted Drama in London, in this and the last Number. The sun has, of late years, been so rare a visitant, and is always so welcome a one to us, that we could not persuade ourselves to pay him so ill a compliment as to leave his presence even for that of gas-lights and gay faces; though by the way, these latter do not now greet us at the theatres so frequently as we could wish. Old Drury in particular,—who was once a favourite with us,—seems to be getting into her dotage, and has lately not been able "to see company." She is becoming progressively worse and worse, under the hands of the amateur practitioners who have undertaken to prescribe for her during her last attack. And no wonder—for they do not understand her case. It lies in a nut-shell. Her disorder consists in a mal-formation of parts. The body is too large for the limbs to support. And, to utter an ungracious truth, the sooner she and her unweildy neighbour in Covent Garden "depart this life," the better. For this latter is afflicted in the same way; and though a more vigorous constitution, and more judicious treatment, have enabled her to bear up against the disease with less apparent injury to her general health, yet she must sink under it at last. We hope it is not inhuman to wish, as we heartily do, that they were both out of their misery. We might then have a chance of seeing a healthy and

well-formed youth spring up, to occupy the places which they do but encumber.
A. Z.

HISTORY OF DR BREWSTER'S KALEIDOSCOPE, WITH REMARKS ON ITS SUPPOSED RESEMBLANCE TO OTHER COMBINATIONS OF PLAIN MIRRORS.

As this instrument has excited great attention, both in this country and on the Continent, we have no doubt that our readers will take some interest in the history of the invention. In the year 1814, when Dr Brewster was engaged in experiments on the polarisation of light by successive reflections between plates of glass, which were published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1815, and honoured by the Royal Society of London with the Copley Medal, the reflectors were in some cases inclined to each other, and he had occasion to remark the circular arrangement of the images of a candle round a centre, or the multiplication of the sectors formed by the extremities of the glass plates. In repeating, at a subsequent period, the experiments of M. Biot on the action of fluids upon light, Dr B. placed the fluids in a trough formed by two plates of glass cemented together at an angle. The eye being necessarily placed at one end, some of the cement which had been pressed through between the plates appeared to be arranged into a regular figure. The symmetry of this figure being very remarkable, Dr B. set himself to investigate the cause of the phenomenon, and in doing this he discovered the leading principles of the Kaleidoscope. He found that, in order to produce perfectly beautiful and symmetrical forms, three conditions were necessary.

1. That the reflectors should be placed at an angle, which was an *even* or an *odd* aliquot part of a circle, when the object was regular, and wholly included in the aperture; or the *even* aliquot part of a circle when the object was irregular.

2. That out of an infinite number of positions for the object both within and without the reflectors, there was *only one* position where perfect symmetry could be obtained, namely, by placing the object in contact with the ends of the reflectors.

3. That out of an infinite number of positions for the eye, there was *only one* where the symmetry was perfect, namely, as near as possible to the angular point, so that the circular field could be distinctly seen; and that this point was the *only one* out of an infinite number at which the uniformity of the light of the circular field was a maximum.

Upon these principles Dr B. constructed an instrument, in which he fixed *permanently* across the ends of reflectors, pieces of coloured glass, and other irregular objects, and he shewed the instrument in this state to some Members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, who were much struck with the beauty of its effects. In this case, however, the forms were nearly permanent, and a slight variation was produced by varying the position of the instrument, with respect to the light. The great step, however, towards the completion of the instrument remained yet to be made, and it was not till some time afterwards that the idea occurred to Dr B. of *giving motion to objects, such as pieces of coloured glass, &c. which were either fixed or placed loosely in a cell at the end of the instrument.* When this idea was carried into execution, the kaleidoscope, in its *simple form*, was completed.

In this state, however, the kaleidoscope could not be considered as a general philosophical instrument of universal application; for it was incapable of producing beautiful forms unless the object was nearly in perfect contact with the end of the reflectors.

The next, and by far the most important step of the invention, was therefore to remove this limitation by employing a draw tube and lens, by means of which beautiful forms could be created from objects of all sizes, and at all distances from the observer. In this way the power of the kaleidoscope was indefinitely extended, and every object in nature could be introduced into the picture, in the same manner as if these objects had been reduced in size, and actually placed at the end of the reflectors.

When the instrument was brought to this state of perfection, Dr Brewster was urged by his friends to secure the exclusive property of it by a patent, and he accordingly took out a patent for "a New Optical Instrument for creating and exhibiting beau-

tiful forms." In the specification of his patent he describes the kaleidoscope in two different forms. The first consists of two reflecting planes, put together according to the principles already described, and placed in a tube, with an eye-hole in the particular position which gives symmetry and a maximum uniformity of light, and with objects such as coloured glass, *placed in the position of symmetry, and put in motion either by a rotatory movement, or by their own gravity, or by both combined.* The second form of the instrument, described in the specification, is, when the tube containing the reflectors is placed in a second tube, at the end of which is a convex lens which introduces into the picture objects of all magnitudes, and at every distance, as has been already described.

After the patent was signed, and the instruments in a state of forwardness, the gentleman who was employed to manufacture them under the patent, carried a kaleidoscope to shew to the principal London Optician, for the purpose of taking orders from them. These gentlemen naturally made one for their own use, and for the amusement of their friends; and the character of the instrument being thus made public, the tinmen and glaziers began to manufacture the detached parts of it, in order to evade the patent; while others manufactured and sold the instrument complete, without being aware that the exclusive property of it had been secured by a patent.

In this way the invasion of the patent right became general among that class of individuals against whom the law is seldom enforced but in its terrors. Some workmen of a higher class were encouraged to piracy by this universal opposition to the patent; but none of the respectable London opticians would yield to the clamours of their customers, to encroach upon the rights of an inventor, to whom they were at least indebted for a new and a lucrative article of trade.

In order to justify these piratical proceedings, it became necessary to search for some combinations of plain mirrors, which might be supposed to have a resemblance to Dr Brewster's instrument; and it would have been strange indeed, if some theorem or experiment had not been discovered, which could have been used to impose upon the great crowd who are

entirely ignorant of the principles and construction of optical instruments. There never was a popular invention, which the labours of envious individuals did not attempt to trace to some remote period; and in the present case, so many persons had hazarded their fortunes and their characters, that it became necessary to lay hold of something which could be construed into an anticipation of the kaleidoscope.

The first supposed anticipation of the kaleidoscope was found in Prop. XIII. and XIV. of Professor Wood's Optics, where that learned author gives a mathematical investigation of the number and arrangement of the images formed by two reflectors, either inclined or parallel to each other. These theorems assign no position either to the eye or to the object, and do not even include the principle of inversion, which is absolutely necessary to the production of symmetrical forms. The theorems indeed are true, whatever be the position of the object or of the eye. In order to put this matter to rest, Dr Brewster wrote a letter to Professor Wood, requesting him to say if he had any idea of the effects of the kaleidoscope when he wrote these propositions. To this letter Dr B. received the following handsome and satisfactory answer:

"St Johns, May 19th, 1818.

"Sir,—The propositions I have given relating to the number of images formed by plane reflectors inclined to each other, contain merely the mathematical calculation of their number and arrangement. *The effects produced by the kaleidoscope were never in my contemplation.* My attention has for some years been turned to other subjects, and I regret that I have not time to read your Optical Treatise, which I am sure would give me great pleasure. I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"J. WOOD."

The next supposed anticipation of the kaleidoscope was an instrument proposed by Mr Bradley in 1717. This instrument consists of two large pieces of silvered looking-glass, *five inches wide and four inches high*, jointed together with hinges, and opening like a book. These plates being set upon a geometrical drawing, and the eye

being placed in front of the mirrors, the lines of the drawing were seen multiplied by repeated reflections. This instrument was described long before by Kircher, and did not receive a single improvement from the hands of Bradley. It has been often made by the opticians, and was principally used for multiplying the human face, when placed between the mirrors; but no person ever thought of applying it to any purpose of utility, or of using it as an instrument of rational amusement, by the creation of beautiful forms. From the very construction of the instrument, indeed, it is quite incapable of producing any of the singular effects exhibited by the kaleidoscope. It gives, indeed, a series of reflected images arranged round a centre; but so does a pair of looking-glasses placed angularly in an apartment, and so do the pieces of mirror glass with which jewellers multiply the wares exhibited at their windows. It might therefore be as gravely maintained that any of these combinations of mirrors was a kaleidoscope, as that Bradley's pair of plates was an anticipation of that instrument. As the similarity between the two has been maintained by ignorant and interested individuals, we shall be at some pains to explain to the reader the differences between these two instruments; and we shall do this, first, upon the supposition that the two instruments are applied to geometric lines upon paper.

1. In Bradley's instrument, the length is less than the breadth of the plates.

1. In the kaleidoscope, the length of the plates must be four, or five, or six times their breadth.

2. Bradley's instrument cannot be used with a tube.

2. The kaleidoscope cannot be used without a tube.

3. In Bradley's instrument, from the erroneous position of the eye, there is a great inequality of light in the sectors, and the last sectors are scarcely visible.

3. In the kaleidoscope, the eye is placed so that the uniformity of light is a maximum, and the last sectors are distinctly visible.

4. In Bradley's instrument, the figure consists of

4. In the kaleidoscope, all the sectors are equal,

elliptical, and consequently unequal sectors.

5. In Bradley's instrument, the unequal sectors *do not unite*, but are all separated from one another by a space equal to the thickness of the mirror glass.

6. In Bradley's instrument, the images reflected from the first surface interfere with those reflected from the second, and produce a confusion and overlapping of images entirely inconsistent with symmetry.

7. In Bradley's instrument, the defects in the junction of the plates are all rendered visible by the erroneous position of the eye.

The reader will observe, that in this comparison the two instruments are supposed to be applied to *geometric lines upon paper*, and that this was the *only purpose* to which Bradley ever thought of applying his mirrors; yet the kaleidoscope is in every respect a superior instrument, even for that inferior purpose, and gives true symmetrical forms, which the other instrument is incapable of doing.

In the comparison which has now been made, we have degraded the kaleidoscope, by contrasting its effects with those which Bradley's instrument is capable of producing, for these effects are not worth the looking at. When we attempt to employ Bradley's instrument to produce the effects which have been so much admired in the kaleidoscope, namely, to produce beautiful forms from transparent or opaque coloured objects contained in a cell, and at the end of the reflectors, it fails so entirely, that no person has succeeded in the attempt. It is indeed quite impossible to produce by it the

and compose a perfect circle, and the picture is perfectly symmetrical.

5. In the kaleidoscope, the equal sectors all unite into a complete and perfectly symmetrical figure.

6. In the kaleidoscope, the secondary reflections are entirely removed, and therefore no confusion takes place.

7. In the kaleidoscope, the eye is placed so that these defects of junction are invisible.

beautiful and symmetrical forms which the kaleidoscope displays. Had this been possible, Dr Brewster's patent might have been invaded with impunity by every person who chose to manufacture Bradley's instrument; but this was never tried*, and for the best of all reasons, because nobody would have purchased it.

We trust that no person, who wishes to judge of this subject with candour, will form an opinion without having *actually seen and used* the instrument proposed by Bradley. Let any person take Bradley's plates, and, having set them at an angle of 30° or $22\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, place them upon a cell containing fragments of coloured glass, he will infallibly find that he cannot produce a picture of any symmetry or beauty. The disunion of the sectors, the darkness of the last reflections, and the enormous deviation from symmetry, towards the centre of the figure, will convince him, if he required conviction, that the instrument is entirely useless as a kaleidoscope. To those, however, who are not capable, either for want of knowledge, or want of time, to make such a comparison, we may present the opinion of three of the most eminent natural philosophers of the present day, viz. the celebrated Mr Watt, Professor Playfair, and Professor Pictet.

"It has been said here," says Mr Watt, "that you took the idea of the kaleidoscope from an old book on gardening. My friend, the Rev. Mr Corrie, has procured me a sight of the book. It is Bradley's *Improvements of Planting and Gardening*. London 1731, part 2d. chap. 1st. It consists of two pieces of looking glass of equal bigness, of the figure of a long square, five inches long and four inches high, hinged together, upon one of the narrow sides, so as to open and shut like the leaves of a book, which, being set upon their

* In illustration of this argument, we may state the following fact. Mr Carpenter of Birmingham, being anxious to evade Dr Brewster's patent, at a time when the manufacture of the patent kaleidoscope was in the hands of another person, attempted to construct instruments in imitation of Bradley's. After exercising his ingenuity for some time, he abandoned the attempt as impracticable, and set off for Scotland for the purpose of offering his services in manufacturing the patent instrument.

edges upon a drawing, will shew it multiplied by repeated reflections. This instrument I have seen in my father's possession 70 years ago, and frequently since, but what has become of it I know not. In my opinion, the application of the principle is very different from that of your kaleidoscope."

The following is Professor Playfair's opinion :

Edinburgh, 11th May 1818.

"I have examined the kaleidoscope invented by Dr Brewster, and compared it with the description of an instrument which it has been said to resemble, constructed by Bradley in 1717. I have also compared its effect with an experiment to which it may be thought to have some analogy, described by Mr Wood in his optics, Prop. 13 and 14.

"From both these contrivances, and from every optical instrument with which I am acquainted, the kaleidoscope appears to differ essentially both in its effect and in the principles of its construction.

"As to the effect, the thing produced by the kaleidoscope is a series of figures presented with the most perfect symmetry, so as always to compose a whole, in which nothing is wanting and nothing redundant. It matters not what the object be to which the instrument is directed, if it only be in its proper place the effect just described is sure to take place, and with an endless variety. In this respect, the kaleidoscope appears to be quite singular among optical instruments. Neither the instrument of Bradley, nor the experiment or theorem in Wood's book, have any resemblance to this; they go no further than the multiplication of the figure.

"Next, as to the principle of construction, Dr Brewster's instrument requires a particular position of the eye of the observer, and of the object looked at, in order to its effect. If either of these is wanting, the symmetry vanishes, and the figures are irregular and disunited. In the other two cases, no particular position, either for the eye or the object, is required.

"For these reasons, Dr Brewster's invention seems to me quite unlike the other two. Indeed, as far as I know, it is quite singular among optical instruments; and it will be matter of sincere regret, if any imaginary or vague analogy, between it and other

optical instruments, should be the means of depriving the Doctor of any part of the reward to which his skill, ingenuity, and perseverance, entitle him so well.

JOHN PLAYFAIR,
*Professor of Natural Philosophy in
the University of Edinburgh.*

"P. S.—Granting that there were a resemblance between the kaleidoscope and Bradley's instrument, in any of the particulars mentioned above, the introduction of coloured and moveable objects, at the end of the reflectors, is quite peculiar to Dr Brewster's instrument. Besides this, a circumstance highly deserving of attention, is the use of two lenses and a draw tube, so that the action of the kaleidoscope is extended to objects of all sizes, and at all distances from the observer, and united, by that means, to the advantages of the telescope.

J. P."

Professor Pictet's opinion is stated in the following letter :

"Sir,—Among your friends, I have not been one of the least painfully affected by the shameful invasion of your rights as an inventor, which I have been a witness of lately in London. Not only none of the allegations of the invaders of your patent, grounded on a pretended similarity between your kaleidoscope and Bradley's instrument, or such as Wood's or Harris' theories might have suggested, appear to me to have any real foundation; but, I can affirm that, neither in any of the French, German, or Italian authors, who, to my knowledge, have treated of optics, nor in Professor Charles' justly celebrated and most complete collection of optical instruments at Paris, have I read or seen any thing resembling your ingenious apparatus, which, from its numberless applications, and the pleasure it affords, and will continue to afford, to millions of beholders of its matchless effects, may be ranked among the most happy inventions science ever presented to the lovers of rational enjoyment.

M. A. PICTET,
*Professor of Nat. Phil. in the
Academy of Geneva.*

To Dr Brewster."

The propositions in Harris' Optics relate, like Professor Wood's, merely

to the multiplication and circular arrangement of the apertures or sectors formed by the inclined mirrors, and to the progress of a ray of light reflected between two inclined or parallel mirrors; and no allusion whatever is made, in the propositions themselves, to any instrument. In the proposition respecting the multiplication of the sectors, the eye of the observer is never once mentioned, and the proposition is true if the eye has an infinite number of positions; whereas, in the kaleidoscope, the eye can only have one position. In the other proposition, (Prop. XVII.) respecting the progress of the rays, the eye and the object are actually stated to be placed *between the reflectors*; and even if the eye had been placed without the reflectors, as in the kaleidoscope, the position assigned it, at a great distance from the angular point, is a demonstration that Harris was *entirely ignorant of the positions of symmetry either for the object or the eye*, and could not have combined two reflectors so as to form a kaleidoscope for producing beautiful or symmetrical forms. The *only practical part* of Harris's propositions is the 5th and 6th scholia to Prop. XVII. In the 5th scholium he proposes a sort of catoptric box or cistula, known long before his time, composed of four mirrors, arranged in a most unscientific manner, and containing opaque objects *between the speculums*. "Whatever they are," says he, when speaking of the objects, "the upright figures between the speculums should be slender, and not too many in number, otherwise they will too much obstruct the reflected rays from coming to the eye." This shews, in a most decisive manner, that Harris knew nothing of the kaleidoscope, and that he has not even improved the common catoptric cistula, which had been known long before. The principle of inversion, and the positions of symmetry, were entirely unknown to him. In the 6th scholium, he speaks of rooms lined with looking-glasses, and of luminous amphitheatres, which, as the Editor of the Literary Journal observes, have been described and figured by all the old writers on optics.*

The persons who have pretended to compare Dr Brewster's kaleidoscope with the combinations of plain mirrors described by preceding authors, have not only been utterly unacquainted with the principles of optics, but have not been at the trouble either of understanding the principles on which the patent kaleidoscope is constructed, or of examining the construction of the instrument itself. Because it contains two plain mirrors, they infer that it must be the same as every other instrument that contains two plain mirrors, and hence the same persons would, by a similar process of reasoning, have concluded that a telescope is a microscope, or that a pair of spectacles with a double lens is the same as a telescope or a microscope, because all these instruments contain two lenses. An astronomical telescope differs from a compound microscope only in having the lenses placed at different distances. The progress of the rays is exactly the same in both these instruments, and the effect in both is produced by the enlargement of the angle subtended by the object. Yet surely there is no person so senseless as to deny that he who first combined two lenses in such a manner as to discover the mountains of the moon, the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, and all the wonders of the system of the universe, was the author of an original invention. He who produces effects which were never produced before, even by means which have been long known, is unquestionably an original inventor; and upon this principle alone can the telescope be considered as an invention different from the microscope. In the case of the kaleidoscope, the originality of the invention is far more striking. Every person admits that effects are produced by Dr Brewster's instrument, of which no conception could have been previously formed. All those who saw it, acknowledged that they had never seen any thing resembling it before; and those very persons who had been possessors of Bradley's instrument, who had read Harris's Optics, and made his shew boxes, and who had used other combinations of plain mirrors, never

Journal, No 10. He will then be convinced, that Harris placed both the eye and the object between the mirrors, an arrangement which was known 100 years before his time.

* The reader is requested to examine carefully the propositions in Harris' Optics, which he will find reprinted in the Literary

supposed for a moment, that the pleasure which they derived from the kaleidoscope had any relation to the effects described by these authors.

No proof of the originality of the kaleidoscope could be stronger than the sensation which it excited in London and Paris. In the memory of man, no invention, and no work, whether addressed to the imagination or to the understanding, ever produced such an effect. A universal mania for the instrument seized all classes, from the lowest to the highest, from the most ignorant to the most learned, and every person not only felt, but expressed the feeling, that a new pleasure had been added to their existence.

If such an instrument had ever been known before, a similar sensation must have been excited, and it would not have been left to the ingenuity of the half learned and the half honest to search for the skeleton of the invention among the rubbish of the 16th and 17th centuries.

The individuals who have been most eager in this search, did not, perhaps, calculate the degree of mischief which they have done to those who have been led, upon their authority, to encroach upon the rights of others, and thus subject themselves to very serious consequences. The delay which has taken place in commencing legal proceedings, has not arisen from any doubt of the complete originality of the kaleidoscope, and of the defensibility of the patent. As soon as the patentee has made himself acquainted with the circumstance of the individuals who have invaded his patent, with the channels through which they have exported their instruments, and with the amount of the damage which they have done, he will seek for that redress

which the law never fails to afford in cases of notorious and unprovoked piracy. We are well assured, that it never was the intention or the wish of Dr Brewster to interfere with the operations of those poor individuals who have gained a livelihood from the manufacture of kaleidoscopes. We know that it will always be a source, of no inconsiderable gratification to him, that he has given employment to thousands of persons, whom the pressure of the times had driven into indigence; and when a decision in favour of his patent is given, as no doubt will be the case, he will never think of enforcing it, excepting against that class of opulent pirates who have been actuated by no other motive but the exorbitant love of gain, in wantonly encroaching upon the property of another.

The patent kaleidoscopes are now made in London, under Dr Brewster's sanction, by Messrs P. and G. Dollond, W. and S. Jones, Mr R. B. Bate, Mess. Thomas Harris and Son, Mr Bancks, Mr Berge, Mr Thomas Jones, Mr Blunt, Mr Schmalcalder, Messrs Watkins and Hill, and Mr Smith; in Birmingham by Mr Carpenter; and in Edinburgh by Mr John Ruthven. An account of the different forms in which these ingenious opticians have fitted up the kaleidoscope, and of the new contrivances by which they have given it additional value, will be published in Dr Brewster's Treatise on the Kaleidoscope, now in the press. The public will see, from the examination of these instruments, how much they have been imposed upon by spurious imitations, sold at the most exorbitant prices, and made by individuals entirely ignorant, not only of the principles and construction of the instrument, but of the method of using it.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand that Captain Henry Kater, F. R. S., is appointed by the Board of Longitude to measure the length of the pendulum at Clifton, Leith Fort, and the Shetland Islands, including the stations at which M. Biot measured the length of the pendulum by Borda's apparatus. Captain Kater is well-known to the public, by several ingenious papers in the philosophical transactions, and has shewn himself peculiarly qualified for the present task, by the very fine experiments on the length of the pendulum, which he has recently performed at London. These observations were made by a very ingenious method of his own invention, which is free from almost all the sources of error which affect the French method, and were lately rewarded by the Royal Society of London, with the Copley Medal.

Gas Light from Oil.—Mr Taylor of Stratford has completed a very ingenious apparatus, by which gas, for the purposes of illumination, may be obtained from oil. This is a discovery of vast importance for our Greenland fisheries, and is also of great consequence in private houses, as only a very small apparatus is necessary; and there are no disagreeable products as in the distillation of coal. In the gas produced from oil there is more olefiant gas; and when a very fine and pure light is required on particular occasions, wax may be substituted in place of the oil, when almost nothing but olefiant gas is produced.

Comet of 1811.—During the course of the last year, M. Schröter, of Lilienthal, has published an account of the comet which appeared in 1811; and by comparing his observations on this comet with those which he made upon that which appeared in 1807, he has been led to form some singular conclusions. The nucleus of the comet of 1811, the apparent diameter of which was 1' 49", and which, calculating from the distance, must have had a real diameter of 10,900 miles, M. Schröter supposes to be composed of a fluid covering a solid mass. In the centre of this nucleus we distinguish a second, which is smaller and more luminous, the apparent diameter of which being 16.97", gives a real diameter of 1,697 geographical miles. This central part was surrounded with a particular kind of atmosphere, upon which many of its most remarkable variations depend. Besides this, it was surrounded by a luminous nebulosity, which always exhibited the same brilliancy in every part of its surface, without any appearance of phases; from which circum-

stance he concludes, that this light, being always equable, cannot be the effect of any reflection of the solar light.

Two different parts may be distinguished in the head of this comet: 1. A spherical nebulosity of a whitish coloured light, which surrounded the exterior nucleus, and which is supposed to depend upon the spontaneous luminousness of the body; 2. The posterior part, opposite to the sun, beyond which was extended the double tail; this part was separated from the nucleus by a dark interval, equal to half the total diameter of the head of the comet. The apparent diameter of this head was 34' 12", which gives it a real diameter of 2,052,000 geographical miles.

The greatest apparent length of the tail is 18°, which gives a real length of 131,852,000 geographical miles. M. Schröter conceives, that we cannot explain this prodigious extent without admitting, that there exists in space around the sun a subtle matter, susceptible of becoming luminous by the combined influence of the sun and the comet. Independent of the force which comets exercise as masses of matter, he conceives that they are endowed with a repulsive and impulsive force, which has some analogy to the electric fluid, and, like it, acts in different directions.

Shower of Red Earth in Italy.—In the Annals of Philosophy, for January 1817, there is a short notice of a shower of red earth which fell at Gerace, in Calabria; a late number of the *Giornale de Fisica* of Brugnatelli, contains a full account of the circumstance, with a description of the substance, by Sig. Sementini, Professor of Chemistry at Naples, of which the following is an extract:

It occurred on March 14, 1813: the wind had been westerly for two days, when, at two P. M., it suddenly became calm, the atmosphere became cloudy, and the darkness gradually became so great as to render it necessary to light candles. The sky assumed the colour of red-hot iron, thunder and lightning continued for a considerable length of time, and the sea was heard to roar, although six miles from the city. Large drops of rain then began to fall, which were of a blood-red colour.

Sig. Sementini collected a quantity of the powder which fell, and describes its physical properties to be as follows: It had a yellow colour, like canella; an earthy, insipid taste; it was unctuous to the touch, and extremely subtle. When the powder was moderately heated, it changed its co-

lour, first to a brown, and afterwards to a black, and became red again as the temperature was raised; after it had been heated, many small shining plates were visible, it no longer effervesced with acids, and had lost about one-tenth of its weight. Its specific gravity was 2.07.

Sig. Sementini then subjected the powder to chemical analysis, and found its composition to be as follows:

Silex.....	33
Alumine.....	15½
Lime.....	11½
Chrome.....	1
Iron.....	14½
Carbonic acid.....	9
Loss.....	15½

100

So large a proportion of loss was at first ascribed to some inaccuracy in the analysis, or to some body that had accidentally been mixed with the powder; but when he found it always to occur, whatever care was taken in the analysis, he began to suspect that it depended upon some combustible matter essential to the substance. This suspicion was afterwards verified; and by digestion the powder in boiling alcohol for a length of time, he obtained from it a greenish yellow colouring matter, which, when dried, acquired a pitchy consistence, was inflammable, and left a carbonaceous residuum. The author remarks, that the existence of chrome in this mineral seems to connect it with the aerolites; but the origin of the combustible substance is very obscure: there were no circumstances connected with the phenomenon which would lead us to suppose that it was of volcanic origin.

Supposed Discovery of a Ship near the Cape of Good Hope.—A discovery has been lately made of a quantity of wood in a carbonized state, buried at some depth under the sand, about 10 miles from Cape Town. From the appearance and position of pieces of timber, it has been supposed to consist of the frame-work of a large vessel; and as it is at a considerable distance from the sea, and bears every mark of having been in its present position for a very long period, many speculations have been formed concerning it. The evidence on this point appears, however, to be extremely vague and uncertain; and from the specimens of the wood which have been exhibited in this country, which appear to be in the state of brown coal, as well as from all the circumstances of the case, it is probable that it does not differ from the forests or collections of trees which have been found buried in different situations; in consequence of some of the great revolutions which have formerly occurred on the surface of our globe.

Redness of the Sea.—The following account of the red colour of the sea on the coast of Africa, near the mouth of the river

Loango, is extracted from Professor Smith's journal.

Some days ago the sea had a colour as of blood. Some of us supposed it to be owing to the whales, which at this time approach the coasts, in order to bring forth their young. It is, however, a phenomenon which is generally known, has often been described, and is owing to myriads of infused animalcula. I examined some of them taken in this blood-coloured water; when highly magnified, they do not appear larger than the head of a small pin. They were at first in rapid motion, which, however, soon ceased, and at the same instant the whole animal separated into a number of spherical particles."

New Extracts from Coal.—Dr Jassmeyer, Professor of Chemistry in Vienna, has discovered the means of extracting from coals two hitherto unknown acids, a resin, a resinous gum, and other elements, which he has employed with surprising success to the purposes of dyeing wool, silk, hair, and linen, and has produced from them red, black, yellow, and various shades of brown and gray. Count Von Chorinsky, President of the Aulic Chamber, and many other enlightened judges of these matters, were present at these experiments, and testified their entire approbation of this useful discovery.

Locusts in India.—About the 20th June 1812, a very large flight of locusts was observed hovering about Etawah, which at length settled in the fields east of the town, where they remained some time, and were seen copulating in vast numbers; they then took their departure, but continued to hover about the place for a month afterwards.

On the 18th of July, while riding in that direction, I discovered a tremendous swarm of very small dark-coloured insects in the vicinity of a large pool of stagnant water; they were collected in heaps, and covered the ground to a considerable distance. These, on minute inspection, proved to be locusts in miniature, but without wings. In this place they remained, hourly increasing in numbers, for some days, when the great body moved off, taking a direction towards the town of Etawah: they crept and hopped along at a slow rate, until they reached the town, where they divided into different bodies, still however keeping nearly the same direction, covering and destroying every thing green in their progress, and distributing themselves all over the neighbourhood. The devastation daily committed by them being almost incalculable, the farmers were under the necessity of collecting as many people as they could, in the vain hope that they might preserve the crop by sweeping the swarm backwards; but as often as they succeeded in repelling them in one quarter, they approached in another: fires were then lighted all round the fields with the same view;—this had the effect of keep-

ing them off for a short time; but sufficient fuel could not be supplied, and the moment the fires became extinguished, the insects rushed in like a torrent. Multitudes were destroyed by the birds, and many more by branches of trees used by the farmers for that purpose, as well as by their being swept into large heaps, and consumed by fire; yet their numbers seemed nothing diminished. They so completely covered some mangoe trees, and the hedges surrounding the gardens, that the colour of the leaves could not be distinguished. They had no wings, and were about the size of small bees. They continued to creep along the ground, or hopped when their progress was interrupted.

July 27.—They were increasing in size, and had overspread that part of the country in every direction. From the want of rain, and the overwhelming inroad of these insects, the farmers were nearly ruined. Nothing impeded their progress; they climbed up the highest trees, and scrambled over walls; and, notwithstanding the exertions of several people with brooms, the verandah and outer walls of the hospital were completely covered with them. They no longer continued to move in one particular direction, but paraded backwards and forwards, wherever they could find food.

On the 28th of July the rains set in with considerable violence; the locusts took shelter on trees and bushes, devouring every leaf within their reach; none seemed to suffer from the rain.

On the 29th it did not rain, and the young swarm again were on the move, continuing their depredations; they were fast increasing in size, and equally lively as before the rain.

It again rained on the 30th, and again the locusts took shelter on the trees and fences; several large flights of locusts passed over the cantonments, and I observed that the wings of the young ones began to appear. The head still retained the dark red colour, but the black lines on the body had become much fainter.

Again, on the 31st, large flights continued to pass, driven by the wind to the southward; of course very few alighted. They caused little mischief within our view. The wings of the young tribe (the whole four being now formed) were about one-eighth of an inch in length. After this time I made no particular observations on their progress, being otherwise engaged, but they disappeared in a few days.

An account of an extensive cavern, containing the remains of a colossal statue, recently discovered in the mountains in the vicinity of Shahpoor, in the modern province of Fars, the ancient Persia, was received from Lieut. R. Taylor, of the Bombay establishment, and presented by the secretary to the society. In Sept. 1816, Mr Williams and Capt. Maude, of his

Majesty's ship *Favourite*, on visiting the site of the ancient city of Shahpoor, accompanied by Meer Shumsodeen, a predatory chieftain,—the cave, containing a prostrate colossal figure, was pointed out by the latter, who, from his plundering mode of life, had become well acquainted with the hidden recesses of the mountains. The cave is distant from Shahpoor three miles, on the opposite side of the river. From the base of the mountain, near the summit of which the excavation is made, no traces of a cavern are discernible. The ascent is difficult, chiefly from its perpendicular height. When the travellers had nearly reached the top, they found themselves at the foot of an abrupt rampart, about thirty feet high, the depth of which, from its upper edge to the entrance of the cave, to which it forms a level landing, was sixty feet. The entrance to the cavern is a plain roughly-hewn arch, thirty feet high, and thirty-five feet wide, beyond which the height increases to forty feet, and the width to sixty and seventy. The figure, which is of stone, appears to have stood originally on a pedestal in the middle of this excavation, but was discovered lying on the ground, and the legs, below the knees, broken off. The costume appears to be similar to the sculptures at Shahpoor, Nukshi-Roostum, and Persepolis, and with the same luxuriant flow of curled hair. Its arms rest upon the hips, and the costume is a robe fastened by a small button at the neck, and falling loosely over the elbows, and in this respect differs from the sculptures just mentioned. The length of the face from the forehead to the chin is two feet three inches, and the length of the body four feet and a half. According to this measurement, the whole figure must have been about fourteen feet high. From the statue to the most retired parts of the cavern, the excavation increases in height and width. After passing down an inclined plane for about twenty feet, and up an ascent of about fifty feet more, the travellers reached a dry reservoir, seventeen feet long by seven wide, and five feet deep. Farther on, they began to descend, by torch light, a low narrow passage in the rock, and reached another cavern, the roof of which was supported by a few huge shapeless pillars. No conjecture is offered respecting the use or object of this extraordinary excavation.

Pseudo-Volcano in Staffordshire.—Mr Finch, of Birmingham, has published some facts relative to what he calls a pseudo-volcano, near the Bradley iron-works, in Staffordshire. The tract of ground is situated by the road-side from Birmingham to Wolverhampton, about half-way between Wednesbury and Bilston. It is mentioned by Plett, in his *Natural History of Staffordshire*, as being on fire in 1686, when he wrote; and he says, that it was not then known how long it had been on fire. It

then occupied a space of eleven acres; but its ravages have since extended about one mile and a half in extreme length, and one mile in breadth. Whether the fire originated in accident, or from the sulphur contained in the coal and pyrites, is not known; but it probably arose from the latter cause, as, at other pits, the small coal has taken fire on being exposed to the air. As the combustible matter is exhausted, the hand of cultivation requires its labour; and, even in parts where the fire is still, by carefully stopping the fissures, and preventing the access of air, different crops can be raised. A neglect of these precautions sometimes destroys half the produce, whilst the remainder continues flourishing. About two years ago it began to penetrate through the floors of some houses: it produced great alarm, by appearing in the night; and four of the houses were taken down. It exhibits a red heat in this situation, and the smoke has forced its way through a bed of cinders forty feet in height. On the south it is arrested by beds of sand, which cover the coal formation in that part; and on the north-east it is impeded by cultivation. At first view a stranger might suppose himself in a volcanic region. The exterior view of the strata, exposed by the falling in of the ground, presents a surface blackened by the action of fire, and presenting most of the porphyritic and trappean colours in high perfection. The cinder-dust on which you tread, the sulphureous vapours and smoke which arise from the various parts of the surface, and the feeling of insecurity which attend most of your footsteps, all combine to give a high degree of interest to the scene. The mineral substances found in this region are:—1. *Sulphur* in small brilliant crystals, also massy and amorphous. 2. *Mineral tar*. 3. *Coal*, in some places only four feet from the surface. 4. *Sulphate of alum*. 5. *Muriate of ammonia*, combined with a small proportion of sulphate of ammonia. 6. *Sulphate of zinc*. 7. *Sulphate of lime*. 8. *Porcelain jasper*. 9. *Newest floetz trap, basalt or rowley-rag*.
Crystallized Tin.—A new art has been

lately discovered, by accident, in France, by M. Baget, called *Metallic Watering* (*Moiré Metallique*). It depends upon the action of acids, either pure or mixed together, and in different degrees of dilution, on alloys of tin. The variety of designs resemble mother-of-pearl, and reflect the light in the form of clouds. The process is this:—first dissolve four ounces of muriate of soda in eight ounces of water, and add two ounces of nitric acid:—second mixture—eight ounces of water, two ounces of nitric acid, and three ounces of muriatic acid:—third mixture—eight ounces of water, two ounces of muriatic acid, and one ounce of sulphuric acid. One of these mixtures is to be poured warm upon a sheet of tinned iron, placed upon a vessel of stoneware; it is to be poured on in separate portions, until the sheet is completely watered; it is then to be plunged into water, slightly acidulated, and washed. The watering obtained by the action of these different mixtures upon tinned iron, imitates, very closely, mother-of-pearl and its reflections; but the designs, although varied, are quite accidental. By heating the tinned iron to different degrees of heat, stars, fern-leaves, and other figures, are produced; and, by pouring one of the above mixtures, cold, upon a plate of tinned iron, at a red heat, a beautiful granular appearance is obtained. These metallic waterings will bear the blow of a mallet, but not of a hammer; hence, the invention may be used for embossed patterns, but not for those which are punched. Different colours and shades may be given by varnishes, which, when properly polished, will set off the beauty of the watering. When the tin is upon copper, the crystallization appears in the form of radiations or stars.—Mr Shaw of London has, we understand, taken out a patent for this very curious invention; and tin plates are made under his patent, at the manufactory of Mr Brunell of Battersea. Very paltry imitations of this invention have been made in a piratical manner in London; but the public will no doubt discourage these spurious imitations.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

THE Bishop of St Davids has in the press, the Grand Schism, or the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland shown to be Separatists from the Church of England.

Mr Richard Lawrence is preparing Forty Etchings from specimens in the Elgin Collection; to be accompanied with Critical Remarks on those Grecian Relics.

Robert Huish, Esq. Author of a Treatise on Bées, has in the press, Venezia, a Romance of former days, in 4 vols.

Mr Bagster is printing an edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with Translations into the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, and German languages; to be comprised in a 4to volume, uniform with his Polyglott Bible.

A new edition of Seneca's Morals, in an 8vo vol. with a portrait, will appear early in July.

Edward Dodwell, Esq. is preparing for publication, a Classical and Topographical Tour in Greece, during the years 1801, 1805, and 1806. A long residence in Turkey has enabled the Author to examine, and the assistance of a first-rate Artist, to illustrate the Topography of, that Seat of Early History. Greece, including Peloponnesus and the Ionian Islands, were the particular objects of his Tour; in the course of which, many Districts, unexplored by Modern Travellers, have been penetrated, and remains, hitherto unknown, visited, and most faithful Drawings made of their actual state. Many of the Drawings being upon a scale which, consistent with their extreme accuracy, will not allow of reduction to the size of a quarto volume, it is intended to publish a separate Work, consisting of Sixty Views of the most celebrated Scenes and Monuments of Greece; in which fac-similes of the Drawings, taken and coloured upon the spot, will be produced, of the size of Stuart's Athens,—forming a complete series of all that now exists of Grecian Antiquity.

Sir John Byerley, a gentleman admirably qualified by his various attainments, and by a critical knowledge of both languages, has undertaken a translation of Shakspeare into French. We hail the circumstance as auspicious to the fame of our British Bard, whose works have, by former translators, been so grossly abused and perverted.

Dr Bateman is preparing for the press, a Sketch of the Character of the Epidemic Fever prevailing in the Metropolis, with some Observations on the Method of Treatment, and on the Means of diminishing the Influence of Contagion.

In the course of the season, "Sketches

of the Philosophy of Life," will appear, from the pen of Sir Charles Morgan, Fellow of the College of Physicians. It is intended to convey a Popular View of the Leading Facts of Physiology, as they bear more especially upon the Moral and Social Animal.

An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; by Thomas Hartwell Horne, A. M., in two volumes, 8vo, illustrated with Maps, and Fac-similes of Biblical Manuscripts. This Work will consist of Three Parts:—Part I. will comprise a Concise View of the Geography of Palestine, and of the Political, Religious, Moral, and Civil State of the Jews; illustrating the principal Events recorded in the Bible. Part II. will present a copious Investigation of the Principles of Scripture Interpretation, and their Application to the Historical, Prophetical, Typical, Doctrinal, and Moral Parts of the Sacred Writings. Part III. will be appropriated to the Analysis of the Bible; including an Account of the Canon of Scripture; together with Critical Prefaces and Synopses to each book, upon an improved Plan. An Appendix will be subjoined, containing an Account of the Principal MSS. and Editions of the Old and New Testaments.

We understand that the remaining Vol. of the Work on the History, Literature, and Mythology of the Hindus, printing at the Serampore press, is at length nearly finished. The delay attending the publication of this Work has arisen from a cause which, we are persuaded, will give satisfaction to the subscribers; more than 250 pages have been devoted to very difficult Translations from the Hindu Philosophical Works, and the Lives of their Sages. The Introductory Chapter, also, will contain a Review of their Philosophical Opinions, compared with those of other Ancient Nations, and an Account of the present State of Learning among the Hindus.

We understand that a Pamphlet is about to be published, illustrative of the Cause and Treatment of the Cholera Morbus, which lately prevailed at Jessore, in which it is argued, that to the immoderate use of New Rice was principally owing the occurrence of the disease. The same complaint has prevailed with considerable violence at Balasore, where it appears that Sable Fish is not to be procured, and the New Rice had not come into use. These two articles of food have been severally charged with the production of the Epidemic in question, but apparently without sufficient consideration,

Mr Brande, Chemical Professor at the

Royal Institution, is preparing for publication, a Manual of Chemistry; containing the principal Facts of the Science, arranged in the order in which they are discussed and illustrated in his much-admired Lectures.

Dr Bostock is about to publish an Account of the History and Present State of Galvanism.

Mr Laing's Architectural Work of Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Buildings, erected by him; including the details of the New Custom House, London, St Dunstan's in the East, with an Historical Account of the Old Church, &c. will be delivered to the Subscribers in the course of the present Month.

It is not generally known, that some very curious Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte were printed in 1815. When, however, they were nearly ready, obstacles to the appearance arose; the publication was suspended, and the whole impression was eventually burnt. An agent of Lucien, it is presumed, indemnified the publisher, and obtained from him the sacrifice of his speculation, and the possession of the original manuscript. By what means this manuscript has again been suffered to see the light, we know not; but it is certain, that a London bookseller has obtained possession of it, and that it is immediately to be published.

The third part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana will appear early in the ensuing Month.

Mr Simmons will shortly publish, both in England and America, a Novel Plan of Vessels of War, which was submitted to the consideration of the Lords of the Admiralty in June 1810, and by them rejected.

The Ancient Gothic Languages have lately very much engaged the attention of the Learned in the North. The Librarian of the University of Copenhagen has been several months at Stockholm, for the purpose of collating and collecting manuscripts of the Skalda and Edda, which are preserved in that city, and at Upsal; they are intended to assist in a projected edition of these Poems.

The same Professor is employed on a Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue; and on a Translation into Swedish of his Grammar of the Icelandic Tongue: the former of these Works concerns all English Antiquaries.

It is stated in the German Papers, that, while the Count las Casas was at St Helena, he composed a Work, and sent it to Europe,—the title of which is, *Journal régulière de tout ce que fait ou dit Napoleon, jour par jour, à St Helène, durant 3 mois, ses conversations publiques et privées, &c.* This Work, which will be uncommonly interesting on account of its authenticity, has not been yet published, because the manuscript has been detained by the English Government.

Mr A. Jamieson, Author of a Treatise on the Construction of Maps, and Editor of many Popular School Books, has in the

press, a Grammar of Rhetoric, chiefly compiled from Blair, Campbell, Rollin, &c. which will very soon appear, in 1 vol. 12mo.

A Book, entitled, *Universal Commerce*, by the Editor of Mortimer's Commercial Dictionary, will appear in the course of the ensuing Month.

A Mercator's Atlas of Skeleton Maps, adapted to Modern Navigation and Maritime Surveying, for the use of Naval Students, will be published in the course of the ensuing Month, in royal 4to.

M. Des Carrières has nearly ready for publication, a new edition of his *Histoire de France*, which will be continued to the present time, and thoroughly revised throughout.

Mr A. Picquet, Author of the Ancient and Modern Geography, has in the press, a Chronological Abridgement of the History of Modern Europe, compiled from the best English, French, and German Historians.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in two large vols 8vo, a Geographical and Statistical description of Scotland; by James Playfair, D.D. F.R.S. & F.A.S. Edin. Principal of the United College of St Andrews, and Historiographer to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

Wight on the Law of Election, a new edition, with additions, suited to the present time, will speedily be published.

A Memoir on the Congenital Club Feet of Children, and the Mode of correcting this Deformity; by Antonio Scarpa, Emeritus Professor and Director of the Medical Faculty of the Imperial and Royal University of Pavia, &c. With five original engravings by Anderloni. Translated from the Italian; by J. H. Wishart, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and one of the Surgeons of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, in imperial folio, a New Atlas of the Counties of Scotland, each County to compose a separate map, or if of importance, from extent or population, two will be allotted.

In the press, and will be published in a few days, in 8vo, with plates, an Account of the Small Pox, as it appeared after Vaccination; by Alexander Monro, M.D. Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh; including, among many Cases, Three which occurred in the Author's own Family.

Speedily will be published, Fifteen Years Correspondence, which passed between William Drysdale, Writer and Town-clerk of Kirkcaldy, and George Millar, Farmer in Bankhead, Fifeshire; wherein is discovered the whole Arcana of County Lawyers' Interior Practice, very necessary for Young Practitioners who would acquire a lasting

reputation, and a competent share of the One Thing Needful.

In the press, and speedily will be published, Vol. VIII. Part II. of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The following are the Contents of Part II. of this Volume :—Dr Brewster on the Effects of Pressure in Altering the Polarising Structure of Doubly Refracting Crystals.—Dr Murray's Experiments and Observations on Muriatic Acid Gas, &c.—Dr Ure on the Relation between Muriatic Acid and Chlorine.—Dr Brewster on the Distribution of

the Polarising Force in Plates, Tubes, and Cylinders of Glass.—Mr Napier on the Scope and Influence of the Philosophical Writings of Lord Bacon.—Mr Allan on the Geology of the Environs of Nice.—Mr Leslie on Impressions of Cold sent from the Higher Atmosphere.—Major-General Brisbane on finding the Time accurately without equal Altitudes.—Dr Fleming on the Junction of the Fresh Water of the Rivers with the Salt Water of the Sea.—Mr Alison's Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late Lord Woodhouselee.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE, GARDENING, &c.

THE Gardener's Companion, or Horticultural Calendar, Edited from the Original Manuscripts of J. Abercrombie; by J. Mean, gardener to Sir Abr. Hume, Bart. 2s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of her late Royal Highness Charlotte Augusta, Princess of Wales, &c. and of her illustrious consort, Prince Cobourg of Saxe-Cobourg, Saalfeld; by R. Huish, Esq. author of the Peruvians, &c. 8vo. 19s.

Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq. F.R.S. comprising his Diary and a Selection of his Familiar Letters, &c. &c. 2 vols 4to.

BOTANY.

Considerations respecting Cambridge, more particularly relating to its Botanical Professorship; by Sir James Edward Smith, M. D. F. R. S. &c. president of the Linnæan Society. 2s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Horace, with English Notes to the Odes, critical and explanatory, 18mo. 5s. 6d.

DIVINITY.

Messrs Cadell and Davies have just published, dedicated, by special permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the first part of a new and superior edition of the Holy Scriptures, with numerous engravings; and now including a Preface and Historical Accounts of the several Books, written expressly for this edition, by the Rev. Edward Nares, D. D. Rector of Bidenden, Kent, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.—Whilst it is the pious and avowed object of the ancient and venerable Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to disseminate the Word of God, as extensively as possible, among the poorest and the most uninstructed of our fellow-creatures, by the distribution of Bibles printed in the cheapest forms, it has also been thought important, in this opulent and highly civilized

country, to engage young persons in the higher classes of society in a more diligent study of the sacred page, by presenting to them the Bible in a more ornamental form, enriched with graphical illustrations of the text, of undoubted merit and character; thus making the elegant arts of painting and engraving subservient to the advancement of the great interests of Christianity, and the gratification of taste conducive to the improvement of piety. With these views, the present edition has been undertaken, upon a scale of sufficient importance to command the attention of the highest and most enlightened persons, yet with every possible care to avoid unnecessary expense. The mode of its intended publication is detailed in the following Prospectus.—The engravings, which originally appeared in the magnificent and expensive work called Macklin's Bible, and which form the richest and most interesting assemblage of engravings, illustrative of the Holy Scriptures, that have ever been published in any country, consist of seventy historical subjects, executed by the first artists of this country, from pictures painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr West, Mr Louthembourg, Mr Fuseli, Mr Smirke, Mr Stothard, &c. besides more than one hundred vignette head-pieces and tail-pieces, emblematical of the several books. The printing, again executed by Mr Bensley, is in the size called atlas quarto, and the work will be published in twelve parts, price two guineas each. The first part was published on the 1st of June, and the remaining parts will follow regularly on the first day of each succeeding month. For the purpose of ascertaining the degree of support with which the work will be honoured, and of securing a delivery of the copies in exact conformity with the dates of orders, a subscription is solicited; each subscriber paying the price of the first part in advance, and engaging to pay a like sum on the publication of each subsequent part, except the concluding one, which will be delivered gratis. A list of the subscribers will be

printed, and prefixed to the work. The work, when completed, will form three elegant volumes of convenient size; and the price of such complete sets (if any) as may not be subscribed for on the publication of the sixth part, must be much advanced, on account of the limited number to which the edition is necessarily confined.

Reflections concerning the Expediency of a Council of the Church of England and the Church of Rome being holden, with a view to accommodate Religious Differences and to promote the Unity of Religion in the Bond of Peace; by Samuel Wix, A.M.F.R. and A.S. Vicar of St Bartholomew the Less, London, 8vo.

Religio Christiani, a Churchman's Answer to Religio Clerici. 2s.

The Validity of the English Ordination established, in answer to the Rev. P. Gandolph; by the Rev. Thomas Erlington, D.D. provost of Trinity College, Dublin, 8vo. 7s.

Sermons, on the Nature, Offices, and Character, of Jesus Christ; by the Rev. T. Bowdler, A. M. 14s.

The Season and Time, or an Exposition of the Prophecies which relate to the two periods of Daniel, subsequent to the 1260 years now recently expired; by W. Ettrick, A. M. 8vo. 15s.

Vol. III. of Sermons; by the Rev. J. Venn, rector of Clapham, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Facts authentic in Science and Religion; designed to illustrate a new translation of the Bible; by the Rev. W. Cowherd, late minister of Christ-church, Salford. 10s.

Indian Church History, or an Account of the first Planting of the Gospel in Syria, Mesopotamia, and India; with an accurate relation of the first Christian Missions in China; by Thomas Yeates, 8vo. 6s.

Observations on the Bible Society; shewing that the present method of distributing Bibles among the lower orders of people tends rather to check than encourage the doctrine of Christ. 1s. 6d.

A Dissertation on the Prophecies that have been fulfilled, and are now fulfilling, or will hereafter be fulfilled, relative to the great Period of 1260 years; the Papal and Mahommedan Apostacies, the Tyrannical Reign of Antichrist, or the Infidel Power; and the Restoration of the Jews; by the Rev. G. S. Faber, B. D. Rector of Long Newton, Durham. Vol 3d, 8vo. 12s.

* * * The fifth edition of the two former volumes of this Work, £1, 4s.

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A View of the English Stage; containing a series of dramatic criticisms; by W. Hazlitt, 8vo. 12s.

Edward the Second, by C. Marlowe; and Doctor Faustus, by C. Marlowe, 1s. each: forming Numbers II. and III. of Broughton's edition of the Ancient British Drama.

The Black Revenge, or Innocence Rewarded; a tragedy; by Lieut. J. Bramwell, R. N. 3s.

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A Grammar of the Elements of Astronomy, by means of which that sublime Science may be taught in public schools as part of a course of liberal education; by Thomas Squire, royal 18mo. 7s. 6d.

A new edition of Mr Lenon's English Spelling, enlarged and much improved, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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A brief Description of Nova Scotia, including a particular Account of the Island of Grand Monan: by Anthony Lockwood, assistant surveyor general of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, 4to.

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A Selection of Facts from the best Authorities, arranged so as to form an outline of the Geology of England and Wales; by Wm Phillips. 8s.

HISTORY.

The History of England, from its earliest records to the death of Elizabeth, in a series of Essays, accompanied with Reflections, References to original Authorities, and Historical Questions; by Thomas Morell, in 8vo, 12s.—12mo, 5s. 6d.—Vol. II. will speedily be published, which will complete the series.

New editions of the Histories of Rome and Greece are just published.

A Universal History, in twenty-four Books; translated from the German of John Von Muller, 3 vols 8vo. £1, 16s.

A General History of Malvern; intended to comprise all the advantages of a Guide, with the more important details of Chemical, Mineralogical, and Statistical Information; by John Chambers, Esq. crown 8vo, 9s.—demy 8vo, with plates, 15s.

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Surgical Observations; being a Quarterly Report of Cases in Surgery; by Charles Bell, surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital; Vol. II. Part I. 8vo. 6s.

An Essay on the Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment of Inversio Uteri; with a history of the successful extirpation of that organ during the chronic stage of the disease; by W. Newnham, surgeon, Farnham, 8vo. 5s.

Practical Observations on the Treatment of the Diseases of the Prostrate Gland; illustrated with plates; by Sir E. Home. Vol. II. 8vo. 14s.

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Practical Observations on the Action of Morbid Sympathies, as included in the Pathology of certain Diseases; in a Series of Letters to his Son, on his leaving the University of Edinburgh, in the year 1809; by Andrew Wilson, M. D. Kelso, 8vo. 9s.

The Angler's Vade-Mecum; containing a Descriptive Account of the Water Flies, their seasons, and the kind of weather that impels them on the water. The whole represented in 12 coloured plates. To which is added, a Description of the different Baits used in Angling, and where found; by W. Carrol, post 8vo. 9s.

An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language; in which the Words are deduced from their Originals, explained in their different Senses, and authorised by the Names of the Writers in whose Works they occur; abridged from the 4to. edition, by the Author, John Jamieson, D. D. Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, and of the American Antiquarian Society, 8vo. 14s.

The Problem Solved; in the Explication of a Plan for a safe, steady, and secure Government Paper Currency and Legal Tender; by Samuel Read, 8vo. 1s.

Constitution of the Royal Burghs of Scotland, from their Charters, as exhibited in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1793; to which is added, a Translation of the Election Clauses, &c. 5s.

History of the Feuds and Conflicts of the Clans, and a Narrative of the Massacre of Glencoe. 2s.

Companion to the Glasgow Botanic Garden, or Popular Notices of some of the more remarkable Plants contained in it;

illustrated by an engraved plan, with references to the arrangement of the garden.—This work is published under the authority of the directors. It notices a few of the plants already obtained, generally such as are remarkable either for variety, beauty, singularity of structure, or usefulness in medicine, the arts, or in commerce. To make it as comprehensive as possible, the general regulations of the garden, an abstract of the agreement between the proprietors and the Faculty of the College of Glasgow, with a list of the present office-bearers, is subjoined. Such a publication, it is presumed, will not be unacceptable to the generality of the proprietors and their families, and it is hoped that they will endeavour to promote its sale. It is proposed to devote whatever profits may accrue from its sale towards the establishment of a library, to be kept in the lecture-room for the use of the proprietors. 3s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Law of Scotland, relative to the erection, union, and disjunction of parishes; the patronages of ecclesiastical benefices; and the manses and glebes of the parochial clergy: by John Connell, Esq. advocate, procurator for the Church of Scotland, and author of "A Treatise on the Law of Scotland respecting Tythes," 8vo. 16s.

The Picture of Glasgow, from the earliest period to the present time; to which is added, a Sketch of a Tour to Loch Lomond, the Trosachs, Perth, Inverary, the Falls of Clyde, &c. &c. third edition, considerably enlarged; embellished with the following engravings—the Catholic Chapel, Carlton Place, the Lunatic Asylum, a map of the city, and a chart of the river Clyde from Glasgow to Ayr; dedicated to James Ewing, Esq. Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures of this city, 8vo. 7s.

A Guide to Botany, or a familiar illustration of the Linnæan Classification of Plants, with coloured engravings; by Jas. Millar, M. D. 12mo. 7s.

Public Records of Scotland.—The Right Honourable his Majesty's Commissioners on the Public Records of the kingdom, have been pleased to authorise the sale of the following works, prepared and published under their direction:

I. The Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland.

Vol. II.—A. D. 1424—A. D. 1567.

Vol. III.—A. D. 1567—A. D. 1592.

Vol. IV.—A. D. 1592—A. D. 1625.

Vol. V.—A. D. 1625—A. D. 1641.

Price of the four vols (half-bd), £9 : 19 : 6.

II. Registrum Magni Sigilli Regum Sctorum in publicis Archivis asservatum:—A. D. 1306—A. D. 1424.—Price (half-bd) £2, 2s.

III. Inquisitionum ad Capellam Domini Regis Retornatarum quæ in Archivis Publicis Scotiæ adhuc servantur Abbreviatio, 3 vols, price (half-bound) £6, 6s.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

SCOTTISH CHRONICLE.

MAY.

THE building of two new rooms for the Lords Ordinary in the Court of Session has commenced, to the south of the outer-house.

A set of elegant plans, for improving the Cathedral Church of St Giles, in this city, were laid lately before the Magistrates and Council, drawn by Mr Arch. Elliot, architect. One plan is to have only two churches, viz. the present High Church, and a similar one to the west of it, where the present New North Church stands, taking away that church, the Tolbooth Church, and part of the Old Church; by another, to have three churches—the High Church, the Old Church, and a new erection in place of the New North and Tolbooth Churches, with accommodation for the General Assembly, Presbytery, &c. The designs are much admired, and, when carried into execution, will be highly ornamental to the city.

The Incorporation of Mary's Chapel, the Royal College and Incorporation of Surgeons, and the Hammermen, of Edinburgh, —and the Guildry Incorporation of Dundee,—have determined to oppose the bill now pending in Parliament, relative to the revenues and expenditure of the royal burghs.

The Earl of Hopetoun has subscribed fifty guineas to the Astronomical Institution.

Curious Attachment.—There is at Barclay's Hotel, Adams' Square, in this city, a hen which has been sitting the usual time, but being deprived of her little family by the severity of the weather, she has attached herself to a small pig that has been taken from his natural protector, and she clucks round him, and shelters him under her wings, with paternal solicitude and tenderness. The little pig, grateful for this peculiar favour conferred upon him, is equally attached to his adopted parent.

The Freeholders and Commissioners of Supply of the county of Perth, have agreed to place a portrait of his Grace the Duke of Atholl in the new county-hall, as a testimony of respect and esteem for his character, and for the eminent services he has rendered to the county of Perth, and are to request his Grace to sit for that purpose.

4.—On Saturday, between three and four o'clock, the foundation stone of the new Observatory, for the Astronomical Institution on the Calton Hall, was laid with the usual ceremonies. A list of the directors, contributors, or members of the society, engraved on a plate of platina, also the gold,

silver, and copper coins of the kingdom, were deposited within the stone. The Lord Provost and Magistrates, and a number of the Members of the Institution, were present. The site of the new erection is on the east of the old observatory; it will be a neat and elegant building.

7.—*Banff.*—Yesterday, a head-court of this town had been called by the Magistrates, for the special purpose of submitting to the consideration of the inhabitants, certain plans for the improvement and enlargement of the harbour, which had been prepared by Mr Telford, under the direction of the Parliamentary Commissioners for Highland roads, &c. which were unanimously approved of, and the Magistrates were authorised by the Court to contract with the Parliamentary Commissioners for the execution of the work, and to borrow, upon the credit of the community, the sum necessary to enable them to fulfil their engagement.

10.—A new sort of potato, called the bread fruit potato, from its uncommon productiveness, is getting rapidly into estimation. Mr Inman of Spaxton, near Bridgewater, planted last year, in the common way, in a heavy soil, without manure, or any extra attention, two potatoes of that variety, weighing four ounces; the produce was 264 ounces, being an increase per acre (allowing six sacks to be the proper quantity to seed an acre) of 396 sacks. Heligoland beans may be cultivated with the bread fruit potato with success, by dropping about half a bushel per acre in the channels with the potatoes when planted, as they grow and ripen at the same time, without deteriorating the crop of potatoes.

New Plough.—A farmer at Ringway, in Lancashire, has completed a running plough, on which are a pair of rollers. At one operation it ploughs two furrows, laying one to the right and the other to the left, and rolls two half-butts, leaving the surface smooth even for the scythe.

12.—On Friday night, in the House of Commons, the Scots Burgh Regulation Bill, with due regard to the universal voice against it, was ordered to be read a second time that day six months.

13.—On Wednesday the following distressing accident happened at Coats, near Airdrie:—A number of men, employed in taking down the gable of an old house, stationed James Leggat to give the alarm; which he did, but not coming away time-

ously himself, he was buried among the ruins and killed. The rest got out unhurt. The deceased was a young man lately married.

Guildry of Edinburgh.—At an adjourned meeting held in Freemasons' Hall on Tuesday last, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved of. The code of bye-laws was again taken into consideration, and, after some discussion, it was agreed, that, with the exception of those relating to fines, they should be adopted, and be in force till next quarterly meeting in August. The clerk then produced and read a summons of declarator against the Magistrates and Town Council, which was approved of, and ordered to be executed.

A bill has at length been introduced, and is now in progress, for abolishing the sinecure office of Lord Justice-General of the Court of Justiciary in Scotland, at present held by the Duke of Montrose, who, however, will continue to receive the salary, which is £2000 a-year, during his life.

Aberdeen.—We understand that a very extensive contract with Government, for the supply of granite to the public works at Sheerness, has been taken by some gentlemen in this place. The quantity required is about 700,000 cubic feet, which will give work to quarriers, labourers, &c. as well as afford employment to shipping for some time to come.

The Lords of the Treasury have extended the privileges of the bonding system generally to the port of Dundee.

The body of one of the unfortunate sufferers by the shipwreck of the Forth Packet of Aberdeen, was found on the beach at Montrose last Monday, and decently interred. From the remains of his dress, it was ascertained that he had been in the service of the artillery. Various fragments of human bodies, and some articles of dress, &c. have been picked up since the melancholy accident, which leaves little doubt that most of the bodies were buried in the Annet, under the deck and some tons of stones. We think it very likely that the present easterly storm, which has raised a tremendous surf, will shift the sand bank, and discover more bodies.—*Montrose Paper.*

13.—*Court of Session.*—This day the Court of Session met for the despatch of business for the summer session. The whole of the Judges were present except Lord Succoth.

The second division of the Court took into consideration a petition for the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, reclaiming against a former interlocutor sustaining the title of Deacon Laurie and certain other persons, complaining of the last election of Magistrates for this city, which was ordered to be answered. A petition for Deacon Laurie, reclaiming against an interlocutor of the Court, finding him liable in £160 of expenses to the Magistrates of

Edinburgh, the City Clerks, and the Keeper of the City Records, was refused: their Lordships adhering to their former interlocutor.

18.—*Air.*—On Tuesday, the 5th instant, while the servant girl at New Dailly Mill was in the act of removing a quantity of dust from the lower floor of the mill, a heavy bag full of wheat fell from the upper floor upon her, broke the bone of one of her thighs, dislocated the bone of the other, and bruised her otherways so dreadfully, that her life is in imminent danger. There are many circumstances attending this misfortune, tending to create a suspicion that the falling of the wheat on the woman was not accidental.

19.—On Saturday se'ennight, at ten o'clock, a Committee of the Privy Council assembled at the Cockpit, Whitehall, to take into consideration the petition to the King in Council of the late Magistrates of Aberdeen, praying for the restoration of their ancient elective franchise; and also of the petition of the Burgesses of Guild, and a very numerous and respectable body of the inhabitants, praying for a new Set (constitution) of the burgh, for regulating the future elections of their Magistrates and Town Council. The members of the Committee who attended were more than usually numerous; they consisted of the following persons:—The Earl of Harrowby (President), the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Melville, Sir W. Grant, Sir W. Scott, the Vice Chancellor, the Solicitor General, Mr Bragge Bathurst, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland. Council having been ordered to attend on both petitions, Mr Warren and Mr Serjeant Copley were heard on behalf of the Magistrates, and Sir Samuel Romilly and Mr Moncrieff for the Burgesses. In the course of his speech Sir Samuel Romilly said, that perhaps he could not express himself more strongly in support of the petition of the Burgesses, and of the necessity of a radical change in the constitution of the burgh, than by reading the declaration or manifesto which the Magistrates themselves, previous to their retirement from office in September last, had, after mature deliberation, printed and published in that paper; these very gentlemen, who now appeared as petitioners for the restoration of the former mode of election, stated, as their decided opinion, "that the present mode of election of the Town Council, and management of the town's affairs, are radically defective and improvident, tending to give to any individual or party an excessive and unnatural preponderance, and to foster and encourage a system of concealment; that some change ought to be effected in the manner of electing the Council, and an effectual control given to the citizens over the expenditure of the public funds; and that to the absence of such checks in the constitution of the burgh, they ascribe

the heavy calamity which has befallen it." Mr Warren being heard in reply, the Court was cleared, but the result of their Lordships' deliberation on the petitions will not be declared till it has been communicated to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. The decision will be important, as it will no doubt form a precedent in the future determination of all petitions to his Majesty in Council respecting the elections of the Magistrates of the Royal Burghs of Scotland.

20.—*Air.*—On Monday se'ennight, about two o'clock in the morning, the farm-house of Teabarn, in the parish of Fenwick, possessed by John Lindsay, was discovered to be on fire. Scarcely had the family time to escape, when the whole steading was in a general conflagration. The whole furniture was destroyed, and the cattle, consisting of fifteen cows, some horses, calves, &c. were burnt to death. A recognition was taken on Tuesday by the Justices of that district, in consequence of a strong suspicion that the fire did not arise from accident.

20.—Early on Monday morning, an Irishman of the name of Bernard Loverty *alias* M'Quid, of the county of Donegall, stole from the house of a countryman of his own, in the parish of Campsie, a silver watch, and various articles of wearing apparel, to the value of about £20. He was apprehended in Glasgow on Tuesday, and carried to the police-office. The watch was got in his possession, and a shirt which he had on was taken off him, being one of those he had stolen. On Thursday he gave information, that if an officer would go along with him, about three miles out of town, he would shew him where the remainder of the stolen articles were; he, accompanied by a police officer, went accordingly, and proceeded as far as Cadder, and went into a house occupied by a numerous Irish family. He had not been long there when he found means to run off. The police officer immediately pursued him; and, on the fellow's seeing that the officer was nearing him, he threw off his shoes, and ran into the river Kelvin; he swam a considerable way with his face downwards, then he threw himself on his back and rested himself; some time after he sunk, but soon came up; he again sunk, and rose no more. The officer then went to the house from which he had run, and told the landlady what had happened, on which she exclaimed, "Oh, the d—I help him, he had nothing ado to go into the water."

The Magistrates have received a remission to Patrick Main and George Aitchison, respited prisoners in the tolbooth of this city, on condition of transportation; the said Patrick Main for life, and George Aitchison for fourteen years.

A melancholy accident happened at the South Queensferry, on the 4th inst. by the oversetting of a small boat in the harbour, whereby David Miller, private of the 42d regiment, was unfortunately drowned.

There were other two young lads in the boat, who escaped by swimming; but Miller, unable to keep himself until assistance was procured, sunk, and remained under water fully a quarter of an hour before he was dragged up, and notwithstanding every thing was done that could be devised by the medical people of the place to restore animation, no symptoms of it could be produced. Miller was an uncommon stout good-looking man, aged 25, and was of the grenadier company. He has left a disconsolate young widow, far advanced in pregnancy, to deplore his loss.

On the morning of Saturday, 2d inst. the workmen in one of the coal pits belonging to Mr Houston of Johnston, at Quarleton, had unfortunately taken out the coal too near an old pit filled with water, when the water broke in and inundated the work, by which seven men, it was feared, had lost their lives. Though a powerful steam engine was instantly set to work, and continued to do so night and day, it was observed by the following Monday, that such was the vast accumulation of water, that little progress had been made, and there was no prospect of speedily getting at the men who might be above the level of the water by this means; it was therefore resolved to drive a mine from the pit to the place where it was probable the men might be. Accordingly, on Tuesday morning, the 5th inst. the mine was begun, and completed on the morning of the 12th inst.; this mine was about four feet by three, and only two persons could work at a time. From the plans kept of the workings of this coal-work, it was known for some days, that by Monday or Tuesday the mine would be driven through, and the public anxiety was excited in no common degree to learn the result. The opening of the mine into the work was considered to be attended with danger from the foul air, and it was arranged that Robert Hodgert, and his brother William, should encounter this danger. When they broke through, the foul air instantly extinguished their lights, and the feelings of the parties may be more easily conceived than described, when the words, "Is that you, uncle?" saluted the ears of Robert Hodgert. These words were uttered by his nephew, William Hodgert, who, along with his brother James, had heard the sound of the mining for, as they conjecture, two days, and were waiting for deliverance from one of the most awful possible situations. They immediately entered the mine, and got out, and fortunate it was that they were able to do so, for their father and uncle declared, that such was the effect of the bad air on them, that they would not have entered to render them assistance. Their only sustenance for ten days and ten nights, in total darkness, amidst bad air, was the impure water of the pit and three pieces of oat cake, which, by groping round the work, they found in the pockets of the clothes left by some of the

men who escaped. The only person in the same awful situation with themselves, that the Hodgerts had any communication with, was Alexander Barr, but whose voice they had ceased to hear, as they suppose, for at least two days before their deliverance. From the time they heard the miners at work, they occasionally threw stones at the place from which the sound proceeded, in order that the miners might know they were alive, but the miners did not hear them. To enter the mine is now impracticable, owing to the bad air, and it will be a number of weeks before the water is drawn from the pit; consequently the fate of the remaining five men is certain. The names of those who have not been got out are, James Brodie, James Inglis, Alexander Barr, Alexander Shaw, and John Hunter. The last mentioned was a man of 85 years of age. Shaw is a young lad, and Alexander Barr is said to have left a large family. At the time the accident happened, there were in the coal work 25 persons and four horses. Eighteen of the men made their escape when they heard the rushing of the water, the two Hodgerts were got out, and the above-mentioned five persons and the four horses remain in the work.

Aberdeen.—The interlocutor pronounced by the Second Division of the Court of Session, on the 11th March last, upon the petition of George Still, &c. praying for the appointment of an interim magistracy for this city, was brought under the review of the Court lately, upon a reclaiming petition by Bailie Garden and others; when their Lordships were pleased to decern as follows:

Copy, Interlocutor of the Second Division of the Court of Session, on the Reclaiming Petition of Messrs Garden, Fraser, and Johnston.—19th May 1818.—The Lords having considered the said petition, with a minute for George Still and others, nominate and appoint Robert Garden, David Chalmers, and James Milne, Esquires, and the survivors of them; and failing the acceptance of any two of them, Alexander Duncan and Charles Walker, Esquires, to act as managers of the city of Aberdeen, and of the common good thereof; and to set the said common good yearly, from year to year, or for three years certain, but for no longer space; and to administrate, on the part of the burgh, the affairs of the works, mortifications, and hospitals, and to control the management of the factors, they being obliged, before entering on their offices, to find caution to the satisfaction of the managers of the burgh. And also nominate and appoint the said managers of the burgh to act as bailies and magistrates, in taking care of the police of the said city, and in receiving and discharging, and awarding alimony to prisoners under the act 1696, commonly called the "Act of Grace," or otherwise; and to exercise the whole powers of the said act: And also for receiving resignations,

and granting infestments thereon, on the cognition of heirs, *more burgi*, in burgage tenements, and lands held of the burgh: And also for regulating the assize of bread, weights and measures, and superintending the public markets. Farther, the Lords nominate and appoint Robert Abercrombie, Esq. merchant in Aberdeen, to act as treasurer of said city; he finding caution to the satisfaction of the said managers, for his intronissions with the funds, before entering on his office. They also authorise and empower Alexander Bannerman, Esq. to act as Dean of Guild of the said city: And lastly, they nominate and appoint Alexander Dingwall, Esq. to act as Master of Kirk and Bridge Works; John Forbes, Esq. to act as Master of Mortifications; Alexander Forbes, Esq. to act as Master of Guild Brethren's Hospital; and William Johnston, Esq.: and failing his acceptance, Alexander Rhind, Esq. to act as Master of Shore Works. And declare, that the nominations made by this deliverance shall endure and continue for the space of two years from this date, unless the same shall before that time be recalled or altered by the Court; or unless the corporation of the city of Aberdeen shall be restored to a legal Magistracy by poll election, or otherwise; and decern. And with these variations adhere to the interlocutor brought under review; and appoint this deliverance to be recorded in the books of sederunt; and dispense with the minute book.

(Signed) D. BOYLE, I. P. D.

Signed 21st May.

The Lady of the Lake steam boat left Newhaven one day last week, went to Stirling, and returned back to Newhaven, a distance of more than 100 miles, all stoppages included, in ten hours and ten minutes.

At a general meeting of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, held on Friday last, the report of the committee recommending that the law-suits in regard to the buildings on the North Bridge should be compromised, was unanimously adopted. One storey is accordingly to be taken off the three southmost of the tenements at present built, and the southmost one, which is building, is only to be two, in place of four stories above the bridge. The committee was re-appointed for the purpose of seeing the compromise carried into effect.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Wednesday, May 20.—This evening the Right Hon. the Earl of Errol, his Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, held a levee at half past seven o'clock, in the Merchants' Hall, when the Lord Provost and Magistrates were, according to custom, introduced, and presented to his Grace the ancient silver keys of the city, in the usual form.

Thursday, his Grace, after holding a levee,

walked in procession from the Merchants' Hall to the High Church, where he was received by the Magistrates and Town-Council in their robes. Among other distinguished persons in the procession, we observed the Earl of Hopetoun, the Earl of Moray, the Earl of Wemyss, Lord Gray, Lord Ashburton, Lord Robert Kerr, the Bishop of Kildare, Sir James Douglas, Sir H. Elphinston, the Lord Provost, Lord Advocate, General Hope, Sir Gregory Way, General Duff, Colonel Wauchope, Hon. Captain Napier, Colonel Wallace, and other officers of the 88th regiment, the Lord Chief Commissioner, Baron Sir John Stuart, Baron Clerk Rattray, Commissioner Fotheringham, &c. &c.

The streets were lined by detachments of the Scots Greys and the 88th regiment.

After divine service, his Grace the Commissioner went to the Assembly Room, when the members proceeded to choose a Moderator. The Rev. Dr Campbell, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and secretary to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge in Scotland, was unanimously elected.

The Prince Regent's commission in name of his Majesty, a letter, and also a warrant for two thousand pounds, to be employed towards the propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands of Scotland, were read. After which the Assembly was opened by his Grace the Commissioner, in a speech from the throne, to which the Moderator made a suitable reply.

Friday, May 22.—The Assembly appointed Mr James Strachan, minister of Cavers, to preach on Sunday, in the forenoon, and Mr Robert Buchanan of Peebles, in the afternoon;—Mr John Paul of Straiton, on Sunday the 31st, in the forenoon, and Mr William Shaw of Langholm, in the afternoon.

Monday, May 25.—The Assembly heard the reference and appeal from the Presbytery of Paisley, with respect to the patronage of Kilmalcolm. The case, as stated by the parties, was this, viz. "Whether the right of a patronage can be acquired during the vacancy of the church, and whether that right can be exercised by the patron in giving away the presentation of that *vice*?"

After much reasoning, the Assembly found, that it did not appear to them that there was any law of the land to prohibit such a right from being acquired and exercised, and therefore sustained the reference, dismissed the appeal, and desired the Presbytery to proceed to the settlement of the presentee, according to the rules of the church.

Tuesday, May 26.—Dr Nicol gave notice, that he would, in a future diet, move for the appointment of a committee to take the proper steps for obtaining a legislative enactment to prevent the sale of a patronage during the vacancy of a parish; a measure which, he confidently trusted, would

meet the cordial approbation of the church and of the country.

The Moderator stated to the Assembly, that he had received a letter from Henry Brougham, Esq. chairman of a committee of the Hon. House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the education of the poor of Great Britain. Ordered to lie on the table.

The Assembly took under consideration a reference from the Synod of Moray, for advice on a decision in the cause of Mr John Clark, minister of the gospel, and teacher of the academy of Inverness, which cause had been brought before them by protest and appeal against a sentence of the Presbytery of Inverness, deposing the said Mr Clark from the office of the holy ministry. It was admitted on the part of the Presbytery, that they had proceeded irregularly, and that there was no adequate evidence in proof of the libel. Parties being heard, the Assembly found that the libel against Mr Clark had been irregularly laid and proceeded in; that there was no evidence of the articles contained in the libel; and therefore they unanimously agreed to reverse the sentence of the Presbytery, and acquit Mr Clark from the whole charges laid against him; and they ordered the whole proceedings in this cause to be expunged from the minutes and record of the Synod of Moray, &c. &c.

Wednesday, May 27.—A Committee was appointed to draw up an answer to the queries contained in Mr Brougham's letter, and to transmit the same to London as soon as possible. In the mean time, the Moderator was instructed to write a respectful letter to that gentleman, to inform him that the Assembly will pay the earliest attention to the subject.

The Assembly had transmitted to them, from their Committee of Bills, extract minutes from the Presbytery of Stirling, referring to the Assembly a libel which had been given in to them against Dr Robert Moodie, minister of Clackmannan, and a member of that Presbytery, by certain heritors and parishioners of that parish, and one of the elders. The Assembly unanimously agreed to instruct the Presbytery of Stirling, at their first ordinary meeting, to serve the libel on Dr Moodie, thereafter to proceed to judge of its relevancy, and if no appeal be taken against their judgment, to go on to the probation of the libel without delay, according to the rules of the church, and to finish the same, notwithstanding any appeals which may be taken against their procedure; but the Assembly enjoin the Presbytery, if any such be taken, to sist pronouncing a final judgment, until these appeals be disposed of.

The Assembly had also transmitted to them, from their Committee of Bills, extract minutes from the Presbytery of Dunfermline, referring to the Assembly, for advice and decision, a cause relating to the ringing of the bells of the parish church of

Dunfermline on the Lord's day of the 12th of April last, which had been brought before them by a reference from the Kirk Session. The extract of the Presbytery being read, and Mr Bryce, a member of the Presbytery, having been heard on the subject of the reference, the Assembly agreed to sustain it. Francis Jeffrey, Esq. was heard as counsel for the magistrates of Dunfermline; Henry Cockburn, Esq. Mr A. M'Lean, and Mr Peter Chalmers, for the ministers; and Robert Thomson, Esq. for the Presbytery and Kirk Session; after which the Assembly found, that the power of regulating the time and manner of ringing the bells of the parish church, as connected with ecclesiastical and religious purposes, belonged exclusively to the minister or ministers of the parish, and that the proceedings in this cause, on the part of the magistrates of Dunfermline, were irregular and reprehensible. At the same time the Assembly remitted to a Committee, to consider what steps may be proper for preserving the rights of the church.

Thursday, May 28.—The Assembly took under consideration the petition of Dr Macknight, appealing against the sentence of the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, of 5th May current, reversing a sentence of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, of 1st December 1817, refusing the petition of certain inhabitants of Edinburgh, craving that the Cowgate Chapel be received into communion of the church as a chapel of ease. Parties being called, there appeared in support of the appeal, Dr Macknight, Dr Inglis, Sir H. Moncrieff, Mr Andrew Thomson, Dr David Ritchie, Mr Dickson, jun. members of the Presbytery of Edinburgh; and Dr Meiklejohn and Mr Buchanan, members of the Synod, appeared as dissenters against the sentence of the Synod. Messrs Mackenzie, Ramsay, Mackellar, and Ritchie, members of the Synod, appeared for the Synod. Mr Somerville, complainer against the sentence of the Presbytery, appeared for himself, and Francis Jeffrey and Henry Cockburn, Esqrs. appeared as counsel for the petitioners. Parties having been fully heard, it was moved to sustain the appeal and complaint, reverse the sentence of the Synod, and affirm that of the Presbytery. A counter-motion was also made to dismiss the appeal, &c. The vote being called for, there appeared for the first motion 98, and for the second 32; majority 66. And the Assembly thereby sustained the appeal and complaint, reversed the sentence of the Synod admitting the chapel into communion, and affirmed the sentence of the Presbytery.

Friday, May 29.—Dr Gibb presented a letter which he had received from Sturges Bourne, Esq. Chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons, upon the Poor Laws, which was read and ordered to be recorded.

The names of Sir Henry Moncrieff, Dr Macknight, and Mr Andrew Thomson, who are not members of Assembly, were ordered to be added to the Committee upon the Portobello Chapel.

The Assembly then took under consideration the petition and appeal of the Rev. James Russell, Minister of Gairloch, with concurrence of upwards of 150 of his parishioners, against certain proceedings of the Presbytery of Lochcarron. Parties being fully heard, it was unanimously agreed to sustain the appeal, reverse the sentence of the Presbytery, dismiss the accusation and petition against Mr Russell, of 2d September 1817, as irregular and incompetent; acquit Mr Russell from all the charges contained in said petition, prohibit all further procedure thereon, and ordain the minutes of all proceedings already held on these charges to be expunged from the records of the Presbytery and Synod.

The Assembly then took into consideration a petition from the Marquis of Tweeddale and others, heritors of the parish of Channelkirk, appellants, against a sentence of the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale, of the 28th of October 1817, affirming a sentence of the Presbytery of Lauder, of 24th June 1817, refusing to serve with a libel Mr John Brown, Minister of Channelkirk. The appellants charged Mr Brown with a wilful and continued dereliction of the duty of public preaching, and other duties and functions of his office. All parties being heard, after a short debate, it was moved to dismiss the appeal, and affirm the sentences of the Synod and Presbytery. Another motion was made to sustain the appeal, and reverse the sentence of the Synod and Presbytery, and remit to them to serve Mr Brown with that part of the libel which charges Mr Brown with giving up the performance of public worship within his parish, and to proceed to judge of the relevancy thereof. A vote was then taken, when the first motion was carried by a great majority; therefore, the General Assembly, in terms of said motion, dismissed the appeal, and affirmed the sentence of the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale, and the sentence of the Presbytery of Lauder.

Saturday, May 30.—The report of the Trustees of the Ministers' Widows' Fund was given in by Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, the Collector, and ordered to lie on the table till Monday. The thanks of the Assembly were then given from the chair to the Collector, for his diligence, tenderness, and fidelity, in the discharge of his duties, and for his attention at all times to the interests of the Fund.

The report of the Committee upon the management of the Poor was given in by Principal Baird, Convener of the Sub-Committee, together with various schedules and documents referred to in the report, or connected therewith. The unanimous and cor-

dial thanks of the Assembly were given from the chair to the Sub-Committee, and more particularly to Principal Baird, their Convener, for the singular zeal, diligence, and assiduity, he had shown in the accomplishment of the very important business entrusted to him. The Assembly also renewed the appointment of the Committee, Principal Baird to be Convener, and directed them to proceed in their usual labours, until they shall complete the report respecting the few parishes which had not returned an answer to the queries of the Committee, authorising them at same time to communicate, if necessary, with the Committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons, upon the Poor Laws, with respect to every subject connected with the object of their appointment.

Dr Nicol, in pursuance of a former notice, moved that a Committee be appointed to take proper steps to procure a legislative enactment to prevent the sale of the patronage of a parish during its vacancy; which was agreed to, Dr Nicol to be Convener of said Committee.

The Assembly took into consideration extract minutes of the Presbyteries of Strathbogie and Aberlour, referring to them the conduct of Mr John Macdonald, Minister of Urquhart, in preaching in other parishes than his own, within the bounds of the above Presbyteries. Mr Cruickshanks, a member of the Presbytery of Strathbogie, was heard in support of the reference, and Mr Macdonald in explanation. After long reasoning, a motion was made and seconded, that "Having considered the references, the Assembly declare, that the performance of Divine Service, or of any part of public worship or service, by ministers of this church, in meeting-houses of Dissenters, is irregular and unconstitutional, and ought on no occasion to take place, except in cases which, from the peculiar circumstances of the parish, its minister may find it occasionally necessary for conducting the ordinary religious instruction of his people; and the Assembly further declare, that the conduct of any minister of the church who exercises his pastoral functions in a vagrant manner, preaching during his journeys from place to place in the open air, in other parishes than his own, or officiating in any meeting for religious exercises, without the special invitation of the minister within whose parish it shall be held, and by whom such meetings shall be called, is disorderly, and unbecoming the character of a minister of this church, and calculated to weaken the hands of the minister of the parish, and to injure the interests of sound religion; and the Assembly enjoin Presbyteries to take order that no countenance be given by ministers within their bounds to such occasional meetings proposed to be held for Divine Service, or other pious purposes, as may, under the pretext of promoting religion, injure its interests, and so disturb the peace and order

of the church; and in case such meetings take place, the Presbyteries within whose bounds they are held, are enjoined to report the same to the meeting of the General Assembly next ensuing." Another motion was made and seconded, that "the Assembly having considered the references, find it unnecessary to emit any declaration relative to the subject thereof, the existing laws of the church being sufficient to prevent the irregularity complained of; and recommend to the ministers of this church to exercise their usual vigilance in giving all due effect to these laws."

A vote was taken on these motions, when the first was carried by a considerable majority, and therefore the General Assembly declare, and enjoin in terms of the first motion.

Monday, June 1.—The Committee on the Portobello Chapel made their report, which went to admit the chapel into communion of the church, as a chapel of ease, and to approve of certain regulations that had been drawn up for its government. The Assembly entirely concurred in the sentiments of the report, and unanimously approved of it accordingly.

The Assembly added to the instructions already given the Committee appointed to draw up answers to Mr Brougham's queries, that they take all competent and advisable measures for inquiring into, and ascertaining the state of the means of, education, particularly in the Highlands and Islands, and to communicate with the clergy and others, as to all useful matters for attaining the object of their appointment.

The next cause was a petition from Mr Andrew Thomson, as member of the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, and of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, appealing against a sentence of that Synod of 5th May last, affirming a previous sentence of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, which refused to sustain the certificate of Mr George Crone, attendant on the Second Divinity and Church History Class in the University. Mr Thomson and Mr Dickson, jun. appeared as appellants against the several sentences. Mr Robert Buchanan appeared for the Synod, and Dr Inglis for the Presbytery. Parties having been heard, it was moved to dismiss the appeal, and affirm the sentence of the Synod and Presbytery. It was also moved to sustain the appeal, and reverse the sentence, &c.; and the votes being called, there appeared for the first motion 57, for the second 24, affirming the sentence of the Synod and Presbytery by a majority of 33.

The usual routine business being disposed of, his Grace the Commissioner, in a speech from the Throne, dissolved the Assembly in name of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on behalf of his Majesty. The Moderator then dissolved the Assembly in the usual form.

The next General Assembly is appointed to meet on the 20th May 1819.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—June 11, 1818.

Sugar. The market is now generally better supplied with new Muscovadoes, and the business considerable, at about 1s. per cwt. lower in price. The refiners and grocers only purchase small quantities at a time, in order to supply their immediate wants, in anticipation that, as the arrivals become more numerous, the prices will decline. Pine Sugars are, generally speaking, scarce. About 1000 lhds were sold in Liverpool last week. In London, 5255 bags East India Sugars were disposed of at a decline of 2s. to 3s. per cwt. in price. The Refined market was heavy and declining. The demand for Molasses was steady and considerable. The arrivals from the West Indies may now be expected to become daily more numerous, and the crops in some of the islands are now ascertained to be only equal to that of the preceding year, which was short.—*Coffee.* The very great advance which had taken place on this article, rendered it probable that a decline would take place. Accordingly the market of late has rather been dull, and prices on the decline from 2s. to 3s. per cwt. The last advices from the Continent, however, are more favourable; and the market has accordingly become more steady, and inquiries more numerous. This article is, however, so very high in price, that it is not probable that any great advance can now take place upon it. At the India House, 2658 were last week brought forward and disposed of. The price of Coffee may fairly be stated to be generally on the decline, and the market heavy.—*Cotton.* The sales of Cotton at Liverpool have been regular, but by no means brisk. The supplies have of late been considerable; but the demand has, generally speaking, been in proportion, and the prices, accordingly, tolerably steady. The sales in Liverpool, of the former week, amount to 3500 bags. In London the purchases amounted to 1600 bags; and the East India Company have declared a sale, on the 26th inst. of 16,860 bags. Advices from the Southern States of America state, that considerable damage has been done to the young Cotton by black frosts in the spring.—*Corn.* The Corn market has been, in several instances, not only steady but on the advance. The supplies, either of home or foreign Grain, have of late been but limited. There is little doubt, however, but the present uncommon settled and warm weather, which seems to be general over all the northern hemisphere, will produce early and abundant crops, and at last reduce the price of Grain greatly.—*Irish Provisions.* The shipping demand for prime Provisions continue. Bacon is heavy, and good Butter is scarce. Some parcels of new Butter are, however, beginning to come to market, and the supply will soon be equal to the demand.—*Rice.* The market for Rice has been heavy, and the price declining. A sale of 6652 bags at the India House, some days ago, went off better than could have been anticipated. Carolina Rice, for home consumption, continues in regular demand.—*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.* The price of Tallow is merely nominal, and sales limited. In Flax there is no variation. Accounts from Petersburg, stating that an advance of five roubles had taken place in the price of Hemp, had no effect on the London market.—*Naval Stores.* There are no sales of rough Turpentine. Spirits are declining; and in the other articles there is no variation.—*Oil.* Every description of Oil may be stated at a decline in price, and the market very heavy. The stock of Palm Oil in Liverpool is very low.—*Tobacco.* In this article there has lately been few transactions. There is very little doing in Shumac. There is a fair demand for Pearl Ashes.—*American Tar,* offered for sale in Liverpool, was withdrawn on account of the low prices offered.—*Pine Timber* is very dull of sale, as is also Quercitson Bark. All other articles in commerce may be stated as in our last Report.—*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.* The Rum market has been heavy and declining. Geneva is lower; and Brandy, chiefly of inferior quality, is still declining in price.—*Wine.* There is no alteration in price since the late great rise on Port Wine, though it is rumoured that a still farther advance will take place on almost every description. The exchanges have become much against this country, which, of itself, has occasioned an increase of 5 per cent. in price.

The Revenue of the country continues to improve in a regular and progressive manner; and the declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he would neither require loans, nor have recourse to funding any more Exchequer Bills, either for this year or next, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence upon the money market, and consequently on trade in general. The amazing quantity of goods sent out to the West India market, had lately rendered the market dull, and consequently the same thing was felt in our manufactures; but there is now greater activity displayed, and the preparation for shipments becoming more numerous and extensive than these had been for some weeks back.

Since the success of the Spanish Royalists in Mexico, and other parts of the main land of America situated within the tropics, the trade with our West India settlements for manufactured goods has been more steady and extensive. It is with the settlements which continue in peace and in subjection to the royal authority that our trade is greatest, or with these, indeed, that we have any trade at all. The provinces in a state of rebellion are completely laid waste, and there is no security in them for either persons or property, and consequently commerce must fly from these distracted abodes. In our next we expect to shew this from the important fact of the real amount of the exports, from the Clyde, of our Cotton and Linen manufactures to the different depots from whence Spanish America is supplied.

PRICES CURRENT.—May 8, 1818.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	77 to —	73 to 77	72 to 77	75 to 78	} £1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	84 — 88	78 — 90	78 — 90	82 — 83	
Fine and very fine, . .	90 — 96	90 — 92	90 — 96	87 — 88	
Refined, Doub. Loaves, . .	150 — 155	— —	— —	144 — 162	
Powder ditto,	124 — 128	— —	— —	110 — 124	
Single ditto,	120 — 124	120 — 126	125 — 128	114 — 123	
Small Lumps	114 — 118	116 — 118	125 — 129	113 — 121	
Large ditto,	112 — 114	110 — 112	113 — 119	110 — 112	
Crushed Lumps,	— — 68	— —	68 — 74	71 — 73	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	38 — 38	68 — 38	— 39 6	— 36 6	0 7 6½
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.					
Ord. good, and fine ord.	119 — 129	118 — 128	120 — 129	118 — 125	} per lb. 0 0 7½
Mid. good, and fine mid.	150 — 137	129 — 135	130 — 137	126 — 135	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	115 — 119	— —	110 — 120	112 — 120	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	122 — 138	120 — 131	122 — 129	124 — 130	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	134 — 139	132 — 137	150 — 137	132 — 136	
St Domingo,	126 — 129	124 — 127	122 — 125	123 — 127	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	— 10	9 — 9½	9½ — 9½	10 — 9	0 0 9½
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 7d 5s 9d	3s 5d 3s 8d	3s 3d 3s 5d	3s 2d 5s 6d	0 8 1½
Brandy,	12 0 13 0	— —	— —	— —	{ B.S. } 0 17 0½
Geneva,	3 9 4 0	— —	— —	3 3 3 6	{ F.S. } 0 17 11½
Grain Whisky,	7 3 7 6	— —	— —	13 6	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	50 — 54	— —	— —	£55 — 60	{ B.S. } 143 18 0
Portugal Red, pipe.	48 — 54	— —	— —	46 — 54	{ F.S. } 148 4 6
Spanish White, butt.	34 — 55	— —	— —	— —	{ B.S. } 95 11 0
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 — 35	— —	— —	27 — 40	{ F.S. } 98 16 0
Madeira,	60 — 70	— —	— —	56 — 60	{ B.S. } 96 13 0
					{ F.S. } 99 16 6
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£9 9 —	8 5 8 10	8 17 9 0	8 10 8 15	} 0 9 1½
Honduras,	10 —	8 8 9 0	9 5 9 10	8 15 9 0	
Campeachy,	10 10 —	10 0 10 10	10 0 10 10	10 0 10 10	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	12 — 15	— —	10 0 12 0	14 0 15 0	} 1 4 6½
Cuba,	17 —	— —	15 0 15 10	17 0 17 10	
INDIGO, Caracass fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	— —	10 6 11 0	0 0 4½
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 3 2 4	— —	2 8 — —	— —	0 2 4½
Ditto Oak,	4 6 5 0	— —	— —	— —	0 5 6½
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 2 2 4	— —	— —	— —	
Honduras Mahogany	1 0 1 6	0 10 1 8	1 3 1 5	1s 2 1 4	3 16 0
St Domingo, ditto	— —	1 2 3 0	2 0 2 3	1 9 2 2	8 14 2
TAR, American, . brl.	— —	— —	15 6 17 0	19 6 —	{ B.S. } 1 1 4½
					{ F.S. } 1 2 11½
Archangel,	23 — 24	— —	19 0 21 0	22 6 —	— —
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 — 11	— —	— —	13 —	{ B.S. } 1 8 6
					{ F.S. } 1 10 1
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	73 — 74	78 — 80	75 — 77	75 —	0 3 2
Home Melted,	— 74	— —	— —	— —	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	43 — 49	51 — 52	— —	£49 —	{ B.S. } 0 9 1½
Petersburgh Clean,	— 48	50 — 51	48 — 50	49 —	{ F.S. } 0 10 0½
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	76 — 77	— —	— —	78 — 80	{ B.S. } 0 0 4 3/8
Dutch,	50 — 120	— —	— —	65 — 80	{ F.S. } 0 0 7 7/8
Irish,	56 — 62	— —	— —	— —	1 3 9
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	105 —	— —	— —	105s —	{ B.S. } 1 4 11½
					{ F.S. } 0 3 6½
BRISTLES,					
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	16 0 16 10	— —	— —	£14 0 —	{ B.S. } 0 3 11½
					{ F.S. } 0 4 6½
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	51 — 62	— —	— —	50s —	{ B.S. } 0 4 6½
Montreal ditto,	58 —	58 — 60	55 — 55	62 — 64	{ F.S. } 0 6 4
Pot,	52 —	53 — 55	52 — 55	55 —	0 1 7
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	38 — 40	43 — 44	40 — 42	35 —	
Cod,	54 (p. brl.) —	42 —	38 — 39	40 —	
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	9½ — 10½	10½ — 11	0 8 0 9½	— 11	} 0 10
Middling,	8½ — 9	9 — 9½	0 7 0 7½	8 —	
Inferior,	7½ — 8	8½ — 9	0 6 0 6½	7½ —	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 9 1 10½	1 8 1 9½	1 8 1 10	} per 100 lbs. 0 8 7
Sea Island, fine,	— —	3 10 4 0	3 4 3 6	2s 5d 3s 6	
good,	— —	3 6 3 9	3 4 3 6	— —	
middling,	— —	3 3 3 5	2 0 3 3	— —	
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	2 0 2 3	1 11 2 5	1 11 2 5	
West India,	— —	1 8 2 0	1 9 1 10	1 7 1 10	
Pernambuco,	— —	2 2½ 2 3½	2 1 2 2	2 1 2 2	
Maranham,	— —	2 1½ 2 2	2 0 2 0½	1 11½ 2 0	

Course of Exchange, June. Amsterdam, 36 : 10. B. 2 Us. Antwerp, 11 : 9. Ex. Hamburg, 34. 2½ Us. Frankfort 141½. Ex. Paris 24 : 25. 2 Us. Bordeaux, 2425. Madrid, 39 effect. Cadiz, 38½ effect. Gibraltar, 35. Leghorn, 51½. Genoa, 47½. Malta, 52. Naples, 44½. Palermo, 130 per oz. Rio Janeiro, 66. Oporto, 58½. Dublin, 11. Cork, 11. Agio of the Bank of Holland 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £1, 1s. 6d. Foreign gold, in bars, £1, 1s. 6d. New doubloons, £0. New Dollars, 5s. 6d. Silver, in bars 5s. 5½d. New Louis, each 0s. 0d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 5th to 26th May 1818.

	5th.	12th.	19th.	26th.
Bank stock,	283	—	280	279
3 per cent. reduced.....	97 $\frac{7}{8}$	—	78	77 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per cent. consols,.....	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	79 $\frac{3}{4}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
4 per cent. consols,.....	79 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	97	96 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 per cent. navy ann.....	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	108	107 $\frac{1}{2}$
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.....	—	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	233	—
— bonds,	98 pr.	—	102 pr.	94 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.....	20 pr.	—	22 pr.	21 pr.
Consols for acc.	80 $\frac{1}{8}$	—	79 $\frac{3}{4}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$
American 3 per cent.....	—	—	—	102 $\frac{1}{2}$
— new loan, 6 per cent.....	—	—	—	103 103 $\frac{1}{2}$
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	68 l. 65 cts.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st May 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

Alpe, J. P. W. Cooper, and T. H. Birch, Fenchurch Street, merchants	Kingsall, J. Blackwall, painter
Rale, H. Drury Lane cheese monger	Le Plastrier, J. Minorities, watch-maker
Ball, R. C. Bristol, baker	Liddell, J. Huddersfield, cordwainer
Barber, B. Bradwell, Derbyshire, lead-merchant	Malkin, T. Burslem, Staffordshire, blue colour maker
Barnard, D. Fenchurch Street, merchant	Man, H. S. Calcutta, dealer
Barton, W. Doncaster, maltster	Martin, J. Mitcham, Surrey, butcher
Barnh, D. Houndsditch, apothecary	Mayell, Wm. Exeter, jeweller
Bentley, J. & J. Beck, Cornhill, watch and clock maker	Maxton, J. St James' Place, Clerkenwell, baker
Betty, W. Kirkby Stephen, Westmoreland, tobaccoist	Milne, G. Broad Street, city, merchant
Blurton, J. Old Bond Street, coach-maker	Moore, W. Halifax, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer
Boote, J. Stratford-on-Avon, corn-dealer	Nash, W. Bristol, dry-salter
Briggs, J. Sulcoates, Yorkshire, grocer	Neale, W. Warminster, victualler
Brinsley, C. Ashborne, Derbyshire, butcher	Nicholl, E. Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, wine-merchant
Brown, T. Strand, tailor	Polley, J. Gray's Inn Lane, plumber and glazier
Buddle, W. Drury Lane, carpenter	Poulgram, R. & H. Fowey, Cornwall, shipwrights
Bullocke, J. Catharine Street, Strand, button-seller	Powell, W. Brockbury, Herefordshire, farmer
Canby, W. Leeds, York, grocer	Preston, T. sen. Macclesfield, Chester, victualler
Carmichael, J. Little Russel Street, baker and pastry cook	Randall, W. High Holborn, grocer
Carnaby, J. Morpeth, Northumberland, brewer	Ranken, S. Greek Street, Soho, coal-merchant
Clark, Manga, Isle of Ely, Cambridge, carpenter	Rolland, F. St James's Street, Piccadilly, perfumer
Clarke, W. London, merchant	Rose, J. V. Cambridge, brush-maker
Clegg, S. Salford, Lancaster, saddler	Sadd, J. Greystoke Place, Fetter Lane, builder
Clifford, M. & J. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants	Sansum, J. Cree Church Lane, Leadenhall Street, victualler
Coleman, W. Orton, Wapping, slop-seller	Savidge, J. Eaststoke, Nottinghamshire, coal-seller
Crook, W. Blackburn, Lancashire, farmer	Sorby, W. North Anston, Yorkshire, apothecary
Dean, J. Deansbuildings, Poplar, baker	Simmons, T. Birmingham, dealer
Dorn, A. Vauxhall, victualler	Spear, A. Basinghall Street, merchant
Eelm, G. R. Warwick Court, Holborn, furrier	Spence, J. Hackney, merchant
Farrar, T. Halifax, Vorkshire, manufacturer	Standish, J. Liverpool, flour-dealer
Fisher, J. Throgmorton Street, merchant	Stansfield, A. Holebottom, fustian-manufacturer
Forder, W. Basingstoke, Hampshire, stage-coach proprietor	Stubbs, W. Manchester, coal-dealer
Green, J. Liverpool, joiner	Taylor, B. M. Woolmer Street, Poplar, builder
Hains, J. Longton, Lancashire, common carrier	Thompson, J. Mappleton, Derbyshire, farmer
Hall, B. V. Gosport, victualler	Tilley, J. J. Hampsstead, music-seller
Halse, T. H. & T. D. Meriton, Maiden Lane, Wood Street	Tomlinson, C. Hawarden, Flintshire, apothecary
Halsted, W. Chichester, linen-draper	Tredgold, R. Southampton, dealer
Hazlehurst, M. Liverpool, block and pump maker	Waldar, E. Battle, Sussex, tailor
Heath, W. Hanley, Staffordshire, blacksmith	Ward, J. Whistones, Yorkshire, grazier
Hemmingway, J. Halifax, York, grocer	Wellings, S. Shrewsbury, tailor
Hilliars, H. G. St Mary-axe, merchant	Wetherell, J. Rochester, hatter
Hirst, T. N. & J. Wood, Huddersfield, merchants	Wilkin, J. Preston, Lancashire, draper
Holden, J. West Bromwich, Staffordshire, black buckle maker	Williams, J. Shrewsbury, innkeeper
Holden, H. Halifax, York, grocer	Williams, L. Cursor Street, Chancery Lane, colourman
Hooper, W. Tenbury, Worcestershire, maltster	Williams, S. and G. and T. Tarrant, Lilypot Lane, straw-hat-manufacturers
Ingleby, T. Birmingham, common carrier	Woodward, W. Cannon Street, carpenter
Kennel, J. & J. P. Kennel, Church Street, Westminster, army and navy agents.	Wookey, D. Tetbury, Gloucestershire, grocer
	Young, J. Gosport, Hampshire, harness-maker
	Youngusband, J. Liverpool, ship-broker

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st May 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Davidson, John, late merchant, Edinburgh, presently one of the individual partners of Hutchinson & Co. spirit-dealers, Glasgow
 Fowlds, Henry, & Co. merchants in Glasgow, and Henry Fowlds, merchant there, individual partner of that company
 Isles, A. carrier and leather-merchant, Edinburgh
 Kallej, John, manufacturer, Glasgow
 Maxwell, Robert, merchant in Dundee
 O'Hara, Hen. builder in Dean Street, Stockbridge, and tacksman of Ravelston quarry
 Pursie, John, merchant, Dingwall, Ross-shire
 Scott & Balmanno, merchants, Glasgow, and who carry on business to the West Indies under the firm of James Jaque & Co. and Joseph Scott, and Matthew Balmanno, the individuals of these concerns
 Suter, Alex. merchant, Inverness
 Wilson & Liddel, merchants, Glasgow, as a company, and Walter Wilson and John Liddel, the individual partners thereof
 DIVIDENDS.
 Brown, William, senior, merchant, Edinburgh; by Andrew Usher, merchant there

Blake, George, corn-dealer at Lynns, parish of Torthorwald, county of Dumfries; by Goldie and Threshie, writers there
 Gilchrist, the late William, merchant, Falkirk; by John Taylor, Borrowstounness, trustee—15th June
 Hunter, J. & P. and Co. merchants, Port-Glasgow, and Thomas Arthur, one of the individual partners thereof; by William Aitken, merchant, Glasgow
 Mottram, Charles, merchant, Leith; by Alexander Brodie, merchant there
 More, John, lately agent for the Royal Bank, Glasgow, and banker, merchant, and trader there; by James Sym, merchant there
 Oughterson and Co. merchants, Greenock; by Wm Leitch, merchant there
 Stewart, David, late merchant, Leith; by John Morrison, W. S. Edinburgh
 Sutherland, John, glazier, Edinburgh; by John Finlayson, Parliament Stairs, Edinburgh
 Tait, Mrs Janet, alias Anderson, merchant and haberdasher, Dundee; by Henry Blyth, merchant there

London, Corn Exchange, June 5.

Wheat.		White Pease	
s.	d.	s.	d.
Foreign	51 to 62	44 to 48	
Fine do.	68 to 74	52 to 56	
Superfine do.	76 to 78	56 to 62	
Old do.	— to —	Old do. 1816.	56 to 62
White, new	56 to 64	Tick do.	44 to 50
Fine do.	66 to 78	Old do. 1816.	50 to 56
Superfine do.	80 to 84	Fine Oats.	18 to 22
Rye new	44 to 50	Feed do.	27 to 29
Barley, new	55 to 42	Poland do.	25 to 26
Superfine do.	80 to 84	Fine do.	31 to 35
Foreign	51 to 82	Potato do.	27 to 32
Malt.	60 to 72	Fine do.	34 to 37
Fine do.	76 to 78	Fine Flour.	65 to 70
Hog Pease, new	42 to 46	Seconds.	60 to 65
Maple	48 to 50	Fine Pollard	20 to 28

Seeds, &c. June 5.

Mustard, Brown		Trefoil	
s.	d.	s.	d.
12	to 22	10	to 42
White	5 to 11	Ryegrass	10 to 32
Tares	17 to 18	Common	— to —
Turnips, New	14 to 20	Clover, English,	
Red	— to —	Red	100 to 75
Yellow, new	— to —	White	70 to —
Canary	70 to 96	Rib Grass	— to —
Hempseed	60 to 75	Carraway, Eng.	58 to —
Linseed	— to —	Foreign	50 to —
Cinquefoil	— to —	Coriander	18 to 22

New Rapeseed, £46 to £50.

Liverpool, June 4.

Wheat.		Rice, p. cwt.	
s.	d.	s.	d.
per 70 lbs.		44	to 45 0
English	11 6 to 13 6	Flour, English,	
Scotch	11 6 to 12 6	p. 280lb. fine	64 0 to 66 0
Welch	11 0 to 12 3	Seconds	58 0 to 60 0
Irish	9 6 to 10 6	Irish, 240 lb.	54 0 to 55 0
Dantzic	11 6 to 13 6	Ameri. p. bl.	48 0 to 49 0
Wisnar	11 6 to 12 9	Sour do.	59 0 to 40 0
American	12 0 to 13 0	Clover-seed, p. bush.	
Quebec	11 6 to 11 9	White	— to —
Barley, per 60 lbs.		Red	— to —
English	5 9 to 6 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
Scotch	5 9 to 6 6	English	41 0 to 42 0
Irish	5 9 to 6 6	Scotch	40 0 to 41 0
Malt p. 9gls.	11 9 to 12 3	Irish	36 0 to 38 0
Rye, per qr.	44 0 to 48 0		
Oats, per 45 lb.			
Eng. pota.	4 6 to 5 0		
Welsh potato	4 3 to 4 9		
Scotch	4 6 to 4 10		
Foreign	4 6 to 4 9		
Irish	— to —		
Rapeseed, p. l.	— to —		
Flaxseed, p. bus.	— to —		
Sowing, p. hhd.	— to —		
Beans, pr qr.			
English	50 0 to 54 0		
Foreign	0 0 to 0 0		
Pease, per quar.			
Boiling	56 0 to 60 0		

Butter, Beef, &c.

Butter, per cwt.	
s.	d.
122	to 0
Belfast	122 to 0
Newry	120 to 0
Drogheda	0 to 0
Waterford, new	120 to 0
Cork, 3d.	112 to 0
New, 2d, pickled	124
Beef, p. tierce	90 to 95
p. barrel	— to —
Pork, p. brl.	88 to 98
Bacon, per cwt.	
Short middles	75 to —
Long do.	0 to 0

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 30th May 1818.

Wheat, 84s. 11d.—Rye, 53s. 8d.—Barley, 51s. 10d.—Oats, 52s. 4d.—Beans, 56s. 5d.—Pease, 52s. 7d.—Oatmeal, 35s. 0d.—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 May 1818.

Wheat, 69s. 6d.—Rye, 61s. 9d.—Barley, 45s. 2d.—Oats, 35s. 2d.—Beans, 55s. 7d.—Pease, 54s. 1d.—Oatmeal, 28s. 1d.—Beer or Big, 41s. 3d.

EDINBURGH.—JUNE 3.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....43s. 0d.	1st,..... 0s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.
2d,.....40s. 0d.	2d,..... 0s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....27s. 0d.
3d,.....36s. 0d.	3d,..... 0s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.	3d,.....26s. 0d.

Average of wheat, £1 : 14 : 7 ; 8-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, June 9.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 11d. to 1s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 7d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Salt ditto, per stone	2½s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	11s. 6d. to 12s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—JUNE 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....44s. Od.	1st,.....41s. Od.	1st,.....30s. Od.	1st,.....30s. Od.	1st,.....30s. Od.
2d,.....39s. Od.	2d,.....37s. Od.	2d,.....26s. Od.	2d,.....26s. Od.	2d,.....26s. Od.
3d,.....33s. Od.	3d,.....35s. Od.	3d,.....19s. Od.	3d,.....22s. Od.	3d,.....22s. Od.

Average of wheat, £1 : 18 : 7 : 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.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

FROM the beginning of May till the 15th, it rained more or less almost every day, with a cold wind, generally from the east. After the 15th there fell no rain, except one-tenth of an inch on the 30th, the weather being in general clear and warm. The Thermometer rose twice as high as 71, and after the 12th never sunk below 42. The mean temperature is 4 degrees higher than the same month last year. The Barometer has of late been very high, and remarkably steady, owing partly to the east wind, which has prevailed generally during the month. The Hygrometer during the day has sometimes risen high, but the average is 5 degrees below that of May 1817. The mean point of deposition coincides exactly with the mean minimum temperature, and has done so almost every day during the month. On some occasions the temperature of the air has sunk a little below the point of deposition; but even in those cases the dews have seldom been very copious. The high temperature to which the ground has been raised, by a long tract of clear and powerful sunshine, has probably prevented the air in immediate contact with it from being cooled below the point of saturation.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

MAY 1818.

Means.		Extremes.	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat	58.0	Maximum, 24th day,	71.0
..... cold,	45.9	Minimum, 12th,	38.5
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	52.4	Lowest maximum, 6th,	44.0
..... 10 P. M.	47.2	Highest minimum, 31st,	52.0
..... of daily extremes,	50.9	Highest, 10 A. M. 24th,	63.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	49.3	Lowest ditto, 7th,	42.0
..... 4 daily observations,	50.3	Highest, 10 P. M. 24th,	59.0
Whole range of thermometer,	436.5	Lowest ditto 7th,	42.0
Mean daily ditto,	14.1	Greatest range in 24 hours, 19th,	25.0
..... temperature of spring water,	46.5	Least ditto, 4th,	2.5
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
	Inches.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 54)	29.807	Highest, 10 A. M. 26th,	30.550
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 54)	29.812	Lowest ditto, 7th,	29.282
..... both, (temp. of mer. 54)	29.809	Highest, 10 P. M. 26th,	30.345
Whole range of barometer,	3.654	Lowest ditto, 6th,	29.290
Mean daily ditto,	.117	Greatest range in 24 hours, 1st,	.275
		Least ditto, 24th,	.005
HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)		HYGROMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	17.1	Highest, 10 A. M. 30th,	50.0
..... 10 P. M.	10.2	Lowest ditto, 6th,	1.0
..... of both,	13.6	Highest, 10 P. M. 24th,	40.0
..... point of deposition, 10 A. M.	45.5	Lowest ditto, 8th,	0.0
..... 10 P. M.	42.4	Highest P. of D. 10 A. M. 24th,	52.4
..... of both,	43.9	Lowest ditto, 29th,	39.6
Rain in inches,	2.786	Highest P. of D. 10 P. M. 15th,	47.2
Evaporation in ditto,	1.850	Lowest ditto, 1st,	38.0
Mean daily Evaporation,	.060		
WILSON'S HYGROMETER.		WILSON'S HYGROMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	23.6	Greatest dryness, 30th, 10 A. M.	46.0
..... 10 P. M.	15.9	Least ditto, 4th, 10 P. M.	0.0

Fair days 20; rainy days 11. Wind West of meridian 7; East of meridian, 24.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
May 1	M.52 A. 36½	29.280 .450	M.49 A.49	Cble.	Cloudy, some shrs.	May 17	M.59 A. 37	29.736 .761	M.55 A. 55	S. .	Clear,
2	M.57 A. 38	.578 .560	M.52 A. 54	Cble.	Clear.	18	M.54 A. 37½	.880 .994	M.56 A. 51	E.	Clear morn. cold foren.
3	M.57 A. 36	.565 .570	M.53 A. 49	E.	Cloudy, cold.	19	M.67 A. 56	.894 .855	M.55 A. 61	Cb. >	Clear.
4	M.52 A. 32	.566 .516	M.46 A. 46	E	Rain morn. showery.	20	M.60½ A. 58	.985 .990	M.55 A. 55	E.	Clear.
5	M.47½ A. 37	.255 .346	M.45 A. 47	E.	Cloudy.	21	M.59½ A. 58½	50.157 .199	M.55 A. 55	E.	Cloudy.
6	M.47 A. 35½	.136 .107	M.40 A. 44	E.	Heavy rain.	22	M.58 A. 57	.105 .176	M.58 A. 57	Cble.	Cloudy.
7	M.43 A. 35	.121 .209	M.42 A. 43	E.	Ditto.	23	M.55 A. 57	.105 .102	M.55 A. 57	E.	Clear, very warm.
8	M.47 A. 37	.286 .366	M.44 A. 45	E.	Showery.	24	M.65 A. 57	.182 .157	M.65 A. 68	E.	Clear, very warm.
9	M.47 A. 35	.305 .242	M.43 A. 45	Cble.	Fair morn. heavy rain.	25	M.68 A. 63	.165 .140	M.68 A. 63	E.	Clear, very warm.
10	M.48 A. 39½	.527 .527	M.51 A. 52	S.W.	Clear.	26	M.60 A. 60	.190 .161	M.60 A. 60	E.	Clear, very warm.
11	M.55 A. 41	.438 .319	M.55 A. 54	S.W.	Mild rain afternoon.	27	M.58 A. 56	.212 .104	M.58 A. 56	E.	Clear, very warm.
12	M.55 A. 42	.273 .305	M.54 A. 54	W.	Mild, shry.	28	M.52 A. 55	.102 .102	M.52 A. 55	E.	Cloudy.
13	M.55 A. 37	.539 .239	M.56 A. 50	E.	Cloudy, rain night.	29	M.55 A. 56	29.994 .984	M.55 A. 56	E.	Warm.
14	M.56 A. 37	.205 .327	M.55 A. 53	E.	Clear, wind high.	30	M.58 A. 63	.916 .784	M.58 A. 63	W.	Very warm.
15	M.55 A. 38	.442 .484	M.51 A. 49	N.E.	Mild foren. rain aftern.	31	M.64 A. 64	.688 .678	M.64 A. 64	W.	Cloudy fore. clear after.
16	M.52 A. 38	.459 .657	M.48 A. 49	E.	Rain foren-fair aftern.						

* These Thermometers are taken down for a short time.

Rain, per gauge, at Nelson's Monument, 1.8 inches. The one at the Observatory is taken down.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

The Prince Regent has appointed Arthur Richd. Wellesley, Esq. Page of Honour to his Royal Highness in ordinary, in the room of John Arthur Douglas Bloomfield, Esq. promoted.

General his Grace Charles Duke of Richmond, &c. K. G. is appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the Islands of Prince Edward and Cape Breton.

The Right Hon. William Earl of Errol is appointed to be his Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly.

Lewis Cameron, Esq. is appointed his Majesty's Consul at Cagliari and its dependencies.

Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart. Vice-Admiral of the Blue, is appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Newfoundland and its dependencies.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. H. Owen, fm. h. p. 18 Dr to be Major in the Army 4th Sept. 1817

Bt. Lt. Col. Touzel's Commission is antedated to the 11th July 1811

2 LG. Maj. & Lt. Col. Hon. E. P. Lygon to be Lt. Col. by purch. vice Lt. Gen. Barton, ret. 14th April 1818

Bt. Maj. Hon. E. Irby to be Major by purch. vice Lygon do.

Lieut. W. Elliot to be Capt. by purch. vice Irby do.

Cornet & Sub-Lt. H. H. Douglas to be Lt. by purch. vice Elliot do.

Cha. Bulkley to be Cornet and Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Douglas do.

Francis Hopkins to be As. Surg. vice Drinkwater do.

R.H.Gds. Cornet G. Brander to be Lieut. by purch. vice Brooke 26th March

S. Hotchkin to be Cornet by purch. vice Brander do.

5 D.G. R. Martin to be Cornet 2d April

4 Lieut. J. Chatterton fm. 12 Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice White, ret. 26th March

5 Lieut. T. Matthews to be Capt. by purch. vice Houghton, ret. 2d April

Cornet H. Higinbotham to be Lieut. by purch. vice Matthews do.

Gent. Cadet Ramsay to be Cornet by purch. vice Higinbotham do.

12 Dr. Cornet R. B. Pallisar to be Lieut. by purch. vice Chatterton 9th do.

J. H. B. Haydock to be Cornet by purch. vice Pallisar 25d do.

15 Sir F. Henniker, Bt. to be Cornet by purch. vice Douglas, pro. 2d do.

18 J. Y. Scarlett to be Cornet by purch. vice De La Pasture, pro. 26th March

19 Lieut. J. Hammersley to be Capt. by purch. vice Anderson, ret. 2d April

Cornet J. Gowdie to be Lieut. vice Hammersley 9th do.

J. F. S. Hepburn to be Cornet by purch. vice Snoad, pro. 2d do.

A. W. Dashwood to be Cornet by purch. vice Gowdie 25d do.

20 Cornet R. R. Gillespie to be Lieut. by p. vice Cook, ret. 9th do.

A. N. Molesworth to be Cornet by purch. vice Gillespie do.

21 F. J. Broadhead to be Cornet by purch. vice Boulton, pro. 25d do.

22 Surg. A. C. Colclough, fm. h. p. 56 F. to be Surg. vice Edwards, h. p. 96 F. 2d do.

25 Cornet E. H. Steed, to be Lieut. vice Kingdon, dec. 26th April 1817.

Lieut. E. H. Foster, fm. 56 F. to be Capt. vice Amiel, 17 Dr. 1st August

- 25 F. Cornet D. M'Dougall to be Lieut. vice Brunton, dec. 14th August 1817
Robert Ellis to be Cornet, vice Sneed 25th April 1818
Cha. Percivall to be Vet. Surg. vice Morris, dec. do.
- 1 F. G. Capt. Lord J. Hay to be Capt. & Lt. Col. by p. vice Cook, ret. 26th March
Lieut. J. Grant, to be Lt. & Capt. by purchase vice Hay 9th April
J. J. W. Angerstein to be Ensign & Lieut. by purchase vice Grant do.
- 2 J. A. D. Bloomfield to be Ensign & Lieut. by purchase vice Gordon do.
- 3 Capt. C. Talbot to be Capt. & Lt. Col. vice Home ret. 2d do.
Lieut. D. Murray to be Lieut. & Capt. by purchase vice Talbot do.
P. Cosby to be Ensign & Lieut. by purchase vice Murray do.
- 1 F. Lieut. W. Clarke to be Capt. by purchase vice J. P. Gordon, ret. 9th do.
Ensign H. J. Biehner to be Lieut. by purchase vice Clarke do.
Coleman to be Ensign by purchase vice Biehner do.
- 5 Ensign E. C. Hill, from h. p. to be Ensign vice Bishop 25th March
H. Bishop to be Q. Mr. vice Watson, ret. on h. p. 26th do.
- 6 G. T. Heigham to be Ensign by purchase vice Heigham, ret. 25th April
- 11 Surg. W. Chermiside, from No. Cork Mil. to be Assist. Surg. vice Dix, ret. on h. p. as Staff As. Surg. 2d do.
- 16 Lieut. G. R. Malley, to be Capt. by purchase vice Campbell, ret. 9th do.
Ensign F. Thurlow to be Lieut. by purchase vice Maltby do.
Robert Carr to be Ensign by purchase vice Thurlow do.
Lieut. F. Thurlow to be Adj. vice Maltby do.
- 17 Ensign T. S. O'Halloran to be Lieut. vice Greenhill 28th June 1817
J. T. Nagel to be Ensign, vice O'Halloran do.
- 24 Lieut. G. Darling, from 50 F. to be Lieut. vice Jago ret. on h. p. 30 F. 23d April 1818
- 35 Capt. G. Moulson, fm. h. p. to be Paym. vice Home, ret. on h. p. 2d do.
- 55 B. Lt. Col. O. G. Fehrszon, from h. p. to be Major, vice Mansell, pro 12th Feb.
- 56 Lieut. Grey antedated to the 1st Sept. 1817
W. Wounded to be Adj. vice Dundas, res. the Adj. only 26th March 1818
Surg. H. W. Markham, from h. p. 96 F. to be Surg. vice Colclough, 22 Dr. 2d April
- 58 E. Coventry to be Ensign, vice White, res. 1st April 1817
- 61 Ensign G. Ackland to be Lieut. vice Bigger, dec. 25d April 1818
W. A. Conran to be Ensign, vice Ackland do.
- 62 Ensign J. Higginbotham to be Lieut. vice Heyland, dead 26th March
John Lane to be Ensign, vice Higginbotham do.
- 64 Surg. John Rose, fm. 2 F. G. to be Surg. vice M'Lean, dead 3rd April
- 65 Capt. H. H. Jacob, from 56 F. to be Capt. vice Goodyer, ret. on h. p. 56 F. 25d do.
- 67 Lieut. W. Clarke, from 86 F. to be Lieut. vice Fraser, dead 15th Sept. 1817
- 69 Capt. Jenour antedated to the 30th Jan. 1814
John Penn to be Ensign by purchase vice Marsh, ret. 24th May 1817
- 75 Capt. H. F. C. Cavendish, from 96 F. to be Major, vice M'achlan 2d April 1818
Paym. C. Cox, fm. h. p. Roll's Reg. to be Paym. vice Tiddeman, ret. on h. p. 26th March
- 86 Ensign A. Russell to be Lieut. vice MacLean 30th June 1817
- 87 Lieut. J. Turner to be Capt. vice Fitz Clarence, dead 26th March 1818
H. W. Desbarres, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Turner 2d April
- 89 Capt Croker's date is altered to the 2d July 1815
Ensign J. Goodwin to be Lieut. vice Brush, dead 20th August 1817
- 95 F. Staff Assist. Surg. W. Williams, from h. p. to be Assist. Surg. vice Napier 3d April 1818
- 96 Lieut. J. Campbell to be Capt. by purchase vice Cavendish do.
Wm Odel to be Ensign by purchase vice Ker, pro. 30th do.
- 2 W. I. R. Ensign C. J. Dunn to be Lieut. vice Gough, dead 25d do.
Gent. Cadet R. Lowe to be Ensign, vice Dunn do.
- 3 Ensign A. Turner to be Lieut. vice Hodgkinson, dead 2d do.
Gent. Cadet F. Seargill to be Ensign, vice Turner do.
- R. Af. Corps Lieut. J. C. Peach, from h. p. Canad. Pen. to be Lieut. vice Wallace, deceased 25d do.
Hosp. As. J. M'ullen to be As. Surg. vice Armstrong, h. p. 25th Jan.
- R. Yk. Ra. Lieut. H. Y. Eagar, from h. p. 12. F. to be Paym. vice Culmer, dead 16th April
- 2 Black Garr. Co. John Maclean to be Ensign 25d do.
- R. Eng. 1st Lieut. R. H. Clavering, from h. p. to 1st Lieut. vice Rogers, dead 28th Dec 1817
H. P. Wulf, from h. p. to be 1st Lieut. vice Salkeld, dead 25d Jan. 1818
- Garrison Lt. Col. H. Worsley, 34 F. to be Capt. of Yarm. Castle, vice Delgarno, dead 30th April

Staff.

Assist. Storekeeper Gen. T. A. Somersall to be Dep. Storekeeper General 13th Feb.

Medical Staff.

Surgeon J. G. Van Millingen, M. D. from h. p. to be Surgeon to the Forces, vice Howell, who retires on h. p. 2d April
Surg. J. Taylor, M. D. from h. p. to be Surgeon to the Forces 12th March
P. Ormsby, from h. p. to be Surgeon to the Forces in Ire. vice Graydon, dead 9th April
Wm Wynn, M. D. to be Dep. Insp. of Hosp. by brevet 30th do.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Colonel Davies, from 1 F. G. with Lieut. Colonel Eustace, h. p. Chass. Brit.
J. Maitland, from 32 F. with Lieut. Colonel Hon. J. Maitland, Staff
Geils, from 75 F. with Lieut. Col. Edwards, h. p.
Shawe, from 81 F. with Brev. Col. Doyle, 87 F.
Major Barrington, from 5 Dr. with Major Davenport, 87 F.
Grant, from 75 F. with Brev. Lieut. Col. Gubbins, h. p. 21 F.
Brevet Lieut. Colonel Gray, from 1 F. with Capt. Mosse, h. p.
Major Nooth, from 14 F. with Capt. Turner, h. p.
Oates, from 88 F.
Campbell, from 55 F. with Captain Welsh, h. p. York Light Inf. Vol.
Capt. W. Gordon, from 1 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Butler, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
Fothergill, from 10 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Chandler, h. p. 1 Greek Regt.
Duff, from 81 F. with Capt. Coleman, 98 F.
Hill, from 89 F. with Capt. Sheehy, h. p.
Halv, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Dean, h. p. 60 F.
Maclean, from 21 F. with Capt. Doherty, h. p. 27 F.
Grove, from 30 F. with Capt. Baker, 69 F.
Wilkinson, from 59 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Mandeville, h. p.
Archdall, from 68 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Craig, h. p. 84 F.
M'Dermid, from Rifle Brigade, with Capt. Stewart, h. p. 100 F.
M'Neil, from 75 F. with Capt. Edwards, h. p. 10 F.
Pick, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Young, h. p.
Smith, from 5 W. I. R. with Brev. Major Williamson, h. p. 60 F.

- Lieut. Green, from 2 Dr. G. with Lt. Graham, h. p.
 Hamilton, from 29 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Richardson, h. p.
 Gibson, fm. 48 F. with Lt. O'Brien, Rif. Br.
 King, from 49 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Max-
 well, h. p.
 Read, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Jones,
 h. p. 81 F.
 J. H. Potts, from 54 F. with Lieut. C. H.
 Potts, York Rang.
 Dundas, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Grey,
 h. p.
 Sandys, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Brisco, h. p. 40 F.
 A. Williams, from 25 Dr. with Lieut. Mac-
 Queen, h. p.
 Harmer, from 5 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Wal-
 lace, h. p.
 Gale, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Cham-
 berlayne, h. p.
 Ellison, from 61 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Ran-
 dall, h. p. 60 F.
 Cosby, from 63 F. with Lieut. Clune, h. p.
 5 W. I. R.
 Ewart, from 93 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mac-
 donell, h. p. 1 F.
 Thompson, from Rifle Brigade, with Lieut.
 Douglas, h. p. 26 F.
 Stewart, from York Rang. with Lt. Tudor,
 h. p. 82 F.
 Swayne, from R. W. I. Rang. with Lieut.
 Anderson, h. p. York L. I. Vol.
 Jones, from York Chass. with Lieut. Muir-
 son, h. p. 1 F.
 Clason, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Christie, h. p. 79 F.
 Campbell, from 38 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Michell, h. p.
 Tipson, from 58 F. with Lieut. Johnston,
 h. p. 48 F.
 Powell, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Jenkins, h. p.
 Gregory, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 M'Queen, h. p.
 Odium, from African Corps, with Lieut.
 Hammill, h. p. Nova Scotia Fencibles
 Beachcroft, from 14 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Meek, h. p.
 Heard, from 48 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Cock-
 burn, h. p. 29 F.
- Lieut. Blgrave, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Naylor, h. p.
 Farquarson, from 18 F. with Lieut. Camp-
 bell, 75 F.
 Furlong, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
 Allan, h. p. 45 F.
 Cockburn, fm. 48 F. with Lt. M'Lean, 75 F.
 Cornet Spence fm. 5 Dr. G. with Ens. Battier, 98 F.
 Coventry, from 15 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet
 Callaghan, h. p. 1 Dr.
 Grant, from 9 Dr. with Cornet Wright, h. p.
 23 Dr.
 Ensign Napier, from 40 F. with Ensign Newman,
 h. p. 12 F.
 Lynam, from 28 F. with Ensign Borthwick,
 h. p. 10 F.
 Maedonell, fm. 35 F. with Ens. Ingram, h. p.
 Spalding, from 71 F. with Ensign Wood-
 ward, 73 F.
 Francis, from 77 F. rec. diff. with Ensign
 Clarke, h. p. 6 F.
 Lennan, from 1 W. I. Regt. with Ensign
 Wemyss, h. p. 7 W. I. Regt.
 Booth, fm. 40 F. with Ens. Miller, h. p. 37 F.
 Williams, from 4 W. I. Regt. rec. diff. with
 2d Lieut. Senior, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
 Deare, from 4 W. I. Regt. with 2d Lieut.
 Home, 21 F.
 Cornet and Adj. Barlow, from 1 Dr. G. with Lieut.
 and Adj. Hill, h. p. 23 Dr.
 Surgeon Pritchard, from 10 F. with Surg. O'Donel,
 h. p. New Brunswick Fencibles
 Assist. Surg. M'Lean, from 78 F. with Assist. Surg.
 Purcell, h. p. 35 F.
 Ekins, from 38 F. with Assist. Surg.
 M'Munn, h. p. 37 F.
- Resignations and Retirements.*
- Lieut. Colonel Cooke, 1 Foot Guards
 Home, 5 ditto
 Major J. P. Gordon, 1 F.
 Capt. White, 4 Dr. G.
 Houghton, 5 Dr. G.
 Anderson, 19 Dr.
 Campbell, 16 F.
 Lieut. Cook, 20 Dr.
 Ensign J. H. Heigham, 6 F.
 White, 59 F.
 Marsh, 69 F.
 Assist. Surgeon Drinkwater, 2 Life Guards

Deaths.

<p>Lieut. Colonel. Carden, 17 Dr. 14th Nov. 1817 <i>Lieutenants.</i> Stalkart, 17 F. 2d Nov. Henry, 74 F. 5d May 1818</p>	<p>Wallace, R. African Corps Tueker, R. Art. 16th Mar. 1818 <i>Ensign.</i> M'Neil, R. W. I. Ra. 28th Mar.</p>	<p><i>Assistant Surgeons.</i> Kennedy, 1 Cey. R. 9th Dec. 1817 N'Nulty, Forces 21st Nov. <i>Hospital Assistant.</i> Clancey, Forces 28th Jan. 1818</p>
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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 13. At Berlin, the lady of George Sholto Douglas, Charges des Affairs of his Britannic Majesty, a son.—27. In Piccadilly, London, the lady of John Barrow, Esq. of the Admiralty, a son.—At Somborne, Hampshire, the Right Hon. Lady Kennedy, a son.—28. Mrs Christie, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.—In the Fleet Prison, the lady of Charles Henry Baseley, Esq. a son.—At Rothiemay, Lady Jane Tayler, a son.

May 3. At Overton, Mrs Captain Crawford, a son.—At St Omer's, the lady of Captain Barwick, 79th, or Cameron Highlanders, a son.—Lady Fitz-Herbert, a son.—At Castletown, Isle of Man, the lady of General Cumming, a daughter.—At Ednam House, Mrs Douglas, a son.—4. At his house, Great Russell Street, Lon-

don, the lady of James Loch, Esq. a daughter.—6. At Banff, the lady of James William Mackenzie, Esq. younger of Pittrichie, a son and heir.—At Stockholm, Viscountess Strangford, a son and heir.—9. At Edinburgh, Mrs Craigie of Dumbarnie, a daughter.—At Brahan Castle, the Hon. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth, a son and heir.—At Broughton Place, Edinburgh, Lady Campbell of Aberuchill, a son.—10. In George Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Roderick Macleod, Esq. jun. of Cadboll, a son.—At Rife Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Spence, a son.—At Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Gordon, a son.—13. At Paris, Lady Harriet Drummond, a daughter.—14. At Bedrule Manse, near Kelso, Mrs Brown, a son.—16. At Relugas, the lady of Thomas Lawder Dick, Esq. a daughter.—17. At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir James Montgomery, Bart. M. P. a daughter.—18.

At his house in York Street, London, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Dance, 2d Life Guards, a son.—At Coldstream, the lady of Captain A. M'Laren, Berwickshire Militia, a son.—19. The lady of Sir A. O. Molesworth of Pencarrow, Cornwall, Bart. a son.—21. At Cortachy Castle, the lady of the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, a daughter.—At York Place, Edinburgh, Lady Heron Maxwell, a daughter.—23. At Springfield, near Perth, Mrs M'Duff of Bonhard, a son.—26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Johnstone of Alva, a son.—29. In Bedford Place, London, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel James Allan, 94th regt. a son.—At Naples, the lady of Thomson Bonar, Esq. of Camden Place, a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 19, 1817. At Po. Penang, East Indies, William Armstrong Clubby, Esq. chief secretary to government there, to Margaret, eldest daughter of James Carnegie, Esq. merchant, of that place.

Sept. 1. At Malacca, East Indies, James Carnegie, Esq. third son of Patrick Carnegie, Esq. of Lower, to Maria, eldest daughter of Adrian Kock, Esq. merchant there.

Nov. 1. At Madras, Lieutenant Michael, commanding the resident's escort at Tanjore, to Williamina, daughter of the late Dr Robert Grant, physician in Inverness.

Dec. 6. At the Cathedral of St John, Calcutta, John Trotter of Castlelaw, Esq. to Matilda, fourth daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis Macnaughton, Judge in the Supreme Court of Bengal.

March 17, 1818. At Perth, A. Pringle, Esq. to Miss Jarvie, only daughter of the late Rev. Mr Jarvie, Perth.

April 13. At Edinburgh, Mr R. Smith, merchant, Airth, to Miss Jemima, daughter of John Shirriff, Esq. Dunmore.—27. At South College Street, Edinburgh, Mr Joseph Theodore Mitchell, R. N. to Miss Margaretta Cunningham, eldest daughter of Mr John Cunningham.—30. At Union Place, Edinburgh, Capt. Hector H. M'Lean, of the 93d regt. of foot, to Miss Ann Macleod, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Mr Macleod, minister of Kilfinnichin and Bunnellan, Mull.

May 7. At St Margaret's church, Westminster, London, and on the 18th, re-married at Carron-house, Mr John Walker of Orchardhead, Stirlingshire, to Mary Ann, second daughter of Mr Charles Lea Jeffery, Broadway, Westminster.—8. At Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Henderson, surgeon, R. N. to Miss Mary Scott, only daughter of Mr Peter Scott, merchant and insurance broker in Edinburgh.—11. At Conan-house, the seat of Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart. the Rev. John Macdonald, minister of Urquhart, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq.—13. At the new church, Mary-le-Bone, the Hon. Hen. Pierrepont, brother to Earl Manvers, to Lady Sophia

Cecil, sister to the Marquis of Exeter.—16. At St George's church, London, by special license, Horace Beauchamp Seymour, Esq. third son of the late Lord Hugh Seymour, to Elizabeth Mallet Palk, eldest daughter of the late Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart. M. P. for the county of Devon.—19. At Llynon, county of Anglesea, James Orr, Esq. George Street, Edinburgh, to Rachael, second daughter of Robert Scott, Esq. Forth Street, Edinburgh.—20. At the Marquis of Cholmondeley's house, in Piccadilly, London, Colonel Seymour, to Lady Charlotte Cholmondeley.—21. At Cheltenham, Sir W. Cunningham Fairlie, Bart. of Robertland and Fairlie, to Anne, only daughter of the late Robert Cooper, banker, Woodbridge.—25. At Mary-le-Bone church, John Clayton Freeling, Esq. second son of Francis Freeling, Esq. of the General Post-office, London, to Mary, third daughter of the late Edward Coxo, Esq. of Hampstead Heath.—27. Miss Maria Giffard, daughter of the Marchioness Dowager of Lansdowne, to Count de Lusi, of the first regiment of Prussian guards.—28. At Edinburgh, Mr George Gordon, writer, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr Dick, accountant.

DEATHS.

Jan. 1, 1818. Fell, in a sally from Koregum, near Poonah (having volunteered his services), Thomas Wingate, assistant-surgeon to the 2d battalion 1st native infantry, and eldest son of Dr Daniel Wingate, Stirling, aged 21.—13. On board the William Pitt, East Indiaman, and soon after leaving Bengal, William Hall, Esq. a partner in the house of Messrs Palmer and Company of Calcutta.

Feb. 10. At St Lucie, Mrs Mary Russell, wife of John I. I. Alexander, Esq. of that island, and relict of the late Right Hon. Robert Cullen, one of the Lords of Session and Justiciary in Scotland.—12. At sea, Mr Peter Murray, surgeon of the Hon. East India Company's ship *Charles Grant*.—28. At the Havannah, Lieutenant Thos. Sibbald, R. N. son of the late William Sibbald, Esq. merchant, Leith.

March 10. At Charlestown, South Carolina, Mrs Christiana Boston, spouse to Tucker Harris, Esq. M. D. in the 88th year of her age. Mrs Harris was a daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Boston of Jedburgh, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Boston of Ettrick.—30. On his passage home, on board of the *William Pitt*, East Indiaman, Archibald Seton, Esq. of Touch.

April 12. In the guard-room of Kinross jail, in extreme wretchedness, Andrew Nicol, well known in the Court of Session and caricature shops under the name of the *Kinross Lawyer*. From a tradesman in easy circumstances and of decent character, he reduced himself, by his most litigious and quarrelsome temper, to the state of a beggar, and finally an outcast from all society.

Rather than give up his pretended rights to the famous *midden-steed*, he obstinately refused all supply from the poor funds of his native parish; and in order that he might retain what he conceived would be the means of bringing him once more within the walls of the Parliament House, wandered about from place to place, until at last, from his habits of life, he became such a nuisance, that, disowned by every relation, and shut out from every house, it was found necessary to convey him to the common prison, which he quitted only for that asylum "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."—At Eildon Hall, Katherine, the infant daughter of Leaver Legge, Esq.—15. At Libberton, Margaret Manson, spouse of the Rev. Mr James Simpson, minister of the Associate Congregation, Potter-row, Edinburgh.—21. Mr John Hatchet, senior, of the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, London, aged 62.—23. At Topsham, aged 78, Captain Carter, R.N. With the exception of Admiral Schank, he was the only surviving officer who went to the North Cape of Lapland, to observe the transit of Venus, in 1768, in the Emerald, commanded by Sir Charles Douglas, of which the deceased was then first lieutenant.—At Avignon, Colin Macdonald Buchanan, younger of Drummakil.—24. At Liverpool, aged 81, Mr John Gore.—25. At Frasersburgh, Mr George Daniel, writer.—26. After a lingering and painful illness, Mr Rob. Wilson, merchant, Leith.—At Perth, the Rev. James Scott, late senior minister of Perth, at the advanced age of 85.—28. At Gartur, John Graham, Esq.—29. At Havre, Alexander, second son of William Oliver, Esq. younger of Dinlabyre.—30. At his mother's house, 65, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, James George Mackinlay, student of medicine, aged 20.—At Burntsfield Links, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Finlay, widow of the late James Bell, Esq. Finglen, Campsie.—At his house in Beaumont Place, Edinburgh, Capt. Henry Bevan, retired adjutant of the Dumfries-shire militia, aged 52 years.—At Edinburgh, the infant son of William Erskine, Esq.—At Roxburgh Place, Edinburgh, Mrs John Gardner.—At Berwick-upon-Tweed, Mrs Barbara Hodgson, aged 88, relict of the late Dr Henry Hodgson, formerly Mayor of that town.

May 1. At Lorn, Furnace House, Argyleshire, Mary Harrison, in her 36th year, wife of James Park Harrison, Esq. and eldest daughter of Matthew Harrison, Esq. Newland Furnace, Lancashire.—At his house, in Montague Street, London, John Crawford, Esq. late of Monorgan, in Perthshire.—In Cumberland Place, London, the Hon. John Douglas. The deceased was grandfather to the present Marquis of Abercorn; he was father to the Countess of Aberdeen, and son-in-law to the Earl of Harewood, having married the noble Earl's daughter, Lady Frances Lascelles, who died

last year.—2. At his house, in the Admiralty, London, Rear-admiral Sir George Hope, K.C.B.—3. At his father's house, in Howe Street, Edinburgh, Arthur Forrest, Esq.—At Glasgow, Mr A. Ruthven, of the Ship Bank there.—At Glasgow, Mr James Russell, jun. grocer, High Street. Mr Russell has left the following donations:—To the poor of the Relief Chapel, Campbell Street, £200—Sabbath Evening Schools, £50—To the Royal Infirmary, £50—To the Lunatic Asylum, £50—To the poor of his native parish, Falkirk, £50.—4. At Gortnagally, near Dunggannon, John Woods, an industrious farmer, at the advanced age of 122 years. He lived a regular and sober life. His wife died about two years ago, aged 82 years. He was 42 years old the day of her birth.—At Ramsay (Isle of Man) aged 61 years, the Hon. Norris Moore, his Majesty's first deemster in the island.—5. At Dublin, in the 25th year of his age, on his way homewards from Jamaica, on account of bad health, Mr Archibald Robertson, only remaining son of George Robertson, Esq. Bower Lodge, Irvine.—At her house, in Chapel Street, Mrs Alison Hay of Haystown, in the 90th year of her age.—7. At Chapelton, the infant daughter of Capt. Durie, late of the 92d regiment.—At Sheerness, at an advanced age, Mr Wyatt, ship-builder. His death was occasioned by an anchor, weighing 46 cwt. which he was trying to move, falling against his chest, and knocking him down, the Monday preceding.—At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Aitchison, wife of Mr James Clarkson.—At Fernie, Francis Balfour, Esq. of Fernie.—At Campbeltown, Major Robert Elder of Belloch.—Christian, youngest daughter of William Haig, Esq. of Dollarfield.—8. At Hill Street, Edinburgh, Colin Mackay, Esq.—At Edinburgh, in the 73d year of his age, Alexander Robertson, Esq. of Etrickhall, late one of the keepers of the records of Scotland.—9. At Edinburgh, at the house of his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr Anderson, Thomas Brown, Esq. of Waterhead, aged 82.—11. At Edinburgh, Mrs Rattray, wife of Lieut. Col. David Rattray, and only daughter of General John Hamilton of Dalzell and Orbiston.—At Burdiehouse Mains, Mr Alexander Peacock, architect, aged 85 years.—12. William Richardson, cousin-german to the late William Richardson, Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, aged 76.—At Glasgow, Mrs Loudoun, wife of Morehead Loudoun, Esq.—13. At his house, Wester Duddingston, Robert Kay, architect, aged 78.—At his house in George Street, in the 73d year of his age, Mr William Scott, teacher of elocution and geography. Mr Scott was the father of elocution in this country, and for a period of upwards of forty years distinguished himself by his extensive usefulness in his profession, having also instructed in this elegant accomplishment a great proportion of our countrymen who have risen

to eminence in the senate, the pulpit, and at the bar. He is also well known as the author of several useful and popular elementary works on subjects connected with education, among others, Lessons on Reading and Speaking, of a System of Geography, and a Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, which has always been considered a work of high authority, and equally esteemed on both sides of the Tweed. In the private relations of life, he was distinguished for his benevolence and piety; and during the protracted period of his last illness, he displayed that fortitude and resignation, and even cheerfulness, which the consciousness of a well spent life, and the joyful anticipations of a happy futurity, alone can give.—At Edinburgh, Captain David Havan, 21st Foot, or Royal North British Fusiliers.—14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Arbuthnot, relict of Robert Arbuthnot, Esq.—At Leith, in the 20th year of her age, Agnes, youngest daughter of the late James Scarth, Esq. merchant in Leith.—15. At Wilson Park, Portobello, J. P. Donaldson, Esq. assistant-surgeon of the Fifeshire Militia, and surgeon in Portobello.—16. At Gaddesby, near Leicester, Eliza, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Cheney, of the Scots Greys.—17. At Glasgow, Mrs Taylor of Kirktonhill.—At Edinburgh, Mr William Sawers, bookseller.—At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, the infant daughter of the Rev. C. H. Terrot, Albany Street.—At Crossmont, Capt. James Menzies, Royal Perthshire Militia.—18. At Liverpool, of a typhus fever, after an illness of ten days, in the 36th year of his age, Dr John Thomson, of this town, late of Halifax. His best eulogy will be found in the sentiments of deep and heartfelt regret which the sudden stroke has excited in the breasts of those who knew him. Warmly beloved by his friends, highly respected by the generous brethren of a liberal profession, universally esteemed, he is now universally lamented. Seldom has the hand of death blighted fairer prospects, or inflicted a severer wound. In Dr Thomson, a powerful, enlightened, and active mind was united with a kind and benevolent heart. He had the will, as well as the ability, to be and to do good. His talents were great, and he used them as the instruments of his virtues. As a physician, though but lately settled here, he was already rising into eminence; and if unwearied diligence in collecting the materials of medical knowledge, combined with great skill in the application of them, could have ensured success, he must have succeeded. To the practical duties of his profession, his attention was unwearied, and his patients will bear witness to that unaffected kindness of manner which always made his advice doubly acceptable; which led them to believe, that he took a personal rather than a professional interest in their welfare; that he was their friend

as well as their physician. And such indeed was the case; he considered his fellow men as friends and brethren, and valued his Christian even more than his medical profession. It was the first wish of his heart to do good himself; and to teach others to do good in every possible way: and deeming the moral still more dangerous than the natural maladies of man, he was proportionably anxious to minister to them also. As a firm believer in the divine mission of Christ, he considered it a sacred duty to lend all the aid that he could in diffusing the knowledge of the gospel. A diligent and conscientious inquiry had led him to the peculiar views of religious truth which he entertained, and he therefore exerted himself with zeal in their diffusion; but his zeal was according to knowledge, and consequently without bigotry. For many of those who diffused from him most widely, he always felt and expressed the highest regard, and where he dissented honestly on points of faith, could still unite with heart and hand, sincerely and cordially, in the spirit of charity. As a physician and a friend, a fellow-citizen and a fellow-christian, he will be long and deeply regretted. May the sorrow excited by his sudden and premature death, lead to the earnest emulation of his good example! "It is the end of all men, and the living should lay it to heart."—At Minholm, near Langholm, in the prime of life, William Kier, Esq. conductor of improvements to his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry, in the district of Eskdale, and late captain in the Dumfriesshire yeomanry cavalry.—At Limekilns, Jean, daughter of the deceased James Reddie, Esq. late farmer, Purvisball, Fifeshire.—Charles Williamson, Esq. of Mairfield, for many years a respectable tobacconist in Kelso.—At Harperden, East Lothian, Mr Peter Bairnsfather, farmer.—19. At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Hunter, eldest son of Lieutenant-general Hunter of Burnside.—21. In George Street, James, infant son of John Mansfield, Esq.—At Thurso, Mrs Margaret Leith, wife of Mr George Pater-son, senior magistrate of that town.—22. At Ham Common, Surrey, Hannah, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, Bart.—23. At Borrowstounness, Miss Margaret Padon, aged 73.—At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Boyd, perfumer, Duke Street, aged 39.—24. At the house of Mr Alexander Allan, merchant, Leith, Mary, daughter of the late John Grant, Esq. of Kincardine O'Neil.—At Lanark, Mrs Jane Smith, spouse of Mr John Lamb, writer in Lanark.—25. At his father's house, St John's Hill, in the 20th year of his age, after a lingering illness, Mr John Bruce, son of Mr William Bruce, late banker, Edinburgh.—At Portobello, Mrs Blackwood of Pitreavie.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XVI.

JULY 1818.

VOL. III.

ESSAYS ON THE LAKE SCHOOL OF
POETRY.

No I.

WORDSWORTH'S *White Doe of Rylstone*.

THE three great master-spirits of our day, in the poetical world, are Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. But there never were minds more unlike to each other than theirs are, either in original conformation or in the course of life. It is great and enduring glory to this age, to have produced three Poets,—of perfectly original genius,—unallied to each other,—drinking inspiration from fountains far apart,—who have built up superb structures of the imagination, of distinct orders of architecture,—and who may indeed be said to rule, each by a legitimate sovereignty, over separate and powerful provinces in the kingdom of Mind. If we except the Elizabethan age, in which the poetical genius of the country was turned passionately to the drama, and which produced an unequalled constellation of great spirits, we believe that no other period of English literature could exhibit three such Poets as these, standing in conspicuous elevation among a crowd of less potent, but enlightened and congenial Worthies. There is unquestionably an ethereal flush of poetry over the face of this land. Poets think and feel for themselves, fearlessly and enthusiastically. There is something like inspiration in the works of them all. They are far superior indeed to the mere clever verse-writers of our Augustan age. It is easy to see in what feelings, and in what faculties, our living Poets excel their duller prose brethren; and the world is not now so easily duped,

as to bestow the "hallowed name" upon such writers as the Sprats, and Yaldens, and Dukes, and Pomfrets, "et hoc genus omne," whom the courtesy and ignorance of a former age admitted into the poetical brotherhood. Unless a Poet be now a Poet indeed,—unless he possess something of "the vision and the faculty divine,"—he dies at once, and is heard of no more. There is, of necessity, in so poetical an age as this, a vast crowd of deluded followers of the Muse, who mistake the will for the power. But the evil of this is not great. The genuine Poets, and these alone, are admired and beloved. Of them we have many; but we believe that we speak the general voice, when we place on a triple throne, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron.

Though greatly inferior in many things to his illustrious brethren, Scott is perhaps, after all, the most unequivocally original. We do not know of any model after which the form of his principal Poems has been moulded. They bear no resemblance, and, we must allow, are far inferior to the heroic Poems of Greece; nor do they, though he has been called the Ariosto of the North, seem to us to resemble, in any way whatever, any of the great Poems of modern Italy. He has given a most intensely real representation of the living spirit of the chivalrous age of his country. He has not shrouded the figures or the characters of his heroes in high poetical lustre, so as to dazzle us by resplendent fictitious beings, shining through the scenes and events of a half-imaginary world. They are as much real men in his poetry, as the "mighty Earls" of old are in our histories and annals. The incidents, too, and events, are all won-

derfully like those of real life ; and when we add to this, that all the most interesting and impressive superstitions and fancies of the times are in his poetry incorporated and intertwined with the ordinary tissue of mere human existence, we feel ourselves hurried from this our civilized age, back into the troubled bosom of semibarbarous life, and made keen partakers in all its impassioned and poetical credulities. His Poems are historical narrations, true in all things to the spirit of history, but everywhere overspread with those bright and breathing colours which only genius can bestow on reality ; and when it is recollected, that the times in which his scenes are laid and his heroes act were distinguished by many of the most energetic virtues that can grace or dignify the character of a free people, and marked by the operation of great passions and important events, every one must feel that the poetry of Walter Scott is, in the noblest sense of the word, national ; that it breathes upon us the bold and heroic spirit of perturbed but magnificent ages, and connects us, in the midst of philosophy, science, and refinement, with our turbulent but high-minded ancestors, of whom we have no cause to be ashamed, whether looked on in the fields of war or in the halls of peace. He is a true knight in all things,—free, courteous, and brave. War, as he describes it, is a noble game, a kingly pastime. He is the greatest of all War-Poets. His Poetry might make a very coward fearless. In *Marmion*, the battle of Flodden agitates us with all the terror of a fatal overthrow. In *The Lord of the Isles*, we read of the field of Bannockburn with clenched hands and fiery spirits, as if the English were still our enemies, and we were victorious over their invading king. There is not much of all this in any modern poetry but his own ; and therefore it is, that, independently of all his other manifold excellencies, we glory in him as the great modern National Poet of Scotland,—in whom old times revive,—whose Poetry prevents History from becoming that which, in times of excessive refinement, it is often too apt to become—a dead letter,—and keeps the animating and heroic spectacles of the past moving brightly across our every-day world, and flashing out from them a

kindling power over the actions and characters of our own age.

Byron is in all respects the very opposite of Scott. He never dreams of wholly giving up his mind to the influence of the actions of men, or the events of history. He lets the world roll on, and eyes its wide-weltering and tumultuous waves—even the calamitous shipwrecks that strew its darkness—with a stern, and sometimes even a pitiless misanthropy. He cannot sympathise with the ordinary joys or sorrows of humanity, even though intense and overpowering. They must live and work in intellect and by intellect, before they seem worthy of the sympathy of his impenetrable soul. His idea of man, in the abstract, is boundless and magnificent ; but of men, as individuals, he thinks with derision and contempt. Hence he is in one stanza a sublime moralist, elevated and transported by the dignity of human nature ; in the next a paltry satirist, sneering at its meanness. Hence he is unwilling to yield love or reverence to any thing that has yet life ; for life seems to sink the little that is noble into the degradation of the much that is vile. The dead, and the dead only, are the objects of his reverence or his love ; for death separates the dead from all connexion, all intimacy with the living ; and the memories of the great or good alone live in the past, which is a world of ashes. Byron looks back to the tombs of those great men “ that stand in assured rest ;” and gazing, as it were, on the bones of a more gigantic race, his imagination then teems with corresponding births, and he holds converse with the mighty in language worthy to be heard by the spirits of the mighty. It is this contrast between his august conceptions of man, and his contemptuous opinion of men, that much of the almost incomprehensible charm, and power, and enchantment of his Poetry exists. We feel ourselves alternately sunk and elevated, as if the hand of an invisible being had command over us. At one time we are a little lower than the angels ; in another, but little higher than the worms. We feel that our elevation and our disgrace are alike the lot of our nature ; and hence the Poetry of Byron, as we before remarked, is read as a dark, but still a divine revelation.

If Byron be altogether unlike Scott, Wordsworth is yet more unlike Byron. With all the great and essential faculties of the Poet, he possesses the calm and self-commanding powers of the Philosopher. He looks over human life with a steady and serene eye; he listens with a fine ear "to the still sad music of humanity." His faith is unshaken in the prevalence of virtue over vice, and of happiness over misery; and in the existence of a heavenly law operating on earth, and, in spite of transitory defeats, always visibly triumphant in the grand field of human warfare. Hence he looks over the world of life, and man, with a sublime benignity; and hence, delighting in all the gracious dispensations of God, his great mind can wholly deliver itself up to the love of a flower budding in the field, or of a child asleep in its cradle; nor, in doing so, feels that Poetry can be said to stoop or to descend, much less to be degraded, when she embodies, in words of music, the purest and most delightful fancies and affections of the human heart. This love of the nature to which he belongs, and which is in him the fruit of wisdom and experience, gives to all his Poetry a very peculiar, a very endearing, and, at the same time, a very lofty character. His Poetry is little coloured by the artificial distinctions of society. In his delineations of passion or character, he is not so much guided by the varieties produced by customs, institutions, professions, or modes of life, as by those great elementary laws of our nature which are unchangeable and the same; and therefore the pathos and the truth of his most felicitous Poetry are more profound than of any other, not unlike the most touching and beautiful passages in the Sacred Page. The same spirit of love, and benignity, and ethereal purity, which breathes over all his pictures of the virtues and the happiness of man, pervades those too of external nature. Indeed, all the Poets of the age,—and none can dispute that they must likewise be the best Critics,—have given up to him the palm in that Poetry which commences with the forms, and hues, and odours, and sounds, of the material world. He has brightened the earth we inhabit to our eyes; he has made it more musical to our ears;

he has rendered it more creative to our imaginations.

We are well aware, that what we have now written of Wordsworth is not the opinion entertained of his genius in Scotland, where, we believe, his Poetry is scarcely known, except by the extracts from it, and criticisms upon it, in the Edinburgh Review. But in England his reputation is high,—indeed, among many of the very best judges, the highest of all our living Poets; and it is our intention, in this and some other articles, to give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, whether he is or is not a great Poet. This they will best be enabled to do by fair and full critiques on all his principal Poems, and by full and copious quotations from them, selected in an admiring but impartial spirit. We purpose to enter, after this has been done, at some length into the peculiarities of his system and of his genius, which we humbly conceive we have studied with more care, and, we fear not to say, with more knowledge and to better purpose, than any writer in the Edinburgh Review. Indeed, the general conviction of those whose opinions are good for any thing on the subject of Poetry is, that, however excellent many of the detached remarks on particular passages may be, scarcely one syllable of truth—that is, of knowledge—has ever appeared in the Edinburgh Review on the general principles of Wordsworth's Poetry, or, as it has been somewhat vaguely, and not very philosophically, called, the Lake School of Poetry. We quarrel with no critic for his mere critical opinions; and in the disquisitions which, ere long, we shall enter into on this subject, we shall discuss all disputed points with perfect amenity, and even amity, towards those who, "toto cœlo," dissent from our views. There is by far too much wrangling and jangling in our periodical criticism. Every critic, now-a-days, raises his bristles, as if he were afraid of being thought too tame and good-natured. There is a want of genial feeling in professional judges of Poetry; and this want is not always supplied by a deep knowledge of the laws. For our own parts, we intend at all times to write of great living Poets in the same spirit of love and reverence with which it is natural to regard the dead and the sanctified;

and this is the only spirit in which a critic can write of his contemporaries without frequent dogmatism, presumption, and injustice.

We shall now direct the attention of our readers to the "White Doe of Rylstone," a poem which exhibits in perfection many of Wordsworth's peculiar beauties, and, it may be, some of his peculiar defects. It is in itself a whole; and on that account we prefer beginning with it, in place of the "Lyrical Ballads," or the subsequent "Poems" of the author, which contain specimens of so many different styles; and still more, in place of the "Excursion," which, though a great work in itself, is but a portion of a still greater one, and will afford subject-matter for more than one long article.

This Poem is prefaced by some stanzas addressed to the wife of the Poet, in which a touching allusion is made to severe domestic afflictions, (the death, we believe, of two children "whom all that looked on loved,") that direfully interrupted, for a while, the flow of imagination in his soul, but the softened memory of which blended at last, not undelightfully, with the mournful and tragic character of this "tale of tears." No verses in the language are more simply yet profoundly affecting; and we are sure that they will dispose every feeling mind to come to the perusal of the Poem itself with the most kindly and sympathetic emotions.

In trolis'd shed with clustering roses gay,
And, Mary! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul—in sad attire,
The gentle Una, born of heavenly birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the
earth.

Ah, then, Beloved! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierc'd by sorrow's thrilling
dart,

Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart,
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led,
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught;
Till, in the bosom of our rustic Cell,
We by a lamentable change were taught

That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide."
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute.

—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to
bestow

A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us—it beguiled us—then, to hear
Oncemore of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel;
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this Song of mine once more
could please,

Where, anguish, strange as dreams of rest-
less sleep,

Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds;—fair Creatures!—to
whom Heaven

A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose;
And of the recompense which conscience seeks
A bright, encouraging example shows;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest
breaks,

Needful amid life's ordinary woes;—
Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
O, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they
give—

Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,
Beloved Wife! such solace to impart
As it hath yielded to thy tender heart.

The Poem is founded on a wild and beautiful tradition, that in former times a White Doe, coming over the hills from what once were the demesnes of Rylstone Hall, in Yorkshire, visited, every Sabbath morning, during the time of divine service, the burial-ground and the ruined part of Bolton Abbey. The Poet undertakes to give a poetical character to this solitary and mysterious creature, and to connect with its Sabbath visit to the holy place a tale of human passions.

The first canto begins with an animated and picturesque description of the assemblage of people to divine

service in a rural chapel built within
the heart of the solemn ruins,
When faith and hope were in their prime,
In great Eliza's golden time.

All is silent but the voice of the priest
reciting the holy liturgy, and of the
river murmuring by,

—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen ;

And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground ;

And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God

—Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,

Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe !

White she is as lily of June,
And beautiful as the silver moon

When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven ;

Or like a ship some gentle day

In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

This radiant creature glides silently
to and fro over the sculptured tomb-
stones of warriors, and through the
ivied arches of the ruin, the desolation
of which is painted by a few mournful
touches, and then,

Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;

Gently as a weary wave

Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,

Against an anchored vessel's side ;

Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The spot where she has made her
Sabbath couch is thus more particu-
larly described.

It was a solitary mound ;

Which two spears' length of level ground

Did from all other graves divide :

As if in some respect of pride ;

Or melancholy's sickly mood,

Still shy of human neighbourhood ;

Or guilt, that humbly would express

A penitential loneliness.

When the congregation come into
the church-yard at the close of the
service, the White Doe is seen still
lying undisturbed and fearless beside
the little hallowed mound, and the
conjectures of various speakers are
given respecting the beautiful noon-
day apparition. Among others,

An Old Man—studious to expound

The spectacle—hath mounted high

To days of dim antiquity ;

When Lady Aaliza mourned

Her Son, and felt in her despair,

The pang of unavailing prayer ;

Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,

The noble Boy of Egremound.

From which affliction, when God's grace

At length had in her heart found place,

A pious structure, fair to see,

Rose up—this stately Priory !

The Lady's work,—but now laid low ;

To the grief of her soul that doth come and go,

In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe :

Which, though seemingly doomed in its

breast to sustain

A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,

Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and bright,—

And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light.

An Oxford scholar, who has returned
to his native vale, supposes, still more
fancifully, that it is the shape assumed
by the guardian Spirit of that Lord
Clifford called the Shepherd Lord.

It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd Lord to meet

In his wanderings solitary ;

Wild notes she in his hearing sang,

A song of Nature's hidden powers ;

That whistled like the wind, and rang

Among the rocks and holly bowers.

'Twas said that she all shapes could wear ;

And oftentimes before him stood,

Amid the trees of some thick wood,

In semblance of a lady fair,

And taught him signs, and shewed him sights,

In Craven's dens, on Cumbria's heights ;

When under cloud of fear he lay,

A shepherd clad in homely gray,

Nor left him at his later day.

And hence, when he, with spear and shield,

Rode full of years to Flodden field,

His eye could see the hidden spring,

And how the current was to flow ;

The fatal end of Scotland's King,

And all that hopeless overthrow.

The Poet thus prepares our minds,
by these beautiful little fancies and
imaginings, and by the soft and solemn
colouring which he has thrown over
the scene haunted by the lovely visit-
ant, for his own story, which we feel
is to be a melancholy one, suiting the
utter solitude of the pile.

And see—they vanish, one by one,

And last, the Doe herself is gone.

In Canto II. the Poet at once re-
turns to the source of his tale and tra-
dition. Norton of Rylstone Hall has
engaged with Neville and Percy in
their rebellion against Queen Eliza-
beth, on the plea of wishing to restore
the ancient religion ; and his only
daughter, Emily, who had been in-
structed by her deceased mother in
the reformed faith, has been compelled
by him to work a banner, on which is
embroidered

The sacred Cross ; and figured there

The five dear wounds our Lord did bear ;

Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in rueful company!

All the sons of Norton join him in his rebellion, except the eldest, Francis, who foresees its calamitous end, and ineffectually tries to dissuade his father from the rash enterprise. He is dismissed with scorn and wrath from his father's presence; and seeking his beloved sister, who had gone to vent her sorrow in the groves round the Hall, he endeavours to prepare her soul for the death of her father and all her brothers, and for the utter overthrow of their ancient and illustrious house. Nothing can exceed, in simple and solemn earnestness, the whole of this mournful prophecy. For example,

“ O Sister, I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well;—
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee a woman, and thence weak;
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:
'Tis meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss:
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon.
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours,—
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers;
Walks, pools, and arbours, homestead, hall,
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young Horse must forsake his manger,
And learn to glory in a Stranger;
The Hawk forget his perch,—the Hound
Be parted from his ancient ground:
The blast will sweep us all away,
One desolation, one decay!
And even this Creature!” which words saying
He pointed to a lovely Doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying;
Fair Creature, and more white than snow!
“ Even she will to her peaceful woods
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came,—
Ere she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Rylstone Hall.”

The canto ends with some fervent entreaties and prayers that she will cherish no earthly hope, but look to Heaven alone for support, in the orphan and brotherless state in which she will soon be placed.

“ But thou, my Sister, doomed to be
The last leaf which by Heaven's decree
Must hang upon a blasted tree;

If not in vain we have breathed the breath
Together of a purer faith—
If hand in hand we have been led,
And thou, (O happy thought this day!)
Not seldom foremost in the way—
If on one thought our minds have fed,
And we have in one meaning read—
If, when at home our private weal
Hath suffered from the shock of zeal,
Together we have learned to prize
Forbearance, and self-sacrifice—
If we like combatants have fared,
And for this issue been prepared—
If thou art beautiful, and youth
And thought endue thee with all truth—
Be strong;—be worthy of the grace
Of God, and fill thy destined place:
A soul, by force of sorrows high,
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity!”

He ended,—or she heard no more:
He led her from the Yew-tree shade,
And at the Mansion's silent door,
He kissed the consecrated Maid;
And down the Valley he pursued,
Alone, the armed Multitude.

The third canto is wholly occupied with a detail of the rising in the North, and the disarray of the rash levy on the approach of the royal army under Dudley. Old Norton now feels that ruin is at hand.

Back through the melancholy Host
Went Norton, and resumed his post.
Alas! thought he, and have I borne
This Banner raised so joyfully,
This hope of all posterity,
Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by,
A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
To the frail clouds a mockery!
—So speaking, he upraised his head
Towards that Imagery once more;
But the familiar prospect shed
Despondency unfelt before:
A shock of intimations vain,
Blank fear, and superstitious pain,
Fell on him, with the sudden thought
Of her by whom the work was wrought:—
Oh wherefore was her countenance bright
With love divine and gentle light?
She did in passiveness obey,
But her Faith leaned another way.
Ill tears she wept,—I saw them fall,
I overheard her as she spake
Sad words to that mute Animal,
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
This Cross in tears:—by her, and One
Unworthier far, we are undone—
Her Brother was it who assailed
Her tender spirit and prevailed.
Her other Parent, too, whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid,
From reason's earliest dawn beguiled
The docile, unsuspecting Child:
Far back—far back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe!—

In this melancholy mood, Francis, who unarmed had followed the multitude, implores his infatuated father to abandon the hopeless enterprise, but is repulsed with anger and disdain, and retires, to wait a kindlier time to renew his supplications. This canto, consisting principally of action, is rather heavy and languid, and reminds the reader, somewhat painfully, of the light and bounding manner of Scott in such narrations, to which it forms a very unfavourable contrast.

The fourth canto opens with a fine moonlight view of Rylstone Hall, and brings us into the presence of the sainted Emily, already felt to be an orphan, and attended in her solitude by that beautiful mute creature, now her constant companion. The whole of this description is so exquisite, that we shall quote it entire.

From cloudless ether looking down,
The Moon, this tranquil evening, sees
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
And Castle like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees ;—
And, southward far, with moors between,
Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields ;
While from one pillared chimney breathes
The silver smoke, and mounts in wreaths.
—The courts are hushed ;—for timely sleep
The Greyhounds to their kennel creep ;
The Peacock in the broad ash-tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,
He who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the day-light ;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perched, from yon lone Tower
The Hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.
—Ah ! who could think that sadness here
Had any sway ? or pain, or fear ?
A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day ;
The garden pool's dark surface—stirred
By the night insects in their play—
Breaks into dimples small and bright ;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear
Almost as soon as seen :—and, lo !
Not distant far, the milk-white Doe :
The same fair Creature which was nigh
Feeding in tranquillity,
When Francis uttered to the Maid
His last words in the yew-tree shade ;—
The fame fair Creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground ;
Where now, within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns, and beds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,

Vo L. III.

And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foliage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array,—
Beneath yon cypress spring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moonlight doth she lie ;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range—unrestricted as the wind—
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

But where at this still hour is she,
The consecrated Emily ?
Even while I speak, behold the Maid
Emerging from the cedar shade
To open moonshine, where the Doe
Beneath a cypress-spire is laid ;
Like a patch of April snow,
Upon a bed of herbage green,
Lingering in a woody glade,
Or behind a rocky screen ;
Lonely relic ! which, if seen
By the Shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
—Nor more regard doth she bestow
Upon the uncomplaining Doe !

Yet the meek Creature was not free,
Erewhile, from some perplexity :
For thrice hath she approached, this day,
The thought-bewildered Emily ;
Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
Some smile or look of love to gain,—
Encouragement to sport or play ;
Attempts which by the unhappy Maid
Have all been slighted or gainsaid.
—O welcome to the viewless breeze !
'Tis fraught with acceptable feeling,
And instantaneous sympathies
Into the Sufferer's bosom stealing ;—
Ere she hath reached yon rustic Shed
Hung with late-flowering woodbine spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revives a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote Alcove,
(While from the pendant woodbine came
Like odours, sweet as if the same)
A fondly anxious Mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.
—Yes, she is soothed :—an Image faint—
And yet not faint—a presence bright
Returns to her ;—'tis that bless'd Saint
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.

'Tis gone—the Vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence !
“ But oh ! thou Angel from above,
Thou Spirit of maternal love,
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than Ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear ;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed—in radiant ministry

Descend on Francis :—through the air
Of this sad earth to him repair,
Speak to him with a voice, and say,
“ That he must cast despair away !”

In this state of mind she beholds an
old gray-haired man approaching her,
and in the agony of her distress cou-
jures him to seek the insurgent powers
now besieging Barnard Castle, and to
bring her some tidings of those for
whose sake she is so disconsolate.

In the fifth canto, Emily has seated
herself, in her sorrow, beneath the
shadow of a tower on Rylstone Fell,
awaiting there the return of the aged
messenger. This tower, now sad and
silent,

Had often heard the sound of glee
When there the youthful Nortons met,
To practise games and archery :
How proud and happy they ! the crowd
Of Lookers-on how pleased and proud !
And from the heat of the noontide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the Watch-tower did repair,
Commodious Pleasure-house ! and there
Would mirth run round, with generous fare ;
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone Hall,
He was the proudest of them all !

At last the old man comes, and in-
forms her of the end of the sad tra-
gedy,—the execution of her father and
all his eight sons. Francis alone sur-
vives.

“ Your noble Brother hath been spared,
To take his life they have not dared.
On him and on his high endeavour
The light of praise shall shine for ever !
Nor did he (such Heaven’s will) in vain
His solitary course maintain ;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty seeing with clear sight ;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.

“ I witnessed when to York they came—
What, Lady, if their feet were tied !
They might deserve a good Man’s blame ;
But, marks of infamy and shame,
These were their triumph, these their pride.

“ Lo, Francis comes,” the people cried,
“ A Prisoner once, but now set free !
“ ’Tis well, for he the worst defied
“ For sake of natural Piety ;
“ He rose not in this quarrel, he
“ His Father and his Brothers wooed,
“ Both for their own and Country’s good,
“ To rest in peace—he did divide,
“ He parted from them ; but at their side
“ Now walks in unanimity—
“ Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
“ While to the prison they are borne,
“ Peace, peace to all indignity !”

“ And so in Prison were they laid—
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid !
For I am come with power to bless,
To scatter gleams through your distress
Of a redeeming happiness.

Me did a reverend pity move
And privilege of ancient love,
But most, compassion for your fate,
Lady ! for your forlorn estate,
Me did these move, and I made bold,
And entrance gained to that strong-hold.

“ Your Father gave me cordial greeting ;
But to his purposes, that burned
Within him, instantly returned—
He was commanding and entreating,
And said, “ We need not stop, my Son !
“ But I will end what is begun ;
“ ’Tis matter which I do not fear
“ To intrust to any living ear.”

And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.
“ Might this our enterprise have sped,
“ Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
“ A renovation of the dead,
“ A spring-tide of immortal green :
“ The darksome Altars would have blazed
“ Like stars when clouds are rolled away ;
“ Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
“ Once more the Rood had been upraised
“ To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
“ Then, then, had I survived to see
“ New life in Bolton Priory ;
“ The voice restored, the eye of truth
“ Re-opened that inspired my youth ;
“ Had seen her in her pomp arrayed ;
“ This Banner (for such vow I made)
“ Should on the consecrated breast
“ Of that same Temple have found rest :
“ I would myself have hung it high,
“ Glad offering of glad victory !

“ A shadow of such thought remains
“ To cheer this sad and pensive time ;
“ A solemn fancy yet sustains
“ One feeble Being—bids me climb
“ Even to the last—one effort more
“ To attest my Faith, if not restore.

“ Hear then,” said he, “ while I impart,
“ My Son, the last wish of my heart.

—“ The Banner strive thou to regain ;
“ And, if the endeavour be not vain,
“ Bear it—to whom if not to thee
“ Shall I this lonely thought consign ?—
“ Bear it to Bolton Priory,
“ And lay it on Saint Mary’s shrine,—
“ To wither in the sun and breeze
“ Mid those decaying Sanctities.
“ There let at least the gift be laid,
“ The testimony there displayed ;
“ Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
“ But for lost Faith and Christ’s dear name,
“ I helmeted a brow, though white,
“ And took a place in all men’s sight ;
“ Yea offered up this beauteous Brood,
“ This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
“ And turned away from thee, my Son !
“ And left—but be the rest unsaid,
“ The name untouched, the tear unshed,—
“ My wish is known and I have done :
“ Now promise, grant this one request,
“ This dying prayer, and be thou blest !”

“ Then Francis answered fervently,
“ If God so will, the same shall be.”

“ Immediately, this solemn word
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard,

And Officers appeared in state
 To lead the Prisoners to their fate.
 They rose, oh ! wherefore should I fear
 To tell, or, Lady, you to hear ?
 They rose—embraces none were given—
 They stood like trees when earth and heaven
 Are calm ; they knew each other's worth,
 And reverently the Band went forth.
 They met, when they had reached the door,
 The Banner which a Soldier bore,
 One marshalled thus with base intent
 That he in scorn might go before,
 And, holding up this monument,
 Conduct them to their punishment ;
 So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
 By human feeling, had ordained :
 The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
 And, with a look of calm command
 Inspiring universal awe,
 He took it from the Soldier's hand ;
 And all the people that were round
 Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
 —High transport did the Father shed
 Upon his Son—and they were led,
 Led on, and yielded up their breath,
 Together died, a happy death !
 But Francis, soon as he had braved
 This insult, and the Banner saved,
 That moment, from among the tide
 Of the spectators occupied
 In admiration or dismay,
 Bore unobserved his Charge away."

The sixth canto thus opens :
 Why comes not Francis ?—Joyful cheer
 In that parental gratulation,
 And glow of righteous indignation,
 Went with him from the doleful City :—
 He fled—yet in his flight could hear
 The death-sound of the Minster-bell ;
 That sullen stroke pronounced farewell
 To Marmaduke, cut off from pity !
 To Ambrose that ! and then a knell
 For him, the sweet half-opened Flower !
 For all—all dying in one hour !
 —Why comes not Francis ? Thoughts of love
 Should bear him to his Sister dear
 With motion fleet as winged Dove ;
 Yea, like a heavenly Messenger,
 An Angel-guest, should he appear.
 Why comes he not ?—for westward fast
 Along the plain of York he past ;
 The Banner-staff was in his hand,
 The Imagery concealed from sight,
 And cross the expanse, in open flight,
 Reckless of what impels or leads,
 Unchecked he hurries on ; nor heeds
 The sorrow of the Villages ;
 From the triumphant cruelties
 Of vengeful military force,
 And punishment without remorse,
 Unchecked he journeys—under law
 Of inward occupation strong ;
 And the first object which he saw,
 With conscious sight, as he swept along,—
 It was the Banner in his hand !
 He felt, and made a sudden stand.

After the execution of his father
 and brethren, Francis, with the ill-

fated banner in his hand, is over-
 taken, on his way to Bolton Abbey,
 by a party of horse under Sir George
 Bowes, and after many insults, is slain
 and left on the ground, where, after
 two days and nights, the body is
 found, and buried by some peasants
 in the church-yard of the Priory.

Apart, some little space, was made
 The grave where Francis must be laid.
 In no confusion or neglect
 This did they,—but in pure respect
 That he was born of gentle Blood ;
 And that there was no neighbourhood
 Of kindred for him in that ground :
 So to the Church-yard they are bound,
 Bearing the Body on a bier
 In decency and humble cheer ;
 And psalms are sung with holy sound.

But Emily hath raised her head,
 And is again disquieted ;
 She must behold !—so many gone,
 Where is the solitary One ?
 And forth from Rylstone-hall stepp'd she,—
 To seek her Brother forth she went,
 And tremblingly her course she bent
 Tow'rd's Bolton's ruined Priory.
 She comes, and in the Vale hath heard
 The Funeral dirge ;—she sees the Knot
 Of people, sees them in one spot—
 And darting like a wounded Bird
 She reached the grave, and with her breast
 Upon the ground received the rest,—
 The consummation, the whole ruth
 And sorrow of this final truth !

After this catastrophe years are sup-
 posed to elapse,—and the last and most
 beautiful Canto thus opens.

Thou Spirit, whose angelic hand
 Was to the Harp a strong command,
 Called the submissive strings to wake
 In glory for this Maiden's sake,
 Say, Spirit ! whither hath she fled
 To hide her poor afflicted head ?
 What mighty forest in its gloom
 Enfolds her ?—is a rifted tomb
 Within the wilderness her seat ?
 Some island which the wild waves beat,
 Is that the Sufferer's last retreat ?
 Or some aspiring rock, that shrouds
 Its perilous front in mists and clouds ?
 High-climbing rock—deep sunless dale—
 Sea—desert—what do these avail ?
 Oh take her anguish and her fears
 Into a calm recess of years !

'Tis done ;—despoil and desolation
 O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown ;
 The walks and pools neglect hath sown
 With weeds, the bowers are overthrown,
 Or have given way to slow mutation,
 While, in their ancient habitation
 The Norton name hath been unknown :
 The lordly Mansion of its pride
 Is stripped ; the ravage hath spread wide
 Through park and field, a perishing
 That mocks the gladness of the Spring !
 And with this silent gloom agreeing

There is a joyless human Being,
Of aspect such as if the waste
Were under her dominion placed :
Upon a primrose bank, her throne
Of quietness, she sits alone ;
There seated, may this Maid be seen,
Among the ruins of a wood,
Erewhile a covert bright and green,
And where full many a brave Tree stood,
That used to spread its boughs, and ring
With the sweet Bird's carolling.
Behold her, like a Virgin Queen,
Neglecting in imperial state
These outward images of fate,
And carrying inward a serene
And perfect sway, through many a thought
Of chance and change, that hath been brought
To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy !

Long years of wandering have fled
o'er the head of the orphan lady, and
she has ventured to return at last to
the place " where the home of her fore-
fathers stood."

And so beneath a mouldered tree,
A self-surviving leafless Oak,
By unregarded age from stroke
Of ravage saved—sate Emily.
There did she rest, with head reclined,
Herself most like a stately Flower,
(Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
Hath separated from its kind,
To live and die in a shady bower,
Single on the gladsome earth.

When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of Deer came sweeping by ;
And, suddenly, behold a wonder !
For, of that band of rushing Deer,
A single One in mid career
Hath stopped, and fixed its large full eye
Upon the Lady Emily,
A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant Creature, silver-bright !

Thus checked, a little while it stayed ;
A little thoughtful pause it made ;
And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
Drew softly near her—and more near,
Stopped once again ;—but, as no trace
Was found of any thing to fear,
Even to her feet the Creature came,
And laid its head upon her knee,
And looked into the Lady's face
A look of pure benignity,
And fond unclouded memory.
It is, thought Emily, the same,
The very Doe of other years !
The pleading look the Lady viewed,
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears—

A flood of tears, that flowed apace
Upon the happy Creature's face.

Oh, moment ever blest ! O Pair !
Beloved of heaven, heaven's choicest care !
This was for you a precious greeting,—
For both a bounteous, fruitful meeting.
Joined are they, and the Sylvan Doe
Can she depart ? can she forego
The Lady, once her playful Peer,

And now her sainted Mistress dear ?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely Chronicler of things
Long past, delights and sorrows ?
Lone sufferer ! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face,
And take this gift of Heaven with grace ?

That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of balmy April weather
They tarried in the wood together.
And when, ere fall of evening-dew,
She from this sylvan haunt withdrew,
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
The Lady to her Dwelling-place ;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habitation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord ;
A Hut, by tufted Trees defended,
Where Rylstone Brook with Wharf is blended.

When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe was there in sight.
She shrunk :—with one frail shock of pain,
Received and followed by a prayer,
Did she behold—saw once again ;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear ;—
But wheresoever she looked round
All now was trouble-haunted ground.
So doth the Sufferer deem it good
Even once again this neighbourhood
To leave.—Unwooded, yet unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the Vale,
Up to another Cottage—hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale ;
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.—
Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified ?
For she had ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed,
Endless history that lies

In her silent Follower's eyes ?
Who with a power like human Reason
Discerns the favourable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire,—
From looks conceiving her desire,
From looks, deportment, voice or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately writhed
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Walked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood ;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindly intercourse ensue.
—Oh ! surely 'twas a gentle rousing,
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browzing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide !
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank !
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
They like a nested Pair reposed !
Fair Vision ! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by,
White as the whitest cloud on high,

Floating through the azure sky.
 —What now is left for pain or fear?
 That Presence, dearer and more dear,
 Did now a very gladness yield
 At morning to the dewy field,
 While they side by side were straying,
 And the Shepherd's pipe was playing;
 And with a deeper peace endued
 The hour of moonlight solitude.

With her companion, in such frame
 Of mind, to Rylstone back she came,—
 And, wandering through the wasted groves,
 Received the memory of old Loves,
 Undisturbed and undistrest,
 Into a soul which now was blest
 With a soft spring-day of holy,
 Mild, delicious melancholy:
 Not sunless gloom or unenlightened,
 But by tender fancies brightened.

When the Bells of Rylstone played
 Their Sabbath music—“*God us ayde!*”
 That was the sound they seemed to speak;
 Inscriptive legend, which I ween
 May on those holy Bells be seen,
 That legend and her Grandsire's name;
 And oftentimes the Lady meek
 Had in her Childhood read the same,
 Words which she slighted at that day;
 But now, when such sad change was wrought,
 And of that lonely name she thought,
 The Bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
 While she sate listening in the shade,
 With vocal music, “*God us ayde!*”
 And all the Hills were glad to bear
 Their part in this effectual prayer.

Nor lacked she Reason's firmest power;
 But with the White Doe at her side
 Up doth she climb to Norton Tower,
 And thence looks round her far and wide.
 Her fate there measures,—all is stilled,—
 The feeble hath subdued her heart;
 Behold the prophecy fulfilled,
 Fulfilled, and she sustains her part!
 But here her Brother's words have failed,—
 Here hath a milder doom prevailed;
 That she, of him and all bereft,
 Hath yet this faithful Partner left,—
 This single Creature that disproves
 His words, remains for her, and loves.
 If tears are shed, they do not fall
 For loss of him, for one or all;
 Yet, sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
 Moved gently in her soul's soft sleep;
 A few tears down her cheek descend
 For this her last and living Friend.

Bless, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
 And bless for both this savage spot!
 Which Emily doth sacred hold
 For reasons dear and manifold—
 Here hath she, here before her sight,
 Close to the summit of this height,
 The grassy rock-encircled Pound
 In which the Creature first was found.
 So beautiful the spotless Thrall,
 (A lovely Younking white as foam,)
 That it was brought to Rylstone-hall;
 Her youngest Brother led it home,
 The youngest, then a lusty Boy,
 Brought home the prize—and with what joy!

But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
 On favouring nights, she loved to go:
 There ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,
 Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
 Nor did she fear in the still moonshine
 To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
 Nor on the lonely turf that showed
 Where Francis slept in his last abode.
 For that she came; there oft and long
 She sate in meditation strong:
 And, when she from the abyss returned
 Of thought, she neither shrunk nor mourned;
 Was happy that she lived to greet
 Her mute Companion as it lay
 In love and pity at her feet;
 How happy in her turn to meet
 That recognition! the mild glance
 Beamed from that gracious countenance;
 Communication, like the ray
 Of a new morning, to the nature
 And prospects of the inferior Creature!

A mortal Song we frame, by dower
 Encouraged of celestial power;
 Power which the viewless Spirit shed
 By whom we were first visited;
 Whose voice we heard, whose hand and wings
 Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
 When, left in solitude, erewhile
 We stood before this ruined Pile,
 And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
 Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
 Distress and desolation spread
 Through human hearts, and pleasure dead,—
 Dead—but to live again on Earth,
 A second and yet nobler birth;
 Dire overthrow, and yet how high
 The re-ascend in sanctity!
 From fair to fairer; day by day
 A more divine and loftier way!
 Even such this blessed Pilgrim trod,
 By sorrow lifted tow'rd's her God;
 Uplifted to the purest sky
 Of undisturbed mortality.
 Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend
 A dear look to her lowly Friend,—
 There stopped;—her thirst was satisfied
 With what this innocent spring supplied—
 Her sanction inwardly she bore,
 And stood apart from human cares:
 But to the world returned no more,
 Although with no unwilling mind
 Help did she give at need, and joined
 The Wharfedale Peasants in their prayers.
 At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
 To earth, she was set free, and died.
 Thy soul, exalted Emily,
 Maid of the blasted Family,
 Rose to the God from whom it came!
 —In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
 Was buried by her Mother's side.

Most glorious sunset!—and a ray
 Survives—the twilight of this day:
 In that fair Creature whom the fields
 Support, and whom the forest shields;
 Who, having filled a holy place,
 Partakes in her degree Heaven's grace;
 And bears a memory and a mind
 Raised far above the law of kind;
 Haunting the spots with lonely cheer

Which her dear Mistress once held dear :
 Loves most what Emily loved most—
 The enclosure of this Church-yard ground ;
 Here wanders like a gliding Ghost,
 And every Sabbath here is found ;
 Comes with the People when the Bells
 Are heard among the moorland dells,
 Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
 Lies open on the Sabbath-day ;
 Here walks amid the mournful waste
 Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
 And floors encumbered with rich show
 Of fret-work imagery laid low ;
 Paces softly, or makes halt,
 By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault,
 By plate of monumental brass
 Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
 And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave ;
 But chiefly by that single grave,
 That one sequestered hillock green,
 The Poem's Visitant is seen.
 There doth the gentle Creature lie
 With those adversities unmoved ;
 Calm Spectacle, by earth and sky
 In their benignity approved !
 And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
 Subdued by outrage and decay,
 Looks down upon her with a smile,
 A gracious smile, that seems to say,
 " Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
 But Daughter of the Eternal Prime !"

It will be soon seen, by those who have not read this Poem, that in it Mr Wordsworth has aimed at awakening the feelings and affections through the medium of the imagination. There are many readers of Poetry who imperiously demand strong passion and violent excitement, and who can perceive little merit in any composition which does not administer to that kind of enjoyment. Such persons will probably consider this Poem feeble and uninteresting, as they will do numerous productions that have, nevertheless, established themselves in the literature of our country. But it is owing to a defect of imagination that the beauty, apparent and delightful to others, shines not upon them. All those magical touches, by which a true Poet awakens endless trains of thought in an imaginative mind, are not felt at all by persons of such character. It is wonderful what influence a delicate tune, or shade, or tone, may have over the poetical visions of a poetical reader. In poetry, as in painting, gentle lineaments, and sober colouring, and chastened composition, often affect and delight the mind of capable judges more than even the most impassioned efforts of the art. But, to the vulgar,—and even to minds of more power than delicacy or refinement, such delineations

carry with them no charm—no authority. Many persons, in some things not only able but enlightened, would look with untouched souls on the pictures of Raphael,—and turn, undelighted, from the countenance and the eyes of beings more lovely than human life,—to the rapturous contemplation of mere earthly beauty. If we do not greatly err, the Poem we have now been analyzing possesses much of the former character, and will afford great delight on every perusal,—new and gentle beauties stealing and breathing from it like fragrance from perennial flowers.

Indeed, the tradition on which the Poem is founded must, to an unimaginative mind, appear childish and insignificant ; but to purer spirits, beautifully adapted to the purposes of Poetry. The creature, with whose image so many mournful and sublime associations are connected, is by nature one of the loveliest—wildest—of the lower orders of creation. All our ordinary associations with it are poetical. It is not the first time that a great Poet has made this fair animal the friend of human innocence. During the happy days of the Lady Emily, we can figure to ourselves nothing more beautiful than her and her mute favourite gliding together through the woods and groves of Rylstone-hall ; and when utter desolation comes over that Paradise, and the orphan is left alone on the hopeless earth, a more awful bond of connexion is then felt to subsist between the forlorn lady and the innocent companion of her days of blessedness. We willingly attribute something like human reason and human love to that fair creature of the woods,—and feel the deep pathos implied in such communion between a human soul in its sorrow with an inferior nature, that seems elevated by its being made the object of tender affection to a being above itself. A ring, a lock of hair, a picture, a written word of love, would be cherished with holy passion, by a solitary heart that mourned over their former possessor. To the Lady Emily nothing remained of all she had loved on earth,—nothing but the play-mate of herself and youthful brothers,—the object which the dead had loved in their happiness,—and which, with a holy instinct, forsook the wild life to which it had returned, when the melancholy face of its pro-

tector once more shone among the woods.

Of Emily herself little need be said. From the first moment she is felt to be orphaned,—all her former happiness is to us like a dream,—all that is real with her is sorrow. In one day she becomes utterly desolate. But there is no agony, no convulsion, no despair: profound sadness, settled grief, the everlasting calm of melancholy, and the perfect stillness of resignation. All her looks, words, movements, are gentle, feminine, subdued. Throughout all the Poem an image of an angelical being seems to have lived in the Poet's soul,—and without effort, he gives it to us in angelical beauty.

The character and situation of Francis, the eldest brother, are finely conceived, and coloured in the same calm and serene style of painting. He is felt to be a hero, though throughout branded with the name of coward. It required some courage in a Poet to describe a character so purely passive. There is, we think, a solemnity, and piety, and devotion, in the character that becomes truly awful, linked, as they are, throughout, with the last extremities of human suffering and calamity.

But we must conclude,—and we do so with perfect confidence, that many who never have read this Poem, and not a few who may have read extracts from it with foolish and unbecoming levity, will feel and acknowledge, from the specimens we have now given, that the "White Doe of Rylstone" is a tale written with singularly beautiful simplicity of language, and with a power and pathos that have not been often excelled in English Poetry.

[We cannot allow this article to pass through the press without regretting that the author of it has not thought proper to class Southey along with his three illustrious contemporaries. We have no doubt that he will yet do ample justice to his incomparable genius, and show to us that he has now omitted that great name, rather from the too exclusive spirit of classification, than from any insensibility (which really in his mind we cannot conceive) to the merits of that truly original Poet.

EDITOR.]

LETTER TO A POLITICIAN.

(Written after the Conclusion of the late War.)

[The following letter was, some time ago, addressed to a political personage of high

importance, by a gentleman whose admirable and energetic writings have rendered his spirit, although not his name, well known to the public. The immediate occasion of its composition was one of such a nature that it is unnecessary for us to mention it; we are sure it will be perfectly understood, and we hope its manly and generous sentiments may be as agreeable to our readers as they have been to ourselves.

EDITOR.]

—Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro.

SIR,

WHATEVER may have been our differences of opinion during the progress of the struggle in which we have so long been engaged, I believe no man will now be disposed to deny that the change which has recently taken place in the affairs of Europe, and particularly in those of Great Britain, is at once the most astonishing—the most completely unexpected—and the most gratifying to the human mind, that ever has occurred in the annals of the world.

Only two years ago, our prospects were discouraging in the extreme. That the contest, in which we were so deeply involved, should be conducted to a successful issue, seemed almost beyond the bounds of credibility. Even the splendour of our military achievements, however honourable to our national prowess, was conceived but little likely to lead to any solid or permanent advantage; and if the firmest minded amongst us believed it possible that we might still continue to struggle, for a few years longer, under the pressure and calamities of war, it was at least almost universally admitted, that the effort must be attended with the sacrifice of those comforts which we had been accustomed to possess, and that our independence could only be maintained at the expense of our prosperity and happiness.

To this most distressing picture, our political divisions, ever pregnant with asperity and mischief, materially tended to give colour and effect. By those who, from their superior information, had been supposed capable of deciding upon the fate of empires, we were uniformly addressed in language very different from that of consolation. Even the humble hope, that, by the immediate interposition of Providence, it might be possible for us to escape the dangers of a crisis so replete with ter-

ror and despair, was treated with contempt and derision as the offspring of the most impenetrable stupidity; and instead of lending their powerful energies to revive our drooping spirits, and to support us in the hour of trial, those very talents amongst us, which may justly be deemed our national boast, were deliberately and systematically devoted to damp and paralyze our exertions, and to represent the fortunes of their country as irredeemably ruined and undone.

In defiance of these gloomy forebodings, during the space of a few short months the whole scene has been completely reversed. The contest has been conducted to an issue not merely honourable but glorious. By the same succession of victories all our apprehensions have been dissipated,—arbitrary power has been overthrown,—legitimate rights established,—and public liberty secured;—and while we freely indulge our exultation in a series of military triumphs, perhaps unrivalled in the annals of war, we have to contemplate, with feelings of enthusiastic admiration, the very first instance in the universe, in which conquest has carried peace and freedom to the vanquished, and has been employed to consolidate, upon a firm and durable foundation, the concord, independence, and prosperity of man.

If this bright and exhilarating prospect wanted any thing to render it complete, we might find it in the conscious superiority of having afforded, during the ruin and dissolution of society in other countries, a ready and secure asylum to misfortune in every rank and condition of life,—in the noble and generous triumph of repaying ages of the bitterest hostility, by re-conducting in splendour to the throne of his ancestors, the representative of that very family, and the prince of that great and rival nation, with which we have been so long and so cruelly at war,—in being hailed by the acclamations of every corner of Europe as the source from which its deliverance has flowed,—and, above all, in the consoling reflection, that the events by which that deliverance has been effected, have been received but with one mind amongst ourselves, and have effectually suspended, for the moment, all our political divisions.

A lot so auspiciously distinguished by every circumstance that can con-

tribute either to the elevation of national honour, or to the improvement of domestic prosperity, no people, whether ancient or modern, has hitherto been permitted to enjoy.

Anticipating, Sir, as I do most sincerely, the numerous and unspeakable advantages which we are likely to derive from this fortunate conjuncture, it would be too much, however, to expect that our opinions upon any subject should long continue the same. A lasting series of unanimity, seems as foreign to the nature of our constitution, as it is repugnant to our national character; and while our differences do not exceed the limits of fair and honourable contention, perhaps it is not to be very ardently desired. But I cannot help thinking, that it might be attended with no small share of public utility, by at least allaying, in some degree, the bitterness of our future dissensions, were we to embrace the favourable opportunity, while we are equally in good humour with each other and with ourselves, of reviewing coolly the grounds upon which our past divisions have proceeded, and of considering whether there has existed, in reality, any thing like a solid foundation for that boundless asperity and violence which all of us, without exception, have been too apt to introduce into our discussions upon a contest, during which, while we have been almost equally and palpably mistaken in the consequences of every measure which either of us have conceived ourselves most deeply interested to support, it is plain, from our unanimity on the issue, that our objects were precisely the same.

That as Englishmen, we should wholly relinquish the privilege of reviling and abusing each other, would be a sacrifice rather too cruel to exact. But the present is unquestionably the era of occurrences hitherto unexampled; and when the Cossacks of the Don and the Volga have become the harbingers of freedom and civilization to France, we may be permitted perhaps to indulge a hope, that, by a revolution at least equally miraculous, some portion of forbearance and moderation may be introduced into the political animosities of Great Britain.

If we look back, Sir, to the commencement of the French Revolution, from which all our dissensions

have proceeded, we shall find that the sentiments of the people of Britain were almost completely at one. Every Briton, whatever might be his political connexions, undoubtedly hailed with eagerness the first dawnings of liberty in France. Setting aside our natural inclination to communicate to others the blessing which we ourselves possessed, the national interest was conceived to be materially connected with the progress of French freedom. It had long been universally admitted, that the wars which, for a succession of centuries, had continued to desolate Europe, almost exclusively owed their origin to the restless aggressions of France. This disposition (whether justly or not I shall not presume to determine) had been imputed without restriction to the despotic nature of her government; and as it was conceived that, by a change in her constitution, every hostile tendency would be corrected, and perhaps entirely done away, we naturally looked forward, with pleasing expectations, to an improvement which was to secure to us the enjoyment of lasting peace and prosperity. In the earlier stages of the revolution too; however much we might differ upon particular occurrences, still our sentiments in general remained pretty near the same. Men of all political descriptions felt a warm and equal interest that freedom should triumph in the end, and lamented the horrors and atrocities by which its first efforts had been stained, as at once degrading to human nature and destructive of all rational liberty.

The first event of importance, upon which we became seriously divided in opinion, was the expedition of the Duke of Brunswick towards Paris in the year 1792. Upon that measure, undoubtedly, sentiments of a very opposite description were entertained; and as I consider it as principally the source from which our subsequent animosities have proceeded, it may be worth while to review the grounds upon which we differed, and the consequences to which each of us expected, that its success or discomfiture would give rise.

By one party in Great Britain, and that certainly not the least considerable, it was asserted, that the interference of the German armies had become necessary for the preservation of peace and social order in every sur-

rounding nation,—that if the object of the expedition should fail, a democratical government, with all its most odious concomitants, would undoubtedly be established in France,—that the example, once afforded, would be readily followed by other countries,—that England, from the free nature of her constitution, would be amongst the first to adopt the experiment,—and that republican anarchy and confusion, attended by all these atrocities which we had already contemplated with so much horror, would speedily prevail over that moderate and rational freedom which we had so long been accustomed to enjoy.

On the other hand, it was maintained with equal zeal by the opposite party, that the success of the Duke of Brunswick would be attended with the complete extinction of civil liberty in every corner of Europe,—that a combination would thenceforth be formed amongst the sovereigns upon the Continent, to repress, by military violence, in every country whatever, any assertion of the rights of man,—that this scheme of universal despotism would be greedily acceded to by ministers in our own island,—and that, if the German armies should reach Paris, and liberty be dragooned out of France, a despotic government, with all its attendant mischiefs, would inevitably be introduced into Great Britain.

It is difficult to conceive consequences of a more opposite tendency deduced from the same measure; few opinions have been supported with greater violence than was exhibited by the partizans of both; and none, at least in my apprehension, have ever been maintained by reasonings more completely groundless and absurd.

If there in reality existed any idea of attempting the establishment of a republic in Great Britain, no circumstance most unquestionably could be less calculated to give aid to such a project, than the conviction that a similar mode of government had actually been adopted by France. Of all the striking features of our national character, by none are we more conspicuously distinguished, than by our sullen and obstinate perseverance in refusing to embrace improvements that are held out to us by foreign nations, and particularly by that very people whose sentiments upon almost every subject, but more especially on the

principles of civil government, we had uniformly been accustomed to treat with contempt.

However much superficial observers might conceive that this national prejudice had been removed by the newly adopted principles, for which the French had rendered themselves so remarkable, or however strongly the proceedings of a few giddy hot-headed individuals in this country might appear to countenance such an idea, no supposition, in reality, could possibly be more untrue.

Approving of liberty in the general, the great body of the people of Britain had, from its first appearance in France, evinced no very extraordinary respect for the hands in which it was placed, and viewed the use which its assertors seemed disposed to make of it, with something of the same feeling with which they would have contemplated the proceedings of unskilful practitioners, in the distribution of a powerful, though dangerous medicine, of which they were only acquainted with the efficacy, but utterly and completely ignorant of the proportions in which it should be administered, or the manner in which it ought to be applied.

The unequalled follies and absurdities, which marked the national proceedings at this period; the childish petulance, extravagance, and self-conceit, by which the newly converted apostles of liberty in France became so glaringly and ridiculously distinguished; the little respect with which they affected to treat our institutions, and their arrogance in presuming to instruct us in the acquisition of a benefit which we had long been accustomed to consider as almost solely and exclusively our own; all these circumstances taken together, and added to the spirit of contradiction so inherent in our national character, rendered it of all things on earth the most improbable, that any considerable body amongst us would consent to embrace a constitution that had recently been adopted by them, even if it had, in reality, contained all the benefits which their wild harangues had imputed to it, and remained unsullied by those horrid enormities by which its commencement had been so signally disgraced. On the contrary, had we then been in a humour to reason coolly upon the subject, few propositions, in my apprehension, could have been more

completely clear and evident, than that in proportion as republican principles obtained an ascendancy in France, they would lose their popularity in Great Britain. Of the fact itself we can speak with certainty. The army of the Duke of Brunswick was completely discomfited; the regal government overthrown, and a democratical constitution, in all its wildest excesses, established in France; but instead of betraying the slightest inclination to follow such an example, the people of Britain, with exceptions too trivial to be insisted on, threw the whole weight of public opinion directly into the opposite scale. Monarchy was idolized with a degree of devotion almost unknown at any former period; republican principles, and every thing that could have a tendency to produce them, were treated with as much contempt and aversion, to say the least, as they could possibly deserve; and the very same individuals who, but a few years before, had exerted their utmost influence to procure a vote of the House of Commons, that the power of the Crown had increased and was increasing, and ought to be diminished, were the first, not only cheerfully to submit to, but literally to cant and solicit those very measures for strengthening the arm of the executive power, which, had they been but barely hinted at at any other time, would have excited universal indignation, and if rashly and unjudiciously persisted in by any minister that ever existed, would inevitably have involved the nation in all the horrors of a civil war.

Such, sir, was the almost immediate effect of that very defeat which men of the first abilities, information, and experience on one side, had decidedly convinced themselves and their followers, was to be attended with at least an attempt to establish a republican government in Great Britain. I certainly am most completely mistaken, if the apprehensions of a despotic government entertained by the opposite party, from the supposed success of the Duke of Brunswick, were not equally chimerical and absurd.

Let us suppose for a moment (and the supposition will not now be deemed quite inadmissible,) that the republican armies had been overthrown; that the German Princes had actually reached Paris; and that, far from initiating the generous moderation of the

present day, they had proceeded precisely in the spirit which the enemies of the expedition in this country had imputed to them; that the advocates for liberty of all descriptions had been brought to the scaffold; popular assemblies dispersed by the point of the bayonet; and a despotic government established under the legitimate monarch, as stern and unrelenting, if you will, as that of which we have recently felt so much pleasure in witnessing the destruction. Will any man at all acquainted with the temper of the people of England, venture to assert that this would have had any influence whatever in diminishing the liberty of Britain? It would have produced, in all probability, an effect diametrically the reverse, and that in no very moderate degree.

The consequences of a conclusion of this sort are so perfectly plain and obvious, that we may venture to trace them with almost as much certainty, as if they had in reality occurred.

The leaders of our opposition in parliament, of whatever men they had consisted, would naturally have exerted their best abilities to convince the nation, that a regular combination had been formed by the sovereigns on the Continent for the entire suppression of civil liberty; that our ministers had become parties to the agreement; that the slightest attempts to restrain the encroachments of the Crown would henceforth be repressed by military violence; that if our own armies were insufficient to accomplish the subjugation of the people, the German Princes were at all times ready to furnish a body of troops to assist in completing a purpose so congenial to their dispositions; and that unless the present ministers were immediately removed, and the speakers and their friends put into their places, the very same scenes which had recently occurred at Paris would speedily be repeated in London. This doctrine, enforced with great eloquence and ability, would very soon have found proselytes, and by frequently arguing and insisting on it, it is not improbable that the persons who were the first to broach it, might at length have come to believe in it themselves. The bare suspicion that a design of this sort was in agitation, once fairly insinuated into the jealous tempers of Englishmen, some occurrence, most probably in its nature

wholly unimportant, would readily have been distorted into a proof that the execution of it was already begun. If a riotous young officer of the guards, for instance, in the course of a nocturnal ramble, had thought proper to kick one of the constables for Middlesex, the whole nation would have been in a blaze. The livery, the common council, the electors of Middlesex and Westminster, the borough of Southwark, with other equally zealous and enlightened bodies, would immediately have sounded the alarm. Steady patriots of all descriptions would have repaired with alacrity to their posts. Pamphlets, describing in pathetic language the horrors of our situation, would have been produced without number. Mr Cobbet would have convinced his readers with his usual ability, and by arguments completely irrefragable, that we were already become a province of Germany. The Whig Club would have summoned an extraordinary meeting, and instead of confining themselves to the *majesty of the people*, or to the *cause for which Hampden bled in the field and Sydney on the scaffold*, would have boldly come forward with the *memory of the man in the mask*, or the *health of the man who would do it without one*. In proportion as the danger continued wholly invisible, our apprehensions of its magnitude would have increased. Petitions, addresses, remonstrances, the whole formidable artillery of British spleen and discontent would have been levelled from all quarters at the throne; meetings and associations formed in every part of the island, for the defence and preservation of liberty; the turbulent and discontented would have done their best to propagate the delusion; peaceable and moderate men, not being able clearly to determine the extent of the danger, would have deemed it safest, however, to throw their weight into the scale of those who professed to protect the constitution, and in a very short time, the same panic-terrors which prevailed but a few years ago for the introduction of jacobin principles, supported by a French army, would have been transferred to the introduction of a German army to support the oppressions of the crown.

It would have been useless in a state of this sort to hint at the absurdity of such apprehensions, and to tell the

people that the German princes, whatever might be the nature of their own governments, had in reality no inclination to intermeddle with ours. The very contrary, no matter however improbable, would have been pronounced to be undeniably true. Royalty would have been treated with indignity and insult; ministers threatened with impeachment; if a proposal for a Caledonian canal had unfortunately received the concurrence of government, it would inevitably have been represented as a project to facilitate the introduction of foreign armies; and many a flourishing and well-disposed citizen, who, but a few years ago, found his slumbers interrupted, and even his appetite for turtle most cruelly blunted and diminished by the terrors of a jacobin conspiracy, would have been effectually convinced himself, and would have succeeded in convincing his brethren of the club, that the next election for Westminster was to be decided by the dragoons of Saxe Cobourg, and the hussars of Esterhazy.*

It is needless to pursue the misconceptions to which an alarm of this nature would have given rise. That it would have ended in the establishment of a republic, I certainly do not believe. In the midst of our greatest absurdities, we have, at bottom, rather too much good sense to be completely deluded out of our constitution; and the deception, like others which we have witnessed, would no doubt have subsided by degrees. But it is morally certain that, while it lasted, it would have communicated a direction purely republican to the whole current of national opinion; and I believe no man will venture to assert, that it could possibly have tended, in any shape, to strengthen the power of the crown.

If these reasonings then, sir, have any solidity, it follows, that the party in Great Britain, desirous of guarding against the dangers of a republic, and of lending additional weight to the royal authority, ought to have wished for the discomfiture of the army of the Duke of Brunswick, as the event of all others the most favourable to their cause. If there existed another party desirous of establishing a republic, or of giving additional strength to the

republican part of our constitution, it was equally their interest to have favoured the complete success of the expedition, as the only means through which their own project could have received an effectual support. But on this occasion, with our usual precipitancy, we most ridiculously changed sides, prayed for the accomplishment of those very measures which would unquestionably have strengthened our opponents, and reviled, abused, and insulted each other, for giving the preference to other schemes, which, if successful, would most materially have tended to forward the very purposes we ourselves had in view.

Can there exist in nature a more clear and convincing evidence of the boundless folly and absurdity of attaching any thing like serious importance to those casual differences of opinion, which are engendered during the fervour of political bickerings and divisions, or of extending beyond the feelings of the moment, or the fugitive occurrences of the day, the heart-burnings, animosities, and jealousies, to which they give rise. Our erroneous mode of reasoning upon the consequences to be apprehended from the expedition of the Duke of Brunswick, seems unaccountably to have steadily adhered to us during the whole progress of this eventful war. In no one opinion of importance, connected with the issue of the contest, have either of us been completely in the right. Those amongst us who, from their undoubted and acknowledged talents, might naturally have been conceived to be the most likely to form just and accurate conclusions, have only exerted their abilities to prove that they were, by a few degrees, more ignorant than the rest; nor can we possibly have the slightest ground to arrogate to ourselves any superiority over each other in political penetration, where so slender a proportion of that quality has in effect been displayed by all. If a member, for instance, of either party had, but a few years ago, been seized with the spirit of prophesy, and proceeded to tell us, that an English general, of whose talents some of us had formed no very elevated opinion, at the head of a body of troops, composed, in one part, of British soldiers, whom, by an uncommon effort of ingenuity, we had discovered to be purely amphibious animals, unfitted by

* Austrian corps celebrated in the beginning of the war.

their maritime habits for any active exertions on shore, and in the other, of the oppressed, dispirited, and effeminate peasantry of Spain and Portugal, whom, with equal felicity, we had characterized as decidedly incapable either of acquiring the discipline, or of displaying the courage necessary for war, outmanœuvre, one after another, all those redoubted captains, and defeat those formidable legions, that had so long proved the terror of Europe, —that he would drive them from the strongest positions, capture their artillery, pursue them into their own country, and seize upon some of the richest provinces of France,—that the Germans, whom, in the same style of profound penetration, we had pronounced to be irrecoverably sunk into the most hopeless and unfeeling apathy, would on a sudden rally round their princes with all the feudal enthusiasm of the 12th century, and that these princes would lead them to victory with a skill worthy the great Frederick, and in a spirit of heroic ardour of which the Swedish Charles need not have been ashamed,—that the Emperor of the Moscovites, after rivalling the gallantry of Richard Cœur de Lion in the field, would enter Paris at the head of the wild tribes of his country with the paternal feelings of Henry IV.—that he would convoke the senate, desire them to form a free constitution, and tell them that he would employ the Cossacks from the Don and the Volga, to give effect and support,—that the great Emperor Napoleon, who had been repeatedly proved to be invincible, would be conducted to a place of confinement, like a wild beast in a cage, by British and German officers,—that he would seek protection under the uniform of Austria, express a wish to become a subject of England, be compelled to mount the white cockade, and to join in the acclamations of the populace for the restoration of Louis XVIII.;—if any gentleman, I say, sir, had been pleased to favour us with a few predictions of this sort, his friends, in the midst of their amazement, would probably have been too prudent to hazard a reply, but they would have inevitably taken private measures for ascertaining in what situation his property was placed, that they might be enabled to adopt the necessary precautions for securing the possession of it to his family.

When we look back then, sir, upon this strange tissue of errors, misconceptions, prejudices, delusions, and absurdities, in which, during the whole continuance of this unexampled contest, all of us have been so deeply involved; when we reflect upon the ungraceful arrogance, presumption, and self-sufficiency, with which we have frequently decided upon topics which many of us, both from the nature of our education and from the habits of our private lives, were completely unfitted to understand,—upon the disgusting abuse and scurrility, and the bitter sarcasm and division, with which we have uniformly treated each others opinions, while we had in reality but one object in view, and when the only proper question between us, with respect to the means of its attainment, seems to have been which of us was the most profoundly ignorant of the subject, or the most glaringly and ridiculously in the wrong; but above all, on the singular and unequalled felicity by which we have at length arrived at the point of our mutual destination by paths of which neither of us had even suspected the existence,—can we possibly hesitate for one moment in consigning to perpetual oblivion these political asperities, unfounded prepossessions, and useless unmeaning illiberal jealousies and aversions by which our private society has been so long embittered and divided, and which, in effect, are no more worthy of being remembered than the blunders of a drunken squabble, where, after the parties have kicked, cuffed, and abused each other, till their strength and spirits are exhausted, it generally appears that there was either no cause for the quarrel, or that the combatants were on the same side.

If we have in reality the firmness steadily to adopt this resolution, to convert to its true purpose the memorable lesson we have received, and to introduce, into our future differences of political opinion, something of that decency, forbearance, and gentlemanlike urbanity of argument, which the superior information and civilized manners of the present day are so peculiarly fitted to inspire, perhaps even the blood and treasure which has been lavished during this stern scene of slaughter and desolation may not hereafter be considered as altogether unprofitably thrown away.

ON CALUMNIES AGAINST THE LIVING.

MR EDITOR,

IN your Magazine for January, a paper appeared, which, under the plausible pretext of defending the *dead* from the voice of calumny, turned out to be a most virulent attack upon two eminent *living* individuals, who, in their respective departments, have been the zealous and devoted advocates of liberal and enlightened Christian principle. The writer of this has not passed unnoticed in a subsequent Number of your work; but though he has been refuted in a manner indicative both of acuteness and Christian forbearance, yet a few additional observations may not be superfluous, when it is considered, that the subject is of the most interesting nature, involving topics of no less magnitude than those of the Divine administration and the ultimate happiness of man.

If there are "monopolizing religionists," as Euthus insinuates, "who consider all their fellow-men as the dust, and themselves as the salt, of the earth," it is the more to be lamented. Whatever be their faults, however, they originate not in their adherence to evangelical religion, but in the imperfections of their own characters. That such characters as Euthus alludes to exist, is undeniable; but this no more invalidates the moralising and exalting influence of the principles they professedly recognise, than the existence of ignorant or misguided political fanatics can disprove the beneficial effects of the great and important principles on which the liberty of the subject, and the safety of the monarch, depend. Euthus would have been entitled to the thanks of your readers, had the object of his remarks been to point out the inconsistency of men's professions with their conduct, and to reprobate, with appropriate feeling, the selected objects of his censure. He might have taken an excursive range over the whole aggregate of Christian society, and delineated all their faults, and affectionately advised them to ameliorate their habits. He need not thus have confined his observations to raving enthusiasts. If we may judge from appearances, there are not, at present, very formidable symptoms of the general prevalence of this distemper in the

Christian world. It is true, that we have had our Mrs Buchan in Scotland, and Joanna Southcote in England, who could work upon the hopes and the fears of the credulous, but such deplorable deceit and delusion very rarely occur. Enthusiasm, of a bold and magnanimous kind, requires, in general, so many sacrifices, and is so repulsive to the native selfishness of the human character, that where Christianity is concerned it is indeed a rare virtue. It seems somewhat remarkable, by-the-by, that enthusiasm is esteemed a noble quality in every department of inquiry, except where we might be most prepared to expect it. Who does not love and admire the enthusiastic love of military glory, of professional eminence, of philosophical investigation, of poetic genius? How strange, that the laws which appear to the world so admirably adapted to regulate our intellectual constitutions, and to concentrate every latent energy, should be viewed as phrenetical impulses whenever a man's nobler destiny begins to occupy his reflections, and excite the sublimest emotions of his heart! One would imagine that, if there be any thing noble and elevating in enthusiasm, it is when a man "is led to expatiate in thought over the track of eternity, and the magnitude of those great and universal interests which lie within the compass of religion."

But leaving general observation, let us examine the remarks of Euthus on Mr Wilberforce. The crime, it seems, with which Mr Wilberforce is chargeable is, that of "assaulting the good name of Dr Robertson with malevolence, and of blowing the breath of unmerited scandal upon his fame!" It is impossible to appreciate too highly the literary character of Dr Robertson. He is, doubtless, the most elegant, and perhaps the most instructive, of modern historians. But as it does not necessarily follow, that because an author possesses great excellencies, he is therefore faultless; so, on the other hand, it is neither very candid nor very legitimate reasoning, to ascribe the animadversions of a conscientious writer to motives the most unworthy and degrading. Had Euthus consulted the appendix to that very interesting account of Dr Robertson with which Mr Stewart has favoured the world, he would have

found some reason to modify the terms in which he has chosen to speak of Mr Wilberforce. He would have discovered, from the perusal of that gentleman's letters to Dr Robertson, that Mr Wilberforce entertained for his character sentiments of the highest esteem and veneration, and that no man would have been less likely than he, to "assault the good name of Dr Robertson with malevolence, or to blow the breath of unmerited scandal upon his fame."

From the extreme virulence of Euthus's remarks, such as have not seen Mr Wilberforce's book would naturally conclude that he has brought against Dr Robertson some unfounded charge, involving a high degree of moral turpitude. Indeed, the most charitable inference we can make is, that Euthus cherishes a feeling of such superstitious reverence for the departed, that the slightest insinuation of their liability to error, carries with it, to his mind, all the horrors of impiety; yet even thus we can scarcely explain, how asseverations, so strong and blameable as those which Euthus has employed, are compatible with his pretended esteem for the general character of the man he thus calumniates. But it is time that Mr Wilberforce should speak for himself.

In his work on the spirit of Christianity, that illustrious man expresses his sincere regret, that there should have existed such a close and intimate connexion between professed unbelievers and those who recognise the authority of revelation, "*considering themselves as more closely united to them by literature, than severed from them by the widest religious differences.*" In a note connected with this subject, Mr Wilberforce adds,

"It is with pain that the author finds himself compelled to place so great a writer as Dr Robertson in this class. But to say nothing (he continues) of his phlegmatic account of the Reformation (a subject which we should have thought likely to excite in any one, who united the character of a Christian divine with that of an historian, some warmth of pious gratitude for the good providence of God); to pass over also the ambiguity in which he leaves his readers as to his opinion of the authenticity of the Mosaic chronology, in his disquisitions on the trade of India; his letters to Mr Gibbon, lately published, cannot but excite emotions of regret and shame in every sincere Christian. The author hopes, that he

has so far explained his sentiments as to render it almost unnecessary to remark, what, however, to prevent misconception, he must here declare, that so far from approving, he must be understood decidedly to condemn, a hot, a contentious, much more an abusive manner of opposing or of speaking of the assailants of Christianity. The apostle's direction, in this respect, cannot be too much attended to. 'The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men; apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.' 2 Timothy ii. 24. 25.—(*Views of Christianity*, chap. vi.)

Let the reader judge whether Euthus is justifiable in the "abuse which he has poured upon the great and good of 'his own' times." We ask him, whether this acute and deeply Christian writer has evinced "*any malevolence, or unmerited scandal,*" in any thing he has here said? Does he not declare that *it is with pain* he has asserted this? Does he not even apparently apologise for the observations he has made, by referring to an apostolical precept, the very allusion to which seems to involve a *wish*, if not a *conviction*, that the conduct he has censured may have resulted rather from a mistaken conception of the precise limits of Christian charity, than from any disregard to the interests of truth and righteousness. Mr Wilberforce has not disapproved of Dr Robertson's writings in a loose indefinite manner, but has given distinct, and, to many, the most satisfactory reasons for his disapprobation. We would ask Euthus, if Dr Robertson's account of the Reformation, how distinguished soever by its excellence as a literary composition, does not admit of improvement? Will Euthus maintain, that the philosophic discernments, and unrivalled eloquence, of our great historian, might not have been rendered more deserving of general admiration, if, in the course of his statements, the one had been occasionally devoted to the development of the principles by which the Divine administration is obviously conducted, and the other in warming the heart with impressive displays of the Divine goodness? Not that he has entirely neglected to do this, but surely his most devoted admirer must acknowledge, that these topics might have been introduced much more frequently, in the course of his investigations,

than they have been. Is it not also true, that a more explicit reference might have been made to the authenticity and validity of the Mosaic chronology, if any reference was made at all? There can exist no doubt, in any unprejudiced mind, of Dr Robertson's belief of the truths of revealed religion; and although, in a disquisition upon India, he was perhaps not necessitated to vindicate the Mosaic chronology from the speculations of sceptical geologists, or professed infidels, yet it is not the less desirable that he had expressed his decided conviction of this important truth, and thus added his unequivocal testimony to those of preceding inquirers.

As to Dr Robertson's correspondence with Mr Gibbon, if it does not excite the emotion of shame (which is a very complex feeling), it certainly ought to occasion regret. In these letters, it is indeed to be lamented that Dr Robertson did not assume a firmer and more decisive aspect, and thus shew, that while they were connected by the ties of friendship (a friendship mutually resulting from the affinity of their literary pursuits), they were widely dissimilar in their views of Christian truth and moral obligation. Is it not possible that this distinguished and amiable writer was intimidated, in some degree, from invariably expressing his own sentiments, by the apprehension of encountering the opposition or the sneer of these and similar contemporaries? Whatever be in this, it is evident, that too much intercourse with the enemies of the truth exposes a man to peculiar temptations; and if, in the present condition of humanity, it requires the most unremitting vigilance to rise superior to the common evils "which flesh is heir to," a still harder conflict must be endured for the ascendancy of Christian principle, when it comes in frequent contact with genius and talent devoted to the support of sophistry and irreligion. What, but an indistinct or feeble perception of the grand and distinguishing features of Christian morality, together with a blind veneration for the character of his friend, could have induced the profound and ingenious Dr Adam Smith to identify the historian of England with all that is attainable in human perfectibility? There can be little doubt, that an excessive defe-

rence to such allies in the pursuits of philosophy, led the same author to expunge from subsequent editions of his *Theory of Moral Sentiments* a paragraph, which would have done more to ennoble and endear his philosophic character in the eye of the Christian moralist, than the most ingenious reasonings which he has adduced in support of his truly fascinating and elegant theory. Without, however, enlarging on the imperceptible, but no less dangerous, influence to which all are exposed who make intellectual superiority the exclusive object of their reverence, it is surely more charitable to trace any defects in Dr Robertson's statements to such feelings, than to any premeditated design. We cannot but regret, however, that he has not contemplated the Divinity more frequently, in all the extent of His presiding and controlling energy. We cannot but regret, that, amidst his anxiety to trace effects to their causes, and his wonderful penetration in ascertaining them, he has not brought more prominently before the eye of contemplation the agency of the Eternal Mind subordinating alike the *great* and the *little* to the immutable arrangements of perfect wisdom. All this Dr Robertson might have done, without lessening his character either as a historian or a philosopher, while his works would have been appealed to by distant posterity, as combining every quality which can endear the scholar and the Christian. But more than enough has been advanced, to shew that Mr W. has not in the least detracted from the talents or the worth of our illustrious countryman, and that the remarks which have called forth so much indignation on the part of Euthus amount merely to this, that Dr Robertson's memory would, in the opinion of Mr Wilberforce, have been encircled with a still more resplendent lustre, if he had recognised the paramount authority of Christianity more uniformly in his writings and his friendships.

The attack of Euthus on Mr Foster is equally unjust. "This able writer," says Euthus, "has devoted one of his essays to shew that evangelical religion has at all times been despised by men of taste and genius." It is not intended to fill your pages with quotations from Mr Foster; but when your readers refer to the essays of this profound

writer, they will be somewhat surprised to find that there is no such assertion in the book. Mr Foster, in the course of a disquisition on the dislike of men of taste to evangelical religion, and the circumstances which have operated to produce and strengthen it, adverts to the influence of the common systems of education on the general character, and takes occasion to contrast the schools of polite literature with the school of Christ and his apostles (if the expression may be used), and to reprobate with manly indignation, but at the same time with great discernment, the highly unchristian ethics of some of our most admired writers. He has not been deterred by the high and merited fame of even Addison and Johnson, from pointing out what he conceived to be defective in both. And what, we would ask, is so very reprehensible in all this? Mr Foster, assuming, as he well deserves to do, the lofty tone of a Christian moralist, shews, that the peculiar and prominent features which distinguish the religion of the New Testament from every human system have been often thrown into the shade, while a superstructure has been reared of elements which neither reflect the light nor diffuse the warmth of "a hope full of immortality." And is there no truth in this statement? Have Addison and Johnson invariably discovered that sublime simplicity of Christian sentiment and feeling throughout their writings, which it is the grand prerogative of the religion of the Bible to excite and cherish? We are quite aware of the uncommon excellence which distinguishes both these writers, and conceive that the man who does not appreciate their labours and revere their memory is unworthy to be reasoned with. Yet *these men are heathens*, Euthus exultingly exclaims, *in the opinion of Mr John Foster!* This is a gross misstatement. Of Mr Addison Mr Foster says, "that he wrote a book expressly in defence of the religion of Christ;" (Query, Is this to be a heathen?) though it is added, with great propriety, "but to be the dignified advocate of a cause, and to be its humble disciple, may be very different things." With regard to Dr Johnson it is said, "But few of his speculations comparatively tend to beguile the reader and admirer into that spirit which, on

turning to the instructions of Jesus Christ and his apostles, would feel estrangement or disgust; and he has more explicit and solemn references to the grand purpose of human life, to a future judgment, and to eternity, than almost any other of our elegant moralists has had the piety or the courage to make." So much for the candour of Euthus.

The ascendancy which such authors as Addison and Johnson have so generally obtained over the public mind, so far from forming a barrier against the subjection of their principles to a rigid examination, seems to furnish the best apology for any attempt to invalidate their claims to this superiority. To a believer in revealed religion it is superfluous to say, that there is *one and but one* standard, from which there can be no appeal. All the speculations of moralists, however ingenious or sublime, if, when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, they are found wanting, must be rejected as unscriptural, and consequently as unsafe. A man in possession of an authenticated communication from "the Father of Light" is not at liberty to pay an undue deference to any human authority, even though it may have obtained the unqualified approbation of the proudest names in the records of science and wisdom. He may, and if he has any susceptibility of taste or of feeling, he *must*, venerate superior talent, and yield to the "inspirations of genius," and feel grateful, that while he is forced to contemplate in the world the baseness of some pursuits and the insignificance of others, his beclouded vision may be relieved by surveying the luminaries of the world—those men of vigorous intellects and elevated views, who, pre-eminent in the pursuits "to which the charms of lofty contemplation have allured" them, have illustrated what was formerly obscure, evinced a magnanimous contempt of whatever is associated with meanness or vice, and diffused over their appropriated departments of investigation the concentrated rays of genius and learning. It must not be forgotten, however, that there are assigned limits, beyond which we must not venture. It is possible, that after we have made great advances toward an appropriation of sentiment, and feel that our moral perceptions are on the very verge of a sympathetic

coalescence with our favourite authors, the solemn announcement, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther," must be distinctly recognised and attended to. Now these are precisely what we conceive to be Mr Foster's sentiments with regard to the majority of our elegant writers. So far from thinking, with Euthus, that his essays cannot bear comparison with the "Evidences of Addison," (which is a good enough book of its kind, though never to be brought in competition with such treatises as those of Clarke and Butler, of Paley or Chalmers,) there are many (and probably just as good judges of these matters as Euthus) who consider them vastly superior, in originality and grandeur of conception, to any thing ever Mr Addison produced.

After his now-refuted attack on Wilberforce and Foster, Euthus concludes his letter with some vague and ill-digested objections to all those associations of Christians, whose professed object is to spread, by all the means in their power, the light of revelation over the world. To vindicate existing societies for the diffusion of revealed religion, is become less necessary than it was a few years ago. The most successful mode of philosophising is, doubtless, the induction of general principles from ascertained facts; and the more numerous and accessible these are, the more confidence we repose in the inferences that are deduced from them. The Christian world has of late been engaged in a succession of experiments; and though occasional failures have occurred, as will always happen when the application of any principle requires a degree of skill superior to what is demanded by objects where its efficiency is no longer uncertain, yet there must be some unaccountable prejudice lurking about that mind, which, so far from congratulating the world upon the trophies which have been reared to the efficacy of the Christian religion in distant lands, can apparently feel an emotion of joy at the prospect of the most dismal calamity that can befall any age or people. Every one who has been the least attentive to the constitutional elements of the societies we allude to, cannot have failed to remark, that they involve whatever will tend ultimately either to accelerate or to overthrow their object. No plan so complicated in its operations,

and depending on so many tutelary sources, as the Bible or Missionary Society, can remain stationary. It must either take a progressive or a retrograde movement; and the impulse communicated will be analogous to that which is observable in all moving bodies,—either a gradual exhaustion, or an increased velocity. If the societies that exist throughout a great part of the civilized world were the effect of any capricious or indefinable excitement of the passions, communicated by a kind of instantaneous impulse, they might assume, to a dispassionate observer, a very questionable aspect. He might, in vindication of his peculiar sentiments, refer to the history of mankind, and clearly establish the rationality of his doubts upon the subject. He might remind his antagonist of the crusades to the Holy Land, which the nobles and princes of Europe considered it not merely their duty to patronise, but their privilege to accompany; and to shew the futility of invariably reasoning from experience, he might ask, if ever a combination of concurrent circumstances, more apparently adapted to secure the object, could be presented to the mind? The religious feelings, he might continue, were at that time not only wrought up to the highest pitch of intensity, but were so intimately connected with the exercise of political authority, and so congenial with a religion, the fulminations of which could awe the hardest into silence, that the very idea of failure was little short of impiety. It is not, therefore, upon the principle of the general support which has been afforded to Bible and Missionary Societies, that we would found any argument for their necessary continuance. The expediency of interesting the community in objects of general benevolence; the subserviency of such feelings to the firmer ascendancy of a particular system of politics; with many other considerations unnecessary to specify, might be adduced in support of such schemes, without any explicit reference to the sanctions of Heaven. It is but a very partial view of the subject, in all its bearings, that can induce the friends of religion to rest their claims upon public support, on arguments which at best are addressed to the feelings more than to the understanding. Much good, doubtless, may result from eloquent

and impassioned appeals to the benevolent; and when the variety of arguments, which the diversity of minds renders it expedient to employ, is considered, there is surely no impropriety in advocating what is known to be a good cause, in a manner which a philosophic mind would intuitively declare to be inconclusive, provided truth be not sacrificed. Comparatively few are capable of such a concentration of intellect, as to distinguish what is inherent from what is merely adventitious; and, therefore, until a race of men shall arise, better fitted to understand and appreciate demonstrative reasoning, there is little hope of gaining much ground in this way. Indeed, it is perhaps just as well that things continue as they are. They who knew the "reason of the hope that is in them," have an evidence for the propriety of their conduct, which the cold and speculative moralist may despise as the visionary impulse of a feeble mind; but it is not necessary that all men should be mere reasoners; nor would we hail with much sympathy the prospect of every amiable, affectionate, and pious daughter of sensibility, resigning her "works of faith and labours of love," until she had (to use the established phraseology) made out the reasonableness of the thing. With these abatements, however, which it is at present unnecessary to amplify, and which necessarily result from the very condition of human nature, it may be remarked, that all our hopes of the ultimate success of these and similar institutions, must rest upon their accordance with the intentions of Heaven. "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." This is the ground every ingenuous mind must occupy; for it is here the materials exist, which will render either prosperous or abortive every scheme which proposes the renovation and felicity of a human being in his connexion with immortality. If revelation discloses the prescribed and "*exclusive mode*" of restoration to purity and happiness,—and if the same revelation has not left the extension of its principles to arbitrary arrangements of men, but has defined and enforced the duty of imparting to others the benefits it announces, and the hopes it inspires,—then the question is at rest. It were

easy to prove what has been just advanced. We might even argue, from universally acknowledged principles, that the more productive and permanent the benefit we confer, the sublimer is our charity; and it would not be difficult to show, that an object is always best attained, in proportion as it is removed from the operation of the selfish passions. Euthus has forgotten that we can produce the authority of a writer in opposition to his views of things, for whom he professes the most cordial veneration, whose remarks on the subject are distinguished by all that acuteness and depth of reflection which characterise his writings in general.

"I did not expect (says Dr Johnson) that it could be a question, whether any nation, uninstructed in religion, should receive instruction; or whether that instruction should be imputed to them by a translation of the holy books into their own language. If obedience to the will of God be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of his will be necessary to obedience, I know not how he that withholds this knowledge, or delays it, can be said to love his neighbour as himself. He that voluntarily continues ignorant, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces; as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a lighthouse, might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks. Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity; and as no man is good but as he wishes the good of others, no man can be good, in the highest degree, who wishes not to others the largest measures of the greatest good. To omit, for a year or for a day, the most efficacious method of advancing Christianity, in compliance with any purposes that terminate on this side of the grave, is a crime of which I know not that the world has yet had an example, except in the practice of the planters of America, a race of mortals whom I suppose no other man wishes to resemble."—*Letter to Mr Drummond*.

J. S.

ANECDOTES OF THE FIVE GYPSIES.

No IV.

MR EDITOR,

IN my last communication on this subject, to which you forgot to affix the date, I gave you some idea of the manner in which the gypsies were, from their very infancy, painfully trained to theft and robbery, the leading features in the general character of that race; and which traits will have their own

weight, however light they may be, when I come to speak of the origin of these curious people. The following particulars are descriptive of the manner and style in which single gypsies of rank, at one period, traversed this country;—they assumed characters of no small importance, very opposite to the mean and sorry appearance which they exhibited while they travelled in hordes.

Within these forty-five years, an acquaintance of mine, yet living in Fife, happened to be at a smithy in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, getting the shoes of his riding-horse roughed on a frosty day in winter, to enable him to proceed on his journey, when a gentleman on horseback called at the same smithy for the like purpose. He was mounted on a handsome and beautiful English blood horse, which was saddled and bridled in a superior manner. The equestrian was himself dressed in superfine clothes, having a riding-whip in his hand. He was booted and spurred, with saddle-bags on his croupe behind him, and had altogether, man and horse, the equipment and appearance of a smart English traveller, riding on a mercantile concern.

There being several horses in the shop, he, in a haughty and consequential manner, inquired at the smith very particularly about whose turn it was to get his horse shod first, indicating, at the same time, a strong desire to be first served, although he was the last who had arrived at the smithy. This bold assurance made my acquaintance take a steady look of the intrusive stranger, surveying him with his eye from head to foot. But what was his astonishment, after having closely examined him, when he found this mighty fictitious gentleman to be no other than "Sandie Brown the *tinkler's* son, in the neighbourhood of Crief," whom he had often seen strolling over the country in a troop of gypsies, and who had frequently been in his father's house. He could scarcely believe his own eyes, and, to prevent any disagreeable mistake from taking place, he politely asked him if his name was not Brown, observing, at the same time, that he thought he had seen him somewhere before. The surprised *tinkler* hesitated considerably at this unexpected question, but, after having put some queries on his part, he at

last answered him in the affirmative, adding, that "he would not deny himself, his name was really Brown." He had, in all likelihood, been travelling under a borrowed name. When he found himself thus discovered, and detected in his impositions, and seeing no danger to be apprehended from this accidental meeting, he very shrewdly shewed great marks of kindness and attention to his acquaintance. Being quite free from embarrassment, he in a little time began to display, as was the gypsy custom, extraordinary feats of his bodily strength, by twisting asunder with his hands strong pieces of iron in the smithy, taking bets regarding his power and abilities in these athletic practices with those who would venture to wager against him. Before parting with my acquaintance, he very kindly insisted upon treating him with a share of a bottle of any kind of liquor he would choose to drink.

At some wild sequestered station of his own tribe, on his road home to Scotland, the equestrian *tinkler* would unmask himself, pack up his fine clothes, dispose of his riding horse, and assume his leathern apron, ragged coat, and budget, before he would venture to make his appearance among the people of the country who were acquainted with his real character. Here at once an haughty overbearing highway robber, sheathed in the scabbard of excellent apparel, mounted on a good steed, metamorphoses himself in an instant into a poor pitiful wandering beggarly gypsey.

This ambassador or spy was at last hanged in Edinburgh, to expiate the many crimes which he had from time to time committed on the public. His brother-in-law, of the name of Wilson, was hanged along with him on the same day, being also guilty of a number of crimes. These two men, conjunctly, carried on a considerable trade in horse-stealing between Scotland and England. The horses which were stolen in the south were brought to Scotland and sold there; and the Scotch horses were, on the other hand, disposed of in the south, by English gypsies. The crime of horse-stealing, I believe, has brought a great number of these vagrants to an untimely end on the gallows.

While these unhappy men were shivering in the winds of Heaven in the convulsive throes of death, Mar-

tha, the mother of the former, and who was also mother-in-law to the latter, was apprehended on the spot, in the act of stealing a pair of double sheets. They were in all probability intended for the winding-sheets of her unfortunate sons who were just suffering in her presence. This woman's looks and visage were horrible in the extreme. One of her daughters, the wife of Jamie Robison, who once lived at *Menstry*, was sentenced to be transported to Botany Bay; but she was so far advanced in years, that it was not thought worth while to be at the expense and trouble of carrying her over seas, and she was accordingly set at liberty. Her grandson, Joyce Robison, another thorough bred thief, would also have been hanged or banished, but by the assistance of some of his clan he was rescued from Stirling jail, where he was confined. He was so cool and deliberate in his operations in breaking the prison, that he took time to carry along with him a favourite bird in a cage, with which he had amused himself during his solitary confinement in jail. He happened, however, to scatter the contents of his oatmeal bag in the streets, as he proceeded through the town, being anxious to take his victuals also along with him. Brown's widow, another daughter of Martha's, was married to a native of this country, of the name of Fisher. The gypsies having committed some depredations in which he was implicated, and being a mere novice in the trade carried on by the savage society in which he was initiated, he was with ease apprehended, and was tried, condemned, and executed at Perth, while all the other members of the band at that time escaped from justice, owing to their superior dexterity in their dreadful calling.

Sandie Brown, before mentioned, on one occasion happened to be in need of butcher meat for his tribe. He had observed, grazing in a field in the county of Linlithgow, a bullock which had at one period, by some accident, lost about three-fourths of its tail. He purchased from a tanner the tail of a skin of the same colour of this bullock, and, in an ingenious manner, made it fast to the remaining part of the tail of the living animal, by sewing them together. Disguised in this way he drove off his booty; and as he was shipping the beast at Queensferry, in

his way north, a servant, who had been despatched in quest of the depredator, overtook him as he was stepping into the boat. An altercation immediately commenced—the servant said he could swear to the ox in his possession, were it not for its long tail; and was accordingly proceeding to examine it narrowly, to satisfy himself in this particular, when the ready-witted gypsey, ever fertile in expedients to extricate himself from difficulty, took his knife out of his pocket, and, in view of all present, cut the false tail from the animal, taking in part of the real tail along with it, which drew blood instantly. He threw this false tail into the sea, and, with some warmth, called out to his pursuer, "Swear to the ox now, and be damn'd t' ye." The servant, quite confounded, said not another word on the subject; and, being thus imposed upon by this bold stroke of Brown, he returned home to his master, and the unconscionable tinkler prosecuted his journey with his prize. He was, however, not always so fortunate. Being once apprehended near Dumblane, it was the intention of the messengers to carry their prisoner direct to Perth, but they were under the necessity of lodging him in the nearest prison for the night. Brown was no sooner in custody than he began to meditate his escape. He requested it as a favour, that they would sit up all night with him in a public house instead of a prison, promising them as much meat and drink for their indulgence and trouble as they should desire. His request was granted, and four or five officers were accordingly placed in and about the room in which he was confined, as a guard upon his person, being aware of the desperate character they had to deal with. He took care to ply them well with the bottle; and, early next morning before setting out, he desired one of the officers to put up the window a little to cool their apartment, as it was then very warm weather, being in the middle of summer. After having walked several times across the room, the gypsey, all at once, threw himself out at the open window, which was a considerable height from the ground. The hue and cry was at his heels in no time, and as some of the officers were gaining ground upon him in his flight, he boldly faced about upon them, drew forth from below his coat

a dagger which he brandished in the air, and threatened instant death to the first who should approach him. He was at this time suffered to make his escape, as none had the courage to advance upon him. He was, however, at a subsequent period, taken in a wood in Rannoch, being surprised and overpowered by a party of Highlanders, raised for the purpose of apprehending himself and dispersing his band, who lay in the wood in which he was taken. He thought to evade their vigilance and pursuit by *clapping* close to the ground like a wild beast. Upon his being seized, a furious scuffle ensued; and, during the violent tossing and struggling which took place while they were securing this sturdy wanderer, he, with his teeth, took hold of the bare thigh of one of the Highlanders, beneath his kilt, and bit it most cruelly.

Your readers may take the following as a specimen of the favourite and complete costume worn by young chiefs or captains of the tribe, about half a century ago, in Scotland. When I speak of gypsy *captains*, I do not generally mean those old patriarchal chiefs of large hordes. These old sagacious persons kept themselves clear of all dangerous scrapes, professing to the public great innocence, honesty, and justice, while their sons, or other principal members of their families, were employed in active service at the head of gangs, plundering for the subsistence of their aged parents.

Brown, before mentioned, when in full dress, wore a hat richly ornamented and trimmed with beautiful gold lace, which, I believe, was then fashionable among the first ranks in Scotland, particularly among the officers of the army; and now, perhaps, with some variation, worn by valets and other menial servants. His coat was made of superfine cloth, of a light green colour, long in the tails, and having one row of buttons at the breast. His shirt, of the finest quality, was ruffled at the breast and hands, with a stock and buckle round his neck. He also wore a pair of handsome boots, with silver plated spurs, all in the fashion of the day. Below his garments he carried a large knife, and in the shaft or butt-end of his huge whip a small spear or dagger was concealed. His brother-in-law, Wilson, was frequently dressed in a

similar garb, and both rode the best horses in the country. Having the appearance of gentlemen in their habit, and assuming the manners of such, which they imitated to a wonderful degree, few persons took these men for gypsies.

Several individuals represent Brown and Wilson to me as very handsome men, tall and stout made, with agreeable and manly countenances; and among the numberless thefts and robberies which they had committed in their day, they were never known to have taken a sixpence from persons of an inferior class, but, on the contrary, rather assisted the poorer classes in their pecuniary matters, with a generous liberality not at all to be looked for from men of their habits and manner of life.

Charlie, by some called William, another brother of Sandie Brown's, was run down by a party of military and messengers near Dundee. He was carried to Perth, where he was tried, condemned, and hanged, to atone for the numerous crimes of which he was guilty. He was a man of great personal strength, and, after he was hand-cuffed, regretting having allowed himself to be so easily taken, he in wrath drove the messengers before him with his feet as if they had been mere children. He was conveyed to Perth by water, in consequence of it being reported, that the gypsies of Fife, with the Grahams and Ogilvies at their head, were in motion to rescue him from the clutches of the officers of the law.

While he was in that apartment in the prison called the Cage, or rather the condemned cell, he, by a stratagem, freed himself from his heavy irons, and broke his manacles to pieces. By some unknown means, he set fire to the damp straw on which he lay, within his cell, with a design, as it was supposed, to make his escape in the confusion which might take place in consequence of the prison being on fire. Surprised at the house being in flames, and suspecting that Brown had been the cause of it, and that he was free from his chains, ramping like a lion within his den, no person in the hurry could be found who had resolution enough to venture into him, till a brawney broad-shouldered serjeant of the 42d regiment courageously volunteered his services. However, be-

fore he would face the determined tinkler, he requested authority from the magistrate to defend himself with his broad sword, should he be attacked; and in case the prisoner became desperate, to cut him down. This permission being obtained, he drew his sword, and, as stated to me, he, with the assistance of the jailor's daughter, unbarred the doors, till he came to the cage, where the fire was kindled, and from whence the prison was filled with clouds of smoke. The serjeant, as he advanced to the door, with a loud voice asked, "who is there?" "The devil," vociferated the gypsey through fire and smoke. "I am also a devil, and of the Black Watch," thundered back the intrepid Highlander, the Black Watch being the ancient name of his gallant regiment. This resolute reply of the soldier was like death to the artful tinkler—he knew his man—it daunted him completely; and after some threats from the serjeant, he quietly allowed himself to be again loaded with irons, and thoroughly secured in his cell, from whence he did not stir till the day of his execution.

George Brown, another member of the clan Brown in the north, resided for sometime at Lynn Rigis in England, where his children followed the trade of tinkers. He had been in the army in his youth, and is described to me by a gentleman who had seen him in the south, as a man possessed of prodigious personal strength and prowess. He was often encountered by professed bullies and scientific pugilists in the sister kingdom. He was of a mild temper and inoffensive manners, when not roused by provocation. He had a peculiar mode of his own in treating these boxers. He did not waste time for the purpose of amusing the amateurs of this entertainment, by throwing out artful guards, parrying off well aimed blows, or putting in ingenious hits. He instantly closed with his antagonist, and, grappling with him, clapped his clinched fist like an iron bolt to his stomach, and, by pressing forward with all his might, without allowing his opponent time to recover himself, he, as it were, squeezed the breath of life out of his body, something like the way in which I have seen a boy with both hands crack the wind out of an inflated bladder. It was understood that he had, in this expeditious manner, rid

the country of more than one of those pugilists.

Old Jamie Robison, brother-in-law to Wilson before mentioned, was an excellent musician, and was in great request at fairs and country weddings. He, sometimes with his wife and numerous sisters, danced in a particular fashion, changing and regulating the figures of the dance by means of a bonnet. When his wife and sisters got themselves intoxicated, which was often the case, and himself more than half seas over, it was a wild and extravagant scene to see these light-footed damsels, with loose and flowing hair, dancing with great vigour on the grass in an open field, while Jamie was, with all his might and main, like the devil playing to the witches in "Tam o' Shanter," keeping these bacchanalians in fierce and animating music. When James was like to flag in his exertions to please them, they have been heard calling loudly to him, like Maggy Lauder to Rob the Ranter, the piper, "play up, Jamie Robison, if ever we do weel it will be a wonder," being totally regardless of all sense of decency, and decorum whatever.

But notwithstanding all this dissoluteness of manners, and professed roguery, this man Robison, when trusted, was strictly honest. A decent man in his neighbourhood, of the name of Robert Gray, many a time lent him sums of money to purchase large ox horns, and other articles, in the east of Fife. He always paid him on the very day he promised, with the greatest punctuality and civility. The following anecdote will show the zeal which he once displayed in resenting an insult which he conceived to be offered to his friend Mr Gray.

In one of his excursions through Fife, he happened to be lying on the ground, basking himself in the sun, and baiting his ass on the road-side, when a countryman, who was an entire stranger to him, came past, singing to himself, in lightness of heart, a Scottish song, which, unfortunately for the man, Jamie had never heard before; and on the unconscious stranger coming to the words in the ditty, "Auld Robin Gray was a kind man to me," the hot-blooded gypsey started to his feet, and, with his bludgcon, accompanied with a volley of oaths, brought the poor fellow to the ground, repeating his blows in a violent man-

ner, telling him in his passion, that "Auld Robin Gray was a kind man to him indeed, but it was not enough for him to make a song on Robin for that." He had nearly put this innocent traveller to death in the heat of his indignation, thinking that he was satirizing his friend in a scurrilous song. It was an invariable custom with Robison, that whenever he passed Robert Gray's house, although it should have been at the dead hour of night, he always drew out his "bread winner," and serenaded him with a few of his best airs, in gratitude for his kindness.

I find, amongst a good deal of other information which has come into my hands on this subject, that English gypsies entered Scotland disguised like gentlemen, in the same manner as we find Sandie Brown, whom I spoke of before, had been traversing England. Graham of Lochgellie once in particular recognised, by signal, one of these scouts, or ambassadors, perambulating the county of Fife, well mounted in all respects on horseback. Graham had never seen him before. He called him a "traveller," and they were exceedingly happy at meeting with one another. This stranger and travelling brother was taken to Lochgellie, and there feasted and entertained with all the hospitality and kindness peculiar to the tribe. Female gypsies from England have also been seen in this county. About thirty years since, one of these females was observed telling fortunes here. She had an astonishing knowledge of towns in different parts of the world. Her stature was very tall, with a strong robust person. Her eye-brows had the appearance of being very much arched, in consequence of the hair, with part of the skin of the brow, being painted or stained, after the manner of the Arabians and Persians, with a brown colour, made of juice extracted from certain herbs. She was dressed in an uncommon manner; her clothes were in good condition; and her petticoats did not reach below the calves of her legs. She spoke in a commanding tone; had altogether a very imposing aspect; and was attended by a party of our own Scottish vagrants.

I have now given you some notion of the gypsies of Fife, and will ere long detail to you the extraordinary proceedings which take place at their

marriages, when some account of the priest, if I may so call him, and the parties concerned, will be necessary, in explaining the ceremonies observed on these occasions. W. S.
12th June 1818.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF
WILLIAM RUSSELL, L.L.D.

'Αλλ' ὄσπερον μὲν ἦλθον, ἐν καιρῷ δ' ὄμωσ.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, the eldest son of Alexander Russell and Christian Ballyntyne, was born in the year 1741 at Windydoors, a farm-house in the county of Selkirk. At a proper age he was sent to the neighbouring school of Inverleithen, where he acquired a slender knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages; but private study afterwards enabled him to supply many of the deficiencies of his early education.

In 1756 he was removed to Edinburgh, in order to be instructed in writing and arithmetic; and after having attended to these branches for about ten months, he was bound an apprentice to the bookselling and printing business for the term of five years. While engaged in this occupation, he discovered the utmost ardour in literary pursuits; nor was his situation altogether unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge.

After the completion of his apprenticeship, he published a select collection of modern poems, which was favourably received. The first edition I have never seen: the second bears the following title. "The Select Poems of our most celebrated contemporary British Poets: viz. Dr Aken-side, Mr Gray, Mr Mason, W. Shenstone, Esq. Mr W. Collins, Lord Lyttleton, Mess. Wartons, Mr Blacklock, Mr Beattie, Mr Ogilvie, *etc.* Vol. I. second edition, with additions." Edinb. 1764, 12mo.—He afterwards congratulated himself on having contributed to extend the popularity of Gray and Shenstone in the northern part of the island. It may, I think, be mentioned as a proof of his classical taste, that at this early period of his life he entertained the highest admiration for the sublime odes of Gray; which he was accustomed to recite in a wild and enthusiastic manner.

In the year 1763, while employed as a journeyman-printer, he became a member of a literary association denominated the Miscellaneous Society, which was composed of students and other young men engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. This juvenile society included several other individuals who afterwards acquired distinction; and among these were the Right Hon. Sir Robert Liston, and Mr Andrew Dalzel, the late professor of Greek.

About this period he made an attempt to adapt Crebillon's *Rhadamisthe et Zenobie* to the English stage. The manuscript was submitted to the inspection of Mr Liston and Mr Dalzel; who, after a very careful perusal, stated several objections to particular passages. This tragedy was at length rejected by Mr Garrick, the manager of Drury-lane. Murphy's *Zenobia* was at that time in rehearsal; and if the merit of Russell's play had been highly conspicuous, it probably would not then have been accepted.

In 1764 he issued proposals for publishing a second volume of his collection of poems, which however never made its appearance. He retired to the country in order to arrange the materials; and about this period he maintained an epistolary correspondence with Lord Elibank, Dr Ogilvie, and Mr Dalzel; to whose friendship his youthful ingenuity had recommended him. In the course of the ensuing year, Lord Elibank, who was himself a man of literature, invited him to his seat in the county of Haddington, where he spent the greater part of the autumn, and had an opportunity of conversing with many eminent men. To this nobleman he seems to have looked for favour and protection: the hope of obtaining preferment through his influence, had induced him to relinquish the drudgery of his original employment; and in the mean time he continued to prosecute his studies, particularly in the departments of history and polite literature.

Having resided with his father till the month of May 1767, he set out for London, probably with high hopes of future success. But his hopes were soon blasted: after having in vain waited for promotion through the influence of Mr Hume, Lord Elibank, General Murray, and Governor Johnstone, he was under the necessity of contracting his views, and engaging

himself as a corrector to the press of William Strahan, afterwards printer to his majesty. To find himself thus placed in a situation so inadequate to his expectations, and so unworthy of his abilities, must have cast a temporary gloom over his mind; but the freshness of youth, added to the natural vivacity of his mind, would have enabled him to support even greater disappointments. In some brief notices found among his papers after his decease, he mentions his expectations of preferment through the interest of these individuals; but he does not aver that his expectations were founded on their promises. The disappointments of human life may very frequently be referred to the unreasonableness of our anticipations.

In the year 1769 he quitted Mr Strahan's, and was employed as overseer of the printing-office of Brown and Adlard. During the same year he published an *Ode to Fortitude*; which was immediately reprinted at Edinburgh by his former masters, Martin and Wotherspoon.

His *Sentimental Tales* appeared in 1770; and from this time he wrote many essays in prose and verse for the periodical publications. In 1772 he published a collection of *Fables, Moral and Sentimental*, and "An Essay on the Character, Manners, and Genius of Women; from the French of M. Thomas." In 1774 appeared his *Julia, a Poetical Romance*. Of this latter work, which is founded on the *Nouvelle Heloise* of Rousseau, neither the plan nor the execution can be commended.

In the estimate of his literary character, Russell dissented from the public opinion: his historical works, which have met with a very favourable reception, he considered as greatly inferior to his poetical works, which have been totally neglected. But his friends certainly had no reason to regret that the collective edition of his poems, which he long meditated, never made its appearance. In the following sarcastic verses of his ingenious countryman Mickle, his elegy on the death of Hume is not mentioned with much commendation.

Silence, ye noisy wolves and bears,
And hear the song of Russell;
Hark, how upon the muse's hill
This bard kicks up a bustle!
He calls the muses lying jades,
A pack of venal strumpets;

And reason good, for none of them
 The death of David trumpets.
 But what—shall Shakspeare's muse bedew
 This David's leaden urn?
 Or at his tomb, O Milton, say,
 Shall thy Urania mourn?
 Shall gentle Spenser's injured shade
 For him attune the lay?
 No: none of these o'er his dull grave
 Shall strew one leaf of bay.
 To him, the modern Midas, these
 No grateful chaplets owe;
 Yet shall his friends with proper wreaths
 Adorn his heavy brow.
 For him shall Russell rant and rave
 In hobbling rumbling lays;
 And Smith in barbarous sleepy prose
 Shall grunt and croak his praise.*

Russell is the author of the verses on the death of Dr Armstrong, signed W. R. and dated from Gray's Inn, Sept. 10, 1779, which are commonly printed with the poems of that classical writer.

Before this period he had apparently relinquished his connexion with the printing-office, and had entirely devoted himself to the pursuits of literature. His *History of America* was published in numbers, and completed in the course of the same year. This publication was not unfavourably received; but the splendid merit of Dr Robertson's work precluded all competition.

During the same year, 1779, he likewise published, in octavo, the first two volumes of *The History of Modern Europe*; and their reception was so favourable as to exceed his most sanguine expectations.

His studies experienced a temporary interruption in 1780, when he embarked for Jamaica in order to recover some money, due to him as the heir of his brother James, who, after a residence of several years, had died in that island. He afterwards resumed his historical labours, which were occasionally interrupted by his love of poetry. In the year 1783 he published *The Tragic Muse*, a poem addressed to Mrs Siddons. To address verses to a player has been considered as beneath the dignity of the literary character. It would be a crime, said a periodical writer, to sacrifice genius on such an uninteresting occasion: we have more dignified subjects for the poetic muse than an individual whose

excellence is only a dazzling meteor, and must be forgotten in a few years at most.—Players have sometimes been extravagantly extolled, particularly by grateful or aspiring poets who have written for the stage,* and it will undoubtedly be granted that a poet may easily find a more dignified theme: but supreme excellence in any ingenious art seems to be no improper subject of panegyric; and so rare and difficult are the fleeting attainments of a great actor, that it may be considered as a generous exertion of the poetic talent to rescue them from oblivion. "Pity it is," exclaims a celebrated comedian, "that the momentary beauties flowing from an harmonious elocution, cannot, like those of poetry, be their own reward! that the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them; or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect recollection of a few surviving spectators!"†

The three volumes which complete the *History of Modern Europe* made their appearance in 1784. From the manuscript notices to which I have already referred, it appears that in the composition of each of these five volumes Russell spent about twelve months. This work, which is the chief foundation of his reputation, possesses great merit as a popular view of a very extensive period of history. The author displays no inconsiderable judgment in the selection of his leading incidents, and in the general arrangement of his materials; and he seems to have studied the philosophy of history with assiduity and success. His narrative is always free from lan-

* In a poem addressed to Garrick by W. Whitehead, the following verses occur:

A nation's taste depends on you,
 Perhaps a nation's virtue too.

Both these lines are sufficiently ridiculous. When Foote conceived the design of exhibiting a burlesque imitation of the Stratford jubilee, they were not forgotten. "In this mock procession a fellow was to be dressed up, and made as much like Mr Garrick as possible. It was intended that some ragamuffin in the procession should address Roscius in the well-known lines of the poet laureat,

A nation's taste depends on you,
 Perhaps a nation's virtue too.

The representer of Mr Garrick was to make no answer, but to cry, 'Cock-a-doodle-do!'" (Davies's *Life of Garrick*, vol. ii. p. 270.)

† Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber, chap iv.

* See the Poetical Works of William Julius Mickle; including several original pieces, with a new Life of the Author, by the Rev. John Sim, A. B. late of St Alban Hall, Oxford. Lond. 1806, 12mo.

guor; and his liberal reflections are conveyed in a lively and elegant style. It may however be regretted that he should have adopted the expedient of producing his work as a series of letters from a nobleman to his son: every reader is sufficiently aware that Dr Russell did not belong to the order of nobility; and the frequent recurrence of "my dear Philip" is too apt to remind us of the heartless frivolity of Lord Chesterfield.

This work has often been reprinted, and still continues to maintain its original popularity. Russell closes his history with the peace of Paris in 1763; and an able continuation, extending to two volumes, has recently been added by Charles Coote, LL. D. a learned civilian of Doctors Commons.

In the year 1787 he married Miss Scott, a lady to whom he had long been attached, and in whom he found a pleasant and intelligent companion. He now entered upon the occupation of a comfortable farm at Knottyholm, distant about five miles from the town of Langholm in Dumfriesshire; and fixed his residence in an elegant cottage, delightfully situated on the banks of the Esk. Here he spent the remainder of his days. In this neighbourhood there were several intelligent individuals, with whom he lived in habits of intimacy; and one of the most conspicuous of these was the late John Maxwell, Esq. of Broomholm, who was particularly distinguished for his knowledge of the theory of music.*

In 1792 the university of St Andrews conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. The flattering reception of his last publication had induced him to retrace his steps; and during the following year he published at London, in two volumes octavo, "The History of Ancient Europe; with a View of the Revolutions in Asia and Africa. In a Series of Letters to a Young Nobleman." In the composition of this work, he professes to have been peculiarly studious to found his facts on original authorities, and to clear the narrative of unimportant events. He seems however to have allotted too many pages to the poetical details of the Trojan war.

* Mr Maxwell published, without the name of the author, "An Essay upon Tune; being an Attempt to free the Scale of Music, and the Tune of Instruments, from Imperfection." Edinb. 1781, 8vo. Pp. 290.

This production partakes of the peculiar merits of his modern history; but as the author did not live to complete his design, it has never arrived at any considerable degree of popularity. The greater proportion of these two volumes relates to the history of Greece; which of late has been ably treated by Dr Gillies and Mr Mitford.*

Dr Russell did not long survive the publication of this work: before the close of the same year, a stroke of palsy suddenly terminated his life. He was interred in Westerkirk churchyard; where his grave is distinguished by a plain stone, bearing the subsequent inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of William Russell, LL. D. who died at Knottyholm in the parish of Cannobie, December the 25, 1793, aged 52 years."

This ingenious man left a widow and a daughter, who still reside at Knottyholm. I am indebted to Mrs Russell for the free use of his papers, as well as for some of the statements contained in this sketch of his life. Besides two complete tragedies, entitled *Zenobia* and *Pyrrhus*, he left in manuscript an *Analysis of Bryant's Mythology*, and the following unfinished productions.

1. The Earl of Strafford, a tragedy.
2. Modern Life, a comedy.
3. The Love Marriage, an opera.
4. Human Happiness, a poem intended to have been comprised in four books.
5. An Historical and Philosophical View of the Progress of Mankind in the Knowledge of the Terraqueous Globe.
6. The History of Modern Europe, Part III. from the peace of Paris in 1763, to the general pacification in 1783, including an Account of the American War, and of the European Transactions in the East Indies. In a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son.
7. The History of England from the beginning of the reign of George III. to the conclusion of the American War.

In the composition of the last of these works Dr Russell was engaged at the time of his death. It was to be comprised in three volumes octavo; for the copy-right of which Mr Cadell had stipulated to pay him seven hundred and fifty pounds. DAVID IRVING.
Edinburgh, 24 June 1818.

* Dr Coote has lately published "The History of Ancient Europe; in a Series of Letters from a Gentleman to his Son: intended as an accompaniment to Dr Russell's History of Modern Europe." Lond. 1815, 3 vols 8vo.

The Mad Banker of Amsterdam ; OR, THE FATE OF THE BRAUNS.

A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY WILLIAM WASTLE, ESQUIRE. *

Member of the Dilettanti, Royal, and Antiquarian Societies, and of the Union and Ben Waters's Clubs of Edinburgh ; Honorary Member of the Kunst-und-alterthumsliebbers Gesellschaft of Gottingen, and of the Phoenix Terrarum of Amsterdam, &c. &c. &c.

אשת-היל מי ומצט ורהק מפנינים מכרה
בטח בה לבבעלה ושלה לא יחסר

DEDICATION.

TO THEE, LONE WIZARD OF THE SABLE VEIL !
THOU AARON'S ROD OF CRITICS SMALL AND GREAT !
THOU SCOURGE AND TORMENT OF THE INFIDEL !
OF WHIGS AND DEMOCRATS, THOU FEAR AND HATE !
TO THEE, MYSTERIOUS EDITOR, ALL HAIL !
TO THEE THE FOLLOWING LINES I DEDICATE.
YOU'LL SATISFY THE BARD'S AMBITION FULLY,
IF YOU INSERT 'EM IN THE MONTH OF JULY.

CANTO I.

I.

LET finer poets celebrate Paris,
Montpellier, Bourdeaux, Lyons, or Toulouse ;
Or link, if o'er the hills they've chanced to be,
The glory of their metre and their muse,
To some romantic name of Italy,
To Roma or Firenze if they choose ;
Of a much humbler, plainer *gout* I am,
The city for my money's Amsterdam,

II.

The capital of snugness, and the Dutch ;
—At least that *was* a little while ago,
While Bonaparte had Europe in his clutch,
From ear to ear, from Cadiz to Moscow.
The Hague, some how or other pleased not much
King Louis, and he seldom set his toe
In the brick palace of the Nassau line,
The old infected haunt of right divine.

III.

No vinegar, he thought, could make it sweet,
No fumigations banish such a plague ;
So Amsterdam became his royal seat,
He raised that city high above the Hague ;
What followed made the compliment complete,
With grudging, fawning phizzes blank and vague,
The Amsterdammers came their king to thank,
For lodging his Augustness in their bank.

IV.

He turned out tellers, and cashiers, and clerks,—
Out—bodily and boldly, to a man,
Parisian guardsmen treated them like Turks,
While fast and far with all their books they ran,
Revised the Dutchers as Poltroons and shirks,
Called the Directors' Court a low divan
Of musty, frousy, stingy, money-codgers—
such insults burgesses receive from soldiers !

V.

So *De Groot Bank* was changed to *Notre Palais*.
By one degree most flattering and most summary
Tall three-legged stools and leather desks made way
For sofas, ottomans, and such like flummery ;
Thin cautious whispering scribes with stockings gray
For pages, lackeys, trumpets, noise and mummery
And in the hall, where bills had been discounted,
High on a throne of state King Louis mounted.

VI.

The throne had scarce got warm beneath his bottom
Ere poor King Louis was obliged to quit it ;
His mighty brother would at times allot him
Things to his stomach harsh—they could not hit
“ Doth Louis kick,” quoth great Napoleon, “ re-
him !
Sang ! *veutre bleu* ! for thrones he is not fitted
Shall my own baubles, tools impede my way ?
Quil trouve son bonheur dans la vie privee !”

* This Gentleman having at last dispensed with certain promises under which we had come, we fe ourselves at liberty to announce to our readers that they owe to his pen several poetical articles of distinguished merit, in some of the preceding numbers of our Miscellany. We reserve the full acknowledgment of our various obligations to his genius, till the *Index Auctorum* (which we are happy to see is in a state of considerable forwardness,) shall be ready for publication. But we may mention in the mean time, that the various Poetical Notices of this Magazine are among the number of his production and that we have received from him “ Two Probationary Odes, humbly dedicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.” The appearance of those humorous pieces depends entirely upon contingencies.—We may add, for the benefit of our Salt-foot readers, that Mr Wastle was lately served heir in general (the application of the phrase *Filius Carnalis*, being, in his case, waived,) to William Wastle, Esq. of the ilk, who died A. D. 1584.—A hero well known to the students of our popular poetry, “ Willie Wast dwalt on Tweed,” &c. A pedigree of W. W. may probably appear in an early number of our Work

VII.

He is, I take it, if the truth were known,
 Merely the brother uterine of Nap.
 Old Madame Mere, no doubt, would never own,
 Perhaps she knew not, who begot the chap ;
 But in the family he's quite alone,
 A worthy creature, ignorant of trap.
 During his reign in Holland, the good body
 Acquired a taste for smoking and gin toddy.

VIII.

No more a monarch, Louis draws from these
 A consolation and a blessed balm
 In the retirement of domestic ease,
 In stupid meditation's drowsy calm.
 Beneath the shadow of thy Switzer trees
 Sleep on, thou exiled lord of Amsterdam !
 In that long pipe a harmless sceptre find,
 Enjoy your schnaps, give sorrow to the wind.

IX.

And if the stories that they tell be true,
 About your sterner brother and the queen,
 There's others as ill off,—aye, not a few ;
 In Italy the like has often been.
 Such doings seem most horrible to you,
 Chiefly because the world you have not seen.
 By studying the Poems of Leigh Hunt,
 You'd learn to put a smoother face upon't.

X.

But to my tale—in Louis' capital,
 In Amsterdam, there lived a certain widow,
 The relic of Mynheer Van Schlappsendal,
 Over whose bier two years ago she sighed, "Oh!"
 Altho' she was not what genteel we call,
 Dutch Virtuosi thought her quite the Dido ;
 For she was a plump, jolly, juicy lady,
 And had, moreover, plenty of the ready.

XI.

Whoe'er, with knowing optics, hath beheld
 The pictures of Rembrandt, or Gerard Douw ;
 Of Van der Heyden, or of Van de Velde ;
 Of Keyser, Jan Stein, of Mieris, Metz, u,
 Vandyke, Frank Hals, or him that all excelled,
 In power, in luxury, and in beauty too,
 The peerless Rubens—will at once discover
 What charms inflame the Dutch or Flemish lover.

XII.

The slender waist, most delicate, most slim,
 Into the gentle bosom swelling slow ;
 The airy elegance of the light limb ;
 The little feet, that twinkle as they go ;
 The small and tapering arm, compact and trim,
 These lovelinesses seem to him—so so ;—
 In short, we are supposed, by Netherlanders,
 To be, in point of taste, the merest ganders.

XIII.

The mistress of Mynheer must be a bouncer,
 Fat is the chief commodity he seeks,
 It must take scores and scores of yards to founce her ;
 She must have pounds of chin, and pounds of
 cheeks ;
 She must have fists would knock a bullock down, sir,—
 The *Μεγίθος και καλλος* of the Greeks.
 If she sits down upon the grass, she leaves
 A mark as broad as any of her beaves.

XIV.

People will say, it is queer confiteor,
 Arguing a vulgar coarseness in my taste.
 But I am not a canting bard, like Beattie, or
 Cowper, or any of that set strait-laced ;
 Such prudishness, I think, is a mere meteor
 That leads to bogs of dulness, drear and waste
 Our poets make a great display of nicety,—
 I suspect some of them of much duplicity.

XV.

Some of the best of them are, to my knowing,
Au fond most excellent, fine jolly dogs ;
 To clubs, &c. like others going,
 And scorning, manfully, prudential clogs.
 And yet in poetry they're always shewing
 Off, as if they were mere domestic logs,—
 As if they took tea every night at eight,
 And would not drink two bottles for their weight.

XVI.

In gold—Hypocrisy's a foe to merit,
 And makes to me their genius less transporting
 I think it might be worthier of their spirit,
 To scorn such modes of vulgar glory courting
 The illustrious bards, whose fire their souls inherit
 More candid sentiments were fond of sporting
 Homer, or if (as Voss says) that's a nullity,
 The whole Homeridæ rejoiced in jollity!

XVII.

And none of them would more than me have boggled
 If Mrs Schlappsendal they e'er had seen,
 To own that with no little *gout* they ogled,
 Such dames as sat to Rubens and Jan Stein ;
 The sentiment, no doubt, had not been dogrelled
 But still the sentiment the same had been,
 Dressed in ottava-rima or hexameter,
 Laudation of the belles of large diameter.

XVIII.

There could not be a more delicious creature,
 I speak my mind out, than my heroine ;
 I never saw a fairer face, or sweeter,
 More melting, easy, gentleness of mein ;
 Good humour sat enthroned on every feature,
 Her eyes were rich, complacent and serene ;—
 Once on a washing-green I spied her slips,
 And found them full three yards about the hips.

XIX.

Her arms were chubby, and her bosom plump,
 And every thing upon a liberal scale,
 Yet she could frisk about, hop-step-and-jump,
 And waltz it, or fandango without fail ;—
 In short, she was, though fat, as fine a romp
 As e'er an English missy, slim and pale.
 She was the pride and glory of the town,
 And made a conquest of one Mynheer Braun,

XX.

Originally, I have heard, from Memel,
 But settled long in Holland as a banker ;
 In most things he a native did resemble,
 He had a Dutchman's paunch, a Dutchman's
 lank hair.
 The moment he beheld this charming female,
 Love in his heart infixed a triple anchor,
 And he resolved that instant, *coute ce qui'l coute*
 To give an ardent opening to his sujet.

XXI.

Dutch people are not over ceremonious,
 So there was nothing to prevent Mynheer,
 No dread of cold rebuff or acrimonious ;
 And to the lady boldly he drew near,
 And in his Cleopatra's ear th' Antonius
 Whispered, "Mevrouw, 'tis clareen helder weer ;"
 Which is as much in English as to say,
 "Madam, your servant ; there's a fine clear day."

XXII.

Such observations can't be called discourse,
 They're uttered without any sort of meaning,
 But many people find them a resource,
 Their lack of language or of thought for screening.
 Our Mynheer Braun was skilful to endorse
 Bills, but of words he had a scanty gleanings ;
 And as no better came into his head,
 These stupid syllables were all he said.

XXIII.

I should have mentioned, that the scene of meeting
 Was in a treckschuyt, before all its crew ;
 'Twas there the banker first espied his sweetening,
 'Twas there his pipe he from his lips withdrew,
 Altho' not half smoked out, to speak that greeting
 Just criticised in stanza twenty-two ;
 That salutation brought them first together,
 I mean that dull remark about the weather.

XXIV.

"Yaw wohl, Mynheer," was Mrs S.'s answer :
 The words themselves were nothing ; but the while
 She spoke them, o'er her ruby lips there ran, sir,
 And up to her dear eyes, so sweet a smile !
 Chaldean, soreerer, or necromancer,
 None could have managed it in higher style.
 Touched by that charming simper of Mevrouw,
 The Memel broker's heart began to glow

XXV.

As if Vesuvius, Ætna, Strombolo,
 Had been transferred with all their lava thither ;
 And then his eyes began to twinkle so,
 He looked a different mortal altogether ;
 And when he took her yielding hand of snow,
 And in the corner 'gan to flirt it with her,
 Says I at once, "I'll lay you half-a-crown,
 This widow shall be wife to Master Braun."

XXVI.

My friend agreed at once with the remark.—
 But I believe, I have forgot as yet,
 Lector Benevole, to name the spark,
 I am an introduction in your debt,
 'Twas Young Squire Blarney, heir to Blarney-park,
 As neat a gentleman as e'er you set
 Your eyes upon in Bond Street or Pall-mall,
 A proper Yorkshire cut, full six feet tall.

XXVII.

And in proportion broad across the back,
 A specimen of that old English breed
 That used to drink such lots of ale and sack,
 And on whole barons of roast beef to feed,
 Whom Mounseers scarce durst, three to one, attack,
 —Of stays and all such trash that had no need ;
 Fellows that had no calves done up in rollers,
 No patent stiffeners—no erect shirt-collars ;

XXVIII.

Men that had whiskers of the genuine growth,
 Springing up daily in abundant crops ;
 Whiskers that curled them when their lords waxed
 wroth,
 Not tied with ribbons underneath the chops,
 Apt to be falling among tea or broth,
 (But to be sure 'twas not the age for slops.)
 Blarney was one of these—perhaps you've met him,
 The ladies about London used to pet him.

XXIX.

We landed the same morning at the Brill,
 And got acquainted at the table d'hôte ;
 We made in company a glorious meal,
 Tucking in every thing that could be got ;
 And then we went together to the Spiel-
 -Houses, and afterwards in the same boat,
 Or coach, we travelled—we were chums, in short,
 From Amsterdam to Utrecht, Gouda, Dort.

XXX.

And now from Dordrecht on to Amsterdam,
 Proceeding via Rotterdam, and Leyden,
 And Haarlem, we had chanced ourselves to cram
 Into a snuggish treckschuit which was gliding
 O'er the smooth surface, gentle as a lamb,
 Mid groves of willows green its brightness hiding,
 When Mynheer Braun had the good sense to fall
 In love with charming widow Schlappsendall.

XXXI.

A treckschuyt is a boat, the reader knows,
 Divided into cabins one, two, three ;
 At four miles in the hour, I think, it goes
 On these canals, so smooth, so steadily.
 No sort of jolting troubles your repose,
 Or, if you're otherwise inclined, your glee ;
 You eat and drink as if in Paradise,—
 But take a pipe there with you, if you're wise.

XXXII.

My friend and I had made our resolutions
 To be, in Holland, natives cap-a-pee ;
 So there—our legs stretched out in velvet cushions,
 A bottle of old hock at either knee,
 Amongst a crowd of Flemings, Dutchers, Prussians,
 Frenchmen, and Poles, and Austrians, there sat we,
 Uttering enormous puffs at every second—
 (What nasty brutes we had at home been reckoned !)

XXXIII.

There sat we, in oblivion of all labours,
 And cares, and toils, and thoughts, for number one,
 Encircled by the strangest group of neighbours
 That e'er was met, I take it, 'neath the sun.
 Bobwigs and meerschchaums, petticoats and sabres,
 Burghers and Barons, Goth, and Celt, and Hun,
 A score of peoples, kindreds, tribes, and tongues,
 All exercising in one way their lungs.

XXXIV.

A number of our countrymen were there ;
 An Oxford parson in black stocking gaiters ;
 An Irish quack without one pile of hair,
 Whose nose and chin were like a nutmeg grater's ;
 A lean Scots scribe, the type of craft and care,
 Very much sneezed at every where by waiters,—
 A native of the town of Aberdeen,
 With two light gogling eyes 'twixt gray and green ;

XXXV.

Three or four tutors, and as many minors ;
 Pupils and pedagogues upon a par
 In every article, except the shiners ;
 As dull as commonly such people are,
 Horn ignorant, God knows, but all good diners,
 Travelling on the conclusion of the war,
 Staring about as if they'd got upon
 Astolfo's hippogrifo with St John.

XXXVI.

I wonder what makes decent people send
 Their younkens all through Italy, and France,
 And Germany, and Holland. As a friend,
 One word of wholesome counsel I'll advance :
 Raw lubber lads are not much like to mend,
 Capering about like heroes of Romance,
 Picking acquaintances with foreign belles,
 And passing all their evenings at the hells.

XXXVII.

About the streets at home they're quite a drug.
 These gentlemen that have performed the tour,
 You'll recognise them by a constant shrug,
 An awkward copy of a Gascon boor ;
 Or, it may be, that at their heels they lug
 Some Naples grayhound—pretty to be sure,
 But chiefly prized by its Signor Inglesse,
 Because it was the gift of some Marchesa.

XXXVIII.

A little paltry store of broken French is
 The principal acquirement of the beau,
 Patch work, which to all purposes he wrenches,
 In shewing off before the untravelled low ;
 Two or three stories of Venetian wenchies,
 A few false medals purchased on the Po—
 One so provided, to our home-spun nation
 Is certainly a blessed importation.

XXXIX.

These long digressions are the very devil ;
 But to return from this my disquisition,
 Touching the bad effects of foreign travel
 Upon young gentlemen of good condition,
 To things more strictly on my muse's level
 (Observe how modest is my disposition),
 At once, in short, to plump the reader down
 On the Dutch treckschuyt and the loves of Braun.

XL.

The company had raised so dense a reek
 Throughout the upper regions of the boat,
 That 'twas in vain for any man to seek
 To trace minutely the erotic plot,
 Through all its windings, twistings, turns oblique,
 On to the fair solution of the knot ;
 'Twas only now and then, without a joke,
 That we got glimpses of them through the smoke.

XLI.

But, each succeeding peep, they might be seen
 In dalliance linked, of an intenser quality ;
 The widow's hand that first had fumbled been
 In token of respectful partiality,
 Was now our banker's fingers squeezed between,
 With all the signs of warmth and cordiality.
 Nay, his one arm was folded round her waist,
 Without exciting symptoms of distaste.

XLII.

And here and there, amid the fearful gabble
 Of coarser notes, commingling gruff and shrill,
 From out the centre of this second Babel,
 Was heard the voice of wooing, small and still ;
 Soft as the magic lute of Tasso's fable,—
 Clear as the gurgling of an Highland rill.
 O Nature ! what mysterious power is thine,
 Even in Low Dutch thy echoes are divine.

XLIII.

People may say whatever things they please
 About the os rotundum of the Greeks,
 Of Latian elegance, of Tuscan ease,
 And of the Gothic linguos' grunts and squeaks ;
 I've noticed, both at homo and over seas,
 That when of love or man or woman speaks,
 There comes a music to the listener's ears,
 Delicious as the music of the spheres.

XLIV.

But sentiment—(Heu ! cæcis nil refulget !)
 As all my friends observe, will be my ruin,
 If any more occur, I'll not indulge it,
 I'll be a plain narrator of this wooing.
 Alas ! how little has my muse divulg'd yet,
 Of this most intricate Dædalcan doing !
 But, to be sure, as far's we yet have come,
 And on a bit, the story is humdrum.

XLV.

It is, I think, as ancient as the hills,
 The saying that, except the happy two,
 Love scenes in general, are but dull pills,
 Ere they go down they must be gilt a few :
 I hate to see folks swallow 'gainst their wills ;
 Upon my honour, 'tis my wish to do
 The best I can—I rather think my strength is in
 Diversifying dullness—*per parenthesis*.

XLVI.

But *passé pour ça*—long, long before we reached
 The busy Haarlem—gate of Amsterdam,
 The Memel Banker had in form beseeched,
 With oaths and vows, the hand of fair Madame,
 The cynosure of Dutchmen double-breeched ;
 She, lovely innocence, unskilled to sham,
 Started, blushed, ogled, dimpled, and looked queer,
 And breathed a soft consent to her Mynheer.

CANTO II.

I.

THE fashionable way to make a poem,
 Like other fashions, has seen many changes ;
 Readers are now contented if you show 'em
 The mere elite of what within your range is ;
 In short, without apology or proem,
 No rule of modern *gout* your muse infringes,
 Although whole days, weeks, years, she hurries by—
 Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wilson—why not I ?

II.

We've quite exploded now the tedious style
 Of writing—of describing every thing ;
 Great Pegasus no longer has the toil,
 Like high-road hackney brutes, of journeying
 Through many a weary, dusty, viewless mile.
 O'er open downs and wilds he now may fling,
 Shake his long mane in the free mountain breezes,
 And leap as many ditches as he pleases.

III.

Had I been born a rhymester of the breed
Of tragic Vondel, or Bucolic Noot,
'Tis very true I should have had no need
To these new-fangled modes my lyre to suit ;
Poets in Holland seem to be agreed,
That 'tis a treasonous heinous sin to shoot
Farther than their old fathers shot before 'em,
Fine spirits ! the Primitiæ Batavorum !

IV.

If e'er you chance on the Exchange to go,
At Amsterdam or Rotterdam I mean,
You'll easily gather why it should be so ;
All poets copy the surrounding scene ;
'Tis for those lumbering quizzes' taste must flow
Thy stream ! O Netherlandish Hippocrene !
Those big-breech'd burgers, I regret it much,
Compose the Reading Public of the Dutch.

V.

A large full Ramillies, with curls most hideous,
Diverging o'er the back in many a sweep,
A single breasted coat, with skirts prodigious,
Containing pockets lodgeable and deep,
Breeches and vest to match.—King William's liesges
Still to that old costume with caution keep.
The very sight of a genteel surtout
Would make the venerable Puts look blue.

VI.

Their wives (it is alledged, against the grain),
Appear in equally absurd apparel ;
Their gowns fly off in an enormous train,
Their waists are padded out as big's a barrel ;
To shew the buckle is considered vain,
To shew the ancle would produce a quarrel ;
Nay worse and worse, Mevrouw must wear a *mutch*,
(That old Scotch word's still used in Nether Dutch.)

VII.

But to return, and to exemplify
The modern license of the English poet :
Braun married his fair widow by and bye,
And lodged her at his *lust-huis*, near Helvoet,
A pretty Villa in a Dutchman's eye,
For a few stivers any time they shew it—
A comfortable, warm, snug house withal,
And built within six yards of the canal.

VIII.

The joyous couple spent for several years,
In this commodious, most aquatic Eden,
A life entirely destitute of fears
And miseries—much of it consumed in feeding ;
First breakfast, luncheon second, third appears
A copious dinner, each in turn succeeding ;
And then the tea and coffee, supper then ;
In short it was hot work from ten till ten.

IX.

And then to bed they went, but not together ;
Upon the whole it seems a plan sagacious,
Excepting just in the severest weather,
Or in huge beds, cool, airy, and capacious,
Especially for folks that fill their leather,
Dutch folks, for instance, all with paunches spa-
cious,
Not under the same coverlid to bask,
And stew o' nights, like herrings in a cask.

X.

I much approve the Continental fashion,
Of having two beds rather in one room ;
'Tis near enough, heaven knows, for conversation ;
And it prevents a pair from many a fume,
From many a most unpleasant altercation,
In which my wife and I much time consume.
Domestic tyranny (my fate is hard !)
Leaves free the muse, but sorely binds the bard.

XI.

And Braun was debtor to his wife, per annum,
At least one child—sometimes she book'd him two.
The first was Moll, the namesake of her grannum ;
The second was called Karl ; the third was Hoogh ;
The fourth was Girzzy (after Mrs Manheim,
An aunt that lived not far from Waterloo).
Braun might give all the provinces defiance,
To shew a comelier, healthier crop of scions.

XII.

It would, I swear, have done the readers good,
To see the pair to kerk or kirmis going ;
Braun and his spouse with all the rising brood,
With well-combed hair, and countenances glowing
Fresh from the basin—How erect they stood !
How patriarchal 'mid the circle growing !
It must have greatly gratified his stomach,
Particularly if he likes what's comic.

XIII.

A child there an't at all like yours, oh, reader !
At least it is in no respect like mine.
A Dutch boy looks as glum's a special pleader,
Or conveyancer, long before he's nine ;
His prudent parents perfectly agreed are,
To check the natural bias infantine,
They teach their cub with gravity to straddle,
The very moment that he leaves his cradle.

XIV.

They dress the infant out in solemn suits
Of customary snuff or quaker-colour ;
From stiff cravat the whimpering visage shoots ;
Knee breeches are ta'en down to whip the scholar.
I hate to see the little chubby brutes
Looking as sour as they were four feet taller,
Their nasty dwindling gummy legs exposing,
Great heavy floundering silk or worsted hose in.

XV.

How would our young M'Alisters or Campbells,
Used to their native luxury of kilts,
Be horrified if put into such trammels,
Compelled to strut for ever on such stilts,
Hips from the breezes barred, and legs from gambols !
With what long faces would the little Celts
Sigh from their fusty breeches at the Hague,
" Ochon Lochaber and the philabeg !"

XVI.

Nor is young Mademoiselle's set out-less queer ;
At four years old she's clad with meikle pother
In Mutch, gown, ptticoat, and all such gear,
Enough a very elephant to smother ;
A foreigner's struck dumb when he draws near,
And sees Meyongvrou dressed like her grand
mother—
Her little baby countenance, smooth and prim,
Looks odd in such a venerable trim.

XVII.

But Dutchmen don't incline much to the risible,
So all these things with them are still the go.
Absurdities are on the Y still visible,
Which were so on the Thames some time ago.
Mynheer would think his daughter quite a Jeesebel,
Should not the whole remain *in statu quo*.
The plaits of gold or silver on the forehead—
The flannel girth—protuberance most horrid.

XVIII.

But if I once should fairly enter in
To what at present I am glancing merely,
To strip a Dutchman's madam to her skin,
I can assure the reader most sincerely,
So wide a subject, were I in the pin,
Would last me out at least a canto clearly.
Perhaps I'll do it at some other season—
Just now it must be rhyme, but scarcely reason.

XIX.

But to return—(in this new style of Frere's,
A phrase which oft hath been, and oft must be)—
I dined, when last in Holland, at Mynheer's;
No one was there but David Laing and me,
And a Dutch minister, one Vander Schpiers,
Domestic tutor in the family—
To give Mevrouw the praise that is her due,
The dinner much invited a set-to.

XX.

Nor did we baulk it. No; we feasted purely
On excellent boiled pig and roasted salmon:
The Parson hummed us a long grace demurely,
But otherwise he seemed to sink the Flamen.
I noticed, though his guts, he said, were poorly,
He laid in full three pounds of grease and gammon.
Braun set some famous Rhenish on the table;
We drank and smoked as long as we were able.

XXI.

In course of talk, the Clergyman and Braun
Enlarged upon the charms of Dutch society,
Its comfort—none that attribute disown—
And, what some won't agree to, its variety.
David and I sucked all their doctrines down,
But over-doses generate satiety;
So we, to pay them back in their own coin,
Began in praise of Scotland to rejoin;

XXII.

A fruitful topic, it must be confest,
And in good hands, I mean in Laing's and mine.
(David, the most sagacious and the best,
As all Old Reekie's erudites opine,
Of Scottish Bibliopoles, who knows the zest
And cream of every title-page *Alaine*;
A famous Bibliomaniac, and a shrewd,
Who turns his madness to no little good.)

XXIII.

We touched on many subjects, I and David.
He chiefly sung the praise of a sale dinner;
I on Young's tavern principally raved,
Ore soluto—I'm a glorious spinner.
I painted to the set, in colours vivid,
The portrait of full many a curious sinner
Who comes, with ready head and readier tongue,
To kill his evenings in thy house, Bill Young!

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XXIV.

They're pleased to call themselves *The Disertanti*:
The President's the first I chanced to shew 'em;
He writes more malagruously than Dante,
The City of the Plague's a shocking poem;
But yet he is a spirit light and jaunty,
And jocular enough to those that know him.
To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines
More o'er a bowl of punch than in his lines.

XXV.

Wilson discussed, the tenor of my speech
On to his Croupier-Secretary ran,
A person thoroughly qualified to teach
The linguo of the Virtuoso clan,
Pictures and prints alike within his reach.
—He is, in short, a most uncommon man;
The Painters view him with a fearful eye;
For me, I'm always mute when David's by.

XXVI.

The next that I enlarged upon was Allan,
That peerless master of the modern brush,
Born to restore a Muse from splendour fallen,
Born to see garlands of the Deathless Bush
(In spite of Envy's poisonous tendrils crawling)
Cling round his honoured brow, in glory's flush;
A famous fellow also o'er his toddy,
And, bating Artists, liked by every body.

XXVII.

Then touched I off friend Lockhart (Gibson John),
So fond of jabbering about Tieck and Schlegel,
Klopstock and Wieland, Kant and Mendelsohn,
All High Dutch quacks, like Spurzheim or
Feinagle.—
Him the Chaldee ycleped the Scorpion.—
The claws, but not the pinions, of the eagle,
Are Jack's: but though I do not mean to flatter,
Undoubtedly he has strong powers of satire.

XXVIII.

Par nobile, the Schetkys next I hit,
—Gibson (who t'other day hath changed his lot);
The Master of St Luke's, whom yonder Pit
With long *vivas* heard comic Liston quote.
Then Nicholson, to whom so oft I sit:
You've seen his etching, sure, of Walter Scott.
—Some half-a-dozen others I could name;
Among the rest was Baxter—yes—*lui-même*.

XXIX.

My tongue next glided to the praise of Pat,
Who loves not Robertson in Embro' city?
Dutch girls would call him Cupid, for he's fat,
Wears spectacles, is sly, and keen, and witty.
Next Peter Hill—you might be sure of that.
Next one, whom if you know not, more's the pity—
John Douglas—one of the true genuine tribe—
Mistake me not—our gentlemanly Scribe.

XXX.

I had got into such a glorious key,
That there's no saying when I might have stopped,
How long I had poured on right merrily
My tale of Worthies yet undeveloped
To the rude dwellers of the Zuyder Zee;
But looking round, asleep they all had dropped.
“Babbler!” a bird is whispering in my ear,
“Take the same hint—close Canto Second here.”

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE, APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY OF DILETTANTI TO EXAMINE MR ELLIOTT'S PLANS FOR THE REPAIR OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST GILES, EDINBURGH.

THE Committee, to whom it was referred to examine the plans of the intended repair on the cathedral church of St Giles, have now to submit the following report.

This church appears to have been originally planned on a regular design: but having been erected at various intervals, it is far from being uniform in its architecture. More recently, likewise, the alterations which it has undergone have invariably been in a vicious taste; and while not beautiful in themselves, they have obscured, or altogether superseded, those parts of the original structure to which they applied. As it now stands, therefore, the Committee do not view this building as a fine specimen of the Gothic architecture. Still it is one which deserves considerable praise. Its general form approaches near enough to regularity to give it all the grandeur of a cathedral. There is much beauty also in many of its individual parts; and the tower with which it is surmounted is one of the noblest of that description in the island.

But its great age would entitle it to be held sacred by Scotsmen, even if it possessed no intrinsic beauty deserving of preservation. The records of this church stretch back into an antiquity so remote as the ninth century: it has since become connected with many important events in Scottish history: here, particularly, Knox and Melville asserted the liberties of their country, and preached up the Reformation;—and within it and without, are deposited the bones of martyrs and great men, whose high names serve to cast a lustre over the very decay of its walls.

Relics such as these are to be touched with a delicate hand. Looking around upon the prison-houses with which this building has been polluted, the incongruous repairs which it has suffered, and the paint with which its tower has been disfigured, and its fading inscriptions obliterated, the Committee confess, that it was not without alarm they heard of a new alteration extending to all its parts being in progress; nor has the examination of the

plan for this repair tended to remove these feelings.

The Committee hold, that in altering an ancient building, the principle to be followed is, that of adhering as closely to the original plan as is consistent with any tolerable degree of beauty. Feeling in all its force the influence of time and ancient associations, they would rather sacrifice a considerable beauty, than lose any part of a structure, venerable for its age, or rendered illustrious by its history. In this point of view, they regard the repair now going forward upon Westminster-abbey and York-minster, as in the purest taste, because it is a mere renewal of the stones of those buildings in their original form. They do not contend that this species of repair is applicable to their present subject. They are willing to admit, that here there is much to remove; but they are, at the same time, anxious to impress, that there is also much to retain; and that it is the duty of the guardians of taste to resist all changes which can with propriety be avoided.

In this way, it is with no small regret they have observed, in the plans now submitted to the magistracy, a very marked disregard of the ancient building. The new cathedral may, or may not, be beautiful. The Committee do not deny that it possesses considerable beauty: but it bears no resemblance to the ancient cathedral; it is an original building in the school of Mr Elliott, not a renovation of the ancient building; and this they hold, without reference to its intrinsic character, to be a primary and fundamental objection to the design.

Another observation which they have made, is of a character akin to the former. If there be reasons, in good feeling and just taste, for resisting deviations from the original plan of the building, it is obvious that these apply with tenfold force to any project for its absolute demolition. But it is one branch of the plans under consideration, to make away with a part of the building, and that, perhaps, the most highly ornamented of the whole, the Tolbooth church, which is to be removed in order to enlarge the access into the Parliament Square, and at the same time to save the corner room in the adjoining building (itself a monument of the worst taste, and unlikely, from its appearance, to endure so long

as the cathedral), now occupied as the gown-room of the faculty of advocates. It may be proper to remove this church; it does not boast of an antiquity so remote as the adjoining building; and the Committee are ready, therefore, to learn cause for its destruction; but they neither perceive the necessity of the enlarged access wanted, nor do they see any thing in the adjoining building entitling it to immunity at the expense of its more venerable neighbour; and undoubtedly they hold, that this building cannot be touched without a reason approaching nearly to necessity.

Having stated these sentiments, the Committee feel, that it may probably be conceived unnecessary to make any observations on the details of a plan, the general scope of which they are thus disposed so strongly to condemn. But it is due to the artist who has prepared it, and perhaps may be regarded as a part of their duty to the society, to offer some remarks of a more limited character; and, in doing so, they trust that the society will give them credit for acting in a spirit of perfect conciliation towards the architect, who has not failed even here to display much of that genius and scientific knowledge by which his works are in general distinguished.

With these feelings, it is gratifying to the Committee to be enabled to commence their remarks with praise. In the disposition of the interior, Mr Elliott proposes to divide the church into three great halls, one occupying the transept, and the others being placed in the nave of the building. This plan meets the entire approbation of the Committee. They particularly approve the suggestion of throwing the transept into one great hall, adapted, as it will admirably be, for the purposes of music, and yet to become, as they hope, a receptacle for statuary and painting.

But in this part of the architect's plans, the Committee submit that there has been an important omission. Whoever has visited York-minster will remember, with no ordinary emotion, the feeling with which, standing in the centre of the church, he looked up from below upon the whole unbroken height of that noble tower. Such pleasure, the Committee think, it is in the power of the artist renewing St Giles, to give to those by whom it

shall hereafter be visited. The tower of this cathedral, so beautiful without, has never yet been brought to heighten the effect of the interior. Till the year 1599, it was used as the common prison of the town; and since that period, it has been appropriated to the bells,—at all times separated from the halls below by a flooring which exists to this day. But the Committee, while they regard it as contrary to good taste, that any part of the exterior of a building (as in the dome of St George's church here) should excite expectations, which, within, are disappointed, are strongly led to recommend, that the tower of St Giles should be cleared of all its incumbrances, and thrown open within, so as to become a part—and a glorious part—of the central hall.*

Among the advantages resulting from this suggestion, it would be no inconsiderable one, that the ancient windows of the tower would improve the light of the transept (a light too, it will be remembered, coming from above, and therefore of the finest quality); while the opening of these windows would give beauty to the exterior.

The dial-plate and bells might, in this event, be disposed in turrets to be erected at either extremity of the transept, or, more properly, at the west front, which was originally, and ought perhaps once more to be rendered, the grand entrance of the cathedral.

Having thus far commended the architect's disposition of the interior, the Committee regret that they have little more to approve in his designs. The extreme regularity of his whole plan (giving it too much the character of an enlarged modern chapel), and the uniformity of his windows and whole details, they should doubt being according to the feeling of the true Gothic; which, though not without rule, is yet impatient of restraint, and undoubtedly wanders, in its finest specimens, into many fantastic singularities. And here, perhaps, is to be found the danger and difficulty of re-modelling, in our times, an ancient Gothic structure. Our ancestors, without character to sustain, and indulging thus in all the license of barbarism, could venture

* The Committee take it for granted that this is practicable,—a matter, however, which will obviously require to be determined by professional men.

upon irregularities, which yet, by a fortunate error, have proved beautiful. But where is the modern who can safely accompany them in such a cause? He must remember his name; he must bow to rule; he dare not wander beyond precedent; and thence it will ever result, that his designs, imitated after a model not formed by rule, will be deficient in that boldness and variety of design which redeem the probable defects of the original. This, the Committee humbly think, is remarkably the case in the present instance; and acknowledging, as they do, the talents of the architect, they cannot help regarding this circumstance as a confirmation of the general views with which they felt it their duty to set out in this report.

Descending a little more into detail, the Committee beg to observe it as a curious circumstance, that the architect, in planning the new windows, has taken the present eastern windows as his model for the whole; while it is believed, that the eastern front altogether (to the depth of twenty or thirty feet) is an addition made to the ancient building in times comparatively modern, and this may be regarded as not the surest guide to the original plan. Another circumstance, which occurs no fewer than three times, the Committee cannot help disapproving. They allude to the design of making the greatest windows on the church rest *immediately* on doors. The Committee have heard doubts expressed, as to the admissibility of this circumstance in a pure Gothic structure; but they do not rest their objection on this ground, because they are aware that it is warranted by numerous precedents. They venture, however, to assert, that it offends against picturesque beauty, to bring the two openings so close together, as to be embraced unavoidably in one view; while each differs so much in dimensions and in style from the other, that they cannot harmonize; and that it thus would be advisable to separate them by a decided interval, leaving each to be felt by itself.

The Committee farther object to the form which the architect has given to the upper wall of the four extremities of the cross, which descends from the centre in a slightly inclining line. The whole other upper walls of the cathedral are horizontal; and the

Committee do not see why here there should be a deviation; at the same time that they doubt extremely, how far the inclined line (not forming an acute angle, which is usual in Gothic buildings, and accords with the present architecture of this church, but one very obtuse) is in itself beautiful.

The Committee have observed, with some regret, that of the numerous niches and rich canopies in the outer wall of the cathedral, and which apparently were a favourite ornament of the original architect, the plan under consideration retains only one or two, and these of the meanest character. The Committee regard this as an improper disregard of the original style of the building; and it is one which reminds them of another most important suggestion,—that whatever alterations may ultimately be made, especial care should be taken that every ornamental stone now existing in any part of the building, and removed in the course of the repair, should be preserved and replaced in some other situation; so that, in every particular, as much of the original character may be retained as is possible.

The Committee might point out other circumstances in the plan which have attracted their observation, such as the baldness of the east front, which is without ornament, and wants the buttresses found in the other quarters of the church. But they are anxious to quit this part of their duty, and to bring their report to an end, by submitting the views which they have taken as to the mode in which the proposed repair should be conducted.

They have already intimated, that there is much in the history of this church deserving of investigation, and they are informed, that in various quarters it abounds with inscriptions, which may tend to elucidate this, and probably at the same time may throw light on the original plan of the building. The Committee, therefore, are of opinion, that, previous to any other step whatever being taken, a careful survey should be made of the whole antiquities of the church, the result of which, aided by a collection of all the drawings connected with it which can be procured, will materially facilitate, and in all probability greatly improve, the works of the artist who is to be employed.

This being done, the Committee would recommend that advertisement should be made of certain rewards to be given for the best plans which shall be offered for the repair; and they make this suggestion, because they believe that, in a work so eminent, and in its character so national, as the present, the greatest artists of the island will not deem it unworthy of them to enter into the competition.

With regard to the principles on which the alteration ought to be conducted, the sentiments of the Committee may in general be discovered from the observations which they already have had occasion to submit. The chief difficulty to be expected will of course arise from the question, whether the church should be restored to the proper cathedral form in which it may be supposed to have existed before the chapels and accessory buildings now attached to it were erected? or, whether these buildings should be suffered to remain? and, whether the east end, which is new, should be taken down, and thrown back to its original place? or, whether it should be allowed to stand, in the hope that it may be laid open hereafter, by the fall of the buildings now opposed to it?

On these subjects, the Committee are, upon the whole, inclined to think, that it would be unadvisable to remove either the Tolbooth Church, the Assembly Aisle, or the east front. The Tolbooth Church and the Assembly Aisle they would retain; because, while they are beautiful in themselves, they create no irregularity inconsistent with the principles of Gothic architecture, but rather produce a variety reconcilable to its best taste: and because, farther, the Committee are informed, that the Assembly Aisle is insufficient for its purposes, unless by means of an encroachment on the area of the adjoining church; in which way, it might be expedient to devote the Tolbooth Church to the meetings of the Assembly; and they would protect the east front, because it undoubtedly is of great antiquity.

Should these suggestions be adopted, it will at once occur, that the west front of the church will require considerable alteration. This, which, in cathedral architecture, is the grand entrance and most decorated part of the building, is, in the present instance, the most mean. Still, however, the

Committee have reason to believe, that, without the destruction of any of its parts, or at least by means of a diminution in the height of the aisles terminating here, this front might easily be rendered worthy of its place, and be again restored to its dignity, as the great entrance to the cathedral.

With regard to the *interior* of the new churches, the Committee would fain hope, that they might be completed without the incumbrance of galleries, destroying, as these do, the symmetry of the arches in which they are placed; and that, if seats of dignity are wanted, these might be found by means of something slightly elevated, in the manner of the stalls which are found in cathedrals. The pulpits also, they think, ought not, as in these plans, to be placed before windows. And having long felt how greatly the *seating* of the churches detracts from their beauty, they cannot help wishing, that, by means of sofas screwed to the ground but not concealing it, or in some other way, a more elegant substitute might be found for the ponderous and suffocating boxes now in use, and which have nothing to recommend them but ancient custom.

Retaining those parts of the building which have now been pointed out—decorating the west front in a manner worthy of the grand entrance of the ancient cathedral—raising bell-towers there, and again rearing the cross in the east—restoring the ancient ornamented gate of Haddow's Hold—returning to the original doors and windows, with no slavish adherence to their defects, but with a general regard to their original appearance—exposing the interior of the tower to the hall below, and probably giving a new front to the north transept—removing the paint from the spire, and pointing the whole building with lime—removing the galleries from the churches—restoring the ancient inscriptions to their primitive freshness—rejecting every alteration which is not imperiously demanded by the rules of good taste, and in every change adhering, in the style of the additions, ornaments, and whole design, to the original character of the cathedral—this Committee think, that the Magistrates of Edinburgh will thus perform a work reflecting honour on themselves, and tending to the permanent advantage of their city.

It would be unjust to the Magistracy, if the Committee were to conclude their labours without calling the attention of the society to the liberality and proper feeling with which the plan of this repair has been submitted to the view of the public before its adoption, a course demanded, no doubt, by the increasing taste and intelligence of the times, but still deserving of public gratitude where it occurs, and peculiarly a subject of acknowledgment from this society, whose object it has a tendency so materially to advance.

The Committee have now only to recommend, that a respectful memorial, framed on the principles of this report, should, without any delay, be transmitted to the Magistrates of Edinburgh and Barons of Exchequer, and made public in such way as shall be determined hereafter by those persons whom the society may appoint to carry this resolution into effect. They likewise submit, that a copy of this report should be transmitted to Mr Elliot.

Edinburgh, 18th June 1818.

HISTORY OF A SIX WEEKS' TOUR
THROUGH FRANCE, &c.*

THERE is little information, no reflection, and very few incidents, in this volume, and yet it somehow or other produces considerable amusement and interest. It is the simplest and most unambitious journal imaginable of a Continental Tour; and probably in that simplicity consists its principal attraction. There is no formal appearance of a largely-promising preface; none of that assumed stateliness of intellect so ludicrous in your modern imbecil tourist; none of those common-places which, like so much dead luggage, impede the motion of the vehicle; no steeple-hunting in large towns—no talk of antiquities in every paltry village. When we lay down the volume, we are not much the wiser; but we are wholly free from that drowsiness that steals so im-

perceptibly from most journals, and the perusal of it rather produces the same effect as a smart walk before breakfast, in company with a lively friend who hates long stories.

The writer of this little volume, too, is a Lady, and writes like one,—with ease, gracefulness, and vivacity. Above all, there is something truly delightful in the colour of her stockings; they are of the purest white, and much more becoming than the brightest blue. She prattles away very prettily in the true English idiom, and has evidently learned her language from living lips, rather than from dead dictionaries. Though a travelling lady, and therefore entitled to understand all tongues, she very modestly confines herself to the English; and we are not the less disposed to believe, that she understands the languages of other countries, from observing that she writes well that of her own. Now and then a French phrase drops sweetly enough from her fair mouth, but the fear of bad grammar is before her eyes, and she has never ventured on a whole sentence. In all this, and much more, she is a perfect contrast to that tiresome old woman Mrs Spence, who two summers ago talked her way through the Highlands of our Scotland, and set the ghost of Ossian himself asleep on the top of Benevis.

There is also something original in the plan of travelling adopted by the fair Tourist. She is not like our friend above-mentioned, a sour, solitary spinster—she is a sweet-blooded wedded wife. Her youth has, she says, been chiefly past in pursuing, like the swallow, the inconstant summer of delight and beauty which invests this visible world. And, on the present occasion, with her husband (there is no travelling companion like a husband,) and her sister, she passes *on foot* through part of France and Switzerland, and sails down the castled magnificence of the Rhine. Her heart is at all times open to gladness and kindly feeling; and we think that no one will part with so amiable and agreeable a companion, without regret, and sincere wishes for her future happiness.

The passage from Dover to Calais is very spiritedly sketched; and we cannot but admire the obstinate good humour of the writer, in sleeping away sea-sickness.

* 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. London, T. Hookham, jun. 1817.

“ The evening was most beautiful ; there was but little wind, and the sails flapped in the flagging breeze: the moon rose, and night came on, and with the night, a slow heavy swell, and a fresh breeze, which soon produced a sea so violent as to toss the boat very much. I was dreadfully sea-sick, and as is usually my custom when thus affected, I slept during the greater part of the night, awaking only from time to time to ask where we were, and to receive the dismal answer each time—‘ Not quite half way.’

“ The wind was violent and contrary ; if we could not reach Calais, the sailors proposed making for Boulogne. They promised only two hours’ sail from shore, yet hour after hour passed, and we were still far distant, when the moon sunk in the red and stormy horizon, and the fast-flashing lightning became pale in the breaking day.

“ We were proceeding slowly against the wind, when suddenly a thunder squall struck the sail, and the waves rushed into the boat: even the sailors acknowledged that our situation was perilous; but they succeeded in reefing the sail;—the wind was now changed, and we drove before the gale directly to Calais. As we entered the harbour, I awoke from a comfortless sleep, and saw the sun rise, broad, red, and cloudless, over the pier.”

On the 30th of July 1814, the party left Calais very picturesquely, in a cabriolet drawn by three horses.

“ To persons who had never before seen any thing but a spruce English chaise and post-boy, there was something irresistibly ludicrous in our equipage. A cabriolet is shaped somewhat like a post-chaise, except that it has only two wheels, and consequently there are no doors at the sides; the front is let down to admit the passengers. The three horses were placed abreast, the tallest in the middle, who was rendered more formidable by the addition of an unintelligible article of harness, resembling a pair of wooden wings fastened to his shoulders; the harnesses were of rope; and the postilion, a queer, upright little fellow with a long pig-tail, *craquéed* his whip, and clattered on, while an old forlorn shepherd with a cocked hat gazed on us as we passed.”

They hurry on to Paris, and, after a week’s stay there, resolve to walk through France, with the assistance of an ass to carry their portmanteau and one of them by turns. At Charenton the ass proves useless, and a mule is purchased.

“ I rode on the mule, which carried also our portmanteau; S*** and C*** followed, bringing a small basket of provisions. At about one we arrived at Gros Bois, where, under the shade of trees, we ate our bread and fruit, and drank our wine, thinking of Don Quixote and Sancho.

“ The country through which we passed was highly cultivated, but uninteresting; the horizon scarcely ever extended beyond

the circumference of a few fields, bright and waving with the golden harvest. We met several travellers; but our mode, although novel, did not appear to excite any curiosity or remark. This night we slept at Guignes, in the same room and beds in which Napoleon and some of his generals had rested during the late war. The little old woman of the place was highly gratified in having this little story to tell, and spoke in warm praise of the Empress Josephine and Marie Luise, who had at different times passed on that road.

“ As we continued our route, Provins was the first place that struck us with interest. It was our stage of rest for the night; we approached it at sunset. After having gained the summit of a hill, the prospect of the town opened upon us as it lay in the valley below; a rocky hill rose abruptly on one side, on the top of which stood a ruined citadel with extensive walls and towers; lower down, but beyond, was the cathedral, and the whole formed a scene for painting. After having travelled for two days through a country perfectly without interest, it was a delicious relief for the eye to dwell again on some irregularities and beauty of country. Our fare at Provins was coarse, and our beds uncomfortable, but the remembrance of this prospect made us contented and happy.

“ We now approached scenes that reminded us of what we had nearly forgotten, that France had lately been the country in which great and extraordinary events had taken place. Nogent, a town we entered about noon the following day, had been entirely desolated by the Cossacs. Nothing could be more entire than the ruin which these barbarians had spread as they advanced; perhaps they remembered Moscow and the destruction of the Russian villages; but we were now in France, and the distress of the inhabitants, whose houses had been burned, their cattle killed, and all their wealth destroyed, has given a sting to my detestation of war, which none can feel who have not travelled through a country pillaged and wasted by this plague, which, in his pride, man inflicts upon his fellow.”

On their arrival at Troyes, the mule appears to have, like the ass, lost favour in their eyes, and the lady’s husband has sprained his ankle. So they bought an open voiture that went on four wheels for five Napoleons, and hired a man and a mule for eight more, to convey them to Neufchâtel in six days. We believe, that most pedestrian journies with females are apt to assume this shape. Passing through Vandevres and Bar-sur Aube they reached Besançon. Here we are informed that the hills so utterly scared the voiturier who came from the plains of Troyes, “ that he, in some

degree, lost his reason." The following little adventure shews, that though he had lost his reason, the fair writer was determined to keep her temper, nor can we imagine a more perfect picture of unruffled placidity.

"Our *voiturier* insisted on remaining two hours at the village of Noè, although we were unable to procure any dinner, and wished to go on to the next stage. I have already said, that the hills scared his senses, and he had become disobliging, sullen, and stupid. While we waited, we walked to the neighbouring wood: it was a fine forest, carpeted beautifully with moss, and in various places overlung by rocks, in whose crevices young pines had taken root, and spread their branches for shade to those below; the noon heat was intense, and we were glad to shelter ourselves from it in the shady retreats of this lovely forest.

"On our return to the village we found, to our extreme surprise, that the *voiturier* had departed nearly an hour before, leaving word that he expected to meet us on the road. S***'s sprain rendered him incapable of much exertion; but there was no remedy, and we proceeded on foot to Maison Neuve, an *auberge*, four miles and a half distant.

"At Maison Neuve the man had left word that he should proceed to Pontalier, the frontier town of France, six leagues distant, and that if we did not arrive that night, he should the next morning leave the *voiture* at an inn, and return with the mule to Troyes. We were astonished at the impudence of this message; but the boy of the inn comforted us by saying, that by going on a horse by a cross road, where the *voiture* could not venture, he could easily overtake and intercept the *voiturier*, and accordingly we despatched him, walking slowly after. We waited at the next inn for dinner, and in about two hours the boy returned. The man promised to wait for us at an *auberge* two leagues further on. S***'s ankle had become very painful, but we could procure no conveyance, and as the sun was nearly setting we were obliged to hasten on. The evening was most beautiful, and the scenery lovely enough to beguile us of our fatigue: the horned moon hung in the light of sunset, that threw a glow of unusual depth of redness over the piny mountains and the dark deep vallies they enclosed; at intervals, in the woods, were beautiful lawns interspersed with picturesque clumps of trees, and dark pines overshadowed our road.

"In about two hours we arrived at the promised termination of our journey, but the *voiturier* was not there: after the boy had left him, he again pursued his journey towards Pontalier. We were enabled, however, to procure here a rude kind of cart, and in this manner arrived late at Pontalier, where we found our conductor, who blundered out many falsehoods for excuses; and thus ended the adventures of that day."

They are now in Switzerland,—dismiss their *voiturier* and his mule, and engage a Swiss cottager and his horse.

"The mountains after St Sulpice became loftier and more beautiful. We passed through a narrow valley, between two ranges of mountains, clothed with forests, at the bottom of which flowed a river, from whose narrow bed on either side the boundaries of the vale arose precipitously. The road lay about half way up the mountain, which formed one of the sides, and we saw the overhanging rocks above us and below, enormous pines, and the river, not to be perceived but from its reflection of the light of heaven, far beneath. The mountains of this beautiful ravine are so little asunder, that in time of war with France an iron chain is thrown across it. Two leagues from Neufchâtel we saw the Alps: range after range of black mountains are seen extending one before the other, and far behind all, towering above every feature of the scene, the snowy Alps. They were an hundred miles distant, but reach so high in the heavens, that they look like those accumulated clouds of dazzling white that arrange themselves on the horizon during summer. Their immensity staggers the imagination, and so far surpasses all conception, that it requires an effort of the understanding to believe that they indeed form a part of the earth."

At Neufchâtel they are delayed some days by want of money, but "obtaining about £33 in silver, upon discount from one of the bankers of the city," they journey towards the Lake of Uri, and arrive at Lucerne.

"The lake of Lucerne is encompassed on all sides by high mountains, that rise abruptly from the water;—sometimes their bare fronts descend perpendicularly, and cast a black shade upon the waves;—sometimes they are covered with thick wood, whose dark foliage is interspersed by the brown bare crags on which the trees have taken root. In every part where a glade shews itself in the forest, it appears cultivated, and cottages peep from among the woods. The most luxuriant islands, rocky and covered with moss, and bending trees, are sprinkled over the lake. Most of these are decorated by the figure of a saint in wretched wax-work.

"The direction of this lake extends at first from east to west, then, turning a right angle, it lies from north to south; this latter part is distinguished in name from the other, and is called the lake of Uri. The former part is also nearly divided midway, where the jutting land almost meets, and its craggy sides cast a deep shadow on the little strait through which you pass. The summits of several of the mountains that enclose the lake to the south, are covered by eternal glaciers; of one of these, opposite Brunen, they tell the story of a priest and his mistress, who, flying from persecu-

tion, inhabited a cottage at the foot of the snows. One winter night an avalanche overwhelmed them, but their plaintive voices are still heard in stormy nights, calling for succour from the peasants.

“ Brunen is situated on the northern side of the angle which the lake makes, forming the extremity of the lake of Lucerne. Here we rested for the night, and dismissed our boatmen. Nothing could be more magnificent than the view from this spot. The high mountains encompassed us, darkening the waters; at a distance, on the shores of Uri, we could perceive the chapel of Tell, and this was the village where he matured the conspiracy which was to overthrow the tyrant of his country; and indeed this lovely lake, these sublime mountains, and wild forests, seemed a fit cradle for a mind aspiring to high adventure and heroic deeds. Yet we saw no glimpse of his spirit in his present countrymen. The Swiss appeared to us then, and experience has confirmed our opinion, a people slow of comprehension and of action; but habit has made them unfit for slavery, and they would, I have little doubt, make a brave defence against any invader of their freedom.”

At Lucerne, or in the neighbourhood, they would willingly have remained for a month or two, but they became anxiously alarmed at the consumptive look of the £28, and resolve to return to England; so they depart on the 28th of August, in the diligence *par-eau* for Loffenburg, a town on the Rhine.

“ Our companions in this voyage were of the meanest class, smoked prodigiously, and were exceedingly disgusting. After having landed for refreshment in the middle of the day, we found, on our return to the boat, that our former seats were occupied; we took others, when the original possessors angrily, and almost with violence, insisted upon our leaving them. Their brutal rudeness to us, who did not understand their language, provoked S*** to knock one of the foremost down: he did not return the blow, but continued his vociferations until the boatmen interfered, and provided us with other seats.

“ The Reuss is exceedingly rapid, and we descended several falls, one of more than eight feet. There is something very delicious in the sensation, when at one moment you are at the top of a fall of water, and before the second has expired you are at the bottom, still rushing on with the impulse which the descent has given.”

Such are a few specimens of this tourist's journal. She despatches Germany and Holland with the same ease and rapidity as France and Switzerland. We conclude our extracts with the following lively account of their

voyage down the Rhine from Basle to Mayence.

“ Before we slept, S*** had made a bargain for a boat to carry us to Mayence; and the next morning, bidding adieu to Switzerland, we embarked in a boat laden with merchandize, but where we had no fellow-passengers to disturb our tranquillity by their vulgarity and rudeness. The wind was violently against us, but the stream, aided by a slight exertion from the rowers, carried us on; the sun shone pleasantly, S*** read aloud to us Mary Wollstonecraft's Letters from Norway, and we passed our time delightfully.

“ The evening was such as to find few parallels in beauty; as it approached, the banks, which had hitherto been flat and uninteresting, became exceedingly beautiful. Suddenly the river grew narrower, and the boat dashed with inconceivable rapidity round the base of a rocky hill covered with pines; a ruined tower, with its desolated windows, stood on the summit of another hill that jutted into the river; beyond, the sunset was illuminating the distant mountains and clouds, casting the reflection of its rich and purple hues on the agitated river. The brilliance and contrasts of the colours on the circling whirlpools of the stream, was an appearance entirely new and most beautiful; the shades grew darker as the sun descended below the horizon, and after we had landed, as we walked to our inn round a beautiful bay, the full moon arose with divine splendour, casting its silver light on the before-purpled waves.

“ The following morning we pursued our journey in a slight canoe, in which every motion was accompanied with danger; but the stream had lost much of its rapidity, and was no longer impeded by rocks; the banks were low, and covered with willows. We passed Strasburgh, and the next morning it was proposed to us that we should proceed in the *diligence par-eau*, as the navigation would become dangerous for our small boat.

“ There were only four passengers besides ourselves, three of these were the students of the Strasburgh university: Schwitz, a rather handsome, good tempered young man; Hoff, a kind of shapeless animal, with a heavy, ugly German face; and Schneider, who was nearly a idiot, and on whom his companions were always playing a thousand tricks: the remaining passengers were a woman, and an infant.

“ The country was uninteresting, but we enjoyed fine weather, and slept in the boat in the open air without any inconvenience. We saw on the shores few objects that called forth our attention, if I except the town of Manheim, which was strikingly neat and clean. It was situated at about a mile from the river, and the road to it was planted on each side with beautiful acacias. The last part of this voyage was performed close under land, as the wind was so violently

against us, that, even with all the force of a rapid current in our favour, we were hardly permitted to proceed. We were told (and not without reason) that we ought to congratulate ourselves on having exchanged our canoe for this boat, as the river was now of considerable width, and tossed by the wind into large waves. The morning, a boat, containing fifteen persons, in attempting to cross the water, had upset in the middle of the river, and every one in it perished. We saw the boat turned over, floating down the stream. This was a melancholy sight, yet ludicrously commented on by the *batelier*; almost the whole stock of whose French consisted in the word *seulement*. When we asked him what had happened, he answered, laying particular emphasis on this favourite dissyllable, *C'est seulement un bateau, qui étoit seulement renversé, et tous les peuples sont seulement noyés.*"

At Rotterdam their last guinea is expended, and they arrive at Gravesend on the 13th of September, where, we presume, they had friends able and willing to pay for their passage. It appears, therefore, that they performed a tour of about sixteen hundred miles in little more than six weeks, and their expenses amounted to £98, independently of what they borrowed at Gravesend, the amount of which is not stated. The journal of this flying tour consists only of about eighty very short pages, and really one is quite out of breath at the end of it.

Our fair friend, and her husband and sister, were so delighted with this tour, that in the summer of 1816 they revisited the continent, and we have several very lively and well-written letters from Geneva, Lausanne, &c. but from which our limits will not allow us to make any extracts. The Swiss scenery is often therein described with something of a poetical fervour; and the volume concludes with a little poem by the husband, which, though rather too ambitious, and at times too close an imitation of Coleridge's sublime hymn on the vale of Chamouni, is often very beautiful. In the following passage there is some darkness and confusion, as if the writer were grappling with objects above his strength, but there is grandeur both of thought and expression,—indubitable indications of a truly poetical mind.

"SOME say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber

Of those who wake and live.—I look on high;
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep

Spread far around and inaccessible
Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep,

That vanishes among the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears,—still, snowy, and serene—

Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice and rock; broad vales
between

Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,

And the wolf tracts her there—how hideously
Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare,
and high,

Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.—Is this the scene

Where the old Earthquake-dæmon taught
her young

Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
Of fire envelope once this silent snow?

None can reply—all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that man may be
But for such faith with nature reconciled;
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and wo; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good

Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel."

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

MR EDITOR,

THE enclosed Translations from the German were printed about a year since in a Dublin Magazine, the circulation of which was very limited even in Dublin. If they find a place in your valuable Magazine I shall be much gratified. If such translations are desirable, I can occasionally send you some from Schiller, Körner, &c.—I am, sir, your faithful humble servant,

N. R.

Trinity College, Dublin,

June 11th, 1818.

TO EBERT.

(From the German of Klopstock.)

EBERT, a dark and melancholy thought
Hath seized me;—vainly o'er the sparkling
wine
Thou bidd'st me cherish happier images;—

I must away and weep,—and haply tears
Will bring relief ; and I will weep away
All sadness !—Soothing tears !—how merciful—

How wise is Heaven!—Companions of man's
grief,

Tears, soothing tears, are given ! oh say,
could man,

Unblest with tears, unprivileged to weep
His miseries, endure life's weary weight ?

I must away and weep !—this mournful
thought

Weighs on my heart, and still oppresses me ;—
Ebert—a moment dwell upon the thought—

Our friends—suppose them dead—the quiet
grave

Covering all—a silent sanctuary ;—
And we—alone on earth—abandoned here—

Of all that once we loved the sad survivors !—
Are thou not dumb with fear ? does not

thine eye
Glance timid round, then gaze in fixed trance
As tho' the soul had fled ?—thus my sight

died
Away, thus trembled I, when the dread
thought

First thundered on my soul.—
Red beam of heaven,

That when the wanderer on his homeward
road

Thinks of the joys that wait him—of his son
Elate in youthful strength, the blooming

cheek
Of his daughter, when already Fancy gives
His wife's embrace,—red beam of heaven,

thou comest ;
In silence thou dost smite, and slay, and
with

er
The wanderer's bones to dust, then triumph-
ing

Dost seek the heights of heaven ; thus flash'd
the thought

Upon my shuddering spirit, and my eye
Swam round in darkness, and my failing

knees
Shivered and sank :—in the silence of the
night

I saw the vision of the dead,—I saw
All pass away ;—in the silence of the night

I saw the open graves of all my friends !—
When Giseke's mild eye no longer smiles ;—

When, worthy Cramer, thou shalt fade re-
moved

From thy loved Radikin ;—when Gärtner
dies,—

And Rabener's voice Socratic breathes no
more ;—

When every string in princely Gellert's heart
Hath stilled its music ;—when beyond the

grave
Kind-hearted Rothè seeks his old com-
panions ;—

When Schlegel's mourning friends no more
receive

Memorials of the exile's changeless love !—
And when in Schmidt's embrace my eye no

more
Utters in tears the language of the heart ;—

When Hagedorn—our father Hagedorn—
Sleeps the last sleep ;—what, Ebert, are we

then ?—
Coheirs of pain, whom sad fatality
Condemns to linger here. A darker thought

Shadows my soul ; should one of us then die,
And one yet hang on earth, and should I be
That one ; should she too pass into the grave
Whom yet I know not, but whose love shall

bless
Long years of after life, and gilds even now
Many a lone hour,—should she too pass away
Into the grave,*—and I be left alone,
A lingerer on earth without a friend,—
Wilt thou, my soul, thou who wert form'd
for friendship,
Behold those desert days, and yet retain
Thy faculties and feelings ? or benumbed,
Wilt thou forget the past, and slumber on
In sullen apathy ? But shouldst thou wake
To feel thy wants, undying, suffering spirit ;
But shouldst thou wake, then from the grave
call back
The image of my friend, and it will sooth
me !

Graves of the dead ! beds where my friends
repose,
Why are ye separate ? why lie ye not
Together in one valley or deep grove ?
—Oh ! who will lead the lonely gray old man ;
For I would wander on with tottering step
To plant on every grave a cypress-tree,
And tend, for after years, the mournful shrub,
Too young as yet from summer suns to screen
The lonely mound ;—in the silence of the
night
Oft will I see the spirits of my friends
Upon the stirring boughs ;—in some such
hour
Will tremble, gaze on heaven, and weep,
and die !—
Oh bury then the dead beside the grave
Near which he died ! Thou, mouldering
earth receive
My tears and me !—
Hence, melancholy dream !
Oh cease to roll like thunder thro' the heart,
Dreadful as Judgment ;—as Eternity
Awful !—Dark images, away—the soul
No longer can support the stunning thought.
N. R.

THE BLACK YAGER'S SONG.

(From the German of Körner.)

I.

To field ! to field !—in arms arise ;
Spirits of revenge incite us !
To field ! to field !—the banner flies !
War and Victory invite us !

* This strange conceit about a future
mistress is often alluded to in Klopstock's
smaller poems ; see particularly " De Künftige
Geliebte."

3.
And spare ye not! raise high the sword!
Foes pray—but who will heed 'em?
Shrink not 'till life's last drop is pour'd—
Death is the gate of freedom.

4.
Gaze, brethren, on our mourning weeds;
Oh think on Brunswick's story!
And will ye shrink, 'till the tyrants sink,
And these black garbs drip gory?

5.
When the foe is fallen, the star of peace
Shall glow bright on our hills for ever,
And the white flag shall shine o'er the bold
broad Rhine,
Our own majestic river!*

THE MURDERESS.

(From the German of Schiller.)

HARK! is not that the clock's dull sound,
That tells my journey must be trod?
Look there! the hand hath moved its round,
On, headsman, in the name of God!
Receive, fond world, this last, last tear;
This sigh for raptures that are o'er;
Thy magic gifts, alas! were dear,—
Enchantress, they shall charm no more.

Farewell, ye scenes of love and light,
Ill-changed for cold, black, heavy earth,—
No more those bowers shall meet my sight,
Once gay with hope, once glad with mirth.
Farewell, farewell, ye gold-winged dreams,
Ye visions wove in heavenly loom,
Ye flowers, that, while the morning-beams
Are shining still, must cease to bloom.

Rich chaplets once adorned my head,
The garb I graced was snowy fair;
Young roses then were gaily spread
In my long locks of yellow hair.
Alas! thou victim of the grave,
A robe as white enwraps thee now;
But, ah! where flowers were wont to wave,
A coarse black death-band binds the brow.

Ye maids, who shunned the tempter's art,
Whose hearts still heave in virgin pride,
Oh! will ye weep a ruined heart,
And mourn for her too sternly tried?
I felt—too wildly, fondly felt,—
And, Feeling, thou hast fixed my fate;
The tempter vowed, and wept, and knelt,
And Virtue slept,—and woke too late.

* I have omitted translating the second stanza of the German; nobly as it commences, I cannot but think it weakens the effect of the poem. I might, without much difficulty, have given a different turn to the passage, but the translator of a national song is scarcely justifiable in taking such liberties. The original is subjoined:—

Klein ist die Schaar: doch gross ist das
Vertrauen
Auf den gerechten Gott:
Wo seine Engel ihre Vesten bauen,
Sind Pollenkunste Spott. N. R.

Perhaps, even now, with serpent wile,
He hangs around a happier maid,—
Nor thinks, unfeeling man, the while,
What fate is hers, before betrayed.
Even now his lip may court the kiss,
His hand may press the vagrant lock,
His blood may bound alive to bliss,
While mine must blacken on the block.

Oh, Ludolph! Ludolph! far or near,
Louisa's death-psalm follows thee;
A dull damp sound shall fret thy ear,
The last low knell that tolls for me.
When Woman's accents breathe of bliss,
And thou dost own the softening spell,
Ay, traitor!—in such hour as this
Thine eye shall greet—a form from hell.

And might my pangs no pity claim?—
Deceiver!—could he bear that Scorn
Should trifle with Louisa's name,
And titter at his babe unborn?
Swift sped his bark along the main,—
I gazed—my giddy eye grew dim.
Beware his sighs, ye maids of Seine;
I fell—for I believed in him!

Pensive I gazed upon my child,
The calmness of his quiet sleep,
His guiltless pleasure when he smiled,—
A smile so soft, it made me weep.
Oh, in his looks I loved to trace
Features how fatal, and how fair!
Looks—my delight, and my disgrace,
That spoke of love, and of despair!

“Where is my sire?” his mute eye cries;
Less dreadful were the thunder's peal:
“Where is my spouse?” my heart replies,
And who can tell what pangs I feel?
In vain wouldst thou thy father seek,
In vain, poor orphaned bastard boy!
Another's child shall press his cheek,
While mine must mourn our guilty joy.

Thy mother—Oh, what agony
Is burning in my brain and breast!
I gaze in loneliness on thee,
And almost hate thy smile of rest.
Each sigh, each start of thine recalls
The bliss that sweetened dearer days;
Thy very innocence appals,
And madness meets me in thy gaze.
Hell! Hell!—and is that charmer lost?
Smiles he no more in Sleep's soft trance?
Some Fury suze my brain hath crost,
Some Fiend that lit my infant's glance.
Hush!—from the grave strange voices
breathe,—

Fond words my perjured lover said,—
Again—again—what serpents wreathe
This maddening heart!—my child is dead.

Oh, Ludolph! Ludolph! far and near,
Foul forms fly fast and follow thee;
Dull thunders, ringing on thy ear,
Break all thy dreams of ecstasy.
Gaze on the shivering star, and think
'Tis thy child's struggle as he dies;—
Before his bloody image shrink,
'Twill lash thee back from Paradise!

In pangs my child expiring lay ;—
 The limb's last wriche—the cold eye's
 stare—
 The black blood gushing fast away—
 Worse than his pangs was my despair.
 Hark !—'tis the jailor's heavy tread !
 Hush !—'tis the stirring of my heart !
 Oh, how I long to join the dead,
 Then will this agony depart !

False man !—may God forgive thy sin !
 Thy fellow-sinner pardons thee ;
 My wrongs shall rest the grave within,—
 Oh that thy crime might die with me !
 Oh that our crimes might pass away !
 Might perish like this burning scroll,
 That spoke of bliss and beauty's sway,
 Most dear, most deadly to the soul !

Oh, sisters, trust not Pleasure's dream !
 Oh, trust not all that man may swear !
 Louisa heard a lover's theme,
 Louisa still is young and fair !
 What !—Tears ?—I thought the headsman's
 eye
 Without a tear on Death could dwell.—
 Haste—o'er my face thy fillets tie—
 Haste with thy blow—farewell ! farewell !
 N. R.

TIME'S MAGIC LANTHERN.

No VII.

ADAM SMITH and HIGHLAND LAIRD.

Adam Smith. And what is the name of your estate, Mr Macrurah ? Is it an extensive one ?

Macrurah. The name is Coilanach-goilach, which means the roaring of the wind upon a hill. It is supposed to contain from twelve to nineteen hundred acres ; but we do not know, for that is not our way of measuring.

Smith. What then is your way of measuring ? for I thought there had been only one.

Mac. Why, our method is grand and ingenious. It is thus : Every Highland gentleman maintains a large band of pipers. When he wishes to measure his estate, a piper is placed at the northern boundary, who plays as loud as he is able, and the rest having left him, march southward as far as they can hear the sound of the pipes. There they stop ; and another piper is left, who plays as loud as the first. In the meantime, the rest march forward again, till the sound of the second pipes is barely heard, and at this station a third piper is left,—and so on till there is a chain of pipers extending from the northern to the southern boundary of the estate. The same thing is done from east to west,—and the dimensions are ascertained by the number of pipers employed.

Smith. Upon my word, Mr Macrurah, this method is a noble and ingenious one. It is quite feudal. But how do you manage with the pipers, when they come home to dinner after their walk ? Is not their maintenance expensive ?

Mac. Not at all. We make them play during the whole time of dinner.

Smith. The bag-pipe is a species of music I never could relish,—and therefore, if I were dining at the house of a chieftain, it would not cost me much regret, to find they were employed in measuring his territories.

Mac. Well, it is otherwise with me. The exploits of Fingal Mac-coul are meat and drink to me. But when the schoolmaster comes to dine with me, he looks as if he were sitting upon thorns, for he cannot hear himself speak. 'Tis a noble recreation.

Smith. You are of an old family, Mr Macrurah ; I am quite a plebeian, and do not understand these things.

Mac. Faith, Dr Smith, it is not every one who is able to follow our sennachie, when he goes far into antiquity ; but he is always sure of his cup of ale at the conclusion. If we hear the name of Macrurah introduced now and then, we are sure every thing is going on well. "The blue ghosts flitted round Gormal. The torrent shrieked on the mountain ; and the red-haired Macrurah reposed in the hall of shields ;" and so on he goes.

Smith. Do you believe in the second-sight, Mr Macrurah ?

Mac. Why, faith, Dr Smith, the second-sight has puzzled many a one. Witness Dr Johnson. Last winter there was no grass nor hay to be found within several miles of the Castle of Coilanach-goilach,—and an old mare of ours grew very ill. Our sennachie, dosing one night by the fireside, said he saw the dogs at her, which accordingly took place a week after.

Smith. These things are very strange. Pray, what may your lands rent at ?

Mac. Two shillings an acre, overhead, or thereabouts. We send forth droves of the finest little black bullocks you ever saw ; and when they come down through Northumberland, it shews the English knaves what noble cheer we have at Coilanach-goilach.

Smith. You are obliged to send some of them away, to make other things come back in their stead.

Mac. No, faith ! no, Dr Smith.

Nothing comes back to me; it goes all to a scoundrel of a trustee. I have been very ill-used, Dr Smith,—very ill, indeed.

Smith. That is a common case. You should send away some of your retainers, the pipers for instance, who, to use a proverbial expression, give more cry than wool.

Mac. Send away my retainers!—Dr Smith, will it please you to recollect whom you are addressing.

Smith. I beg your pardon. Upon my word, I meant no offence.

Mac. My eldest son, Fergus, has been very expensive to me. He is worse than a dozen of retainers who don't play at billiards.

Smith. Young men must have their swing for a time.

Mac. He never looks near me, but in the shooting season, and then it is with a fifty guinea fowling-piece over his shoulders. When he pats his dogs on the head, I tell him not to be so kind to them, for they will one day tear the coat off his father's back.

Smith. These young heirs are very apt to forget their arithmetic, when they come down to the metropolis.

Mac. I have repeatedly spoken to Mrs Macrurah about drawing him in, but she says we must support the credit of the family. His principal associates, after all, are nothing but young barrister things, without either cash or connexions; and who think themselves bucks, if they can foist off a guinea's worth of their balderdash, once in the twelvemonth. None of my sons are lawyers,—I have put them all into the army. Fergus goes arm in arm even with young attorneys, who, having shuffled over their business in the forenoon, and washed off the dust they gathered among their d—d parchments, think themselves as good as any Highland gentleman.

Smith. 'Tis very hard, Mr Macrurah of Coilanach-goilach.

OUTLINES OF PHILOSOPHICAL EDUCATION.*

The author of this Work is universally known throughout Scotland as

* Outlines of Philosophical Education, illustrated by the Method of Teaching Logic, or First Class of Philosophy, in the University of Glasgow. By George Jardine, A. M. F. R. S. E. Professor of Logic

a most zealous, unwearied, and enlightened teacher of youth. Perhaps no man ever did more service in his generation, to those who were willing to receive instruction, and, at the same time, to follow out an active course of study, than Professor Jardine. Many of the most distinguished characters in the literature, the law, and the politics of Scotland, have been his pupils, and not one of them all, however brilliant his career in after life, would hesitate to ascribe the cultivation of those talents and powers, that led unto wealth and fame, to the admirable system of education, so admirably exemplified in the logic class of the university of Glasgow. The worthy Professor retains the affectionate gratitude of a host of pupils, and his name is uttered with respect, we might safely say with veneration, throughout the most distant parts of our land of knowledge, whither it has been carried by those who owe to him so much of their credit, and usefulness, and happiness in life. There must be something truly delightful—truly ennobling, in the calm consciousness of having bestowed such benefactions. The talents of Professor Jardine are sound and excellent. His acquaintance with the different systems of philosophy is intimate and extensive; and his character, considered merely in a literary view, is justly entitled to great respect. But it is also true, that in talents, and in learning, and in eloquence, he has been greatly surpassed by many who have filled chairs in our Scottish universities. This, however, is little to the purpose. He possesses, in perfection, all the intellectual powers most essential to the character of a teacher of youth; while, in the moral love of his calling,—his affectionate solicitude for the well-doing and improvement of his pupils,—his skilful adaptation of means to an end,—and in his profound, though simple, view of the rationale of education, he probably has been seldom equalled, and certainly never excelled.

The Professor has at last given to the public at large, the means of judging for themselves how well merited those eulogiums have been, which, for these forty years past, have been so

and Rhetoric in that University. Edinburgh, Anderson & Macdowall, &c. 8vo. pp. 486.

enthusiastically bestowed on him by an annual succession of grateful and respectful pupils. This volume consists of two parts. The first exhibits a view of the lectures which are delivered to the students, in which are presented to them, in a simple and intelligible form, the elements of the science of mind, with an analysis of the different intellectual powers, in the order of their connexion and dependence,—the theory of language, as illustrative of human thought,—the principles of taste and criticism,—and the means of improving the powers of communication by speech and writing, as exhibited in the best models of ancient and modern composition. This part of the volume, in which no novelty of speculation, and not much of illustration, is aimed at, seems to us to exhibit a highly judicious order of initiation into the mysteries of the science of mind; and when the outline is filled up, as it is in the class-room, the scholar who has attended such a course of lectures, will have had his mind regularly brought to the steady and clear contemplation of a great and consistent mass of knowledge. It is, however, as the Professor says, in the second part, in which we are to look for his most useful labours,—for there we are presented with a plain, simple, and unostentatious account of the practical system of discipline, to which the students of his class are regularly subjected, for the purpose of acquiring habits of inquiry and communication.

It long ago occurred to Professor Jardine, that philosophic education, as it is generally conducted in our universities, is too much confined to the mere communication of knowledge; and that too little attention is bestowed on the formation of those intellectual habits of thinking, judging, reasoning, and communication, upon which the farther prosecution of science, and the business of active life, almost entirely depend. The great aim and object, therefore, of all his labours as a teacher, is to make his students *think*, and every part of his system of discipline is calculated to effect that end. It is not enough, according to his view of the duty of a professor, to deliver lectures, and let them work wonders in the mind of his auditors, as if they had the miraculous influence of inspiration. He

knows too well the carelessness, the inattention, and the indolence of young minds, when not roused by a powerful stimulus, and so kept up by one that is also constant. Such knowledge seems simple enough; but how little is it, even now, acted upon in our Scottish Universities? We need not go far, in order to witness how melancholy and degrading a spectacle a great class-room may become, even when its chair is filled by a professor of distinguished learning, eloquence, and genius. Of the hundreds that crowd such a class, is there one score that derive from the prelections of the teacher any essential or lasting benefit? Grant that there may. But what is to be said of the dozens that sit with sleepy eyes and vacant visages in the distance of the upper benches? What is to be said of the ceaseless yawners more in the interior? Of their occasional brethren positively asleep? What of all those who are cultivating the art of drawing in their note-books? Of the innumerable pencil-menders, even in the fore-ground? And, lastly, what shall be said of perhaps the most hopeless of all, the note-taker, nailed, as it were, with his nose to the note-book, and, while his reasoning power is suspended, converting all he hears into idealess jargon; while it would require all his united faculties to understand even two sentences of the matchless ingenuity and the profound speculation of the eloquent metaphysician, then wasting his words on the circumambient air? This is no caricature of a large philosophical lecture-room. And if such indeed be the moral and intellectual status of the pupils during the process of lecturing,—and we appeal to the experience of such of our readers as have endured an academical education—it would be a waste of words to enter into any argument on the subject,—we are entitled to affirm, that such a system, whatever may be the talents of the teacher, is radically absurd, useless,—nay, most pernicious.

Professor Jardine very early saw all this; and he successfully laboured to overcome the listlessness of youths attending lectures,—first of all, by addressing them in language so plain, as to be generally intelligible, and exhibiting views of the human mind within the range of their very limited and unexercised faculties; but more espe-

cially, by giving them every inducement to attend to and understand his lectures, by making that attention and that understanding the sole means of giving them a character among their fellows, and agreeable feelings of moral approbation of themselves. Thus his lectures were not mere words, that died away with the passing morning-hour; but it became necessary to the respectability of every hearer, that he should make himself thoroughly master not only of the general bearings of these lectures, but even of all their most minute illustrations and details, that he might appear to be a man and a rational being in the hour of examination.

A strict, constant, and impartial examination of all the students in his class, is the great engine by which he has wrought a radical change in the minds of innumerable persons, who will have good cause to bless him all the days of their life for whatever is energetic and operative in their mental constitution. It is not a decorous attention only that is thus generated, but emulation, zeal, ardour, enthusiasm. Each youth is for ever in the eyes of his equals. Every generous and manly feeling of his nature is thus kept constantly in play; and a deep interest being thus created in his mind respecting every thing connected with the business of the class, that class, instead of being a dull, yawning, fidgeting congregation of listless or fretful idlers, is "instinct with spirit," full of gladness, animation, and delight, sparkling with eager eyes, resounding with clear and unflinching voices, and instead of being considered as a den of irksome imprisonment, is in truth the very hall of liberty.

The advantages of this rare system—for manifestly excellent as it is, we fear it is indeed rare—are incalculable. Boys at school labour, and are forced to labour. But when they leave school and go to the university, they are delivered at once up to the freedom of their own will, and learning must then be followed for its own sake, or it will not be followed at all. But the love of learning must not be left entirely to itself, or nearly so. In the Logic Class at Glasgow, the strict habits of the schoolboy are encouraged, nay demanded, in the youth. He is kept still to his tasks, not slavishly and blindly, as might once have been

necessary, by the mere influence of the authority of a master, but by the generous praise, or the kind censure, of an enlightened and warm-hearted teacher; who looks on him with much of the pride, and much of the anxiousness, of parental affection,—who brings him, by the affinities created by constant viva-voce intercourse, nearer and closer to himself,—who elevates his very nature by daily communion with a wiser and more experienced spirit,—and who thus flings over the path of science, at times dark and intricate, the shining light of a condescending and approachable wisdom, and urges onwards to that path by all the eager enthusiasm of a lofty sympathy.

The details of this admirable system are given by the Professor with much distinctness; and we earnestly recommend his volume, if it were only for this part of it, to the perusal of all who may have warmly and closely at heart the interests of the rising generation. Professor Jardine's reputation as a teacher is not confined to Scotland. Many English youth annually repair to the University of Glasgow for the benefit of his instruction; and we have a pleasure and a pride in the thought, that our widely-circulated Miscellany may be the means of introducing, to many of our Southern Brethren, a knowledge of the principles of the system which he has so long and successfully pursued. We admire our English Universities; and the only part of Professor Jardine's book which we cannot commend, is the extension of his reasoning on the merits of his own system to that of those famous seats and schools of learning. He is unluckily altogether ignorant of the system of Oxford and Cambridge education, and it would not be difficult to refute every thing he has said on that subject. But there are numerous persons in England, to whom, by various causes, an university education is forbidden; and in no other seminary of education in England, of which we know any thing, is there a system of instruction pursued, at all comparable to that of which Professor Jardine has in this volume given us the outlines.

Examination, then, is the great engine which he sets to work. An hour each day, throughout a session of six months, and towards the close of that session, two hours each, are set apart

for this purpose. The professor in a short time becomes acquainted with the abilities and acquirements of one and all of his students, and adapts the nature of his questions to the measure of their capacities. Stern and rigorous impartiality, and sound discretion, are the most essential qualities in the professor. Without them all examination becomes a farce. Nay, it becomes a system of the vilest and most pernicious injustice. Professor Jardine shews no favour to any one student above another,—except perhaps that favour, which genius and talent irresistibly win to themselves from a mind like his, that rejoices in the contemplation of rising excellence. The son of the Noble is there on a par with the son of the Peasant. There is no distinction but that of mental power. Professor Jardine has thus gained such a character among the youths of the college, that eminence in his class is considered as the surest test of talent, for it can be acquired only by force of talent. The conviction of this is universal, and its effects are most happy. No one chooses to be idle there. He loses all character, when he loses the countenance of Professor Jardine; and an incorrigibly idle loungeur can no more be permitted to exist in the lively and working community of his class, than a drone in a summer-hive.

These examinations are conducted on a very comprehensive scale. They are not confined to the lecture of the morning, but they extend indefinitely throughout the whole range of the preceding part of the course of lectures. If a youth hopes to distinguish himself there, he must retain what he acquires, and have the substance of all the lectures, not in his note-book, but in his mind. A single well-directed question can let the Professor into the secret of the student's knowledge or ignorance; and where all are hourly liable to being questioned—where question and reply keep circling and permeating the whole body of students, it is obvious, that an eager spirit of attention must be thus generated throughout that body, and kept awake by every generous sentiment in the generous minds of youth.

But, besides this very comprehensive plan of examination, the professor has adopted another mode of exercising the acuteness and readiness of his pupils, which he justly thinks entitled to

the merit of originality. He occasionally calls upon the student to stand up in his place, to collect his thoughts, and to express them on subjects so selected, as to require him, on the instant, to survey his store of knowledge, and to bring forth what may be necessary for his present purpose. When he has done so, some other student is requested to stand up and enlarge upon, or correct or qualify, what has just been advanced, and thus something like a scholastic disputation takes place, conducted beneath the watchful eye of a wise and experienced teacher, and wholly free from all perplexing technicalities, and all the useless or baneful circumstances of form. It is obvious, that a very peculiar talent is necessary to enable a student to excel in such exercises; but by judicious management and temperate encouragement, there can be no doubt that much may be done in this way, to give young men even of slower faculties a readiness in collecting their ideas, and of meeting, without embarrassment, a sudden and unexpected opposition. Of course, exhibitions of this kind are not very frequent, and are at all times prevented by the Professor from assuming a character that might change a class-room of philosophy into a debating club.

The professor next gives a detailed and lucid account of the **THEMES** which he exacts from all his students during the whole course of lectures. These he classes into five **ORDERS**. He calls upon as many of the students as the time will permit, to read these themes in the presence of the class, or at least such part of them as may enable him to judge whether they have been executed according to the directions received, and particularly, whether they bear the marks of labour and diligence. He remarks upon their style and composition—points out the faults of arrangement, &c. and by judicious and cheering criticism, both corrects and excites.

The object of the **FIRST ORDER OF THEMES** is, to promote the habitual exercise of those powers by which clear, distinct, and adequate **NOTIONS** are formed. Thus, the first lectures contain an explanation of that knowledge to which the term philosophy is applied; and also an account of what is understood by the knowledge of the senses, of history, of revelation,—and

the distinction is explained betwixt the knowledge of phenomena, or facts, and that of causes or principles. The themes are often proposed to the students in the form of questions, so constructed as to make the exercise a specific answer to them. For example, "In what sense is philosophy an interpretation of the laws of nature?" "How may philosophy be distinguished from other kinds and degrees of knowledge?" "In what sense is philosophy a knowledge of causes and principles?"

The object of the SECOND ORDER OF THEMES is, to promote the exercise of those powers by which the notions thereby acquired are arranged under their proper heads. The power of abstraction and generalization is strengthened by a regular course of exercises, in the execution of which, the students are directed to fix upon some common quality, by which objects that have common features may be brought under one class. For example, "How many classes of words are there in any formed language, and upon what principles are they divided?" "What is the principle of the arrangement of the predicables and categories of Aristotle, of the division of errors according to Lord Bacon, and of the different kinds and degrees of evidence."

The object of the THIRD ORDER OF THEMES is, to form, in the minds of the students, those processes of analysis and investigation which are the great instruments of acquiring science. Before, however, he makes any direct attempts to analyse, he is required to give an account, in writing, of the manner in which a philosophical analysis is conducted in the works of Locke, Hutchison, Hume, Reid, or other philosophers. After having been accustomed to attend to the progress of analysis in the works of these celebrated authors, he is next required to put his knowledge into practice. A portion of composition is selected, an oration of Demosthenes, or of Cicero, or a paper of the Spectator; and he is required to point out, in order, and separately, the principal parts, and the connexion that subsists among them. Afterwards, the faculties of imagination, of reason, and of the external senses, are made the subject of analysis.

The object of the FOURTH ORDER

OF THEMES is, to communicate to others the knowledge which the students have acquired in composition, by which certain subjects are explained or illustrated in all their parts, or by which the truth or falsehood of propositions is established by appropriate arguments. The worthy Professor gives such directions for the composition of these themes, as have been suggested to him by experience; but previous to these, he explains those rules which the Logicians have presented for the assistance of young composers. He enters into this subject at great length in this volume, and taking *Emulation* for the subject of such a theme, he gives a sketch of the mode in which it may be treated as an example of the nature of these compositions in general.

The object of the FIFTH ORDER OF THEMES is, the improvement of the powers of genius and of taste by a practical course of discipline. Some of the questions which are here put to the students are of considerable difficulty, and presuppose an intimate acquaintance with classical literature. "What are those parts in the Iliad which best discover the invention of Homer?" "What are those traits in the poetry of Virgil by which it is distinguished from Homer?" &c. "What is the distinction between poetry and prose?" "What are the limits of poetic fiction?" At other times the students are required to imitate a dialogue in the manner of Socrates—a fable in that of Æsop—an eastern story similar to those in the Arabian Night's Entertainments. On reading the biographical accounts of men of eminent talent, they are required to state the circumstances and accidents which gave an early direction to their genius, and the manner in which obstacles were removed.

It has only been in our power to give a very general sketch of the contents of this excellent volume. We strongly recommend it to the perusal of our readers, and feel assured, that though some of the details may seem rather too minute, and consequently a little dull, the impression left by the exposition of the system in general will be, that it is most admirably calculated for the education of youth, and worthy of all the praise that can be bestowed upon it.

REPORT FOR 1818 OF THE INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN.

IN this very interesting and intelligent report, the Committee declare their conviction, that the past year has been the most important one in its history. The liberal and enlightened views of the Founders of this Institution, who were from the first desirous of imparting to it the character of a national establishment, were not speedily realized. For some years, the support it received was confined almost exclusively to the capital; and in one instance, namely, in the distribution of the large funds collected in 1815 by the Musical Festival, it was excluded, not very rationally we think, on the ground that it was not one of the charitable establishments of Edinburgh, but a national establishment.

Mr Kinniburgh, the excellent head of the institution, in 1814, went to Glasgow with some of his pupils; and the public examination, which they then underwent, so interested the inhabitants of that city, that an auxiliary society was formed in it, by the aid of whose contributions a considerable number of pupils have since received the benefits of the institution. In 1817, Mr Kinniburgh made a similar visit to Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Perth, and was every where hailed as a person whose exertions had been blessed as the means of restoring children to their families, and citizens to society, and servants to God. The whole results of this journey cannot yet be stated, but it is known, that meetings have been held at Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Inverness, and Perth, for the purpose of forming auxiliary societies in aid of the parent institution.

The Committee also express their high gratification, in recording the enlightened benevolence of the town of Paisley, where an auxiliary society has recently been formed, though it never has been visited by the pupils.

In the character, therefore, of one of the public establishments of Scotland, it now solicits public patronage; and we have great pleasure in now increasing the publicity of the Committee's Report in our pages. The income of the past year, though not inadequate to the purpose of the society, has

not received any increase; and the total receipts stand thus:

Donations and subscriptions in Edinburgh,	£529	13	6
Remitted by Glasgow Committee,	105	0	0
Collected at Annual Examination,	28	11	0
Profits of Examinations during Northern Journey,	77	4	6
Share of Dr Nasmyth's Legacy, deducting tax,	45	0	0
Total,	£785	9	0

The institution owes £200 for the purchase of the property in Chessels' Court; and it is therefore incumbent on the friends of the institution to assist its funds, not only to afford the means of continuing and extending its usefulness, but even to preserve it from embarrassment.

The typhus fever unfortunately broke out in the establishment this spring, and thus a very heavy and unforeseen expense was incurred in the removal of the healthy pupils to another house, and by medical attendance of the sick.* The accommodation of the house in Chessels' Court is very defective; and it is therefore the intention of the Committee, if they shall be enabled by public liberality to fulfil it, to build an addition to the house, and to fit it up as an hospital. It is needless to say how desirable would be the attainment of this object. On the state of the school the Committee thus speak:

"Of the state of the school, under the charge of Mr Kinniburgh, the Committee can speak in terms of the most unqualified approbation. It is, indeed, chiefly on the assurance of the great benefits derived by the pupils from his tuition, and the wonderful change which it has introduced into their moral condition, that they solicit the aid of a benevolent public. They entreat all, to whom the interests of their fellow-creatures are dear, to visit the school, and to judge for themselves. Let them first contemplate the deaf and dumb in their natural and unimproved state,—almost the lowest condition in which a mortal being can be placed—and then survey in our school the effects of instruction. So completely has it broken down the barrier, hitherto con-

* It is impossible (say the Committee) to notice this painful subject, without expressing in the strongest terms their obligations to Dr Keith; whose attentions on this, as on every occasion which has called for medical attendance, have been most unremitting, and entitle him to the gratitude of every friend to this institution.

sidered insurmountable, which excluded all the lights of truth, of reason, and of religion, from the minds of these unfortunate persons, that it is no exaggeration to say, that there is perhaps no class of persons in their station, who are so thoroughly well educated, as the pupils of this institution.

“Independently of moral and religious instruction—to which almost all other knowledge is but as the means to an end—the pupils are taught to read and write their native language, to compose in it with ease and fluency, and even to use it in articulate speech. They are also taught arithmetic, and such other branches of education as may fit them for the stations to which they are destined. There are doubtless situations and professions, from which their infirmity necessarily excludes them; but there is no condition in which they can find occupation, for which they may not, and do not, receive the appropriate instruction in the institution.

“The pupils who belong to the lower classes of society, are trained to those habits which are to make them useful in their station. All the female pupils are taught sewing, and other peculiar branches of female education. The females of an inferior station are instructed by Mrs Kinniburgh in those occupations which qualify them for domestic service. Those who prefer to support themselves by labour, are taught shoe-binding, and other works of that nature.

“Similar attention is paid to the appropriate instruction of the boys. It was mentioned in the last Report, that, as a beginning of mechanical instruction in the institution, a number of the boys had been taught shoemaking. This experiment has been remarkably successful. The Committee annex, in the Appendix, a state of the expense of this department, from which it will be found, that no loss has arisen from it; but that, on the contrary, it has been, to a small extent, a source of profit, which will doubtless increase as the boys become more perfect in their trade. It is proper to add, that a large stock of shoes, of different qualities, the work of the pupils, is for sale at the institution; by the purchase of which, at the ordinary prices, its friends will materially benefit its funds, without increasing their own contributions.

“During the past year *ten* new pupils have been admitted into the institution, of whom five were recommended by the Glasgow Committee. On the other hand, *six* have left the institution, having completed their course of education. It is affecting to follow these six persons to their homes, which they left a few years since, unconscious of the great end of their existence, and incapable of hope, of enjoyment, and of usefulness; and to which they now return, furnished with all the means of profitable occupation, and endowed with all the privileges of rational, moral, and immortal beings. If any can contemplate, unmoved,

so amazing a change in the human condition, it were in vain to appeal to him in behalf of our institution; and, to him who feels it as he ought, all other arguments are superfluous.

“The total number of pupils presently in the institution is *fifty*; of whom eighteen were recommended by the Glasgow Committee.

“Besides those who have left the institution, Joseph Turner has, some time since, completed his education. Mr Kinniburgh, however, finds the assistance of this meritorious youth very valuable in the instruction of the pupils; indeed, his participation of their common infirmity, gives at once a peculiar value and an interest to his instructions. It is therefore proposed, with the concurrence of his friends, to engage him as a permanent assistant in the school.

In the conclusion of the Report, the the Committee quote the following beautiful passages from the article Deaf and Dumb in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, which, we are sure, will *now* be perused with feelings of profound sorrow by many thousand hearts. We add also the note which accompanies them.

“The task of education,” says an eloquent and powerful advocate for our institution, “is never perhaps more truly delightful, than when this unfortunate, though interesting class of persons, are the subjects of it. They unite, in general, to singular steadiness of application, the greatest gentleness and docility, and expressions of countenance, as cheering as they are unequivocal, continually declare the emotions of gratitude with which they receive instruction.” We see their happiness increasing with their knowledge, and when the sublimity of nature is first unfolded to their opening minds, and we mark the tear starting into their eyes, we cannot but participate in their noble pleasure, and rejoice that such emotions can be their’s.*

* “*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, v. *Dumb and Deaf*.—It is an affecting recollection to those who so lately listened to this Report, that the accomplished and amiable author of these beautiful sentences was present, and witnessed the emotions of pleasure with which they were heard by a very numerous audience. He was then in the vigour of health and youth; rich in the affections of his friends; advancing rapidly to the highest eminence in his profession; and looking forward probably to many years of virtuous exertion, of usefulness, and of enjoyment.—He is now no more!—This is not the place to enlarge on those qualities which endeared Dr Gordon to his friends, in a degree which it has seldom been the lot of mortality to attain. Yet it may be permitted to those who have so long been asso-

It would indeed be truly superfluous, to say one word of our own in favour of so humane an establishment as this. Let those who have experienced its blessed effects—let the dumb speak! One boy thus writes:

“When I came to the school I could know nothing. I am very glad that I am stop at the school at long time. I have learnt many things. I was much grieved at myself when nobody gave me education. I was like a dog when I was at home; I was very grumble for being deaf and dumb when I was a little boy. I did not know about God that made me deaf. I was very disobedient to my father or mother; I am very sorrow; I was very bad boy; I will not disobedient to my parents again.”

Another lad thus expresses his ideas of man's accountableness and obligation to the Supreme Being.

“It is a very good to fear the Lord. God is in the room, but I cannot see him. He is a spirit; he is every where present. I like to pray the Lord to give me what I need. I thank him that he is very kind to all his creatures—a great number of creatures; but God knows the evil of the wicked. I hate the sin, and I must not forget but fear the Lord, and his eyes sees me. If we sin, God will be very angry. I think about God and Jesus Christ much. O Lord, give me wisdom, and I will be a good man. I like to read the Bible; I thank master to give me a large Bible; I love large holy Bible; I would like to read the Bible.

ROBERT REID.”

Sarah Anderson thus writes to her father in Glasgow:

“*Edinburgh, 16th June 1818.*

“My dear Father,—On the 23d February there were fifteen pupils ill of a fever. I and companions were lying on the bed for seven days, and some fourteen days. The maids watched over us. Dr Keith came and looked at the poor deaf children lying on the bed; he felt the pulse of the poor children; he gave them medicine. My head was beat like a hammer. Doctor was very kind to the poor children. I think he is a good and kind doctor; he loves us all. I and they were thankful to him for his kindness to us. We are not die, because God take care of us. I often think about God when I was lie in my bed, and ill. I was afraid of dying. I thank God for his great kindness.

ciated with him in the management of this interesting institution, to avail themselves of this opportunity of offering a humble, but sincere tribute, to the memory of those talents and virtues which had already raised their possessor to so high a rank among his fellow-citizens; and which, had it pleased Providence to prolong his useful life, would have numbered him among the brightest ornaments of his country.”

I am wearying to see you. It is long since I heard from you. I hope you and all my kindred are very well. I will be happy to see you all. I will not go to see you this year, because I have no vacation, and I would not like at Glasgow better than Edinburgh. I am going to leave school very soon. I will be a servant. I would like to stay with my master to be a servant. My sister Betty will leave school next summer. She will go to Glasgow, and she will be a dress-maker. I will go away home next summer, and I will come back. I will never go away home again, because I will be a servant for my master's family. I and my sister are quite well. I have no more to say to you. I am, dear father, your affectionate daughter, SARAH ANDERSON.”

The two following dreams are by a very intelligent and amiable boy, who lost his hearing when about six years old.

“*Edinburgh, Dec. 1817.*

“Yesterday I was reading about Turkey in Asia, and at night I dreamed about it.

“This was my dream.—I dreamed I and my brother took a walk out of Europe. We saw fine buildings, and we came into Asia; but the part of it we were in was Turkey. We admired the beauty of it, and I saw some of the Turks come to us; we spoke kindly to them to speak to us. I asked them where they lived. They pointed to a house, and said words which I did not understand, for they were educated in Turkish language; so they took me to a fine park, and we played several games there, and we came out of the park and saw two Turkish children playing. I saw the Turks at their dinner; they had no plate nor knife, but ate it out of their hands. I wanted to see the Emperor of Turkey; but the Turks said, by signs, we must not, for he was cruel. After this my father came, and nodded to the Turks, and shook hands with them, and took us home. The Turkish school was a great many children sitting on the ground in a park, with paper in their hands, and reading them, and the schoolmaster, when they are idle, took them by the ears and whipped them with the bough of a tree.

“Again I dreamed that King James the 2d, afraid he would be killed by the Prince of Orange, ran about the hills, and I was walking on a road, I met the Prince of Orange. I saw him praying to God to deliver him from James the 2d, his enemy; and when he ended his prayer, he cast his eyes on me, and I bowed to him, and said I would chastise his enemy myself. This made the Prince very joyful, and he was going to offer me £100; but I said I could not take it, but that I thanked him much. So I and the Prince walked. I walked at his left hand, till we came to a hill; we saw an old castle on the top of it. There we saw James the 2d building a stone

house. The moment the Prince of Orange saw him, he became enraged. He and I took up great stones and sticks, and we both ran after James, and threw the stones at him. The Prince of Orange, as he ran, could not forbear crying out, Villain! thou deservest this fate. I said to the Prince, James deserved a much worse fate. We ran throwing our stones, and hit him on a great many parts of his body. I saw that James had on armour. We threw the stones till they were all spent. We gathered more, but the Prince was so much out of patience, that he did not care what stones he gathered, and we threw at James. The Prince drew his scymitar, and said, these are the keys of death, and we ran till James the 2d stumbled and fell into a deep hole, and the Prince of Orange ran to the hole in a rage, and stabbed James through the body and killed him, and buried him in the hole, and the Prince covered it with grass, and wiped the blood off his scymitar, and he and I went away. The Prince told me, I may go where I pleased, and he said he would give me a reward, and he was crowned king of England, by the name of William the 3d. K."

We take leave of this excellent Report with the following most interesting letter to the Committee, from Joseph Turner, the youth who is to be henceforth a permanent assistant in the school.

"*Edinburgh, 4th Feb. 1818.*

"Gentlemen—I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness in conferring benefits on me and on my poor deaf companions. I feel very thankful for my education, and I have felt much inclined to commit it to my memory. I ought to be thankful to God Almighty, for giving Mr Kinniburgh ability and patience to teach me and my companions, and for giving me wisdom and instruction that is very pleasant to my soul. If I had not come to school to be taught, I would have been ignorant, and have known nothing that is proper, and no religion would have come toward me. When I was at home I knew one word, "God," but I did not know what it meant, nor how the world was made, and my mind was very hard and uncultivated, resembling the ground that is not plowed, and I was perfectly ignorant. I thought then, that my mind would open when I was a man, but I was mistaken; it would not have opened if I had not come to school. I must study my Bible till my life is departed, and I hope God will please never to forsake me. If it be your pleasure, I wish to remain with Mr Kinniburgh as an assistant teacher, as the time for my education is expired. I express much gratitude to him for his kind treatment of me, and for you all for your kind bounty. I remain, Gentlemen, your obliged servant,

JOSEPH TURNER.

To the Committee of the }
Deaf and Dumb Institution. }

"A gentleman, present at the late examination in the Assembly Rooms, wished the teacher to ask Joseph Turner what is prayer? Turner, after giving the answer which is contained in the Assembly's Catechism to this question, wrote the following definition:

"The act of praying to God Almighty is a giving up of our wishes to him for things pleasing to his will, in our Saviour Jesus Christ's name, with avowal of our transgressions, and grateful owning of his heavenly compassions."

MISS SPENCE AND THE BAGMAN.*

A MATRIMONIAL alliance between the Travelling Spinster and the Literary Bagman could scarcely fail of producing the most surprising results. Nature has formed them for each other, for there is "similitude in their dissimilitude,"—a principle which one of the Lake-Poets has informed us is at the bottom of all Poetry, and may therefore be well supposed to have no little influence on the passions. Miss Spence talks very freely of love and marriage in many parts of her volume, —and the anonymous Bagman is equally facetious to Cupid and to Hymen. Were they to travel a few stages together in a neat post-chaise, with the front blinds up, there can be no doubt that the preliminaries of a closer connexion would speedily be settled. They could then tour along through the united kingdoms of marriage, Great Britain and Ireland, and twin-volumes, at least, would annually bless their literary loves. Sir Richard Phillips, we believe, has been in the habit of sending off Miss Spence in Shandry-dans, and other vehicles, throughout the more picturesque regions of the island; and she, on her return, sells her literary bantlings to that generous and eccentric bibliopolist. But there is a want of romance in all that. An unprotected female is often at a loss in inns where the beds are full of young sportsmen; and were

* Letters from the North Highlands, during the Summer 1816; by Elizabeth Isabella Spence, author of "A Caledonian Excursion," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 364. Longman, &c. London. 1817.

Letters from Scotland; by an English Commercial Traveller: written during a Journey to Scotland in the Summer of 1815. 12mo. pp. 224. Longman, &c. London; Constable & Co. Edinburgh. 1817.

our author to marry the Bagman, he could carry her little wardrobe in his bag, and be otherwise useful to her in procuring accommodation, and performing many little nameless services. Our readers may wonder why we should take such an interest in the future destiny of this couple, whom, to tell the truth, we have never seen; but we have just perused their works, and shall employ a couple of hours this afternoon, which is too hot for exercise out of doors, in shewing, by a few extracts, how admirably contrived these good folks are for each other.

Miss Spence no sooner enters Edinburgh than her enthusiasm thus bursts forth:

“The advocates in Edinburgh are what the templars were in the Spectator’s time, the wits and critics of the town, from whose literary judgments there lies no appeal, as was the case in England in Addison’s day. The heirs of estates study law here by way of usefully occupying their time, though not intending to follow it as a profession. Without being always very diligent in their studies in this profession, they acquire a taste for intelligent conversation, and a degree of acuteness in what relates to business, that proves very useful in life.”

This extremely accurate account of the erudition and wit of the Edinburgh advocates; among whom are so many illustrious authors, is immediately followed by a characteristic trait in the character of the Edinburgh ladies.

“A lady’s-maid is by no means indispensable, as in England; none but people of large fortune think of a personal attendant of this nature.”

Miss Spence visits the ruins of Craigmillar Castle, once the abode of Queen Mary, and thus meditates among its ruins:

“There is a tower almost entire, now a lodgment for pigeons, which it is said contained the apartment of the royal beauty, and in which she was accustomed to use a bath of white wines. This, it seems, was considered a preservative of the fairness and the smoothness of the skin. Some author whom I have read, says Diana of Poitiers used a bath of this sort for the same purpose.”

Returning by Pennycuick, she there sees a picture by Runciman, which reminds her of *Fussili!* and of which she tells this probable and rational anecdote.

“The death of this artist is said to have been occasioned by the painful position of laying constantly on his back, with his hands and eyes elevated to the ceiling, while painting the figures; which so fatally affected his

eyes, that they sunk into their sockets, and he instantly expired on finishing his undertaking!!!”

In Edinburgh she meets with a literary gentleman, of whom we do not recollect to have heard, a Mr *Jaffery*; and with that extreme delicacy so characteristic of travelling literary spinsters, speaks of a

“Mrs F——, who is the Mrs Montague of Edinburgh, her house being the centre of all that is literary, amiable, and distinguished, and is herself no less characterized by intellect than by virtue, by wit than by taste, softened by a captivation of manner rarely equalled.”

She, however, tears herself away from this society, which she was so well fitted to adorn, and turns her sweet face towards the Highlands. In Angushire she makes the following notable discovery:

“How greatly are the lower class indebted to Mrs Hamilton for the “Cottagers of *Glenbervie*,” which has tended to effect such a happy change amongst that community of people, that must ensure not merely comfort, but health.

“Home truths, though most unpalatable to digest at the time, yet are like nauseous medicine, frequently effecting a surprising cure when it comes to the root of the disease. Surely that of dirt is one of the most loathsome.”

At Aberdeen, after a compliment to the two universities, she somewhat abruptly celebrates that town for giving birth to the following great man.

“Your acquaintance Mr Scott, the editor of the *Champion*, who justly ranks high in the list of modern tourists, perhaps you are not aware, is a native of Aberdeen. With no other advantage than his own excellent natural talents, aided by an education in this university, he has been enabled to entertain and interest the public in no common degree. But when talents burst forth from the dark clouds of obscurity, and are lit up by a bright ray of genius, which discovers itself under every disadvantage of poverty, oppression, and discouragement, surely a generous and feeling mind will not merely sympathize with the object who has such evils to contend with, but will be inspired with an interest, for such a person; of no ordinary nature.”

But the redoubtable quondam Editor of the *Champion* is suddenly eclipsed by one Christian Milne, a fisherman’s wife, who writes poetry and sells oysters; and Miss Spence herself is so lost in the successive admiration of these two transcendent spirits, that she leaves Aberdeen without saying a word of any thing else, and proceeds to Banff.

She keeps driving about the Highlands for nearly a month after this—hunting waterfalls and other curiosities. But our limits, we find, will not enable us to quote any of her poetical descriptions or sapient remarks. She seems to have been so enchanted with every thing she saw, that never, in one single instance, has she rightly spelt the name of a place or a human being,—and all the old positions on Ainslie's Map of Scotland are shifted, and made to dance about in a very perplexing way. She seems to have been perfectly intoxicated. The pure air of the Highlands was too much for her,—and she returns to Edinburgh just in time for the Caledonian Races. Of Leith Races in the days of her youth, of which the remembrance is pleasant, but mournful to the soul, she thus speaks :

“The Isthmian games scarcely excited a stronger sensation in Greece, than these equestrian contests produced in the frugal North; for there, public amusements, on an expensive scale, were formerly of rare occurrence. Though the superior pleasure of social intercourse and intelligent conversation were perhaps more generally understood and cultivated than in any other part of the island, the thoughts of the young and the gay were, for half a year before, occupied with the appearance they were to make at the races, and still more at the pre-eminence ball given by the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, distinguished by the title of the Hunter's Ball. To be admitted to this truly happy meeting was a mark of gentility sufficient for life. Never to have been at the Hunter's Ball was a melancholy blank, of which none chose to be reminded. This gala lived as long in recollection as in anticipation, not being obliterated by other splendid gaieties. But these glories were, like all others, destined to decay, after enjoying their undiminished pre-eminence for more than a century.”

Miss Spence of course attends the theatre, and informs us, that she saw Mr Kean go through the fiery ordeal of an Edinburgh audience, of which, no doubt, he was much afraid.

“In short, in what is pre-eminently styled the *intellectual city*, this actor exhibits his powers to an audience composed entirely of ladies or gentlemen, studious of the decorum of their characters, and unapt to lavish praise incautiously. They think it extremely inelegant to interrupt the actor in the current of his feelings, and destroy the momentary illusion of the audience with noisy applause; and when any person attempts this transgression on good taste, he is immediately silenced by expressed dis-

approbation. They receive and dismiss a favourite performer with plaudits, more gratifying for not being rashly bestowed. Nothing could be more fervent than the applause conferred on this great tragedian by an audience of which *mob* formed no ingredient.

“The chief of critics, in this region of criticism, had not words to express his admiration, but was obliged to have recourse to a poetical figure for that purpose. He said, ‘*That in Sir Giles Overreach the hero so completely realized the idea of fiendish wickedness, that he every moment expected horns to sprout from his forehead, and flames to issue from his mouth.*”

The chief of the critics really seems no great witch in the memorabilia of Miss Spence. This nonsense is nothing more than a vulgar paraphrase of Othello's exclamation about Iago—

“I look down at his feet,” &c.

Miss Spence having thus communicated so much rare and valuable information about Edinburgh and its vicinity, let us turn to her picture of Glasgow.

“Glasgow is a very flourishing city, and in point of commerce and opulence is considered one of the first in the kingdom. It is thought in appearance to resemble a continental town in its long and spacious streets, numerous spires, and handsome stone buildings. The Lunatic Asylum, lately erected, is a noble edifice. No stranger can visit this asylum for the most pitiable of all mankind, without a sentiment of the most pleasing satisfaction in beholding their melancholy condition ameliorated, as far as the utmost tenderness and humane treatment will admit. Comfort, cleanliness, and wholesome food, is afforded to the unhappy patients; and such judicious indulgence, except in hopeless and violent cases, that many salutary cures have been effected.

“Being a Sunday in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, I made one in the vast multitude now attracted to the Tron Church to hear the Rev. Dr Chalmers. Never did I behold so crowded an assemblage of persons on so sacred an occasion. Long before the service commenced the church was thronged to excess, and people of the first condition were satisfied with standing-room in the aisles. The silence was so profound, as to give additional solemnity to the sacred occasion. The use of an organ would be considered an innovation, as inconsistent with the rigid simplicity of the followers of John Knox; but notwithstanding the absence of one, when hundreds of voices unite in the song of praise to the Almighty, the effect is touching and sublime.

“Dr Chalmers, who is at present the boast and ornament of the Scotch church, gratified me exceedingly, by hearing eloquence of a very superior order, consecrated to its best and highest purposes, in the discourse which he delivered.

“ I expected to be pleased and edified, and I was so; but after so much preparation, could not expect to be, as I was, surprised, very much surprised, at the boundless power of real genius, which, even in this fastidious critical age, achieves such unlimited power over the mind, without any of the accompaniments which so often usurp its name, and to vulgar minds supply its place. Dr Chalmers is popular, while avoiding, and seemingly disdaining, the arts which many consider as essential to popularity. No grace of appearance or manner, no melody of voice, nothing in appearance that conveys the idea of dignity or elegance. In short, his power over the will, and even the affections, is a victory over prejudice and every visible obstacle. He owes nothing to any extraneous aid whatever. It is the genius of a logician, a poet, (for there is much poetry without numbers) an astronomer, a mathematician, a powerful intellect, in short, which, after grasping all human science, soars beyond it, inflamed by zeal, and exalted by pure Christianity. No man can sink lower in familiar simplicity of diction, without touching the level of vulgarity; no man can rise higher, where “ the grandeur of his subject is his muse,” without once approaching the borders of bombast or false sublimity. He is always clear, because he goes directly to the point in view, without deviating in search of studied effect. He is always impressive, because he evidently speaks from the heart as well as from the understanding. His figures and illustrations, the spontaneous and sudden powers or fruits of a bright and vigorous imagination, illuminate his subject, and enchain attention. It is the privilege of true and high genius to exercise this engrossing power over minds capable of reflecting its light. What a blessing it is to humanity when such talents are exercised to the noblest purposes, and when commensurate virtues add force to science so powerful.

“ It has been for some time lamented, that the church of Scotland, rich in pastors, who, with complete learning and exemplary diligence, instruct their people in sound doctrine, unforced by good example, has rather sunk in regard to genius. Of these extraordinary persons, who are born to live beyond the limits of mortality even in the present world, none have appeared since the days of Robertson, Blair, Erskine, and Henry. But the few of the remaining contemporaries, who have witnessed the rising of this new star, acknowledge its brightness, and rejoice in its growing celebrity.

“ Mr Henry Mackenzie, always celebrated for the elegance and purity of his literary taste, and now venerated, as I before observed, as a veteran in letters, and the only remaining light of a constellation of Scottish genius, bore testimony to the merits I have endeavoured feebly to describe. In a meeting of the Literary Society

in Edinburgh, he stood forth, and in an eulogium full of spirit, and all his wonted elegance, paid his tribute of admiration to this extraordinary person.”

So much for the Spinster—now for the Bagman. He seems never to have left his mother’s apron-string, till he conceived the sublime idea of travelling into Scotland. His reflections on taking his seat in the mail-coach for York, are almost equal in simple sublimity to those uttered by Mungo Park when he first embarked upon the Niger.

“ Attached to home and its quiet enjoyments, and unaccustomed to travel, I left my friends with regret, and looked forward with apprehension of difficulties to which my inexperience might expose me. My reflections were not interrupted by my fellow-travellers, who appeared fully occupied with their own cogitations; and, at the end of the first stage, the production of napkins and nightcaps sufficiently indicated that none were inclined to conversation. Like my companions I disposed myself to sleep; but a variety of mixed emotions kept my mind discomposed. My separation from all those who were interested in my welfare necessarily occasioned melancholy, which was little alleviated by expectation of novelty, but sometimes forgotten when the anticipation of disagreeable incidents gave exercise to my mind in laying down rules of conduct in imaginary situations. Though I courted repose most devoutly, it was in vain.”

Our elegant and enterprising cit is sorely beset by three Scotsmen, “ one of whom has all that undisguised partiality for his own country, and illiberal or affected contempt for every other, which render Scotsmen in general so unamiable, so offensive to their southern neighbours.” He finds shelter from the sarcasms of this Sawney in his admiration “ of the endless succession of trees and hedges, apparently gliding rapidly past;” a phenomenon which he had never before witnessed, and which all his philosophy cannot explain. At York he not only visits the minster, but recounts, on his return to the more congenial atmosphere of the traveller’s room, the following most excellent story. A gentleman of the party had, it was thought, given his mare too much water. This the gentleman denied. But “ a stout man said it was arrogance in a young man to differ from the majority, who were his seniors. ‘ Sir,’ said B. ‘ if you rest your faith on the opinion of the majority, you ought not to be a *Christian*.’ ‘ Sir,’ rejoined his opponent,

with a triumphant laugh, in which he was joined by the others, 'I see no analogy between a Christian and a horse!'"

His observations between York and Durham are not numerous, but they are valuable. First, he observed for the first time, it would appear, trees growing according to the laws of nature, and in direct opposition to the principles of Leigh Hunt.

"You have heard me deprecate the custom, which prevails in the South, of cutting the branches from the trees, thus rendering them like so many poles, set up to mark the square divisions. Here I found the trees untouched by the merciless pollarding axe."

Secondly, he observes, "that in so large a county as Yorkshire, a considerable diversity of soil and surface may be expected." And, thirdly, he observes, what we never recollect to have heard even hinted at before, "that a traveller has a good deal of spare time, if he chooses to improve it. If he has not to ride a stage before breakfast, he has a long summer-morning at his own disposal." While he is yet plunged in reveries of this kind, Durham Cathedral rises up before him; and not long after, the coals of Newcastle administer fresh fuel to his fancy; so that he waxes poetical, and, on crossing the Tweed, exclaims, (rather erroneously) that he is now in the country "*where the language spoke is that which Burns wrote, and I understand it!!!*" At Coldstream he dines in company with some "respectable men, and possessing a frankness of manner and sociality of disposition, which I did not expect on this side of the Tweed. I suspect they owe these amiable qualities to their proximity to, and consequent intercourse with, the English." There can be no doubt of this. It is impossible to calculate the effects produced upon our national manners by English Bagmen. He arrives in Edinburgh at the dusk of the evening, having, in passing through Musselburgh, found time to exclaim, "I hate the nationality of the Scotch;" and soon finds himself seated in that more than bower of Paradise, the traveller's room, in a commercial inn in Auld Reekie. With a pipe in his mouth, and a gill of whisky-toddy in his dexter fist, hear the Bagman breathe out the passion of his soul!

"When it was proposed to me to take F.'s journey, although I wished much to see

the country, I looked forward almost with terror to the dreary desolateness of being from *home*. But the sort of tacit compact of travellers, to render themselves useful and agreeable to each other, prevents the intrusion of the uncomfortable reflection that we are at a distance from all who are interested in our welfare. I now find a home in every inn, and an acquaintance in every traveller."

Early in the morning our hero ascends the Calton Hill, and favours us with a description of our good city of Edinburgh. It is written with singular force, and even splendour of language; and when we compare it with the more than human dulness of the rest of the volume, we are forced to believe either that it has been furnished by another hand, or that the Bagman is occasionally that which Johnson asserted of a man at least the Bagman's equal, Oliver Goldsmith,—“an inspired idiot.”

"I gazed around me with astonishment! I felt as if I had been translated into another world: every unpleasant feature of the picture was thrown into shade. The city lay below us in all the pride of ancient grandeur and modern elegance. Any thing I had ever imagined of superlative magnificence, shrunk into poverty and meanness when my eye fell on this wonderful place; and yet the sublimity of the scene immediately below me was comparatively insignificant with that of the objects which surrounded it. On the north lay the Firth, the estuary of a noble river; to the east widening into the ocean, to the west apparently losing itself in a mass of blue hills, which bounded the distant horizon. A rich and beautifully varied plain lay between the Forth and the capital, over which, to the south, appeared the Salisbury Crags, a circular ridge of rocks, presenting the appearance of a hill, of which one-half had sunk into the bowels of the earth, leaving the rocky section to frown in commanding majesty over the town. From this strange line of precipices rose a hill, sublime in its attitude, and picturesque in its form; and, stretching far to the west, the Pentland hills formed the southern boundary of the rich plain, which, extending from them to the Forth, was finely ornamented by the Corstorphine hills, a beautiful ridge, not too high to interrupt the prospect of the distant mountains, the indistinct forms of which mingled with the clouds.

"Rocks, and hills, and mountains, a noble river and the ocean, are rare accompaniments of city grandeur; and Edinburgh, instead of being a blot upon the fair scene, harmonizes with it and ornaments it. The Calton Hill overlooks it as much as St Paul's overlooks London.—How different the scene! From the one, nothing but *town* is visible: as far as

the eye can reach, the scene is filled with human habitations, of which the red-tiled roofs only are visible. From the other, the town, instead of forming the whole scene, appears only as an ornament to the country—as an appropriate decoration of art, to perfect a scene on which nature has lavished her noblest ornaments.

“Edinburgh is built on three distinct ridges, each contrasting so much with the other, as to make even deformity, like the discords in music, add to the beauty of the general effect. The northern ridge is covered with elegant buildings of white stone, uniformly disposed in parallel streets, crossed by others at right angles. Queen Street, facing the north, forms a terrace, overlooking the rich gardens which extend to the sea. Prince’s Street faces the south, forming another terrace, looking towards the old town, from which it is separated by a valley in which a lake formerly stood. The openness, the regularity, the elegance of this new part of the town, contrasts finely with the strange and fantastic masses of the enormously-high black edifices of the middle ridge, which, rising gradually from the ancient palace of Holyroodhouse, terminates in a perpendicular rock, on which the castle holds a most commanding aspect. The southern ridge is covered with regular streets; but, being at a distance from the place where we stood, my attention was more directed to the part of the town of which we had a bird’s eye view, and I could not sufficiently admire the happy effect of contrast, which rendered insipid uniformity beautiful, and blackness and irregularity venerable and sublime.”

The Bagman has now established himself in Edinburgh, and proceeds forthwith to describe the manners and character of the inhabitants. He moves quite in a different sphere from his destined bride, Miss Spence. His walk is from shop to shop, with a neat leathern bag beneath his arm. He does not begin all at once to bother us with literature and law, and physic and divinity,—Scott, Jeffrey, Gregory, and Alison. The following details are interesting.

“On the morning after my arrival, I called on all those with whom I had business to transact, expecting that I should be able to proceed to business, as I had been accustomed to do in England, on the same day on which I left my cards. I was therefore a good deal astonished, when I requested a man to fix the time when I should call again, to hear him bid me, with perfect gravity, call again next week! I thought the man was joking, till I heard the same *joke* repeated by half a dozen others. At dinner I mentioned this, and got laughed at for supposing I should find the tradesmen of Scotland like those of England. ‘Think

yourself lucky, young man,’ said an old traveller, ‘if you get your business done in less than three weeks!’ B. advised me, by way of preliminary, to invite all my friends to dinner, and give them plenty of wine to drink. ‘Surely,’ said I, ‘a reputable man is not to be gained in this way?’ ‘Not absolutely *gained*, for the sake of the dinner,’ said he; ‘but you will thereby get acquainted with them, and obtain the privilege of pushing them without giving offence.’

“Next day I made another vain effort towards commencing the business which brought me here. One man had not got his breakfast; another was gone to breakfast, for here houses are not attached to the shops; a third had just gone out; a fourth was reading the newspapers, and wished to finish them before his hour of them expired; a fifth was busy with customers; a sixth with a traveller; at last I found one man at leisure, at least so I thought, for he sat on his counter, with his spectacles put upon his brow, and twirling his yard-stick round his fingers. ‘Well, sir,’ said he, ‘how are you? sit down and give us your cracks. What think you of this glorious battle every body is talking about?’—‘Why,’ said I, ‘as an Englishman, I must rejoice when my countrymen are victorious, yet—’ ‘Your countrymen,’ said he; ‘and did not the Scots help them? Aye, did not *they* do more than the English?’—‘I include the Scots among the number of my countrymen,’ said I. ‘Give us your hand, man!’ said he—‘but you did not finish your sentence, yet?’—‘Yet,’ added I, ‘I cannot but regret that the same men who fought in the cause of freedom in Spain, should have shed their blood in forcing upon the French people a monarch they detest.’ The Scot forgot his English:—‘Ye’re right, man! ye’re right! my ain sentiments, in truth! faith, ’am thinking ye’re no ane o’ these ignorant chieftis that the sooth’s sae plenty o’. I’ll no detain *you*. I’ll look o’ur my stock the morn, and if yo’ll ca’ next day, or the *next again*, if ’am no *thrang*, I’ll gie you baith order and sillar.’ Here was encouragement for me! I went round again amongst those I had previously called on, but without better success. If a halfpenny worth of thread was to be sold, the shopkeeper was *busy*; if any one stood with him discussing the morning’s news, he was *engaged*; and when I found any one completely at leisure, I was sure to hear him say, ‘make me the last that ye call on.’”

Such are the miseries which an English Bagman is destined to endure during the forenoons of his sojourn here,—but they fade away in the agonies of the evening.

“My friends contrived to get *disengaged* about dinner-time, and I had the company of those I had invited. I was out of hu-

mour with them on account of my detention; but felt perfectly inclined to be more cordial with them. However, the social intercourse did not tend to make me regard them with more complacency. I was insulted by their affected contempt of English character: and they used a refinement in ill manners, by supposing my liberality and candour to be such, that I should not be offended at the freedom of their remarks. In all the broadness of their own *brogue*, they talked of the barbarous dialects of the English provinces; and, because they themselves could read and write, they triumphed in their superior education. They did ample justice to the delicacies I had provided, at the same time laughing at the liking of the English to the pleasures of the table. Their sentiments with regard to the political importance of their country I should have smiled at, had I not been aware that they were the echo of those of the majority of Scotsmen. A jealousy and dislike of England are carefully nursed, that keep alive the distinction between the two kingdoms, which Englishmen, more liberal, wish to be remembered no more. In the same manner as people whose pretensions to rank are not generally allowed to appear often pettishly independent towards their superiors; so Scotland, which derives its whole political importance from its union with England, affects to hold itself a separate, independent, and even superior kingdom.

“As I did not feel inclined to dispute with those I was entertaining, they construed my silence into conviction, and bored me with instances of Scottish virtue and Scottish courage, which in the olden times astounded the southern, and in modern times eclipse him. I was relieved from their impertinencies by the entry of B., who defends the character of his country when attacked by an Englishman, but who will not allow his countrymen to assume qualities they do not possess. I was amused to hear him overpower them with facts, which, but the other day, I had urged against himself, when he wished to persuade me that the spirit of liberty was not extinct in Scotland. He led them on to assert that, by the Union, the Scots did not surrender their independence, since they were allowed the same political privileges which Englishmen had, and that the Scottish Peers, and members of the House of Commons, did in reality represent the Scottish nation. He had it now in his power to assume, that the measures of these representatives were approved of by the Scots; and proceeded to give many and recent instances of their servile measures, which shewed that the Scottish nation was really more venal than Cornwall—confessedly the most rotten part of the English system of representation. When my company was gone, B. confessed to me, that he had as mean an opinion of the public spirit of his countrymen as I could have. He lamented that the whole nation was per-

vaded with a selfishness, which was not to be disturbed by considerations of general good. ‘We have been so long deprived of any share in the government, that, for want of exercising our liberty, we have grown indifferent about it. The only tolerable notion of liberty existing, is among the lower orders of the people, and all those who exert themselves in “freedom’s sacred cause” are branded as factious demagogues.’”

There will be no salvation for this poor unhappy country, till Mr B. is returned to Parliament.

As we ourselves have never had the honour to travel for any commercial house, and know little or nothing of the mode of transacting business among our merchants here, we cannot pretend to contradict the statements of the Bagman. But, on the whole, he seems to be of opinion, that to culpable and shameless laziness and dilatoriness, they add tendencies of a very suspicious character, and are not the worse of being looked very strictly after in their bargains. All this, we have no doubt, is an ignorant calumny of the Cockney. There is, however, we dare say, truth in the following dialogue, and it is given with some vivacity.

“I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he, ‘You are over dear, sir; I can buy the same goods ten per cent. lower: if ye like to take off ten per cent. I’ll take some of these.’ I tell him that a reduction of price is out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside; but the Scotsman wants it: ‘Well, sir, it is a terrible price; but as I am out of it at present, I’ll just take a little, till I can be supplied cheaper, but ye must take off five per cent.’ ‘Sir,’ say I, ‘would you not think me an unconscionable knave, to ask ten, or even five per cent. more than I intend to take?’ He laughs at me,—‘Hoot, hoot, man! do ye ay expect to get what ye ask? Gude lord! an I was ay to get what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I’ll give you within twa an’ a half of your ain price, and, gude faith man! ye’ll be well paid.’ I tell him that I never make any deduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties. ‘Well, well,’ says he, ‘since you must have it all your own way, I must e’en take the article, but really I think you are over keen.’—So much for buying and selling: then comes the settlement of the account. ‘How much discount do ye take off, sir?’ ‘Discount! why, sir, you cannot expect discount after the account has stood a twelvemonth.’—‘Indeed, but I do expect discount: pay siller without discount! na, na, sir, that’s no the way here—we never pay money with-

out discount; ye must deduct five per cent.' I tell him that I will take off no discount at all. 'Weel, sir, I'll gie you no money at all.' Rather than go without a settlement, I at last agree to take off two and a half per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted. 'I have ten shillings down against you for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages.'—'Indeed! these are heavy deductions, but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose I must allow it.'—'Oh aye, it's all right. Then, sir, here's eight and foupence for packsheets, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage. These last items astonish me.' 'What, sir,' say I, 'are we to pay all the charges on your business?'—'But I find that, if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account; so I acquiesce, resolving within myself, that since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion.'

"I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but I am disappointed. 'Have ye a stamp?' asks he, 'A stamp! for what?' 'Just to draw you a bill,' replies he. 'A bill, my good sir! I took off two and a half per cent. on the faith of being paid in cash.' But he tells me it is the custom of the place to pay in bills, and sits down and draws a bill at three months after date, *payable at his own shop!* 'And what am I to do with this?' 'Oh, ye may take it to Sir William Forbes, and he'll discount it for ye on paying him three months interest.' 'And what can I do with his notes?' 'He'll gie ye a bill on London at forty-five days.' 'So, sir, after allowing twelvemonth's credit, and two and a half per cent. discount, and exorbitant charges, which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill for which we are not in cash for four months and a half. Well, well!' 'And now, sir,' says he, 'if you are going to your inn I'll gang with ye and tak a glass of wine.'

Our hero, however, insinuates that he found access to company of a somewhat higher order, though from his very general mode of talking about them, we suspect it was but rare and limited. He associated, it is quite clear, only with those of his own class; but we must remark at the same time, that nothing but extreme conceit and impertinence could have induced a Cockney, hot from THE CITY, to look down upon the young tradesmen and shop-keepers of Edinburgh, with so lofty a disdain as appears to have animated our Bagman's bosom. Comparing these classes in Edinburgh with the corresponding ones to which the Bagman himself belongs in London, it may be safely asserted, that there may be found among them not only

much useful information, but no contemptible share of taste and elegance of mind. They may not be so glib as this Cockney-spark, but they know much of which he has not one glimmering perception. Many of them are connected by birth with the most respectable men in the more liberal professions,—nay, some of them are on habits of friendship with "the prime of the city," and it is no uncommon thing to meet with persons who pass their mornings behind a counter, at tables where we fear this Bagman would feel himself rather out of his element, and once more optative of Cheapside.

Out of courtesy to a traveller, however, we shall believe for a moment that he was occasionally admitted into what he calls "the better society of Edinburgh," and of it here is his picture.

"I find that in manners and in language, the genteel inhabitants differ little from those of London. Perhaps greater correctness and smoothness are to be observed in their manners; and in their language they carry a little farther the subdued and deliberate enunciation of fashionable life. Altogether they appear to have pretensions to greater refinement than we possess. Whether or no their pretensions are just, it scarcely becomes a *Bourgeois* to decide; but I am inclined to think the refinement is more in appearance than in reality; more like the varnish of a base material, than the polish of a valuable substance. Edinburgh has many men of great literary fame; and it is to be supposed that their intercourse with society should diffuse a general taste for literature. Accordingly I have found that the discussion of literary subjects forms almost all the conversation in what is called genteel society. I was highly gratified with this for a time; but my gratification was destroyed by an unfortunate discovery. One evening, a new publication was the subject of conversation. I thought the criticisms I heard indicated great talents and correct judgment in the critic; and I congratulated myself on having fallen among the *litterati*. Next day I found in the Edinburgh Review, all the remarks which I had thought so judicious.

"The Scots are not easy in conversation. They are more anxious to shine than to please. Every one wishes to be thought wise, and you shall often see a stupid fellow entrench himself in gravity, and preserve a profound silence, from the selfish fear of exposing his ignorance, or risking the little share of reputation he may possess. But see this man in another company, where he knows he is surrounded by those more stupid than himself; he shines away, and engrosses the whole conversation. His hearers hate him for his superiority; yet they

are contented he should shine, rather than that they should run the risk of discomfiture by opposing him. In all companies where there is an obvious diversity of talent, is to be observed this submission of inferior to superior ability; and when persons of equal colloquial abilities are thrown together, their discourse is rather disputation than conversation. An excessive frigidity is the consequence of the want of the frankness, which, with us, is the heart and soul of social enjoyment. A cautious reserve appears to pervade the breast of every Scotsman; he answers a question as if he were undergoing a cross-examination; the mysterious habit grows upon him, till he makes a secret of things which it would do him no harm although all the world knew them."

Our anxiety is now reluctantly excited to hear the Bagman pronounce judgment on Glasgow. We must pass over his description of the city, which is lively and picturesque enough, (for the creature really has an "eye for objects,") and hasten on to his views of the "Society." What will these irascible gentlemen, who make such a splutter when they see their names (which we humbly presume were given them to be called by,) mentioned in this our much-read Miscellany, say to the impudent rogue who slurs them all over in the lump, with their sisters, wives, mistresses and all, after this fashion.

"I accompanied B. to the house of our mutual friend, where we found a large party, mostly ladies. The gentlemen, I understood, preferred the riotous joviality of a tavern to the company of the females. While the gentlemen remain without that polish which is given by female society, the ladies want the elevation of character which a more mixed state of society produces and encourages.

"Our party was exceedingly reserved, till tea threw its individuals more in collision; and then their conversation was only tattle, in which a stranger could not be interested. While I sat listening to the strange tones of the Glasgow dialect, a young man who sat near me, probably divining the cause of my cogitation, told me that the ladies preserved more of the provincial accent than the gentlemen, who were more in the way of meeting with strangers. Said he, "we write pure English, sir, and most of our genteel people speak with more propriety, than those of the same in your own country; when I was in London, sir, last summer, no one supposed I was a Scotchman."

"I could not forbear smiling at this, although, indeed, the gentleman did not speak quite so broad as Sir Archy Macsarcasm."

We cannot but think very meanly of the individual who has allowed such

a gross personal insult as this to pass by, without having once dared to vindicate his honour on the shoulders of the London, Edinburgh, or Glasgow publisher of this most infamous libel. We know of at least one gentleman, who would be happy to lend the anonymous traducée a seven-shilling whip, not wholly unaccustomed to such discipline, with proper instructions how to receive in return the blows of a ten-penny hazel sapling, without any discoloration of the skin, or extravasation of blood.

There is nothing in the whole of this volume so extraordinary—so unaccountable to our minds—so irreconcilable even with the very slightest acquaintance with the society of Glasgow, as the total omission of the very name of rum-punch. Not a hint is dropped of the existence of that peerless beverage. We verily believe that the Bagman never "*squeeze a yellow*" in his life. What did he imagine became of all the lemons in the shop-windows, from the head of the Saltmarket to (unquhile) Sandy Fergusson's?—When he walked the Tontine, what did he think all the gentlemen round him were talking about, when, as the hour of five approached, he heard whispered "*softly-sweet in Lydian measures,*" that mysterious word—Punch—punch—punch? Let us tell him, that he would have been far better employed over a bowl of that precious liquid at Mrs Jardine's, than poking his nose over the Corra Linn of Clyde. He absolutely is ignorant of the very *spirit* of Glasgow society. To him, unhappy youth! punch is practically unknown, and he has perhaps read of it only in the delusive pages of Sir John Sinclair! The moral effects of his ignorance of this fluid are but too visible on his temper. Had he ever dined with some folks, whom we could with pleasure mention, in that agreeable city, he would never have endured those throes with which he must have given birth to the following hard production:

"The trammels here imposed on conversation, by the fear which every person has of exposing his ignorance, is to the stranger counterbalanced by the universal wish to exhibit intelligence and intellectuality when the exhibition is *safe*. This among friends is excessively irksome. The elevation is assumed and unnatural; one wishes the interlocutors to descend to their natural ease. The conversation of the Scots is like a man on stilts; elevated, but awkward in his gait,

and restrained in his movements. The conversation of the English is like a man on the ground; less exalted, but firm, graceful, and easy. But the general pretension to information occasions discussions of subjects which the stranger would not otherwise become acquainted with. A Scotsman knows a little of every thing; and every art and science becomes with him a subject of conversation. The citizens are all theoretical agriculturists."

Our friend (for we really like him,) gets on board a steam-boat, where he is much delighted with the view of the surrounding country, though not with the conversation. A formidable punster from Glasgow annoys him greatly.

"The country was highly cultivated, and finely varied. The whole struck me as a beautiful picture of civilized and refined life, and I smiled as I recollected the idea many of our worthy citizens have, that Scotland is a continued succession of wild hills, peopled by barbarians. We had on board a worthy Londoner, who testified to me his astonishment that he had not to cross any sea to get to Scotland, and that the men of Glasgow neither wore petticoats nor spoke Irish. A Glasgow gentleman amused himself with the poor Cockney's ignorance of every thing going on out of London. He remarked that there was a great deal of cheese *grown* in this part of Scotland. 'Grown!' said the citizen, 'does cheese grow?' 'Aye. How did you think it was made?' 'Why, I don't know, I never saw it made.' 'You have heard of sage cheese, and a herb called *sage*? Sage cheese is made from the herb. Dunlop cheese is made from a plant which is of a dun colour, when it is lopt or cut.' The citizen gave an assenting nod, deceived by the gravity of his informant. A good-natured lady, wishing to undeceive him, said that cheese was made from milk. 'Come,' said he, 'that's a good one, old lady; cheese made from milk! nay, nay, that won't do; I can't swallow that.' 'But you can swallow the Dun-lop't cheese,' said the Glasgow man; who appeared to be continually on the alert to catch an opportunity of sporting a pun; a species of wit which does well enough in the absence of better."

After taking a peep at Loch Lomond, &c. he returns to Glasgow again, and announces to his correspondent somewhat pompously, his intention of going to hear Dr Chalmers preach. Fortunately for the fame of that orator, the Bagman thought well of him, and has sanctioned the public voice in his favour. His trip to the Highlands has been very far from putting him into good humour with the people of

Glasgow, of whom he thus makes va-
ledictory mention:

"I believe I remarked in a former letter, the inclination of every one in society to vilify the class of men below them in *rank*. You must know that in Glasgow there is a great diversity of *grades*; and those who consider themselves as belonging to the *highest rank*, exhibit such malignity towards those of the *lowest rank*, and so much jealousy of the pretensions of the class immediately approaching to their own, that I verily believe they would 'forego their hopes of heavenly bliss,' sooner than share it with their inferiors.

"I think this dislike arises from the extraordinary respectability of the working classes, which leaves less real difference between them and their employers, than subsists in any other place. The education of the weaver is not inferior to that of the manufacturer. His reading, though not so extensive, is in general better digested; and, in consequence, his opinions are often more correct. He has not a knowledge of so many subjects; but what he does know, he knows better, and the elevation of sentiment which reading produces, has a corresponding effect on his manners. The employer does not like this near approximation; and, since he cannot be distinguished from the *vulgar* by the superior cultivation of his mental powers, he becomes a determined supporter of that kind of rank which is derived solely from situation. Glasgow having risen into opulence with astonishing rapidity, may be supposed to contain a great many persons whose exertions have raised them above the stations they originally filled. These men find themselves insecure in the comparatively elevated society to an equality with which they aspire; and, to avoid the imputation of *vulgarity* from their new associates, are willing to relinquish every opinion they have in common with the order to which they formerly belonged; and they abuse the *mob*, that they themselves may not be confounded or classed with it; for none have more horror of *vulgarity* than those who feel half afraid that their own *gentility* is questionable. It would be amusing, if it was not an indication of total want of feeling, to hear a person, who perhaps could not tell who his grandfather was, most pathetically deploring the insults which *genteel* people received in the presumption and pretensions of a *rabble*. It is curious to observe the universal pretension to gentility. B. remarks that it commences with the ability to wear a *white* neckcloth. The assistant in a warehouse, who receives a salary of £50 a-year, dares not be seen in conversation with a weaver, for fear it might be supposed he kept *low* company. The spruce clerk dares not carry a parcel in his hand through the street, it would look so *vulgar*. The manufacturer, if he is not an admirer of the mi-

nistry which treads in the steps of Pitt and Dundas, of immortal memory, dares not avow his political sentiments, which would draw on him the opprobrious epithet of 'low fellow.' Can we wonder that such men continue without indignation to see their privileges as burgesses usurped, and to bear without remonstrance, the oppressive burthens which this impolitic system of warfare imposes! They are absolutely deprived of every independent principle by the bugbear 'vulgarity.'"

Here it would seem as if the mantle of that inspired political prophet, the editor of the Glasgow Chronicle, had fallen in peaceful folds upon the shoulders of the London Bagman.

"Was e'er inspired man in such high garb arrayed!"

Our readers will now understand the reasonableness of our wishes for a matrimonial alliance between Miss Spence and the Bagman. One great leading difference of opinion, and one alone, now exists between them, which can be effectually removed only by the more endearing intercourse of the marriage-state. The lady loves, and admires, and worships, every thing Scottish;—the gentleman looks down on the Land of Cakes like a superior intelligence from a higher sphere. In his fancy, high visions of Ludgate Hill and Cheapside bid succumb the glories of Benlomond and Argyle's bowling-green; and an ear accustomed like his to the rich varieties of Cockneyism, is shocked with the ruder accents of our Caledonian dialect. His heart is at all times in "Lun'un;" and in the solitude of a Highland glen, he dreams of Temple Bar being over his head. A kilt recalls to him only the remembrance of his own buckskin breeches lying dormant in the city; and the tartan hose of the hairy-legged Celt are contrasted to his self-enchanted fancy with his own Hobyhessians, lustrous with Day and Martin's resplendent blacking. But Miss Spence is of Scottish blood. And thus the issue of the marriage will be a sort of interesting mongrels, who will lisp the paternal Bagman into an amiable love of the land that gave birth to their enlightened mother. She will carry with her into London City, "a world of fixed remembrances." Then shall

"Bright columns of vapour thro' Lothbury glide,
And a river flow on thro' the vale of Cheap-
side."

We now bid the amiable couple farewell, in the words of the great poet of Cockaigne, Mr Leigh Hunt:

Haste! thou newly-married—haste!
Yes—she hears our call at last.
Come, then—come—thy husband shall
Into no wrong courses fall;
Nor for once, to lie apart,
Take him from thy tender heart.
As the soft vine folds the tree,
Folded shall he live with thee.
But the day is almost done,
Haste—thou newly-married one.

LETTER, FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE
"VINDICATION OF THE MEMORIE
OF THE SOMERVILLES," TO SIR
HENRY STEUART OF ALLANTON,
BART.

SIR,

THE true deduction of your pedigree, published by me in a former number of this Magazine,* has not only never been openly challenged, either by you or your Champion "Candidus," but you have even in a private letter expressed your obligations to me for the light I had thrown on a subject so extremely obscure, and *appeared* at least inclined to acknowledge, that you found yourself under the necessity of acquiescing in several of the conclusions which I had elicited from my inquiries. In this state of things, I was willing to abandon a subject in itself of little moment; and, as it *seemed*, already *somewhat* elucidated, even by the confession of those who felt most interested in its decision. In a word, I considered the "Salt-fat controversy" as at a close, and the authority of the Lord Somerville as abundantly vindicated and established.

It is *with no small surprise*, then, that I this moment have perceived, in the appendix to a late edition of Crawford's History of Renfrewshire, a *new* statement of the pedigree of what is there styled, "the most extensive branch of the House of Stewart,"†—(for it is thus that your family are de-

* The former articles concerning the Salt-foot controversy, Family of Allanton, &c. are to be found in the first volume of this Magazine, p. 33, 132, 349, 476. The last reference is that where my first paper is to be found.

signed,)—inserted, ex facie, with your knowledge, if not by your express authority,*—and containing, with some little variations, occasioned most clearly by my suggestions, a re-publication of that same fantastic lineage of the *Knights and Barons of Dalduë*,—of the feats of MORNINGSIDE,—of valour testified in the *Fields of France and England*,—of literary and antiquarian accomplishments possessed in the 16th, as it would seem, no less than in the 19th century, by a Chief of Allanton,—in short, of all the exploded nullities which, as I imagined, I had for ever swept away. An attempt is besides made, *indirectly*, to refute myself; and things are stated which, if well founded, would infallibly convict me of error and misrepresentation. In consequence, therefore, of this publication, I find myself imperatively called upon to *defend what I asserted*, and to resume and complete a business I began in August last, which I have, from that period, allowed to remain unfinished, chiefly from a feeling of compassion and unwillingness to make your pedigree appear more openly absurd than was necessary. You have renewed the contest; if you again wish my forbearance, you shall have it.

The main position of my paper was a very simple one; viz. *that your family was scarcely emerging from obscurity after the beginning of the 16th century*. Your position is evidently as hostile as possible to mine. You have given to the world a pompous pedigree, “stuffed full of matter most portentous strange,”—a long bead-roll of doughty Stewarts of Dalduë, who, if we are to believe the statement, must have been in the 14th and 15th century as notorious and conspicuous in feats of arms and chivalry, in the interior of Scotland, as even the Douglasses and Percies were upon the border. The personages in your vision,

like those which glided before the eye of Macbeth—“Come like shadows, so depart,”—but each of them bears upon his brow some laurel wreath with which the grateful imagination of his descendants has invested him. Each bears some proud addition to his name. How would it surprise the honest yeomen in Wester Dalduë, or in Alcatmoor, could they hear themselves described in a fine quarto History of Renfrewshire by the magnificent cognomina which are lavished on their manes? “ALLAN ALNWICKSTER,”*—“JAMES OF PARIS,”—“JAMES THE ANTIQUARY,” &c. look very well in print; and so does the story of the zealous Calvinist, *the tailor*;[†] but I confess I should like to see some better authority for the existence of these

* Hist. Stat. p. 469.

† Alnwickster. Alan the HERO OF MORNINGSIDE, so surnamed from another great exploit of his, namely, “*the Storming of the Castle of Alnwick in Northumberland*,” an achievement of which, as of the aforesaid battle, *no trace whatever is to be found*, save only in the invaluable MS. of Allanton. In relating the old story of King Robert II. conferring the honour of knight banneret on Alan, the son of this Alnwickster, at the Castle of Lochmaben, the historian of the house of Allanton takes occasion to make the following sage remark: “The above tradition,” i. e. the fable of Morningside, “is rendered the more probable from the circumstance of the district being thenceforward named Alcat-Muir; that is, ‘the Muir of Alan’s battle,’ and stream which waters its southern and western boundary, Alcat-Water: also, from the names of various other places immediately adjoining, such as Cath-burn, Cathkers, &c. all indicating *the site of the engagement*, and evidently *Celtic compounds*!” Celtic compounds indeed they are: and that circumstance alone is sufficient to prove the absurdity of the whole matter. What would Mr John Pinkerton (Γολκωτατος) say, should he hear of Celtic compounds framed in the parish of Shotts at the end of the 14th century, in the reign of a Stuart king, by the contemporaries of his favourite JOHN BARBOUR? But the Allantonian champion, who permits himself so many anachronisms in regard to *men*, may easily be excused for using a little of the same license in regard to *words*. Dean Swift’s etymology of the word MARS is not more exquisitely amusing, than this derivation of Alcat-Muir; a district which probably bore that name many centuries before any portion of it came into the family of Allanton.

* The Editor, after hinting at the communications he had received from the Noble Families of the County, adds, “The Genealogy of the many respectable families of the other proprietors, has been continued from Crawford, by materials, in nearly every case furnished by themselves, or which have been submitted to their inspection, and have met with their approbation.” Preface, p. 6.

famous persons than that of the "MS. History of the Family. Once more I request you to substantiate the existence of these ancestors by any thing in the shape of EVIDENCE. The family MS. itself has never been seen by me, but a copy of it once fell into my hands, and I pronounce it to be palpably a thing of modern date, replete in almost every page with anilities and fictions. If you think better of it, submit it to the public inspection, and let the matter be so decided. You appeal to a new authority, indeed, for the existence of "Sir Alan the Banneret in 1392, (I mean either yourself or the framer of your statements,) alleging that,

"The existence of Sir Allan Stewart of Dalduie is proved beyond a doubt, by his being named as one of the witnesses to a charter by King Robert the Third, dated 6th December 1393, and the third year of his reign, 'to Sir Adam Mure of Rowallan, and Dame Janet Janielston, his spouse, in conjunct fee, and so to the heirs procreate between them, whom failing, to Sir Adam Mure's lawful heirs whatever, viz. Sir Reginald Mure of Abercorn, and Godfray Mure of Caldwell, his grand-uncle and cousin, and their heirs, &c. of the lands of Polnekill, or Polkelly, Green, Dumbly, Ainsoch, Daidauoch, and Balgray, in Ayrshire, and the lands of Newphlar in Lanarkshire, to be erected into a Barony, and to be holden ward.'"

Now I maintain, that whoever intimated to you this discovery, has either laboured under the strangest misconception, or fallen into as sad a misrepresentation as can well be imagined. For, in what manner is this confident allegation attempted to be upheld?—by the fallacious reference, "See Robertson's Index, p. 143." Where, I ask, in the whole compass of that page, or indeed in any part of the work, is there the faintest allusion to the valorous knight, who, it seems, was the favourite of his cousin Robert the Second, †—a commander in the "Gens d'armes Eccossois,"—and (can it be credited) the hero of "Bauge" ‡ and Agincourt.

There may be mention of a Mure, though very little to the above effect, but there is none whatever of the visionary "Banneret," or of any of the name of Stewart, excepting Sir William Stewart of Jedworth, Lord Galloway's ancestor, from whom, un-

less you have entirely changed your ground, you cannot most certainly pretend to derive your descent.

What, again, are we to think of this other assertion, that George Crawford, meditating a history of the house of Stewart, "on a much more extended scale, had collected notices of many families of the name, and of that of Allanton among others, in which the latter appeared as witnesses to Charters and Siasines, from the first one here quoted in 1393, down to the time of Sir Walter in 1643."*

Why cannot you, then, exhibit some authentic extracts, if not the originals, of one at least or more of the earliest of these singular documents, which, by some strange fatality, have been so long secreted, and not a surmise of them imparted to any but the author of the statement? But merely to quote, as authority, the loose jottings of Crawford the Peerage Writer, (even allowing them to be as represented,) whose errors, at other times, you are so anxious to expose, †—what does this argue but the extreme weakness of your case, which has seldom been paralleled by many such in the world? And this is all you can adduce in behalf of your brilliant ancestry! For there is nothing else under this head deserving of a moment's attention.

I need not here again insist upon the complete taciturnity of our records and national annals of all descriptions, a fact which, of itself, so irresistibly disproves the existence of the heroes whose achievements you expatiate upon with so much complacency.

Having thus a second time cleared away the superfluous rubbish, I come to your undoubted ancestor, whom, after disclaiming, you are happy to receive from my hands, and admit into the bosom of your family.—"Læta domus nato post sæcula longa recepto!" This is Alan the rentaller,—the author of the noted testament in 1548,—the husband of Elizabeth Tait, daughter of Sir James the imaginary knight,

* Hist. Stat. p. 471.

† In order to falsify the theory of that same Crawford, of your being sprung from Castlemilk, you say in the first note to page 649, "See the foregoing history (of Renfrewshire) p. 127, where Mr Crawford speaks very vaguely if not erroneously on the subject."

* Hist. Stat. p. 470. † Ib. ib. ‡ Ib. ib.

who is at last discarded.* You style this Alan the son of a James Stuart of Daldue, (which last still labours under the miserable infatuation of supposing himself the spouse of a daughter of the Somervilles), and the brother of a certain Adam Stuart of Daldue, *I have indeed met with one "Adam Stuart in Daldue," about that period;* but that Alan was the son or brother of any one termed of Daldue, in other words, feudal proprietor of that small property, I absolutely deny. He could

have been no other, as indeed will ere long manifest, than the offspring of some honest, though moderate individual, who rentalled of the Prelate of Glasgow the pendicle of "Daldue Wester," and was the first of your race of whom much, or indeed any thing, is known.

His testament in 1548, which some enemy has told you is "*very similar to that of SIR WALTER SCOTT OF BUC-CLEUCH*, published by Walter Scott in his Border History!"† has already

* She was the daughter of an inconsiderable Fear, "David Tait," of whose land neither she nor her descendants could secure the possession. She attempted a litigation for that purpose, without success.

† I certainly observed, with no little surprise, the quotation of this will, by the Historian of the House of Allanton. It is a document with which I had long been acquainted, and which, indeed, I myself, some years ago, pointed out to the illustrious Editor of the Border History. Since, however, you insist on instituting a comparison between Sir Walter Scot of Branxholm, or Buccleuch, and Alan Stewart, let it be so. I suspect one result of the investigation may be, regret on your part that you should have put such a weapon into my hands. Let the rival chiefs move "*pari passu*" down the column.

WILL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT OF BUC-CLEUCH, KNIGHT, 1574.

"In the first, the said umquhile Walter had the gudis, geir, &c. under the management of his servants, upon his Domains of Bellanden, Buccleuch, Newart, Catslake, Branxholme, &c.

Twentie ane Queyis,
Twentie sax Stottis,
Twentie sax oxin,
Three bullis,
Threttie sax ky, wyt severale calvis,
Eight hundrethe ande fourte ane hoggis,
Threiteine hundrethe ande ninetie siven
schiep,
Twa Stirks,

Item in utencilis and domicilis, to the soume of ane hundrethe pundis.

Item the said umquhile Walter had in his ginals of Hassindene, Hawick, Branxholme, Quhytlaw, &c.

j^{xv} bollis of meale, jⁱⁱⁱ bollis of bier,
liii bollis of meale, v pekks of meale, xxv
bollis xi pekks malt, j^{lxxiv} bollis aittis,
lxxxiv bollis of beir, lxxxv bollis of aittis,
xxxix bollis aittis, xvi bollis of peis.

"*Followis the dettis awing to the Deid :*"

Imprimis—thair was awand be Williame Douglas of Cavarse, for ye rest of ane thousand merks, four hundrethe and threttie three pundis vi^o viiii.—Item be Cristiane Douglas, Lady Trowne, xi bollis victuale, half beir half malt, as for ye compositionie of hir teindis.

Item by William Fawsyd, for the fermes and teindis of ye barony of Ekfuide, fourteine bollis vittale, half mele half bier, be-

WILL OF ALLAN STUART IN ALLANTON, 1548.

"In the first, the saide umquhile Alane had the gudis, geir, &c. upon Auchtermuire.

ane Quey,
tua Stottis,
five oxin,
ane bull,
Tua ky, wyt foure modyrlesse calvis,
Twentie twa hoggis,
Threttie siven schiep,

Tua animales of tua yeirs,

Item in domicilis and utensilis, tua pundis.

In aittis sawin upone the grunde, xl bollis.
In barley sawin, iii bollis.

appeared in this Magazine;* and bears, in my humble opinion, no more likeness to that document, than the homely and rustic appearance of the worthy yeoman of Alcath-muir probably

did to the splendid arms and caparisons of the chivalrous hero of the borders

Χρυσα χαλκίωσ, εκατομβοί ινιαβωσ.

It really affords, I fear, but too clear an insight into the status in society of this

sides other rents payed by Tenants of that Barony, as well as by those at Hawick, Lempetlaw, Crukskelshiel, &c. &c. &c.

Soume of ye dettis awing to the deid,
j^m j^cxxxixⁱⁱ xiii³ iii⁴.
Soume of the Inventor wyt the dettis,
v^m viii^clxxxiiⁱⁱ xii³ iii⁴.

Soume of ye dettis awing to ye deid,
lxxx merkis.

Soume of ye Inventor wyt the dettis, besides the stocking on Auchtermuire not valued,
lxxx merkis and xl.

Followis the Dettis areand be the deid :

Item to ye Laird of Pharnybirst, for ye rest of his tocher gude, ane thousande pundis.

Item ye Larde of Johnestoune, for ye rest of his tocher gud, ane thousande and foure hundrethe merkis.

Item to Sir Johne Stevinsoune, Vicar Pensionar of ye forest kirke, for his pensionne of certane preceeding, lxxx merkis.—Item to Mr Thomas Westoune, as his particulre, compte-aucht hundrethe and fourtie score pund.—Item to Williame Moriesone, tailzeoure, for clathis making, xxxvⁱⁱ iii³,—to Thomas Scot, tailzeoure, in Edr. xljⁱⁱ,—to Janet Studeman in Hawick, for furnishing of ye plate, ane hundrethe twentie tua pundis,—To Hector Smyth in hawick, for schone to ye lardis horse, sexⁱⁱ xvijⁱⁱ vi⁴,—To Johne Hart, cuke in Edr. for his fic, twelf pund xii³,—to James Linlithgow, grief, xiiiⁱⁱ vii³ viii⁴,—to Adam Achesoune, Porter, aucht pundis,—to ye Gardner, sexⁱⁱ xiii³ iii⁴.

Item to YE GUDMAN yat is ye malt maker, and his Man, twentie pundis,—to ye tasker (with a great number payments to other servants, workmen, and dependants).

Soume of the dettis awing be the Deid,
jiii^m iii^c lxxxvijⁱⁱ iii⁴.
Restis of frie geir, dettis deducit,
j ii^j lxxxvⁱⁱ iii³.

Soume of the dettis awing be the deid,
xvⁱⁱ viii⁴ and j^c xxviiⁱⁱ viii⁴.

Restis of frie geir, dettis deducit,
Nathing.

Followis the Legacie and latter will :

“ At Hawick, the ellevint day of Aprile (1574) the quhilk day Walter Scot of Branzholme, knicht, maid, constitut, and ordanit, James, Erle of Mourtoune, Regent to our soverane, &c. tutor, governore, and gidar, to his barnes and wife; and failzeing him, Archibald, Erle of Angus; and under thame, Johne Johnestone of that ilk, and John Cranstoune of that ilk, and als maid, —Margaret Douglas, (of the Angus Family, and nearly related to the Regent,) his spouse, and his Barne, Margaret Scot, his executaris, testamentaris,” &c. &c.

“ I, Allan Stuart, appoint Elizabeth Tait, my wife, and James Douglas in Todhallis, my executaris.—Item I leyf to my wife my stedings that I haif of my Lorde Yester, &c. wyt all my gudis, movabill and immovabill, to be usit to the proffit and utilitie of herself, and Effame Stewart, my dochter.—Item I ordane Gawyne Stewart, my sone, to geyf Eufame, my dochter, xxⁱⁱ for geire yat I coupet to him in Edinbrucht, and ane gray horse,” &c. &c.

imaginary descendant of Bannerets and Kings—as well as but too just an estimate of the good things of this life dispensed to him by providence; to it, therefore, I will not recur, though I cannot repress a smile at the attempts to counteract its baneful effects, and even to make it subservient in establishing the greatness and consideration of Alan.* I shall now leave you in full possession of the precious muniment, happy, as your historian, in re-conveying it to its indubitable possessor.

We are now arrived at the very modern epoch of the middle of the sixteenth century; and after the strenuous and widely-extended researches, both public and private, which, ever since the date of my unhappy article, you have incessantly enforced, could it have been imagined that, again misled by romance, you should have pressed into your service a supposititious progenitor, *solely* to be commemorated in the singular episode that follows.

After Allan, you claim as your next ancestor, an “Adam Stewart,”

“During whose time, and that of the former (his father), the doctrines of the Reformation had made considerable progress in Scotland under George Wishart (who was put to death by order of Cardinal Beaton), and other popular leaders. Wishart was a *particular friend of the family*, and more than once escaped the pursuit of his enemies by *concealing himself at Allanton House*. The mode of conducting this dangerous, but friendly office, was curious. There was an apartment in the old tower of Allanton, formed out of the thickness of the wall; and when a friend or friends were to occupy it, they arrived during the night.

* He (Alan) attended Lord Yester, and the governor of the kingdom the Earl of Arran, anno 1547, in the army which was levied to repel the invasion by the English, under the Protector the Earl of Hertford.—Stat. p. 472.

Soon after Crawford's Peerage was published, there came out a “Letter to Mr George Crawford, (*the same already discussed*) concerning his book, entitled the Peerage of Scotland,” in which is this passage:

“Where you have discovered certain persons concerned in affairs of moment with the Douglasses, Hamiltons, &c. though some snarling persons may think it was much the same way as *Rob Roy at Perth*, or some of the *Voluntiers of the Butter-Guard of Edinburgh*, you ingeniously place, and mention them in the same list, with those uncontroverted great persons, and thereby render them equally august and respectable.”—Sett. p. 2.

A taylor, who was entrusted with the secret, was immediately set to work, with his back to the concealed door. There he mounted guard as long as it was found needful; and thus the prisoners were subsisted without the knowledge of the servants of the family. The faithful taylor's appetite, of course, seemed gigantic, but it is not recorded that any unlucky discovery was ever made.”—

“He had a son,” continues the narration, “James, who became his successor.”*

How, I repeat, are these facts ever to be instructed? You here force me, again to enlighten you as to your family, and accordingly I shall disclose the real descendants, and their condition in life, of the much misrepresented Alan. I may only here remind you, that the latter made his will in 1548; and besides Euphame, left a son, Gavin, to whom he bequeathed eighty-three marks, “to rentale him at my Lordis Glasguis' hand of five merk land of Daildowe Wester (ans) xxj. schilling in Mossplat.”

BARONY COURT OF GLASGOW, held by James the Archbishop, 14th of July, 1553.

Here follow the names of those who were entered as *rentallers* upon the books of the Barony.†

* GAWENE STEWART, SONE TO UMQUHILE ALANE STEWART is rentailit in three lib. vj. schilling viii. penny land in Daldowye vacande be ye deceisse of his forsaid father, last possessor thareof.”

[Then follow other obscure individuals, who take this opportunity of renewing their leases, among the rest “Ninane Haddock, in xij schilling vi. penny land in Westir Daldowye, be ye consent of Mergret haddock his sister, quha wes rentailit yeruntill,” &c. &c. &c.]

Again, Court of the Barony of Glasgow, &c. 22 April, 1558.

“Is rentailit JAMES STEWART, in vij. lib. viij. d. land in Daildowye,

* Hist. Stat. p. 473.

† “Jacobus Archiepiscopus. Sequuntur nomina Rentellatorum in Baronia de Glasgow, decimo quarto Julii, 1553.” The rest in our native language, as in the text. The parcel, or pertinent of Daldowye, as also Mossplat (which the family did not continue to rental), were let of to several tenants. *Rentall-book of the Barony of Glasgow.*

vacand be decess of GAWINE STEWART, HIS FATHER, MARIOUNE LOKERT, HIS MOTHER, brukand conforme to ye licence grantit oure to him be ws off befor."

[Then, as formerly, the names of the other rentallers, &c.—And upon 3 January, 1563, Walter Scott, by consent of Ninain Haddock, is rentalld xvj. schilling land there also.*]

By these notices your family obviously were increasing in their means; for, instead of a five, or something more than a six merk land, they now aspire to a seven pound land.

Farther, that this last James, *the "intimate friend of the celebrated John Knox,"*† (though Dr M'Crie is unfortunately ignorant of the circumstance) as his *supposititious* father had been of the great Wishart,—was not an only son, as is alleged in your statement, but had a brother Alan also, a rental-ler entirely suppressed, is proved by a retour still preserved on record, dated 25 of October, 1608, finding "Alan Stuart in Garbat Hill, Brother German of the deceased James Stewart in Allanton, nearest agnate, and consequently lawful tutor, to Elizabeth, his infant daughter."‡

An era, however, is at length to dawn in the person of James, no longer *rentaller*, but now *feuar* of Daldue Wester. "This event occurred upon the 22d of December, 1598, when a Royal Charter, the first expedé by your family, passed the Great Seal, giving, granting, and disposing to him

* It is inaccurately stated in my other article, that "the eventual fate of Gawin and Eupham" was uncertain, this remark of course being only applicable to the latter.

† "James was an intimate friend of the celebrated John Knox, whose bold character he admired, and whose doctrines he zealously promoted. By Knox he was introduced to the Earl of Argyle and the Earl of Murray, misnamed "The Good Regent." He enjoyed, as it was said, much of his confidence, and, *in fact*, became one of the most active partizans of that daring nobleman. At the battle of Langside, ann. 1568, (where the unfortunate Queen Mary was defeated,) James commanded under him a troop of horse, and, *by vigorously repulsing the van-guard of the enemy*, gaining, before they could come up, the Hill of Langside, he greatly contributed to the success of the action.

‡ Register Office.

Inq. de Tutel, No 134.

and Helen Somerville his spouse, in life rent, and to his eldest son James, and the heirs male of his body, IN FEU the five mark land of Daldowie, lying in the Barony of Glasgow;—in return for which he is to pay annually to the Crown the sum of 57 shillings, four bolls, two firlots as-stricted multure of oats, one firlot as-stricted multure of wheat, two bolls and two firlots as horse-corn, &c. &c. and, in this charter, these lands are said formerly to have been OCCUPIED by him.*

Likeways in the "rentale of the temporalitie of Kirklands," enumerating the various feu-duties payable by the new feuars, it is stated, that the lands of "Daldoue Wester" were in that very year "set in feu" to him for 57s. 6d. &c.

Soon afterwards, their interest in Daldue passed away into other hands. Hence, of this pretended "BARONY of Daldue,"—this actual pertinent or parcel of the barony of Glasgow, which has been "more than 300 years" in the family,"†—which "Sir John Stewart of Bonkill bestowed upon Sir Robert, his son, before the year 1298,‡" your family never possessed, in any shape, more than the pendicle Daldue Wester.

Somerville then, upon the whole, I should imagine, has been pretty correct in his delineations of your family. Nor is he singular in his opinions. You would have obtained much the same information from old Duncan Stewart (occasionally quoted by you when it suits your argument), who not very inaccurately says, that "*Allan Stewart*" was the first who settled in Auchtermure, upon lands which he "IMPROVED THERE."§ When the former, therefore, talks of Sir Walter Stuart of Allanton (the grandson of the last James) as descended from ordinary *feuars* (a milder term, surely, than he might have employed), it is with as great justice as when, upon another occasion, he styles him "the GOODMAN of Allanton;" for this actually was his appropriate designation, and not, as Candidus has assumed, equally applied to the Somervilles, as the Par-

* Reg. Mag. Sig. Lib. 42. No 224.

† Hist. Stat. p. 476.

‡ Candidus, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No IV. p. 349.

§ Duncan Stewart's Hist. p. 199.

liamentary Records of the age, the best of all authorities, indisputably evince. In no one instance is Somerville of Drum, there otherwise alluded to than as "Drum,"* or "Simmervell of Drum;"† but who figures upon the committee of war for the county of Lanark, 24th of July 1644, but the worthy knight, under the special epithet of the "GOODMAN OF ALLANTON"‡ and almost immediately after, one of the last of the old line of the barons of Cambusnethan, "Sir James Somerville."‡

I have now, I conceive, established my position. The genealogy of your family, subsequent to 1500, is abundantly clear; all previous is involved in obscurity. You have not a vestige of an authority to connect them with the house of Bonkill, as little to authenticate Sir Robert, the hero of Dundalk, or the numerous worthies his successors.

Much of the enlivening anecdote that embellished the lucubrations of Candidus is very judiciously retrenched in the new statement: the scene in change-house of Cambusnethan, with its "exhilarating claret;"§ the fable of "the lion," &c.—though we have in their place the story of "the Tailor," and an interesting anecdote of Oliver Cromwell. || But what are we to think of the assertion (though now rather hesitatingly persisted in), that "Sir Allan, the banneret," acquired, after 1421, directly from the house of Aberbrothock, and not from the Hays of Yester, "lands to a considerable extent" in Athcote-mure; or that he had made the acquisition before that noble family had come thither; and that it was not until *Lord Hay* of Yester, some years after, that is, subsequent to 1487 (for they were only then ennobled), became the first military vassal under that religious institution," that your ancestors be-

gan to hold of him, and were then, forsooth, precipitated to the level of his tenantry.* In refutation of which, I shall only quote one single authority.

"Inquest held at Lanark, in presence of David Hamilton, sheriff of Lanarkshire, last day of September 1432, composed of many persons of note, among whom are Alexander Lockhart of Lec, William Carmichael of that ilk; who declare upon their oath, that the late William Hay (of Yester), the father of the then existing Sir Thomas (of Yester), died duly in feist in the lands of Ethcatmoor, in that county; and that the latter is his nearest and lawful heir in the said lands, which his family held blanch of the house of Aberbrothock."†

The Hays then were their direct military vassals long before 1432; and your ancestors can only be proved to have settled there sometime earlier than 1547, at which time, as I have already shewn, Alan Stewart bequeaths the liferent of all the "steddings" which he had of Lord Yester in Auchtermure (afterwards included under the more comprehensive name of Allanton), to Elizabeth Tait, his spouse.

As to the fact of your supposed original grant from Aberbrothock having been "destroyed by fire,"‡—the grant by Robert the Second, at Lochmaben Castle, of the lion passant to Allan the banneret, as an honorary augmentation,§—"the Irish expedition,"—and the feeble attempt to prove the existence of the "BATTLE OF MORNINGSIDE," now, however, dwindled into a mere foraging skirmish, &c. &c.,—I must indeed, for the present, wave their discussion, because, to use the words of your old antagonist, "I AM REALLY TIRED OF PURSUING (YOUR SUBJECT) THROUGH SUCH A VARIETY OF ERRONEOUS STATE-

* *Ib.* p. 471, note.

† "Inquisitio facta apud Lanark, coram Davidi de Hamiltone vicecomitem, ejusdem ultimo die mensis Septembris, anno Domini millesimo cccc tricesimo secundo, per nos fideles homines subscriptos, &c.—*qui jurati* dicunt, quod quondam Willielmus de Hay, pater Thome de Hay militis—obiit ultimo vestitus et saisitus ut de feodo ad pacem et fidem domini nostri regis, de terris de Ethcatmoor—infra vicecomitatum de Lanark; et dicunt quod dictus Thomas est legitimus et propinquior hæres ejusdem quondam patris sui dicunt quod tenentur de abbate de Abberbrothok—nomine albe firme." *Aberbrothock Chartul. maj. fol. 396. Ad. Lib.*

‡ *Hist. Renf. Stat.* p. 470, note.

§ *Ib.* p. 470. Candidus, *Mag. No IV.* p. 351.

* Rescinded Acts. † *Ib.* 2d Feb. 1646.

‡ *Ib.* From Sir James, the younger brother of Sir Walter Stuart of Allanton, descended the knightly family of Coltness and their cadets; men who, as Andrew Stewart has justly observed, "would have reflected honour upon any line of ancestry." They have opened up and enlarged various spheres of useful knowledge, and proved, in many great and public situations, eminently serviceable to their king and their country.

§ Candidus, *Mag. No V.* p. 350. *Ib.* p. 349. *Ib.* p. 51.

|| *Hist. Renf. Stat.* p. 475.

MENTS AND UNFOUNDED CONJECTURES."* To every person who has the smallest knowledge of history, antiquity, or law, I feel abundantly satisfied, the point is self-evident. I have proved, that all your claims of connexion with the house of Bonkill, and all the achievements of the earlier ancestors, of whom you are pleased to suppose yourself the descendant, are "baseless as the fabric of a vision:" that of them, and all their doings, every record and every tradition is silent, excepting only one modern record of modern traditions, one garrulous compilation—the *MS. History of the Family*. The whole superstructure which has been erected, resembles that gorgeous but unsubstantial palace in the Oriental tale, which was raised by the power of the African necromancer, and which, on the first application of the more effectual magic of THE LAMP, vanished into thin air, and left the site of its flimsy splendours in all the original nakedness of the uninhabited desert. Should I feel disposed to take any farther notice of this unpromising subject, the recent matriculation and notices of your family in the Lyon Register might supply me with abundant materials; and a few remarks upon the present practice of that court might furnish no inapt termination to such a disquisition as the present. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. R.

Edin. 111, George Street, July 6, 1818.

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS.

[We are indebted for the following lively communication to a French gentleman now on a visit to this city, who has kindly undertaken, on his return to France, to furnish us with occasional articles relative to Continental manners, life, and literature.]

VOULEZ vous, disait Rivarol, vous établir dans le monde, la reputation d'un homme d'esprit, commencez par dire partout vous même, que vous êtes un homme d'esprit. D'abord le monde se moquera de vous, mais soyez sur

* And. Stew. Supp. to Gen. Hist. of Stew. p. 106. The editor of the History of Renfrewshire describes the article of Allanton as one "much more perfect and curious than is usually to be found amidst the inherent sameness of genealogical disquisition." p. 476.

qu'après fort peu de tems, on finira par vous croire et par répéter après vous, qu'en effet vous êtes un homme d'infiniment d'esprit. L'homme est ainsi fait; en dépit de son orgueil, en dépit de ses prétentions à une haute Sagesse, il est presque constamment gouverné à son insçu par les idées les plus extravagantes et les plus absurdes. Des nos premières années l'erreur nous assiege et nous presse de tous côtés et plus nous avançons dans la vie, plus l'empire de l'erreur s'étend et s'aggrandit. De là dans les uns, une espèce de découragement, dans les autres, une paresse d'esprit, qui les dispose à adopter comme vraies, toutes les opinions ridicules et absurdes qu'ils trouvent établies dans le monde. Il est peu, très peu de ces âmes courageuses et independantes, qui osent secouer, les chaines de l'opinion pour se créer une opinion qui leur appartienne en propre. Aussi voyez de tous cotés combien le vérité a de peine à se faire jour: les notions les plus simples trouvent encore aujourd'hui un grand nombre d'incrédules; les vérités les plus frappantes ne sont des vérités que pour le petit nombre. En dépit de Fénelon, d'Adam Smith et de Say, la masse non éclairée des Français croit encore que le malheur des Anglais fait sa prospérité, et la masse non éclairée des Anglais croit que la prospérité de la France est la ruine de l'Angleterre. Les gouvernements ont bien un certain intérêt à entretenir ces fausses idées; les nations seraient trop fortes si elles s'entendaient, et les gouvernements n'aiment pas que les peuples soient trop forts et trop éclairés. On conçoit aisément toutes ces petites manœuvres des gouvernants pour separer les peuples les uns des autres, mais ce qu'on a peine à concevoir, c'est l'avenglement des particuliers, qui, soit par calcul, soit par ignorance, contribuent à nourrir cette haine mutuelle. Si le General Pillet publie contre l'Angleterre un ouvrage aussi insipide que faux, bientôt un noble Anglais s'élève de la tribune nationale, pour renvoyer contre les Français les mêmes absurdités et les mêmes faussetés. J'aime à croire pour l'honneur des individus que je viens de mentionner que leurs écrits et leurs discours étaient un effet de leur conviction intérieure. Que le General Pillet n'ait pas connu l'Angleterre, cela se conçoit aisément, sa position et peut être son

caractère étaient un titre d'exclusion. Mais les auteurs des nombreux pamphlets, des nombreuses satyres contre les Français ont ils les mêmes excuses à faire valoir : ont ils été en position de voir la société Française, — ont ils fait tout ce qu'ils ont pu pour y parvenir, — sont ils restés assez long temps en France — y sont ils allés munis des connaissances préparatoires nécessaires — savaient ils même la langue de pays qu'ils voulaient juger ? Voilà les questions que je me fais quand je lis les ouvrages publiés sur la France. J'ai vu à Paris quelques uns de ces juges qui font profession de mépriser la France, et j'ai souri de pitié en écoutant leurs impertinentes conclusions. Un Anglais arrive à Paris. Des les premiers jours il s'aperçoit que la connaissance qu'il a de la langue n'est pas suffisante pour lui, permettre de voir la société. Pour sévirer quelque peine il se loge précisément ou on pourra le comprendre c'est à dire où on a acquis par la profession d'un groom et d'un jockey Anglais le droit de lui faire payer douze francs ce qui n'en vaut que six. Là il rencontre une douzaine d'autres individus de sa nation. Les fripons, qui dans toutes les grandes villes affluent partout où ils peuvent exercer leur industrie, s'apercevant de l'arrivée de quelques étrangers commencent à les circonvenir. Chacun prend ses rôles : celui ci est un noble émigré, pauvre, mais noble comme son épée, celle ci est la veuve d'un officier général ; une autre est une jeune comtesse royaliste par principe, et qui se trouve très honorée de recevoir chez elle les braves alliés, les puissants protecteurs de la légitimité. Les messieurs ont de l'esprit et de la tournure, les dames du gout et de la beauté. On se lie, on se visite. Les dames sont jolies et l'Anglais convaincu de leur belle éducation et de leur illustre naissance voit là un excellent criterium pour juger du pays ou il se trouve. On Conçoit qu'après avoir été volé au jeu par les hommes abandonné par les belles dames, il ne doit pas rapporter chez lui une idée très favorable de ce qu'il appelle notre société ; et c'est malheureusement presque toujours ce genre de société que voient les étrangers et ils se laissent tromper comme le seroient les Français eux-mêmes. Un de mis amis, un Anglais vient un jour me voir, et mi prie instamment de l'accompagner

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à une ball qui se donnait le lendemain soir Rue du Faubourg St Honoré chez Madame la Baronne De —. Elle l'avait prie d'amener quelques personnes de sa connaissance, certaine disait elle, que ses amis ne pouvaient qu'honorer la plus brillante société du monde, et ajoutant à cela une foule d'autres choses charmantes qui avaient tourné la tête de mon jeune ami d'autant plus aisément que la Comtesse De —. sa niece semblait confirmer d'un coup d'œil tout ce que disait la tante. Je l'y accompagna curieux de voir un peu cette société que je croyais déviner. J'arrive. Nous trouvons une antichambre garni de valets chamarés d'or : on nous fait l'accueil le plus agréable. La compagnie étoit brillante ; trois salons au bout l'un de l'autre et très magnifiquement meublés. Il y avait quelques Françaises, fort peu de jeunes gens Français et un grand nombre d'Anglais et d'Anglaises. J'observais tout en silence. La réunion des Anglais me parut parfaitement choisie, mon ami Anglais en connaissait beaucoup, et je vis qu'en effet ils étaient de la meilleure compagnie. Les jeunes Français ne me parurent pas si bien, et les dames me déplurent tout à fait, je cherchais en vain, à deviner ce qu'elles étaient : je voyois bien qu'elles avaient une masque, mais je ne pouvais lever ce masque. Il y avait cependant deux demoiselles que j'avais une léger idée d'avoir vues quelque part sans pouvoir m'expliquer où je les avait vues. Elles étaient fort gracieuses assez bonnes muciennes, chantaient passablement quelques seguidillas, et on aurait pu les prendre pour des personnes, assez comme il faut, sans un regard à demi audacieux, à demi embarrassé qui me frappa. Le lendemain je voulus savoir dans quel genre de société je métais trouvé, j'allai à la découverte et j'appris que la Baronne De — portait en effet ce titre dans le monde, mais qu'elle était repoussée de toutes les bonnes sociétés qui la regardaient comme une intrigante et une femme de mauvaises mœurs. Que cependant elle avait conservé un reste d'éclat de maison, grâce a une nouvelle niece, qui depuis peu était venue habiter chez elle et dont personne ne savait clairement l'historique, et grâce surtout à une academie de jeu fréquentée par tous les joueurs les plus effrénés de Paris. Quant à mes deux petites dem-

oiselles le hasard me montra deux jours après ce qu'elles étaient. C'était deux jolies petites personnes qui recevaient l'argent derrière le comptoir d'un des grands cafés de Paris. Voilà en général les gens d'après les quels les étrangers jugent Paris. Leurs ouvrages representent assez bien les sociétés qu'ils ont vues, mais sont-ce là des sociétés? Les seuls hommes qui pourraient être a même de juger les Français sont les savants, les chymistes, les mathématiciens, les astronomes, les minéralogistes. Ceux-ci voient en effet les meilleures sociétés, mais les savants au lieu d'écrire sur les hommes des brochures qui passent écrivent sur les choses des ouvrages qui restent.

J. A. B.

HORÆ CAMBRICÆ.

No I.

[WE have the pleasure of announcing to our readers, a series of Essays, Translations, &c. illustrative of the history, antiquities, and literature of Wales, by the same distinguished scholar whose version of the Tale of Ivan appeared in a late Number of this Magazine. The materials which he has already placed in our hands, enable us to promise our readers a supply of far more copious and curious information, respecting these very obscure and interesting subjects of research, than has ever been laid before the English public.]

SOME OF THE TRIADS OF THE ISLAND
OF BRITAIN,

Taken from the MS. of the late Rev. Mr Richards of Llanegwad, in the Vale of Towy, by Edward Williams, bard and antiquary, and printed in the Welsh Archæology. The copy, at the time of its transcript, was in the possession of the Rev. T. Wallers of Llondoch, Glamorgan-shire, to whom it had been lent.

Those that seem to throw light upon the early history of the Britons, are the only ones here selected.

[“ THE Triads may be considered amongst the most valuable and curious productions preserved in the Welsh language, and they contain a great number of memorials of the remarkable events that took place among the ancient Britons. Unfortunately, however, they are entirely deficient with respect to dates; and, considered singly, they are not well adapted to pre-

serve the connexion of history, yet a collection of Triads, combined together as these are, condense more information into a small compass, than is to be accomplished by any other method; and consequently, such a mode of composition is superior to all others, for the formation of a *system of tradition*. A system which was matured to the highest state of perfection under the Bardic Institution, and which was applied to the purpose of preserving every kind of knowledge and science.

These historical Triads are not to be considered as the productions of any one individual, or of any one period of time; but an accumulation formed successively by national concurrence, as the various events appeared and became recognised in public observation; therefore some of them are extremely ancient; others record many things which happened within the scope of the ordinary tract of history; and some even to as late a period as the 12th century.

Copies of these, generally varying in the extent of the collections, abound in a great number of our old manuscripts.*]

1. THREE names were imposed from the beginning on this island of Britain: Before it was inhabited it was called *Clas Merddyn*, † i. e. the sacred enclosure of Merdynn; and after it was occupied, it was styled the Honey Island, (*y Fel-ynys* ‡;) and after it had been reduced under government by *Prydain*, the son of *Aedd* the Great, it had the name of *Prydain* §. And none have a just right to it but the nation of the *Cumry*, because they first took possession of it; and before that no human being lived in it, but it was full of bears, wolves, bévers, and *buffaloes*. (*Ychen bannog*, the lofty oxen.)

2. Three original regions of the island of Britain, *Cumry*, *Lloegr*, and the *Alban*; and the privilege of sovereignty of right belonged to each of

* Preface to the second volume of the *Archæology of Wales*.

See also Mr Sharon Turner's *Vindication of the genuineness of the Welsh Bards*, &c.

† *Merddyn*, literally man of the sea.

‡ *Taliesyn* calls it *Ynys Fel Beli*; the Honey Island of *Beli*, a name of the sun, syn. with *Apollo*.

§ *Prydain*, another epithet of the sun, as some say.

them. And they are governed under a monarchy, and the law of the country, because of the regulation of Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great. And the nation of the Cumry have the right to appoint the monarch, according to the law of the country and the nation, from original privilege and right: And under the protection of this regulation, regal government is of right due to every region in the island of Britain, but under the protection of the law of the country of every regal government. For that reason it is said in the proverb, 'The country is stronger than the Lord.'

3. The three pillars of civil government in the island of Britain, the law of the country, regal government, and the office of the judge, because of the regulation of Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great.

4. The three pillars of the nation of the island of Britain; the first, (Hu,) pronounced Hee, the Powerful, who conducted the nation of the Cumry first into the island of Britain, and from the summer country, Giralad yr Haf, called Deffrobani, they came, where Constantinople is; and through the German ocean, (Mor Tawch, the sea of Fogor Exhalation,) they came to the island of Britain and Llydaw, (Little Britain in France,) where they abode. The second, Prydain, the son of Aedd the Great, who brought civil and regal government first into Britain; and before that, there was no right but what was done out of kindness, and no law but the law of the strongest. The third, Dyfnwal Moel-mud, and he first imposed regulation on laws, and constitutions, and customs, and the privileges of country and nation, and for these things they were called the three pillars of the nation of the Cumry.

5. Three gentle races of the island of Britain; the first were the nation of the Cumry, who came with Hu the Mighty to the island of Britain; that is, he wished not to possess a country and territories through fighting and contention, but through justice and peace. The second race were the *Lloegrwys*, (probably the men from the Banks of the Liger, or Loire) from the land of Gascony, and they were derived from the original race of the Cumry. The third were the Brython, or Britons, and from the land of Bretagne or Armorica they

came, and their descent was from the original race of the Cumry. And the three *peaceable races* are they stiled, because they came with the free consent of each other, in peace and tranquillity. And these three races were derived from the original nation of the Cumry, and the three were of the same tongue and language.

6. Three races for protection came into the island of Britain (Cuidowd Nowdd), and with the peace and consent of the nation of the Cumry they came, without weapon or blow; the first was the race of the *Celyddon*, the Caledonians in the north. The second was the race of the *Gwyddyl* (the Irish or Gael), and in the Alban they are. (The Alban I take to be properly the *Highlands* of Scotland.) The third were the men of *Galedin*, who came in ships without sails to the Isle of Wight (Llongau maelion), when their country was inundated, and had a grant of land from the nation of the Cumry; and they had no right of claim in the island of Britain, only the land, and protection given them under limits, and the rights of genuine Cumry they could not acquire till the ninth generation.

7. Three races of *violence* (Ciwldawd Ormes) came to the island of Britain, and they never went from it. The first were the *Corranians* (y Corran-iaid), who came from the country of *Pwyl* (perhaps Polland.) The second were the *Gwyddyl Frichti* (the Irish Picts), who came to Alban through the Sea of Norway (*Llychlyn*.) The third were the Saxons. The place where the Corranians are, is *about* (am) the River Humber, and the shores of the German Ocean (Mor Tawch) and in the Alban are the Picts, on the shores of the sea of Norway; and the Corranians and Saxons became one, and united together, and they deprived the *Lloegrwys* of the royalty by force and conquest; and afterwards they took away the crown of the monarchy from the nation of the Cumry; and there are none of the *Lloegrwys* who did not become Saxons, except those who are found in Cornwall, and in the commot of Carnoban, in Deivyr and Bryneich (the *Deira* and *Bernicia* of Bede.) And the original race of the Cumry preserved their country and language, but they lost the sovereignty of the island of Britain, because of the treachery of the

races who came for protection, and the devastation of the three races of violence.

8. Three races of violence came into the island of Britain, and went out of it again. The first were the *Llychlynnwys*, (Llychlyn, by its etymology, seems to mean the Baltic; and then the Llychlynnwys must signify the inhabitants round the Baltic, who arrived *after* Urb with the mighty host had collected an army of 61,000 horse and foot, being the choice men of the Cumry; and these Llychlynnwys were driven out by the Cumry in the third generation after they had come, and pursued over the sea to the country of Almaen (to Germany.) The second were the armies of Canval, the Gwythelian (or Irishman), who came to North Wales, and remained there 29 years, till they were driven into the sea by Caswallon, the son of Beli, the son of Mynogan. (This seems to be the Cassivellaunus of Cæsar. The third were the *Caisariaid* (the Cæsarians), who continued by force in this island during 400 years, till they returned to the country of Rome to make a stand against violent inroads of the black desolators* (yr Ormes ddu), and they never came back to the island of Britain. And from that time none of them remained in this island, except women and little children under nine years of age, and these in time became Cumry.

9. Three invasions, by treachery, of the island of Britain; the first, that of the *Red Gwythelians* (or Irish from Ireland); the second, the Llychlynays; the third, the Saxons. *They* came into this island with the peaceable leave and consent of the nation of the Cumry, and in the protection of God and his truth, and under the protection of the country and the nation; and they set upon the Cumry by treachery and villany, and stole from them what they could of the dominions of the sovereignty of the island of Britain, and they confederated together in England (Lloegr) and Alban, where they remain to this hour; and this happened in the time of Gwrtheyrn Gurthenen (Vortigern).

14. Three emigrating hosts went from the island of Britain; the first came that which went with Ur ab Erin (so is the name here), with the nume-

rous host of Llychlyn, (William Owen Pughe says that he came from Scandinavia to demand assistance for the northern Cimbri) in the time of Gaidial ab Erin, to demand assistance from this island, under a vow, that he would ask no more from each leading, or chief city, than the number which he should bring along with him into it; and that he would bring only one with him into the first city, that is, himself and his servant Mathatto *Faur* (the Great); that from that he was to have two; from the next city four; from the third eight; from the fourth sixteen; and so on, an equal number to what he brought from every other city; till in the last city, it was found that an equal number was not to be had in the whole island. And with him went 61,000; nor could he have more, in all the island, of men of strength, because they left none behind them except children and old men. And this Ur ab Erin, of the mighty host, was the completest enlister of troops ever known; and it was from want of consideration, and under the engagement of an indispensable promise, that the nation of the Cumry gave him leave; for it was from hence that the Corranians had room to make their oppressive invasion into this island. And of those soldiers none ever returned, nor any of their race of descendants; for they went out with the design of invasion and conquest, as far as the Sea of Greece; and they live there, in the land of Galas and Avena, to this day, and in time became Grecians.

The second emigrating and conquering host were led by Caswallawn ab Beli ab Manogan, and Gwenwynwyn and Gwanar, the sons of Lliaws ab Nwyvre, and Arianrod, the daughter of Beli, their mother. And from the sloping lands of Galedin (the Netherlands, says W. O. Pughe), and from Esyllwg (Monmouthshire and part of Herefordshire—these seem to be that noble race called the *Silures*, by Tacitus), and from the united descendants of the Bylenwys (the men of Bologne), they originally came, and their number was 61,000. And they went with Caswallawn, their uncle, in pursuit of the *Cæsarians* over the sea, till they came to the land of the Gauls of Llydaw (Armorica), who were of the honourable race of the Cumry. And neither they, nor any of their posterity

* The Black Huns.

ty, ever returned hither; but they remained behind in the country of Gascony, where they are to this time. And the Cæsarians first came to this island for the purpose of taking vengeance for that violent invasion.

The third emigrating and conquering host were led from this island by Elen, with the mighty host, and Conan, her brother, the lord of Meiriadoc, as far as Llydaw, where they received lands, and wealth, and sovereignty, from the Emperor Maxen (Maximus), for supporting him against the men of Rome. And these men sprung from the land of Meiriadoc (in North Wales), and from the land of Seisullwg, and from the land of Gower and Gorwenydd (the sea-coast of Glamorganshire); and none of them ever returned, but stayed in Llydaw, and in Ystre Gyfaclwg, and governed there. And on account of this military emigration, the nation of the Cumry became weak, and deficient in armed men, until the Gwythelian Piets overpowered and harassed them. And the Saxons, seeing the weakness of the Cumry, turned traitors and oppressors by confederating with the Gwddelian Piets, and other false men, and depriving them of their lands, and of their right and crown. And these are called the three violent and injurious expeditions of the Cumry; and they are also called the three monied hosts, because they took with them the gold and silver, as far as they could find them, by deceit, craft, and robbery, whether by consent or force. And the three *unwise armaments* they were also called, because thereby this island was so much weakened, that an opportunity was given to the three violent inroads, those of the Corriarians, Cæsarians, and Saxons.

15. The three violent and oppressive nations confederated together, and from thence they became one desolating army that took from the country their right, and crown, and lands: the first was the Corriarians, and they confederated with the Cæsarians till they became one: and the second of the three were the Cæsarians: the third was the Saxon nation, and they confederated together with the other two against the Cumry: and this was from God, to punish them for the three violent irruptions they had made abroad, because they could not in justice be borne with.

16. The three original tribes of the nation of the Cumry: the Gwenhwyson, that is the men of Esyllwg (Silures, the Gwenhwyson are the people of Gwent, *alias* Rwentllwg, whose capital was *Venta Silurum*; and their dialect was called the Gwenhwyseg. See Dr Davies's Diction. sub voce). Y Gwyndydiaid, the men of Gwynedd, and Powyss; and the race of Pendaran Dyfed, and Gwyt, and Neredigion: and each of them are perfect masters of the Welsh language: (or the latter, Gwyr Ceredigion, are superior masters of the Welsh to any of the others.)

17. The three monarchs *by oath* of the Island of Britain. One, Caswallawn ab Llud ab Beli ab Mynogan; second, Caradawc ab Bran ap Llyr Llediaith; the third, Owain ap Maxen Wledig.

20. The three treacherous conferences of the Island of Britain. The conference or meeting of Awarwy ap Llud with the men of destruction, who gave place on land to the Romans in this island, on the marrow-green point of the Isle of Daned, and no more; from thence, in the end, the Romans gained the Island of Britain; the second was the meeting of the nobles of the Cumry and the Saxon chiefs, who promised friendliness (Ardelwyddiaid y Saeson) on the mountain of Caer Caradawc (Salisbury Plain), whence arose the treachery of the long knives, by the connivance of Gwrtheyrn Garthenau: for it was by his contrivance, and the secret purpose of the Saxons, that nearly all the nobles of the Cumry were there massacred. The third was the meeting of Medrod and Iddog Corn Prydain, and their men, in Nanliwyvain, where a plot was formed against Arthur, whereby the Saxons gained strength in the island.

21. Three chief traitors of the Island of Britain. Afarwy ap Lludd ap Beli the Great invited Julius Cæsar and the Romans into this island, and caused the invasion of the Romans: for he and his accomplices offered themselves to be guides to the men of Rome, and they received from them a pension of gold and silver every year; and from hence came the necessity upon the men of this island to pay a yearly tribute of 3000 of silver, or to money the Romans, till the time of Owain and Maxen the emperor: he omitted to pay that tribute, and under the pretence of acquiescing in that non-pay-

ment, the Romans drew out the best troops of the Britons, and sent them into the country of Arabia, and other distant regions, and they never returned. And even the Romans who were in Britain retired to Italy, until there were none of them left except women and little children: and thus were the Britons weakened, so that they could not make a stand against the inroads and oppression of their enemies for want of men and strength. The second was Gwrtheyrn Curthenan, who, after murdering Constantine (Cystenyn) the blessed, and seizing the crown of the island through violence and spoil, invited the Saxons into this island to be his defenders and guards; and gave his hand to Alis Rhonwen, the daughter of Hengist; and he gave the crown of the island to the son he had by her, whose name was Cotta; for which reason the kings of London are called the children of Alis (Plant Alis). On account of this Gwrtheyrn, the Cumry lost their lands, their rights, and their crown, in England. The third was Medrod ap Llew ap Cyvefarch, when Arthur left the government of the Island of Britain under his protection, while he was marching against the emperor in Rome (where there was no emperor at that time); then Medrod took the crown from Arthur through force and rapine; and, in order to keep it, he confederated with the Saxons; and for that reason, the Cumry lost the crown of England, and the sovereignty of the Island of Britain.

From the Hergest Copy of the Triads.

IV. Three principal rivers of the island of Britain: The Thames (Tain), the Severn (Saffren), the Humber (Hymyr). (In the South Wales copy this triad is the 66th, and runs thus: "Severn in Wales, Tain* in England, and the Humber in Deifyr and Bryneich.")

The principal cities are twenty-eight, that is to say,

1	Caer Aklwyd	Dunbarton.
2	C. Evrog	York.
3	C. Geint	Canterbury.
4	C. Wrangon	Worcester.
5	C. Lundain	London.
6	C. Lirion	Leicester.
7	C. Golun	Colchester.
8	C. Loyw	Glocester.
9	C. Serit†	Cerencester, if so.
10	C. Went	Winchester.
11	C. Went†	On the way to Aust Passage.
12	C. Grant	Cambridge.
13	C. Dawri	Dorchester, Oxon.

* Llyntain, the lake of Tain.

† Query Ceri? ‡ Venta Silurum.

|| Dawn in Renn.

14	C. Vyrtaoet	Lincoln.
15	C. Vyrnach*	Wroxeter.
16	C. Faddur	
17	C. Gorgyrn	
18	C. Lleon	Chester.
19	C. Selmion	
20	C. Gorgorn	
21	C. Mygit	
22	C. Lysidit	
23	C. Peris	Portchester.
24	C. Caer Llion	Caerleon on Usk.
25	C. Weir	Warwick.
26	C. Caradoc	Salisbury.
27	C. Widawlwir	
28	C. Esc	Exeter.

Some MS. books reckon seven more Caers: C. Lyn. C. Flawydd, C. Gei, C. Fyrddin, C. Arfon, C. Ennarawd, C. Faddon.

VII. Three prime seats of the tribes of the island of Britain: Arthur,† the head sovereign, in Caerleon on Usk; Dewi the head bishop, and Maclown of Gwynedd the head elder.

Arthur, the head sovereign in Penrhyn Rhionydd in the North; Cyndeyrn Garthwys the head bishop, and Garthmwl Wledig the head elder.

From the South Wales Copy.

62. The three archbishops of the island of Britain: The first, Landaff, from the gift of Lleirwg ap Coel ap Cyllin, who first gave lands and privileges to those who had engaged themselves to be of the faith of Christ; the second was York, from the gift of Constantine the emperor, for he was the first of the Roman emperors who pledged himself to the faith of Christ; the third London, by the gift of Maxen the emperor. After that, the chief seats were Caerleon on Usk, Gelliwig in Cornwall, and Caer Rhionydd in the North. And now they are Mynyw (St David's), York, and Canterbury.

64. Three prime seats of the tribes of the island of Britain: One, Caerleon on Usk, and there Arthur is the head sovereign (Pen-rhailk the head-oath on law), Dewi the saint, ap Cunedda Wledig, head bishop, and Maclgwn of Gwynedd, the head elder. The second is Gelliwig in Cornwall, and there also Arthur is head sovereign, Bedwini the head bishop, and Caradog, with the brawny arm, the head elder; and the third is Penrhyn Rhionydd in the North, and there also Arthur is head sovereign, and Cyndeyrn Garthwys the

* Urnach, Uriconium.

† Arthur was undoubtedly a mythological being, and is to be identified with the sun. There may have been a prince who gave himself that title, after that of the Deity he adored, but the bards of the oldest period scarcely mention him.

head bishop, and Gierthmwl Wledig the head elder.

65. Three privileged harbours in the island of Britain: The harbour of Perth Ysgewin in Gwent, and the harbour of Gwygyt in Mona, and the harbour of Perth Gwyddne in Cardiganshire.

66. Three presenters of benefits, i. e. benefactors to the nation of the Cumry: The first, Hugadarn, who first shewed the way to the nation of the Cumry to plow the land, when they were in the summer country, before they came hither: The second, Coll ap Coll Frewi, who first introduced wheat and barley to this island of Britain, where till then there were only oats and rye: The third was Elltud the knight, a saint from the cathedral of Theodosius in Glamorganshire, who improved the mode of plowing the land, and who gave them a better method and art of managing their land than they knew before; that is the same that now prevails; whereas formerly the land was not cultivated but with a mattock and a plough under foot, in the same way as the Irish.

harlotry of his polluted muse. We were the first to brand with a burning iron the false face of this kept-mistress of a demoralizing incendiary. We tore off her gaudy veil and transparent drapery, and exhibited the painted cheeks and writhing limbs of the prostitute. We denounced to the execration of the people of England, the man who had dared to write in the solitude of a cell, whose walls ought to have heard only the sighs of contrition and repentance, a lewd tale of incest, adultery, and murder, in which the violation of Nature herself was wept over, palliated, justified, and held up to imitation, and the violators themselves worshipped as holy martyrs. The story of Rimini had begun to have its admirers; but their deluded minds were startled at our charges;—and on reflecting upon the character of the poem, which they had read with a dangerous sympathy, not on account of its poetical merit, which is small indeed, but on account of those voluptuous scenes, so dangerous even to a pure imagination, when insidiously painted with the seeming colours of virtue,—they were astounded at their own folly and their own danger, and consigned the wretched volume to that ignominious oblivion, which, in a land of religion and morality, must soon be the doom of all obscene and licentious productions.

THE COCKNEY SCHOOL OF POETRY.

No III.

OUR hatred and contempt of Leigh Hunt as a writer, is not so much owing to his shameless irreverence to his aged and afflicted king—to his profligate attacks on the character of the king's sons—to his low-born insolence to that aristocracy with whom he would in vain claim the alliance of one illustrious friendship—to his paid panderism to the vilest passions of that mob of which he is himself a firebrand—to the leprous crust of self-conceit with which his whole moral being is indurated—to that loathsome vulgarity which constantly clings round him like a vermined garment from St Giles—to that irritable temper which keeps the unhappy man, in spite even of his vanity, in a perpetual fret with himself and all the world beside, and that shews itself equally in his deadly enmities and capricious friendships,—our hatred and contempt of Leigh Hunt, we say, is not so much owing to these and other causes, as to the odious and unnatural

The story of Rimini is heard of no more. But Leigh Hunt will not be quiet. His hebdomadal hand £^2 is held up, even on the Sabbath, against every man of virtue and genius in the land; but the great defamer claims to himself an immunity from that disgrace which he knows his own wickedness has incurred,—the Cockney calumniator would fain hold his own disgraced head sacred from the iron fingers of retribution. But that head shall be brought low—aye—low “as heaped up justice” ever sunk that of an offending scribbler against the laws of Nature and of God.

Leigh Hunt dared not, Hazlitt dared not, to defend the character of the “Story of Rimini.” A man may venture to say that in verse which it is perilous to utter in plain prose. Even they dared not to affirm to the people of England, that a wife who had committed incest with her husband's brother, ought on her death to be buried in the same tomb with her

fratricidal paramour, and that tomb to be annually worshipped by the youths and virgins of their country. And therefore Leigh Hunt flew into a savage passion against the critic who had chastised his crime, pretended that he himself was insidiously charged with the offences which he had applauded and celebrated in others, and tried to awaken the indignation of the public against his castigator, as if he had been the secret assassin of private character, who was but the open foe of public enormity. The attempt was hopeless,—the public voice has lifted up against Hunt,—and sentence of excommunication from the poets of England has been pronounced, enrolled, and ratified.

There can be no radical distinction allowed between the private and public character of a poet. If a poet sympathizes with and justifies wickedness in his poetry, he is a wicked man. It matters not that his private life may be free from wicked actions. Corrupt his moral principles must be,—and if his conduct has not been flagrantly immoral, the cause must be looked for in constitution, &c. but not in conscience. It is therefore of little or no importance, whether Leigh Hunt be or be not a bad private character. He maintains, that he is a most excellent private character, and that he would blush to tell the world how highly he is thought of by an host of respectable friends. Be it so,—and that his vanity does not delude him. But this is most sure, that, in such a case, the world will never be brought to believe even the truth. The world is not fond of ingenious distinctions between the theory and the practice of morals. The public are justified in refusing to hear a man plead in favour of his character, when they hold in their hands a work of his in which all respect to character is forgotten. We must reap the fruit of what we sow; and if evil and unjust reports have arisen against Leigh Hunt as a man, and unluckily for him it is so, he ought not to attribute the rise of such reports to the political animosities which his virulence has excited, but to the real and obvious cause—his voluptuous defence of crimes revolting to Nature.

The publication of the voluptuous story of Rimini was followed, it would appear, by mysterious charges against

Leigh Hunt in his domestic relations. The world could not understand the nature of his poetical love of incest; and instead of at once forgetting both the poem and the poet, many people set themselves to speculate, and talk, and ask questions, and pry into secrets with which they had nothing to do, till at last there was something like an identification of Leigh Hunt himself with Paolo, the incestuous hero of Leigh Hunt's chief Cockney poem. This was wrong, and, we believe, wholly unjust; but it was by no means unnatural; and precisely what Leigh Hunt is himself in the weekly practice of doing to other people without the same excuse. Leigh Hunt has now spoken out so freely to the public on the subject, that there can be no indelicacy in talking of it, in as far as it respects him, at least; and since he has most unjustly accused us, and our brethren the Quarterly Reviewers, of seeking to destroy his reputation, it is worth while to hear him speak for himself. The exhibition he makes in a late Number of the *Examiner* is singular, and, on many accounts, painful.

“As a specimen of the calumnies directed against those who enrage the world by differing with them, and who will practise neither their want of charity towards others, nor their gross and exclusive indulgence towards themselves, we lay before our readers the following extraordinary accusations. We do not know whether our contempt of their falsity would have allowed us to do this had they been mentioned to us in a different style; but we think we can perceive, that the writer of the letter on the subject is really a well-wisher, and we will give an answer to a single honest and kind person, which we might deny to thousands of malignant accusers and unconscious flatterers, like the Quarterly Reviewers,—miserable gabblers behind walls,—who take care at once to accuse and to exempt,—to endeavour to injure, and to save themselves from the consequences of their falsehood. Our Correspondent, after saying that the Editor of this paper must be astonished—but he had better publish the whole letter at once.

“June 11, 1818.

“SIR,—If your character really is such as the readers of the *Examiner* imagine it to be, (and that is the only source from whence I can form a judgment) you must certainly require a key to understand the illiberal attack that is made upon you in the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*; and to enable you to do so, I inform you, that report speaks of you as a perfect tyrant in

your family, and your wife as the most abject of your slaves, (of course not a willing one), that you are so entirely devoted to the gratification of your passions, and so completely given up to sensuality, that no female of your acquaintance is secure from your addresses, for not any ties are considered by you as sacred, if they come in contact with your inclination; and that a sister of Mrs Hunt's resides with you, who is the mother of at least one child, of which you are the father. When I heard this account, my first thought was to send it to you instantly, in order that I might judge, by the notice you took of it, whether it was true; my second dismissed it altogether as a vile fabrication, nor has it ever occurred to my memory since, till I read the article in the *Quarterly*, where the writer so evidently accuses you of these things, which, if you are innocent of, you certainly cannot comprehend his meaning, that in justice I have been induced to send you every information in my power, to enable you to repel and prove his accusation false. In the hope that you can, and will do so, I remain your sincere

WELLWISHER.

“An assailant of all the women that came in his way! A tyrant to his wife! And the father of children by her sister!—Really, the Editor of this paper never knew his prodigious effect on the bigotted and the worldly-minded till now! He was prepared for and has borne a good deal of calumny, both real and imaginary, in differing with them; and he has always let it run silently from off him, like rain from a bird's wings. He must give the present shower a shake, if it is only to oblige his well-wisher. He says, then, that the whole of these charges are most malignantly and ridiculously false, so as to make those who are in habits of intercourse with him alternately give way to indignation and laughter. He knows several ladies, whom he respects and admires, and even (with permission of poor Giffard) likes to see happy; but he believes they are no more afraid of him than of the light at their windows: and as to being a tyrant to his wife, and the father of nieces and nephews,—whatever may be the charity of his opinions, the charge is really a little too ludicrously uncharitable towards them, under all circumstances. He looks at his wife and his family, and shakes his shoulders and their own with laughing—which, by the way, is rather an iniquitous custom of his. It might as well be said of him, that he had Mr Giffard's temper, or used his grandmother's shin-bone for a switch.”

There is no need for us to sink down this unhappy man into deeper humiliation. Never before did the abuse and prostitution of talents bring with them such prompt and memorable punishment. The pestilential air which Leigh Hunt breathed forth into the world to poison and corrupt,

has been driven stiffly back upon himself, and he who strove to spread the infection of a loathsome licentiousness among the tender moral constitutions of the young, has been at length rewarded, as it was fitting he should be, by the accusation of being himself guilty of those crimes which it was the object of “*The Story of Rimini*” to encourage and justify in others. The world knew nothing of him but from his works; and were they blameable (even though they erred) in believing him capable of any enormities in his own person, whose imagination feasted and gloated on the disgusting details of adultery and incest? They were repelled and sickened by such odious and unnatural wickedness—he was attracted and delighted. What to them was the foulness of pollution, seemed to him the beauty of innocence. What to them was the blast from hell, to him was the air from heaven. They read and they condemned. They asked each other “What manner of man is this?” The charitable were silent. It would perhaps be hard to call them uncharitable who spoke aloud. Thoughts were associated with his name which shall be nameless by us; and at last the wretched scribbler himself has had the gross and unfeeling folly to publish them all to the world, and that too in a tone of levity that could have been becoming only on our former comparatively trivial charges against him of wearing yellow breeches, and dispensing with the luxury of a neckcloth. He shakes his shoulders, according to his rather iniquitous custom, at being told that he is suspected of adultery and incest! A pleasant subject of merriment, no doubt, it is—though somewhat embittered by the intrusive remembrance of that unsparing castigator of vice, Mr Gifford, and clouded over by the melancholy breathed from the shin-bone of his own poor old deceased grandmother. What a mixture of the horrible and absurd! And the man who thus writes is—not a Christian, for that he denies—but, forsooth, a poet! one of the

“Great spirits who on earth are sojourning!”

But Leigh Hunt is not guilty, in the above paragraph, of shocking levity alone,—he is guilty of falsehood. It is not true, that he learnt for the first time, from that anonymous letter (so vulgar, that we could almost suspect him of having written it himself)

what charges were in circulation against him. He knew it all before. Has he forgotten to whom he applied for explanation when Z.'s sharp essay on the Cockney Poetry cut him to the heart? He knows what he said upon those occasions, and let him ponder upon it. But what could induce him to suspect the amiable Bill Hazlitt, "him, the immaculate," of being Z.? It was this,—he imagined that none but that foundered artist could know the fact of his feverish importunities to be reviewed by him in the Edinburgh Review. And therefore, having almost "as fine an intellectual touch" as "Bill the painter" himself, he thought he saw Z. lurking beneath the elegant exterior of that highly accomplished man.

"Dear Hazlitt, whose tact intellectual is such,
That it seems to feel truth as one's fingers do touch."

But, for the present, we have nothing more to add. Leigh Hunt is delivered into our hands to do with him as we will. Our eye shall be upon him, and unless he amend his ways, to wither and to blast him. The pages of the Edinburgh Review, we are confident, are henceforth shut against him. One wicked Cockney will not again be permitted to praise another in that journal, which, up to the moment when incest and adultery were defended in its pages, had, however openly at war with religion, kept at least upon decent terms with the cause of morality. It was indeed a fatal day for Mr Jeffrey, when he degraded both himself and his original coadjutors, by taking into pay such an unprincipled blunderer as Hazlitt. He is not a coadjutor, he is an accomplice. The day is perhaps not far distant, when the Charlatan shall be stripped to the naked skin, and made to swallow his own vile prescriptions. He and Leigh Hunt are

"Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares"—
Shall we add,

"et respondere parati?"
Z.

FOX AND PITT.

[The following sketch is translated from a MS. letter of the Baron Von Lauerwinkel.]

"I SHALL not easily forget the impression which was made upon me

when I first found myself within the walls of the House of Commons. I was then a young man, and my temper was never a cold one. I had heard much of England. In the dearth of domestic freedom her great men had become ours; for the human mind is formed for veneration, and every heart is an altar, undignified without its divinity, and useless without its sacrifice.

"A lover of England, and an admirer of every thing which tends to her greatness, I contemplated, notwithstanding, with the impartiality of a foreigner, scenes of political debate and contention, which kindled into all the bigotries of wrath, the bosoms of those for whose benefit they were exhibited. Absurdities which found easy credence from the heated minds of the English, made small impression on the disinterested and dispassionate German. While rival politicians were exhausting against each other every engine of oratorical conflict, their constituents eyed the combatants, as if every fear and every hope sat on the issue of the field, and prayed for their friends, and cursed their enemies, with all the fervour of a more fatal warfare; but the calm spectator, whose optics were not blinded by the mists of prejudice, though his reason might make him wish the success of one party, was in no danger of despising the honest zeal or the valour of those who were opposed to them. With whomsoever the victory of the day might be, the very existence of the combat was to him a sufficient proof, that the great issue was to be a good one—that the spirit of England was entire—that the system of *suspicion*, on which the *confidence* of her people is founded, was yet in all its vigour—and that therefore, in spite of transient difficulties and petty disagreements, her freedom would eventually survive all the dangers to which, at that eventful period, by the mingled rage of despotism and democracy, its most sacred bulwarks were exposed.

My eye formed acquaintance apace with the persons of all the eminent senators of England; but their first and last attraction was in those of Pitt and Fox. The names of these illustrious rivals had long been, even among foreigners, 'familiar as household words;' and I recognised them the moment I perceived them, from their

likeness to innumerable prints and busts which I had seen. Fox, in repose, had by far the more striking external of the two. His face had the massiness, precision, and gravity of a bronze statue. His eyes, bright but gentle, seemed to lurk under a pair of rectilinear, ponderous, and shaggy eye-brows. His cheeks were square and firm; his forehead open and serene. The head could have done no dishonour to poet, philosopher, or prince. There was some little indecision in the lips, and a tinge of luxury all over the lower features of the face. But benignity, mingled with power, was the predominant as well as the primary expression of the whole; and no man need have started had he been told that such was the physiognomy of Theseus, Sophocles, or Trajan.—Pitt, in the same state of inaction, would not have made nearly such an impression on those who knew him not. It must have required the united skill of Lavater and Spurzheim to discover in him *prima facie*, a great man. His position was stiff, his person meagre. His nose was ill-formed, and on a very anti-grecian angle; his lips were inelegantly wavering in their line; his cheekbone projected too much, and his chin too little. The countenance seemed expressive of much cleverness, but it was not till he spake that the marks of genius seized upon the attention. Had an utter stranger been shewn the heads at a theatre, and informed that they were those of the two great politicians of England, he would certainly have imagined the dark eye-brows and solemn simplicity to belong to the son of Chatham, and guessed the less stately physiognomy to be the property of his more Mercurial antagonist.

“Not so, had he seen either of them for the first time in the act of speaking. A few sentences, combined with the mode of their delivery, were sufficient to bring matters to their due level—to raise Mr Pitt at least to the original standard of his rival, and, I rather think, to take away somewhat of the first effect produced by the imposing majesty of Mr Fox’s features. They were both exquisite speakers, and yet no two things could be more dissimilar than their modes of oratory. Fox displayed less calmness and dignity than his physiognomy might have seemed to promise. In speaking, his

other features retained every mark of energy; his eyes and his mouth alone betrayed the debauchee. There is a certain glassiness in the eye, and a certain tremulous smoothness in the lips, which I never missed in the countenance of a man of pleasure when he speaks. Fox had both in perfection; it was only in the moments of his highest enthusiasm that they entirely disappeared. Then indeed, when his physiognomy was lighted up with wrath or indignation, or intensest earnestness—then, indeed, the activity of his features did full justice to their repose. The gambler was no longer to be discovered—you saw only the orator and the patriot. They tell us, that modern oratory and modern action are tame, when compared with what the ancients witnessed; I doubt, however, if either in the Pnyx or the Forum, more over-mastering energy, both of language and of gesture, was ever exhibited, than I have seen displayed in the House of Commons by Mr Fox. When he sat down, it seemed as if he had been, like the Pythiness of old, filled and agitated τῷ ἀγῶνι. His whole body was dissolved in floods of perspiration, and his fingers continued for some minutes to vibrate, as if he had been recovering from a convulsion.

“Mr Fox was a finer orator than Mr Pitt. His mode of speaking was in itself more passionate, and it had more power over the passions of those to whom it was addressed. His language was indeed loose and inaccurate at times; but in the midst of all its faults, no trace could ever be discovered of the only fault upardonable in orators as in poets—weakness. He was evidently a man of a strong and grasping intellect, filled with enthusiastic devotion to his cause, and possessing, in a mind saturated with the most multifarious information, abundant means of confirming his position by all the engines of illustration and allusion. It was my fortune to hear him speak before Mr Pitt, and, I confess, that upon the conclusion of his harangue, filled with admiration for his warmth, his elegance, and the apparent wisdom of the measures he recommended, it was not my expectation, certainly not my wish, that an impression equal or superior in power should be left upon me by the eloquence of the rival statesman.

“ Nevertheless, it was so. I do not say that I consider Mr Pitt as so nearly allied to the great politician-orator of Athens as his rival ; but I think he exhibited a far higher specimen of what a statesman-orator should be, than Mr Fox—perhaps than Demosthenes himself ever did. It is true, that the illustrious ancient addressed a motley multitude of clever, violent, light, uncertain, self-conceited, and withal, begotting Athenians ; and that the nature of his oratory was, perhaps better than any other, adapted to such an audience, invested by the absurdities of a corrupted constitution, with powers which no similar assembly ever can possess without usurpation, or exercise without tyranny. Mr Fox had a strong leaning—as I apprehend, by far too strong a leaning—to the democratic part of the British constitution. He even spoke more for the multitude without, than for the few within, the walls of the House of Commons ; and his resemblance to Demosthenes was perhaps a fault, rather than an excellence.—Mr Pitt always remembered that it was his business to address and convince, not the British ΔΗΜΟΣ, but the British Senate.

“ His mode of speaking was totally devoid of hesitation, and equally so of affectation. The stream of his discourse flowed on smoothly, uninterruptedly, copiously. The tide of Fox’s eloquence might present a view of more windings and cataracts, but it by no means suggested the same idea of utility ;—nor, upon the whole, was the impression it produced of so majestic a character. Mr Pitt was, without all doubt, a consummate speaker, but in the midst of his eloquence it was impossible to avoid regarding him at all times, as being more of a philosopher than of an orator. What to other men seems to be a most magnificent end, he appeared to regard only as one among many means for accomplishing his great purpose. Statesmanship was, indeed, with him the *τεχνη αρχιπαικτορικη*, and every thing was kept in strict subservience to it. What Plato vainly wished to see in a king, had he lived in our days, he might have beheld in a minister.

“ By men of barren or paltry minds, I can conceive it quite possible that Pitt, as a speaker, might have been contemplated with very little admiration. That which they are qualified to ad-

mire in a speech, was exactly what he, from principle, despised and omitted. He presented what he conceived to be the truth, that is, the wisdom of the case, in simplicity, in noble simplicity, as it was. Minds of grasp and nerve comprehended him, and such alone were worthy of doing so. The small men who spend their lives in pointing epigrams or weaving periods, could not enter into the feelings which made him despise the opportunity of displaying, for the sake of doing ; and they reviled him as if the power, not the will, had been wanting,

λαβροι παγγλωσσια
Κωρακις ως ανεραντα γαρνιμι
Διος αερος ορνιθα θειον.

Instead of following with reverent gaze the far-ascending flight and beaming eye of the eagle, they criticised him, like the peacocks of the Hindoo fable, because he had no starry feathers in his tail, and because the beauty of his pinions consisted only in the uniform majesty of their strength.

“ The style of speaking which was employed by this great man, seems to be the only style worthy of such a spirit as his was, entrusted with such duties as he discharged. Intellect embodied in language by a patriot,—these few words comprehend every thing that can be said of it. Every sentence proceeded from his mouth as perfect, in all respects, as if it had been balanced and elaborated in the retirement of his closet ; and yet no man for an instance suspected him of bestowing any previous attention whatever on the form or language of his harangues. His most splendid appearances were indeed most frequently replies, so that no such supposition could exist in the minds of those who heard him. I have heard many eloquent orators in England as well as elsewhere, but the only one who never seemed to be at a loss for a single word, or to use the less exact instead of the more precise expression, or to close a sentence as if the beginning of it had passed from his recollection, was William Pitt. The thoughts or the feelings of such a soul would have disdained to be set forth in a shape mutilated or imperfect. In like manner, the intellect of Pitt would have scorned to borrow any ornament excepting only from his patriotism. The sole fire of which he made use was the pure original element of heaven. It

was only for such as him to be eloquent after that sort. The casket was not a gaudy one; but it was so rich, that it must have appeared ridiculous around a more ordinary jewel.

“While Pitt and Fox were both alive, and in the fulness of their strength; in one or other of the great parties of England, each of these illustrious men possessed an inflexible host of revilers—almost, such is the blindness of party spirit, of contemners. It is a strange anomalous circumstance in the constitution of our nature that it should be so, but the fact itself is quite certain, that, in all ages of the world, political, even more than military leaders, have been subjected to this absurd use of the privilege which their inferiors have of judging them. So spake the Macedonian vulgar of Demosthenes; so the more pernicious Athenian rabble of Philip. The voice of detraction, however, is silenced by death,—none would listen to it over the tomb of the illustrious. A noble and patriotic poet of England has already embalmed, in lines that will never die, those feelings of regret and admiration wherewith every Englishman now walks above the mingled ashes of Pitt and Fox. The genius, the integrity, the patriotism of either, is no longer disputed. The keenest partisan of the one departed chief would not wish to see the laurel blighted on the bust of his antagonist. Under other names the same political contests are continued; and so, while England is England, must they ever be. But already, such is the untarrying generosity of this great nation, and such the natural calmness of its spirit, the public judgment is at one concerning the men themselves. The stormy passions of St Stephen’s chapel are at once chastened into repose by the solemn stillness of Westminster Abbey.

“It is probable that this national generosity has been carried too far. For me, I partake in the general admiration—I refuse to neither the honour that is his due. But, as I did while they were alive, so, now they are dead, I still judge them impartially. There is no reason why I should join in the atonement, since I was guiltless of the sin.

“Mr Fox was, I think, a man of great talents and of great virtues, whose talents and virtues were both better

fitted for a leader of Parliamentary opposition, than for a Prime-minister of England; for his talents were rather of the *destructive* than of the *constructive* kind, and his virtues were more those of an easy and gentle heart, than of a firm unshaken will. Providence fixed him, during the far greater part of his life, where he was best fitted to be, and was equally wise in determining the brighter fortune of his rival. That fortune, however bright, was, nevertheless, to judge as men commonly do, no very enviable boon. The life of Pitt was spent all in labour—much of it in sorrow; but, England and Europe may thank their God, his great spirit was formed for its destiny, and never sunk into despondence. Year after year rolled over his head, and saw his hairs turning gray from care, not for himself, but for his country; but every succeeding year left this Atlas of the world as proudly inflexible, beneath his gigantic burden, as before. Rarely, very rarely, has it happened that one man has had it in his power to be so splendidly, so eternally, the benefactor of his species. So long as England preserves, within her ‘guarded shore,’ the Palladium of all her heroes—the sacred pledge of Freedom,—his name will be the pride and glory of the soil that gave him birth. Nay, even should, at some distant day, the liberty of that favoured land expire, in the memory of strangers he shall abundantly have his reward; for that holy treasure which he preserved to England might, but for the high resolution of this patriot martyr, have been lost for ever, not to her only, but to the world.

‘He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.’

* * * *

SANSKRIT ODE.

WE have been favoured with the translation of a Sanskrit Ode, made by the late William Tolfrey, Esq. of Columbo, a young gentleman whose premature death is a great loss to literature, religion, and society. He originally went to India as an officer in the army, and had the good fortune to

share in the battle of Assaye, and to obtain the favourable opinion of the Duke of Wellington; but though this opened to him prospects of military advancement, the natural inclination of his mind was towards literature. He had acquired, by great diligence and uncommon aptitude, a general and profound knowledge of the Oriental languages, and he dedicated the fruits of his study and his talents to the best of all works—the diffusion of the holy Scriptures into the language of the people amongst whom his residence was thus accidentally thrown: he had particularly obtained a perfect knowledge of the Cingalese, or Sanscrit, of Ceylon; and from this language, as a specimen of the style of the people, he made the following literal version of a panegyric on the Governor, which, for poverty and exaggeration, bombast and common-place, and all the other great qualities of the bathos, is hardly to be excelled by any court poet of any age or nation.

THE BROWNRIGG ASHTAKE',

*A Sanskrit Ode in Honour of His Excellency
SIR ROBERT BROWNRIGG, G. C. B. Go-
vernor of Ceylon;*

By PETROS PUNDITA SEKARA,

A Native of the said Island.

I.

1 MAY he be for ever illustrious, who, in the year of Christ 1815,—

2 On the ninth day from the sun's entrance into the sign Kumbha,* on a Saturday,—

3 Achieved the conquest of the city of Sen-Khanda-Saila,† in the island of Lanka,‡—

4 Who destroyed the hostile powers by which it had been oppressed,—

5 Who is skilled in war, being endowed with truth, piety, courage, and liberality—the four indispensable qualities of a hero.

II.

1 May the one only God of the universe, Lord of the past, present, and future,

2 Preserve, for one hundred years, him

3 Who, born in England, rules over Lanka;

4 Whose exalted and unspotted fame, diffused throughout the whole world,

5 Resembles the lustre of the moon—the many-flowering jasmín—the white lotus—the shining dew—a row of precious pearls.

III.

1 He who is as a Tilaka (tiara to those serving under him, resplendent with an assemblage of good actions;

2 Who conducts himself in strict conformity to the precepts of our Saviour Jesus Christ;

3 Who is well informed in the laws, and deeply versed in religious knowledge;

4 Who, when in council, surrounded by his friends, his councillors, and his relations, resembles the moon encircled by the stars;

5 Who is, in the estimation of learned men, as precious as a garland of flowers worn on the head.

IV.

1 He who hath given joy to Lanka;

2 Who is of a cheerful disposition, and a constant source of delight to the virtuous;

3 Who is as a crown to the divine religion;

4 Who is strongly inclined to the practice of good deeds;

5 Who is descended from an eminent race.

V.

1 In whose arms dwells the Goddess of Prosperity, who frequents the company of the learned;

2 In whose mouth dwells the Goddess of Eloquence, who is gifted with presence of mind upon all occasions;

3 Who is worthy to be celebrated in verse;

4 Who rejoices the learned as the dewy-rayed luminary causes the lotus flowers to expand their leaves;

5 Who, in the destruction of his enemies, is as a lion against elephants.

VI.

1 Who speaks truth at all times—who is fond of associating with the virtuous;

2 Who has attained to wisdom by the study of various branches of science;

3 Who is irradiated with all manner of prosperity, and freely bestows whatever may be wished for by men;

4 Who looks forward with earnestness to the reign of Heaven;

Who is endowed with all wisdom, virtue, splendour, and glory; and who hath an excellent understanding.

* Aquaricus. † Kandi. ‡ Ceylon.

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER TO
EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

LETTER IV.—*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I GIVE you many thanks for your kind and amusing letter of the 20th ult. and congratulate you on your last Number, which is a capital one, full of spirit and vivacity, and will, "I verily believe, promote your sale." You wish to have my free and candid opinion of your work in general, and I will now try to answer your queries in a satisfactory way. Your Magazine is far indeed from being "a faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw;" for it is full of faults, and most part of the world has seen it. But it is beyond measure entertaining, and custom "cannot stale its infinite variety." Just go on, gradually improving Number after Number, and you will make a fortune. Your "magnum opus" has had a most blessed effect, I can assure you, on Mrs Tickler's temper, which was, you know, formerly somewhat too saturnine. When I see her sitting, on the evening of the 20th of each month, with your Magazine in her hand, I chuckle over the discovery at last of a medicine for her distemper, more efficacious than the prescriptions of all the doctors. But to the business before me.

In the first place, you ask what is my private opinion of the famous Chaldee MS. ? I almost wish you had been mum here, for it is a very delicate subject. With all my regard for you, I cannot approve of that singular work. There must be something wrong in the spirit of a composition that has excited so much anger in the world. I perfectly agree with you, that the Eastern style of writing is open to the imitation of the various nations of the West; that the MS. is not a profane parody at all; and that it is extremely clever. But if it contains, as it is supposed, sarcasms against personal defects, surely you do not need to be told that such sarcasms are altogether indefensible. They are really as criminal as those jokes and gibes in the Edinburgh Review at the old age and mental alienation of our king, though, fortunately for the credit of your work, they have not been so frequently and wantonly repeated. However, the

moral sense of the world is against you here; nor could the example of far better and far wiser men than the Edinburgh Reviewers reconcile us to any severity or sarcasm on what is no crime, but merely a misfortune. They have sported with insanity—your correspondent with deformity; nor is his fault altogether lost in the greater atrocity of theirs. At the same time, I cannot think that the "two Beasts," as they call themselves in the summons which you sent me to look at, will ever bring the affair into a Jury Court. As literary people, they never had much character to lose; and therefore the damages, if they get a verdict in their favour, establishing the fact of their being the two Beasts, would be exceedingly small, perhaps only nominal. At all events, they would lose more by making themselves so openly ridiculous, than they could ever gain by the most successful trial. If, however, the trial comes on, let me know of it; for Mrs Tickler has a longing desire to hear Mr Jeffrey speak, and certainly his commentaries on the "Chaldee" could not fail of being very diverting.

You ask me what I think of the Poetical Notices. They are, without exception, the only things of the kind that I ever read, and have about them a good-humoured whimsicality that is peculiar to themselves. They are the dawnings of quite a new School of Poetry. You cannot be serious when you say that they have given great offence. The Notices—the good-natured, facetious, urbane Notices, give great offence! Impossible! They are quite saccharine. Never were compliments more delicately turned and polished than those to the different Biblioplists.

"The most are chiefly under one huge thumb,"

Is the most comprehensive line in the whole body of English poetry. What a picture of power and of subjection in one single line! I would with pleasure go over the whole, word by word, and perhaps I may do so in some future letter; but I shall say no more at present, than that I almost wished I had been an Edinburgh bookseller myself, to have had immortality conferred upon me, unsought, unsuspected, and undeserved.

You go on to ask me what I think of Constable's Magazine? Oh! my

dear Editor, you are fishing for a compliment from old Timothy again!—I have seen nothing at all comparable to it during the last threescore and ten years. Thank you, *en passant*, for the Numbers of it you have sent me. Almost any thing does for our minister to read; and I have sent them over regularly to the manse. There is not another copy in the whole countryside; and he quotes great blads of it, I understand, at the presbytery dinner, when it all passes for havers of his own, honest man. Mrs Tickler, however, cannot endure it, and says she is at a loss to comprehend how any thing so stupid should make her so angry. She asserts that the good old *Scots Magazine* has become a drunken Whig; and, what is still worse, that the Editors are infidels, and sneer, in an under-hand way, at Christianity, like the godless wits of the *Edinburgh Review*. For myself I can see nothing of this, nor any thing else, in the *New Series*, which seems to be a sort of republication of the old women's stories (of which there are not a few) in the old *Scots Magazine*. It amazes me, that Mr Constable should have preferred Cleghorn and Pringle to Hugh Murray, his former Editor. Hugh is a man of real talents—even genius; and though he committed little odd innocent blunders now and then, they were harmless in comparison with the general dulness and stupidity of the present Editors, which really are excessive, and, I fear, hopeless. I am much amused with what you tell me about their quarrel with the *Etrick Shepherd*. So they will no longer allow that most ingenious poet to be praised in their work, and merely because an old man like me cracked a few jokes upon it! Will they allow nobody to be laughed at in your *Magazine* but themselves? By the way, I observe lately that the famous biographer of Mr Hogg still lends the sanction of his great name to their *Magazine*, and that he has been trying to play the satirist there. Well, just whisper into his ear, that if, instead of using the rod in the place where it ought to be used, he keeps any longer flourishing it about in the "*New Series*," it shall be wrested out of his hands, and pretty smartly applied to his own extremities.

This gentleman has absolutely become an unprincipled and indiscri-

minate satirist; and the *New Editors* follow his example "*haud passibus equis*." For some time they kept pretty quiet, and allowed your wicked wags to have it all their own way. But unless you look about you, they will laugh down *Blackwood's Magazine*. Allow me for one paragraph to employ two or three similes.—Messrs Cleghorn and Pringle remind me of two snails that come crawling out in the calm of the evening, each clad in a complete coat of mail, and protruding a formidable pair of horns. I have seen such snails look quite chivalrous and heroic; but the instant a straw touches the said horns, in they go—and every thing wears a pacific character. Still, however, the cornuous substances keep peeping out—out—as it would almost seem, in spite of the creatures themselves—till some unhandy accident cuts them off smack-smooth. And so, I venture to prophesy, will it be with these Editors, if they do not take in, and keep in their horns.—Messrs Cleghorn and Pringle remind me of a couple of what, in Scotland, are called bum-bees (the humble bee in England) who come bummung round and round one as if they were excessively wroth, and proposed to sting,—when, all at once, off they drive, as if some new crotchet got into their heads, and leave one wondering at what the creatures could possibly mean by such insolence.—Messrs Cleghorn and Pringle remind me of two "shard-born beetles," who, "when all the air a solemn stillness holds," come swinging along "with drowsy hum," till, as it were, intentionally knocking themselves against the breast of some meditative gentleman at eventide, they fall down at his feet, crushed, and bleeding to death, in the dry summer-dust.—Finally, Messrs Cleghorn and Pringle remind me (each of them does so) of that simple and foolish bird, the cuckoo, who takes his station among the new series of branches of an old oak-stump, and there keeps bobbing up his tail, and bobbing down his head, all the while repeating the self-same cry, and attended by his little troop of titlings, from whom he receives a small sustenance of worms and insects, till he is suddenly brought down from his elevation by some sporting shepherd, with an old-fashioned fowling-piece charged with No VII.—

I therefore, Mr Editor, intend to give these gentlemen two months to consider of it, and if at the end of that time, I have once discovered them with their horns out like snails—bumming round you like humble bees—humming on-wards like beetles—or bobbing their tails like “gowks”—then will I celebrate them in immortal verse;—yea, “I will write a sweet song against them, and put it into thy book,” that is to say, if you will allow me; for Mrs Tickler reminds me of your having mentioned the last time you were here with your wife, that you thought them and their Magazine quite unworthy of any farther notice. For me, I don’t care a fig—if the worst come to the worst, I’ll speak to my good friend Mr Miller, and tip the creatures an eighteen-penny pamphlet on my own bottom.

I find, my dear Editor, that I have scarcely said one word of what I intended to say,—and filled my sheet entirely with extraneous matter. I shall have an opportunity of writing you again soon, by a private hand,—when I hope to amuse you with certain old-fashioned whimsies of mine about the Whigs of Scotland, whom I see you like no more than myself.—Meanwhile, Adieu! yours affectionately,
TIMOTHY TICKLER.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF EXTENSIVE VEINS AND ROCKS OF CHROMATE OF IRON IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

DR HIBBERT, the gentleman who last year commenced a mineralogical survey of the Shetland isles, has this season resumed his investigations, and, we understand, has now nearly finished his description of all the islands of that remote portion of the British empire. His labours have been entirely directed to the determination of the arrangement and nature of the various rocks and metalliferous minerals, without allowing his examinations to be warped by the airy poetical visions of the Neptunists, or disfigured and distorted by the monstrous and absurd fancies of the Plutonists. He finds the prevailing rocks are gneiss and mica slate, with subordinate granite, limestone, hornblende rock, and serpentine. These are skirted with what Professor Jameson calls the great flætz

sandstone formation, but the great flætz limestone formations are entirely wanting. Last season, Dr Hibbert observed, in serpentine veins, that valuable mineral the chromate of iron, but want of time prevented him pursuing this discovery. We understand he has now ascertained that it occurs in great quantities, forming, in some places, veins several yards wide, and in others is so abundant, that the walls of enclosures are built of it. From this ore several beautiful and very durable pigments are obtained, which are highly valued in the arts. Hitherto the market has been supplied with it from North America, but now that it has been ascertained to occur in profusion, and of excellent quality, in Shetland, it will become an article of trade from that country.

NOTICE OF THE OPERATIONS UNDERTAKEN TO DETERMINE THE FIGURE OF THE EARTH, BY M. BIOT, OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. Paris 1818.

[Having been so fortunate as to obtain one of the few copies of this interesting little work which have reached England, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making a translation of it, for the benefit of our readers who, however well acquainted with the name and general merits of M. Biot, may not have received any exact information respecting the circumstances which occasioned and attended the late visit of that Eminent Stranger to these more remote districts of our island. We can scarcely flatter ourselves with the hope of seeing our pages frequently adorned with articles so universally interesting as this must be. The man of science will prize it for the luminous account which it contains of some important physical investigations,—they, who are not qualified to appreciate this part of its merits, will listen with delight to the personal adventures of one who is not merely a *scavant*, but a philosopher in the higher and better sense of the word—a liberal, enlightened, and good man. To those who were so happy as to have the opportunity of offering any assistance to M. Biot in the course of his tour, more especially to those gentlemen whose kindness rendered a two-months’ residence in Shetland agreeable to a polite stranger accustomed to all the luxuries of Parisian climate and society, the affectionate manner in which their services are here commemorated must afford a pleasure greater in proportion to its peculiarity. There can be no occasion to apologise for the

length of this article; we were well aware that the interest of the "Notice" would be almost entirely destroyed by mutilating or dividing it.]

WHEN on one of the towers of Florence, Galileo, two centuries ago, explained to a very few persons, in conferences almost mysterious, his new discoveries with regard to the laws of gravity, the motion of the earth, and the figure of the planets,—could he ever have foreseen that these truths, then rejected and persecuted, should, after so short an interval of time, come to be considered as matters of so great importance, and contemplated with so general an admiration, that the Governments of Europe should cause extensive operations, and distant journies, to be undertaken for the sole purpose of extending them, and of ascertaining all their particulars? and that in consequence of an unhopd for propagation of all manner of knowledge,—the results of their labours should be offered to the public interest in numerous assemblies composed of the most brilliant classes of society? Such, notwithstanding, is the immense change which has taken place in the fate of the sciences since that epoch! When Galileo and Bacon appeared, after the many sublime spirits which antiquity had produced, they found the career of the sciences still untrod-den,—for the name of science could not be given to the useless heap of hypothetical speculations, in which, before their day, natural philosophy consisted. Till then, men seem to have been more inclined to conjecture than to study nature; the art of interrogating her, and of making her reveal her mysteries, was unknown; they discovered it. They shewed that the human mind is too feeble and unsteady to advance alone into this labyrinth of truths; that it requires to pause at phenomena which are connected with each other, as the infant leans upon the supports which it meets with when it first tries to walk; and that in the numerous circumstances, in which nature seems to allow it to embrace too great intervals, it is necessary that, by experiments artfully conceived, new phenomena should be made to spring up in the path, to ensure its footing, and to prevent it from wandering. Such has been the fruitfulness of this method, that in less than two centuries, discoveries

without number, discoveries certain and lasting, have burst forth in all the departments of the sciences,—have communicated themselves with rapidity to the arts and to industry, which they have enriched with wonderful applications,—and have increased the sum of human knowledge a thousand times beyond what had been done by all antiquity. But thus extended, the sciences exceed the powers of any individual. Their prodigious circle cannot be embraced but by a great literary body, which unites in its collective capacity, as in a vast sensorium, every conception, every view, and every thought; which knowing neither human infirmities, nor the decay of the senses and of old age, ever young and ever active, scrutinizes incessantly the hidden properties of nature, discovers the powers concealed in them, and at last offers them to society perfected and prepared for application. In this centre, where all opinions are agitated and combated, no authority can prevail but that of reason and nature. Here even the voice of a Plato could no longer attract listeners to the brilliant dreams of his imagination; and the genius of a Descartes, obliged to continue faithful to the method of observation and of doubt which he himself had created, could only produce truths unmixed with error. But Plato and Descartes; with all their glory, would now be considered but as transient elements of this great organ of the sciences. Its strength would survive their genius, and would pursue into futurity the developement of their thoughts. Such is now the noble destination of learned societies. The unity and the duration, which their institution gives to human efforts, complete the power of the experimental method. They alone can henceforth ensure the continuity of the progress of human knowledge,—they alone can develop great theories, and obtain results which, by their intrinsic difficulty, and by the diversity, the perseverance, and the extent of the labours they demand, could never be within the reach of individuals. The determination of the size and figure of the earth,—the measurement of gravity at its surface,—the connexion of this phenomenon with the interior construction of the globe,—with the disposition of the *strata*, and the laws of their densities,—

are of the number of those long enduring questions which learned societies alone could propose to encounter and to resolve. They have for a century and a half formed one of the objects of the unceasing labours of the Academy of Sciences. The first exact measurement of a degree of the terrestrial meridian was made in France, by Picard, in the year 1670. Newton availed himself of it, in order to establish the law of universal gravity, from which the employment of an inaccurate measurement of the earth had at first caused him to wander. Two years afterwards, Richer, who was sent by the Academy to Cayenne to make astronomical researches, discovered that his clock, which at Paris beat the seconds, went gradually more slowly as he approached the equator; and that it again went quicker, by the same degrees, in returning towards the North, so as to resume exactly its original motion, at the point of his departure. Again,—according to the discoveries of Huygens, the quickness of the oscillations of a pendulum augments or diminishes with the intensity of the gravity which causes its motion. The observation of Richer then proved that this intensity was different in different latitudes, and that it increased in going from the equator to the pole. Newton, in his immortal work on the principles of Natural Philosophy, connected all these results with the law of attraction. He shewed, that the variation observed in gravity disclosed a flattening of the earth at the pole,—a circumstance which is observable also in the form of Jupiter, Saturn, and the other planets which turn upon an axis. He conceived that this flattened form was a consequence of the even attraction of the portions of every planet, combined by the centrifugal force of its rotatory motion. But in order that the arrangement determined by these two kinds of forces should thus have been able to make itself effectual, it behoved these great bodies to have been originally fluid: he took them then as in that state, and showed how to calculate the flattening of a planet according to the intensity of the gravity at its surface, and the quickness of its rotation, supposing its mass to be homogeneous. This theory, applied to the earth, gave a variation of gravity,

but little different from that observed by Richer, though somewhat slighter, indicating that the earth is composed of strata, of which the density goes on increasing from the surface to the centre, as Clairault has since demonstrated.

The calculations of Newton were, for some time, the only inductions which existed for believing the earth to be flattened at the poles. The arch of the meridian, measured by Picard, was quite sufficient to give the length of the semi-diameter of the earth at the place where it was observed; but that arch was much too small even for shewing imperfectly the effect of the flattening. More accurate knowledge was expected to be procured from the measurement of the complete arch which traverses France from Perpignan to Dunkirk; a measurement which was intended to serve, if I may so express it, as the axis of a general map of France, with the execution of which Colbert had entrusted the Academy. But in the imperfect state of the instruments and astronomical methods of that period, this arch itself was too short to make the influence of the flattening distinctly perceptible; and the small variations, which thence result in the lengths of the consecutive degrees, might very easily be lost in the errors of the observations. This indeed happened. The differences which the degrees presented, were found from the effects of these errors, in such a direction as would have led to the result of elongation at the poles, in place of flattening. The Academy was not disheartened; it perceived that the question could not be clearly decided without measuring two arches of the meridian, in regions of the earth where the flattening must produce more sensible differences between the degrees, that is to say, near the equator and the pole. She found among her members men sufficiently devoted to undertake these laborious journies. In the year 1735, Bouguer, Godin, and La Condamine, went to America, where they joined the Spanish Commissioners. Some months after, Clairault, Maupertuis, and Le Monnier, departed for the north. The results of these expeditions put the flattening of the earth beyond doubt, but its absolute amount still remained uncertain. The degree of Peru, compared with that of

France, gave a slighter flattening than if the earth were homogeneous; the operation of Lapland indicated a greater. In this uncertainty, the lengths of the pendulum, which they were careful to measure, agreed with the flattening deduced from the operation at the equator; but the exactness of these measurements, especially in the operation of Lapland, was not such as could enable them to solve the difficulty. No fault lay with any one, as at that period it was impossible to do it better.

Things remained at this point during fifty years. Bouguer, La Condamine, Clairault, and Maupertuis, died; but after that interval, astronomical instruments becoming much more perfect, and the methods of observation more general and more precise, hopes were entertained of removing the uncertainty which preceding operations had left on the flattening of the earth. The Academy, the heir of these great works, resolved to resume them with all the means which could ensure their success. She gave still more importance to them, by proposing to take the very size of the earth, thus determined, for the fundamental element of a system of general and uniform measures, of which all the parts would be connected together by simple relations, and in accordance with our mode of numeration. At this day, as formerly, she hopes that such a system, founded upon natural elements, invariable and independent of the individual prejudices of the people, will ultimately become as common to all, as are now the Arabian ciphers, the division of time, and the calendar. It was a wish long ago expressed by the best and most enlightened of our kings. The proposal realizing it, was, so to speak, the last sigh of the Academy; and the act which decided its execution, was one of the last which preceded the fatal epoch of our great political convulsions. All the institutions tending to maintain civilization and knowledge perished, and the Academy perished with them. But true men of science do not require to have repeated to them the authority for doing that which they believe useful. In the midst of the disorder and madness excited by popular anarchy, MM. de Lambre and Méchain, furnished with new instruments which Borda had invented for them, began,

and continued, often at the risk of their lives, the most extended and exact measurement of the earth which had ever been undertaken. They concluded it as well, although not so easily, as they could have done in the bosom of the most profound peace. The measurement of the pendulum was not forgotten. Borda, who had done so much to perfect all the other parts of the observations, invented for this experiment a method, the exactness of which surpassed every thing which had been till then imagined, and which has never been surpassed.

After these operations were terminated, it was thought that the arch of the meridian might be continued a good many degrees south, across Catalonia, and that it might even be possible to prolong it to the Balearic isles, by means of an immense triangle of which the sides extending over the sea, should join these isles to the coast of Valentia. Méchain devoted himself to this operation. I say that he devoted himself, for he died of fever in a small town in the kingdom of Valentia, after having surveyed all the chain, and measured the first triangles. M. Arago and I were charged with the completion of the work, jointly with the Commissioners of the King of Spain, Charles IV. We had the good fortune to succeed; but it is in remembrance, that M. Arago did not return to France without encountering great danger, and after a distressing captivity. Our results, by confirming those of the arc of France, gave them a new proof of accuracy. We measured also, at our most remote station, the length of the seconds pendulum, after the method of Borda. M. Matthieu and I repeated the same operation upon different points of the arc comprised between Perpignan and Dunkirk. These experiments gave for the flattening of the earth, a value almost exactly equal to that which M. de Lambre had already obtained, by comparing the arc of France and Spain with the degrees of the equator, calculated with new pains, and with the degree of Lapland which Mr Swanberg, an able Swedish astronomer, had corrected by new observations; finally, with an arc of many degrees, which Major Lambton had measured with great accuracy in the English possessions of India.

Verified by so many combinations independent of each other, our arc of France and Spain acquired farther rights to become a fundamental model for measures. An occasion presented itself of making it of still more importance. Since the rebellion of 1745, the English government had perceived the utility of constructing a detailed map of the three kingdoms, which could serve equally to direct the amelioration of the country in time of peace, and its defence in time of war. I may state in passing, that it is the war which, for twenty years back, has given to geodesiacal operations the great extension, and the extreme perfection, which they have acquired in all the states of Europe; and the value of this slight advantage is thus enhanced by its being dearly enough paid for. However this may be, the English *triangulation*, begun by General Roy, and continued after him by Colonel Mudge, was prolonged from the south of England to the north of Scotland, and presented in that extent many degrees of the terrestrial meridian, measured with excellent instruments. It was extremely desirable that this arc should be joined to the arc of France. But as, from the geographical position of England, she is placed a little to the westward of ours, there was ground to fear lest all the terrestrial meridians, not being exactly alike, the difference of longitude would affect the results which might be obtained from that junction. Nevertheless, there could be no dread of this, so far as concerned the measurements of the pendulum, which are much less disturbed than the degrees by the slight irregularities of the figure of the earth. The Board of Longitude was desirous that the same apparatus which had served for these measurements in France and Spain, should be employed over the whole extent of the English arc. To wish for any thing useful to the sciences, was to have at once the assent of the men of science in England, and the approbation of the government of that enlightened country. Neither the one nor the other was wanting to us. The respectable Sir Joseph Banks, and his worthy friend Sir Charles Blagden, assured us of all imaginable facilities. M. Lainé, the minister of the interior, with whom every thing useful or honourable has only possi-

bility for its limit, was able, from the resources of his good will, to furnish means for this enterprise, and the Board of Longitude had the goodness to entrust me with the execution of it.

I left Paris at the commencement of the month of May last year, carrying with me the apparatus I had made use of on the other points of the meridian, a repeating circle by M. Fortin, an astronomical clock, and chronometers by M. Breguet; in fine, every thing which was necessary for the observations. Orders from the English government, obtained through the vigilant intervention of Sir Joseph Banks, awaited their arrival at Dover. The whole was sent to me quite entire, and under the seal of the customs, without fees, without inspection, absolutely as if I had not passed from one country to another. Every thing was protected with the same care in the carriage to London, and was at last deposited in the house of Sir Joseph Banks. How can I describe what I felt on seeing for the first time the venerable companion of Cook, rendered illustrious by his long voyages, remarkable for a reach of mind, and an elevation of feeling, which make him equally interested in the progress of all human knowledge—possessing high rank, great fortune, and universal respect—Sir Joseph has made all these advantages the patrimony of the learned of all nations. So simple, so easy in his kindness, it almost seems, to him who experiences it, the effect of a naturally acquired right; and at the same time he is so good, that he leaves us all the pleasure, all the *individuality* of gratitude. What a noble example of a protection whose sole authority is founded in esteem, respect, and free and voluntary confidence—whose titles consist only in an inexhaustible goodwill, and in the recollection of services rendered, and of which the long and uncontested possession necessarily supposes rare virtues, and an exquisite delicacy—when we reflect, that all this power is formed, maintained, and exercised among equals!

Under these honourable auspices, every thing became easy. Colonel Mudge, who had shown himself most favourably disposed towards our enterprise, seconded it by all the means in his power. We departed from Edinburgh together, and fixed our

first station in the fort of Leith. There I received, equally from him and Colonel Elphinston, commandant of the military engineers, all the assistance which the most eager wish to oblige could grant, or even suggest. I required a situation where the view was free, and which was at the same time sheltered, in order to erect my circle. I was induced to construct upon the terrace of the fort a portable observatory, which being capable of being easily taken to pieces at pleasure, permitted me to make observations on all sides of the horizon. It was necessary that the apparatus of the pendulum should be fixed with solidity; and stones, of the weight of sixty quintals, were fixed in thick walls with iron chains. Every thing that could be useful was lavished upon me; and, if my observations were bad, I had no excuse; it was entirely my own fault. Unfortunately the health of Colonel Mudge, enfeebled by former labours, did not permit him to enjoy with me these preparations so much as both of us could have wished; but in this respect his place was supplied by one of his sons, Captain Richard Mudge, a young officer full of zeal, with whom I completed my labours. The care which I employed in this duty, did not hinder me from stealing an occasional glance at every thing that was fair and good in Scotland, that abode of morality and intelligence. But foreseeing that such objects might cause me to look upon the minute details of weights, lengths, and measures, as somewhat dry, I resolved not to think of them till my return; and, luckily for the experiments, I faithfully kept the word I had pledged to them.

After they were finished, it behoved us to go and repeat them in the Orkneys, the uttermost limit of the English arc. But Colonel Mudge, always reflecting upon what might render his operations more complete, perceived, that it was possible to connect the Orkneys with the Shetland Isles, by triangles, whose *apices* should rest upon the Isles, or rather, upon the intermediate rocks of Faira and Foula. This plan extended the new arc two degrees to the north; and this was sufficient to decide him. But relatively to the general system of the operations of England and France, it had still another advantage of very

different importance. This consisted in carrying the English line of operations two degrees towards the east, almost upon the meridian of Formentera, our last southern station in the Mediterranean. By this happy change, the English operation became the prolongation of ours, and the two together form an arc almost equal to the fourth part of the distance from the pole to the equator. If one might hope that the different nations of Europe would agree to chuse the base of a common system of measures, in nature, is there not here an element the most beautiful and the most sure which they could adopt? And this great arc, which, leaving the Balearic Isles, traverses Spain, France, England, and Scotland, and stops at the rocks of the ancient Thule, being taken in combination with the flattening of the earth, which is deduced from the measurement of the pendulum, or from the theory of the moon, will it not give for fundamental unity, or the "METRE," a measure the most complete, and, I dare to say it, the most European which can ever be hoped for.

As soon as the possibility of this great project was recognised, it absorbed all our thoughts; the delicate health of Colonel Mudge did not permit him to realise it in person, and he entrusted the execution of it to one of the officers who served under his orders. He left me his son, whose assistance had been so useful, and which became still more so. My apparatus, the portable observatory, the large stones, and the iron chains, were all embarked with the instruments of the English operation, in the Investigator brig of war, commanded by Captain George Thomas, whose activity and skill do not certainly stand in need of any praise of mine, but whose inexhaustible politeness demands all my gratitude. This officer was so good as take me on board his ship to Aberdeen, where, during a short day, I experienced the most distinguished hospitality. On the 9th of July we set sail for the Shetland Islands. We remained a long time at sea, detained by calms or contrary winds, regretting with all our hearts the loss of so many beautiful nights, which we could have so well employed in making our observations. On the 6th day we left the Orkneys, with their mountains, of a reddish colour, on our left, which

even Roman enterprise had not passed; we discovered the Isle of Faira, which saw the vessel of the Admiral of the Invincible Armada broken to pieces upon her rocks. At last the peaks of Shetland appeared to us in their clouds, and on the 18th July we made the land, not far from the southern point of these Isles, where the tides of the Atlantic, clashing with those proceeding from the sea of Norway, cause a continual swell, and an everlasting storm. The desolate aspect of the soil did not bely these approaches to it. It was no longer those fortunate isles of Spain—those smiling countries—Valentia, that garden where the orange and lemon trees, in flower, shed their perfumes around the tomb of a Scipio, or over the majestic ruins of the ancient Saguntum. Here, on landing upon rocks mutilated by the waves, the eye sees nothing but a soil wet, desert, and covered with stones and moss, and craggy mountains, scarred by the inclemency of the heavens; not a tree, not a bush, to soften the savage aspect; here and there some scattered huts, whose roofs, covered with grass, allowed the thick smoke with which they are filled to escape into the fog. Reflecting on the sadness of this abode, where we were about to remain in exile during many months, we took a direction, not without trouble, across pathless plains and hills, towards the small assemblage of stone houses, forming the capital called Lerwick. There we began to feel that the social virtues of a country are not to be measured by its appearance of poverty or riches. It is impossible to conceive hospitality more free, more cordial, than that with which we were received. People who, but a moment before were ignorant of our names, were eager to conduct us every where. When informed of the object of our voyage, they gave us of themselves all the information which might be useful; they collected and delivered it to us, with the same interest as if they had been acting in a matter in which they were personally concerned. Above all, we received much essential counsel from Dr Edmonston, a well-informed physician, who has published a very good description of the Shetland Islands, and who recollects with pleasure having attended, when at Paris, the lectures of our colleague M. Dameril. He gave us a letter to his bro-

ther, who resides in the Isle of Unst, the most northerly of the Archipelago; for although, on leaving Scotland, we had thought that we should establish ourselves at Lerwick; and although Fort Charlotte, which protects that town, offered for our apparatus a very favourable situation, nevertheless we were attracted by this little Isle of Unst, which offered us a station more northerly than Lerwick by about half a degree, and also a little more easterly, consequently nearer to the meridian of Formentera. It is true, that it did not promise us a very convenient abode; but it may be conceived, that in going we did not reckon on the enjoyment of luxury; in short, we made the choice which best suited our operations. Our new friends at Lerwick pointed out to us the most experienced pilot of the Isles, and we departed on the evening of the 20th of July for our final destination. The science of our guide was not useless to us. A thick fog enveloped us; the wind, always favourable, freshened, and our vessel, plunged in profound darkness, flew with the rapidity of an arrow between rocks so numerous, and through straits so narrow, that, without being conducted in this labyrinth by management so correct and quick, that it had become, one might almost say, a sense, it must have foundered a thousand times. Arrived at Unst, we eagerly ran over the isle. It presented nothing but fishermen's huts, and here and there some gentlemen's houses, too small to receive the great English instruments. We at first thought of pitching them upon the highest and most northerly mountains of the isle; but the difficulty of transporting thither the great instruments, which must necessarily have been done by men alone, made us give up the project. We preferred a small island called Balta, situated at the entrance of the principal bay of Unst, (which, closing it in, as it were, on the side of the sea, rendered it an excellent harbour, where the brig could cast anchor in perfect safety), and disembarked our instruments. At first I acceded to this choice. But on more nearly examining the new station, and considering how much it was exposed to gusts of wind, the extreme moisture which prevailed, the remoteness from every habitation, and the manifold difficul-

ties which presented themselves to the formation of an establishment sufficiently solid, which the experiments of the pendulum demanded, I dreaded lest, in persisting in it, I should compromise the success of my operations. In consequence of this, Captain Mudge and I decided to return to the Isle of Unst, and to ask a reception for ourselves and our apparatus in the only house which was in sight. Happily it was that of the brother of Mr Edmonston, who received us so well at Lerwick. We experienced here the same kindness. A large sheep-fold, which was empty on account of its being summer, and whose thick walls were capable of resisting every storm, received the apparatus of the pendulum. The portable observatory, together with the repeating circle, were established in the garden of Mr Edmonston. It was not without much labour that we succeeded in landing the large stones, and dragging them to the place of their destination. It required all the efforts of the brig's crew, animated by the obliging perseverance of the officers. At last, on the 2d of August, we were in a condition to commence our astronomical observations, and on the 10th, we made the first experiment with the pendulum. On the 17th, we had eight of these experiments, and 270 observations of the latitude. I was now certain of the success of the operation; nothing but time and perseverance were required. Unfortunately, Capt. Mudge began to feel, in a disagreeable way, the influence of this residence. Although he carefully concealed what he felt, and his zeal was in no respect diminished, I myself perceived the alteration of his health; and the winds having brought to our isle a whale ship, which was intended for Spitzbergen, I determined him to avail himself of it to return to a more genial climate. He departed with regret, leaving me, on behalf of his father, all the powers, and even all the assistance of which I could stand in need. It was then, that left alone, I could feel how lucky it was that I had taken up my residence with Mr Edmonston. The kindness of that excellent man seemed to increase with the difficulty of my situation. When alone, I could not make observations on the repeating circle, the working of which requires two persons, one to follow the star,

and the other to mark the indications of the level. Mr Edmonston, who took as great an interest in my labours as myself, suggested to me the idea of employing, for this latter part of the observation, a young carpenter, who had already given proofs of his intelligence and address in setting up our observatory, and who, besides, like all the peasants of Scotland, and even of these isles, could read, write, and cipher extremely well. I followed this advice; and having rendered the task of my new assistant as simple as possible, I began to give him some lessons a few days before the departure of Captain Mudge. He made a very rapid progress, and perhaps acquitted himself better than a more learned assistant; for he observed and marked my level with all the fidelity of a mechanic; and on no account whatever, not even to satisfy my impatience to observe, would he have admitted my results to be good, before they were strictly within the condition which I had prescribed to him; that is to say, before the bubble of the level was in a state of perfect immobility. Nevertheless, as it is very necessary to reserve to one's self some means of verification, when one resolves to make an astronomer of a carpenter, I had, among the numbers which he wrote, certain relations which he did not suspect, and which would have shown me his errors, if he had committed them. This happened sometimes at the commencement; and he was always very much surprised at my being able to detect and correct a mistake, which he himself had not perceived when making it, and which I had not seen made. But at the end of three days, there was no occasion for my occult science any longer to display itself. With this useful and sure assistance, I succeeded in the course of two months in collecting 38 series of the pendulum, each of five or six hours, 1400 observations of the latitude in 55 series, made equally on the south and north of the zenith, and about 1200 observations of the absolute heights of the sun and the stars, to regulate the going of my clock. After this, it may be conceived that I hardly did any thing else than observe, and, in fact, I did not calculate in this place more than three or four observations, at great intervals from each other, in order to assure myself of their general rate, and

to guide me in their continuation, delaying the final calculation until my return. In doing so I doubtless acted well, for although I have since devoted much time to them, they are not yet entirely finished. Nevertheless, the agreement of those observations, of which the calculations are completed, shows the accuracy which may be expected of them; and the results which are deduced from them, being combined with those of Formentera of the arch of France, give for the flattening of the earth exactly the same value which is deduced from the theory of the moon, and the measurement of the degrees compared at great distances. This perfect agreement between determinations so different, shows at once the certainty of the result, and the sure method which science employs to obtain it. It will be seen from this notice, that it is not without trouble that this point of precision has been reached, and it will not excite much surprise when it is known, that the variation of the length of the pendulum, by which the flattening is measured, is in all, from the equator to the pole, but four "*millimètres*," that is to say, less than two lines; and from Formentera to Unst, one "*millimètre*" and a half, or less than three-fourths of a line. It is these three-fourths of a line however, which, appreciated as can now be done, exhibit and measure, even with great accuracy, the flattening of the whole terrestrial spheroid, and prove to us, that in spite of slight accidents of composition and arrangement, which this exterior and slender surface on which we move presents to us, the interior of the mass of our planet is composed of strata perfectly regular, and subjected to the laws of superposition, density, and form, which a primitive state of fluidity had assigned to them. The advantage of having completely performed my operations, how great soever it necessarily appeared to me, was neither the only nor the most precious I experienced in the family which had so kindly received me. If I had remained upon the rocks of Balta, I should, without doubt, have quitted these isles with all the prejudices of a foreigner. I should only have seen the dreariness of their situation, the poverty of their soil, and the inclemency of their sky; I should not have known that they contained beings sensible, kind, virtuous, and enlight-

ened, like those I had the pleasure of knowing; * and even if I could have suspected their existence, which some kind service, some delicate attention would doubtless have disclosed, I should not have experienced the charm which could retain them in that foggy, rocky, pathless region, without a tree on the mountains or plains for the eye to rest on; kingdom of the rain, of the wind, and of the tempest, whose atmosphere constantly impregnated with chill moisture, only softens to a certain degree the roughness of the winter, under the sad condition of giving no summer. That which attaches them to it is the profound and unalterable peace which they enjoy, for the pleasures of which they have a perfect relish.

During 25 years in which Europe was devouring herself, the sound of a drum had not been heard in Unst, hardly in Lerwick; during 25 years the door of the house I inhabited had remained open day and night. In all this interval of time, neither conscription nor press-gang had troubled or afflicted the poor but tranquil inhabitants of this little isle. The numerous reefs which surround it, and which render it accessible only at favourable seasons, serve them for defence against privateers in time of war;—and what is it that privateers would come to seek for there? These people receive news from Europe in the same way as they read the history of the preceding age; they recall no personal misfortune; they awaken no animosity, of course they have neither that interest, or to express it better, that momentary delirium which produces the mad exaltation of all the passions, and they tranquilly philosophise on events which seem to relate to another world. If there were only trees and sun, no residence could be more pleasant: but if there were trees and sun, every body would wish to go thither, and peace would there exist no longer.

This calm, this habitual security, gives to their social relations a charm elsewhere unknown. Every one here, in the class of gentlemen, is relation, connexion, or friend; and friendships are like relationships. But as in this

* I cannot here recall *all* the persons who have loaded me with obligations; I shall add at least to the names of MM. Edmondsons, those of Mr Mowat of Unst, and Leisk of Lunna.

world evil necessarily accompanies good, this very pleasure of living in a great family is sometimes dearly purchased. It causes them to feel with extreme pain, every death which visits this little circle of individuals, in whom their affections are concentrated: such an event, and it must arrive, is a family affliction, and possesses all its bitterness. They but too commonly experience almost equal grief, when their brothers or some one of their friends depart to seek their fortunes elsewhere; the isle, and all the isles together, not furnishing sufficient employment for the upper class of the population. This departure is regarded as a death by those who remain, and it is in effect almost a death to them, since it is but too probable that they will never again see those who depart. People often quit the Shetland isles to establish themselves in a better country, but they seldom return to them. The friendships even which their kindness leads them to contract with the foreigners whom they oblige, become to their affectionate hearts, subjects of regret and sadness, which the far distant voice of gratitude can but imperfectly soften. The necessity of leaving their native country arises among the higher classes of the Shetlanders, from the narrow extent of commerce and of agriculture, occasioned by the want of capital, and the want of exportation for the produce of the soil. A small portion only of the estate of each proprietor is cultivated, the rest is occupied in the pasturage of flocks of sheep, and horses in a half wild state, without a keeper and without shelter. The people grub up around their huts such a bit of ground as is merely sufficient for their subsistence, and they pay the rent of it by the perilous but attractive profits of fishing. This they all practise with unexampled boldness. Six men, good rowers, and confident of each other, agree to possess one boat, a light canoe, entirely uncovered; they take with them a small provision of water and of oat cake; and in this to frail skiff, with a compass, they go out of sight of the isles and of all land, the distance of 15 or 20 leagues:—there they cast their lines, and pass a day and a night in fishing. If the weather is good, and the fishing successful, they may each gain ten or twelve francs by such a trip. If the sky is overcast, and the sea becomes tempestuous, they struggle in their

uncovered boat against its fury, till they have saved their lines, the loss of which would be the ruin of themselves and their families; then they row and sail in the direction of the land, in the midst of waves rising to the height of houses. The most experienced of them, placed in the stern, holds the helm, and, judging of the direction of every wave, eludes its immediate shock, which would be sufficient to swallow them up. At the same time he gives orders as to the sails, which he causes to be lowered every time the boat mounts on the top of a wave, and hoisted every time she descends, in order that the wind may cause her to fly over the top of the following wave. Sometimes enveloped in profound darkness, these poor men cannot see the mountain of water which they would avoid;—they can only judge of its approach by the noise of its howling. In the mean time, women and children are upon the coast imploring Heaven; watching the appearance of the boat which bears their only hopes; sometimes expecting to see it upset or swallowed up in the roll of the waves; striving to assist their husbands and fathers, if they arrive near enough to enable them to succour them; and sometimes calling loudly to those who will hear them no more. But their lot is not always so dismal. By means of skill, hard labour, coolness, and courage, the boat is victorious in this terrible struggle; the well-known sound of her shell is heard; she arrives; tears are then followed by embraces; and the joy of seeing each other is increased by the recital of the frightful danger which has been escaped.

Nevertheless, the ruggedness of their country has charms for these poor people. They love those old rocks, whose bold shape and well-known aspect point out to them the narrow passage which their boat must follow, when, returning from a prosperous fishing, with a favourable wind, she enters the protecting bay, greeted with the cries of the sea birds. They love those deep caverns where they have often launched their boat into the middle of the waves, when setting out to surprise the seals. Even I myself, feeling calm under their guidance, have contemplated with admiration those lofty cliffs of primitive rocks, that ancient structure of the globe, whose strata lay inclined towards the sea,

and, undermined at their base by the fury of the waves, seemed threatening to bury under their ruins the frail bark which bounded at their feet. At our approach clouds of sea birds issued in thousands from their retreats, surprised to find themselves troubled by man, and making these solitary places resound with their confused cries; some darting into the air; others plunging into the waves, and shooting upwards, almost as quickly, with the prey which they had seized; whilst porpoises and seals, here and there, raised their blackish heads above waves transparent as crystal. Every where life seems to abandon a cold and humid soil, to take refuge in the air and in the waters. But, soon as the evening spreads her veil over these wild retreats, all re-enter in peace and silence. Sometimes a gentle breeze of the south tempers the chillness of the air, and allows the planets of the night to shine with the purest light on this tranquil scene, whose profound peace no noise interrupts, except, at intervals, the distant murmur of the dying waves, or the soft and plaintive cry of a 'moëtte,' skimming rapidly the surface of the tide.

After a stay of two months, I quitted these isles, carrying with me recollections for my whole life. An equinoctial gale carried me back to Edinburgh in fifty hours. This abrupt transition from solitude to the bustle of the world,—from patriarchal simplicity to the refinements of civilization and luxury,—is not without attraction. Colonel Elphinston, by the kindest reception, convinced me that friendship had not altogether retired to the Shetland islands. It was then that, entirely at leisure from my observations, I could contemplate at my ease every thing which the most social state of this country presents to us, of institutions and of men,—a spectacle at once consoling and sad for whoever has spent his life amidst the troubles of the Continent. I witnessed a people poor, but laborious; free, but respectfully submissive to the laws; moral and religious, without sternness; tolerant, without indifference. I saw peasants learning to read in books which contained essays of Addison and Pope. I saw the works of Johnson, and Chesterfield, and of the most agreeable English moralists, offered as a relaxation to the middle ranks of the people. In the passage-boats, as elsewhere, there were games of cards and

dice. I witnessed village farmers meeting in clubs to deliberate upon the interests of politics and agriculture, and formed into societies for the purpose of buying useful books; among the number of which was the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which is known to be digested at Edinburgh by learned men and philosophers of the first order. Finally, I witnessed the higher classes of society suited to this high degree of civilization, and truly worthy to occupy the first place in it, by their intelligence and the loftiness of their sentiments. I observed them exciting and directing all enterprises of public utility,—in unceasing communication with the people, and never confounding themselves with them; anxiously employed in displaying their information to enlighten them on the subject of their duties and of their true interests; knowing how to comfort them in their necessities, without depriving them of those virtues, and that independence, which are produced by the care of providing against them; thus every where procuring their respect, without exciting their envy, and enjoying, as the reward of so many exertions, peace, union, reciprocal esteem, mutual confidence, and even a very lively affection, founded, on the one hand, on the habitual exercise of the kindness and the gentleness of an intimate relation, and, on the other, upon gratitude and respect.

On quitting Scotland, I visited the most industrious counties of industrious England. There I beheld another spectacle: I saw the powers of nature employed in the service of man, under all imaginable forms, and himself reserved as a mechanical power of a more expensive, and more delicate construction, for these intermitting or accidental operations only, which his divine reason render him more peculiarly fit to execute; and whether it was that the considerations of social morality, with which I had been so much struck, had left too deep traces on my soul; whether it was that a great manufacturing system ought to be appreciated rather in its national results, than in its local and particular influence, I admired that immense display of manufacturers, rather than wished to see it established in my own country. After having paid my respects to Oxford and Cambridge, those ancient and tranquil abodes of learning and of science, I proceeded to rejoin Mr Arago at London, and again to associate

myself with him, for the measurement of the seconds pendulum, no longer in a desert island, but in the magnificent Observatory of Greenwich. M. Humbolt, who had accompanied him, assisted in this operation, and was desirous, while it lasted, to forget the multitude of his other talents in his labours as an excellent observer. Mr Pond, the astronomer royal, was pleased to offer us all imaginable facilities, with that generous eagerness which men truly devoted to the sciences can alone feel for every thing which contributes to their progress. After having enjoyed the pleasure of observing the heavens, and of studying one of the greatest phenomena of nature with fine instruments, all already consecrated, if I may so express it, by so many observations, and in a place renowned for so many astronomical discoveries, I once more beheld my native country, with that happiness at return which the hearts of Frenchmen feel so keenly, and of which the charm was rendered still more agreeable, by the internal feeling of satisfaction and gratitude of which I brought her back the homage. It is truly in a voyage undertaken for the advancement of science, that a Frenchman can learn still more to honour, and still more to cherish, his noble country. Placed without the circle of political passions, not attracted to it by interest or ambition; without rank, without the riches which support it, there only exist for him those titles which his country has acquired to solid glory,—to that which consists in doing good to mankind. He is exalted by the recollection of the many services which she has rendered to the civilization of the world, by the universal admiration which she has excited by the many masterpieces with which she has enriched literature, the sciences, and the arts. Like Minerva, that country accompanies him in a foreign land;—she speaks for him, introduces him, protects him, disposes all hearts to him, and claims in his favour a hospitality, which she herself has so often and so nobly bestowed. Thus, after having reached the end of his toils, and while relating to his countrymen the reception, the assistance, the kindness, and even the friendship, which he received from a justly celebrated nation, he experiences in manifesting the expression of his

gratitude, a pleasure so much the more pure, that all these favours are still, in his eyes, new gifts from his country.

Note.—What I have said in this notice of the social virtues of Scotland, and of the Shetland Isles, presents these countries under an aspect so different from our Continental modes of life, that I would not be surprised, that in France, and even in England, many persons should suppose that there is some exaggeration in the picture, and that I have yielded involuntarily to the predeliction which a foreigner always conceives for a new country, where he has been received with kindness. They will perhaps believe me so far as regards Scotland; but for the Shetland Isles, where shall I find witnesses? Although they be not far distant, the difficulty of the navigation, the inclemency of the climate, and the want of commerce, repel travellers from it; and those whom necessity occasionally carries thither, hasten to depart from it as soon as their business is done. Perhaps a residence of two months, in a free and disinterested capacity, has permitted me to see these isles more intimately than many of the Scots who live near them. Even in Edinburgh, very erroneous ideas are entertained respecting them. But, generally speaking, it is a pleasure which one may procure from one end of Europe to the other, to hear every one railing at his neighbours of the north. In Italy, they look upon France as having a rude and severe climate; see what Alfieri says of it. Here we find our country very beautiful; but England appears to us the abode of fogs. In London, no one complains of the climate; but they speak of Scotland as a country almost deprived of the sun. The Scots look upon this opinion as very ridiculous; but they regard with much pity the poor Shetlanders. These again, in their turn, pretend that they have much less cold than in Scotland, but that Iceland and the Feroe Isles are truly miserable. I am convinced, that even the Icelanders look upon Spitzbergen with some disdain. The truth is, that in all the climates of the world, a man may have very nearly an equal share of happiness, if he carries with him the social virtues, and the resources of commerce and civilization.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE stated in our last Number that CAPT. KATER had been appointed by the Board of Longitude to measure the length of the seconds pendulum at the Shetland Islands. The expedition originated with his Majesty's ministers, who have in the most liberal manner provided the finest instruments, and every thing that is necessary to promote the object in view. Captain Kater, accompanied by LIEUT. FRANK of the navy, arrived in Edinburgh on the 27th of June, and set off for Shetland on the 1st of July in the Nimrod sloop of war, commanded by CAPT. DALLING. After measuring the length of the pendulum at Unst, Captain Kater proposes, if the weather is favourable, to go as far as the North Cape in Norway, with the view of determining the length of the pendulum in the latitude of 70° or 71° , and to repeat the same measurements in Norway in the latitude of 65° or 66° . He then returns to the trigonometrical survey at Cowhite, near Banff; and having determined the length of the pendulum there, he performs the same experiments at Leith Fort, Clifton, Arbury Hill, and Dunnose. If the weather shall prove favourable, so as to allow Captain Kater to make his observations in Norway, we shall have a series of results of the greatest importance in the determination of the true figure of the earth.

The Polar Expedition.—We understand letters have been received from the North Polar expedition, dated in the first week of June, opposite to Magdalena Bay, Spitzbergen, when all were well and in high spirits.

The celebrated Professor Mohs has just returned from a long tour through the Highlands. We understand he has been highly gratified with the magnificent and striking displays of stratification so frequent in this country, and that his attention was particularly arrested by the island of Arran, that wonder of the mineralogical world. He did not fall in with any of those volcanic phenomena which are said to occur every where in the tracts of country he investigated.

Mathematical Prize Question for 1820.—The Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris have again proposed, as a question for 1820, the following theorem of Fermat: "Beyond the second degree, there exists no power which may be divided into two other powers of the same degree." The reward is a gold medal of 3000 francs value, and the latest time allowed for the reception of memoirs, 1st January 1820.

Astronomical Prize Question for 1820.—The question proposed by the Royal Academy of Science at Paris, is as follows:—To form by the theory of universal gravita-

tion alone, and without taking from observations any thing but arbitrary elements, tables of the movement of the moon, as exact as the best tables in existence. The prize is a gold medal of 3000 francs value, which is to be awarded in March 1820. The utmost period allowed for the reception of papers, 1st January 1820.

Astronomical Prize Medal.—The Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, have awarded their own gold medal to the Astronomer Royal, John Pond, Esq. That which was before voted to him was the one founded by the astronomer De Lalande.

Harvest Moons.—This year is the third of a series of 10 years in which the moon will prove the most beneficial to the farmers for reaping and gathering in the fruits of the earth, viz. from 1816 to 1825 inclusive. The preceding nine years, namely, from 1807 to 1815 inclusive, were in the class of those in which, from natural causes, the harvest moon has been least beneficial. Such will also be the years from 1826 to 1828.

Telegraphs.—Intelligence can be received from Calais at Paris, between which places there are twenty-seven telegraphs, in three minutes; from Lisle, twenty-two telegraphs, two minutes; from Strasburg, forty-five telegraphs, six minutes and a half; from Lyons, fifty telegraphs, nine minutes; and from Brest, thirty telegraphs, eight minutes.

Blight in Apple-trees.—The American farmers are said to adopt the following practice to prevent the blight or mildew from injuring their orchards. In the spring, they rub tar well into the bark of the apple-trees, about four or six inches wide round each tree, and at about one foot from the ground; this effectually prevents the blight, and abundant crops are the consequence.

Fly in Turnips.—The following has been given as a method of preventing destruction by the fly in turnips. Divide the seed intended for one day's sowing into two equal parts, and put one part to steep in soft pond or ditch-water the night previous to its being used. Mix the whole together, adding to each pound of seed two ounces of flour sulphur. This will ensure two successive growths, and the fly will not touch the plants.

Gottingen Chemical Prize for 1819.—The Royal Society of Gottingen has offered a prize of fifty ducats for "An accurate examination, founded on precise experiments of Dalton's theory of the expansion of liquids and elastic fluids, especially of mercury and atmospheric air by heat."

The authors are to pay attention to the necessity alleged by Dalton for changing the progression of the degrees of the present thermometrical scales. The memoirs must

be transmitted to the Society before the end of September 1819.

New Mineral, Hydrate of Silicia and Alumina.—M. Leon Dufour has found a mineral in the neighbourhood of Saint Sever, which appears to be new. It occurs in an argillaceous gravelly soil, in detached pieces, from two to four or five inches in diameter. It is generally of a fine white colour, without lustre, but is found sometimes with the semi-transparency of opal. Its hardness is between that of limestone and lithomarga, and in many characters it approaches to the latter substance. Its fracture is dull; its composition homogenous. It is easily cut by a knife, and yet is singularly fragile: when struck by a hammer, it breaks into very angular pieces. It is soft to the touch, and may be polished very highly by friction. It adheres strongly to the tongue, but has no argillaceous or earthy odour when breathed upon. It does not effervesce with acids, nor form with water a ductile paste. Its colour is not changed by heat. It has been observed to diffuse a very singular smell of apples, particularly when newly fractured.

An analysis, made by M. Pelletier, has given the constituents of 100 parts of this mineral, as silex 50, alumine 22, water 26, there being a loss of 2 parts.

Siliciferous Sub-sulphate of Alumine.—Dr Henry of Manchester has described and analysed a peculiar substance, apparently the result of slow chemical action, found in the old hollows of a coal mine. It has exactly the appearance, as well as consistency, of hogs-lard, and was mistaken at first for it by the miners. Its taste is sub-acid. It dries in the air, splitting like starch. When heated strongly, it becomes so hard as to scratch glass. An analysis gave its proportions as follows:

Water,.....	88.1
Alumine,.....	6.5
Sulphuric acid,.....	3.0
Silica,.....	2.4
—————	1.00

It has been called siliciferous sub-sulphate of alumine.

Sliding Mountain.—A large portion of mountain, covered with rocks and fir trees, separated from the highest region on the 4th of April, near the village of Soncebos, in the valley of St Imier in Switzerland, and covered, with its stupendous wreck, more than 300 paces of the great road to Brienne. A few moments later, a party of travellers, who were witnesses of this terrific spectacle, would have been its victims.

Embedded Diamonds.—An aggregate substance has been found in the Diamond Mines on the banks of the river Igitonhonha in Brazil, containing or enveloping diamonds, gold, iron, &c. The rock consists of an aggregate of small quartz pebbles, firmly set in indurated iron sand; but it is

doubtful whether this be the true matrix of the diamond, or only a consolidation of particles around it.

Zircon.—This mineral has, we understand, been discovered by Dr MacCulloch in Sutherland. It occurs in a compound rock, formed of copper coloured mica, hornblende, and felspar. This rock forms one of the occasional beds in the gneiss, and bears a resemblance in its composition to the zircon syenite of the north of Europe: the crystals, a quarter of an inch in length, are well defined, and their colour is an obscure crimson, approaching to that of cinnamon.

Dr Bouée last summer met with the same mineral in gneiss, near Fort Augustus in Inverness-shire.

Newly discovered Membrane in the Eye.—Dr Jacob, Demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of Dublin, has discovered, and demonstrated in his lectures on the diseases of the eye, this spring, a membrane covering the external surface of the retina, in man and other animals. Its extreme delicacy accounts for its not having been hitherto noticed. He arrived at the discovery by means of a new method of displaying and examining this and other delicate parts. He argues from analogy, the necessity of the existence of such a membrane, as parts so different in structure and function, as the retina and choroid coat must otherwise be in contact, in contradiction to the provisions of the animal economy in general. A detailed account of the discovery, with the method of displaying the membrane, is in preparation, and will shortly be laid before the public.

Plate presented to Dr Paris.—On Tuesday, the 16th instant, a deputation of noblemen and gentlemen of the county of Cornwall, waited upon Dr Paris, at his house in Dover Street, with a magnificent present of plate for his acceptance. The inscription, which is engraved on a massy silver waiter, records the services for which it was given. "To John Ayrton Paris, M.D. F.L.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London, this plate is inscribed by the noblemen, representatives in Parliament, and gentlemen of the county of Cornwall, in testimony of their grateful sense of his services, in originating the plan, and promoting the institution of the Royal Geological Society of the county, which has rendered their home the school of science, and their native riches increasing sources of prosperity."

Iron in Caithness.—There are strong appearances of iron upon the coast, about the Ord of Caithness, and in many places between the Ord and Wick, and to the northward of Wick. The coast of Caithness is remarkable for pretty high rocky cliffs, in which great numbers of veins or perpendicular mineral fissures appear, many of which contain iron ore. Some of these have been observed near the old ruinous castle of Girnigo, and the Castle of Arkerkil. These

veins appear to be bold and roomy, and to contain plenty of good iron ore, from the abundance of a bright red iron earth found in the surface of them. There is great abundance of bog ore over all the low country of Calthness. In many places it almost covers the whole face of the ground to a considerable depth. It is easily known and distinguished by the friable constitution of its misshapen masses, by its external blackish and rusty colour, and by its internal blackish gray colour and granulated porous texture. It is always found loose on the surface of the ground in the same manner as float ore, without any connexion with the vein or stratum.

Discovery of Antimony in Banffshire.—A promising appearance of antimony ore has been lately discovered on the estate of Lord Fife. This ore, we understand, has been examined by Professor Jameson, who finds that it is the radiated gray antimony, and contains 70 parts antimony and 30 of sulphur. We trust this very promising discovery will be vigorously pursued.

Two New Minerals.—We understand that Dr Macculloch has discovered two new minerals in Scotland, an account of which will be given in his work on the Hebrides. We have obtained the following sketches of their prominent characters.

The first is easily recognised by its resemblance to indurated steatite or noble serpentine, and by its green colour, on a fresh fracture, shortly turning to black, when it can scarcely be distinguished by the eye from jet or drycoal: it is also infusible before the blowpipe. Dr M. has given it the name of chlorophacite, from its most obvious property. It occupies amygdaloidal cavities in the trap rocks.

The second is a white powder, of a harsh feel, but incapable of scratching glass, and nearly as fusible as that substance, producing a transparent colourless bead; characters sufficient to distinguish it from any mineral hitherto described. It occupies similar cavities in trap, and he has given to it, from its leading character, the name of conite.

Caducium.—Another New Metal.—M. Gay Lussac communicated, in the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, a note upon a new metal, which has received the name of *caducium*, discovered by Professor Stromeyer of Gottingen. The caducium is white as tin, very ductile, combines easily with other metals, fuses and volatilizes in less time than zinc. It is found in abundance in the mines of this last metal. Its specific weight is 8.65. This discovery, M. Gay Lussac expects, will be of great consequence to the arts, on account of the properties which the new metal possesses; and of those which it can communicate to metals with which it is capable of amalgamating.

On ascertaining the heights of Mountains in India.—Lieutenant Webb, of the Bengal Establishment, has transmitted to Eu-

rope the result of his operations for ascertaining the heights of some of the principal mountains in the Nepal country; from which it is found, that many of those mountains much exceed in height any before known; that out of 27 peaks, 19 are higher than Cimboraso, and that the highest exceeds the mountain of the Andes (heretofore supposed the highest in the world), nearly 5,000 feet. Lieutenant Webb's results were transmitted by a correspondent, to the Editor of the Madras Gazette, and published in that paper, from which we copy the following table, in which the altitude above the sea is calculated.

Peaks.	Feet.	Peaks.	Feet.
1	22,345	15	22,419
2	22,058	16	17,994
3	22,840	17	19,153
4	21,611	18	21,439
5	19,106	19	22,635
6	22,498	20	20,407
7	22,578	21	19,099
8	23,164	22	19,497
9	21,311	23	22,727
10	15,733	24	22,238
11	20,686	25	22,277
12	23,263	26	21,045
13	22,310	27	20,923
14	25,669		

Copper in Calthness.—Many of the mineral veins on this coast contain copper, several are hollowed by the waves of the sea washing out the softer mineral soils. There are several fine rake veins tending towards the north and south, and others towards an east and west direction, near the castle of Old Wick. These veins intersect one another at right angles, and in some of them pretty good copper ore is found. The veins at Wick are remarkably good and promising, and regularly open between the sides, containing some copper ore, even at the surface, with various other mineral soils, both hard and soft. One of the places is on the cliff of the sea, about half way down from its summit, in a strong bold vein containing some copper ore; but as most of the mineral soils in this vein were hard, there was but little done in it. The other vein was found open and good, immediately below the upper soil, containing spar and vein-stone, and a blackish brown chun, or soft mineral soil, with some copper ore at the very surface. The copper was found in small masses on the chun, and mixed or blended through all the vein-stones and spar. It did not appear to be very rich in quality; but, perhaps, that is not ultimately against it. In Cornwall, where they have the richest copper mines, the ore is generally poor in quality, which defect is compensated by the great quantity produced; and if we may judge from appearances, Old Wick promises to be a productive copper mine, when the best veins are opened and effectually explored.—*Inverness Courier.*

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

DR AYRE of Hull, will soon publish, in an octavo volume, *Practical Observations on Marasmus*, and those disorders allied to it, that may be strictly denominated bilious.

The Hon. and Rev. E. I. Turnour has in the press, the *Warning Voice*, a sacred poem, addressed to Infidel Writers of Poetry.

The Rev. R. Brook is preparing for publication, the *State and Progress of Religious Liberty*, from the first propagation of Christianity in Britain to the present time.

Dr A. B. Granville has in the press, *Memoirs on the Present State of Science and Scientific Institutions in France*; interspersed with Anecdotes, and illustrated by numerous plates and tables.

Dr Clarke Abel will soon publish, *Personal Observations made during the Progress of the British Embassy through China, and on its Voyage to and from that Country*, in a quarto volume, illustrated by engravings.

Mr J. W. Whittaker of St John's College, Cambridge, has in the press, a *Critical Examination of Mr Bellamy's Translation of Genesis*; comprising a Refutation of his Calumnies against the English Translators of the Bible.

Mr John Nichols is preparing for publication, in three octavo volumes, the *Miscellaneous Works of the late George Hardinge, Esq.*

Dr Spiker's *Travels through England* are published at Berlin, and an English Translation is preparing for the press.

John Galt, Esq. is preparing the *Second Part of the Life of Benjamin West, Esq.*

M. A. Picquot is printing, a *Chronological Abridgement of the History of Modern Europe*, compiled from the best English, French, and German Historians.

Mr Wm Carey has in the press, a *Biographical Sketch of B. R. Haydon, Esq.* with *Critical Observations on his Paintings*, and some notice of his *Essays in the Public Journals*.

Dr Hallaran has in the press, a second edition, with considerable additions, of his *Practical Observations on the Causes and Cure of Insanity*.

Materials for Thinking, by the late William Burdon, is reprinting, with many Alterations and Corrections, and a *Portrait of the Author*.

The Author of *Headlong Hall* has in the press, a new Novel, entitled, *Night Mare Abbey*.

Dr Busby's *Musical Grammar*, comprising the Development of the Harmonic Science, from its first rudiments to the most abstruse of its rules, is just ready for publication.

A work, entitled *Universal Commerce*, by the Editor of *Mortimer's Commercial Dictionary*, will appear in the course of the ensuing month.

A *Description of the Islands of Java, Bali, and Celebes*, with an Account of the principal Nations and Tribes of the Indian Archipelago, by John Crawford, Esq. late resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java, will speedily be published, in 3 vols. 8vo. with Maps and Engravings.

Mr Jonathan Otley, an ingenious mechanic of Keswick in Cumberland, whose intimate acquaintance with the district of the Lakes, and its Curiosities, had frequently occasioned him to be selected as a guide to visitors, is about to publish an improved Map of all the Lakes in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire.

A small volume will soon appear, entitled, *Nugæ Modernæ, or Morning Thoughts and Midnight Musings*; by Mr Park, Editor of *Nugæ Antiquæ*.

Mr Carmichael of Dublin, will shortly publish, *Observations on the Symptoms and Specific Distinctions of Venereal Diseases*; interspersed with Hints for the more Effectual Prosecution of the Present Inquiry into the Uses and Abuses of Mercury in their Treatment.

Mr A. A. Watts is preparing a volume of Poems for early publication.

M. La Beaume has in the press, *Observations on the Properties of the Air-pump and Vapour-bath*; pointing out their efficacy in Gout, Rheumatism, Palsy, &c. with Remarks on Factitious Airts, and on the Improved State of Electricity and Galvanism, and their supposed efficacy in various diseases.

Udine, a Fairy Romance, translated from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouque, by Mr Soane, is in great forwardness for publication.

Messrs Bentham and Ray, of Sheffield, will publish, on the 1st of August, the *Northern Star*, or *Monthly Magazine for Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Northumberland, Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, and the adjoining counties*; being a continuation, on a more extensive scale, of the *Northern Star*, or *Yorkshire Magazine*. The editors allege, that they have already obtained the co-operation and support of the most distinguished literary characters in

the north of England; and can promise their readers much original information on a vast variety of subjects.

Consolations for Mourners; five Sermons, by the late Rev. John Hill, are in considerable forwardness.

The Meditations of a Neophyte are in the press.

Translations of Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, and of Anecdotes of the Court and Family of Napolcon, are just ready for publication.

Mr Harris of Walworth, will, in a few days, publish the Algebraist's Assistant, written upon the plan of Walkingame's Arithmetic, and intended to follow that useful work in the course of instruction.

Dr Carey has in the press, an improved edition of his larger work on Latin Prosody and Versification.

EDINBURGH.

We are happy to inform our readers, that Dr M'Crie has in the press "The Life of Andrew Melville, containing Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Scotland, during the latter part of the Sixteenth and beginning of the Seventeenth Century; with an Appendix, consisting of Original Papers." 2 vols 8vo.

This work may be viewed as a continuation of the history of the Scottish Church given in the Life of John Knox, by the same author; but as Melville, besides taking an active part in the public transactions of his time, was successively at the head of two of the universities of Scotland, it will enter much more fully into the state of education and the progress of literature than the author found himself warranted to do in the Life of the Reformer.

We understand that Dr Brewster is preparing for publication a Treatise on the Kaleidoscope, containing a full account of the Principles and Construction of the Instrument, and of its application to the numerous branches of the fine and useful arts.

Preparing for publication, An Essay on the Office and Duties of the Eldership in the Church of Scotland. To which is added, an Account of the Management of the Poor in the Parishes of Paisley and Greenock. Together with a variety of Observations on the Comparative State of the English and Scotch System of Poor Laws; on the Plans proposed in the Glasgow Report; on the Reasonings of the Edinburgh Review; on the Causes and Cure of Pauperism; and on various other topics connected with the general Business of Charity and Provision for the Poor; by the Rev. Robert Burns, Paisley, author of a Letter to the Rev. Dr Chalmers on the Distinctive Character of Protestantism and Popery, &c. &c.

Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer, a Novel, in 3 vols 12mo.

It will be gratifying to the lovers of Scottish literature to be informed, that a volume

of Poems and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, by the late Richard Gall, is in the press.—Mr Gall died several years ago, in the bloom of youth, when his genius and taste had introduced him to the notice of gentlemen eminent in the literary world. He enjoyed the friendship and correspondence of Burns, Campbell, Macniell, and other celebrated poets of the day. It is said that his Poems breathe a tenderness and simplicity honourable to the head and heart of the author.

The Elements of Euclid, viz. the first six books, with the eleventh and twelfth, in which the corrections of Dr Simpson are generally adopted, but the errors overlooked by him are corrected, and the obscurities of his and other editions explained: also, some of Euclid's Demonstrations are restored, others made shorter and more general, and several useful Propositions are added; together with Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and a Treatise on Practical Geometry; by Alexander Ingram, Mathematician, Leith, 8vo.

Ruddiman's Latin Grammar, edited by Dr Hunter, Professor of Humanity in the University of St Andrews, 12mo.

Sentimental Scenes, selected from celebrated Plays, &c.; by John Wilson. Third edition, 12mo.

Early Genius, exemplified in the Juvenile Pursuits of Eminent Foreigners, 18mo.

In the press, and speedily will be published, Elegant Selections in Verse; consisting of short Extracts, chiefly from the Works of Scott, Byron, Southey, and other popular Poets of the present age; by David Grant, Teacher of English, Writing, &c. in Aberdeen.

The late Rev. Mr Scott of Perth is well known to have paid a great deal of attention to the earlier periods of Scottish history, and particularly to those transactions which had any connexion with the city in which he was long a useful and much respected clergyman. We are happy to learn that he has left, in a state fit for publication, a History of the Life and Death of John Earl of Gowrie, in which he gives a variety of new and interesting details respecting what is commonly called the "Gowrie Conspiracy." To the History he has prefixed some Preliminary Dissertations illustrative of his subject. The work is already in the press. It will appear in the form of an octavo volume, handsomely printed on royal paper, and containing nearly 350 pages. The price will be One Guinea in boards; and as only a limited number of copies will be thrown off, it is hoped that such as are desirous to obtain it will lose no time in giving orders for it to their booksellers.

Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia; by Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. Author of Historical Account of Discoveries in Africa, 3 vols 8vo, with maps.

Sermons, by the Rev. C. R. Maturin, Curate of St Peters, Dublin, 8vo.

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The Journal of Science and the Arts, edited at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. No. X. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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Memoirs of Richard Morris, late pastor of the Baptist Church, Amersham, Bucks; compiled by B. Godwin, Great Missenden, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

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From a press of Matter the Scottish Chronicle is unavoidably omitted.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—July 8, 1818.

Sugar. The importation of Sugar is now become very considerable. The West India ships, so long delayed by unfavourable weather for the crops in the colonies, are now arriving in considerable numbers. The sales of Sugar have in consequence been very considerable at all the chief ports of importation. The prices are, upon the whole, well supported, and the demand lively and extensive. The stocks of the principal dealers were greatly reduced, and they in consequence purchase freely at the prices quoted. There is no chance whatever of any material decline in price; but, on the contrary, the greatest chance of a rise after the chief parts of the imports are over. In the Refined article there has been considerable purchases, and as the stocks are not extensive, the holders are in expectation of a further demand. The prices are still low in comparison to Raw Sugars. Molasses are not in great request, and the price consequently nominal.—*Coffee.* The accounts from the Continental markets are rather unfavourable, as far as these regards this article. The demand is in consequence become languid, and the prices on the decline. The sales are become heavy, and can only be effected at reduced prices. The price of this article had advanced so much of late, that there is every chance of a considerable fluctuation in its value, but there is no chance of any material decline in price. The stocks have been so much reduced, and the consumpt of the Continent so much increased, that Coffee is sure to bear an high price in future. At its present value it must pay the planter and importer well.—*Cotton.* The East India Company have lately brought forward very extensive sales. On the 26th ult. 29,000 bags were brought forward by public auction, part of which were withdrawn at the commencement of the sale, and the remainder sold at a small decline in price. In all the different ports the Sales may be quoted at from 1-4th to 3-4ths per lb. of a decline in the price. The importations are very considerable, both in Glasgow, Liverpool, and London, and greatly exceed the importations of last year to the same period, and shows how extensive the demand must be, when, in the face of such extensive importations, the reduction of price is so small. A rise is however contemplated, as the last letters from India state, that the Cotton crops have been greatly injured by an excessive drought.—*Corn.* Notwithstanding the supply being very considerable, the prices have rather advanced. Whether this is owing to speculation, or a deficiency in quantity adequate to the supply of the country till the harvest is completed, a short time will determine. At present the appearance of the crops are every where very favourable, and the finest prospect of being early. On the Continent of Europe this is particularly the case. After a month of uncommon warm weather, towards the middle of June, and till this time, the weather has become changeable and wet, and in some instances rather cold for the season of the year, which may have set the speculators in grain to work. General appearances are however such as must render these things very limited or very dangerous to those who embark in them.

In all the other articles of Commerce usually enumerated by us, there are either no alteration since our last publication, or in many of these the alteration is so trifling as not to merit attention in the commercial world, or be interesting to the general reader. We therefore omit them in our present Number.

In our previous Numbers we hinted our intention of considering the nature and extent of our trade in manufactured goods to Spanish South America. To do this upon sure data, we cannot do better than insert the following important documents concerning the manufactures of Glasgow and trade of Clyde for one year, viz. from 1st May 1817 to 1st May 1818. Our readers may rest satisfied that Glasgow has her full proportion of the

trade in manufactured goods to every part of that extensive quarter of the world; and from a consideration of these documents, they will be enabled to decide how far and how much revolution and rebellion over the southern part of that vast Continent add to our resources, and benefit our trade. There cannot be a doubt but that the progressive and peaceable improvement which always accompanies the increase of human population in colonies descended from civilized nations, or who hold intercourse with these, must be the greatest benefit to all commercial nations, and a much surer, safer, and better road to spread knowledge and improvement, either political or moral, than violent and unjustifiable revolutions, however prosperously these may end for those who commence them. In a very particular manner this will be found to be the case amongst all the human race who inhabit the regions of this globe situate within the tropics. Were violent revolutions also more to be deprecated in one place than in another of these regions, it would be in Spanish Tropical America, where there is five or six classes and colours of men, differing in their nature and pursuits, whom no free mode of government could ever make coalesce, whom nothing but a despotic government could govern, and whom the arm of power, wielded with a steady hand, can only keep from tearing each other to pieces, and in their fury destroying all property, and banishing confidence and commerce from their lands and their dwellings. Over the greater part of South America, its population know not what freedom means, except it be to indulge in sloth, idleness, and violence.

MANUFACTURES OF GLASGOW AND TRADE OF CLYDE.

BRITISH PORTS.	No of Ships	Yrds Cotton.	Yards Cotton and Linen.	Yards Linen.	Yards Total.
Jamaica,.....	37	14,931,754	1,372,141	2,627,834	18,941,729
Other British West India Colonies,	55	3,473,302	343,020	1,960,865	5,777,187
British North American ditto,.....	54	774,310	3,395	421,913	1,199,618
British Mediterranean,.....	16	4,069,058	470	78,140	4,147,668
	162	23,248,424	1,719,026	5,098,752	30,066,202

Besides the above, there were exported to these ports, viz :

5,266 Pieces Woollens,
148,164 Yards do.
10,414 Dozen Pairs Cotton Hose,
1,145 Ditto ditto Woollen ditto.

FOREIGN PORTS.	No of Ships	Yrds Cotton.	Yards Cotton and Linen.	Yards Linen.	Yards Total.
St Thomas,.....	13	5,466,884	157,403	1,389,841	7,012,128
Buenos Ayres,.....	2	380,015		112,152	492,167
Rio de Janeiro,.....	2	508,318		19,653	527,971
Foreign Mediterranean,.....	18	3,115,783	1,000	18,979	3,135,762
Other Ports,.....	20	1,996,950	168,076	615,802	2,782,828
	55	11,467,950	326,479	2,156,427	13,950,856

Besides the above, there were exported to these ports, viz :

975 Pieces Woollens,
28,807 Yards ditto,
2,919 Dozen Pairs Cotton Hose,
30 Dozen ditto Woollen ditto.

UNITED STATES.	No of Ships	Yrds Cotton.	Yards Cotton and Linen.	Yards Linen.	Yards Total.
New Orleans,.....	3	615,828		428,049	1,043,877
New York,.....	17	2,364,845	25,769	640,312	3,030,926
Other Ports,.....	21	965,892	720	1,576,507	2,543,119
	41	3,946,565	26,489	2,644,868	6,617,922

In addition to the above, there were exported to these ports, viz :

1,079 Pieces Woollens,
117,727 Yards ditto,
2,967 Dozen Pairs Cotton Hose,
816 Dozen ditto Woollen ditto,

RECAPITULATION.

To British Foreign Colonies, - - -	Ships 162	30,066,202 yards.
Foreign Europe and Foreign Colonies, - - -	Ships 55	13,950,856
United States, - - -	Ships 41	6,617,922
	Total, 258	50,635,080

TOTALS TO MEDITERRANEAN.	No of Ships	Yrds Cotton.	Yards Cotton and Linen.	Yards Linen.	Yards Total.
British Possessions,.....	16	4,069,058	470	78,140	4,147,668
Foreign Ports,.....	18	3,115,783	1,000	18,979	3,135,762
Total, - (a)	34	7,184,841	1,470	97,119	7,283,430

(a) This number of Ships is not the true number to the Mediterranean, as, in general, the same vessels which carried the cargoes to Malta and Gibraltar, called also at Foreign Ports during the same voyage. The same is also the case with a few of those to the West Indies.

In addition to the manufactures already enumerated, the following miscellaneous articles were exported to the places already mentioned :

629,577 lbs. Cotton Twist and Yarn
(234,064 lbs. of which were sent to St Petersburg)
184,182 lbs. Linen Thread
32,167 do. Cotton do.
67,529 dozen Tapes and Bobbins
11,968 yards Cotton Shawls
4,000 do. Linen Gauze.
9,160 do. Cotton Lace
10,717 do. Linen do.

During the same period, there were exported to Liverpool :

4,447 Boxes Cottons
448 Puncheons and Trunks do.
692 Trusses do,
171 Boxes Linens
117 Trunks do.
568 Trusses do.
5,174 Pieces Cotton Bagging
632 Trusses Sail Cloth, &c.
124 Woollens

It may not be considered uninteresting to state, separately, the quantity carried out by each of the following ships, for Jamaica :

	Yards.		Yards.
Mary,	1,296,581		
Alexis,	1,109,801	Ariel,	870,817
Amelia,	2,079,241	Glasgow,	890,578
Margaret Boak,	1,296,352	Mercator,	1,212,353
Sir Thomas Grahame,	587,617	Cervantes,	1,364,513
William Wallace,	846,206	Vittoria,	837,665
Martha,	1,024,109	Margaret Boak,	768,517
Prince Regent,	946,616	Vittoria,	538,157
Rambler,	737,949	Marquis Wellington,	679,630
	9,924,472		9,924,472
			17,086,702

The preceding Tables are compiled with considerable care, and we need scarcely add, with very great labour, ship by ship, from the Clyde Commercial List. In such a multitude of separate additions, and a variety of items, it is probable there may be some small entries omitted, some errors in the amount and classification, but we think we may add, there is no error sufficient to alter materially the total quantity. The account extends to one year, and ends 1st May 1818.

We have to observe, that under the head linen is included Osnaburghs, Sailcloth, &c. &c. that under the head cotton is also included all articles of that description, mixed or ornamented with silk.—Under the head woollen is also included baize, blanketing, and cloths of every description.

It must also be taken into account, that we have no return of the quantity of these articles of cotton fabric shipped to the Continent from Leith;—it is well known, however, that these are very considerable. Of the quantity sent to Liverpool by coasting vessels, and chiefly if not wholly for exportation to foreign ports, it is difficult, from the manner they are returned by the Custom-house books, to form an accurate estimate in yards. But it cannot be less than 15,000,000 yards, which makes the amount for foreign exportation

65,000,000 yards, exclusive of those exported to the Continent of Europe by way of Leith.

To estimate the value of these articles is attended with considerable difficulty and uncertainty. A great proportion of both the cotton and linen articles are of the cheapest kinds: on the other hand, there are many of considerable value. Were we to estimate the whole on an average at 1s. per yard, including all charges when shipped, we should probably not be far from the truth. Taking the whole at this estimated value, the amount would be £3,500,000 Sterling, and all the other miscellaneous articles at least £300,000 more, a sum vast and surprising indeed.

The number of yards of cotton manufactures used for home consumpt cannot be correctly known: it must however be very great. The following data may bring us near the truth. It is known with a considerable degree of accuracy, that the value of the cotton manufactures consumed in Great Britain is more than equal to the value of those exported. It must however be remembered, that the value of the former per yard is much more considerable than the latter; the fabric and ornaments are generally finer and more costly, and the value consequently proportionably enhanced; still, of the cottons consumed in this country, a very great quantity is of the cheaper kinds, and we perhaps do not err far, when we state the quantity consumed as equal to the quantity exported, and their value considerably more. Allowing that 5,000,000 yards are exported from Leith to the Continent of Europe, this would give about 55,000,000 yards cottons as the proportion manufactured in Glasgow for home consumpt. These two added together would make nearly 105,000,000 yards of cottons manufactured in Glasgow for internal consumpt and exportation; and, including linens exported, a quantity little short of 120,000,000 yards as the trade of Glasgow in these articles. The value of these, by the former data, will be £6,000,000 as the prime cost for the trade, including linens exported, and above £5,200,000 as the first cost or the manufacturers' price for cotton articles alone.

Vast as the sum is, still, in all probability, it is below the truth. To these sums also we must add the value of the miscellaneous articles exported, and, as far as regards these, a still greater quantity taken for internal consumpt, and we cannot have a sum less than £300,000 for the former, and a still larger sum for the latter, to add to the former sums. We shall then have a sum nearly equal to £5,800,000 as the value of cottons manufactured in Glasgow, and nearly £4,000,000 as her exports in cottons and linens alone.

Nor is this the whole export trade of Glasgow to foreign parts. Perhaps we do not greatly exaggerate when we take it at only a moiety of the same. First, there are a considerable number of ships not taken into this account. Secondly, in a very great proportion of the ships enumerated, the articles we have mentioned form but a trifling part indeed of the value of the cargo. Such is the case with all the cargoes to our valuable possessions in the West Indies. These articles too, to which we allude, are solely the produce of the British soil, industry, and capital—the raw material is our own, and not purchased from foreign parts.

From these tables the reader will perceive, without much difficulty, the ports and countries with which our chief communication lies. Contrary to opinions most erroneous, but most industriously circulated, he will perceive that these lie in those parts of South America which remain subject to Spain, their parent State. The quantity sent to St Thomas' is confessedly sent, and can only be sent with any degree of security, to ports under the control of the royal authority. From these only any returns can be calculated upon. The trade from any other of the Charibbee Islands is now so trifling that it is not worth taking into account. Grenada and Trinidad are the chief stations, and those who do business there know how trifling that has become. Besides, any business that they do carry on from these places to the Spanish settlements, is with those who remain obedient to the mother country. The revolt of some of these countries, and general insecurity which this revolt has spread, from the Orionoco to the Magdalena, has, it is well known, nearly destroyed the trade; and with the Royalists, all is carried on that is now left.

The trade from Jamaica, which so greatly exceeds all the rest, is almost entirely confined to the Spanish loyal colonies on the Gulph of Mexico, to those parts on the Southern, Western, and North Western shores of the same, under the same authority; but the grand branch of this trade is carried on across the Isthmus of Darien, by Panama, to the Spanish colonies situated on the shores of the Great Pacific Ocean, and which remain in subjection to the mother country. The quantity of goods carried annually from Jamaica to these parts, exceeds a millón and a half of our money. It is well known, that the revolt of part of Chili, and the general alarm which has in consequence spread over these places, has diminished the ardour of commerce, and greatly embarrassed the operations of the merchants engaged in, and dependent on, that trade.

Thus it is obvious, that our whole trade to independent South America, amounts to the enormous quantity of 380,015 yards cotton, and 112,152 yards linen, exported to Buenos Ayres. Yet we are incessantly told how much South American revolutions have benefited our trade, and for a trade in this proportion we are called upon to plunge into an unjust, unnecessary, and expensive war, in order that we may assist rebellion, robbery, murder, and desolation. For this we are called upon to trample upon the laws and solemn treaties

of civilized nations, by attacking a friendly power without any cause of complaint, and by allowing our sons and our brothers to be decoyed away by the agents of rebellion, to mingle with hardened adventurers and demi-savages, and to finish their days despised and unknown, amidst the gloomy forests, uncultivated plains, mighty rivers, and sickly swamps of Terra Firma. The Independents, as they are called, have no trade but war and violence. Insecurity attends their footsteps, desolation marks their progress, injustice guides their actions, and peaceful commerce has fled, must consequently fly, from their distracted abodes.

Our smaller West India Colonies take from us 5,777,187 yards cottons and linens. This, as has been already noticed, may be set down as their internal consumpt. If we add an equal quantity for the internal consumpt of Jamaica, we shall have, in round numbers, 11,500,000 yards, as the quantity which our West India Colonies require from Glasgow for their internal use. These colonies send us in return for these and still more costly articles of exportation, 25,000 hhd. sugar, 5,000 puncheons rum, 9,700 bags cotton, and 10,700 bags and barrels of coffee, besides other produce to a very considerable amount. The whole, including freight and charges, worth £2,000,000, which shews the vast importance which these Colonies are of to the trade of this place.

Of the linen exported to the British North American Colonies, a great quantity is sail cloth—the remainder chiefly of the better kinds.

The quantity marked for "Other Ports," under the head "Foreign Ports," in the tables, went chiefly to Petersburg, Hamburgh, Libson, and other European ports, and a part to St Domingo.

With regard to the quantity of cottons and linens returned as exported to Liverpool, we must observe, that a considerable quantity of cottons, of different fabrics, we presume, are brought from that city to Glasgow. It is not however half the quantity which Glasgow sends to Liverpool, and the former is besides, in all probability, chiefly for home consumpt, while the latter is certainly nearly all, if not all, for exportation to foreign parts.

The imports from the United States last year into the Clyde were 30,612 bags of cotton. This could not cost less than £1,400,000. These States take from us, in round numbers, 6,500,000 yards cottons and linens, worth, say £320,000, and with miscellaneous articles, we shall say £400,000, thereby leaving a balance of £1,000,000 that we have to pay them in money. Their ships carry away but few articles beyond those we have enumerated. According to official authority, the United States exported last year cotton to the value of 23,127,614 dollars, or five millions sterling, most of which came to Great Britain.

Great as is the trade of Glasgow in the articles we have mentioned, that of Liverpool greatly exceeds it. The exports of cottons from Liverpool for six months, ending the 5th April, amounted to nearly 54,000,000 yards. But, to make a fair comparison, it must be borne in mind, that a good deal of this is on Glasgow account. Liverpool only exports, and is the great outlet of the whole manufacturing districts of England, whereas Glasgow manufactures all the cottons which she exports.

Course of Exchange, July 7. Amsterdam, 37. B. 2 Us. Antwerp, 11:11. Ex. Hamburgh, 34: 5. 2½ Us. Frankfort 143. Ex. Paris 24: 30. 2 Us. Bordeaux, 24:50. Madrid, 39 effect. Cadiz, 39 effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 51½. Genoa, 47½. Malta, 51. Naples, 44. Palermo, 128 per oz. Rio Janeiro, 66. Oporto, 59. Dublin, 11. Cork, 11. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £4, 1s. 6d. Foreign gold, in bars, £4, 1s. 6d. New doubloons, £4, 0s. 6d. New Dollars, 5s. 6d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 5d.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th June 1818.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock,	—	—	—	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	78¾	78¾	78¾	78¾	—
3 per cent. consols,	79½	—	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	96½	96¾	96¾	96¾	—
5 per cent. navy ann.	108	—	—	—	—
Imperial 3 per cent. ann. ..	—	—	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	—	92 pr.	88 pr.	88 pr.	—
Exchequer bills, 2½d.	20 pr.	20 pr.	18 pr.	17 pr.	—
Consols for acc.	79¾	79¾	79½	79½	—
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
French 3 per cents.	—	—	—	—	—

PRICES CURRENT.—July 4, 1818.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	76 to —	74 to 77	72 to 78	74 to 77	} £1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	84 88	78 90	7 90	84 86	
Fine and very fine, . .	90 96	— —	91 96	87 88	
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150 155	— —	— —	140 150	
Powder ditto,	120 124	— —	— —	109 120	
Single ditto,	118 120	119 124	125 128	107 108	
Small Lumps	114 118	114 116	125 129	111 119	
Large ditto,	112 114	110 112	113 119	108 110	
Crushed Lumps,	65 67	— —	68 74	69 70	
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	37 37 6	36 37	39 6	35 —	0 7 6½
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.					
Ord. good, and fine ord.	116 126	114 124	120 126	120 124	} per lb.
Mid. good, and fine mid.	127 135	125 131	127 134	128 134	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	114 116	— —	109 120	112 120	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	118 129	116 127	122 128	124 130	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	130 135	128 133	129 137	132 136	
St Domingo,	124 127	120 125	124 127	130 134	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	— 10	9 9½	10 9½	10 9½	0 0 9½
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 7d 3s 9d	3s 5d 3s 8d	3s 3d 3s 5d	5s 2d 5s 6d	0 8 1½
Brandy,	9 0 10 0	— —	— —	10 0 12 6	{B.S.} 0 17 0½
Geneva,	5 5 5 7	— —	— —	3 2 5 3	{F.S.} 0 17 11½
Grain Whisky,	7 3 7 6	— —	— —	13 6 —	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	50 54	— —	— —	£35 60	{B.S.} 143 18 0
Portugal Red,	48 54	— —	— —	48 58	{F.S.} 148 4 6
Spanish White,	34 55	— —	— —	25 65	{B.S.} 95 11 0
Teneriffe,	30 35	— —	— —	25 38	{F.S.} 98 16 0
Madeira,	60 70	— —	— —	58 65	{B.S.} 96 13 0
					{F.S.} 99 16 6
LOGWOOD, Jam. . . ton.	£9 9	8 15 9 0	8 10 9 0	8 5 8 10	} 0 9 1½
Honduras,	10 —	8 8 9 0	9 0 9 5	8 15 9 0	
Campeachy,	10 10	10 0 10 10	10 0 —	10 0 10 10	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . . .	12 15	— —	10 0 12 0	14 0 15 0	} 1 4 6½
Cuba,	17 —	— —	15 10 16 0	17 0 17 10	
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	— —	10 6 11 0	50 c. f. 0 0 0 4½
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 3 2 4	— —	2 5 2 7	— —	0 2 4 ½
Ditto Oak,	4 6 5 0	— —	— —	— —	0 5 6½
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 2 2 4	— —	— —	— —	
Honduras Mahogany	1 0 1 6	10 0 1 8	1 3 1 5	1s 2 1 4	ton. 3 16 0
St Domingo, ditto . . .	— —	1 2 3 0	1 9 2 3	1 9 2 2	8 14 2
TAR, American, . . . brl.	— —	— —	14 6 16 0	19 6 —	{B.S.} 1 1 4½
					{F.S.} 1 2 11½
Archangel,	23 24	— —	17 0 20 0	21 0 —	— —
PITCH, Foreign, . . . cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	13 —	{B.S.} 1 8 6
					{F.S.} 1 10 1
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	74 75	74 75	78 79	74 75	0 3 2
Home Melted,	— 74	— —	— —	— —	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, . ton.	43 49	50 51	— —	£49 48	{B.S.} 0 9 1½
Petersburgh Clean, . .	47 48	50 51	48 50	49 —	{F.S.} 0 10 0½
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj, Rak.	76 77	— —	— —	78 80	{B.S.} cwt. 0 0 4 ¾
Dutch,	50 120	— —	— —	65 80	{F.S.} 0 0 7 ¾
Irish,	56 62	— —	— —	— —	
MATS, Archangel, . . 100.	105 —	— —	— —	105s —	{B.S.} 1 5 9
					{F.S.} 1 4 11½
BRISTLES,					
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	16 0 16 10	— —	— —	£14 10 14 15	{B.S.} 0 3 6½
					{F.S.} 0 3 11½
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	50 61	— —	— —	50s 52	{B.S.} 0 4 6½
					{F.S.} 0 6 4
Montreal ditto,	58 —	56 57	54 55	56 58	} 0 1 7
Pot,	51 52	50 51	49 50	52 54	
OIL, Whale, tun.	35 —	30 31	40 42	31 35	
Cod,	54 (p. brl.) —	— —	35 —	36 —	
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	9½ 10½	10½ 11	0 8 0 10	— 11	} 0 10
Middling,	8½ 9	9 9½	0 6½ 0 7½	8 —	
Inferior,	7½ 8	8½ 9	0 6 — 7½	— —	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 9 1 10	1 8 1 9	— —	} per 100 lbs.
Sea Island, fine,	— —	3 10 4 0	3 6 3 8	2s 6d 3s 6	
good,	— —	3 6 3 9	3 4 3 5	— —	
middling,	— —	3 3 3 5	2 0 3 3	— —	
Demerara and Berbice, .	— —	2 0 2 3	1 11 2 4	1 10 2 2½	{B.S.} 0 8 7
West India,	— —	1 8 2 0	1 9 1 10	1 7 1 10	{F.S.} 0 17 2
Pernambuco,	— —	2 2½ 2 3½	2 0½ 2 1½	2 1 2 2	
Maranham,	— —	2 1½ 2 2	1 11½ 2 0½	1 11½ 2 0	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th June 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

Ashe, J. S. Liverpool, merchant
 Aspinall, J. Cumberland street, Curtain-road, Middlesex, stone-mason
 Attwood, J. Oldbury, Salop, victualler
 Askam, R. D. Knottingley, Yorkshire, lime-burner
 Bailey, T. C. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehouseman
 Bartlett, J. jun. Beckington, Somerset, dyer
 Bennet, J. Manchester, woollen-cord manufacturer
 Benson, J. Birmingham, pocket-book maker

Birch, T. B. Liverpool, earthenware dealer
 Biss, R. Castle Eden, Durham, copperas-manufacturer
 Boardman, J. Liverpool, merchant
 Brewer, A. Bath, dealer
 Brindle, R. Leyland, Lancashire, dealer
 Brown, W. A. College-hill, merchant
 Brown, J. London, merchant
 Burdon, F. & T. Henley in Arden, Warwick, drapers
 Bell, J. & J. Snowdon, Leeds, linen-draper

Brown, Wm, Pleasant-row, Hackney, ship-owner
 Beall, T. senior, North Shields, mason
 Bateman, J. Astell, Oxfordshire, maltster
 Bragg, W. A. Rotherhithe-wall, shipwright
 Blowen, J. H. Mint-square, Tower-hill, gunmaker
 Cook, J. & E. Goring, Little Alie-street, Good-
 man's-field, upholsters
 Framingham, M. Church-street, Bethnal-green,
 shoemaker
 Gay, M. L. Upper Norton-street, Mary-le-bone,
 stone-mason
 George, J. North Audley-street, coach-maker
 Hall, T. Reading, tailor
 Hart, G. Norwich, ironmonger
 Haslam, M. & T. Bolton, Lancashire, linen-draper
 Haywood, C. Manchester, manufacturer
 Hemingway, J. Eiland, Yorkshire, grocer
 Hornsby, T. jun. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer
 Jackson, G. Widegate-alley, Bishopsgate-street,
 baker
 Joseph, M. St James's-street, wine-merchant
 Lamb, J. & J. Younger, Crescent, Minories, mer-
 chants
 Langlois, Beaufort's Buildings, Strand, dealer
 Lodge, R. Blackburn, Lancashire, butcher
 Loudon, J. C. Warwick-court, Holborn, merchant
 Lambden, H. & W. Colline, Two-mile Hill, Glou-
 cestershire, pin-manufacturers
 Lyne, E. Plymouth, merchant
 Mackay, C. Liverpool, earthenware dealer
 Mayman, J. Dewsbury, Yorkshire, inkeeper
 Mayhew, J. St Osyth, Essex, miller
 M'Guckin, H. King's Mews, Charing Cross, mer-
 chant
 Nevison, W. North Shields, draper
 Nicholls, W. Huntingdon, rope-maker
 Nicholson, J. & J. Brown, Bow-lane, pin and
 needle manufacturers
 Oliver, P. Catdown, Devonshire, ship-builder
 Page, W. Banbury, Oxfordshire, mercer
 Peacock, G. Aldersgate-street, baker
 Prie, W. Minorities, tea-dealer
 Peart, W. Northampton-street, Clerkenwell, printer
 Phillips, J. Upper Eaton-street, Pimlico, coal-mer-
 chant
 Parrish, J. & W. Parrish, Hadbrook, Gloucester-
 shire, dyers
 Parker, W. High-street, Whitechapel, oil mer-
 chant
 Rawlinson, R. Manchester, pawn-broker
 Roden, E. J. Manchester, merchant
 Sayer, R. P. Clarence-row, Camberwell, Surrey,
 money-scrivener
 Shillitoe, T. Doncaster, inn-keeper
 Southall, B. Laysters, Herefordshire, farmer
 Smith, C. Bristol, boot and shoe manufacturer
 Trewhitt, N. North Allerton, linen-manufacturer
 Taberer, A. Collyhurst, Manchester, woollen-cord
 manufacturer
 Tyas, J. Wakefield, York, grocer
 Tucker, B. Bristol, dealer and chapman
 Veven, J. Churwell, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant
 Walter, J. Bath, cabinet-maker
 Watts, W. Bishop Stortford, Hertfordshire, farmer
 Webb, R. Winslow, Herefordshire, farmer
 White, J. Calver, Derbyshire, grocer
 Whitehouse, J. Stratford-upon-Avon, mercer
 Wickstead, J. Shrewsbury, starch-maker
 Wrench, J. C. St Mary Axe, wine-merchant
 Whaley, T. Packwood, Warwickshire, coal-mer-
 chant
 Wilson, E. Liverpool, farrier
 Woddeson, T. W. Dover-street, Piccadilly, uphol-
 sterer
 Yeates, T. Bordesly, Warwickshire, patten-tye
 manufacturer

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and
 30th June 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Brown, John, cattle-dealer and cowfeeder, in Lady-
 lone of Paisley
 Forlong, John, broker, Glasgow
 Guthrie, Robert, merchant, Cupar-Fife
 M'Neil, Alex. merchant, grocer, and spirit-dealer,
 Greenock
 M'Laren, David, merchant, Stirling
 Ramsay, William, spirit-dealer, Crossgates
 DIVIDENDS.
 Arnot, George, merchant, Leith; by Geo. Brodie,
 merchant there
 Anderson, James, trilor, Paisley, deceased; by
 James Craig, jun. there—10th July
 Boyd, Robert, merchant, Edinburgh; by Josiah
 Livingstone, South Bridge
 Byars, James, merchant, Forfar; by Wm Roberts,
 writer there
 Brown, George, merchant tailor, Leith; by John
 M'Lean, merchant, Edinburgh
 Craig, John, jun. shoemaker, Glasgow; by Dun.
 Kennedy, accountant there
 Dickson, George, late tobacconist, Edinburgh; by
 James Mitchell, tobacconist, Canongate
 Forrester & Craigie, manufacturers, Glasgow; by
 John M'Gavin there
 Ford, James, of Finhaven, merchant, Montrose;
 by Alex. Thomson, conjunct clerk, Montrose
 Goldie, John, late merchant, Ayr, deceased; a final
 dividend at town clerk's office
 Hogg, Richard, late merchant, Edinburgh; by
 Josiah Livingstone, South Bridge—2s. per pound
 on 3d August
 Kerr, Thomas, upholsterer, Greenside Place, Edin-
 burgh; by Richard Whytock, merchant, Edin-
 burgh
 Munro, John, drover and cattle-dealer, Achnacloch;
 by Robert Mithell, writer, Tain
 M'Lure, William, merchant, Kirkcudbright; by
 W. A. Roddan, accountant there
 M'Kean, Robert, of Kirkside, Kilmarnock; by
 William Simpson, merchant there
 M'Farlane, Robert, & Co. Greenock, and M'Far-
 lane, Scott, and Co. of Newfoundland, being one
 concern, and Robert M'Farlane, principal part-
 ner thereof, as an individual; by Dugald Mac-
 Ewen, merchant, Greenock
 M'Allaster & Duncan, merchants, Glasgow, as a
 Company, and Walter M'Allaster and James
 Duncan, the individual partners thereof; by
 John Fergusson, writer, Glasgow—20th July
 Russell, David, late founder and merchant, Durie
 foundry, near Leven, county of Fife; by Thos.
 Dryburgh, writer, Cupar-Fife—24th July
 Russell, David, joiner, cabinet-maker, and glazier,
 Glasgow; by John Bryce, merchant there—21st
 July
 Smith, William, late minister, West Fenton; by
 James Stevenson, merchant, Edinburgh
 Smith, Alex. writer, builder, and cattle-dealer, Ayr;
 by James Morton, writer there
 Stevenson, Hugh, late merchant, Greenock; by
 Samuel Gemmill, writer there—23d July
 Watson, Robertson, late in Hole of Slateford; by
 James Speed, writer, Brechin—1st August
 Strathy & Pringle, merchants, Perth; by William
 Tindell, merchant, Perth—30th June.

EDINBURGH.—JULY 1.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....44s. 0d.	1st,..... 0s. 0d.	1st,.....27s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.
2d,.....40s. 0d.	2d,..... 0s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....27s. 0d.
3d,.....36s. 0d.	3d,..... 0s. 0d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.	3d,.....26s. 0d.

Tuesday, July 7.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 11d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 7d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 6d. to 5s. 0d.	Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 1s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 7d. to 0s. 9d.	Salt ditto, per stone	29s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 1s. 5d.
Tallow, per stone	11s. 6d. to 12s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—JULY 3.

Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease.		Beans.	
1st,.....42s. 6d.	1st,.....37s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....29s. 0d.	1st,.....29s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.
2d,.....39s. 0d.	2d,.....34s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....26s. 0d.	2d,.....26s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.
3d,.....35s. 0d.	3d,.....31s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....23s. 0d.	3d,.....23s. 0d.	3d,.....23s. 0d.	3d,.....23s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.

Average of wheat, £1 : 17 : 4 : 4-19ths. per boll.

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, July 3.

Liverpool, July 4.

Foreign Wheat,		Boilers, new		Wheat,		Rice, p. cwt.	
s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s. d.
55 to 65	55 to 65	56 to 60	56 to 60	per 70 lbs.	11 0 to 12 6	41 0 to 45 0	
74 to 78	74 to 78	50 to 58	50 to 58	English	11 0 to 11 6	Flour, English,	
78 to 82	78 to 82	58 to 61	58 to 61	Scotch	10 6 to 12 0	p.280lb.fine	64 0 to 65 0
60 to 68	60 to 68	48 to 54	48 to 54	Welsh	9 0 to 10 6	—Seconds	57 0 to 58 0
70 to 82	70 to 82	54 to 56	54 to 56	Irish	11 6 to 13 0	Irishp.240 lb.	52 0 to 54 0
84 to 88	84 to 88	22 to 26	22 to 26	Dantzic	11 6 to 12 9	Ameri. p. bl.	44 0 to 46 0
56 to 85	56 to 85	29 to 32	29 to 32	Wismar	10 6 to 11 9	— Sour do.	50 0 to 40 0
44 to 50	44 to 50	27 to 30	27 to 30	American	11 6 to 12 3	Clover-seed, p. bush.	
58 to 45	58 to 45	34 to 36	34 to 36	Quebec	10 6 to 11 9	— White	— to —
48 to 58	48 to 58	32 to 34	32 to 34	Barley, per 60 lbs.	6 6 to 7 0	— Red	— to —
60 to 72	60 to 72	65 to 70	65 to 70	English	6 6 to 6 9	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
76 to 78	76 to 78	60 to 65	60 to 65	Scotch	6 0 to 7 0	English	41 0 to 42 0
42 to 46	42 to 46	20 to 30	20 to 30	Irish	10 6 to 11 6	Scotch	58 0 to 59 0
48 to 52	48 to 52	13 to 14	13 to 14	Malt p.9gls.	42 0 to 46 0	Irish	34 0 to 36 0
46 to 50	46 to 50			Rye, per qr.	42 0 to 46 0		
				Oats, per 45 lb.			

Seeds, &c. July 3.

Mustard, Brown, 12 to 22	Trefoil 10 to 42
—White 5 to 11	Ryegrass 10 to 32
Tares 17 to 18	—Common — to —
Turnips, New 14 to 20	Clover, English,
—Red — to —	—Red, 70 to 75
—Yellow, new — to —	—White 100 to —
Canary 70 to 96	Rib Grass — to —
Heinpsseed 60 to 75	Carraway, Eng. 58 to —
Linseed 60 to 75	—Foreign 50 to —
Lucerne, New 70 to 84	Coriander 18 to 22
New Rapeseed, £46 to £50.	

Eng.pota. 4 6 to 5 1	Butter, per cwt. s. s.
Welsh potato 4 3 to 4 7	Belfast 120 to 30
Scotch 4 6 to 5 1	Newry 118 to 0
Foreign 4 6 to 4 10	Drogheda 0 to 0
Irish 4 3 to 4 10	Waterford, new 114 to 0
Rapeseed, p. l. — to —	Cork, 3d. . . . 102 to 0
Flaxseed, p. b. 7 6 to 8 0	—New, 2d. . . . 116 to 0
Sowing, p. hhd. — to —	Beef, p. tierce 85 to 95
Beans, pr qr. — to —	— p. barrel 60 to 65
English 51 0 to 58 0	Pork, p. brl. 88 to 98
Foreign 49 0 to 55 0	Bacon, per cwt.
Pease, per quar. — to —	—Short middles 68 to —
—Boiling 50 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 27th June 1818.

Wheat, 84s. 1d.—Rye, 52s. 4d.—Barley, 49s. 3d.—Oats, 32s. 0d.—Beans, 58s. 6d.—Pease, 53s. 3d.—Oatmeal, 35s. 11d. per boll of 140 lbs.—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 June 1818.

Wheat, 67s. 11d.—Rye, 62s. 5d.—Barley, 44s. 4d.—Oats, 30s. 9d.—Beans, 51s. 1d.—Pease, 51s. 7d.—Oatmeal, 76s. 11d.—Beer or Big, 41s. 1d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of June has been throughout unusually warm and dry. During the first twelve days the Thermometer rose frequently above 70, and every day above 60 in the day time, and during the night generally stood as high as 50, and often higher. The mean temperature is $3\frac{1}{2}$ degrees above that of June 1817. The Barometer for the first fortnight was very steady at an elevation of 30 and upwards—the weather at the same time clear and warm. During the remainder of the month the fluctuation in the mercurial column was considerable; but, on the whole, the Barometer stood above the medium height. During the first fourteen days there was no rain, except about half a tenth on the 4th. On the 15th there fell about eight-tenths; on the 22d, three; on the 25th and 26th together, five; and on the 28th, one. The Hygrometer was in general very high, the average being 9 degrees above that of June last year. The mean point of deposition at 10 A. M. coincides exactly with the mean minimum temperature—at 10 P. M. it is 3 degrees lower. A more delightful and truly summer month has not perhaps been experienced in this country for many years, yet it is curious to remark, that there has been no such rapid vegetation, at least in this quarter, as took place last year towards the end of June. This can only be accounted for from the state of the ground at the time that the warm weather set in. The heavy rains of May were succeeded by a sudden and intense drought, which hardened the ground so much, that the subsequent rains have hardly penetrated to the roots of the plants. It is probable, therefore, that the crops may not be so weighty as, from the warmth of the season, we should be led to expect.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

JUNE 1818.

Means.			Extremes.		
THERMOMETER. Degrees.			THERMOMETER. Degrees.		
Mean of greatest daily heat,		67.2	Maximum, 13th day,		79.5
..... cold,		50.2	Minimum, 21st,		45.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M.		62.0	Lowest maximum, 21st,		60.0
..... 10 P. M.		55.0	Highest minimum, 12th,		61.0
..... of daily extremes,		58.7	Highest, 10 A. M. 11th,		74.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.		58.5	Lowest ditto, 21st,		51.0
..... 4 daily observations,		58.6	Highest, 10 P. M. 12th,		66.0
Whole range of thermometer,		510.0	Lowest ditto 24th,		49.0
Mean daily ditto,		17.0	Greatest range in 24 hours, 11th,		25.0
..... temperature of spring water,		55.5	Least ditto, 19th,		11.0
BAROMETER. Inches.			BAROMETER. Inches.		
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 63)		29.830	Highest, 10 A. M. 6th,		30.408
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 65)		29.833	Lowest ditto, 20th,		29.300
..... both, (temp. of mer 63)		29.831	Highest, 10 P. M. 6th,		30.355
Whole range of barometer,		5.780	Lowest ditto, 19th,		29.190
Mean daily ditto,		.192	Greatest range in 24 hours, 28th,		.510
			Least ditto, 7th,		.014
HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.) Degrees.			HYGROMETER. Degrees.		
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.		34.5	Highest, 10 A. M. 12th,		78.0
..... 10 P. M.		18.6	Lowest ditto, 11th,		9.0
..... of both,		26.5	Highest, 10 P. M. 16th,		45.0
..... point of deposition, 10 A. M.		50.3	Lowest ditto, 26th,		4.0
..... 10 P. M.		47.4	Highest P. of D. 10 A. M. 15th,		58.0
..... of both,		48.9	Lowest ditto, 22d,		54.2
Rain in inches,		1.725	Highest P. of D. 10 P. M. 12th,		55.8
Evaporation in ditto,		5.170	Lowest ditto, 24th,		37.6
Mean daily Evaporation,		.106			
WILSON'S HYGROMETER.			WILSON'S HYGROMETER.		
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.		32.8	Greatest dryness, 12th, 10 A. M.		48.0
..... 10 P. M.		22.9	Least ditto, 26th, 10 P. M.		2.0

Fair days 23; rainy days 7. Wind West of meridian, 22; East of meridian, 8.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
June 1		29.686	M.64	W.	Clear, very warm.	June 16	M.62½	29.458	M.65	S.W.	Clear,
		.686	A.64				A.49½	.356	A.63		
2		.782	M.66	W.	Clear, very warm.	17	M.68	.370	M.66	W.	Clear.
		.717	A.65				A.52	.392	A.64		
3		.786	M.67	W.	Clear, very warm.	18	M.64½	.466	M.64	S.W.	Clear, warm.
		.852	A.67				A.43½	.442	A.62		
4		.915	M.69	Cble.	Cloudy fore. Thun. after.	19	M.58½	.385	M.59	S.W.	Showery.
		.995	A.66				A.46½	.126	A.60		
5		30.104	M.65	N.E.	Cloudy, warm.	20	M.50½	.152	M.61	S.W.	Cloudy, showers.
		.137	A.64				A.45½	.429	A.60		
6		.269	M.60	E.	Cloudy fore. clear after.	21	M.62½	.476	M.58	S.W.	Changeable.
		.206	A.56				A.43½	.270	A.56		
7		.199	M.60	E.	Clear, very warm.	22	M.60½	.122	M.61	S.W.	Clear.
		.164	A.61				A.47½	.105	A.59		
8		.204	M.67	E.	Clear, very warm.	23	M.62	.260	M.60	N.W.	Changeable.
		.152	A.66				A.46½	.490	A.60		
9		.104	M.66	E	Clear, very warm.	24	M.56½	.499	M.60	N.W.	Cloudy.
		.104	A.69				A.44	.678	A.58		
10		29.994	M.74	E.	Clear, very warm.	25	M.53½	.637	M.57	Cble.	Showery.
		.963	A.74				A.45	.395	A.58		
11		.916	M.77	Cble.	Clear, very warm.	26	M.57½	.676	M.61	Cble.	Cloudy, rain aftern.
		.852	A.77				A.45½	.676	A.56		
12		.703	M.77	S.W.	Cloudy, rain aftern.	27	M.62	.572	M.65	W.	Clear foren. shrs aftern.
		.675	A.74				A.50	.209	A.64		
13		.469	M.68	W.	Cloudy, rain aftern.	28	M.62½	.369	M.65	Cble.	Clear, cold.
		.518	A.68				A.49	.684	A.63		
14	M.65	.828	M.68	E.	Clear, warm.	29	M.62½	.830	M.62	W.	Clear.
	A.48½	.772	A.63				A.49	.904	A.63		
15	M.64	.636	M.62	S.W.	Showery.	30	M.62½	.762	M.64	W.	Clear.
	A.47	.438	A.63				A.50½	.775	A.62		

Average of Rain, 2 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Sir Robert Chester is appointed Master of the Ceremonies, in room of Sir Stephen Cotterel, deceased.

Mr Francis Parodi is approved of as Consul at Gibraltar, for the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart. Vice-Admiral of the Blue, is appointed Governor and Commander in Chief over the Island of Newfoundland and its dependencies.

The Right Hon. George Canning, the Right Hon. Viscount Castlereagh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Bathurst, the Right Hon. Viscount Sidmouth, the

Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool, the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, the Right Hon. John Sullivan, the Right Hon. Lord Binning, the Right Hon. Wm Sturges Bourne, the Right Hon. Viscount Cranborne, and the Right Hon. Lord Walpole, his Majesty's Commissioners for the affairs of India.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Magistrates and Town Council of Glasgow have unanimously appointed the Rev. Dr Chalmers to be minister of the New Church St John's.

The Prince Regent has appointed Mr Robert Jeffrey, preacher of the Gospel, to the church and parish of Girthin, vacant by the death of the Rev. Robert Gordon.

III. MILITARY.

Erevet Capt. B. Harvey, 1 F. to be Major in the Army 16th May 1818
 Bt. Maj. B. Harvey to be Lt. Col. on the Cont. of Europe only do.
 3 Dr. Gds. Lieut. C. Frost to be Capt. by purch. vice R. Storey, ret. 14th do.
 6 Drs. Cha. Hall to be Cornet by pur. vice Dames, pro. 21st do.
 7 Wm Inge to be Cornet by purch. vice Seymour, 25 Dr. 14th do.
 8 Cornet H. Cochrane to be Lieut. by pur. vice Puttling, ret. 21st do.
 19 Cornet & Adj. Wm Glanville to have rank of Lt. 7th do.
 21 Gent. Cadet R. Hare to be Cornet, vice Broadhead, cancelled 28th do.
 25 Lieut. R. Williams to be Capt. by purch. vice Dalrymple, ret. 14th do.
 Cornet F. Seymour to be Lieut. by purch. vice Williams do.
 Staff. C. Cav. Ass. Surg. J. W. Watson, from h. p. 38 F. to be Ass. Surg. vice Foster, 5 Dr. Gds. 16th April
 Colds. F. G. Ass. Surg. T. Maynard to be Bn. Surg. vice Rose, 64 F. 28th do.
 S. Gilder to be Ass. Surg. vice Maynard do.
 1 F. John Temple to be Ensign by purch. vice Coleman, cancelled 14th May
 8 Gent. Cadet R. Minty to be Ensign by purch. 21st do.
 9 Capt. T. H. Light, from 14 F. to be Capt. vice Dallas, ret. on h. p. 14 F. rec. diff. do.
 10 Gent. Cadet Wm Goodes to be Ensign do.
 11 ——— E. Moore to be Ensign do.
 12 Lieut. M. J. Jenkins is reinstated in his former rank, viz. 14th Oct. 1812
 Gent. Cadet B. J. Carnie to be Ensign 21st May 1818
 14 Capt. T. Hall from h. p. 14 F. to be Capt. vice Light do.
 15 Gent. Cadet R. Battersby to be Ensign do.
 17 ——— J. Carruthers to be Ensign do.
 24 D. Munro to be Ensign by purch. vice Dowbiggen, 19 F. 7th do.
 E. C. Spencer to be Ensign by purch. vice Netterville 14th do.
 Gent. Cadet G. Murray to be Ensign 21st do.
 Lieut. W. Campbell from h. p. 84 F. to be Paym. vice Payne, do. 28th do.
 25 Lieut. J. W. Plunkett, from h. p. 50 F. to be Lieut. vice Pratt, h. p. 19th do.
 ——— H. Boldero, from h. p. 10 F. to be Lieut. vice Rawstorne, h. p. 20th do.
 ——— M. M'Leod, from h. p. 79 F. to be Lieut. vice White, h. p. 21st do.
 50 Gent. Cadet D. Vandergoe to be Ens. do.
 34 ——— T. Hadwin to be Ens. do.
 35 Lieut. Emerson's Commission is dated the 11th May 1809
 37 Gent. Cadet H. Coghlan to be Ensign 21st May 1818
 38 Bt. Lt. Col. E. Miles to be Lt. Col. 7th do.
 Bt. Maj. T. Evans to be Maj. vice Miles do.
 Lieut. W. H. Wrench to be Capt. vice Evans do.
 Capt. R. Power, from h. p. 73 F. to be Capt. 28th do.
 Ens. J. H. Law to be Lieut. vice Wrench 7th do.
 Ensign P. Bain to be Lieut. 3d June
 Fred. Money to be Ens. vice Law 7th May

38 F. Lieut. D. J. Conway, from 61 F. to be Lieut. 4th June
 Gent. Cadet W. H. Rogers to be Ensign 21st do.
 W. Markham to be Ensign by purch. vice Bain 3d June
 39 Ensign J. O'Meara, from h. p. 27 F. to be Ensign, vice Lloyd 4th do.
 ——— B. Lloyd to be Quarter Master, vice Wainwright, ret. h. p. 27 F. do.
 43 E. G. O. Keppel to be Ensign by purch. vice O'Donnell, 75 F. do.
 45 B. Satterthwaite to be Ensign by pur. vice Nestor, pro. 7th May
 53 Gent. Cadet R. Taggart to be Ens. 21st do.
 56 Lieut. T. Foreman to be Capt. by purch. vice Gregory, ret. 14th do.
 Ensign E. J. Chauvel to be Lieut. by pur. vice Foreman do.
 W. Ouseley to be Ensign by purch. vice Chauvel 20th do.
 Gent. Cadet W. Hewetson to be Ensign 21st do.
 59 Gent. Cadet A. Murray to be Ensign 21st do.
 61 Lieut. R. Read, from h. p. 38 F. to be Lieut. vice Conroy, 38 F. 4th June
 62 A. Stanford to be Ensign by purch. vice Mitchell, 19 Dr. 14th May
 Gent. Cadet G. G. Warden, to be Ensign 21st do.
 65 Ensign A. O'Donnell, from 43 F. to be Ensign, vice Donald, dead 4th June
 67 Gent. Cadet R. Jauns, to be Ens. 21st May
 70 ——— H. Jelf, do. do.
 71 Lieut. Robert Law to be Adj. vice Anderson, res. Adj. only 14th do.
 73 G. H. Smith to be Ensign by purch. vice Mills, York Rang. 7th do.
 74 Ensign J. O. Lloyd to be Lieut. vice Henry, dead 14th do.
 Brinsley Eyre to be Ensign, vice Lloyd do.
 80 Surg. J. Lightbody, from h. p. 28 F. to be Surg. vice Browne, ret. upon h. p. 28 F. 7th do.
 84 Lieut. J. Dale to be Capt. vice B. Dale, dead 4th June
 Ensign T. Andrews to be Lieut. vice J. Dale do.
 100 H. Vaughan to be Ens. vice Andrews do.
 Lieut. W. L. Maberly, from 9 Dr. to be Capt. by purch. vice Thomson, ret. 14th May
 105 John Pursford to be Ensign by purch. vice Walsh, pro. 4th June
 4 W.I.R. James Basset to be Ensign, vice Drayton, W. I. Rang. do.
 R. Af Corps. Ensign T. M'Rae to be Lieut. vice Bryant, dead 14th May
 R. Cheator to be Ensign, vice M'Rae do.
 R.Y.R. Ensign C. Mills, from 75 F. to be Ensign, vice M'Donagh, ret. 7th May 1818
 R.W.I.R. Ensign H. Drayton, from 4 W. I. R. to be Ensign, vice M'Neil, dead 11th June
 Yk. Chass. Hosp. Assist. C. Whyte to be As. Surg. vice O'Brian, dead 14th May
 1 Ceyl. Reg. As. Sur. I. Hoatson, fm. h. p. 3 Ceyl. Regt. to be As. Sur. vice Kennedy, dead 10th Dec. 1817.

Royal Military College.

Lieut. G. Procter, from h. p. 5 F. to be Adj. vice Abraham, pro. 24th Feb. 1818

Hospital Staff.

Staff Surg. Q. M'Millan to be Dep. Inspec. of Hosp. by Brevet 14th May
 ——— John Walker do. 21st do.
 As. Surg. A. Nicoll, M.D. from 80 F. to be Surg. to the Forces 28th do.
 Hosp. Ass. B. O'Beirne, from h. p. to be Hosp. As. vice Whyte 14th do.
 ——— J. Hoey, from h. p. do. do.

Exchanges.

Brevet Lt. Col. Evatt, from 55 F. with Brev. Maj. Morris, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.
 ——— Briscoe, from 63 F. with Major Le Geyte, h. p.
 Brevet Major P. Campbell, from 52 F. with Capt. Cross, h. p.
 ——— Maxwell, from 50 F. res. diff. with Capt. Scott, h. p. 62 F.

- Brevet Major Gomersall, from 58 F. with Capt. Johnston, h. p. 2 Gar Bn.
 Capt. Dowbiggen, from 58 F. with Captain Burke, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn.
 — MacKay, from York Chass. with Brev. Maj. Poitier, h. p. 7 W. I. R.
 — Sir F. Barton, from 2 F. with Brev. Major O'Shaughnessy, h. p. 101 F.
 — Grimstead, from 2 F. G. with Capt. Armytage, R. York Rang.
 — Bell, from 72 F. with Capt. Somerset, h. p. 84 F.
 Lieut. Dowd, from 21 Dr. with Lieut. Collins, 3 W. I. R.
 — Coulthard, from 17 Dr. with Lieut. Fisk, h. p. 1 Dr. G.
 — Jeffries, from 1 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Carter, h. p.
 — Meagher, from 7 F. with Lieut. Brownlow, 43 F.
 — Wilkinson, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Garner, h. p.
 — Ensor, from 3 W. I. R. with Lieut. Brown, h. p. 82 F.
 — Constable, from York Rang. with Lieut. Anderson, h. p. 8 W. I. R.
 — Simpson, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Anderson, h. p.
 — Joys, from 95 F. with Lieut. Fergusson, h. p.
 — Layton, from Rifle Brigade, with Lt. Fraser, h. p. 93 F.
 — Williams, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Wharton, h. p. 21 F.
 — Loppinot, from 37 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. T. Vincent, h. p. 12 F.
 — Moore, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Mair, h. p. 7 F.
 Cornet Wilkinson, from 3 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Phillips, h. p. 25 Dr.
 2d Lieut. Geddes, from 21 F. with Ensign Lewis, h. p. 103 F.
 Ensign Derenzy, from 12 F. with Ensign Stirke, h. p.
 — Browne, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Maxwell, h. p. 104 F.
 — Innes, from 37 F. with Ensign Bentham, h. p. 52 F.
 Ensign St. Lawrence, from 64 F. with Ens. Hoehne, h. p. 60 F.
 — Barter, from 85 F. with Ensign Cole, h. p. 60 F.
 — Macbean, from 79 F. with Ensign Grame, h. p. 89 F.
 — Cliffe, from 95 F. with Ensign Hume, h. p. Quar. Mast. Crabtree, from 12 F. with Quar. Mast. Grady, h. p. 87 F.
 — Sanderson, from 40 F. with Quarter Master Jackson, h. p. 47 F.
 Surgeon Collins, from 38 F. with Surg. Cathcart, h. p. 60 F.
 — Barlow, from 32 F. with Surg. Bulkeley, h. p. 62 F.
 — Waite, from 85 F. with Surg. Punshon, h. p. 93 F.
 Assist. Surg. Macleod, from 1 F. G. with Ass. Surg. Johnston, h. p. 100 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Captain N. Storey, 3 Dragoon Guards
 — Dalrymple, 25 Dragoons
 — Gregory, 56 Foot
 — Thomson, 100 do.
 Lieutenant Pottinger, 8 Dragoons
 Ensign M'Donagh, R. York Rangers.

Appointments Cancelled.

- Cornet Broadhead, 21 Dr. | Ensign Coleman, 1 F.

Cashtred.

- Ensign Moffat, 19 Foot

Officers Killed and Wounded in the late Operations in India, from the 19th to the 24th Dec. 1817.

KILLED.

- Lieut. D. M'Leod, 1 F. 21st Dec. 1817
 — Bell, 1 F. 24th Dec. 1817

WOUNDED.

- Lieut. J. M'Gregor, 1 Foot
 — C. Campbell, severely, 1 Foot
 — Elliot (Mil. Sec. at Madras), Royal Engineers.

Deaths.

Colonel.	Lieutenants.	Other Ranks
Elford, L. Gov. of St John's 17 June 1818	Gibson, 24 Dr. 20 Nov. 1817	Olfermann, 1 Foreign Vet. Bn. 20 Mar.
Lieut. Colonel. Sir W. O. Hamilton, late 2 Vet. Bn. 5 June 1818	Hilliard, 55 F. Barlow, do. 1 Nov. Harrison, 69 F. 11 do. Coghlan, 87 F. 19 do. Fleisch, h. p. 2 Line K. G. L. 21 Dec. 1817	Paymaster. Goodwin, 4 D. G. 23 May 1818 Adjutant. Lt. Pellichoddy, 24 Dr. 22 Nov. 1817
Major. M'Culloch, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. May 1818	Cornet. Pott, h. p. Brunswick Hussars 15 May 1818	Surgeons. Storey, at Bahamas 10 Apr. 1818 White, h. p. 44 F. (late of 1 Ceylon Regt.) 19 Jan.
Captains. Raban, h. p. 8 F. 7 June 1818 M'Glashan, 19 F. (late 1 Ceylon Regt.) 2 Dec. 1817 Hewan, h. p. 21 F. 15 May 1818 R. Dale, 84 F. 22 do. Cross, Cambridge Mil.	Ensigns. Donald, 65 F. 26 do. De Brandenstein, h. p. Brunswick Inf. 10 do.	Assistant Surgeons. Callow, 8 Dr. 19 Nov. 1817 Prendergast, h. p. 60 F. 1 April 1818 Coulthard, 87 F. 17 Nov. 1817

IV. NAVAL.

Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
<i>Commanders.</i> Wm Geo. Martin Bartholomew Bonifant Chas. Newton Hunter Edw. Le C. Thornbrough	Joseph Arguimbau Nich. Robillard R. L. Baynes Chas. P. Madryll Chas. Frederick Henry King Chas. Wemyss	Wm Hanham Benj. P. Sadler Thos. Cook
<i>Superannuated Commanders.</i> John Jones N. H. Holworthy	W. J. Hope Johnstone Edw. Hackett Horatia Montagu	<i>Masters.</i> M. Curran James Martin
<i>Lieutenants.</i> Archibald Grant		<i>Surgeons.</i> James Gilchrist Eb. Johnston

Appointments.

- Admiral Sir George Campbell, Commander in Chief at Portsmouth.
 Rear-Admiral Sir Josias Rowley to Cork.
 Vice-Admiral Sir Chas. Hamilton, Bart. to be Commander in Chief at Newfoundland.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>		<i>Marines.</i>	
G. R. Pecheil	Bellette	2d Lt. Wm Calamy	Eden
Sam. Warren	Bulwark	1st Lt. Rich. Farmar	Iphigenia
John Furneaux	Carron	1st Lt. Peter Conolly	Ister
Francis Stanfell	Conqueror	2d Lt. J. R. Williams	Liverpool
James Tomkinson	Fly	Capt. Henry Cox	Northumberland
R. Shannon	Leveret	1st Lt. Ed. Hancock	Ditto
W. H. Dillon	Phaeton	2d Lt. G. J. Bristowe	Phaeton
Thos. Briggs	Queen Charlotte	2d Lt. M. Fenton	Tamar
Hon. G. P. Campbell	Racehorse	2d Lt. Jas. Thompson	Tiber
Wm Ramsden	Scout	2d Lt. Sam. Cox	Topaze
Sir Geo. Collier	Tartar	<i>Masters.</i>	
John R. Lumley	Topaze	John Oliver	Antelope
<i>Lieutenants.</i>		Jas. Holyoak	Bellette
Edward Hackett	Beaver	W. White	Bulwark
P. G. Pantou	Bellette	W. Read	Carnation
Jas. Cheape	Ditto	J. W. Fill	Carron
Chas. Fraser	Bulwark	T. P. Thomas	Confiance
E. W. C. Astley	Ditto	Jas. Downie	Coromandel
C. T. Phelp	Ditto	Geo. Patterson	Dotterell
Fred. Chamier	Ditto	Jas. Wilson	Eden
Thos. D. Stewart	Ditto	Lloyd Edwards	Egeria
Thos. Blackiston, F. L.	Ditto	Jas. Paddon	Ferret
Chas. Haydon	Carron	Jas. T. Taylor	Florida
J. G. Graham	Ditto	R. Anderson	Fly
Geo. Chevalier	Confiance	R. B. Gregory	Harlequin
Jas. Burton	Ditto	E. Gilling	Heron
H. C. Harrison	Conqueror	B. Hazel	Hope
Jos. Pearse	Cyrus	H. W. Kent	Iphigenia
Wm Snell	Driver	Jos. Martin	Leveret
Geo. Dunsford	Eden	T. Hales	Liverpool
Wm Daniell	Ditto	G. Evans	Magicienne
Aug. Thos. Hicks	Falmouth	J. Jenkins	Nimrod
Henry Foster	Fly	H. Garratt	Pandora
H. A. Perkins	Impregnable	John Town	Phaeton
Chas. B. Louis	Ditto	J. P. Lurchen	Pioneer
M. G. H. Whish	Ditto	Lewis John	Queen Charlotte
H. D. Twysden	Iphigenia	J. C. Atkinson	Racehorse
Chas. W. Ross	Lee	J. B. Stent	Ramillies
John Molesworth, F. L.	Ditto	W. Sidney	Rosario
Geo. Pigot	Leveret	John Griffiths	Sappho
Hon. C. Abbot	Liffey	M. Curran	Shamrock
Henry Eden	Ditto	Jas. Raith	Scout
Chas. Hope	Ditto	C. Burney	Tiber
Alb. H. Wilson	Liverpool	W. Purdo	Tonnant
J. A. Campbell	Ditto	A. J. Ruseel	Topaze
Hon. G. Barrington	Ditto	<i>Surgeons.</i>	
Jas. Stewart	Musquito	M. Goodsir	Albans
John Brothers	Opossum	John Cochrane	Bellette
Chas. Wemyss	Pelican	G. P. M. Young	Britomart
W. C. Barker	Perseus	Thos. Stewart	Bulwark
R. B. Reed	Phaeton	John Stewart	Carron
John Geary	Ditto	Mi Doak	Confiance
Jas. S. Hore	Ditto	John Duke	Dorothea
Rob. Faussett	Ditto	Alexander Anderson	Eden
J. L. Beckford	Queen Charlotte	John MacLean	Fly
Richd. Morgan	Ditto	Allan Waters	Heron
H. M. Williams	Ditto	John Edwards	Isabella
Geo. Allan	Ditto	Sam. Phillips	Leveret
Thos. R. Brigstocke	Ditto	Thos. Martill	Liverpool
M. J. Currie	Racehorse	P. Allen	Nimrod
John Faulkner	Ditto	Bob Blake	Perseus
Gustavus Evans	Racoon	Ab. Martin	Phaeton
R. M. Teed	Ramillies	J. P. O'Berne	Queen Charlotte
Henry King	Rifleman	Jas. M'Connell	Racehorse
William Hanham	Ditto	Robert Kirkwood	Spencer
Sp. Smyth	Rochfort	Andrew Henderson	Scout
Rob. Bruce	Royal Sov. Yacht	M. Capponi	Sybille
And. Baird	Sappho	W. Huey	Tamar
David Peat	Severn	James Foy	Topaze
E. J. Johnston		James Gilehrst	Tyrian
Horatio Montagu	Shearwater	<i>Assistant Surgeons.</i>	
C. V. Vernon	Sir Francis Drake	Jackson Cochrane	Bacchus
W. N. Glascock	Ditto	Geo. Webster	Bellette
R. Chamberlayne	Ditto	Thos. Bell	Carron
G. B. Warren	Spartan	Andrew Ramsay	Confiance
Mich. Dickson	Sperb	A. N. Murray	Congo
Mich. M. Wroot	Ditto	Robert Malcom	Conqueror
Rob. Gore	Scout	David Fulton	Drake
Thos. Fraser	Ditto	Alex. Buehannan	Eden
John Fletcher	Tees	Even Bowen	Fly
Christopher Knight	Tartar	John Greenish	Griffon
B. J. Waterhouse	Ditto	Joseph M'Gowan	Ister
Alex. A. Sandilands	Ditto	John Havard	Leveret
John M'Donnell	Ditto	J. M. Buehan	Minden
Henry Reneau	Tonnant	Jas. Smith	Pelican
Edw. Luscombe	Topaze	John Houston	Phaeton
Jas. Wilkie	Ditto	Jas. Barnhill	Pique
Wm Moriarty	Ditto	Cloud Brown	Primrose
H. J. H. Seymour	Ditto	John M'Farland	Racehorse
Geo. Hutchison	Vengeur	Wm H. Clunes	Rifleman
David Welch	Ditto	Robert Somerville	Shearwater
W. Price	Harpy Rev.	Wm Morgan	Scout
John Bowie	Kite	Hugh Moffat	Topaze

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Pursers.</i>			
Thos. Mends	Bellette	Arthur Lupton	Racehorse
Robert Hill	Carron	Thomas Fox	Rifleman
Wm Isaac	Fly	Geo. Starr	Scout
Thos. Menzies	Iphigenia	Wm Askew	Tartar
Wm Morton	Leveret	Peter Hughes	Topazo
James Wilson	Perseus	<i>Chaplain.</i>	
James Watts	Phaeton	James Otway	

Miscellaneous.

Lieutenant Joseph Priest to be Warden of Plymouth Dock-Yard.
 Lieutenant W. Taylor to be Lieutenant of Greenwich Hospital.
 R. Crossdale to be Store-keeper of Jamaica Yard.
 R. T. Forster to be Agent of Malta Hospital.
 J. Gilbert to be Store-keeper of Antigua Yard.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

May 5. At Lisbon, the lady of Colonel Archibald Ross, K. T. S. a son.
 15. The wife of Stephen Souten, a labouring man, of the parish of Sollinge, of her 26th child.
 23. In York Place, Edinburgh, the lady of the Rev. James Hamilton, a daughter.
 28. At Cathlaw House, Mrs Riddell, younger of Camiestoun, a daughter.
 29. At Wanstead House, the lady of Long Wellesley, Esq. a daughter.
 31. At Logie Green, Mrs Alexander Gordon, a son.
 — At St Andrew's-street, the lady of the Rev. Henry Wastell of Newbrough, a daughter.
 June 1. The lady of Captain Terry, 1st life guards, a son.
 4. In Prince's-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Norman Lockhart, Esq. twin boys.
 5. At Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander Somervell, a son.
 6. At her father's house, in Brock-street, London, the lady of the Hon. Thomas Erskine, a son.
 8. At Paris, the lady of Captain William Gordon, royal navy, a daughter.
 10. In Great George-street, London, the Right Hon. Lady Amelia Sophia Drummond, a daughter.
 — Mrs Kennedy, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 — At Bargaly, the lady of John Mackie, Esq. of Bargaly, a son.
 11. At Whim, the lady of Archibald Montgomery, Esq. a son.
 13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Captain Barclay, R. N. a son.
 14. At Cornhill, near Aberdeen, the lady of David Young, Esq. a son.
 17. Mrs Forsyth, Mound Place, Edinburgh, a son.
 20. In York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Fortescue, a daughter.
 21. Mrs Beveridge, St James's-street, Edinburgh, a son.
 — In Prince's-street, Cavendish-square, London, the lady of Captain Patterson, of the Hon. Company's ship Canning, a daughter.
 — At Largs, the lady of Captain Chas. Hope Reid, of his Majesty's ship Driver, a son.
 — At Hampstead, the lady of John Forbes Mitchell, Esq. a son.
 24. At Houndwood House, Berwickshire, the lady of Captain Coolson, R. N. a daughter.
 — At Pilrig House, Mrs Balfour of Pilrig, a son.
 25. Mrs Colin Campbell (Jura), Buchanan-street, Glasgow, a son.
 Lately—At Malta, the lady of Captain D. Dundas, of his Majesty's ship Tagus, a daughter.
 A woman in the parish of Kintore was lately delivered of three children, a boy and two girls, who, with the mother, are doing well.

MARRIAGES.

March 21. At Leghorn, Barnabas Maude, Esq. youngest son of the late Joseph Maude, Esq. of

Kendal, banker, to Harriet, only surviving daughter of the late R. H. Armstrong, Esq. surgeon, 4th royal veteran battalion.

April 18. At Heskett-in-the-Forest, Captain Fergus James Graham, of the queen's bays, eldest son of the Rev. Fergus Graham of Arthuret, to Miss James, daughter of the late W. James, Esq. of Liverpool.

May 4. Mr David Tough, painter, High-street, Edinburgh, to Miss Margaret Swinton, No 6, South St David's-street.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George M'Dougal, of the Edinburgh Glasshouse, to Miss Ann Duff Culbert, daughter of the late Mr James Culbert, saddler, North Berwick.

June 1. At Fulham, Major-General Sir Thomas Bradford, K.C.B. to Mary Anne, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, of the 4th dragoons.

— At Perth, Robert M'Arthur, Esq. of Little Mill, to Margaret Trotter, third daughter of the late Rev. David Moncrieff, minister of Redgorton.

— At Garscube, the seat of her grandfather, Sir Ilay Campbell of Succoth, Bart. Sir George Sitwell of Renishaw, Bart. to Susan, eldest daughter of Craufurd Tait of Harviestoun, Esq.

— At Newmills, Dr John Richardson, Leith, to Miss Mary Steven, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Steven, brewer, Water of Leith.

— At Leith, Andrew Gray, Esq. younger of Craigs, to Catharine, youngest daughter of the late Francis Sharp, Esq. comptroller of the customs there.

2. At Sir George Mackenzie's, Bart. of Coul, Edinburgh, J. C. Macleod, Esq. jun. of Geanies, to Miss Stewart Sutherland, youngest daughter of the late Captain Alexander Sutherland, 30th regiment.

3. At Borrowson Mains, the Rev. David Fleming, minister of Carriden, to Grace, only daughter of Mr John Ross.

4. At Edinburgh, Alexander Davidson, Esq. surveyor of taxes, to Helen, second daughter of the deceased Mr George Ferrier, writer, Edinburgh.

— Mr John Smith of Darnick, to Miss Alison Purves of Housebyres.

5. James Malcolm, Esq. Craigend, second son of the late Sir John Malcolm of Balbeadie and Grange, Bart. to Helen, daughter of Mr James Duncan, Parkhill, near Newburgh.

9. By the Rev. Dr Davidson, at No 9, James's-place, Edinburgh, William Campbell, Esq. M. D. surgeon, royal navy, to Miss Elizabeth Barnett, second daughter of the deceased Captain William Barnett.

11. At Mamhead, Devonshire, Dr Miller, physician, Exeter, to Ann, daughter of the Right Hon. General Sir George Hewett, Bart.

12. Mr Alexander Muckle, merchant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr John Christie, Campbelltown.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Bennet, farmer, Dalkeith, aged 72 years, to Isobel Gulan, daughter of J. Gulan, Tranent, aged 17 years.

— At Montreal Cottage, Alexander Balfour, Esq. Dundee, to Margaret, daughter of Alexander Alison, Esq.

— Mr John Wallace, merchant, Greenock, to Janet, daughter of David Hutcheson, town-clerk.

13. At St James's, Clerkenwell, London, William Milward, Esq. of Waterford, to Anne, daughter of William Newport of Belmont, Esq. county of Kilkenny, and niece of the Right Hon. Sir John Newport, Bart. M. P.

16. By special license, the Duke of Leinster, to the youngest daughter of the Earl of Harrington. The Prince Regent attended in person to give away the bride.

— At Ab-rdour House, Captain William Marshall, of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Miss Jane Huntly Gordon.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Thomson, brush manufacturer, Market-street, to Miss Mary Forbes, Falkirk.

— At Leith, John Scott, Esq. of Leghorn, to Jane, daughter of the late John Newton, Esq. of Curriehall.

17. At Renfrew, Mr Daniel Lizars of Edinburgh, to Miss Robina Hutchison, daughter of Mr David Hutchison.

18. At Lesbury, Northumberland, Andrew Gibson, Esq. M. D. Hon East India Company's establishment of Bombay, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Annett of Alnmouth, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters, Roxburghshire, to Miss Alexina, younger daughter of the late Alexander Falconar, Esq. of Woodcote Park.

— Robert G. Baillie, Esq. of Culterallers, to Anna, youngest daughter of the late Menzies Baillie, Esq.

19. At St Margaret's Hill, Robert Hawthorn, Esq. barrister at law, to Anne Barter, eldest daughter of the Rev. Archibald Laurie, D.D.

23. At Elie, Fife, Andrew Milne, Esq. of Baitilly, to Jane, daughter of the late James Burges, Esq. merchant, Fayetteville, North Carolina.

25. At his brother's house, Palace-yard, Edinburgh, Richard Duffin, Esq. to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Edward Willson, Esq. of Lewisham, in the county of Kent.

— At Grahamston, Mr James Auchie, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of Mr Alex. Easton, builder, Grahamston.

26. At Catharine Bank, Patrick Gillespie, M.D. Leith, to Janet Foggo Ireland, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Ireland, North Leith.

29. Alexander Spence, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Miss Catharine White, daughter of Adam White, Esq. merchant there.

Lately—At River, Mr John Lord, aged 81, to Mrs Taylor, aged 70. The person who gave the damsel away was 82, and of the bride-maids one was 91, the other 92.

At Langside, Patrick Murray, Esq. writer in Glasgow, to Frances, only daughter of Alexander M'Grigor, Esq. writer there.

At Barbadoes, Lieut.-Col. S. H. Berkeley, of the 16th regiment, deputy adjutant-general to the forces in the Windward and Leeward islands and colonies, to Elizabeth, daughter of W. Murray, Esq. of Bruce Vale.

At Cork, Captain Thomas Mosse, of the 1st, or royal Scots regiment of foot, to Margaret Essex, eldest daughter of Major-General Gordon.

DEATHS.

Nov. 1. At Hazarabagh, in Bengal, after giving birth to three daughters, one of whom only survives her, the lady of Lieutenant Charles Rodgers, of the Rhamgur battalion.

March 31. On his passage from Madras to England, after a period of 42 years' public service in India, in the 65d year of his age, Major-General Sir John Chalmers, K. C. B. colonel of the 17th regiment Madras native infantry.

May 1. At Pulrossie, in Sutherland, Mrs Duncan M'Gregor, aged 74; and on the 17th, Mr Duncan M'Gregor, tacksman of that place, aged 78. This venerable and happy couple lived together 48 years.

— At Hastings, Mrs Martelli, widow of H. Martelli, Esq. of Norfolk-street, who died in January last.

10. On his passage from Leith to Aberdeen, Captain James Stevenson (1st), of the royal navy;—an officer whose long and meritorious services had gained him the esteem of his brother officers, and numerous friends and acquaintances. Captain

Stevenson served in the memorable campaign in Egypt, where he commanded the flotilla of gunboats on the Nile, on the resignation of Sir Sidney Smith, and the public despatches of that period bear ample testimony to the eminent services he performed to his King and country in that arduous campaign. It is hoped that his friends and relations will accept of this notification of his death.

14. At Walkhampton, John Williams, at the advanced age of 100. He was the eldest of 18 sons of Jane Williams, late of Brentor, Devon (who died in her 111th year), 17 of whom are now alive and in perfect health, and their joint ages amount to 1379 years. John Williams retained his faculties to the last, and had strength sufficient to gain his livelihood by hard labour, till within a fortnight of his dissolution.

18. At London, James King, Esq. of Millbank, in the 18th year of his age.

— At Old Windsor, Lady Augusta Walsingham,

21. At Southerton, near Kirkcaldy, John Douglas of Pinkerton.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Ebenezer Keay, printer, aged 81.

— At Rome, in the 46th year of his age, George Montagu, sixth Earl of Sandwich. His lordship married in July 1804, Lady Louisa Lowry Corry, only child of Armar Lowry, late Earl of Belmore, by Lady Henrietta, one of the daughters of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, by whom he has left one son (now Earl of Sandwich), and two daughters, all infants.

23. At Ayr, Major W. Montgomerie, late of the 37th regiment of foot, aged 87. He was one of the surviving heroes who fought at the battle of Minden, at which he commanded the grenadier company of the above regiment.

24. At Edrom House, George Logan, Esq. of Edrom.

27. Mr T. Richardson of Killington, near Keadal, aged 73; and on the 28, his widow, aged 70; they were both interred in one grave.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Guthrie, overseer of the Blind Asylum.

28. At Kilsenny Manse, the Rev. Joseph Duncan, minister of that parish.

— At Ardmore, Island of Ilay, Miss Marion Campbell, daughter of the deceased William Campbell of Ormsary.

— At Vienna, in his 83d year, the celebrated Baron Thugut. He was not of noble extraction, and owed his rise in life entirely to his own personal merit.

29. At No 3, Gilmour Place, Edinburgh, Miss Sarah Currie, eldest daughter of the late Captain John Currie of Dale Bank, Dumfriesshire.

— At his house in Inverkeithing, in his 72d year, Hugh Dawson, shipmaster.

— At Kelso, Mrs Watson, relict of the late Mr Alexander Watson, merchant.

30. At his house, in South Audley-street, London, in the 73d year of his age, Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. of Badge Hall, in the county of Salop, nearly 30 years one of the representatives of the borough of Bridgenorth.

31. James Munro, Esq. aged 32 years, only son of George Munro, Esq. of Vanburgh Field, Blackheath.

— At her house, in Montague-square, London, Anne, Lady Murray, widow of the late Sir John Murray, Bart. of Blackbarony, and daughter of the late John Digby, Esq.

— At Musselburgh, after a severe illness, Jean Thomson, third daughter of Thomas Thomson, candlemaker and tobacconist there.

— At Montrose, Dr James Ross, physician.

June 1. At Leith, at an advanced age, Mr James Wright, senior, 65 years a member of the Incorporation of Hammermen there.

2. At Cornhill, Berwickshire, Sir Francis Blake, Bart. of Twisel Castle and Tilmouth, aged 81.

— After a long and severe illness, James Cobe, Esq. secretary to the Hon. East India Company—a gentleman eminently distinguished for his literary attainments, as displayed in the operas of the Haunted Tower, the Siege of Belgrade, &c. &c.

3. At Cœkenzie, Roberta, youngest daughter of the late Robert Cathcart of Drum, W. S.

4. At Glasgow, of the typhus fever, Mrs Ann Macallum.

— At Ayr, Mr James Hunter.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Elder, younger son of the late John Elder, Esq. depute-clerk of Session.

4. At Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Heatlie.
5. At Rotterdam, while on a trial voyage, Robert Suckling Wright, second son of Captain Wright, R. N. and nephew of Mr Wright, seed-merchant, Edinburgh.
- At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Douglas, of the late royal invalids, aged 81 years, 62 of which were spent in his Majesty's service. He served under Gen. Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, and was wounded at the battle of Ticonderago; greatly respected by all who knew him.
- At Manor House, Old Windsor, the residence of John Huddleston, Esq. in the 68th year of his age, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Osborne Hamilton, &c. many years governor of Heligoland.
- At Culdees Castle, Mrs Drummond, wife of Lieutenant-General James Drummond of Drum-mahance.
- At Exmouth, in the 76th year of his age, the Right Hon. John Leslie, Baron Lord Newark, of North Britain, many years lieutenant-colonel of the old buffs, or 3d regiment of foot, and an aid-de-camp to the King.
- At Kelso, in his 64th year, Mr W. Smith, writer, and for a considerable period chief magistrate of Kelso.
- At Jedburgh, Robert, son of Mr Wilson, surgeon, there.
- At Haddington, David Gourlay, Esq.
6. Janet, third daughter of Mr Thomas Crighton of Skedsbush.
- At Burntisland, Mr John Thomson, in the 89th year of his age.
- At Edinburgh, in the 68th year of her age, Mrs Anne Sutherland, widow of Thomas Sutherland, late butcher in Edinburgh.
- At Musselburgh, Mrs Margaret Cree, relict of the late Mr John Cree, merchant there.
7. At Brussels, Mrs Creevey, wife of Thomas Creevy, Esq. M.P.
9. At Inverary, in the 48th year of his age, after a long illness, which he bore with great fortitude and resignation, Sir Humphrey Trafford Campbell of Asknish, sheriff-depute and convener of Argyllshire.
- At her brother's house, Hermiston, Miss Newton of Curriehill.
- In London, Mrs Ann Abercomby, widow of the late Mr William Raitt, surgeon in Dundee.
- At Cupar, Agnes, youngest daughter of Andrew Christie of Ferrybank.
- At Kirkwall, Mrs Margaret Petrie, spouse of Mr James Petrie, residing there.
10. At Edinburgh, Mr David Mill, youngest son of Thomas Mill, Esq. of Blair.
- At Stirling, Mrs Catharine Colquhoun, wife of Mr Robert Sconce, writer in Stirling.
- At Peebles, Robert, eldest son of Mr Walter Steel.
11. At Cortachy Castle, the Countess of Airly.
- At his house, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, Francis Napier, Esq. W. S. eldest son of the late Major-General the Hon. Mark Napier.
- In Halkin-street, London, the Right Hon. the Viscountess Althorpe.
- Mr William Watson of Capel-street, Dublin, one of the oldest and most respectable booksellers in Ireland, at the age of 52.
12. At Milne's Court, Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Hepburn.
- In the 60th year of his age, Robert Nicolson, Esq. late adjutant of the Inverness recruiting district, having faithfully served his King and Country in different quarters of the globe, for the long period of 45 years.
13. At Gayfield House, Miss Elizabeth Ferguson, daughter of the late James Ferguson, Esq. of Bank.
14. At Canaan Park, Mr Ralph Hardie, writer in Edinburgh, aged 32.
- At Edinburgh, Mr Adam Monierieff, son of the late Rev. Alexander Monierieff, Muekhart.
- At Edinburgh, John Gordon, Esq. M.D. On Thursday, between two and three o'clock, the remains of Dr Gordon were interred in the new burying-ground west end of the Greyfriars' church-yard. The funeral was accompanied by a numerous body of private friends and acquaintances; and, as a tribute to his memory, the students who

attended his anatomical lectures, in number about 150, dressed in full mourning, preceded the corpse from Infirmary-street to the place of interment. A number of spectators were present, who seemed much impressed with the loss the public has sustained by the death of this excellent man, and eminent lecturer and scholar.

15. In Ruthwell village, Dumfriesshire, William Gillespie, an old Chelsea pensioner. By his own account he was 108 years of age, having been born in the year 1710. His discharge, however, which is dated in 1763, and characterises him as being then "worn out" in the service, makes him a few years younger, but still upwards of 100. He was a native of Ireland, which place he left when very young, and having enlisted in the Inniskilling dragoons, he served in the German wars under Lord Stair, in the years 1743-4. On the breaking out of the Rebellion, his regiment was recalled, and at the fatal battle of Prestonpans, he gallantly saved from falling into the hands of the enemy, a stand of colours which had been abandoned on the field. The colours were lying by the side of an ensign who had just breathed his last. Gillespie took them up, and seeing the celebrated Colonel Gardiner, who had then received his death-wound, reclining on a bank at a little distance, he went up to him, and asked his commands:—"Save yourself," was all that the good man could say; on which Gillespie instantly mounted his horse, and, through a shower of balls, from a party of rebels who were in possession of the public road, reached a place of safety with his prize. The old man delighted to recount this incident, and, as he talked of the dangers of the field, the fire of youth again glanced in his eye. He was naturally of a robust make, but for several years past, the hand of age had bent his form, and forced him to support his steps with a staff. He continued, however, to walk about the neighbourhood till within a few days of his death.

— At Gogar Bank, Cumberland Reid, Esq.

— At George's-square, Edinburgh, Mary, fourth daughter of the late John Dudgeon, Esq. of East Craig.

16. At Beggar's Bush, near Musselburgh, Mrs Katharine Young, daughter of Mr Thomas Young, late merchant in Edinburgh, aged 87.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Grant, eldest son of Mr Alexander Grant, writer, 8, Nicolson-square.

— At his house, South Back of the Canongate, Edinburgh, Mr David Mason.

— At her house, Hay's-street, Edinburgh, Miss Helen Thomson, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Thomson of the Custom-house.

17. At Gourdie, David Kinloch, Esq. of Gourdie, aged 82 years.

— At London, John Elford, lieutenant-governor of St John's, Newfoundland, and formerly of the 51st regiment.

— Lieutenant-Colonel Quin. He was thrown out of his gig, owing to the horse taking fright, and so much bruised, that he died in an hour after.

18. At Underwood, Mr George Maelagan.

— At Armanoch of Parton, Mrs Jane Dalrymple.

19. At Pirn, in Peeblesshire, Miss Elizabeth Horsbrugh, daughter of Alexander Horsbrugh, Esq. of Horsbrugh.

— At Lenel House, Patrick Brydone, Esq.

20. At Horneliff, Alexander Home, Esq. formerly of Bassendean.

— At Melville Place, Stirling, Eliza, second daughter of John Birch, Esq. paymaster 73d regiment.

21. At Howleugh, Mr John Goodfellow, tenant there.

— At Jedburgh, Major John Murray, of the 20th regiment of infantry, in the 37th year of his age.

22. At North Leith, Mr John Drummond, ship-master, aged 65.

25. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Allan M'Lean, 79th regiment, eldest son of Mr D. M'Lean, W.S.

Lately—At Eason's Lodge, near Yaxley, aged 106, Mrs Ann Eason, who retained her faculties till within a few months of her death, and, without the aid of spectacles, was capable of reading and writing. She was a native of Llangattock, near Abergavenny, but had resided in Yaxley parish above 60 years. The estate on which she lived descends to her nephew, Sir Richard Phillips of London.

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VOL. III.

REMARKS ON SCHLEGEL'S HISTORY OF LITERATURE.*

IT seems to be received among most of the good people of the present age as an axiom not to be disputed, that the period to which they have the happiness to belong is, beyond all question, the most enlightened which the world has ever seen. Nothing can be more natural than the species of ratiocination upon which this comfortable belief is founded. Every individual, however unskilled in the more secret mysteries of psychology, is metaphysician enough to be sensible of the gradual enlargement and improvement of his own understanding during the far more considerable portion of his life: and it is quite in the course of things, that individuals should reason from themselves to every thing around them. To the man who, in reviewing a few past years of his life, perceives in every direction the traces of intellect strengthened and knowledge extended, it must needs appear at first sight a very improbable thing, that, while the individual is at all times so actively progressive, the general mind should at any time be retrogressive, or even stationary. He takes it for granted that the nation, the world, are moving at the same pace with himself, and his favourable opinion respecting the century in which he happens to be born, derives not a little of its charity from the unsuspected, but unintermitted, workings of his self-love. We are all wil-

ling to believe in the excellence of what belongs to ourselves; we begin with our apparel, furniture, and houses, and extend, by degrees, the compliment to our town, our nation, and last of all, to our age.

We have no intention to deny, that in many matters of no inconsiderable moment, the self-gratulations of the present generation are well founded. Were there no ground for their belief, except in vanity, it must indeed have long since given way. The fault lies in extending to the condition of the whole man that which applies in truth to one part only,—perhaps not the most dignified or important part of that mysterious being. The part which has been the scene of improvement is indeed that to which the philosophers of the last century chiefly devoted their attention. But it remains to be decided by posterity, whether their devotion, or our applause, should be considered as among the excellencies or the defects of our respective periods. Among the many ages which have preceded ours, not a few, and these too,—at least some of them,—ages to which we now look back with very little reverence, were, in their day, equally self-complacent in their opinion of themselves. Perhaps no times were ever more filled with self-conceit than the corrupt and trifling ones of the last Roman and Byzantine emperors. The blindfold mill-horse has no suspicion in how narrow a circle he is moving.

To go somewhat towards the bottom of the matter, we may observe, that the exertions of human intellect are directed either towards the bettering of our earthly and corporeal existence, or to something quite foreign, and, we are not singular in supposing, quite superior to this. One great class of

* Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern; from the German of Frederick Schlegel. 2 vols. Edinburgh, William Blackwood; London, Baldwin, &c. 1818.

objects are *useful*, and pursued as means for producing tangible and visible improvements in the external accommodation of man; another great class of objects have, in most ages of the world, attracted the zeal of the finest spirits of the earth, although not leading to any thing so *obviously* advantageous—have been pursued, in a word, for their own sake alone, and believed to bring with them abundantly their own reward. In regard to the former class of objects, it must be admitted that the world was never so well off as it is now; we suspect that, in regard to the second, a little research would have a tendency to lead to a very different conclusion.

In respect to those branches of human exertion which are most evidently ornamental, our inferiority to former ages will not be disputed, even by the warmest admirers of their own time and of themselves. Our age produces no paintings like those of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, or even like those of Holbein. In sculpture and architecture our poverty is equally apparent. If we are better than our immediate predecessors, if we no longer admire or imitate the absurdities of such men as Bernini, still we can sustain no comparison with the times of antiquity; nay, in regard to one of those arts we are utterly despicable, when compared with those ages of modern Europe which we are pleased to think and talk of as utterly dark and barbarous. Whatever excellence we attain in sculpture is derived from a servile imitation of the antique; and in regard to architecture, we seem to be so impressed with a sense of littleness, that we have absolutely given over attempting any thing that is worthy of being called great. We make no fresco paintings now-a-days, no colossal statues, no cathedrals. We may call this wisdom and philosophy, if we will. We may rave about political economy and chemistry, and despise, if we choose, the simple ages which were more occupied with art than with science, with feeling than with analysing; but to those who consider this world as a preparatory scene, and our earthly life as a school for our intellect, and man as an immortal creature, whose desires and aspirations are at all times after the infinite, the spectacle of this, our boasted age, may perhaps appear to partake at least as

much of the humiliating as of the cheering. We are more knowing than our fathers, but the old breed was a noble one, and it may be worth our while to consider with ourselves whether we may not deserve the reproach of the satirist—*Gens pusilla, acuta*.

Such reflections as these are not very common among the men of our nation, but in the book which now lies before us, and in many other works of those whom Madame de Stael classes with its author, under the name of "*ces grand penseurs Allemands*," we find sufficient proof that they are by no means unusual among the reflective men of another nation, which, in so far at least as philosophy and art are concerned, may be entitled to fully as much respect as our own. Although the last fifty years have produced in Germany more great and valuable literary works than the last hundred years among all the other nations of Europe, even the authors of Germany appear to be pretty free from that overweening self-complacency which is so visible in the writings of their French and English brethren. The truth is, that all the German writers of eminence are also scholars of eminence. They read before they think of writing. Their reverence for others tempers their confidence in themselves. They labour to improve and adorn their age, but they are modest enough to consider no little preparation as necessary for those who would enter upon such a vocation. In like manner, their books are too full of learning for our public, in its present state; they make allusions which our wits would laugh at as obscure, and pass into digressions which they would censure as absurd. Nevertheless, they are worth the studying, and will repay the labour which they demand from those who peruse them with advantage.

According to the author of these lectures, the chief cause of those defects which may be discovered in the art and literature of the present time, is to be found in the spirit of thought introduced by the philosophy of the last century. The object of that philosophy was revolution; its engine was derision. Its masters devoted all their talents to destroy the habitual veneration with which their countrymen of France and of Europe were accustomed to regard the political, moral, and religious institutions of

their fathers. They strove to represent every thing beyond their own sphere, as existing only in prejudice, and held sacred only by folly. Above all things, it was their wish and purpose to undermine those forms of government which are established among all the descendants of the Gothic conquerors of Europe. In order to make these appear ridiculous, they pointed the shafts of their wit, not only against the Gothic thrones themselves, but against all the art, and literature, and philosophy, which had sprung up under their protection. Their sole topics of praise were found either among the republican peoples of antiquity, or among themselves;—the former having to boast, as they asserted, of the only true artists, and their own age of the only true *scavants*.

It is with a certain mingled feeling of calmness and melancholy that we look back, from the present situation of affairs, to the image of those old times when the external aspect of things was harsher and ruder, but when hearts were warmer than they now are, and faith more firm. The history of the last century may at times provoke a contempt almost touching upon ridicule, but in general it is with feelings of a very different nature indeed, that we connect the circumstances of that eventful period with those of our own. As when dark clouds are seen progressively advancing over the face of a calm and lovely heaven, and the memory of past tempests is revived in the apprehension of new, it is not without an anxious and a mournful expectation that we see the old bands every day relaxing around us, and, under the specious name of improvement, every thing which our fathers loved and venerated borne by slow but sure degrees, into the reach of that revolutionary current which leads to a fearful, and as yet an unexplored, abyss. None seems to have contemplated the *tendency* of this age with more concern than Frederick Schlegel. The work which we have just read is a noble effort to counteract and repel its effects, to arouse forgotten thoughts and despised feelings, and to make men be national and religious once more, in order that once more they may be great. He is quite right in believing that, as the evil has proceeded, so must the cure also proceed from the influence of literature; and it is in re-

gard to that great and splendid branch of human exertion, that he has chosen, in the first instance, to meet and combat the purposes and opinions of his antagonists. It is not necessary for us to explain by what circumstances, in the late history and present condition of his country, his views have been more immediately turned to the consideration of some of those subjects which his present work is most calculated to elucidate.

The truth is, that the old contest between the friends and the enemies of empiricism, which was sufficiently violent in the days of the Platonists and Peripatetics of antiquity, never attained its full height and vehemence till of late. The balance inclines grievously to the meaner side. Mankind are now every where ashamed of being, what the *philosophers* of the last age were pleased to call *unphilosophical*. Even the common people begin to take more pride in having some general ideas, than in retaining that warmth of attachment to one set of objects, which entirely depends, as they have told, upon ignorance of that which is beyond their circle. The travelling regiments of books which pour in their heterogeneous impressions from the four quarters of the heavens, level all peculiarities before them, and turn the private enclosures of attachment and opinion into a thorough-fare. When the mind is artificially supplied, by means of books, with more sources of sentiment than are able at once harmoniously to keep possession of it, the speculative understanding steps in to settle their claims, and concludes by leaving the whole man in a woful state of obliteration, which corresponds with Wordsworth's description of a moralist.

“One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
No form nor feeling, great or small,
A reasoning self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all-in-all.”

To trace with that boldness which can only be inspired by mature skillfulness, a map of the whole history of human literature; to show how in every age, the action of literature upon nationality, and that of nationality upon literature, have been strictly reciprocal; and thus, by past examples, to warn the present generation of the dangers in which they have involved themselves,—this was a great attempt, and we think Frederick Schlegel has accomplished it with very singular

success. He inculcates, throughout, the necessity which there is, that literature should have reference to an established centre, namely, to religious faith, and to national history and character,—that its main employment should be to nurse and strengthen our associations in relation to these objects,—and that, instead of being applied at random as a stimulus to our faculties and emotions, as mere abstract human beings, it should bend all its powers towards tutoring and forming the feelings of men, destined to act a part as citizens of their respective communities. In doing so, literature gains, both by having a determinate purpose, and by being the conservator of associations, which grow more and more valuable as they grow older. As every nation has its own mental character and constitution propagated from generation to generation, no traditions or poetry can be so congenial to it, as those which originated with itself in early ages, constituting tests of its true bias and genius, and continuing, during the course of its history, to strengthen nature itself by reacting upon the same national temperament which at first produced them. He shews that a great national character can only be preserved, by endeavouring as much as possible to cherish and keep alive the characteristic spirit of our ancestors; and that the literature of each nation, instead of embodying all kinds of human ideas indifferently, should aim at rivetting a peculiar set of impressions proper to itself, which would have the advantage of gaining force by every iteration, and of pervading the whole system both of private and public life.

Nothing can, we think, be more beautiful than the manner in which Schlegel calls up in succession the master-spirits of antiquity, and extracts from their merits, and sometimes from their defects, confirmation of the theory which it is his purpose to defend. The power, majesty, and enduring beauty of the Greek, and the comparative poverty of the Roman literature, are both explained upon the same principle: and yet the general conclusions to which he would lead us are, throughout, so admirably blended with the interesting and amusing portraiture of individual men and works, that however strong may be the impression of which we are conscious, we cannot easily point out from what

particular part, either of narrative or disquisition, it has been derived. There is, for instance, at least as much of art, as of elegance and of feeling, in the view which he gives us of the Homeric writings.

“ There is only one production, the high pre-eminence of which gives to the early ages of the Greeks a decided superiority over those of every other people,—the Homeric poems, the still astonishing works of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. These indeed are the work of a preceding age; but it is sufficiently evident from the language, the contents, and above all, from the spirit of these poems, that they were designed and composed within a short time (probably within a century) of the age of Solon. In his time, at all events, and partly by means of his personal exertions, they were first rescued from the precariousness and forgetfulness of oral recitation, arranged in the order in which we see them, and rendered, as they have ever since continued to be, the objects of universal attention and regard.

“ Solon and his successors in the government of Athens, Pisistratus and the Pisistratidæ, over and above the delight which they must have derived from the compositions themselves, were probably influenced by views of a nature purely political, to interest themselves in the preservation of the Homeric poems. About this period, that is six hundred years before Christ, the independence of the Greeks of Asia Minor was much threatened, not indeed as yet by the power of Persia, but by that of the Lydian monarchs, whose kingdom was soon after swallowed up in the immense empire of Cyrus. As soon, however, as that conqueror had overcome Cræsus, and extended his power over the lesser Asia, no clear-sighted patriot could any longer conceal from himself the great danger which was impendent over Greece. The greater part of the Grecian states, indeed, seem to have remained long in their security, without foreseeing the storm which was so near them, and which burst with such fury on their continent during the reigns of Darius and of Xerxes. But the danger must have been soon and thoroughly perceived by Athens, linked as she was in the closest intimacy with the Asiatic Greeks, not only by all the ties of a flourishing commerce, but also by the common origin of their Ionic race. The revival of these old songs which relate how Grecian heroes warred with united strength against Asia, and laid siege to the metropolis of Priam, occurred, at least, at a very favourable period, to nourish in the Greeks the pride of heroic feelings, and excite them to like deeds in the cause of their independence.

“ Whether any such event as the Trojan war ever in reality took place, we have no positive means of deciding. The dynasty of Agamemnon and the Atreidæ, however,

falls almost within the limits of history. Neither is it at all unlikely that much intercourse subsisted at a very early period between the Greek peninsula and Asia Minor; for the inhabitants of the two countries were kindred peoples, speaking nearly the same language, and Pelops, from whom the peninsula derived its name, was a native of Asia. That the carrying away of a single princess should have been the cause of an universal and long protracted war, is, at least, abundantly consistent with the spirit of the heroic times, and forcibly recalls to our recollection a parallel period in the history of Christendom, and the chivalry of the middle ages. However much of fable and allegory may have been weaved into the story of Helen and Troy, that many great recollections of the remote ages were in some manner connected with the local situation of Troy itself, is manifest from the graves of heroes,—the earthen tumuli which are still visible on that part of the coast. That these old Greek mounds or monuments, which were, according to universal tradition, pointed out as the graves of Achilles and Patroclus,—over one of which Alexander wept, envying the fate of the hero who had found a Homer to celebrate him,—that these were in existence in the time of the poet himself is, I think, apparent from many passages of the *Iliad*. It was reserved for the impious, or at least the foolish curiosity of our own age, to ransack these tombs, and violate the sacred repose of the ashes and arms of heroes, which were found still to exist within their recesses. But all these are matters of no importance to the subject of which I am at present treating; for although the Trojan war had been altogether the creation of the poet's fancy, that circumstance could have had little influence either on the object which Solon and Pisistratus had in view, or on the spirit of patriotism which was excited by the revival of the Homeric poems. The story was at all events universally believed, and listened to, as an incident of true and authentic history.

“To the Greeks, accordingly, of every age, these poems possessed a near and a national interest of the most lively and touching character, while to us their principal attraction consists in the more universal charm of beautiful narration, and in the lofty representations which they unfold of the heroic life. For here there prevails not any peculiar mode of thinking, or system of prejudices, adapted to live only within a limited period, or exclusively to celebrate the fame and pre-eminence of some particular race;—defects which are so apparent both in the old songs of the Arabians, and in the Poems of Ossian. There breathes throughout these poems a freer spirit, a sensibility more open, more pure, and more universal—alive to every feeling which can make an impression on our nature, and extending to every circumstance and condition of the great family of man. A whole world is laid

open to our view in the utmost beauty and clearness, a rich, a living, and an ever moving picture. The two heroic personages of Achilles and Ulysses, which occupy the first places in this new state of existence, embody the whole of a set of universal ideas and characters which are to be found in almost all the traditions of heroic ages, although nowhere else so happily unfolded or delineated with so masterly a hand. Achilles, a youthful hero, who, in the fulness of his victorious strength and beauty, exhausts all the glories of the fleeting life of man, but is doomed to an early death and a tragical destiny, is the first and the most lofty of these characters; and a character of the same species is to be found in numberless poems of the heroic age, but perhaps no where, if we except the writers of Greece, so well developed as in the sagas of our northern ancestors. Even among the most lively nations, the traditions and recollections of the heroic times are invested with a half mournful and melancholy feeling, a spirit of sorrow, sometimes elegiac, more frequently tragical—which speaks at once to our bosoms from the inmost soul of the poetry in which they are embodied: whether it be that the idea of a long vanished age of freedom, greatness, and heroism, stamps of necessity such an impression on those who are accustomed to live among the narrow and limited institutions of after times; or whether it be not rather that poets have chosen to express only in compositions of a certain sort and in relation to certain periods, those feelings of distant reverence and self-abasement with which it is natural to us at all times to reflect on the happiness and simplicity of ages that have long passed away. In Ulysses we have displayed another and a less elevated form of the heroic life, but one scarcely less fertile in subjects for poetry, or less interesting to the curiosity of posterity. This is the voyaging and wandering hero, whose experience and acuteness are equal to his valour, who is alike prepared to suffer with patience every hardship, and to plunge with boldness into every adventure; and who thus affords the most unlimited scope for the poetical imagination, by giving the opportunity of introducing and adorning whatever of wonderful or of rare is supposed, during the infancy of geography, by the simple people of early societies, to belong to ages and places with which they are personally unacquainted. The Homeric works are equalled, or perhaps surpassed, in awful strength and depth of feeling by the poetry of the north—in audacity, in splendour, and in pomp, by that of the oriental nations. Their peculiar excellence lies in the intuitive perception of truth, the accuracy of description, and the great clearness of understanding, which are united in them, in a manner so unique, with all the simplicity of childhood, and all the richness of an unrivalled imagination. In them we find a mode of composition so full, that it often

becomes prolix, and yet we are never weary of it, so matchless is the charm of the language, and so airy the lightness of the narrative; an almost dramatic developement of characters and passions, of speeches and replies; and an almost historical fidelity in the description of incidents the most minute. It is perhaps to this last peculiarity, which distinguishes Homer so much, even among the poets of his own country, that he is indebted for the name by which he is known to us. For *Homeros* signifies, in Greek, a witness or voucher, and this name has probably been given to him on account of his truth,—such truth I mean as it was in the power of a poet—especially a poet who celebrates heroic ages, to possess. To us he is indeed a *Homer*—a faithful voucher, an unfalsifying witness, of the true shape and fashion of the heroic life. The other explanation of the word *Homeros*—‘a blind man’—is pointed out in the often repeated and vulgar history which has come down to us of the life of a poet, concerning whom we know absolutely nothing, and is without doubt altogether to be despised. In the poetry of Milton, even without the express assertion of the poet himself, we can discover many marks that he saw only with the internal eye of the mind, but was deprived of the quickening and cheering influence of the light of day. The poetry of Ossian is clothed, in like manner, with a melancholy twilight, and seems to be wrapped, as it were, in an everlasting cloud. It is easy to perceive that the poet himself was in a similar condition. But he who can conceive that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the most clear and luminous of ancient poems, were composed by one deprived of his sight, must, at least in some degree, close his own eyes, before he can resist the evidence of so many thousand circumstances which testify, so incontrovertibly, the reverse.

“In whatever way, and in whatever century, the Homeric poems might be created and fashioned, they place before us a time when the heroic age was on the decline, or had perhaps already gone by. For there are two different worlds which both exist together in the compositions of Homer,—the world of marvels and tradition, which still however appears to be near and lively before the eyes of the poet; and the living circumstances and present concerns of the world which produced the poet himself. This commingling of the present and the past (by which the first is adorned and the second illustrated), lends, in a pre-eminent degree to the Homeric poems, that charm which is so peculiarly their characteristic.

“Of old the whole of Greece was ruled by kings who claimed descent from the heroic races. This is still the case in the world of Homer. Very soon, however, after his time, the regal form of government was entirely laid aside, and every people which had power enough to be independent, erect-

ed itself into a little republic. This change in the government of states, and the condition of their citizens, must have had a tendency to render the relations of society every day more and more prosaic. The old heroic tales must have by degrees become foreign to the feelings of the people, and there can be little doubt that this universal revolution of governments must have mainly contributed towards bringing Homer into that sort of oblivion, out of which he was first recalled by the efforts of Solon and Pisistratus.

His account of the Greek dramatists, historians, and philosophers, is equally excellent: with regard to the last set of writers, however, we suspect his observations are much better fitted for German than for English readers. With the exception of the unhappy young gentlemen who are drilled into a superficial and mechanical knowledge of some part of Aristotle's writings at Oxford and Cambridge, the whole subject of ancient philosophy is, we verily believe, as little known in England as in Iceland. Even the most distinguished of our philosophical writers, Mr Dugald Stewart, never touches upon it, without betraying ignorance unworthy of his great genius. We hope the day is not far distant, when the example of the Germans, more lately, of the French themselves, may produce an important and happy change, in this particular, among a set of men who are far too good to be thrown away upon the vain work of doing over again things that were as well understood two thousand years ago as they are now.

As a specimen of the view which our author takes of the history of the literature of the Romans, we extract the following very original, and, we think, satisfactory account of their drama.

“In the drama the Romans were perpetually making attempts, from the time of Ennius downwards. In truth, however, they have left nothing in that department of poetry except translations from the Greek,—more or less exact, but never executed with sufficient spirit to entitle them even to the less servile name of *imitations*. The lost tragedians, Pacuvius and Attius, were mere translators; and the same thing may be said of the two comic poets, Plautus and Terence, whose writings are in our hands. That old domestic species of bantering comedy, which was known by the Oscian name of *fabula atellana*, was not however entirely laid aside. It still preserved its place as an amusement of society in the merry meetings of the nobles; who, in the

midst of all their foreign refinements, were willing, now and then, to revive in this way their recollections of the national sports and diversions of their Italian ancestry.—With the exception of this low species of buffoon writing, the Romans never possessed any thing which deserved to be called a dramatic literature of their own. With regard to their translations from the Greek tragedians, one principal cause of their stiffness and general want of success was this,—that the mythology, which forms the essence of these compositions, was in fact foreign to the Roman people. It is very true that the general outline of Roman mythology was originally copied from that of the Greeks, but the individual parts of the two fabrics were altogether different and local. Iphigenia and Orestes were always more or less foreigners to a Roman audience; and the whole drama in which these and similar personages figured, never attained in Rome any more healthy state of existence, than that of an exotic in a green-house, which is only preserved from death by the daily application of artificial heat and unsatisfying labour. The names of the individual tragedies, which were supposed to be the best of their kind in the time of Augustus, may suffice to shew us how narrow was the circle in which the Roman dramatists moved, and how soon their tragic art has reached the termination of its progress. The same thing may easily be gathered from a consideration of those orations in dramatic form which are commonly ascribed to Seneca.—In like manner the representation of the foreign manners of Athens, which perpetually occupied the Roman comedy, must have appeared to Roman spectators at once cold and uninteresting. It is no difficult matter to perceive the reasons why the witchery of pantomime and dance soon supplanted at Rome every other species of dramatic spectacle.

“There is one of a still more serious nature, upon which I have not yet touched. The Roman people had by degrees become accustomed to take a barbarous delight in the most wanton displays of human violence and brutal cruelty. Hundreds of lions and elephants fought and bled before their eyes; even Roman ladies could look on, and see crowds of hireling gladiators wasting energy, valour, and life, on the guilty arena of a circus. It is but too evident, that they who could take pleasure in spectacles such as these, must very soon have lost all that tenderness of inward feeling, and all that sympathy for inward suffering, without which none can perceive the force and beauty of a tragic drama.—Still, however, it may unquestionably appear a strange thing, that, since the Romans did make any attempts at the composition of tragedies, they should never have chosen their subjects from the ancient history or traditions of their country;—more particularly, when we consider that the tragedians of modern times have

borrowed, from these very sources, many subjects of a highly poetical nature, and, at the same time, far from being unsusceptible of dramatic representation,—such as the combat of the Horatii, the firmness of Brutus, the internal conflict and changed spirit of Coriolanus,—restoring in this way to poetry what was originally among the most rightful of her possessions. To find a satisfactory solution of this difficulty, we must examine into the nature of these neglected themes.—The patriotic feelings embodied in these traditions, were too much a-kin to the feelings of every Roman audience, to admit of being brought forward upon a stage. The story of Coriolanus may serve as an example. How could a Roman poet have dared to represent this haughty patrician in the full strength of his disdain and scorn of plebeians, at the time when the Gracchi were straining every nerve to set the plebeians free from the authority of the nobles? What effect must it have had, to introduce the banished Coriolanus upon a Roman stage, reproaching, in his merited indignation, with bitter words and dear-bought mockery, the jealous levity of his countrymen—at a time when the noblest and most free-spirited of the last Romans, Sertorius, from his place of exile, among the unsubdued tribes of Spain and Lusitania, meditated more complete revenge against similar ingratitude, and was laying plans for the destruction of the old, and the foundation of a second Rome? Or how could a Roman audience have endured to see Coriolanus represented as approaching Rome at the head of an hostile and victorious army, at the time when Sylla was in reality at open war with his country; or even at a somewhat later period, when the principal events of his history must have still been familiar and present to the recollection of his countrymen? Not in these instances alone, but in the whole body of the early traditions and history of Rome, the conflict between patricians and plebeians occupied so pre-eminent a place, as to render Roman subjects incapable of theatrical representation during the times of the republic. Much more does this apply to the age of Augustus and his successors, when, indeed, Brutus and the ancient consular heroes could not have failed to be the most unwelcome of all personages. We may find sufficient illustrations of these remarks in the history of the modern drama. For, although Shakspeare has not hesitated to represent the civil wars of York and Lancaster on the English stage, we must observe, that before he did so, these wars had entirely terminated; and the recurrence of similar events could not easily have been foreseen by one living in the pacific times of James. With regard to our German drama, it is true that our tragic poets have chosen many of these most interesting subjects from our civil tumults—particularly from the thirty years war; but even here

the case is very different from what it would have been among the Romans. The Germans are indeed countrymen, but they are not all subjects of the same state. And yet with us, the poets who handle such topics at much length, have a very difficult task to perform; they have need of much delicacy to avoid wounding or perhaps reviving the feelings of parties, and thus destroying the proper impression which their poetry should make.

“Such are the reasons why the Romans had no national tragedies; and why, in general, they had no such thing as a theatre of their own.”

After running, in this manner, over the whole of the literature of classical antiquity, he passes into the consideration of that of the Persians, the Indians, and other ancient peoples,—the nature and character of which are to be gathered not from monuments, but from hints. The beautiful lecture on the spirit of the old Indian philosophy must be highly interesting to all readers. It is the first intelligible view which has been given of that subject; indeed Schlegel appears to us to be the first worthy successor that Sir William Jones has had in his most favourite department of learning.

But by far the more full and interesting part of the work is that which refers to the history of the middle ages—the rise and development of the different nations among which Europe is divided—the circumstances which have forwarded in some, and retarded or thrown back in others, the progress of refinement, and the excellence of literature. At the outset of this part of his work, our author has a good deal of rubbish to clear away.

“We often think of and represent to ourselves the middle age, as a blank in the history of the human mind—an empty space between the refinement of antiquity and the illumination of modern times. We are willing to believe that art and science had entirely perished, that their resurrection, after a thousand years sleep, may appear something more wonderful and sublime. Here, as in many others of our customary opinions, we are at once false, narrow-sighted, and unjust; we give up substance for gaudiness, and sacrifice truth to effect. The fact is, that the substantial part of the knowledge and civilization of antiquity never was forgotten, and that for very many of the best and noblest productions of modern genius, we are entirely obliged to the inventive spirit of the middle age. It is, upon the whole, extremely doubtful whether those periods which are the most rich in literature possess the greatest share either of

moral excellence or of political happiness. We are well aware that the true and happy age of Roman greatness long preceded that of Roman refinement and Roman authors; and I fear there is too much reason to suppose that, in the history of the modern nations, we may find many examples of the same kind. But even if we should not at all take into our consideration these higher and more universal standards of the worth and excellence of ages and nations, and although we should entirely confine our attention to literature and intellectual cultivation alone, we ought still, I imagine, to be very far from viewing the period of the middle ages with the fashionable degree of self-satisfaction and contempt.

“If we consider literature in its widest sense, as the voice which gives expression to human intellect—as the aggregate mass of symbols in which the spirit of an age or the character of a nation is shadowed forth,—then indeed a great and accomplished literature is, without all doubt, the most valuable possession of which any nation can boast. But if we allow ourselves to narrow the meaning of the word literature so as to make it suit the limits of our own prejudices, and expect to find in all literatures the same sort of excellencies, and the same sort of forms, we are sinning against the spirit of all philosophy, and manifesting our utter ignorance of all nature. Every where, in individuals as in species, in small things as in great, the fulness of invention must precede the refinements of art—legend must go before history, and poetry before criticism. If the literature of any nation has had no such poetical antiquity before arriving at its period of regular and artificial development, we may be sure that this literature can never attain to a national shape and character, or come to breathe the spirit of originality and independence. The Greeks possessed such a period of poetical wealth in those ages (ages certainly not very remarkable for their refinement either in literature, properly so called, or in science) which elapsed between the Trojan adventures and the times of Solon and Pericles, and it is to this period that the literature of Greece was mainly indebted for the variety, originality, and beauty of its unrivalled productions. What that period was to Greece, the middle age was to modern Europe; the fulness of creative fancy was the distinguishing characteristic of them both. The long and silent process of vegetation must precede the spring, and the spring must precede the maturity of the fruit. The youth of individuals has been often called their spring-time of life; I imagine we may speak so of whole nations with the same propriety as of individuals. They also have their seasons of unfolding intellect and mental blossoming. The age of crusades, chivalry, romance, and minstrelsy, was an intellectual spring among all the nations of the west.”

After an account of the mode of education adopted in those under-rated ages, he proceeds as follows:

“The reproach, then, which is commonly thrown out against the Teutonic nations—that they introduced barbarity and ignorance into all those provinces of the Roman empire to which their victories reached, is, at least in the extent which is commonly given to it, altogether false and ungrounded. To none, however, of all these nations is it applied with so much injustice as to the Goths, who lived at the time of the first northern inroads. For many centuries before these expeditions commenced, the Goths had been already Christians; they were well acquainted with the importance of regular laws, and with the relations of the learned and religious orders of society; and the truth is, that, far from promoting any work of destruction in the Roman provinces, they were indefatigable, so far as their powers and circumstances admitted of it, in forwarding and maintaining the interests of science. The only exception to this is to be found in those times when the Gothic tribes entered Italy under the guide of a foreign, a savage, and a heathen conqueror; or when in some particular instances they were exasperated by party-hatred and Arian bigotry, to take too severe revenge against the equal hatred and bigotry of their Catholic opponents. Even the last flourishing era of what still might be called ancient Roman literature, took place under Theodorick; and never did the mock patriotism of Italians take up a more ridiculous idea than in the favourite theme of their later poets—the deliverance of Italy from the power of the Goths. In the time of Theodorick, and under the government of the Goths, Italy was just beginning to enjoy the opening of a new period of happiness. The true misery and the true barbarism began when the Goths were expelled, and Italy submitted her neck once more to the deadening tyranny of Byzantine Eunuchs and Satraps. Let us also compare for a moment the activity and life of Western Europe,—her nationalities, her adventures, and her chivalrous poetry—with the long and mortal sleep under which the Eastern Empire lay for a thousand years—and we shall have no difficulty in deciding where the charges of sloth and ignorance ought to fall. And yet the Byzantines were in possession of much greater literary riches, and of several useful inventions, with which the west was entirely unacquainted. The matter of chief importance in all civilization and all literature is not the dead treasures we possess, but the living uses to which we apply them.

But the effect was beyond all comparison more unfortunate in the case of those wandering and conquering Teutonic nations which were not yet Christians; these were much more rude in their manners than those

we have as yet been considering; they had no acquaintance either with the social or the scientific refinements of the Romans. Such were the Franks in Gaul, and the Saxons in Britain. If we must fix upon some period as that of complete void,—as a time of ignorance, darkness, and destruction—we shall find the nearest approximation to what we wish in the age which elapsed between the reigns of Theodorick and Charlemagne. But while Italy remained bowed down under the barbarous oppression of Byzantium, the light of knowledge had found its refuge in the cloisters of Ireland and Scotland; and no sooner had the Saxons in England received the first rudiments of knowledge along with their Christianity, than they at once carried all branches of science to a height of perfection at that time altogether unrivalled among the nations of the west. By them this light was carried into France and Germany—there never more to be extinguished. For from this time knowledge was not only systematically preserved, but unweariedly cultivated and extended, insomuch that the proper period of revival should, I think, be placed, not in the time of the crusades, but in that of Charlemagne. But even in the darkest period of all, that between the sixth century and the eighth, the foundations were already laid for that mighty engine of instruction which was afterwards perfected by the wisdom of Charlemagne. The establishment of learned cloisters and brotherhoods had already commenced. It is to the after extension of these spiritual corporations, by whose exertions lands were rendered fruitful, and peoples civilized, and sciences useful, and states secure, that Western Europe is indebted for the superiority which she attained over the Byzantines on the one hand, who were possessed of more hereditary knowledge, and the Arabs on the other, who had every advantage that external power and proselytizing enthusiasm could afford them. That the result should have been what we now see it, could scarcely, I should suppose, have been believed to be within the reach of possibility by any contemporary spectator. While Alfred lived almost in the poverty of a poet, and while Charlemagne practised in his own palace the frugality of a monk, how must their attempts in the cause of science have been limited by the narrowness of their means? and what, on the contrary, would have been too much for Haroon al Rusheed to perform—living as he did in the midst of the untroubled splendour of Bagdad, and having it in his power to forward the cause of science by all the aids which ingenuity could invent, or magnificence supply? The result may give us an important lesson, and teach us not to repose our confidence in the munificence of kings. Science is not made to be cultivated in obedience to the command of a monarch. He lends it indeed a temporary favour, but it is only that it may increase his own fame, and throw additional lustre around his

throne. Caliphs and Sultans attempted in vain to effect what was slowly and calmly accomplished in the unpretending cloisters of the west.

The exertions of Charlemagne in securing the independence, and diffusing the establishment of religious houses, have entitled him to the warmest gratitude of Europe, and the admiration of every cultivated age. But we must not conceal from ourselves, that great as were the merits of Charlemagne, both in regard to the vernacular and the Latin literature of Europe, they were still inferior to those of Alfred. That wise and virtuous monarch was not only like Charlemagne, the unwearied patron of learning in all its branches; he was himself a scholar and a philosopher, and he even contributed more than any other individual towards the elegant formation of the Anglo-saxon tongue. But the successful expeditions of the Danes threw back the progress of England; and the literary establishments founded by Charlemagne in France and Southern Germany were disturbed, in their infancy, by the attacks made on the one part of his empire by the Normans, and on the other by the Hungarians. The literature which flourished soon afterwards under the Saxon Emperors was in every respect far superior to that of the days of Alfred or Charlemagne. At that time Germany was rich above all other things in good writers of history, from Eginhard, the secretary of Charlemagne, down to Otto von Freysingen, a prince of the house of Babenberg, who was son to St Leopold, and grandson to the great Barbarossa, of the imperial family of Hohenstaufen. Her riches in this respect were indeed greater than those of any other country in Europe, nor is the circumstance to be wondered at, for she was in fact the centre of all European politics. It is a very common thing to hear all those Latin histories of the middle age, which were written by clergymen, classed together under the same contemptuous appellation of "Monkish Chronicles." They who indulge in such ridicule, must, beyond all doubt, be either ignorant or forgetful, that these Monkish writers were very often men of princely descent; that they were intrusted with the most important affairs of government, and therefore could best explain them; that they were the ambassadors and travellers of the times; that they often penetrated into the remote East, and the still more obscure regions of the North, and were indeed the only persons capable of describing foreign countries and manners; that in general they were the most accomplished and intelligent men whom the world could then produce; and that, in one word, if we were to have any histories at all of those ages, it was absolutely necessary they should be written by the Monks. The reproaches which we cast out against the men and the manners of the middle age, are indeed not infrequently altogether absurd and incon-

sistent. When we wish to depict the corruption of the clergy, we inveigh against them for tyrannizing over kingdoms and conducting negotiations; but if we talk of their works, then they were all ignorant, slothful Monks, who knew nothing of the world, and therefore could not possibly write histories. Perhaps the very best of all situations for a writer of history is one not widely differing from that of a Monk—one in which he enjoys abundant opportunities of gaining experimental knowledge of men and their affairs, but is at the same time independent of the world and its transactions, and has full liberty to mature in retirement his reflections upon that which he has seen. Such was the situation of many of those German historians who flourished in the days of the Saxon Emperors. The more the study of history advances, the more universally are their merits recognised. But if Germany had the advantage in history, the superiority of France and England was equally apparent in philosophy. These countries, indeed, had already produced several distinguished philosophical writers, even before the influence of the Arabians had introduced the monopolizing despotism of Aristotle. In the 9th century there arose that profound inquirer who, as it is doubtful whether he was a Scotsman or an Irishman, is now known by the reconciling name of Scotus Erigena. No less profound, though somewhat more limited in their application, were the views of Anselm. Abelard was both a thinker and an orator; his language was elegant, and his knowledge of antiquity extensive,—praises which he shares with his illustrious scholar, John of Salisbury."

We have scarcely room to quote any part of the two lectures in which Schlegel enlarges upon the poetry of the middle age—above all the love poetry or *gaye science* of the provincials, and the *mynnelieder* of his own countrymen. The whole subject of romance is discussed in a very lively, though, considering its importance, in perhaps too concise a manner. The influence of the crusades is among other things presented, we think, in a very striking light. We extract only the concluding paragraphs, in which he gives something like a summing up of the conclusions to which his mind has come.

"If we compare the old French tales and fabliaux with the Arabian tales, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving that the greater part of these fictions had been brought from the East into Europe, in a great measure, it is probable, by the oral narratives of the Crusaders. The small variations which have been introduced, and the colouring of European manners which has so carefully been thrown over them,

cannot conceal the identity of the inventions. At the same time it is by no means unlikely that there was a re-action in the case, and that in those days of unexampled intercourse between the East and the West, many European *novels* may have found their way to the professional story-tellers of the Orientals. But there is no evidence that we ever borrowed any entire heroic fictions from Oriental sources; even the fabulous history of Alexander, although the adventures of the Macedonian form the subject of one of the best of the Persian romances, was not derived to us from that quarter, but from a Greek book of popular legends, and the clothing of chivalrous manners, with which the fiction was afterwards invested, belonged exclusively to ourselves. Something similar occurred in regard to our legends of the wars of Troy; we derived in like manner our ideas concerning the events of that period, not from the great poets of antiquity, but from another popular book of the same class. Our own age, which is so rich in all historical knowledge, and which holds the first place in every species of elaborate imitation, may indeed look down with great contempt on such rude and childish attempts as these poems which represent the siege of Troy, and other matters of antiquity, under the disguise of chivalrous manners. That dark age, nevertheless, however great may have been its inferiority to our own time in every other respect, was certainly not without some advantage over us in regard to its comprehension of the character, although not of the costume, of the earlier ages of antiquity. The middle age was the heroic age of Christendom, and in the heroic legends of the Greeks there is much that may recall even to us the manners of chivalry. Tancred and Richard, surrounded with their minstrels and troubadours, stood in many respects in a much nearer relation to Hector and Achilles, and the Trojan rhapsodists, than the field-marshal and poets of a later and more cultivated generation. The achievements of Alexander were made the favourite theme of the romancers, merely because they, of all historical incidents, even without fictitious embellishment, bear the greatest resemblance to heroic traditions, and because the marvellous which they contain is above all the true wonders of other conquerors, akin to that marvellous, which is the delight of poets.

“ But the approximation of East and West was not the only approximation caused by the Crusades. The nations of the West themselves were brought into closer contact with each other than they had ever before experienced, and the fictions of all ages and all countries became inextricably mingled and confounded. This chaotic mixture was in the end the chief cause why all the best, the most touching, and the most peculiar of the European heroic legends, dissolved themselves into mere play of fancy, and lost all traces of that historical

truth upon which they had originally been established.

“ With regard to the whole body of romantic fictions still extant, whether connected or unconnected with the great subjects of the poetry of the middle age,—even with regard to those which are founded in part on true events, I know only one common standard of criticism. Their value is always so much the higher in proportion as they are more dependent on a historical foundation, more national in their import and character, and more abounding in a free, natural, and unaffected display of imagination,—above all, in proportion as they are imbued with the spirit of love. I do not allude merely to a mild, beautifying, and, at the same time, amiable mode of treating every thing that is represented, but rather to that spirit which forms the essential mark of distinction between the fictions of Christendom and all other fictions; which, where a tragical catastrophe is either inseparable from the nature of the subject, or introduced on purpose by the poet, never allows us to close with the single feeling of destruction, oppression, or an inevitable fate—which bids the victim of sorrows and death rise to a higher life with a more glorious presence, and offers to him who is overcome by earthly enemies, or afflictions, the sure prospect of a recompense for all his endurance—a crown of victory in the heavens.”

In the second volume, the materials with which our author must have found himself surrounded are so immense, that the conciseness and clearness with which he has performed his great task of analysing and arranging them, appear to us worthy of the greatest admiration. His view of the Italian, Spanish, French, and English literature, is such as could not have been given by any other than a master of all these extensive branches of study; and when we recollect, that to all these accomplishments he must add an exquisite knowledge of classical, and no mean acquaintance with oriental learning, our admiration for the attainments must at least equal that with which we regard the talents of Frederick Schlegel. To most English readers, one very considerable source of interest, in the perusal of this latter part of the work, must be derived from the religious opinions of the author. He is a Christian, and he is not ashamed, amidst all his veneration for Protestant worthies and Protestant lands, to confess that his Christianity is that of a Catholic. The liberality of his views, however, presents a very pleasing contrast to the bigotry of such French and Italian Catholics as are in

truth any thing else than concealed infidels. He is a man of powerful feeling and powerful fancy; and however we may differ from him in regard to minor points, we can never hesitate to love and admire the spirit in which all his opinions are conceived and defended.

“When certain panegyrist of the Reformation represent this as having been in itself alone a step forward of the human mind, and of philosophy—a deliverance from error and prejudice—they are just taking for granted the very fact upon which we are at issue. One should think also that men might be rendered more cautious in the use of such expressions, when they reflect that, by the example of many great nations—of Spain—of Italy—of Catholic France during the seventeenth century—and of Southern Germany even in these latest times—it can be proved, with little hazard of contradiction, that a very high, nay, that the very highest degree of intellectual cultivation is perfectly compatible with the belief of those doctrines which the friends of Protestantism decry as antiquated prejudices. The admirers of the Reformation should lay less stress upon its consequences; for of these some were, as themselves admit, altogether unhappy, many remote and assisted by the co-operation of other causes. Besides, the effects are perhaps in no case perfectly decisive as to the nature of the thing itself. The bigotted Catholics, on the other hand, who despise the Reformation, and abhor it as altogether irreconcilable with their own religious opinions, should at least recollect that the later, if not the more immediate effects of that mighty convulsion, have been beneficial and salutary. If we survey the history of the world with the feeling of belief,—if we are willing to recognize, in the fortunes and fates of mankind, the interposing hand of Providence, we shall perceive the same spectacle in every direction. Everywhere we shall see men presented with the happiest opportunities, intreated as it were, to do good, to know the truth, and to reach the eminence of true greatness and true excellence; intreated however, not compelled; for their own co-operation is necessary if they would be what fits the destiny of their nature. Rarely, very rarely, do men make the proper use of the means they are intrusted to employ; often do they pervert them to the most dangerous abuses, and sink even deeper into their ancient errors. Providence is, if we may so speak, ever struggling with the carelessness and the perversity of man; scarcely by our own guilt and blindness have we been plunged into some great and fearful evil, ere the Benefactor of our nature causes unexpected blessings to spring out of the bosom of our merited misfortune—warnings and lessons, expressed in deeds and events, furnishing us with ever

returning admonitions to bethink ourselves in earnest, and depart no more from the the path of truth.”

Patriotism, in all ages, depends in a great measure upon exclusiveness; but in regard to religion, modern Europe may be considered as one vast nation, whose interest it is to fix the Christian faith as a central standard of feeling and association in all the more serious departments of literature. The case is the same with regard to the chivalrous recollections of the middle ages, which belong in common to the several nations of Europe, as a stock whereupon to graft their heroic poetry; but it is evident, that philosophical modern Europeans can never look back upon any past age with the same serious reverence which the Greeks felt in reverting to their fabulous era of heroes and demi-gods. An heroic era should lose itself in the mists of antiquity,—but ours does not. It should likewise mingle itself with religion,—but our religion admits of no mixture of fables, capable of being multiplied and diversified at will, like those of the Greeks. If the real business of heroic poetry be to represent human nature partaking of the marvellous, modern Europe cannot be expected to produce any thing seriously impressive in that line. Poems may be composed exhibiting a fine play of fancy, but none of them will be capable of exerting a permanent purchase over our feelings and associations. In so far as the preternatural is concerned, *Paradise Lost* is certainly the real heroic poem of modern Europe; and it will probably remain the only one, since it has pre-occupied almost all those parts of sacred history which were such as to be adorned, and not disfigured, by poetical colouring. It is the only modern poem recollected with sufficient earnestness to be considered as a true epic.

Although a great part of Schlegel's work is filled with an account of the literature of his own country, yet, here again, we suspect his labours are not much calculated for the edification of foreign readers. He touches upon every thing indeed, and he does this with a masterly hand; but, unless by a very few good German scholars among us, we fear little will be learned from a mode of writing which presupposes so much information. The translation, in order to become really

useful in the hands of English readers, should have been accompanied with copious notes and illustrations,—we need scarcely add, not compiled after the fashion of Mr Hobhouse's illustrations of Childe Harold.

The concluding lectures abound, however, in most profound and important reflections, with regard to subjects which all of us *should* at least be capable of understanding. Our own elder authors appear to have been studied by this accomplished German with an enthusiasm seldom equalled among ourselves; and if the present state of our literature be not represented by him either so fully or so favourably as might have been expected, we must attribute this solely to the distant residence and multifarious occupations of the author. How well he has studied one important part of the subject, the following extract, and it is the last we shall venture upon, will prove.

“The art of historical writing is evidently quite on the decline in England. One great cause of this consists, I imagine, in the want of any stable and satisfactory philosophy, a defect sufficiently apparent even in the three great writers whom I have enumerated. Without some rational and due conceptions of the fate and destiny of man, it is impossible to form any just and consistent opinion, even concerning the progress of events, the development of times, and the fortunes of nations. In every situation history and philosophy should be as much as possible united. Philosophy, if altogether separated from history, and destitute of the spirit of criticism, which is the result of the union to which I have alluded, can be nothing more than a wild existence of sect and formality. History, on the other hand, without the animating spirit of philosophy, is merely a dead heap of useless materials, devoid of internal unity, proper purpose, or worthy result. The want of satisfying and sane views and principles, is nowhere more conspicuous than in those histories of mankind, as they have been called, originally produced in England, and more recently written among ourselves. From the immense storehouse of travels and voyages, a few facts are collected, which make up loose portraits of the fisher, the hunter, the emigration of the early nations, and the different conditions of agricultural, pastoral, and commercial peoples. This is called a view of the history of mankind, and there is no doubt that it contains many individual points of great interest and importance, with respect to the progress and habits of our species. Such would be the case, even if we should treat of men entirely according to their corporeal subdivisions

of white, black, red, and brown. But how little is gained by all this, as to the only real question, an answer to which should form the proper history of mankind? How little do we learn as to the origin and proper state, or the present lamentable and fallen condition, of human nature? The answer to this question, which is the essence of all history, can only be supplied by religion and philosophy; that philosophy, I mean, which has no other ambition and no other end but to support religion. In these false histories of mankind, the worthy offspring of the degraded and material philosophy of the eighteenth century, the predominant idea is always, that man sprung originally from the dust like a mushroom, and differed from it only by the possession of locomotive power and of consciousness. The ambition of their authors is to represent us as originally brutes, and to shew how, by the progress of our own ingenious contrivances, art has been added to art, and science to science, till our nature has gradually reached the high eminence on which it now stands. The greater intimacy of connexion can be established between us and the orang-ou-tang (that favourite of so many philosophers of the last century), the more rational are supposed to be our opinions concerning our species, and its history.

“The philosophy of sensation, which was unconsciously bequeathed to the world by Bacon, and reduced to the shade of a regular system by Locke, first displayed in France the true immorality and destructiveness of which it is the parent, and assumed the appearance of a perfect sect of atheism. In England it took a different course; in that country it could not indeed be supposed likely to produce the same effects, because the old principles of religion were regarded as far too intimately connected with national welfare to be easily abandoned. The spirit of English thought was moreover naturally inclined to adopt the paradoxical and sceptical side of this philosophy rather than the material and atheistical. The most singular phenomenon in the whole history of philosophy is perhaps the existence of such a man as Berkeley, who carried the system of Locke, as far as utterly to disbelieve the existence of the external world, and yet continued all the while a devout Christian bishop. How external objects come into contact with our intellect, so that it forms notions of them—this was a point upon which the philosophy of that time neither came nor could come to any satisfactory conclusion. All that we perceive or feel of these things, is, after all, only an impression, a change upon ourselves. We may pursue it as far as we will; we can lay hold on only such a notion or perception of an object, not the object itself. That seems, the more we seek it, to fly the farther from us. If we consider nature, as either itself animated, or as

the medium instrument and expression of life, then this perplexity is at an end, and every thing becomes clear. We have no difficulty in conceiving, that between two living and mutually operating spiritual natures, there may exist a third nature apparently inanimate, to serve as the bond of connexion and mutual operation, to be their word and language, or to serve as the separation and wall of partition between them. We are familiar with such an idea, from our own experience, because we cannot have any intercourse of thought with our brother men, or even analyse our thoughts, except through the operation of exactly similar means. The simple conviction, however, that the sensible world is merely the habitation of the intellectual, and a medium of separation as well as connexion between intellectual natures, had been lost along with the knowledge and idea of the world of intellect, and the animating impression of its existence. The philosophy of the senses stumbled, in this way, at the very threshold, and proceeded to become more and more perplexed in every step of its progress. Berkeley believed that the external world has no real existence, and that our notions and impressions of it are directly communicated to us by the Deity. From the same doubts Hume fell into a totally different system, the sceptical,—a philosophy which humbles itself before its doubts, and denies the possibility of attaining knowledge. This man, by the penetrating and convulsive influence of his scepticism, determined the future condition of English philosophy. Since his time nothing more has been attempted than to erect all sorts of bulwarks against the practical influence of this destructive scepticism: and to maintain, by various substitutes and aids, the pile of moral principle uncorrupted and entire. Not only with Adam Smith, but with all their later philosophers, national welfare is the ruling and central principle of thought,—a principle excellent and praiseworthy in its due situation, but quite unfitted for being the centre and oracle of all knowledge and science. The two great substitutes to which I allude are neither scientifically nor practically of a durable and effective nature. Common sense is poor when compared with certain knowledge,—and moral feeling is a very inadequate foundation for a proper system of ethics. Were the common sense of man even as sound and universal as these English reasoners maintain, if we should take its conclusions for the last, and subject them to no higher view, we should find it more likely to cut than to unloose the knot of the great questions in philosophy. The innate curiosity of man is not to be so satisfied, but, however frequently we may put it off, returns to the charge with undiminished pertinacity. Moral feeling and sympathy are things too frail and uncertain for a rule of moral action. We must have, in

addition to these, an eternal law of rectitude, derived not from experience and feeling, but from reason or from God. A firm and unshaken faith is indispensable for our welfare. But the faith which the English philosophers have established upon the dictates of common sense and moral feeling, is like the props upon which it leans, uncertain and unworthy of our confidence. It is not worthy of the name of faith; the name applied to the impression made upon us by reason and external experience, and, with equal propriety, to the impressions we receive in a totally different way from the internal voice of conscience and the revelations of a superior nature. That which is called faith among these men, is nothing more than the weak and self-doubting faith of necessity,—a thing as incapable of standing the test of time, as the frail faith of custom is to resist the arguments of unprincipled sophistry. This nation is powerful and free in its whole being and life. Even in poetry, it regards the profound and internal rather than the outward and ornamental,—but by means of its own errors it is cramped and confined in its philosophy. In regard to this mighty department of human intellect and exertion, the English of later times are neither original nor great; they even appear to be fundamentally inferior to some of the best writers among the French. If a few authors in England have pursued an intellectual path of their own, quite different from the common one, they have exerted no powerful, or at least no extensive, influence over their fellow-countrymen. The attempts with which I myself am acquainted do not indeed display genius such as might entitle them to much consideration.

“ We may compare the mode of philosophical thought in England to a man who bears every external mark of health and vigour, but who is by nature prone to a dangerous distemper. He has repressed the first eruptions of the disease by means of palliatives, but the evil has on that very account had the more leisure to entwine itself with the roots of his constitution. The disease of philosophical error and unbelief can never be got the better of, unless by a thorough and radical cure. I think, for this reason, that it is extremely probable, nay, that it is almost certain, England has yet to undergo a mighty crisis in her philosophy, and, of necessity, in her morality and her religion.

“ If we regard not so much the immediate practical consequences, but rather the internal progress of intellect itself, we shall be almost compelled to think error is less dangerous when open and complete, than when half-formed and disguised. In the midst of moderate errors our self-love keeps us ignorant of our danger. But when error has reached its height, it is the nature of the human mind to promote a re-action,

and to rise with new strength and power out of the abyss into which at last it perceives itself to have fallen."

Upon the whole, we consider this work as by far the most rational and profound view of the history of literature which has yet been presented to Europe; and when we compare it with the ideas concerning the same subject which are commonly circulated in this country, it is easy to perceive that another nation has got the start of us in point of reflection, and is also much wiser in point of feeling. The considerations in which it abounds are of a kind which have been too much overlooked in this country. Our philosophy, if we be not greatly mistaken, has much need of such a supplement as the present.

However noble and elevating the great scope of Schlegel's lucubrations may be, yet, when we compare them with the present state of literature in this country, the feeling with which we close the volumes is very far from being a happy one. It is a melancholy fact, that a single generation of abstract reasoners is enough to vitiate the pedigree of national sentiment and association; and although the ancient literature and history remain, they cannot resume their influence so extensively as before. Perhaps, in England, nothing has contributed so much as the host of periodical publications to obliterate sentiment, and substitute metaphysical restlessness in its place. Our journals, with their eternal disquisitions, have been operating with slow but sure effect in mouldering down all large aggregates of association, which could form centres of gravity of sufficient power to control and regulate the orbits of our feelings. For a long while not many ideas have reached the people except through their medium. But these journals are like sieves, that require every substance to be granulated before it can pass through them.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND DAVID HUME.

THESE two remarkable individuals, although contemporaries, never came personally in contact. Dr Johnson was looked upon by his friends as the colloquial champion of England; and probably the exultation which they felt in seeing him thrash every oppo-

nent, could have received little addition, except from betting. If they had met, David Hume would probably have declined the contest. There is something extremely ludicrous in this headlong pugnacity, when manifested by an individual who is supposed to make reflection his business; and Dr Johnson seems to have been the only modern philosopher whose propensities were likely to have revived those scenes described by Lucian, in his *Banquet* and other pieces. This was not altogether owing to bigotry. His character seems to have been originally endowed with an overplus of the noble spirit of resistance; so that even had his temperament been less morbidly irritable, and his prejudices less inveterate, he would still have betrayed an inclination to push against the movements of other minds. Upon the whole, it is probable that the cultivation of his conversational powers was not favourable to his powers of composition, because it habituated him to seek less after truth in its substantive form than truth corrective of error, and to throw his thoughts into such a form as could be most conveniently used in argument. Although gifted with great powers, both of observation and reflection, he passed his life in too great a ferment ever to make any regular philosophical use of them. He was full of those stormy and untoward energies peculiar to the English character, and would have required something to wreak himself upon, before he sat down to reflect.

This English restiveness and untowardness, with which the Doctor was somewhat too much impregnated, makes a ridiculous figure in literature, but constitutes a very important element when introduced into active life. It is in a great measure a blind element; but in the political dissensions of a free country, it is a far safer one than the scheming and mischievous propensities of personal vanity and ambition. It is a quality which rather inclines sturdily to keep its own place, than to join in a scramble.

David Hume's temperament was well calculated for a philosopher of the Aristotelian class; that is to say, one who founds his reasonings upon experience, and upon the knowledge gathered by the senses. His whole constitution seems to have been uncommonly sedate and tranquil, and no

part of it much alive or awake, but his understanding. Most of the errors of his philosophy, perhaps, arose from his overlooking elements of human nature which were torpid within himself, and which could not be learnt by the mere external observer of mankind. He knew more of the virtues in their practical results, than he knew of them as sentiments; and his theory of utility resembles that explanation of musical concords which modern physics have enabled us to draw from the vibrations of the atmosphere, but which is merely an external supplement to the musical faculty within us, which judges of the harmony of sounds by totally different means.

The coldness of David Hume's character enabled him to shake off all vulgar peculiarities of thought and feeling, and to ascend into the regions of pure and classical intellect. No English writer delivers his remarks with so much grace. The taste which he followed in his compositions was founded upon the most generalized principles, and the most extended considerations of propriety; and the consequence is, that they possess a beauty which, whatever may be the fluctuations of human opinion, will never decay. He was utterly beyond the contagion of contemporary notions, and seems to have habituated himself to write as addressing a remote posterity, in whose eyes the notions which during his time had stirred and impelled the world, would perhaps be considered as the mere infatuations of ignorance and barbarism. The worthy David is entitled to less credit for those passages where he seems impressed with a belief that his own writings might continue to be perused at some future era, when Christianity would only be remembered as an exploded superstition. However, there was perhaps more scepticism than vanity in this. His writings are elaborately perspicuous. He thought he saw the foundations of all human opinions sliding so fast, that he was determined to give his own works as fair a chance as possible of being understood, if they survived the wreck.

David Hume had too little personal character about him, to bear the marks of any particular nation. The sedate self-possession for which he was remarkable, has sometimes, however, been ascribed to Scotsmen in general,

and his countrymen have always been notorious for dialectical propensities. It is remarkable, that no particular intellectual faculty has ever been set down as predominating in the English composition. Her great men have excelled in every different way, both in isolated faculties and in the aggregation of them. Englishmen have long been the first, both in delighting and instructing the nations; but owing to constitutional causes, they have also, like Dr Johnson, been the most miserable of mankind. Dr Johnson thought that all foreigners were comparatively fools.

If we compare the lives of Hume and Johnson, we find Hume spending his years in a manner well enough suited for the cultivation of his metaphysical powers, but too secluded, and too much at ease, to make him practically acquainted with human passions. In all his writings, Hume appears as a philosophical spectator, capable of estimating the wisdom or folly of men's conduct in relation to external circumstances, and of prognosticating its result; but not very capable of entering sympathetically into their feelings, or of strongly conceiving the impulses by which they are guided. Johnson had better opportunities of observation, of which we see the products in his writings; and he might have observed still better, had his attention not been so often engrossed by the fermentation of absurd prejudices in his own mind. He was generally more anxious to know whether a man was a Whig in politics, or a High-churchman, or a Dissenter, than to understand the mechanism which had been implanted in the individual by nature.

Johnson, during his lifetime, enjoyed more fame than Hume, and more personal authority in the world of letters. His growling was heard all over Parnassus. The influence he had on English literature consisted, not in disseminating any new system of opinions, but in teaching his countrymen how to reason luminously and concisely, and in making the taste for reflection more popular than it was before.

Johnson had certainly more of what is commonly called genius than Hume. Possessing a stronger imagination and warmer feelings, it would have been less difficult for him than for the sceptic to have mounted into the re-

gions of poetry; as may be seen in his tale of Anningait and Ajut, and some other pieces. Hume is said to have composed verses in his youth, which would probably be written in imitation of the coldest and most artificial models. Although Johnson had imagination, there was no native grace or elegance in his mind, to guide him in forming poetical combinations; and perhaps there is not in any English book a more clumsy and ungainly conception than that of the Happy Valley in Rasselas. Any thing that Hume had, beyond pure intellect, seems to have been a turn for pleasantries, which his strict taste prevented him from ever obtruding gratuitously upon the reader.

During the time when these men flourished, it may be safely averred, that the influence of intellect was completely predominant over that of genius in this country. No great poet arose, who produced moral impressions fit to be weighed against the speculative calculations to which the times were giving birth.

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MENIL'S EDITION OF ANTARA.*

OF the seven celebrated Arabic poems known by the name of Al-Moallakat, that is, *the suspended* (on the walls of the temple at Mecca), the fourth is that now edited by the two eminent orientalist named in the title-page. It is now two years since M. Menil first published a valuable introduction to the poem of Antara, in a "*Dissertatio Philologica de Antara ejusq. poemate Arabico*:" this is reprinted with the present work, without apparently any alteration, under the name of *Prolegomena*. The name, age, and condition of the poet, are here inquired into with much minuteness; as well as the design, plan, and contents, and metre, of the poem itself. Many excellent observations are subjoined concerning MSS., scholiasts, and various editions of the Moallakat. Reiske supposed Antara to have been a con-

temporary of Mahomet, but Menil places him in the beginning of the sixth century, coinciding pretty nearly, as our readers will remark, with the opinions of Sir William Jones and De Sacy. Of the condition of the poet, little is known with accuracy. It appears, however, to be quite certain, that he was no other than that same Antara, the celebrated knight-errant of Arabia, the memory of whose adventures were long preserved in the popular legends of his country, and which formed the subject of the great Arabic romance which goes by his name.* Many of these very adventures are indeed alluded to by the poet himself in his own great poem, which was honoured with the prize at Mecca.

In the *Anecdota* taken from Tebrizi, and two other scholiasts, (S. 10. 11.)

Reiske translated the words, لا يكسن الكرم الا الكلب والصر
 "Nil animum inspirat, nil tam instigat ad egregia facinora, quam mulgere camelos et stringere ubera."

Menil preserves the same ironic sense; but instead of يكسن he reads the second person تكسن "Profecto nullo modo ad irruendum incitas nisi (per opera servilia), quod debeam nunc mulgere camelos, nunc earum papillas, ne lactent, nodo colligare." The acceptation in which both of these translations receive the word يكسن is quite indefensible, and the changing of the person in that of Menil is quite useless.

There can be no doubt that يكسن should be taken as the fourth conjugation in the sense, bene tractare novit; so that the meaning should run, —A slave knows nothing about seizing an enemy; his only skill is to milk camels, &c.

The manuscript of the seven Moallakat, from which Mr Menil has edited the poem of Antara, was brought from the east by the late Scheid, and is now in the possession of Professor Willmet. Its date is the year of the Hegira 545, or of our era 1150:

* Antaræ Poema Arabicum Moallakah cum integris Zouzenii Scholiis. E codice Manuscripto edidit, in Lat. serm. transtulit, et lectionis varietatem addidit Vincentius Elias Menil. Observat. ad tot. poema subjunxit Joannes Willmet. Lugd. Bat. Luchtmans.

* Of this most singular work some specimens have lately been inserted by Hammer in his learned *Fundgruben des Orients*. See 4th volume, 3d part.

It surpasses, not only in antiquity, but in accuracy and in completeness, all copies previously known to the scholars of Europe. Even the scholia have the vocal and diacritical marks. The author of these scholia, Zuzeni, of whom, personally, nothing is known, explains first of all every rare or difficult word by itself, and then a paraphrase of the whole verse is its contextion. It might have been wished that Mr Menil had followed more closely the example of the MS. in giving each scholium immediately after the verse to which it belongs. The order of the MS. is indeed entirely neglected. The text is first printed by itself: then follows the Latin version; then the variae lectiones, from two MSS. preserved in the library at Leyden, and from the text of Jones (which is printed in Roman characters); then come the Arabic scholia; and last of all we have the commentaria of M. Willmet. The accuracy with which the Arabic text, both of the poem and its scholia, is printed, deserves every praise: the writer of this may be allowed to say so, for he has compared it throughout with a very fine transcript of the Parisian Codex. In general the version is sufficiently close; but there occur several little mistakes, occasioned, we suspect, by hurry, and an inattention to the minutiae of the pointing. The translation's chief fault is, that it is by far too frequently paraphrastic. Of this the very first verse furnishes an instance.

هل غادر الشعراء من متردم
ام هل عروقت الدار بعد توهم

The literal translation of this is: "Num reliquerunt poetae quicquam resarciendum? Sed num agnoscis habitaculum post longam meditationem?"—Menil gives this so: "Ullamne reliquerint poetae sedium amasiarum suarum ruinam, quam non carminibus velut restituerint? Certe, tu, Antara, nonne, quam fueras suspicatus, agnovis amasiae domum?" In the rendering of the first hemistich Menil differs from Zuzeni, who interprets it thus: "Non reliquit prior posteriori quidquam." And "Non reliquerunt poetae quidquam, de quo carmen condi possit.

Jones translated this with the scholiast, "Have the bards who preceded me left any theme unsung?" and added to it, by way of connecting it with the second hemistich, "What, therefore, shall be my subject? Love only must supply my lay." The unsufferable harshness of this rendering is obvious; and the sense becomes much more easy if **صترم** be translated *ruins*, in which meaning **رم** occurs in Abulfeda's Annals, III. S. 210, where, in the narrative of a great earthquake, he says: **وهلك صن** "Through the inward-tumbling buildings there came many men." M. Willmet will not render the expression **بعد توهم** *post longam meditationem*. "Indignus enim," says he, "annator mihi videtur fuisse poeta, si longa meditatione opus habuisset ad mansionem amasiæ suæ in animum sibi revocandam." But the poet evidently means to say, that the former residence of his mistress is so much changed, that he can scarcely know it again. And so Zuzeni explains the expression by **بعد شكك فيها** *postquam de iis dubitasset*; to say nothing of some strong objections to Willmet's own rendering, *post suspicionem*.

The fifth verse,

ان روضة انغا ترضن نبتها

غيث قليل الدمن ليس بمعلم
is thus translated by Menil: "Aut (odorem) qualem exhalat pratum adhuc intactum, quod suis luxuriet herbis, quod quidem pluvia riget; sed nullum omnino inficiat finetum, neque ullum pecoris dedecoret vestigium." According to this version, **روضة الدمن** is coupled with **انغا** but it evidently belongs of right to **غيث** and so the scholiast understood it: **سقاء مطر ام يكن معه** *quod (pratum) rigat pluvia nullas sordes advehens*; that is, a moderate shower, bringing no such overflow as might leave mud upon the herbage. The word **ترضن**

is to be taken in the acceptance of *conservat* (cavit); so that the translation should run—"aut sicut pratum intactum cujus plantas conservat pluvia, paucas (*i. e.* nullas) sordes advehens."

The commentary of Professor Willmet is a most valuable appendix to this publication. It is only to be regretted that the stores of profound oriental learning which it embodies, should not have been rendered more accessible by means of proper indexes.

REMARKS ON THE "ANONYMOUS AND FUGITIVE ESSAYS OF THE EARL OF BUCHAN."

THE Earl of Buchan has been looked up to as our Scottish Maecenas, at a period which might justly be deemed the Augustan age of our literature. Not alone distinguished as a liberal patron of learning and genius, his lordship has enriched various periodical works with the effusions of his own pen; and even still in "Dryburgh's cooling shade"

— προήκων
 ἄς βαθὺ τῆς ἡ λιχίας,
 νεωτέροις τὴν φύσιν αὐ
 τοῦ πράγμασιν χρωτίζεσθαι
 καὶ σοφίαν ἱπαυκεῖ—ARISTOPH.

Every lover of literature will therefore be pleased to learn, that he has been employed, from a due regard to after fame, in collecting his numerous and elegant essays from the various works through which they were originally scattered, and that the present volume was lately published as the first of a series intended to answer this highly desirable end. It is principally composed of essays formerly published in the "Bee," a periodical work which was largely honoured with his lordship's contributions; for, as he informs us, page 7th, with that "*curiosa felicitas*," so peculiarly his own, "I highly esteem the industry of the Bee, and fill its combs with honey, and provide for the winter." The carping spirit of modern criticism might perhaps object to the title of the work, as seeming to indicate that the noble author was ranked in the Irish Peerage, without reflecting that it only displays the characteristic obscurity indulged in by genius, and

merely intends to signify, that, in their original form, when we are told they were "carried on the thighs of the busy Bee to the uttermost limits of the rational world," they appeared anonymous. Even in this point of view doubts might be entertained of the strict propriety of the epithet, as the many delicate and modest allusions all the papers contain, must have led their readers to conclude that "Albanicus" was at least a wondrous intimate friend of the Head of the House of Buchan.

This circumstance, however, we look upon, for our part, as adding in the highest degree to the interest and value of the work. How often has it been a subject of regret, that men of the greatest genius and celebrity have given after-times so slight an opportunity of judging, from their writings, of their private life, and domestic habits and affections. Here the case is happily different; we not only behold the philosopher, but know the man; and this volume must alone prove a rich legacy to posterity, from exhibiting so many original traits of character, and holding up such an admirable picture of the noble author's studies and pursuits in retirement. An enthusiastic admirer of nature, he always charms us with the glow of his descriptions; the scenery of the Tweed is brought before our eyes in language that never savours of the puerile, the frigid, or the bombast; and his own lofty feelings and aspirations are painted in colours that admirably correspond to their originality and sublimity. The dewy gales of the spring, or the solemn silence of the midnight hour, never fail to wake him into rapture. How peculiarly grand is the following burst!

"I can pour out my complaints to the roaring streams, and my voice shall not be heard. I can woo the zephyrs with the praises of vernal and sylvan beauty, and they shall waft the harmless theme to the remotest corners of the earth." Page 73.

The last idea, indeed, being almost too magnificent for the comprehension of a common mind. But how beautifully interesting is the description that immediately follows in the prosecution of his morning walk. "The breakfast smoke of the village was rising in spiry volumes to the clouds;" when, besides the repose of the landscape, we have the rural im-

age introduced by a single word of the cottage children, happy at their plenteous meal, and the father ploughman thankfully despatching his six pounds of porridge, which is stated in the statistical accounts of that part of the country, to be the regular mess with which these hardy rustics break their fast.

We must return, however, more particularly, to the contents of the volume, as we feel ourselves apt to be led away, perhaps, from indulging in that kindred sublimity, which Longinus says the sublime always infuses into the mind of the reader. We would therefore remark the peculiar delight we experienced from the classical composition of the "Letters in imitation of the Ancients," which occupy a considerable portion of this volume. They principally consist of descriptions of the scenery of Dryburgh, its gainful "pomaria," and the occupations of its right honourable proprietor. With what classical dignity and simplicity is this beautiful seat at once introduced in the epistle of Albanicus to his friend Hortus.

"You have no doubt frequently looked down on my humble residence between the 36th and 37th mile-stones, on the road to Jedburgh."

The sentimental reader would perhaps be more delighted with the highly natural description of the shepherd in the leafy shade, playing to the graceful Amaryllis by his side, or the midnight wavings of "the solitary yew;" but we prefer the following passage, as his lordship seems to write more "con amore," when he turns to the prospect of a goodly pear-tree, of which he thus informs his Roman friend in the Ciceronian style.

"A pear-tree in my orchard produced last year a crop that sold for seven guineas; and so favourable is the situation in every respect to orchards, that I have planted one with my own hands, from which, if a live a dozen of years, I may be able to brew a considerable quantity of cider, after supplying the neighbourhood with dumpling fruit to qualify their bacon," &c. Page 98.

The master spirits of this age do not meet with the greatest share of popular applause. The glorious Excursion of Wordsworth has never seen a second edition,—and the volume of Anonymous Essays, by the Earl of Buchan, has shared the same unmerited neglect. We are therefore happy to find this prosperous account of his

lordship's labours, since we much doubt if the fruits of his genius will ever enrich him so much as the profits arising from the sale of the fruits of his orchards—the fine gooseberries and "dumpling fruit" that ripen on the sunny slopes of Dryburgh.

His lordship's praises of the beauty and fertility of this lovely spot, however profuse or loftily expressed, are not in reality the least exaggerated. It certainly exhibits a singular combination of the richest beauties of nature with the noblest relics of ancient grandeur; in a word, the lofty lines of Lord Byron most happily characterise it.

"There the flowers ever blossom—the beams ever shine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

The aid of art, too, has not been wanting. As a specimen of his taste in this way, and as an appropriate accompaniment to the volume, the title-page has been adorned with an engraving of the Temple of the Muses lately erected by this classical peer. That it might have nothing of an anonymous appearance, he has placed, we believe, above each of the pillars, the name of one of the tuneful nine in large golden letters, that form an elegant decoration to the red freestone on which they are pasted. The plate also represents a figure, which we take to be his lordship, in a reclining attitude against one of the pillars, meditating lofty song, and thus literally invoking the "Ξαυθὸν Ἀρμονίας" of the ancient poets.

Besides some biographical sketches, and other miscellaneous articles, the papers on Female Education hold a conspicuous place in the volume of which we have endeavoured this imperfect account. We would particularly recommend them to all whose task it is "to teach the young idea how to shoot." We traced, with great delight, the progress of mind in his imaginary pupil, Alatheia, and his mode of conveying instruction. What can be better than the manner in which he gives her an idea of a great first cause? She had observed the ingenuity of her father as he amused himself with a turning-lathe; and being one night struck with some little trays of his manufacture, the sagacious young lady ventured to ask—

"My dear papa, will you tell me who turned the moon?" "Yes, Alatheia, I can

tell you that at once, it was the great papa of the whole world that turned the moon,—he turned every thing in a lathe of his own to answer the good purposes of his children and creatures; and we are all his children and creatures, men, women, children, horses, cows, sheep, and dogs, &c. &c.’ Alatheia leaps upon my knee, kisses me again and again, and, laughing in tears, cries out, ‘O mamma! this is charming. Then papa is my brother, and you are my sister; and my grandpapa made the moon, and every thing else.’” Pages 42 and 43.

This is beautifully naïf and simple, and, at the same time, admirably calculated to impress the youthful mind. We can easily conceive, that any little master or miss, after reading this passage, would next as naturally ask—“And pray, my dear papa, what turned Lord Buchan’s head?”

We would have wished to extend our extracts to greater length, and could have gratified our readers with numberless others equally edifying, had our limits permitted; but we must defer all further criticism till the happy period when the remaining volumes of this great work shall appear. In the mean time, we would refer all our readers, who desire more intimate acquaintance with his lordship’s writings, to the admirable portion of it already before the public. It is to be had, we believe, at the colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, erected on the hill above Dryburgh by the patriotic earl, who, by a metamorphosis even still more strange than that of the fair Miss Porter, has converted the warrior into a bookseller, and now makes him the means of disseminating taste and learning over the land he formerly saved by his prowess.

IN MY YOUNGER DAYS.

MR EDITOR,

“WE have heard of the golden and silver age, and have seen a little of the iron age.” When I happened to make this observation (trite enough I allow), a friend of mine remarked, that in his apprehension no appellation was more appropriate to the present times than the SELFISH AGE; and truly, upon consideration, I am very much inclined to be of my friend’s opinion.

That the propensities of human nature, in the main, have undergone any

material change in the course of the last century, I am not prepared to maintain, but it certainly appears to me, that a much more disgusting attention to *self* predominates at present, than existed, or at least was exhibited, forty or fifty years ago,—not only in matters directly connected with money, but in the intercourse and indulgencies of life in general, of which I shall content myself with noticing only two or three slight instances.

In my younger days (pray do not write me down *Laudator temporis acti*) some sort of generosity was practised between man and man. In those days there actually *were* people who would have put themselves to some personal inconvenience to oblige a friend or neighbour, but now every thing, however trifling, proceeds by way of bargain and sale, and with a quick eye to the *quid pro quo*.

In my younger days, any one who pretended to write gentleman after his name, would have been considered a very shabby fellow had he resorted to the present fashion of selling a terrier, a pointer, or a greyhound, to a friend who happened to want one of these animals; and *then*, it was more common to send a basket of fruit to a neighbour in the country, as a present, than to a fruit-shop in town for sale. But in our days of economy, the produce of the kennel, and the gardens, even to the little superfluity of flowers, seems destined to augment the family supplies in the same way with the ox-stall or the farm-yard. Indeed I understand that a well-fed puppy is reckoned a *toothsome* article by some people, and a sort of dainty that frequently supersedes the necessity of purveying a more costly entremet or remove—But this by the way.

Under the present system, if one happen to ask a friend for leave to sport over his grounds, whether moor or dale, the request is received, and contemplated pretty much in the same manner, as if you had asked leave to kiss his wife during the honeymoon; that is to say, if he has power to grant the favour;—but it now frequently happens, that gentlemen let their game, as well as their farms, to the best bidder (by-and-by they may let their wives also), only reserving a right for the supply of their own occasions; and when such is the case, “their sorrow is inexpressible at not being

able to accommodate a friend with a day's sport." This is a refuge far exceeding the hackneyed pretence of a jubilee, that father of many lies. Now, sir, this fashion of letting game would also have been reckoned a very shabby thing *in my younger days*. But it is quite unnecessary to multiply instances of the reigning regard to what is vulgarly called the main chance. Those I have already referred to must be obvious, and familiar to every one; and there is no person whose own experience and reflection will not furnish forth many more.

From this display of economy in such matters, one would almost conclude that the same spirit pervaded the whole *menage*, and that our country gentlemen were wallowing in wealth, and proud in independence, at least that they were enabled to live with greater comfort at home, and to appear with more splendour abroad, than it was in the power of their progenitors to enjoy and exhibit *in my younger days*.

I am much afraid, however, that any one venturing on such a conclusion, would find that he had reckoned without his host, and that there is neither so much real comfort within doors, nor so much dignity displayed without, as in the days that have gone by. *Then*, when one went to visit a friend in the country, although the courses at dinner were not so numerous, yet the fare was equally abundant, and to the full as savoury; and although there was not the same endless, and I must say teasing, variety of *shilpit* wines produced, a good many more bottles of substantial claret were put upon the table, fully atoning for the absence of their more *feckless* and fashionable brethren. *Then*, gentlemen of two thousand a-year drove four good cattle in their carriage, attended by a brace of outriders "armed for war complete;" but now very few commoners in Scotland drive more than a pair of horses, and the poor animals are so loaded with dickies before, and barouche-seats behind the vehicle, that it looks more like a first rate Newcastle waggon than a gentleman's equipage. I actually saw a baronet of my acquaintance get under way at Cheltenham, for his seat in the north of Scotland, with a cargo of thirteen souls stowed away in, and on, his coach, viz.

2 on the dickie before.
Item, 3 in the barouche-seat behind.
Item, 7 sitters, or rather squeezers, in the inside.
Item, 1 young gentleman, 4 months old, pendant in slings from the top of the carriage.
—
13 grand total.
—

Yet, Mr Editor, these wonderful efforts *of*, or rather *at*, economy, seem to answer no proportionate end. *In my younger days*, country gentlemen, with few exceptions, made a shift to continue in the management of their own affairs during life; but now the prevailing fashion, or rather passion, is to get TRUSTEED with all possible expedition;—a landlord, whose estate is not at nurse, is as great a show as a live author was *in my younger days*, previous to our being afflicted with the writing typhus; and a country gentleman selects for the nonce a few of his friends, assisted by the disinterested labours of a city and a country-writer, who *underlie* all the trouble of managing his affairs at an expense not much exceeding that of a stud of running horses, and a crack pack of fox-hounds. From this arrangement, one evident advantage results, viz. that the *trusteed*, from employing these legal characters, these aucupii, secures all the pleasure, as well as the profit, arising from the sport, entirely to himself—no mean consideration in this *selfish age*.

In my humble opinion, six or seven years may be considered a reasonable allowance of time for a man of middling fortune to "outrun the constable;" but a man of very large estate will probably accomplish the object much sooner, especially if the lady of the mansion be a woman of business, who starts at six o'clock in the morning, and piques herself on being a notable. In that case I have known the object very decently achieved in about half the time.

It invariably happens, that the progress of incumbance, as observed above, advances with increased rapidity in proportion to the largeness of the estate, a circumstance doubtless arising from the proprietor being sensible of the necessity of using despatch, when so great a mass of business lies before him; and if his pecuniary difficulties happened to be great, previous

to his succession, the greater seems to be the impulse to hasten the return of similar embarrassments,—a prepossession for which I confess myself unable to account satisfactorily, unless by admitting the force of habit, which we all know “is prodigious and unaccountable.”

Should you, Mr Editor, consider this sketch worthy of appearing in print, it may, however slight, afford a cud for rumination to some of your readers, and may perhaps induce me, in a future Number, to consider, a little more at large, a subject which I have only touched

SKIN DEEP.

COCKNEY SCHOOL OF POETRY.

No IV.

OF KEATS,
THE MUSES'SON OF PROMISE, AND WHAT
FEATS
HE YET MAY DO, &c.

CORNELIUS WEBB.

OF all the manias of this mad age, the most incurable, as well as the most common, seems to be no other than the *Metromanie*. The just celebrity of Robert Burns and Miss Baillie has had the melancholy effect of turning the heads of we know not how many farm-servants and unmarried ladies; our very footmen compose tragedies, and there is scarcely a superannuated governess in the island that does not leave a roll of lyrics behind her in her band-box. To witness the disease of any human understanding, however feeble, is distressing; but the spectacle of an able mind reduced to a state of insanity is of course ten times more afflicting. It is with such sorrow as this that we have contemplated the case of Mr John Keats. This young man appears to have received from nature talents of an excellent, perhaps even of a superior order—talents which, devoted to the purposes of any useful profession, must have rendered him a respectable, if not an eminent citizen. His friends, we understand, destined him to the career of medicine, and he was bound apprentice some years ago to a worthy apothecary in town. But all has been undone by a sudden attack of the malady to which we have alluded. Whether Mr John had been sent home with a diuretic or compos-

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ing draught to some patient far gone in the poetical mania, we have not heard. This much is certain, that he has caught the infection, and that thoroughly. For some time we were in hopes, that he might get off with a violent fit or two; but of late the symptoms are terrible. The phrenzy of the “Poems” was bad enough in its way; but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy of “*Endymion*.” We hope, however, that in so young a person, and with a constitution originally so good, even now the disease is not utterly incurable. Time, firm treatment, and rational restraint, do much for many apparently hopeless invalids; and if Mr Keats should happen, at some interval of reason, to cast his eye upon our pages, he may perhaps be convinced of the existence of his malady, which, in such cases, is often all that is necessary to put the patient in a fair way of being cured.

The readers of the Examiner newspaper were informed, some time ago, by a solemn paragraph, in Mr Hunt's best style, of the appearance of two new stars of glorious magnitude and splendour in the poetical horizon of the land of Cockaigne. One of these turned out, by and by, to be no other than Mr John Keats. This precocious adulation confirmed the wavering apprentice in his desire to quit the gallipots, and at the same time excited in his too susceptible mind a fatal admiration for the character and talents of the most worthless and affected of all the versifiers of our time. One of his first productions was the following sonnet, “*written on the day when Mr Leigh Hunt left prison*.” It will be recollected, that the cause of Hunt's confinement was a series of libels against his sovereign, and that its fruit was the odious and incestuous “*Story of Rimini*.”

“What though, for shewing truth to flattered state,

Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
In his immortal spirit been as free

As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.

Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?

Think you he nought but prison walls
did see,

Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'dst the
key?

Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!

In *Spenser's halls*! he strayed, and bowers
fair,

Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew

With daring Milton! through the fields of air;
To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame
impair

When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?

The absurdity of the thought in this sonnet is, however, if possible, surpassed in another, "*addressed to Haydon*" the painter, that clever, but most affected artist, who as little resembles Raphael in genius as he does in person, notwithstanding the foppery of having his hair curled over his shoulders in the old Italian fashion. In this exquisite piece it will be observed, that Mr Keats classes together WORDSWORTH, HUNT, and HAYDON, as the three greatest spirits of the age, and that he alludes to himself, and some others of the rising brood of Cockneys, as likely to attain hereafter an equally honourable elevation. Wordsworth and Hunt! what a juxtaposition! The purest, the loftiest, and, we do not fear to say it, the most classical of living English poets, joined together in the same compliment with the meanest, the filthiest, and the most vulgar of Cockney poetasters. No wonder that he who could be guilty of this should class Haydon with Raphael, and himself with Spencer.

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning;
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,

Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing:
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,

The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:

And lo!—whose steadfastness would never take

A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.
And other spirits there are standing apart

Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another heart,

And other pulsés. *Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?*—

Listen awhile ye nations, and be dumb.

The nations are to listen and be dumb! and why, good Johnny Keats? because Leigh Hunt is editor of the Examiner, and Haydon has painted the judgment of Solomon, and you and Cornelius Webb, and a few more city sparks, are pleased to look upon yourselves as so many future Shakespeares and Miltons! The world has really some reason to look to its foundations! Here is a *tempestas in matilâ* with a vengeance. At the period when these sonnets were published, Mr Keats had no hesitation in saying, that he looked on himself as "*not yet*

a glorious denizen of the wide heaven of poetry," but he had many fine soothing visions of coming greatness, and many rare plans of study to prepare him for it. The following we think is very pretty raving.

"Why so sad a moan?

Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
Riding the springing branches of an elm.

"O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy; so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then will I pass the countries that I see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains. First the realm

I'll pass

Of Flora, and old Pan: sleep in the grass,
Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees.
Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady
places,

To woo sweet kisses from averted faces,—
Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white

Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it: till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it best
May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest;
Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
Will set a green robe floating round her head,
And still will dance with ever varied ease,
Smiling upon the flowers and the trees:
Another will entice me on, and on
Through almond blossoms and rich cinnamon;

Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems upcurl'd
In the recesses of a pearly shell."

Having cooled a little from this "fine passion," our youthful poet passes very naturally into a long strain of foaming abuse against a certain class of English Poets, whom, with Pope at their head, it is much the fashion with the ignorant unsettled pretenders of the present time to undervalue. Begging these gentlemen's pardon, although Pope was not a poet of the same high order with some who are now living, yet, to deny his genius, is just about as absurd as to dispute that of Wordsworth, or to believe in that of Hunt. Above all things, it is most pitifully ridiculous to hear men, of whom their country will always have reason to be proud, reviled by uneducated and flimsy striplings, who are not capable of understanding either their merits, or those of any other *men of power*—

fanciful dreaming tea-drinkers, who, without logic enough to analyse a single idea, or imagination enough to form one original image, or learning enough to distinguish between the written language of Englishmen and the spoken jargon of Cockneys, presume to talk with contempt of some of the most exquisite spirits the world ever produced, merely because they did not happen to exert their faculties in laborious affected descriptions of flowers seen in window-pots, or cascades heard at Vauxhall; in short, because they chose to be wits, philosophers, patriots, and poets, rather than to found the Cockney school of versification, morality, and politics, a century before its time. After blaspheming himself into a fury against Boileau, &c. Mr Keats comforts himself and his readers with a view of the present more promising aspect of affairs; above all, with the ripened glories of the poet of Rimini. Addressing the manes of the departed chiefs of English poetry, he informs them, in the following clear and touching manner, of the existence of "him of the Rose," &c.

"From a thick brake,
Nestled and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth. Happy are ye and glad."
From this he diverges into a view of "things in general." We smile when we think to ourselves how little most of our readers will understand of what follows.

"Yet I rejoice: a myrtle fairer than
E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds
A silent space with ever sprouting green.
All tenderest birds there find a pleasant
screen,
Creep through the shade with jaunty fluttering,
Nibble the little cupped flowers and sing.
Then let us clear away the choaking thorns
From round its gentle stem; let the young
fawns,
Yeaned in after times, when we are flown,
Find a fresh sward beneath it, overgrown
With simple flowers: let there nothing be
More boisterous than a lover's bended knee;
Nought more ungente than the placid look
Of one who leans upon a closed book;
Nought more untranquil than the grassy
slopes
Between two hills. All hail delightful hopes!
As she was wont, th' imagination
Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone,
And they shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.
O may these joys be ripe before I die.

Will not some say that I presumptuously
Have spoken? that from hastening disgrace
'Twere better far to hide my foolish face?
That whining boyhood should with reverence bow
Ere the dread thunderbolt could reach?
How!

If I do hide myself, it sure shall be
In the very fane, the light of poetry."

From some verses addressed to various amiable individuals of the other sex, it appears, notwithstanding all this gossamer-work, that Johnny's affections are not entirely confined to objects purely ethereal. Take, by way of specimen, the following prurient and vulgar lines, evidently meant for some young lady east of Temple-bar.

"Add too, the sweetness
Of thy honied voice; the neatness
Of thine ankle lightly turn'd:
With those beauties, scarce discern'd,
Kept with such sweet privacy,
That they seldom meet the eye
Of the little loves that fly
Round about with eager pry.
Saving when, with freshening lave,
Thou dipp'st them in the taintless wave;
Like twin water lilies, born
In the coolness of the morn.
O, if thou hadst breathed then,
Now the Muses had been ten,
Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin sister of *Thalia*?
At last for ever, evermore,
Will I call the Graces four."
Who will dispute that our poet, to use his own phrase (and rhyme),
"Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of Lady *Cytherea*."

So much for the opening bud; now for the expanded flower. It is time to pass from the juvenile "Poems," to the mature and elaborate "Endymion, a Poetic Romance." The old story of the moon falling in love with a shepherd, so prettily told by a Roman Classic, and so exquisitely enlarged and adorned by one of the most elegant of German poets, has been seized upon by Mr John Keats, to be done with as might seem good unto the sickly fancy of one who never read a single line either of Ovid or of Wieland. If the quantity, not the quality, of the verses dedicated to the story is to be taken into account, there can be no doubt that Mr John Keats may now claim Endymion entirely to himself. To say the truth, we do not suppose either the Latin or the German poet would be very anxious to dispute about the property of the hero of the "Poetic Romance." Mr Keats has thoroughly

appropriated the character, if not the name. His *Endymion* is not a Greek shepherd, loved by a Grecian goddess; he is merely a young Cockney rhymester, dreaming a phantastic dream at the full of the moon. Costume, were it worth while to notice such a trifle, is violated in every page of this goodly octavo. From his prototype Hunt, John Keats has acquired a sort of vague idea, that the Greeks were a most tasteful people, and that no mythology can be so finely adapted for the purposes of poetry as theirs. It is amusing to see what a hand the two Cockneys make of this mythology; the one confesses that he never read the Greek Tragedians, and the other knows Homer only from Chapman; and both of them write about Apollo, Pan, Nymphs, Muses, and Mysteries, as might be expected from persons of their education. We shall not, however, enlarge at present upon this subject, as we mean to dedicate an entire paper to the classical attainments and attempts of the Cockney poets. As for Mr Keats' "*Endymion*," it has just as much to do with Greece as it has with "old Tartary the fierce;" no man, whose mind has ever been imbued with the smallest knowledge or feeling of classical poetry or classical history, could have stooped to profane and vulgarise every association in the manner which has been adopted by this "son of promise." Before giving any extracts, we must inform our readers, that this romance is meant to be written in English heroic rhyme. To those who have read any of Hunt's poems, this hint might indeed be needless. Mr Keats has adopted the loose, nerveless versification, and Cockney rhymes of the poet of Rimini; but in fairness to that gentleman, we must add, that the defects of the system are tenfold more conspicuous in his disciple's work than in his own. Mr Hunt is a small poet, but he is a clever man. Mr Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities, which he has done every thing in his power to spoil.

The poem sets out with the following exposition of the reasons which induced Mr Keats to compose it.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreath-
ing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear
rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

"Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom
o'er-cast,

They always must be with us, or we die.

"Therefore 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of *Endymion*!!!"

After introducing his hero to us in a procession, and preparing us, by a few mystical lines, for believing that his destiny has in it some strange peculiarity, Mr Keats represents the beloved of the Moon as being conveyed by his sister Peona into an island in a river. This young lady has been alarmed by the appearance of the brother, and questioned him thus:

"Brother, 'tis vain to hide
That thou dost know of things mysterious,
Immortal, starry; such alone could thus
Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sinn'd
in aught

Offensive to the heavenly powers? Caught
A Paphian dove upon a message sent?
Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd
bent,

Sacred to Dian? Haply, thou hast seen
Her naked limbs among the alders green;
And that, alas! is death. No, I can trace
Something more high perplexing in thy
face!"

Endymion replies in a long speech, wherein he describes his first meeting with the Moon. We cannot mak

room for the whole of it, but shall take a few pages here and there.

“ There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed
Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red :
At which I wonder'd greatly, knowing well
That but one night had wrought this flow-
ery spell ;

And, sitting down close by, began to muse
What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I,
Morpheus,

In passing here, his owlet pinions shook ;
Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook
Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
Had dipt his rod in it : such garland wealth
Came not by common growth. Thus on I
thought,

Until my head was dizzy and distraught.
Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul,” &c.

“ Methought the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.

To commune with those orbs, once more I
rais'd

My sight right upward : but it was quite
dazed

By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face :
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies !
Whence that completed form of all com-
pleteness ?

Whence came that high perfection of all
sweetness ?

Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where,
O where

Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair ?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun ;
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister ! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me
mad ;

And they were simply gordian'd up and
braided,

Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears,” &c.

“ She took an airy range,
And then, towards me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And press'd me by the hand : Ah ! 'twas
too much ;

Methought I fainted at the charmed touch,
Yet held my recollection, even as one
Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
Gurgling in beds of coral : for anon,
I felt upmounted in that region

Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
That balances the heavy meteor-stone ;—
Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,” &c.

Not content with the authentic love
of the Moon, Keats makes his hero cap-
tivate another supernatural lady, of
whom no notice occurs in any of his
predecessors.

“ It was a nymph uprisen to the breast
In the fountain's pebbly margin, and she
stood

Mong lilies, like the youngest of the brood.

To him her dripping hand she softly kist,
And anxiously began to plait and twist
Her ringlets round her fingers, saying,
‘ Youth !

Too long, alas, hast thou starv'd on the ruth,
The bitterness of love : too long indeed,
Seeing thou art so gentle. Could I weed
Thy soul of care, by Heavens, I would offer
All the bright riches of my crystal coffer
To Amphitrite ; all my clear-eyed fish,
Golden, or rainbow-sided, or purplish,
Vermilion-tail'd, or finn'd with silvery gauze ;
Yea, or my veined pebble-floor, that draws
A virgin light to the deep ; my grotto-sands
Tawny and gold, ooz'd slowly from far lands
By my diligent springs ; my level lilies,
shells,

My charming rod, my potent river spells ;
Yes, every thing, even to the pearly cup
Meander gave me,—for I bubbled up
To fainting creatures in a desert wild.
But woe is me, I am but as a child
To gladden thee ; and all I dare to say,
Is, that I pity thee : that on this day
I've been thy guide ; that thou must wan-
der far

In other regions, past the scanty bar
To mortal steps, before thou can'st be ta'en
From every wasting sigh, from every pain,
Into the gentle bosom of thy love.

Why it is thus, one knows in heaven above :
But, a poor Naiad, I guess not. Farewell !
I have a ditty for my hollow cell.”

But we find that we really have no
patience for going over four books fill-
ed with such amorous scenes as these,
with subterraneous journeys equally
amusing, and submarine processions
equally beautiful ; but we must not
omit the most interesting scene of the
whole piece.

“ Thus spake he, and that moment felt en-
dued

With power to dream deliciously ; so wound
Through a dim passage, searching till he
found

The smoothest mossy bed and deepest, where
He threw himself, and just into the air
Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss !
A naked waist : “ Fair Cupid, whence is
this ?

A well-known voice sigh'd, ‘ Sweetest, here
am I !’

At which soft ravishment, with dotting cry
They trembled to each other.—Helicon !
O fountain'd hill ! Old Homer's Helicon !
That thou wouldst spout a little streamlet
o'er

These sorry pages : then the verse would soar
And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
Over his nested young : but all is dark
Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
Exhales in mists to heaven. Aye, the count
Of mighty poets is made up ; the scroll
Is folded by the Muses ; the bright roll
Is in Apollo's hand : our dazed eyes
Have seen a new tinge in the western skies :

The world has done its duty. Yet, oh yet,
 Although the son of poesy is set,
 These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
 That there is no old power left to steep
 A quill immortal in their joyous tears.
 Long time in silence did their anxious fears
 Question that thus it was; long time they lay
 Fondling and kissing every doubt away;
 Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
 To mellow into words, and then there ran
 Two bubbling springs of talk from their
 sweet lips.

‘O known Unknown! from whom my being
 sips

Such darling essence, wherefore may I not
 Be ever in these arms,’ &c.

After all this, however, the “modesty,” as Mr Keats expresses it, of the Lady Diana prevented her from owning in Olympus her passion for Endymion. Venus, as the most knowing in such matters, is the first to discover the change that has taken place in the temperament of the goddess. “An idle tale,” says the laughter-loving dame,

“A humid eye, and steps luxurious,
 When these are new and strange, are ominous.”

The innamorata, to vary the intrigue, carries on a romantic intercourse with Endymion, under the disguise of an Indian damsel. At last, however, her scruples, for some reason or other, are all overcome, and the Queen of Heaven owns her attachment.

“She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
 Before three swiftest kisses he had told,
 They vanish far away!—Peona went
 Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.”

And so, like many other romances, terminates the “Poetic Romance” of Johnny Keats, in a patched-up wedding.

We had almost forgot to mention, that Keats belongs to the Cockney School of Politics, as well as the Cockney School of Poetry.

It is fit that he who holds Rimini to be the first poem, should believe the Examiner to be the first politician of the day. We admire consistency, even in folly. Hear how their bantling has already learned to lip sedition.

“There are who lord it o’er their fellow-men
 With most prevailing tinsel: who unpen
 Their baating vanities, to browse away
 The comfortable green and juicy hay
 From human pastures; or, O torturing fact!
 Who, through an idiot blink, will see un-
 pack’d

Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
 Our gold and ripe-ear’d hopes. With not
 one tinge

Of sanctuary splendour, not a sight
 Able to face an owl’s, they still are dight
 By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests,
 And crowns, and turbans. With unladen
 breasts,

Save of blown self-applause, they proudly
 mount

To their spirit’s perch, their being’s high
 account,

Their tiptop nothings, their dull skies, their
 thrones—

Amid the fierce intoxicating tones
 Of trumpets, shoutings, and belaboured
 drums,

And sudden cannon. Ah! how all this
 hums,

In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone—
 Like thunder clouds that spake to Babylon,
 And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.—
 Are then regalities all gilded masks?”

And now, good-morrow to “the Muses’ son of Promise;” as for “the feats he yet may do,” as we do not pretend to say, like himself, “Muse of my native land am I inspired,” we shall adhere to the safe old rule of *pauca verba*. We venture to make one small prophecy, that his bookseller will not a second time venture £50 upon any thing he can write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop Mr John, back to “plasters, pills, and ointment boxes,” &c. But, for Heaven’s sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry. Z.

LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE OF
 DILETTANTI, OCCASIONED BY
 THEIR REPORT ON THE PLANS
 FOR THE REPAIR OF ST GILES’
 CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

MY DEAR COMMITTEE,
 I HOPE you will not feel any repugnance to being shortly addressed by a brother Dilettanti, on the subject of your late ingenious Report. By publishing that important document in so widely-circulated a miscellany as Blackwood’s Magazine, your design, no doubt, was to attract the public attention both to yourselves and your production. I shall take the freedom to make a very few remarks upon both;—and, inasmuch as creators are at all times en-

titled to walk before their works, I shall begin with you.

The Society by which you seem to have been appointed to examine and comment upon Mr Elliot's plans, has long been regarded by me with great affection and some respect. I became a member of it because I understood that there was an excellent hot supper in the wind every Thursday evening, at the moderate expense of one shilling a head; that Bill Young keeps tolerable rum, and very good Glenlivet whiskey; and that the chair is usually filled by a certain literary friend of ours, whose talents in that department are of the very highest distinction. These were my reasons for entering the Society of Dilettanti; I did not at that period suspect the true nature of the honour to which I had attained: I conceived that your sole object in meeting together was to drink a few sober tumblers of hot toddy, and crack a few good tempered jokes on each other, after the fatigues of the easel or the writing-desk. I by no means knew that you considered yourselves as the *arbitri elegantiarum* to the "Good Town;" or that you were, in your official capacity, to undertake the support of any such clever and reputable Miscellany as that in which your Report has been inserted. It is, however, a pleasure to be disappointed on the favourable side. I am delighted to find, that your powers of taste are no longer confined, as of old, to deciding on the merits of Davy Bridges' bowls of punch, or Jamie Hogg's pitchers of toddy. The proverb says, that "a work begun is half done." Go on, dear Dilettanti, and there is no saying but in time you may really come to rival the architectural skill of Bailie Johnston himself, although, as yet, certainly you are not worthy to tie the latchet of that accomplished magistrate's shoes. Go on, and prosper.

"Novus rerum incipit ordo."

You may all be so many Palladios ere you die, although many of you, at the present stage of your progress, will have need, I doubt not, like the before-mentioned Bailie, to turn up Lem-priere before you can form any guess what sort of compliment I am paying you when I say so. At present, to tell the plain truth, I fancy a great majority of you are much better acquainted with the flavour of the modern Palla-

dio's tongues and hams, than with the beauties of his defunct namesake's temples and palaces. I dare say you might have been able to frame a tolerable enough report on the comparative merits of draught or bottled porter, hot or cold punch, Finnan or rizzard *haddies*, or any thing in that way; but as to gothic architecture and St Giles' cathedral, do not be offended, my dear Committee, if I assure you, that you are publicly esteemed to have gone in this instance, to say the least of it, a little *ultra crepidam*. Do not, however, be disconcerted or dissatisfied with yourselves. You are really, without flattery, to use the child-bed expression, "doing as well as could have been expected;" your first-born is certainly a poor creature, and cannot survive long, but next time you may have better luck. "Rome," as the saying goes, "was not built in a day." In process of time, it is undoubtedly within the range of possibility, that the Dilettanti Society may be converted from a drinking and smoking club into an *academia dello gusto*. You have a longish walk before you; it would never do to lose heart at the first galling of the heel.

But now for the Report itself; and you will please to observe, I am not, like our good friend Mr George Thomson, writing against it before seeing it. I have really read it with my own eyes, in No XVI. of Blackwood's Magazine, and I honestly tell you, that I consider it by far the most trashy thing that has ever yet appeared in that publication. On looking over the rest of the contents of No XVI. I cannot help suspecting, that the other contributors will be very little flattered with the introduction of the virtuoso stranger into their company. To say nothing of the anonymous authors, whose compositions are stitched up along with yours, I dare say Messrs Waste, Tickler, and Lanerwinkel—above all, old wicked Timothy, the executioner of your brother Gray—will take your intrusion in high dudgeon. For my own part, I should not wonder if Timothy should cut the concern on the occasion, though I make no doubt the Editor would willingly purchase the continuance of his favours by a promise to *sport oak* in future against the Dilettanti Committee and all their works. The ab-

surdity of your opinions is only to be rivalled by the solemn affectation of your high-flown style. Your rumbuling long-winded sentences, which look as if they had been measured off upon the ell-wand—your apparent happy self-complacency—your polite contempt of the labours of an accomplished artist, whose merits you are totally incapable of appreciating—all are somewhat original in their way, and must undoubtedly have struck with surprise even the readers of Blackwood's Magazine, well as they have been drilled for these eight or ten months past not to start at trifles.

The subject upon which you have been pleased to make your critical *debut*, is one of some little importance to those who set any value on the appearance of Edinburgh, otherwise I should not have bothered myself with taking any notice of your fine flights. The external part of the church of St Giles is supposed, by all men of sense who have ever seen it, to be about the poorest piece of patchwork extant in this land of "shabby kirks." It is a disgrace to so fine a city as Edinburgh, and the sooner it be got rid of the better. Mr Elliot's plan, which I could almost suspect you have never seen, preserves every thing that is worth preserving in the old exterior, with the exception of one or two little niches; and it gives to the city a beautiful gothic church, in place of a vile *rickety* of jails, police offices, shops, and kirks, all jumbled together, with a degree of bold barbarity only to be paralleled by the late and present alterations, on the sister pile of the Parliament House over the way. But the Dilettanti have some fine ideas in their heads about the impropriety of altering ancient buildings any other way than after the Westminster and York method of *refacciamento*—taking out the old stone, and putting in a new one exactly like it. Truly, *operæ pretium foret*, to take out the old stones of St Giles and put in new ones. The stones so removed and replaced on the buttresses of Henry the Seventh's chapel, are elaborately and exquisitely carved, and therefore worthy of so much trouble. Those of St Giles are only plain black stones, which never saw carving, and therefore, if you have nothing better to propose, you had better let them stay as they are. So

much for your criticisms on the exterior.

With regard to the interior, I cannot but think you should have been a little more cautious, before you ventured to attack that part of Elliot's design. You might at least have tried your hand, to begin with, on your own hall of assembly in Young's Tavern; the sky-blue ceiling, pink cornices, and transparent linen blinds, of which do little credit either to the Committee under whose inspection it was fitted up, or to Bill himself, who ought to be ashamed to have such a glaring specimen of vulgar taste in his well-frequented house. You are for having "two churches in the nave"—there is nothing very new in that—and "a hall for music, sculpture, and painting, in the transept!" O most rare Committee of Dilettanti! is it possible that you are the same persons who apostrophise in such moving terms the bones of John Knox, Andrew Melville, and the Covenanters, about two pages before? How would the

"Iron eye

That saw fair Mary weep in vain,"

have scowled upon a Committee from a tavern club, who should have waited upon the Bailies of that day with any similar proposal. "Music!" that I can understand—*vocal*, I suppose, like that of St George's Church, or the psalm concerts. But "painting and statuary!" Why, the very mention of this is horror to any Presbyterian ears. Granting, however, that you had the hall, to do as you please with, let me ask you wherewithal you propose to adorn it? Which of the Edinburgh artists do you mean to employ? I observe Allan's name among your number. Does that elegant artist mean to cover the house of God with luxurious representations of Circassian beauties? Does Mr Schetky propose to furnish its walls with effects from the Pyrenees? Will Williams convert the whole circumference into a panorama of Rome or Athens? Or, will Peter Gibson vouchsafe to occupy a compartment, with a distant view of the rising academy of Dollar?—Or, do you rather wish to fill St Giles with the work of the old masters? You expect, no doubt, that the whole country is to be laid under contribution—that the College of Glasgow are to send you their famous picture of Leda and the Swan

—that Mr John Clerk will give you his Europa riding upon the Bull—Mr Gordon his Danae—Mr Crawford his Potiphar's Wife—and the Duke of Hamilton his Magdalene. I wonder whether Dr Ritchie and Principal Baird will approve of all this, as likely to edify the younger part of their congregation, particularly the ladies, who, I regret to say, occupy so disproportionate a part in all other Edinburgh congregations, as well as in theirs. As to sculpture! I am really quite at a loss to understand what you mean. There is no statuary here that ever I heard of, and very few any where else, worthy of being known either to you or me. Plaster-of-Paris casts, however, are probably all you look to; and I dare say, by means of proper interest, you may get tolerable copies of the Venus, the Antinous, the Hermaphrodite, &c. at a very reasonable expense. Do so. I give you fair warning, gentlemen, that I am a ruling elder of the kirk, and that I will certainly bring in an overture against you and all your doings, if I be spared till next meeting of the General Assembly.

The last of your proposed improvements tickles me mightily. You can't sit in pews like other Christians, forsooth,—you would have St Giles furnished with “sofas screwed to the floor.” I wonder you omitted to mention an ottoman or two for the Dilettanti Society in the midst, or perhaps an easy *fauteuil* for the spokesman of the Architectural Committee. You are too fine by half for your age and country. We plain Scots true-blues are still contented to sit on wooden benches, and hear the gospel just as our forefathers used to do; but you can't think of going to church unless you have velvet cushions to loll upon, and pictures and statues to stare at in the intervals of the discourse. In your next Report, I expect to see you dropping hints that you mean to bring your pipes and tumblers with you, and sit on your ottoman, like so many captains of Knocktarlitie, puffing tobacco and swigging gin-twist, as if you were still at Young's tavern. There is no saying what fine things the world might come to, if the Dilettanti Society had the inspection of all churches and chapels consigned to their care by an act of parliament. To

be serious, you had better have a meeting with Bailie Johnston and Sir William Rae, at Bill Young's, burn the Report, and get tipsey as you used to do, without troubling your heads any farther about matters you don't understand. Farewell. Your affectionate Brother,

MORDECAI MULLION, F.D.S.E.

*From the Sign of the Hen-Coop,
Candlemaker's Row, Edinburgh.*

LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER TO
EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

LETTER V.—*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,

WILL you allow me to write a very short article (two pages at the most) on a pamphlet published t'other day in Glasgow, against my friend Dr Chalmers, by a raffish sort of a fellow calling himself Menippus? I hope you will. It is a perfect specimen of that low ribaldry which men of power, genius, and virtue, like Dr Chalmers, are at all times sure to meet with from half-witted and uneducated dunces. On the first hasty glance, it looked sorely like a composition of the Bagman, whose marriage with Miss Spence is, I understand, now quite a settled thing, unless, to use a common but forcible phrase, “they split upon settlements.” The strain of its wit reminded me of that sort of talk which is heard from literary travellers at the ordinary of a commercial inn, and may be described somewhat generally by a word well understood in Lancashire, and which has, I believe, been lately introduced into my native city of Glasgow, though I am sure it never can become naturalized in so intellectual a place,—TROTting. The merit of this practice consists in turning into the ridicule of a set of vulgar fools, some person whose good sense and good manners preserve him from suspecting the brutal blackguardism of the rude knave who is playing off upon him. Menippus, accordingly, would fain TROT Dr Chalmers. But unluckily there is something about the Doctor that all at once converts the TROTTER INTO THE TROTTEE; so that when Menippus eyes the company assembled to witness this refined

and enlightened entertainment, and is expecting their bland and laudatory smiles, he is a good deal alarmed to descry on every countenance the most unequivocal symptoms of mingled scorn, derision, and disgust.

We have all of us seen something like this happen to professed wags. The face of blank discomfiture worn on such critical occasions outlions Liston. The chuckling, crowing, wing-clapping bird of game, is at once changed into a screeching fugitive dunghill fowl. He bolts out of the pit—his steel-heels are taken off—he is set loose among the adjacent poultry, and cock, hen, and chicken, pursue him *en masse* through all the lanes blind and clear, till he hides himself in a dunghill, from which, when all is still, and nothing at hand but some pacific female earock, (a year-old fowl scottice) he comes stealing out again with the feathers all standing on end at the back of his head, and after looking pretty cautiously around him for a few minutes, he at last ventures to crow, in a rough, hoarse, agitated scraugh, ludicrously expressive at one and the same time, of courage and of cowardice. So is it with Menippus.

The simile is a figure of speech of which I am very fond, and in which I am much mistaken if I do not excel. Here then is another. Whoever has strolled much about, either in town or country, may have seen a pig feeding on offal, filth, and garbage. Such pig no sooner beholds you, even though you be moving quite out of his orbit, than off he sets as if you were chasing him, grunting and squeaking, it would be hard to say whether in fear, in sorrow, or in anger. But however that may be, grunting and squeaking long and loudly. He then wheels suddenly round, and comes cantering along as if he was going to charge, using towards you every insult that his imagination (which is vivid) can suggest. Menippus is just such a pig, and happening to meet Dr Chalmers, he must needs be grunting, and exposing himself with his little red bleared eyes, and twisted tail, and cloven trotters, and pendulous ears, and snivelling snout, in all the offended majesty of bristle and squeak, before that worthy divine, who really has no intention of disturbing him, and is even sorry to see the animal putting

himself so much out of his ordinary way on such groundless suspicion of meditated injury.

In a pastoral country, on a hot day, one often sees a great fat lazy bullock rise suddenly up from his lair, and set off, to use a homely and familiar expression, as if the devil were chasing him. Some insect has probably stung him in a tender part. There he goes, walloping along with his huge head lumbering about in all directions,—bellowing in the most unseemly and unbecoming manner—and his long tufted tail either brandished about like a flail, or fixed in a line perpendicular to the horizon. Meanwhile, all the other beasts of the field remain stock still—till he has circled and intersected the pasture into every possible figure, with every eye fixed upon him. It soon appears, that all this disturbance is solely owing to the minister of the parish having come suddenly upon the vision of the bullock, who suspects him for an enemy, and gazes with consternation on the honest man's cocked hat. By degrees the bullock becomes familiarised with the clerical dress, and lays himself down, with a lengthening groan, once more into his tallowy laziness, and then begins chewing his cud with a face of calm heavy stupidity, altogether irreconcilable with the idea of his former unweildy gambols. Menippus is that bullock,—and Dr Chalmers is that divine.

I ought, however, to beg the Baggan's pardon for supposing him to be Menippus. It is not so. The Baggan has lately been too much employed, along with his elegant coadjutors of the Glasgow Chronicle, with political and literary speculations, to have any leisure time for theology. Besides, the prospect of his marriage must keep him busy. I am this moment informed by our minister that Menippus is a *Clergyman*.

Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?

I confess that this intelligence distresses me. I will not review the pamphlet. It is not the first time that I have heard clergymen express a mean and foolish jealousy of Dr Chalmers's splendid reputation. But I did not think that there existed one so base and so blind, as to have been capable of the self-degradation of this pamphlet. Menippus in a manse!

Thersites in a pulpit! Punchinello at a sacramental table!

But, after all, Mr——— (I know his name, but I will not expose him) is an object rather of pity than of anger. He has a good manse—a good stipend—what more would he have?—and yet he cannot be happy. His broth is poisoned by the consciousness of his own utter insignificance, and when he sees a great and a good man serving his Maker on earth, like Dr Chalmers, with evangelical singleness of heart—and attracting towards him, in his worship of the Creator, the involuntary love and admiration of his creatures—his heart fills with gall, and he can have no rest till he discharges it towards that splendid and victorious preacher. Pitiabie, indeed, is such a man—and truly would I pity him did his offences stop here. But the wretched thing is not satisfied with the abuse of the living—he must insult the dead. He tries to turn into ridicule the late good, learned, and pious Dr Findlay, professor of divinity in the university of Glasgow. He stands scoffing beside the grave of him whom all hearts loved. The sanctity of death, and the stillness of its narrow house, cannot touch the shrivelled heart of this senseless buffoon, and that his guilt may want no aggravation, he tells us, while the slaver of his impotent malignity is yet drivelling from his lips, that he knew the good old man well, and was under many obligations to him! Know him well he could not. For what can ignorance know of learning—craft of simplicity—folly of wisdom—vice of virtue? Grant, that while a greasy student of divinity, he might have been once in a session admitted to the tea-table of the reverend old man? What could a rude and indecent clown like him know of a learned divine? But “something too much of this.” The creature who once, and once only, had sat at the table of Professor Findlay, and could yet vent brutal jests over his grave, must be lost indeed to every sacred feeling of humanity. One word of disrespect from a young to an old man, has something shocking in it,—but when a young man insults the ashes

of his gray-headed benefactor, lower he cannot sink in shame and in sin.

But, my dear Editor, this is not at all the style in which I usually write, and in good truth it is not like me thus to lose my temper, although perhaps I do well to be angry. The creature has moved my spleen; the fit, however, has gone by, and that Menippus may have no cause to complain of my over-severity (you may show him this letter), I will take leave of him in one more simile.

Some years ago when I visited Leyden, I called one beautiful star-light evening on Professor Klopheus, who, like Dr Chalmers, loves and excels in the science of astronomy. His fine large telescope was pitched on a small mound in his garden, and directed towards the Evening Star, which the assisted eye beheld shining in steadfast splendour and startling magnitude. The professor, myself, and a friend, alternately enjoyed through his glorious instrument, the divine face of the heavens,—and when we had all feasted our souls, we stood together talking of the wonders of the modern astronomy. At that moment a tame monkey, which the good professor, who is somewhat of a humourist, is very fond of, came hurkling along, with long arms, bent knees, and posteriors almost touching the ground, and clapt his little grim absurd face, with its bleared watering eyes, close to the wrong end of the telescope, and holding up one of his paws to his right ear, as if he was listening to something, there he stood in a truly philosophical attitude,—just such another sort of an astronomer as Menippus. He then withdrew himself from contemplation with an air of profound abstraction, and joining the party with a face of the most original solemnity I ever beheld, began chattering away, for any thing I know to the contrary, about that beautiful Evening Star. We could not chuse but burst into laughter, except the professor, who looked at him with primitive simplicity, and only exclaimed, “Ah, Tom, Tom, so you are pleased to be a wit!”

I am yours truly,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

Southside, Aug. 8, 1818.

The Mad Banker of Amsterdam ; OR, THE FATE OF THE BRAUNS.

A POEM, IN TWENTY-FOUR CANTOS.*

BY WILLIAM WASTLE, ESQUIRE,

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“Two birds, of that kind called Gerandi, continued Cohotorbe, once lived together upon the shores of the Indian sea. After they had long enjoyed the pleasures of conjugal affection, when it was near the season for laying eggs, said the female to the male, ‘It is time for me to choose a proper place wherein to produce my young ones.’ To whom the male replied, ‘This where we now are, is, I think, a very good place.’ No,’ replied the female, ‘this cannot do; for the sea may hereafter swell beyond these bounds, and the waves carry away my eggs.’ ‘That can never be,’ said the male, ‘nor dares the Angel Ruler of the Sea do me an injury; for if he should, he knows I will certainly call him to an account. ‘You must never boast,’ replied the female, ‘of a thing which you are not able to perform. What comparison is there between you and the prince of the sea? Take my advice; avoid such quarrels: and, if you despise my admonitions, beware you are not ruined by your obstinacy. Remember the misfortune that befell the tortoise.’”

Pilpay.

CANTO IV.

I.

THE traveller, if he has no portmanteau,
Or saddle-bags, is apt to leave the track;
Even so it was with me in my last canto,
For Pegasus had nothing on his back,
And did not mind a farthing where he ran to.
(I borrowed him of Frere, 'tis a fine hack)
He bolted up and down—but here I am,
Just where I mounted—not at Amsterdam.

II.

And yet, in weather such as this, Heaven knows,
No man a Scottish city would compare
With Amsterdam, where thro' each street there flows,
Or seems to flow, a streamlet, glassy fair,
Shaded with elms antique in stately rows,
Solemnly waving in the summer air,
And giving back, amidst that peopled hum,
Their quiet verdure, like a speculum.

III.

Streets such as those are not like Prince's Street,
All baked and parched with sun, and dust, and
glare;
Where dirty Dandies dirty Dandies meet,
Thro' mists of sand where stalking Misses stare.
The streets of Amsterdam are cool and sweet,
No *stour* torments them, no unbroken flare
Of impudent obtrusive hot sun-beams,
Compelling one to live upon ice-creams.

IV.

A graceful arch of living moving green
Hangs o'er that busy world—a veil of trees,
Nor rumbling chariot-wheels profane the scene,
Nor creaking gigs, nor rattling Tilburies;
But here and there a small boat glides between,
Wherein a few calm cits the traveller sees,
Whose vortices are, like Des Cartes' all *Fumus*,
Who argue thus, *Smokamus ergo Sumus*.

V.

And then the houses, though of brick they be,
Have a far snugger look than these of ours;
And the Dutch maiden, of her mop most free,
Is always dashing upward sparkling showers,
That rattle on the windows pleasantly,
And make the parlours cool as garden bowers.
Pass where you will, by lust-huis or by shop,
You'll always find some Grizzly at her mop.

VI.

Hollandsche madchen! can I pass thee so?
Thou of all maids the model, clean and neat;
Thy stockings are unspotted as the snow;
Fine crimson slippers deck thy tidy feet;
Bright is thy brodered petticoat below;
And bright the bracelets on thy arms that meet;
And 'neath thy modest mutch, most rich and rare,
The jewelled band that twists thy glossy hair.

* In mentioning, on a former occasion, the number of Cantos in this Poem, the word *twenty* was omitted by an oversight of the printer. The reader will, we doubt not, be gratified by the correction of that mistake. Canto III. for private reasons, is suppressed till October. It is entirely episodical, as the reader will learn from the opening of Canto IV.

EDITOR.

VII.

And Lady Mary Wortley Montague,
 Although a clever woman in most things,
 Does very wrong when she speaks ill of you,
 And 'gainst your skin reproachful sarcasm flings,
 Calling it pale, and dead, and dull of hue,
 And cold, and clammy—white, like cod's or ling's.
 I know not what a lady's taste may be,
 But Dutch cheeks oft seemed kissable to me.

VIII.

They want, indeed, the radiance, rich and sunny,
 That eastern warmth in eastern regions speaks ;
 You won't get that swart glow for love or money ;
 'Tis not the nature of Batavian cheeks.
 But it appears to me extremely funny,
 To think one can't kiss any thing but Greeks
 And Jewesses, and dark Italian dames,
 Merely because they are Lord Byron's flames.

IX.

I'm not at all a bigot in that line ;
 I'm very liberal in my admiration ;
 I think one may find something quite divine
 Among the female part of every nation.
 At different times I differently incline,
 (Consistency in *gout's* a botheration)
 I fall in love, I speak it to my sorrow,
 With maidens fair to-day, with dark to-morrow.

X.

The reading public very fiercely blame,
 And with much reason too, as I opine,
 The introducing of one's real name
 Into the pages of this Magazine.
 I should esteem it a most heinous shame,
 To take such liberties in verse of mine ;
 Therefore I all particulars suppress,
 And slump them in one mass of loveliness.

XI.

Ye bonny lasses ! misinterpret not
 The motives of the bard, your worshipper ;
 I sink your names, but may I go to pot,
 If therefore be my praise the less sincere.
 I value not the breeched tribe a groat,
 But would not with one scruple interfere
 Of yours for worlds.—“ Fair creatures ! to whom
 Heaven
 A calm and sinless life with love hath given.”

XII.

Beauties of every shape, of every hue,
 In Caledon's accommodating clime
 Spring radiant up ; but sorely may ye rue,
 If in their company you spend much time :
 'Tis sport to them, lads, but 'tis death to you.
 How I could rail against them in my rhyme !
 Their little, dimpling, fawning, winning wiles ;
 Their voices falsely sweet, their cunning smiles.

XIII.

She'll hang upon your arm at rout or ball,
 As if you were her chosen prop and stay ;
 And if you peer into her eyes, you shall
 Find smiles as bright and warm as the sun's ray.
 But if, perchance, upon your knees you fall,
 And pop the honest question, by my fay
 She'll bridle up, my boy, with mighty glum air,
 And look as cool on you as a cucumber.

XIV.

But to return to Holland, and the lasses
 That make the windows of the Dutch so clear.
 Ah ! Scottish hizzies ! dim your window-glasses,
 And dirty are yourselves, those maidens near :
 Even English girls their tidiness surpasses,—
 'Tis no great boast to vanquish your's I fear ;—
 Ye are good creatures, I'd lay gold upon it,
 But most confounded filthy—I must own it.

XV.

And yet not all without thy charms thou art
 Burd Grizzy ! magic even in thee there lies,
 Busked on the Sabbath morn most trim and smart,
 Kirk-ganging gladness dancing in thine eyes,
 When, from thy rustic toilette thou dost part,
 With scarlet hood arranged in graceful plies,
 With muslin gown, with coat of manky green,
 With feet, with cuits, unshod, unhosed—but clean.

XVI.

Pernicious beauties—doomed to captivate
 The eye of Tam or Saunders, faithless swain.
 With smooth soft words he'll woo thee to thy fate,
 Believe him not—his oaths, his vows, are vain :
 True, he would come with cunning step, and late,
 I doubt it not ; thro' frost, and wind, and rain,
 Full many a mile he'd come—the lad is stout ;
 But oh ! consent not that he chap thee out.*

XVII.

Else, ere the circling year its round shall speed,
 Alas ! what bitter fortune may be thine ;—
 I prithee, simple damosel, take heed,—
 Restrain thee, Grizzy, at my warning line :
 Think on the doom may be thy folly's meed,—
 Yon solemn elders, yon austere divine,
 Think with what frowns, they'll hear thy sad confession ;
 Ah ! think, fair maiden, think on the Kirk-Session.

XVIII.

No touch of tender mercy melted ever
 The iron hearts of that barbaric crew ;
 Yea, though thine eye be fruitful as a river,
 With grave, stern glance, thymisery they'll view :
 They'll call thee harlot, strumpet, Godless-liver,
 Unclean, a castaway, a tainted ewe,
 A Jesabel, a painted, pranked fool—
 And end with, “ Grizzy, mount the cutty-stool.”

* *Chappin out*, is the phrase used in many parts of Scotland to denote the slight *girl on the lozen*, or tap at the window, given by the nocturnal wooer to his mistress. She instantly throws her cloak about her, and obeys this signal ; her sisters lend their assistance to conceal the manœuvre, if concealment appear necessary, but the custom is so common, that few, even of the severest parents, take any offence at their children for complying with it.

“ Ne'er fash your thumb, gudeman, lie still,”

Quoth then the lassie's minny,

“ Ye ken ye chappit out mysel

Till I was big wi' Jeanie.”—OLD SONG.

XIX.

And mount thou must that black detested bench ;
 Aye up, to all the congregation's gazing,
 Wrapt in thy mantle soiled, most desolate wench,
 Not once from thy cold hand thy visage raising;
 While black Mess John his stubborn fist shall clench,
 And pour his wrath like a volcano blazing,—
 A fiery flood of taunting, grinning glee,
 O'er the Precentor's head—and all at thee.

XX.

Or if perchance, in wildness of despair,
 One asking glance across the kirk you throw,
 No countenance of softening pity there
 Shall meet, O lass forlorn, that eye of woe,—
 The wrinkled beldames' sour and savage stare
 Shall meet thee like a witch's curse below ;—
 Around thee, leering lad, and sneering hizzie,
 Shall find a sport in the rebuke of Grizzly.

XXI.

O had I Allan's pencil, or Scott's pen,
 —I mean the *Great Unknown*, whoe'er he be ;
 O Walter, though folks doubt it now and then,
 The dark suspicion still returns to thee ;—
 Say what you will, there are not many men
 Would be so shy of owning Waverly ;
 But silence pleases your strange whim, no doubt—
 Well—do write on, that's all I care about.

XXII.

One certainly gains something by coquetting
 And dallying with the public curiosity ;
 Myself extremely fond of it am getting
 (You see what comes of studying the *Nosce te*
Ipsium rule)—excuse two words of Latin—
 'Tis sweet to hear your work, when no one knows
 it to
 Be your's for certain, praised by all ye meet,
 Nay, even to praise one's work one's self is sweet.

XXIII.

I've found a most intense and lurking pleasure
 In visiting thy foes, O Ebony,—
 In lounging in back-shops my hours of leisure,
 And hearing all the High Street rail at thee.
 I'm sure 'twill tickle me beyond all measure,
 On Thursday next the hurricane to see,
 The hurly-burly and the hurry-scurry,
 When they shall hear this league with Mr Murray.

XXIV.

'Tis true, that all the town knows Wastle's name,
 And scarce can I the same admittance hope,
 Nor gentle paw of Bibliopole may claim,
 Waving me forwards to the inner-shop !
 Yet, haply now, less tartly will they blame
 My fault,—for every sore is found a slop,
 While gently smiles each late-relenting carl,
 Before that magic impress—Albemarle !

XXV.

But these digressions would a saint perplex ;
 I'm creeping back into last canto's style.—
 Not every lass such tears such terrors vex ;
 To chap-ot some of them is not worth while,
 Especially those clumsiest of their sex,
 Edina's Grizzies—coarse, and stout, and vile,
 A man can scarcely span about their wrist,
 They don't deserve the honour to be kiss'd.

XXVI.

It can't be said their raiment hangs out lures,
 They wear black worsted stockings—that's a dress
 Which (its sole merit) dirt from sight secures,
 Impregnated with months of filthiness.
 I wonder where such creatures can find woovers ;
 Some through blue hogars their great ankles press ;
 Whence, like a rascal's visage in the pillory,
 Stares, fringed and flounced with flannel, the
 redhcelery.

XXVII.

'Tis well that some have gustos less refined,
 And can endure both hogars and red heels ;
 A chairman or a cadie is quite blind
 To such objections, no disgust he feels ;
 So be his wench a wholesome and a kind,
 He asks no more ; a speedy bargain seals
 Their union ; the fond couple club their stock,
 " For every Jenny there is found a Jock."

XXVIII.

Which brings us back again unto Mynheer
 Braun and his Lady. I have ta'en a trot
 Since last we parted ; I've been far and near ;
 My fable has not moved a single jot
 These forty stanzas—it is very clear
 That I into a vaguish style have got ;
 My poetry much like a wild young horse is,
 Or one of Mr Noel's wild Discourses ;

XXIX.

But better late than never. As I said
 Somewhere, I think, in canto before last,
 Braun and his company were so ill bred,
 As, during my discourse, to fall as fast
 Asleep as if they had been all a-bed ;
 Whereon to the withdrawing-room I past,
 To take a dish of tea with Mrs Braun,
 And talk o'er all the Scandal of the Town.

XXX.

O how a matron gay and fashionable,
 A giver of at-homes, a knowing Dame,
 That fills her suite of rooms with well-clad rabble,
 Would stare if into such a scene she came ;
 Some half a score of Fraus sat round a table,
 Playing at Commerce, that most dull round game ;
 Enormous Fraus, with ribbons at their ears,
 And but one beau, the Parson Vanderschpiers.

* Mr Wastle has written a very long and perplexing note upon this passage. From certain allusions in it, we have thought it expedient to send it to a certain noble Lord, a member of a certain learned Society, and when we have received his elucidations, Mr Wastle's note may appear with a running commentary.

XXXI.

I'm never at a loss for similes
 A Christian subject to elucidate ;
 But I confess, such fearful Fraus as these,
 Completely baffle and perplex my pate.
 They were like mighty monsters of the seas,
 Such as James Wilson has described of late ;
 [Dull papers those, if I don't much mistake
 The matter, on the Kraken and Sea Snake.]

XXXII.

They were, I say, of such unearthly size,
 Such huge dimensions, as might fill even him,
 Albeit familiar with monstrosities,
 Even James himself, with terror to the brim.
 One guess I shall not venture to surmise,
 On their diameter of lith and limb ;
 But if you've ever seen that massy range
 Of Giant Druid Milestones at Stonehenge,

XXXIII.

You may conceive a general *idear*
 Of those large women so immensely blowsy,
 An earthquake scarcely could have made them veer
 A point or two about. They made Braun's spousy,
 Tho' far from thin, you'll recollect, appear
 A perfect skeleton—the reverse of frowsy.
 (I don't defend this rhyme—'tis very bad,
 Tho' used by Hunt, and Keats, and all that squad.)"

End of Canto IV.

Note on Odoherthy and his Imitators.

* Although we have no intention to relax our general rule against anonymous communications, yet we shall not scruple to transgress it for once, in favour of the following very learned and exquisite piece of criticism. The want of a signature is, indeed, sometimes no disguise—To parody the saying of Erasmus, "AUT DIABOLUS AUT DR PARR."

The invention of this new style of *Γαυλοποισις*, belongs of right, due attention being paid to dates and occasions, to Ensign and Adjutant Odoherthy, late of his Majesty's foot service ; yet he has been surpassed therein by at least one among his many imitators. Of these there are three, prominent, conspicuous, *εξοχοι*, most delectable spirits, Mr Frere, the Lord Byron, and a certain Scottish gentleman or laird, one Wastle. To this last I incline to refer the superiority, but indeed they are all very pleasant.

Their subjects are commonly of the same sort, that is, trifling ; little reverence being had by any of them for the *σεβασίς των πραγμάτων*. Their humour is to regard the manners and characters of their personages more than the transactions wherein these are engaged, in so much that, whereas the Stagyrite says of tragic poetry, *το τιλος πραξις τις εστι, η ποιητης*, we may say of this Odoherthian kind of *μιμησις* that the end is *ποιησις τις μαλλον η πραξις*. Such things cannot be commended altogether ; yet, notwithstanding, in so far as the contemplation of *ηθη* is of all things most neglected among the greater number *των ιδιωτερον*, "for the rarity of their occurrence they deserve some praise, even from the learned," as Julius Pollux expresses it. (Edit. Hemsterhusii. Amstel 1706, p. 32.) Odoherthy [*δ ευρησας*] is one of a rich wit, and of a fluent discourse, but he hath great lack of the *πισις ηθικη*—being in one of his productions lacrymose, and in another merry, buffoonish, ludicrous, sharp, a mere scurra, *σκληροτατος*—so that no one can know wherein his real vein is manifested, wherefore he is distrusted by both parties, the good dreading hypocrisy when he speaketh to them, and esteeming him too much an observer of the rule *τισι λιγι* : the *φλυλοτεροι* in like manner, when he scurrilizes, fearing that he jesteth with their depravity. Frere erretth in being too phantastic in his *μυθοι*, for deception is in common brief, and, once found out, he is no more trusted, and his wit less tasted. Moreover, there is a certain coldness about him, *ψυχρον τι* ; he toucheth little upon *τα αφροδισια*, which are ever the most proper to those who poetize after this fashion. Byron, again, sinneth diversely, in being too aphrodisiack, that phantasy being perpetually stirred up and excited by him in his Beppo, to say nothing of his satire, wherein he is ever too severe, *nimis acer*, *δυσκριτος αυτη*. Wastle is more perfect in all these matters, for, steering in the midst, he is neither so mutative and dissimilis sibi as Odoherthy, nor so *αεριος* as Frere, nor so *αχολαφτος* as Byron. In like fashion, over this last he hath the advantage, in that his wit is not so bitter. He hath indeed *ευτραπελοτερον τι και αριστοι*—which seemeth odd for one of his Sardonic nation, but "*και ο Πινδαρος Βοιωτης*," as the proverb has it. (Vide Procli Chrestomatheia ad calcem Apollonii Alex. de Synta Franc. 1590, p. 222.) I love all these poets—I read over their opuscula divers times, and find much sport therein, for even the old despise not entirely to read of such things, although the recollection be sometimes not altogether *ανι λυσις*. *τον Δοχορτιαδην μιν θαυμαζω, τον Φερρον μιν σε βω, τον Βυρονον μιν μεγαλοπω :*—*μονον δε τουτον του Ουαστλιου ΦΙΛΩ.*

[The above came to us last week, with a Birmingham post-mark, Aug. 9, 1818.]

ON THE DRESS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE occasionally observed in your Miscellany, certain sly sneers at the *dress* of the present day, which, I am exceedingly sorry to think, does not meet with your approbation. As all we know of your personal appearance is, "that you are a man clothed in dark garments," the public are unable to judge whether or not your theory of apparel accords with your practice. For my own part, I do not care a straw whether I ever see you or not. I once believed, on the authority of a friend, who never made a joke in his life, that the picture of the old gentleman on the cover of your Magazine was intended for you, and I really could not help respecting your very venerable appearance. I thought indeed, from the length of your beard, that you had rather injudiciously sat for your portrait on a Saturday evening,—and as you have no neckcloth on there, I fancied it was out getting washed for the Sabbath. I beg your pardon, however, for this mistake, as I have since been informed, on the best authority, that the picture alluded to, is one of Mr Blackwood, and if he thinks he looks a prettier man in that costume, I have no objection to his wearing it. By the way, this mistake about the picture gave rise, I should fancy, to the idea since exploded, that the Editor and the Publisher were one and the same person.

You, sir, however, who are such a critic in dress, must be deep read in its history; and it is, I presume, from a comparison of that of the present day with the fashion of other times, that you are disposed to be so very sarcastic. Now I am willing to stake my character as a well-dressed man,—(and I assure you, that, although I have mounted a wig of late in the Parliament House, I am still, after mid-day, as complete a Dandy-Quadriller as ever)—that the dress of the present day is the most rational that ever prevailed in this country since the reign of the immortal Alfred. Let us take the reign of Queen Bess, erroneously called the Virgin Queen; or of King James I. rightly denominated the British Solomon. I will paint a belle and a beau of that day so clearly, as to save you the expense of an engraving, though perhaps your ingenious friend, Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, will ex-

ecute one in time for your next Number.

I suppose it is a matter of indifference, whether I begin at the feet of the ladies of the Elizabethan age, and so mount up, in my description, to their heads, or commence operations with their heads, and descend gently unto their feet. I adopt the latter mode.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff says to Mrs Ford, "thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, and any tire of Venetian admittance." "The ship-tire (says the excellent Dr Drake, in his most amusing book on Shakspeare), appears to have been an open flaunting head-dress, with scarfs or ribbons floating in the air like streamers."

"With ribbons pendant flaring round her head."

The tire-valiant was probably something more showy—and, I suppose, only hoisted in calm weather and light breezes, like sky-scrapers on the masts of ships. Such head-dresses awake different images to different minds, and while to some they suggested that of a ship with every inch of canvass set, to others they seemed rather ludicrous than magnificent. A satirical poet of 1595, speaks of

"Flaming heads with staring haire,
With wyres turn'd like horns of ram;
To peacocks I compare them right,
Who glorieth in their feathers bright."

Beneath head-dresses such as these, the ladies were not contented, like those of our times, to wear nothing but their own hair. We are told by Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, that it was a common practice to allure children who had beautiful hair into private places, and crop them. The dead, too, were rifled for the same purpose.

"The golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away
To live a second life, or second head,
And beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

It happened that Queen Bess had red hair, and when that failed her, Paul Hentzer tells us, that she wore a red wig. It therefore became fashionable to wear red wigs, though, from the love of vanity, wigs were to be seen of all hues.

"Wigs of all hues, and without pins the hair."

"It is a wonder more than ordinary (says an old satirist) to "behold their perewigs of sundry colours." As few faces could look well under a red wig, the ladies were under the necessity of

painting their cheeks, to render the contrast less violent. To what length this fashion rose, may be guessed at from Shakspeare. "Let her paint an inch thick," &c. Not contented with a good coating of paint to their faces, they added masks and muffers. The former were made of velvet, "wherewith, says Stubbs, when they ride abroad, they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look. So that if a man that knew not their guise before, should chance to meet one of them, he would think he met a monster or a devil, for face he can show none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them." These masks were of all colours.

"On each wight now are they seene,
The tallow-pale, the browning bay,
The swarthy blacke, the grassie-green,
The pudding red, the dapple-gray."

Ear-rings of immense size were universally worn—and glittering with precious stones. The ruff round their necks, says Dr Drake, under the fostering care of the ladies, attained in stiffness, fineness, and dimensions, the most extravagant pitch of absurdity. It reached behind to the very top of the head, and the tenuity of the lawn or cambric of which it was made was such, that Stowe prophesies they would "shortly wear ruffs of a spider's web." The ruff being of such fine texture, was strongly starched to make it stand upright; and in addition to this, was supported by an underpropper, called a supertasse. Stubbs says, "one arch or pillar, wherewith the devil's kingdom of great ruffs is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call starch, wherein the devil has learned them to wash and die their ruffs, which being dry, will stand stiff and inflexible about their necks."*

* On the 27th May 1582, a gentlewoman of Amsterdam could not get her ruff plaited according to her taste, though she employed two celebrated laundresses; upon which, says Stubbs, "she fell to swear and tear, to curse and ban, casting the ruffles under feete, and wishing that the devil might take her when she did wear any neck-arches again." The devil assumed the form of a beautiful young man, and "tooke in hand the setting of her ruffs, which he performed to her great contentation and liking; inso-much, as she looking herself in a glasse (as the Devil badcher), became greatly enamoured of him. This done, the young man kiss-

The bosoms of the ladies were all bare, her Majesty setting them the example; for when Paul Hentzer first saw her going to chapel, she was in her 65th year, "her face oblong, fair, and wrinkled,"—"her teeth black,"—and "her bosom uncovered." The waist was long beyond all proportion, and terminated in a point. The fashionable petticoat was the Scottish fardingale, of enormous bulk, so that when a lady was dressed in one of them, with the gown, as was usually the case, stuffed about the shoulders, and the ruff in the first style of the day, her appearance "was truly formidable." Shoes with monstrous high heels (in imitation of the Venetian chopine, a kind of stilt, better than a foot high) were the prevalent mode, and silk stockings, which the Queen first wore in 1560, soon became universal.

To make the picture complete, we have to add a profusion of bracelets, necklaces, &c. and to put into the lady's hand an immense fan, constructed of ostrich feathers, with handles of gold, silver, or ivory, and wrought with great skill into various elegant forms. Of these fans the author of "Quippes for upstart new-fangled gentlewomen," 1595, says, Seeing they are still in hand
In house, in field, in church, in street,
In summer, winter, water, land,
In colde, in heate, in drie, in weat;
I judge they are for wives such toole
As baubles are, in playes, for fooles.

When a gentlewoman was arrayed as aforesaid, it was natural for her to desire to see how she looked, and ac-

ed her,—in the doing whereof, he writhed her neck in sunder, so she died miserably; her body being straight waies changed into blue and black colours, most uggesome to behold, and her face (which before was so amorous) became most deformed, and fearful to look upon. This being known in the city, great preparation was made for her buriall, and a rich coffin was provided, and her fearful body was laid therein, and covered very smuptuously. Foure men immediately assayed to lift up the corpse, but could not move it; then six attempted the like, but could not once stirre it from the place where it stood. Whereat the standers-by marvelling, caused the coffin to be opened to see the cause thereof:—where they found the body to be taken away, and a black catte, very lean and deformed, sitting in the coffin, setting of great ruffles, and frizzling of hair, to the great fear and wonder of all the beholders."

cordingly a small looking-glass was worn pendent from the girdle, into which the fashionable coquette might ever and anon peep, to adjust the love-knot that hung wantonly over her shoulders. Hear how Burton, in his *anatomic of melancholy*, enumerates the allurements of these gorgeous damsels.

“ Why do they decorate themselves with artificial flowers, the various colours of herbs, needle works of exquisite skill, quaint devices, and perfume their persons, wear inestimable riches in precious stones, crown themselves with gold and silver, use coronets and tirs of various fashions; deck themselves with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, girdles, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, ribatoes, versicolor ribbands? Why do they make such glaring shows with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tissets, cloth of gold, silver tissue? Such setting up with sarks, straitening with whalebone, why, it is but as a day-net catcheth larks, to make young ones stoop unto them. And when they are disappointed, they dissolve into tears, which they wipe away like sweat; weep with one eye, laugh with the other, or as children weep and cry, they can both together,—and as much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping, as of a goose going barefoot.”

To this eloquent lament I have nothing to add. But will you, Mr Editor, after this, pretend to find fault with the dress of the ladies of the present day? Who among them wear false hair, either partial and occasional curls, or universal and everlasting wigs? Who among them show on their cheeks other paint than the purple light of nature, love and beauty? Where now the naked bosom—the smooth-swelling breast of youthful loveliness,—the fuller rotundity of matronly modesty, or the attenuated and shrivelled yellowness of single blessedness well stricken in years? A shroud is over all we love, over all we fear. Love is not now a-days engendered in the eyes. Imagination is all in all. Neck, shoulders, back, bosom, arms, ancles and legs, are like objects seen in a dream, too beautiful to endure the light of a waking existence,—and at the crowing of the cock or the ringing of the breakfast-bell, all disenchanted into muffled-up realities. If, Mr Editor, there be any one thing more characteristic of the female dress of the present day than another, it seems to me to consist in what my Lord Castlereagh would call the want of a “ fundamental feature.”

After having dwelt so long on the dresses of the Elizabethan ladies, I am afraid that those of the Elizabethan gentlemen might be an “ odious theme.” Yet, mayhap, your fair readers may wish to know “ how looked a dandy in those golden days.” It would seem that they were much more capricious in their fashions than the ladies. And first, with respect to their heads, Harrison exclaims, “ I will say nothing of your heads, which sometimes are polled, sometimes curled, or suffered to grow at length like horror’s locks; many times cut off above or below the ears, round as by a wooden dish.” Decker, too, speaks of hair “ growing thick and bushy like a forest or wilderness,” to which he seems to have been partial, dreading what he calls the “ polling and shaving world.” The gentlemen of those days, too, possessed an incalculable advantage over those of the present in the beard, a very useful and improvable instrument, to which the attention of the age was very passionately turned. “ Some,” says Harrison, “ are shaven from the chin like those of the Turks, not a few cut short like to the beard of Marquese Otto, some made round like a rubbing brush, others with a pique-devant (O fine fashion!), or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being as cunning in his behalf as the tailors.” It required infinite skill—a certain native delicacy of taste—to suit the cut of the beard to that of the face.

“ If a man have a lean and straight face, a Marquese Ottos cut will make it broad and large as (Baxter’s himself); if it be platter like, a long slender beard will make it seem the narrower; if he be well-beck’d, then much heere left on the cheekes will make the owner look big like a boulded hen, and so grim as a goose,” &c. It appears also from many passages in Shakspeare, and the other dramatists, that beards were died of all possible colours; and art being thus called in to the assistance of nature, a large company of gentlemen, by means of their beards alone, made a most shining and refulgent appearance. To add to the brilliancy of the head, “ some lustic courtiers also, and gentlemen of courage, doe wear rings of gold, stones, or pearle in their eares, whereby they imagine the workmanship of God not to be a little amended.” Nay they

wore real living flowers in their ears, —a small bouquet at each side of the head. Well did such gorgeous and resplendent heads deserve to be gloriously surmounted, and they were so. A hat of that age was a hat indeed. It was made of silk, or taffeta, or velvet—the edges were embroidered with gold and silver—the band sparkled with gems—the crown of the hat itself, like the “spear or shaft of a steeple,” stood high above the head, and over all hung a lofty plume of feathers. Imagine such a HAT lying on a table beside a hat of the present day! Imagine such a HAT entering into Blackwood’s back shop, or Mr Millar’s! Imagine it hanging on a peg at Bill Young’s, and gazed on—aye reported on—by a Committee of Dilettanti!—The gentlemen’s ruffs emulated those worn by the ladies, till, in one of her sumptuary laws, they were limited by Queen Elizabeth “to a nayle of a yeard in depth.”* It would lead me into an endless article, were I to describe fully and minutely the male dress of those days. Up to the eighth year of Elizabeth, the doublet had been of an enormous size; and even after that time, Stubbs tells us that it was so hard-quilted, “that the wearer could not bow himself to the ground, so stiff and sturdy it stood about him.” It was made of cloth, or silk, or satin, fitting the body like a waistcoat, surmounted with a large cape, and accompanied either with long close sleeves, or with very wide ones, called Danish sleeves. Over this hung a cloak embroidered with silver and gold, and sometimes faced with sables, which were so sumptuous, that a thousand ducats were given for a single suit. This makes the pelisses or surtouts of our half-pay officers, which seldom cost above twenty guineas, seem very paltry. But what shall be said of the BREECHES of the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth? It would be difficult to handle such a topic. They were so puckered, stuffed, bolstered, and distended with hair, and attained so preposterous a magnitude, that Strutt relates, on the authority of a MS. in the Harleian col-

lection, “there actually was a scaffold erected round the inside of the Parliament House for the accommodation of such members as wore those huge breeches, and that the said scaffold was taken down when, in the eighth of Elizabeth, these absurdities went out of fashion.” These enormous breeches, having fallen under the displeasure of the queen, gradually wore out of fashion, for I never can believe, with Dr Drake, that they were laid aside all at once, on a certain day, in the eighth year of her virgin Majesty’s reign. So violent a change would have most probably produced a revolution. But that the breeches, hose, or gallygaskins, shrunk in bulk, is a historical fact,—though, in the next age, they swelled out again into even more than their pristine rotundity, shewing that, though the mere breeches themselves obeyed the nod of a fastidious and arbitrary monarch, the principle and the passion on and by which they had been worn remained in the soul of the nation, and waited only for a male reign to break forth. Even during the time that the law was in force against the use “of bags for stuffing breeches,” Bulmer, in his pedigree of the English gallant, relates, “that a man was brought before a court of justice, charged with wearing the prohibited article;” upon which, in order to refute the accusation, he produced from within “a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb, night-caps,” and a complete miscellany of other auxiliaries. In a note to the reprint of S. Rowland’s “Letting of humours blood in the head vaine,” by Walter Scott (1814, Ballantyne), the author of *Waverley* says, “the breeches in James I. time swelled to a most uncouth and preposterous size, and were stuffed out with bags and other bombast, and sometimes with bran. Bulmer, in the *Artificial Changeling*, tells of a gallant in whose immense gullygaskins a small hole was torn by a nail of the chair he sat upon, so that, as he turned and riggled to pay his court to the ladies, the bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding, without his perceiving it, till half the cargo was unloaded on the floor.” Even Queen Elizabeth herself allowed these comprehensive breeches to appear on the stage, after they had been banished from real life, for we know that the

* The divisions of the ruffe were termed *Picadillies*. It is supposed, by the author of “*London and its Environs described*,” that a shop for Spanish ruffs, the *Picadilly shop*, gave name to the street now so called.

constituted part of the clown's dress, in which character Tarleton was so famous. I presume, that at no period were they worn by the military. A field of battle would, in that case, have exhibited a singular appearance.

I find that I have already occupied too much of your valuable pages, and must therefore leave the farther consideration of this subject to a future discourse. I have said enough to shew that our present beaux are a rational-looking set of mortals, in comparison with those of the very noblest era of dramatic poetry in this country. And as my chief object was to vindicate the appearance of our young ladies and gentlemen from your sarcasms, I hope that I have not altogether failed to do so. I am confident that I have done the ladies ample justice, and if I have said less about the others, perhaps I may, ere long, hold half an hour's conversation in your pages with one whom I, in common with all the rest of the world, daily admire passing to and fro before the stately pillars of the Albion Club. Meanwhile, I remain,

JN. CUERPO.

ON THE STATE OF MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

MR EDITOR,

THERE is a pretty numerous class of your readers who, though pleased with those masterly and original dissertations on poetry which frequently appear in your Magazine, justly complain of your neglect of the sister arts. This they consider as the more extraordinary, as, in some of your earlier Notices, you promised them a Series of Essays on the Merits of the Living Scottish Painters; and indeed you produced such a specimen in the admirable critique on the genius of ALLAN, as gave just cause for regret that its author had ceased to treat of a subject to which he was eminently qualified to do justice. MUSIC you had almost entirely neglected, and I was therefore both surprised and pleased when I saw the paper "On the State of Music in Scotland," which appeared in your last Number. Not that I regarded the essay as containing very sound views of the subject of which it treats, but as affording a beginning to

a discussion on a subject of no inconsiderable interest.

Your statement of the causes of the present abject state of music in Scotland is what I have now chiefly to do with, and I am sorry to say, that that statement seems to me most unsatisfactory. You have discovered that the *excellence of our native Scottish melodies* (which, as you yourself acknowledge, bear about the same relation to the music of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as Chevy Chase does to Paradise Lost), is the *cause* of our unsuccessful cultivation of the higher departments of the art of music. One might have thought, that the slightest reflection on the nature of your own comparative illustration would have shewn you the absurdity of your proposition. Can you really conceive, that a man's capability of relishing the beauties of the Iliad could be in any degree modified by his having, in early life, like our own immortal Scott, listened with enthusiasm to the romantic ballads of his native country? Is not the light of the olden times shed over every scene where his muse loves to linger? Is there not, as Burns expresses it, a "sprinkling" of the ancient, romantic, and amatory ballad diffused over the works of many of the most popular poets of the day, and that with the happiest effect? If these questions are answered, as I think they must be, in the affirmative, where is your theory? If even the almost exclusive study, in early life, of the ancient homely ballad can, in numerous instances, be shewn to have no effect in limiting the efforts of the first poets of the first poetical country in the world, it is impossible to conceive that the converse should hold in music. Our ancient melodies are, like our ancient ballads, of a character highly original and striking, awakening the most delightful and varied associations, by alternations of pathos and gaiety; but, like them too, they are mixed up with much of a broad and vulgar character. They have no doubt a very powerful hold over the imaginations of all ranks in Scotland, but it is by no means an exclusive one, for there are many foreign airs of the most refined character, even those of Mozart, which are familiar to the lower orders of society; such, for instance, is that air of his, well known to them by the name of "Taste Life's Glad Me-

ments," which they firmly believe to be of native origin. In truth, there is no foreign air, be it ever so delicate, that does not become generally familiar in this country, when heard under favourable circumstances.

It is beyond dispute that the cultivation of the elegant arts begins in the higher ranks of society; thence they in due time descend to the inferior orders, till, as is the case in several of the southern countries of Europe, a refined taste becomes so universally diffused, that one may see the Lazzaroni of Naples as fully alive to the peculiar beauties of a refined musical air as their countrymen of the more elevated classes of society. But advancement in musical knowledge is yet to begin among the higher ranks in Scotland: we therefore cannot look for it in general society. The cause of this backwardness in the prosecution of the study of an art so generally acceptable to the most generous spirits the world has produced, and the practice of which was considered by the master spirits of antiquity as equally beneficial and delightful, may well be deemed a subject of interesting inquiry; but in order to be satisfactory, it must be conducted in a very different way from that which you or your correspondent has adopted.

In England, as you yourself have stated, there is no such thing as a body of national melody to impede the introduction of classical music, and there is an ecclesiastical establishment, in the service of which music makes a very prominent figure; yet I will say, without hesitation, or fear of contradiction by any impartial foreigner, that, in proportion to its population, Scotland contains a greater share of good musical feeling, I mean of relish for classical music, than England. I am aware, that in two, or at most three, of the central provinces of the latter country, a taste for sacred music is pretty generally diffused among the manufacturing classes, and that many of them are capable of executing the old church compositions, in parts, with sufficient correctness; but there is little or none of that love for refined instrumental or vocal music, which can stamp the people of these districts as true musicians. Indeed there is no country in Europe, the peasantry of which are so indifferent to melody as that of England,—and, I may add, no

country in which, with every aid from opulence, and a spirit of national emulation, the higher classes have cultivated it with so little success.

It is a fact allowed by all foreign musicians, that in proportion to the population and wealth of Edinburgh, there is more money expended by the upper and middle ranks in the musical education of their children, than in almost any other city of Europe. We have excellent masters both for vocal and instrumental music,—some of them of the very first order of merit, and many of them conscientious in their endeavours to promote the advancement of their pupils. Ask any of these gentlemen, how many young ladies he thinks there are in Edinburgh, who may be called good players? I am confident he will answer that there are not *twelve*. I know, Mr Editor, that you will stare at this statement, and so will hundreds of your readers. They will exclaim, What! don't we see Mr Yanievich playing accompaniments to many of his pupils in large societies, where there are necessarily many good judges? Would he run the risk of exposing a young lady, by allowing her to sit down to the piano-forte to play a difficult lesson of Beethoven, without being equal to the task? And if he does so frequently (and we all know he does), then there must be a greater number of good players. But let us pause a little. A good performer is one who can sit down to the instrument, and play all ordinary music with steadiness, judgment, and feeling,—who, in accompanying a song, can listen to the singer,—in short, one who can play at sight, as it is called, with tolerable precision, and who does not require the aid of a master to teach her the lesson note by note. I am quite sure that the number possessed of these qualifications is not greater than the one I have given;—indeed it is pretty generally allowed by the professors, that there are only a very few ladies in Edinburgh, out of the profession, who are thoroughly at home on the piano-forte. With regard to the amateurs, they are pretty much in the same situation. I know that I cannot be contradicted when I say, that there is not, at this moment, in Edinburgh, one amateur violin-player, who could pretend to play a Scottish melody in good taste, or an accompa-

niment to a modern lesson without much previous study; and I state, with equal certainty of being correct, that there is only one amateur violoncello-player who is capable of doing it. As for flutes, we have, God knows, enough of them; but though there are hundreds of performers, there are not more than three worth listening to, and of these only one has reached excellence.

It may be thought that I am talking dogmatically, on a subject with which, in a populous town like Edinburgh, one may be but partially acquainted. Those, however, who have resided in it, as I have done, are aware that no Edinburgh amateur is in use to hide his talent in a *napkin*! Occasions for display are numerous, and they are seized with the most laudable avidity. At the private concerts, got up during the gay season to render a rout more intellectual, there are as many exhibitions of paltry jealousy among the amateurs as ever occur in the green-room of a provincial theatre. One refuses to play second tenor,—another conceives himself insulted if asked to play the second violin,—and a third assumes the airs of a leader when playing the double bass.—All this squabbling, too, is about nothing worth listening to, the effect of the music being just such as might be expected from such a set of performers.

Such, then, I maintain to be the state of music in Edinburgh, and of course in Scotland,—and such, under the present system, must it continue. Mr Logier's pretended miracles have turned out miserable impostures, as every man of reflection predicted; and we are just going on in the old beaten path of musical education, which, however unavailing it may hitherto have been, is at least free from the despicable quakery of the "LOGIERIAN SYSTEM."

You will have already anticipated, that the sole cause to which I would attribute the infant state of the art in Edinburgh, is the way in which musical education is conducted. It never seems to be regarded as the source of delightful and rational amusement in private life; on the contrary, it is of the nature of a mere pageant, got up for the sake of a little display before company. In what are absurdly called musical parties in the fashionable

world of Edinburgh, a young lady sitting down to the piano-forte is the signal for general whispering, and very often for loud talking. Nobody seems to care whether the performance is good or bad; they hear a musical noise, and take it for granted that it is all as it should be. We occasionally, indeed, hear a sonata well played, but then it is uniformly something got up for the occasion, and by no means proves that the performer is a good musician: for, notwithstanding the imperfections of early musical education, natural genius, aided by some lessons from Yaniewicz, and a good deal of occasional labour, puts a young lady in possession of two or three sonatas; these are played a thousand times, till she and all her friends become tired of them, when, being unable of herself to acquire variety, and her musical education being supposed to be finished, she generally gives up the study in disgust. Her piano-forte becomes a mere piece of furniture in the drawing-room, and is seldom opened except to play the Copenhagen waltz, or Mr Gow's annual sheet of reels, and other music equally delightful and difficult!

It very seldom happens that, in a family of three or four daughters, there is more than one who unites to a good ear, and good musical feeling, habits of perseverance for musical study. Now one would think, that the application of the good ordinary rule, which every father of a family follows in directing his sons to particular studies, with reference to the peculiar bent of their genius, might here be far from improper. He never dreams of educating a son for the bar, who has naturally a defective utterance, nor for any profession to which he seems to have an unconquerable aversion. Yet the same man most probably compels many of his daughters to devote the greater part of their time to the practice of music, who have not the slightest relish for it; in short, *it is the fashion*, and every one must play in some way or other. If one happen to have a musical genius, she has no greater facilities afforded her than the others, and by the time they all arrive at the age of seventeen or eighteen, the father is usually tired of the expense which has been so unproductive, and the daughter who might have become a proficient, had she been al-

lowed to go on, is obliged to stop short, and necessarily forgets every thing she has learned. This, sir, is the true secret of the wretched state of music in Edinburgh. Nobody seems to think that perfection is out of the reach of those who are born with a tolerable ear, and the system of forcing goes on, but produces no fruit. The fact is, that to make a good musician, much more than correctness of ear is required; something of a much rarer, and more valuable quality, and more intimately connected with *mind* than is generally believed. That the number of those who have the natural talent alluded to is considerable, must be generally admitted, and as so few of them make good musicians, it follows, that the defect arises from the limited nature of their musical education. You surely cannot pretend that the excellence of native Scottish melody can have any effect in impeding their progress in *instrumental music*. There are in fact almost no sonatas founded on Scottish subjects; the few we have are unpopular, and it is worthy of observation, that although the whole body of Scottish melodies passed through the hands of Haydn and Beethoven, they have in almost no instance taken them for subjects of Composition. The singular fact that, while these great composers have ingrafted many of their best compositions on the national melodies of every other country in Europe, they should have rejected those of Scotland, would seem to indicate an opinion of their general unfitness for combination with regular music.

As to the practice of vocal music in Edinburgh, it is pretty much the same as our instrumental. We have two teachers of this branch of the art, Miss Schetky and Mr Magrath, both of distinguished talents, and perfectly skilled in (what very few professors, by the by, know any thing about,) *the art of communicating knowledge with perspicuity and elegance*. These teachers had, and still have, all the most promising pupils, and I am sure, are anxious to forward their progress; yet if you will take the trouble to ask either of them as to the ultimate progress made by any particular favourite pupil, they will tell you, that "she was extremely clever, and was making rapid advances to the point at which the difficulty of the art would have

been overcome, when she was unfortunately removed," and they will add, "that every thing she acquired must doubtless soon be forgotten."

I am afraid I am running on without reflecting on the length to which my letter is extending; I may sum up, however, all I have said on what I conceive to be the checks to the advancement of music in this country in a very few sentences. It is not, as I have already mentioned, for the pleasure that is afforded by music, as an elegant and rational relaxation and amusement in the family circle, that parents affect so great a desire that their children should excel in it; on the contrary, it is merely for the sake of display at occasional parties that it is studied at all. The teacher, being quite aware of this, necessarily abandons all thoughts of grounding his pupil thoroughly in the first principles of the art; and in compliance with the wishes and expectations of the parents, sets about teaching her, as by rote, one or two sonatas, or a few songs. In due time, the exhibition of the young lady's progress is made: she is heard with applause three or four times every winter, but having learned the art mechanically, she advances no farther; and in due time, that is, immediately after marriage, bids adieu to music for ever. Though to some this may appear rather a caricature than an accurate portraiture, the fidelity of the picture will be very generally acknowledged.

You seem to augur much that is favourable to the progress of music in Scotland, from the enthusiasm excited by the festival of 1815. I confess I am not so sanguine on this point. It appears to me, that nine-tenths of those who attended (as indeed you yourself allow) did so on account of the novelty of the entertainment; and that no lasting effect has been produced by it, is apparent from the history of the "Institution for Sacred Music," to which you allude. From the annual reports, it appears that the subscriptions are a mere trifle; and that, while the public affected to regard its progress with something like interest, the subscriptions, small as they are, could not be procured without giving public performances, even in the first year after the institution was formed. I know little of its proceedings, but if the annual report be correct, its Direc-

tors have made a small sum of money go a greater length, in promoting an ultimate good to the public, and imparting much immediate satisfaction to their subscribers, than any musical body with which I am acquainted.

D. A. B.

REMARKS ON ALTHAM AND HIS WIFE.*

THE writer of this little tale is decidedly a member of what a certain correspondent of ours has stamped, we suspect pretty indelibly, with the name of "the Cockney School." He is, however, apparently a clever, and, in spite of several affectations of manner, and even of a more seriously culpable twist in some of his notions of human life, an amiable man;—we are, upon the whole, pleased with him, and have read his story from beginning to end—the highest compliment for which, from those hacked in the ways of books—from those to whom coach-parcels come weekly, and smack-bails monthly, a modern author of the serious or of the comic breed can hope.

The scene of his tale is laid in the very heart of the kingdom of Cockaigne. Its hero is a clerk or secretary at the beginning of the book, then he keeps a music-shop, and then he is a schoolmaster at one of the—"House Establishments" on the road to Camberwell. He inhabits a parlour furnished with an upright piano-forte, a small sofa, a fine brass-handled tea-urn, several prints framed in oak, and two plaster of Paris casts in niches. A few poems and novels are disposed at one end in shelves edged with green baize, and above these there is placed a "down-looking bust of one of those old Greeks." The "taste of this" is just as it should be; the only pity is, that so well furnished a mansion should want a mistress—one to pour out the tea, thrum on the forte-piano, order "loaf-puddings" for dinner, and comfort with the appearance of a well-washed face, neat cap, and slim fingers, the elegant dilettante who rather pays for, than occupies its chambers.

All in good time. Frank Altham

goes one evening with his friend (and biographer) to the theatre, to see Miss O'Neill play Imogen, and there, even in the pit, his stars have prepared for him the first view of his beloved. An old gentleman (of course an annuitant) and his daughter come in too late to get seats; Frank and his friend accommodate the young lady with one of their's, and take the other in turn with the annuitant. Peu-a-peu on se lie davantage—a critical conversation is commenced, in which the old annuitant, his daughter, Mr Altham, and his friend, discuss the merits of the play and the performance, every bit as well as they could have done, although Hazlitt himself (the Aristotle of the same school whose Homer is Mr Leigh Hunt) had been at their elbows to prompt them. The party are, of course, too fine for staying the "foolish farce;" they despise Liston, and rush to the piazzas. But alas! the heavens interfere to interrupt their departure.

"The air, we thought, struck damp on our coming to the outer passages of the theatre, and we were surprised to find them intersected by a number of wet and muddy paths; as we advanced, a pretty smart pattering of rain became audible, and we missed the usual vociferation and bustle of the streets,—nothing remained but the sound of coach-wheels, so that we knew with tolerable accuracy before we got out what sort of rain it was we had to encounter. The door was at length pulled open, and what a night! Ten thousand drops, flung back by the violence of their descent on the flag stones, took the shapes of so many diminutive pyramids, and seemed chasing each other before the wind,—others were boiling in an immense passion in the gutters; and when every now and then a pause in this ebullition would occur, you saw the lamps and shop lights almost as plainly reflected in the pavement as if they had fallen on a body of clear water; then the storm, having as it were gathered breath, began to drive away with increased violence, and in an instant the ground was fretted again by those innumerable little pyramids, and the reflections were broken into atoms."

Altham runs for a coach, and comes back in it wet to the skin. The old gentleman hands in his daughter, and invites the two new acquaintances to enter also, in case they live at the same part of the town. They do not—but Altham dodges his friend on the elbow to be mum, and in they go, the one muttering curses, and the other over head and ears in love. The rain continues on their arrival at the

* Altham and his Wife: a Domestic Tale. Ollier, London. 1818. pp. 198.

annuitant's door, and they are invited to partake of bread and cheese. Altham has less difficulty in dodging his friend into compliance with this request. The moment they are within the house, Miss Heseltine, like a good girl, mulls a bottle of port for Altham, lest he should catch cold, and takes off her bonnet. The face and the hot wine together do the business.

"Having performed this little piece of womanly attention, she proceeded to disencumber herself of her hat and pelisse, and in a close-fitting gown of striped silk, appeared as delightful a figure as ever was seen. She was not one of those beauties of whom some of the poets are so fond, with a pensive grace, and a form so excessively slight, that her tread would not depress

'A blade of grasse,
Or shake the downie blow-ball from his
stalke,'

no,—she carried in her face, and in the significance of her black eyes, the signs of health and animal spirits;—her shape was round and fleshy where it ought to be so, and when she walked, it was put into that delicious kind of undulation which you always see in the gait of a fine woman."

An acquaintance commenced so delightfully, is "one of those things that may not be undone." A system of tea and supper visits is begun and kept up with spirit, till at last, one fine evening after tea, to use, as the author has already done, the beautiful words of the poet,

A warm, still, balmy night of June,
Low-murmuring with a fitful tune
From yonder grove of pines.

In the silence of that starry sky,
Exchanging vows of constancy,
Two happy lovers stray.

Frank and Miss Heseltine are married, he in the Cockney livery of yellow breeches and pink stockings, with cha peau, quizzing glass, and all needful apurtenances, she looking very charming in her blushes, and a new satin pelisse, fitted close to the waist. We had almost forgot to mention, that she has a white satin bonnet and Spanish "down-tumbling" feather to match. Miss Essex, the bride's maid, the old annuitant, the bride and bridegroom themselves, the maidservants of the family, clustered in the door-way, and peeping in with privileged impertinence—all, in short, except the parson, are extremely affected with the ceremony. The same thing may be remarked at an execution. The spectators gaze and weep, the unhappy

person, about to cut capers upon nothing, is pale, and dead already in every lineament, with expectation—but turn to the hangman. See with what a grave edifying solemnity and non-chalance he goes through his part—how he arranges the rope-ends, as if he were only tying up a window curtain—how he bows demurely to the culprit, as if he were only about to introduce him into a rout-room. Even so calm and business-like is the clergyman amidst the sobbings of a marriage. The breakfast or luncheon-table is indeed laid out in style, as if for many partakers, but he, and he only appears to feel upon this occasion what Homer rather satirically calls the "holy desire" of stuffing;—a wedding treat would cost comparatively little were it not for the guzzling of the divine.

"Postquam exempta fames, et amor compressus edendi," the whole party are stuffed in a glass-coach, and set out for Richmond. They dine there, but things look very dull and so so; and, with the exception of Miss Essex, they are all glad to leave the pair pretty early to themselves. The marriage jaunt extends no farther; the couple return to town next morning—at least before dinner;—and the series of marriage dinners, the most dull and wearisome (*expertus loquor*) of all the many *taedia vitæ* consequent upon that rash step, is commenced.

At one of these marriage dinners, at the house of a Mr Marriott, they meet with a disagreeable methodist, one Simpson, who takes offence at the piano-forte, and talks about experiences, Baxter's Discourses, the Crook in the Lot, &c. while all the rest of the party are making themselves merry. Altham, who is a nice young fellow, but rather fond of shewing off, takes occasion, very needlessly, to enter into a religious controversy with this melancholy man, who is clothed in a black coat, dark striped Manchester stuff waistcoat, corduroy breeches, and ribbed cotton stockings, and who wears moreover "a shirt without a frill," and a glaring "yellow broach." What horror must our elegant Frank have felt for this gothic costume! He certainly gives the hypochondriac some smart wipes touching his notions. The following we think the best hit.

"When a woman ornaments herself she pays a homage to nature, one of whose

principles is splendour. There is something amounting almost to impiety in the Quaker, who thinks to please the Divine Being by a system so opposite to his own. Should he chance to walk into a spring meadow, what must he think of his eternal drab, on beholding that bright green floor, from which a thousand golden eyes are looking up to a blue arch above them. The dames and chevaliers represented in the pictures of Watteau, with dresses of beautiful colours, and reclining in a garden under the shade of tall trees, with their guitars, their wine, and fruit, look like more religious and thankful persons than the starch and self-denying Quakers."

Altham, it will be suspected, is an epicurean philosopher of the modern race; abhorrence between him and the man in the Manchester waistcoat is instant and reciprocal. The Methodist, however, is the more vindictive of the two, and sets about immediately doing all he can to ruin Altham's character, by representing him as an atheist, and "one that has made a compact with the enemy." What nonsense is this to be told of Londoners that attend wedding dinners in the 19th century! Our novelist makes it do however: poor Altham soon feels the frost of having sneered at the word "conventicle" in presence of a "religioso." The rumour flies far and near. His clerkship is taken from him; his music-shop fails; his school is deserted; the tax-gatherer is insolent; the butcher and baker won't trust his wife; one whole day is spent in starvation, and then he goes to jail for the window lights. Very opportunely, however, after he has been a few days in limbo, a Mr Butler, whose failure had once cost Altham a few hundred pounds, returns, from the regions of wealth in North America, "fourfold" what he owed him, in a paper parcel addressed to a respectable house in Cornhill. Things turn round as quickly as ever fortune's wheel did. The sofa, the plaster-of-paris casts, the piana-forte, the oak-framed prints—all make once again their appearance. They visit a pleasant circle of artists, &c.—Altham writes sonnets almost worthy of his betters—Laura produces annually a fine stout child; the world goes on, in short, as well as possible, and they are as happy as the day is long. As a specimen of our author's powers of narrative, we shall transcribe great part of the last chapter.

"The sleep of Frank during this night was calmer and more refreshing than any he had enjoyed for months past. Could the anodyne alone effected this? Before he opened his eyes, and while yet the light slumber of the morning was on him, he had an indistinct perception of unusual coolness, and freshness, and simple fragrance, like that which is brought by the air travelling over hay fields. This was associated with his dreams, out of which he feared to awake, the sensation was so luxurious. If he moved his head upon the pillow, his face seemed to brush against sweet and crisp sheets; and there was a perfect stillness round him. How could this be? The room in the prison had other occupiers than himself; was hot, suffocating, noisy, and not clean. Putting away those dim warnings of identity that sometimes come to us in dreams, Frank endeavoured to cherish his slumbers and prolong the bland delusion. These very efforts, however, tended to dissipate it, till at length the unbroken and unaccustomed silence, that, as it were, vibrated in his ears, startled him wide awake. He gazed about; and instead of seeing the dingy walls, and smutched ceiling of the prison-room, was astonished to find himself closed in by a tester and curtains of snowy whiteness. Pausing a moment or so in bewilderment, he drew them aside, and looked into a large, comfortable bed-room, across one of the lattices of which danced the shadows from a bough of a cherry-tree with its garland of white blossoms waving in the sun; and ever and anon he heard the small birds' momentary chirpings that cut their sudden way through the silence, as do the twinklings of a remote star through the dark. While he was wondering at these things, the door of the room opened, and a woman entered on tiptoe, who, seeing Frank awake, rushed to the bedside and folded him in her arms.

"'It is I,' said she, 'Laura, your wife, come to tell you all our troubles are over, certainly over. Do not look so faint, dear Frank,—there, lay your head on my bosom. We shall be happy again now, and merry too, I assure you. I have much good news to tell. What! not a smile for your wife? Well then, I'll go and fetch little Robert up, he is running about there in the garden.'

"'Stay, dear girl,' said Frank; 'I ought to be rejoiced at what you tell me, but it perplexes me so, that I dare not trust myself with rejoicings. I was almost distracted yesterday,—I think it was yesterday,—and among other miseries it came into my mind that you were dead; so in my tears, and wretchedness, and stupefaction, I laid down on the bed in that close room; but I find myself now in a quiet chamber, with you by my side. What garden is that you speak of, Laura? But I feel weak and giddy, and will lie down for a few minutes before you explain these mysteries. Sit by me, dear girl.'

"A silence of half an hour ensued; when

Frank, feeling more composed, asked his wife to proceed with her communications.

“ ‘Well then,’ said she, ‘Mr Butler, who has been very fortunate abroad, has returned your property with a fourfold increase; and on the very day that this arrived, the secret of your repeated ill success was laid open. It should have been made known before, for now we are out of reach of its consequences. Do you recollect having an argument with a Mr Simpson once at Marriott’s house? This person in religious zeal, and resentment of that dispute, has gone about with strange stories against you; but he is afflicted now with sickness and remorse, and Mr Marriott, who says he is more unfortunate than vicious, has been comforting him, and promising your forgiveness.’

“ ‘It is quite proper,’ answered Frank, ‘that he should be forgiven; and I sincerely hope he does not know the full effect his machinations have had on us. I cannot speak much about it at present, especially when I look at that pale face of thine, dear girl. But where am I, and how did I come here?’

“ ‘It’s all a contrivance of mine, Frank,’ she replied. ‘You are in Mr Marriott’s house, in the village of West End. After you had been in bed yesterday for about an hour, I went to look at you. You looked exhausted; but the sleep you were in seemed so deep in consequence of the opiate you had taken, that I thought you might be safely removed, and in the morning open your eyes away from that hateful place. I knew that would do you good. Mr Marriott thought so too; and having satisfied the goaler for your liberation, we found means (I will tell how some of these days) to convey you here.’

“ ‘Other conversation ensued, till Frank was ready to descend into the breakfast-room, where, with unspeakable rapture, he kissed his two children, and was greeted most affectionately by his friend. He could not, however, in his weak state, at once leap into felicity, but kept dropping into little moods of low spirits, out of which Marriott endeavoured to rouse him by encomiums on the landscape, or, in a jocular strain, on the pastoral style of the breakfast table, which was adorned with flowers from his own garden. The mention of such pure and simple subjects, he judged would, above any other thing, refresh Frank’s care-eaten soul.

“ ‘You must abolish this thoughtfulness,’ said he, ‘at least for to-day, as I have an invitation for you and Mrs Altham to a pleasant party this evening. It is at the house of a neighbour of mine here, an artist. He has a manner of refining on these entertainments greatly; and when I tell you that you will see some beautiful sketches and pictures, and casts from antique sculpture, and choice books, and hear music well performed from your favourite masters, I think you will not refuse to go with me.’

“ ‘Thank you,’ answered Frank, ‘the

temptation is certainly very great, though I doubt whether I am in a state at present to visit any where. However, if the party consists of persons addicted to such enjoyments as you mention, it cannot be a large one, nor a boisterous one. We shall be happy to go with you, Marriott. How little did I dream of such a pleasure yesterday at this time.’

“ ‘And most delightful was the evening to Frank. I question if his very weariness, and the subdued state of his spirits, did not add a luxury to the time. He reposed quietly amidst the refined productions of art.

The day had been remarkably fine, and the evening, considering it was in the month of April, was warm and still. Marriott had not over-rated his friend’s taste. The room in which the company assembled, opened, through windows reaching to the floor, on a vista of fir-trees. Between the windows were white marble slabs, heaped up with a profusion of rare plants of all colours, which were set off by the quiet light of a ground-glass lamp; so that as you walked along the room, the fragrance of these exotics, in one part, was answered in another by the aromatic odour of the firs stealing in through the windows, which were left open for a short time in the early part of the evening. Then as to pictures, there were some beautiful sketches of landscapes in the highest taste of poetry, by the gentleman of the house, and a specimen or two of Claude, Gaspar Poussin, and some others. Casts from the antique, as large as the originals, stood in niches. There were the Apollo of the Vatican, the Venus rising from the bath, a Muse, and the graceful Antinous, with their several gentle attitudes. They looked as though they were confederated with the evening calm.

“ ‘The concert consisted of the opera of Proserpina, by Winter, with its pathetic airs and pastoral choruses, breathing of Sicilian fields. Winter, in this work, has indeed obeyed the innovation of the poet:—

“ ‘Play to Proserpina
Something Sicilian, some delightful pastoral;
For she once played on the Sicilian shores,
The shores of Etna, and sung Dorian songs.

“ ‘The entertainment was prolonged with wine and conversation, and the company walked home in the morning light.

“ ‘It is now a week since Frank’s emancipation from his troubles. Mr Heselton has returned from Wales, to the infinite joy of his children. Frank’s debts are all paid, and enough remains of the money sent by Mr Butler to establish him in independence, according to his moderate desires.’

We observe that our author is soon to publish a novel on a larger scale; if he would only give up his Cockney notions in regard to matters of taste and religion, that is, if he would just look a little deeper into things, he possesses fine talents, and is well adapted for such a task.

AN ANCIENT BLUE STOCKING.

MR EDITOR,

THE change which has occurred within a few centuries in the female character, cannot be more strikingly exemplified than by a comparison of the celebrated Margaret, Queen of Navarre, with any respectable lady of the present day. This princess was, as many of your readers know, brought up in all manner of virtue and decency, at the pious court of Louis XII. of France, and was married in early life to the King of Navarre, her cousin. She was left a widow when very young, and maintained throughout the whole of her life a most exemplary character in her own person. Nay, she was venerated, during her own lifetime, as the author of many of the most popular works of devotion which were produced in the century she adorned, and went down to the grave in the very odour of sanctity.

Of her religious works, a few only have come into my hands. The first is the "*Marguerites, de la Marguerite de Princesses, La Reine de Navarre,*" edited by her chamberlain, *Jean de la Haye*, in 1547. This volume consists of a variety of spiritual songs, four mysteries, a few sonnets, &c. One of the songs begins thus:—

" Pour etre un digne et bon chretien
Il faut a Christ etre semblable,
Il faut renoncer a tout bien
A tout honneur que est damnable.
Ala Dame belle et jolie
Au plaisir qui la chair emeut,
Laisser Biens, honneurs, et Amie !
Ne fait pas ce tour la qui veut.

Ses biens aux pauvres faut donner
D'un cœur joyeux et volontaire.
Faut les injures pardonner,
Et a ses Ennemis bien faire.
S'ejour en Melancholie
Et tourment dont la chair s'emeut,
Aimer la mort comme la vie,
Ne fait pas ce tour la qui veut."

There is sometimes a considerable display of poetical fancy in her mysteries. In one of them, "*The Flight into Egypt,*" the scene discloses Mary with the child, Joseph and the ass, all in a state of suffering in the midst of the parched and sandy desert. Mary offers up a prayer for relief; immediately *Le Pere Eternel* appears in the clouds, and commands the angels to change the wilderness into a paradise. The angels forthwith commence a song, and,

while they are singing, the scenes are shifted; orange-trees, olives, and flowers appear, cascades burst from every corner, and a table covered with a plentiful dinner rises from the stage.

Premier Ange.

" Champs des desserts, cesses d'etre steriles
Dieu le commande, Arbres soyes fertiles
Donnez vos fruits des tres bonne saveur.

Seconde Ange.

Elevez vous dans ces plains changeantes
Verdes orangers, croissez fleurs odorantes,
Et d'un regard recevez la faveur.

Ange Troisiem.

Courrez, Ruisseaux, pres de Vierge Mere
Presentez lui votre onde pure et claire
Honneur auez quand de vous en prendra,"
&c.

A few years after she published a book, entitled, "*Consolations, Memoires, et Contemplations,*" replete, in like manner, with mystical devotion, and all the common places of Catholic piety. In short, the young Queen was one of the most Christian authors of her day.

In her *poemes*, however, and still more in her far-famed *contes*, things wear a very different appearance. Among the former, there occurs a *comedie* or *morality*, which consists of a series of dialogues, devoid, after the fashion of the time, of any appearance of intrigue. In the first scene, two young ladies are introduced, who make bitter complaints of their husbands; the lord and master of the one is a sad rake, and the other is tormented with the restless jealousy of hers, on account of the attentions of a lover, to whom she has as yet lent no ear. A pious sybil of a hundred years old comes upon the scene, and is consulted by the two distressed wives on the subject of their afflictions. This ancient fair has no difficulty in telling them, that a lover is the only cure for a jealous or dissipated husband. The young ladies hesitate, and the old one calls upon her sister, still older than herself, who gives the same advice with still greater earnestness. The company is then joined by two other young ladies, one who knows nothing about love, and another who expects her lover to meet her about this time in the wood. The ancient dames repeat their maxims, and at last the whole company agree in receiving them with proper reverence. At this critical moment, four young gentlemen and two old ones arrive in hunting apparel. They immediately dismount, and the whole party

begin to dance. The four young gentlemen hand out the four young ladies, with—

“Menons les dancer toutes quatre !”

And each of the old boys answers with—

“Soit ! nous allons bien vous combattre
Ma vieille et moi de bien dancier.”

Then the curtain falls. This work is published with her name at the title page, and *cum privilegio regali*.

If this little *morality* appears to be rather a strange performance for so pious an authoress, I fear the same objection will be found to apply with still greater force to her most celebrated work, the *Heptameron*, or *Sept Journées*, known most commonly by the name of the *Contes de la Reine de Navarre*. The authenticity of this extraordinary book is placed beyond all doubt, by the testimony of Du Thou, and by the terms of the dedication of the first edition to Jeanne D'Albret, the daughter of Margaret herself. Brantome speaks of it very much *con amore*. “Elle fit,” says he, “en ses gayetes une livre qui s'intitule *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, on l'on voit un style si doux et si fluant et plein de si beaux discours et belles sentences, que J'ai oui dire que la Reine Mere et Madame de Savoye estans jeunes se voulerent mesler d'en escrire des nouvelles à part à l'imitation de la dite Reine de Navarre, sçachant bien qu'elle en faisoit. Mais quand elles veurent less siennes elles jetterent les leurs dans le feu.”

To give any account of this book were needless, for it is well known to all who would take pleasure in such sort of reading. It may, however, be mentioned, as a singular enough circumstance connected with it, that of one of the most strange of all the strange stories it contains, she is herself the heroine. Those who have perused the *Contes* will recollect the account given of an attack made on the honour of a lady of princely rank, by a gentleman, in whose house the court to which she was attached happened to be lodged. The story gives a terrible idea of the times. A scene in which hospitality and loyalty are outraged, as well as some virtues whose observation is, according to certain codes of morality, less strictly demanded, is described by this queen in a tone of good-humoured pleasantry, not inferior to Rabelais or Smol-

let. Wonder of wonders! The offended lady who tore her rude lover's cheeks, and enjoyed his being obliged to keep his bed next day to hide his scratches, was Margaret of Navarre herself. The satyr who insulted her was Admiral Bonnavet, the chief favourite, *pro tempore*, of her brother Francis I. For this amusing note we have the authority of Varillas and of Brantome. The grandmother of the latter writer was maid of honour to her Majesty, and told it to the young historian of gallantries with her own lips.

In short, were any one foolish enough to choose for the text of a *commentatio* the celebrated sarcasm of *Mulieres Doctæ plerumque sunt libidinosæ*, the life of the queen of Navarre might be quoted in contradiction, and not a few of her writings in defence of the position.—I remain, tout a vous,

POINT DE BAS BLEU.

Bath, July 1, 1818.

LETTER FROM NELL GWYN.

[The following curious letter, from the celebrated Nell Gwyn, has been copied for us from the Cole MSS. in the British Museum. It has the following notice prefixed to it, in the hand-writing of that collector: “It is written on a sheet of gilt paper, very thin, in a neat Italian hand, and was sealed with a small seal of black wax, but the impression is lost. It was given to Dr Apthorp (vice-provost of Eton, and brother-in-law to Cole,) by Mrs Pitt, Maddox Street, London, July 9, 1773.”]

These

For Madam Jennings
over against the *Tub Tavern*
in *Jermin Street*
London.

Windsor.
Burford House
April 14

MADAM, 1684.

I HAVE receiv'd y^r Letter, and I desire y^e would speake to my *Ladie Williams* to send me the *gold stufte*, and a *note* with it, because I must *sign it*, then she shall have her *money y^e next day* of *Mr Trant*; pray tell her *Ladieship*, that I will send her a *note* of what *Quantity of Things* I'l^e have bought, if her *Ladieship* will put herselfe to y^e *Trouble* to buy them; when they

are bought I will sign a note for her to be paid. Pray Madam, let y^e man goe on with my Sedan, and send Potvin and Mr Coker down to me, for I want them both. The Bill is very dear to boyle the Plate; but necessity hath noe Law. I am afraid M^m you have forgott my Mantle, which you were to line with musk colour Sattin, and all my other things, for you send me noe Patterns nor Answer. Monsieur Lainey is going away. Pray send me word about your Son Griffin, for his Majestie is mighty well pleas'd that he will goe along with my Lord Duke. I am afraid you are soe much taken up with your owne House, that you forgett my Businesse. My Service to dear Lord Kildare, and tell him I love him with all my Heart. Pray M^m see that Potvin brings now all my things with him: My Lord Duke's Bed &c. if he hath not made them all up, he may doe that here; for if I doe not get my Things out of his Hands now, I shall not have them untill this Time Twelvemonth. The Duke brought me down with him my crochet of Diamonds; and I love it the better because he brought it. Mr Lumley, and everie Body else will tell you that it is the finest Thing that ever was seen. Good M^m speake to Mr Beaver to come down too, that I may bespeake a Ring for the Duke of Grafton before he goes into France.

I have continued extream ill ever since you leaft me, and I am soe still. I have sent to London for a D^r. I believe I shall die. My Service to the Dutchesse of Norfolk, and tell her, I am as sick as her Grace, but doe not know what I ayle, although shee does, which I am overjoyed that shee goes on with her Great Belly.

Pray tell my Ladie Williams, that the King's Mistresses are accounted ill-pay-masters, but shee shall have her money the next Day after I have the Stuffe.

Here is a sad Slaughter at Windsor, the young men's taking y^e Leaves and going to France, and although they are none of my Lovers, yet I am loath to part with the men. Mrs Jennings I love you with all my Heart, and soe good by'.

E. G.

Let me have an Answer to this Letter.

HORÆ CANTABRIGIENSES.

NO I.

EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED.

I.

On the late LORD LILFORD'S attempt to form a Coalition, upon 'fair and equal terms,' between the DUKE OF PORTLAND and MR PITT.

ON 'fair and equal terms' to place

An union is thy care;

But trust me, POWYS, in this case,

The equal will not please his Grace,

And Pitt dislikes the fair.—*Polit. Miscel.*

Jungere vis dextras procerum, facunde, duorum:

Tentandum est alio flectere corda modo.

Nempe pari pulcraque vocas in fœdera lege;
Hic refugit pulcrum, respuit ille parem.

Aliter.

Quæ par conditio atque pulcra juxta

Ambobus fuerit, Powyse, queris:

At neutri tua lex satis placebit;

Huic par displicet, odit ille pulcrum.

II.

On the Motto of the DODDRIDGES, "Dum Vivimus, Vivamus;" an Epigram, pronounced, by DR JOHNSON, 'one of the finest in the English language.'

"Live while you live," the Epicure will say,

"And give to pleasure every fleeting day:"

"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,

"And give to God each moment as it flies."—

Lord, in my sight, let both united be;

I live to pleasure while I live to Thee.

Dr Doddridge.

"Dum vivis, vivas," Epicuri de grege clamat,

"Daque voluptati dum fugit usque, diem:"

"Dum vivis, vivas," Christi de nomine dictus,

"Daque Deo," clamat, "dum fugit usque, diem."—

Dirigat hic tempus, tempus mihi dirigat ille;

Quodque voluptati, detur id omne Deo.

III.

I loved thee, beautiful and kind,

And plighted an eternal vow:

So alter'd are thy face and mind,

'Twere perjury to love thee now.

Pulcram te facie atque mente amabam

Juratus; fœteor. Quid ergo? meumten

Mutasti, faciemque. Amare porro

Perjuri foret, haud proci fidelis.

IV.

L'Amour Timide.

If in that breath so good, so pure,
Compassion ever loved to dwell;

Pity the sorrows I endure—
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear, will last me all my days ;
But feel it will not last me long.

*Cor si forte tuum purum tetigere piumque
Fallaces hominum spes, variisque labor ;
Quas dudum patiar, precor ah ! miserere do-
lorum :*

Tristis in æternum causa silenda latet.

*At qui me rodit luctus, quem lingua tacere
Cogitur, et pectus comprimere intus, edax—
Ut vitam pergat me discruciare per omnem,
Sentio non perget discruciare diu.*

V.

Παρμενίωνος, εις Ξέρξην.

Τὸν γαίης καὶ ποτῆ ἀμειψθεύσαισι κίλευδοις,
Ναυτὴν ἠπειρῶ, πίζοπορον πηλαγίους,
Ἐν τρισσαῖς δορατῶν ἰκατοντασίῳ ἰστίῳ Λεῖης
Σπαρτῆς· αἰσχυνισθ', νερα καὶ πηλαγή.

Anglicè.

To stop the Persian monarch's way,
In vain the swelling ocean rose ;
In vain, his progress to delay,
The lofty mountains interpose.
Roused by the Spartan chief to fight,
When lo ! his slender band obeys ;
These turn'd th' unnumber'd hosts to flight:—
Blush then, ye mountains and ye seas.

From the English.

*Progreditur Xerxes: tellus occludere frustra
Montibus, oceanus fluctibus optat iter :
Quod mare non potuit, potuit non terra, la-
conum.*

Rex (pudeat montes, oceanumque !) potest.

VI.

Old Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old
Nick ;
While thou movest nothing—but thy fid-
dlestick.

*En novus, et veteri minor Orpheus ! pec-
tora Ditis*

Hic movit ; solum pecten at ille movet.

VII.

On a good Fiddler and bad Dancer.

How ill the motion with the music suits !
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes.

*Quam male conveniunt saltatores fidicenque !
Sic Orpheus psallit, sic saliere feræ.*

VIII.

Intended for Dryden.

This SHEFFIELD raised: the sacred dust
below

Was DRYDEN once. The rest, who does
not know ? *Pope.*

*Hoc SHEFFIELD posuit: quod sacri pul-
veris intra est,*

DRYDEN erat. Quisnam cætera noscit ? Abi.

IX.

First in the grape, then in the glass,
The vine's rich nectar glows ;
But last, and most, and longest too,
O Argus, in thy nose.

*Uva rubet, vinumque rubet ; sed pallet u-
trumque*

Præ flamma in naso quam ciet, Arge, tuo.

X.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers ?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs ?

*Cur mea, sollicitè peterem cum nuper amorem,
Vana dedit ventis murmura ferre Chloe ?
Forsan amoris erat, flammam celasse: sed idem
Num me præcipitem mittere jussit amor ?*

XI.

Addressed to a Lady in a Court of Assize.

While petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing a heart ?
You, fair one, will smile and cry, “ Laws,
I defy you ;”
Assured that no peers can be summon'd to
try you !

But think not that paltry defence will secure
ye :

For the Muses and Graces will just make a
jury.

*Dum lex crimina vindicat minora,
Raptorum haud tibi pœna tot procorum
(Desunt quippe parcs) nocet. Triumphas ;
Nec curare Deos Deasve credis,
Convertes licet usquequaque prædas !
At securo nimis puella pœnæ !
Musæ, turba novena, Gratiæque
Te tres—justa cæterva—judicabunt.*

XII.

Time was, I stood where thou dost now,
And look'd, as thou shalt down on me:
Time will be, thou shalt lie as low ;
And others then look down on thee.

*Tempus erat, quo tute loco me despicias, ipse
Stabam, alios subtu despiciens positos :
Tempus erit, quo jam jaceo, tute ipse jacebis
Mox loco ; et hic positum despicient alii.*

XIII.

When Egypt's host God's chosen tribes pur-
sued,

In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood ;
When through the dreary wastes they took
their way,

The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea :

What limit can th' Almighty goodness know,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can
flow?

*Cum fugerent Pharaona, suis duravit aquarum
Mollitiem Dominus, perque mare ire dedit;
Duritiem rupis mollivit, cum per arenas
Errarent, saxoque arcuit ille sitim:
Quis modus huic, dic, Artifici—quo nempe
jubente,
Fit rupes mollis, durus et oceanus?*

XIV.

On a Lady who died in Childbirth.

The breath which you surrender, I receive;
I enter on a world—'tis yours to leave:
My cares are all to come, yours all are past,
And my first moment proves my mother's last.
My life your death, your pangs my power
supply:
I kill in birth, and you in bearing die.

*Mater quas perdis vitales filius auras
Haurio; quamque fugis das mihi luce frui:
Te tua præterit, mea nondum est orta procella;
Prima cademque mihi est, ultimaque hora tibi.
Mors tua vita mea est, vitam mihi morte
dedisti:*

Et neco ego nascens, tuque necare parens.

XV.

Say, why on lovely Chloe's face
The lily only has a place?
Is it because the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

*Sola Chloes vultum decorant cur lilia? nasum
Anne viro ut pingat, fugit ab ore rosa?*

XVI.

Unde rubor vestris, et non sua purpura
lymphis?

Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen, convivæ, præsens agnoscite numen:
Vidit, et erubuit, lymphæ pudica Deum.

Crashare.

*Whence has the stream its flush, unknown
before?*

*The rosy glow, which through its veins has
rush'd?*

A present Deity, ye guests, adore—

*“The bashful stream has seen its God, and
blush'd.”* F. R. S.

HAZLITT CROSS-QUESTIONED.

MR EDITOR,

IN the course of your practice as a
critical sportsman, you have already
had the merit of discovering, winging,
and bagging some new kinds of game.
Upon one of these, your additions to

the sphere of amusement, I beg leave
heartily to congratulate you. I mean
that wild, black-bill Hazlitt.

You do not, I perceive, know what
a paltry creature this is, otherwise you
would either have said more or less
about him than you have done. I am
a very brief man, and can neither
write sounding letters like Idoloclas-
tes, nor doleful ones like Presbyter
Anglicanus, nor jeering ones like Tim-
othy Tickler, nor torturing ones like
“gruff old General Izzard.” But I
will, in three or four sentences, under-
take to give you some little insight
into the real character of Hazlitt.

He is a mere quack, Mr Editor,
and a mere bookmaker; one of the sort
that lounge in third-rate bookshops,
and write third-rate books. It were
well if he were honest in his humble
trade. I beg, through your Miscel-
lany, to put the following queries to
him, which I hope he will answer by
return of post.

Query I. Mr William Hazlitt, ex-
painter, theatrical critic, review, es-
say, and lecture manufacturer, Lon-
don, Did you, or did you not, in
the course of your late Lectures on
Poetry, &c. infamously vituperate and
sneer at the character of Mr Words-
worth—I mean his personal charac-
ter; his genius even you dare not
deny?

II. Is it, or is it not, true that you
owe all your ideas about poetry or crit-
icism to gross misconceptions of the
meaning of his conversation; and that
you once owed your personal safety,
perhaps existence, to the humane and
firm interference of that virtuous man,
who rescued you from the hands of
an indignant peasantry whose ideas of
purity you, a cockney visitor, had dared
to outrage?

III. Is it, or is it not true, that you
did some time ago, in your occupation
of scribbler, play off upon one of your
task-masters or employers, the two fol-
lowing tricks? 1. Sending him a
translation verbatim from a common
French book, and demanding pay for
it as your own original composition. 2.
Quoting a book upon tobacco-pipes as a
book upon tides; and thereby expos-
ing you, him, and the work itself, to
the eternal derision of all who under-
stood either the subject on which you
were writing, or the German tongue,
or the rules of common honesty?

IV. Being expelled, as you deserv-

ed, from the Edinburgh Review, and obliged to take refuge in the New Series of the Scots Magazine (a work much better fitted for your merits and attainments), Is it, or is it not true, that you have been going on for some time past, abusing the good-natured ignorance, and unsuspecting simplicity, of the worthy Conductors of that Miscellany, and doing all in your power to injure their reputation and that of the said Miscellany, by playing off upon them, and procuring to be inserted in their book, all manner of gross blunders, and impudent falsehoods, and outrageous extravagancies, which might happen to come into your head?

1. For example, in an essay of yours on the "Ignorance of the Learned," do not you congratulate yourself, and the rest of your Cockney crew, on never having received any education?

2. Do you not, in that essay, pass off for original communication, a quantity of trash already printed by you in another publication?

3. Do not you call Mr Canning, one flash of whose eye, one word of whose lip, would wither you into annihilation—the *most contemptible character* of the day?

4. Do not you, who cannot repeat the Greek alphabet, nay, who know not of how many letters it is formed, pretend to give an opinion of the literary character of Professor Porson?

5. Do not you assert, that Dr Burney undertook to point out solecisms in Milton's Latin style? I now tell you that your assertion is false—that Dr Burney never did undertake any such thing—but that he did write some observations on Milton's *Greek* style, valuable to scholars, but unintelligible to Cockneys.

6. Do you know the difference between Milton's Latin and Milton's Greek?

8. Did not you say what you knew to be false, when you said, that Dr Burney, "in his preface" (there is no preface), had "hardly a sentence of common English?"

9. Do you know any thing whatever about the late Dr Burney or his writings, or have you not been vilifying a great scholar, in all the malignity of ignorance and drunkenness of folly?

10. Do you know what is English, or what is not English, any more

than you know that Latin is not Greek, or that the foam of the sea is not a tobacco-pipe?

11. Do not you pretend to claim acquaintance with *Bishop* Waterland, and must I have to tell you no such man ever existed?

12. Do you not, you impudent charlatan, *quizz* the poor Editors of the Scots Magazine into publishing a sweeping sentence, wherein the following great men are all represented as having lived and written in vain, viz. Butler, the author of the *Analogy*; Berkeley, the bishop of Cloyne; Bull, whom Warburton calls "one of the most masculine of English intellects;" St Augustine, the Plato of Christianity; Scioppius, Cardan, and Scaliger, three of the greatest scholars, and one of them, if you mean Julius Cæsar Scaliger, (but indeed I do not suppose you know there were two of that name) one of the greatest men modern Europe has ever produced; and, last of all, (*mirabile dictu!*) Puffendorf and Grotius, who of all modern writers have been the most extensively and lastingly useful to their own and all the other countries of Europe,—but of whose works, your personal as well as your literary character affords every presumption, you have never read one word even in a translation?

13. Is it possible to be guilty of a more mean trick than thus deluding into derision, under the mask, and claiming the recompense of good will, two men, who, hard-hearted Cockney! "did thee no wrong?"

14. Do you not, on every occasion, describe the Editors of this said Scottish Magazine as perfect ninnies, and their work as a millstone? and do you not despise yourself, for mixing, for the sake of a few paltry pounds, your madness with their idiocy? and do not you say so at all times and in all places?

V. Did not you publish an answer to Malthus, though at the same time you knew that you did not understand the difference between arithmetical and geometrical proportion? and did you not pollute its pages with obscenities hideous as those of Aretine, and dull as those of Cleland?

VI. Did you not insinuate, in an essay on Shakspeare in the Examiner, that Desdemona was a lewd woman, and after that dare to publish a book on Shakspeare?

VII. Did you not wantonly, and grossly, and indecently, insult Mr Conway, the actor, in your View of the English Stage, and publish A RETRACTING LIE, in order to escape a caning?

VIII. Do you know the Latin for a goose?

As soon as Mr Hazlitt answers these eight simple questions, other eight of a more complex nature, and worded more gravely, await his attention, from AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE. Greenwich.

ACCOUNT OF SOME CURIOUS CLUBS IN LONDON, ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

MR EDITOR,

THE perusal of that admirable poem of William Wastle, "the Mad Banker of Amsterdam," in which the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh makes so distinguished a figure, recalled to my recollection a curious enough volume published in 1709, entitled, "the Secret History of Clubs in London, with their original, and the characters of the most noted members thereof." Perhaps your readers may not be displeased with some account of these clubs of a former age, which seem, if I mistake not, to have been worthy of vying not only with that which "is pleased to call itself the Dilettanti," but even with the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh, the Union and Bain-Waters. True indeed, that, unlike some of these, they neglected to publish their transactions and reports,—by which the "world has been defrauded of many a high design." But they have found a contemporary historian, who has philosophically described the ruling spirit of each, and from his work we can perceive what a powerful influence they must have exercised on the character of the times. Perhaps the influence of such clubs was stronger when confined to *vivâ voce* and extempore communications between themselves and the public, than can be justly claimed by any of the above modern Philosophical Institutions. It is undeniable that much truth evaporates in conversation, and is lost—but it is equally so, that much truth is compressed in written documents, and is never found. Thus, one year's unpublished transactions of "the Kit-Cat," and "the Golden Fleece," may

have told more effectually on the age than one year's transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Those members spoke—and what they said is forgotten. These members wrote—and what they did write, if not forgotten, is, at least, not remembered. But the clubs to which I allude exerted a living influence,—they blended with the spirit of the age—they coloured it, and were coloured by it—in every company some unknown member lurked—their jokes, their gibes, their criticisms, their manners, their speculations, their opinions, sometimes won, and sometimes forced their way into ordinary life,—and thus the dress, the language, the deportment, the current ideas of the day, were all, by means unperceived by dim-eyed moralists, characterized by these all-powerful Associations of convivial spirits. Were any future philosopher to attribute to the Dilettanti or Royal Societies of Edinburgh, an important influence on the spirit of the age, he might indeed refer to the Report of the former on the Church of St Giles, and to Mr M'Vey Napier's Essay on the writings of Lord Bacon in the latter in support of his theory;—but then, it might be shewn that the magistrates of Edinburgh preferred Mr Elliot's design to that of the "Committee of six;" and that, in spite of even the favourable character given of him by the Librarian of the Writers to the Signet, Lord Bacon's writings were almost as little known in Scotland as those of his most erudite eulogist.

But I intend, with your leave, to enter more fully into this subject on a future occasion, and to attempt an "Estimate of the Character and Influence of our present Philosophical Institutions, from Bain Waters down to the Royal Society of Edinburgh inclusive." Meanwhile, allow me to occupy a few columns of your inimitable Miscellany (I observe, the contributors to Constable's facetiously call his, "your valuable miscellany)," with some details of the principal London Clubs that flourished about the end of the 17th century.

The volume in which their history is recorded, is dedicated to that "luciferous and sublime lunatic, the Emperor of the Moon," as an expression of the author's gratitude "to your illustrious highness for the wonderful favours I have oft received, at late

hours, from the refulgent horns of your revolving throne." The dedication breathes throughout a noble spirit of independence,—and a strain of dignified satire against the great men of the world, who then, as now, flattered poor authors but to betray. "I expect nothing but your moonshine to reward my labours."

Our author likewise favours us with a very entertaining little preface, of which the following sentences would almost seem to have been written within these three months, so applicable are they to the worthy gentlemen in this City, who have sung out so dolefully against the poetry of Mr William Wastle.

"Tagging of verse, and writing of books, are become as sharp trades in this keen age, as making of knives and scissors; and if the former, as well as the latter, are not well ground to a smart edge, they may lie upon the bookseller's stall till they are bought up by the band-box maker. Yet, if they happen to be so sharp as to scratch a courtier on the forehead, cut an alderman for the simples, scarrify a knave that is but rich and powerful, cut off a leg that is not worth standing upon, or shave the smooth face of some booby who is fat withal, there is presently a worse roaring with 'em than there is with a foolish child that has hook'd his fingers into a clasped knife," &c.

Our author then proceeds to deliver his sentiments on clubs in general. The object of clubs, he says, is often asserted to be the promotion of trade, humane conversation, the communication of curious and scientific matter; but, in his opinion,

"Most considerate men, who have ever been engaged in such sort of conpotations, have found, by experience, that the general end thereof is a promiscuous encouragement of vice, faction, and folly, at the unnecessary expence of that time and money which might be better employed in their own business, or spent with much more comfort in their several families."

He then declaims with great eloquence against all political clubs, which, according to him, have produced all the revolutions that ever afflicted mankind; but wishing to give no offence to any party or person, he excludes such clubs from his work, and thus limits his subject-matter.

"But as all ages have been made merry by the fantastical whimsies, and ridiculous affections of such humoursome societies as have made themselves a town-talk by their singular follies, inebrious extravagancies, comical projections, vitious encouragements, and uncommon practices, I am perswaded

to believe, it can be thought no breach of morality or good manners to expose the vanity of those whimsical clubs, who have been proud to distinguish themselves by such amusing denominations, that the most morose Cynick would be scarce able to hear their titles without bursting into laughter; nor have the frantick customs, jocular diversions, and preposterous government of such fuddle-cap assemblies been less remarkable than their several distinctions.

I.—*The Virtuoso's Club.*

This club was at first established by some of the principal members of the Royal Society, and its design was to propagate new whims, advance mechanical exercises, and to "promote useless as well as useful experiments."

"Some, by those hermetical bellows, call'd an *Æolipile*, would be trying, with an empty bottle, whether nature would admit of a vacuum. Others, like busie chandlers, would be handling their scales to nicely discover the difference in the weight betwixt wine and water. A third sort of phylosophers would be condensing the smook of their tobacco into oyl upon their pipes, and then assert the same, in spite of her nine lives, to be rank poison to a cat. A fifth cabal perhaps would be a knot of mathematicians, who would sit so long wrangling about squaring the circle, till, with drinking and rattleing, they were ready to let fall a nauseous perpendicular from their mouths.

The following is an animated description of a full night.

"This club of *Vertuoso's*, upon a full night, when some eminent maggot-munger, for the satisfaction of the society, had appointed to demonstrate the force of air, by some hermetical pot-gun, to shew the difference of the gravity between the smook of tobacco and that of colts-foot and bittany, or to try some other such like experiment, were always compos'd of such an odd mixture of mankind, that, like a society of ringers at a quarterly feast, here sat a nice beau next to a dirty blacksmith; there a purblind philosopher next to a talkative spectacle-maker; yonder a half-witted whim of quality next to a ragged mathematician; on the other side, a consumptive astronomer next to a water-gruel physician; above them, a transmutor of mettals next to a philosopher-stone-hunter; at the lower-end, a prating engineer next to a clumsy-fisted mason; at the upper end of all, perhaps, an atheistical chymist next to a whimsie-headed lecturer; and these the learned of the wise-akers wedged here and there with quaint artificers and noisy operators, in all faculties; some bending beneath the load of years and indefatigable labour, some as thin-jaw'd and heavy-ey'd, with abstemious living and nocturnal study, as if, like Pha-

roah's lean-kine, they were design'd by heaven to warn the world of a famine; others, looking as wild, and deporting themselves as frenzically, as if the disappointment of their projects had made them subject to a lunacy."

At last this club fell into decay and dissolution.

"Many jests, by the ridiculers of ingenuity, us'd to be put upon this grave assembly of philosophizing virtuoso's, till, at length, quite tir'd with the affronts of the town, and their own unprofitable labours, they dwindl'd from an eminent club of experimental philosophers, into a little cynical cabal of half-pint moralists, who now meet every night at the same tavern, over their five-penny nipperkins, and set themselves up for nice regulators of their natural appetites, refusing all healths, each taking off his thimble-full according to the liberty of his own conscience, paying, just to a farthing, what himself calls for; and starting at a minute, that they may have one leg in their beds exactly as Bow-bell proclaims the hour of nine.

II.—The Order of the Golden Fleece.

The worthy knights of this order are thus emphatically described.

"This rattle-brain'd society of mechanick worthies, were most solemnly establish'd, several years since, by the whimsical contrivance of a merry company of tipling citizens, and jocular change-brokers, that they might meet every night, and wash away their consciences with salubrious claret, that the mental reservations, and falacious assurances, the one had us'd in their shops; and the deceitful wheedles, and stock-jobbing honesty, by which the other had out-witted their merchants, might be no impediment to their nights rest, but that they might sleep without repentance, and rise the next day with a strong propensity to the same practice."

Each member, on admittance, had a name assigned to him, descriptive of his peculiar character and endowments, as, for example, Sir Timothy Addlepate, Sir Talkative Dolittle, Sir Ninny Sneer, Sir Skinny Fretwell, Sir Rumbus Rattle, Sir Boozy Prateall, Sir Nicolas Ninny, Sir Gregory Growler, Sir Sipall Paylitttle, &c. This club flourished amain till the suicide of its leading member, the effects of which are thus stated.

"And then the dull fraternity, thro' want of a merry Zany to exercise their lungs with a little seasonable laughter, and unliappily neglecting to be shav'd and blooded, fell into such a fit of the melancholly dumps, that several of the order were in great danger of a straw-bed and a dark-room, if they had not neglected their nocturnal revels,

and forsaken frensical claret, for sober watergruel; and worse company, for the penitential conversation of their own families: So that upon these misfortunes, the knights put a stop to their collar-days; laid aside their installment; proclaim'd a cessation of bumpers for some time, till those who were sick had recover'd their health, and others their senses; and then, the better to prevent the debasement of their honour, by its growing too common, they adjourn'd their society from the Fleece in Cornhill, to the Three Tuns in Southwark, that they might be more retir'd from the bows and compliments of the London apprentices, who us'd to salute the noble knights by their titles, as they pas'd too and fro about their common occasions."

III.—The No Nose Club.

The origin of this club is thus facetiously related. A certain whimsical gentleman, having taken a fancy to see a large party of noseless persons, invited every one he met in the streets to dine on a certain day at a tavern, where he formed them all into a brotherhood bearing the above name.

"The gentleman, against the time, having order'd a very plentiful dinner, acquainted the vintner who were like to be his guests, that he might not be surpris'd at so ill-favour'd an appearance, but pay them that respect, when they came to ask for him, that might encourage them to tarry. When the morning came, no sooner was the hand of Covent-Garden dial upon the stroak of the hour prefix'd, but the No-Nose company began to drop in apace, like scald-heads and cripples to a mumper's feast, asking for Mr Crumpton, which was the feign'd name the gentleman had taken upon him, succeeding one another so thick, with jarring voices, like the brazen strings of a crack'd dulcimore, that the drawer could scarce shew one up stairs before he had another to conduct; the answer at the bar being, to all that enquir'd, that Mr Crumpton had been there, and desir'd every one that ask'd for him would walk up stairs, and he would wait upon 'em presently. As the number encreas'd, the surprise grew the greater among all that were present, who star'd at one another with such unaccustom'd bashfulness, and confus'd odness, as if every sinner beheld their own iniquities in the faces of their companions. However, seeing the cloth laid in extraordinary order, every one was curious, when once enter'd, to attend the sequel: At length a snorting old fellow, whose nose was utterly swallow'd up by his cheeks, as if his head had been troubl'd with an earthquake, having a little more impudence than the rest of the snuffle-tonians, 'Egad,' says he, 'if by chance we

should fall together by the ears, how long might we all fight before we should have bloody noses? 'Ads-flesh,' says another, 'now you talk of noses, I have been looking this half hour to find one in the company.' 'God be prais'd,' says a third, 'tho' we have no noses we have e'ery one a mouth, and that, by spreading of the table, seems at present to be the most useful member.' 'A meer trick, I dare engage,' says a bridge-fallen lady, 'that is put upon us by some whimsical gentleman, that loves to make a jest of other peoples misfortunes.' 'Let him jest and be damn'd,' cries a dub-snouted bully, 'if he comes but among us, and treats us handsomely. If he does not,' says he, 'I'll pull him by the nose till he wishes himself without one, like the rest of the company.' 'Pray, gentlemen and ladies,' cries an old drowsy captain of Whitefriars, who had forsaken the pleasures of whoring for those of drinking, 'don't let us sit and choak at the fountain-head; and with that they knocked for the drawer, and asked him, 'If they might not call for wine without the danger of being stop'd for the reckoning?' Who answer'd, 'yes, for what they pleas'd, only the gentleman desir'd it might be the forfeiture of a quart, if any one should presume to put their nose in the glass.'"

This club met once a month for a whole joyous year, when its founder and patron died, and then "the flat-faced community were unhappily dissolved." An Elegy was recited at the final meeting, from which the following extract is not without pathos.

"Mourn for the loss of such a generous friend,

Whose lofty Nose no humble snout disdain'd;
But tho' of Roman height, could stoop so low
As to sooth those who ne'er a Nose could shew.

Ah! sure no noseless club could ever find
One single Nose so bountiful and kind.
But now, alas! he's sunk into the deep,
Where neither kings or slaves a Nose shall keep.

But where proud Beauties, strutting Beaux,
and all,

Must soon into the noseless fashion fall;
Thither your friend in complaisance is gone
To have his Nose, like yours, reduced to none."

IV.—*The Surly Club.*

"This wrangling society was chiefly composed of master carmen, lightermen, old Billingsgate porters, and rusty tun-belly'd badge watermen, and kept at a Mungril tavern near Billingsgate-Dock, where city dames us'd to treat their journey-men with sneakers of punch and new oysters. The principal ends that the members propos'd, in thus convening themselves together once a week, were to exercise the spirit of con-

tradiction; and to teach and perfect one another in the art and mystery of foul language, that they might not want impudence to abuse passengers upon the Thames, gentlemen in the street, lash their horses for their own faults, and curse one another heartily when they happen'd to meet and jostle at the corner of a street. He that could put on a countenance like a boat-swain in hard-weather, and growl and snarl like a curst mastiff over a bullock's liver, was a member fit for the thwarting society; and the more indirect answers, or surly impertinent returns he could make to any question, the more he was respected for his contradictory humour, and cross-grain'd abilities: for if any grumbling associate was so far corrupted with good manners, as to make a civil reply to any thing that was ask'd him, he was look'd upon to be an effeminate coxcomb, who had suck'd in too much of his mother's milk; and for his affectation of gentility, was turn'd out of the company, for by the orders of the society, their whole evenings conversation was to consist of nothing but surly interruptions, and cross purposes. And when any new candidate made a tender of his service to the noisy board, if the responses that he gave upon his knotty examination, were not as opposit to their queries, as the petulant answers of a provok'd wife, to the whimsical interrogatories of a drunken husband, he was rejected, as unworthy of any post in contumacious assembly."

V.—*The Club of Ugly Faces.*

"To answer the tallyman's superabounding snout, a second had a chin as long as a grave patriarchal beard, and in shape like a shoeing-horn. A third, disfigur'd with a mouth like a gallon-pot, when both sides are squeeze'd near close together. A fourth, with a nose like the pummel of an andiron, and as full of warts as the beak of a cropper pidgeon. A fifth, with eyes like a tumbler, one bigger than the other. A sixth, with a pair of convex cheeks, as if, like Æolus, the god of the winds, he had stop'd his breath for a time, to be the better able to discharge a hurrican. A seventh, with as many wens and warts upon his forehead as there are knots and prickles upon an old thornback. An eighth, with a pair of skinny jaws that wrap'd over in folds, like the top of an old boot, or the hide of a rhinoceros. A ninth, with a tush strutting beyond his lips, as if he had been begot by a man-teger. A tenth with a hair-lip that had drawn his mouth into as many corners as a mine'd pye, made by the hussify wife of a formal mathematician. The eleventh, with a huge Lauderdale head, as big, in circumference, as the golden ball under St Paul's cross, and a face so fiery, that the ruddy front of the orbicular lump, which stood so elevated upon his lofty shoulders, made it look like the flaming urn on the top of the monument.

A twelfth, with a countenance as if his parents, when he was young, had clap'd his chin upon an anvil, and gave him a knock upon the crown with a smith's sledge, that had shorten'd his phiz, and struck all his features out of their proper places; with many other such comical, clownish, surly, antick, moody, booby faces, that the wooden grave-diggers, who cut the prints for the frightful heads, upon stone-bottles, and the carvers, who us'd to nocht out preposterous cherubs upon base-vents, and stern whiskers upon barbers blocks, were often introduc'd upon their club-nights, by some interest or other, on purpose to oblige their fancy with new originals, that each might sell their commodities, for the singularity of the faces with which they had adorn'd 'em."

Both the above clubs dwindled away in a few years. The *SURLY CLUB* so growled that they were indicted as a nuisance; and the *UGLY FACES* having behaved very unhandsomely in black-balling a candidate whose qualifications were indisputable, the president, who was esteem'd the ugliest man of his day, left the chair; and the club having thus lost its chief deformity, the members no longer felt a pride in belonging to it;—the secretary-treasurer resigned, the funds, amounting to 17s. 4d., were equally divided among thirty-seven persons, and the Club of Ugly Faces was no more. No less than thirty other clubs are described in this singular volume. But I fear that I have already occupied too much of your pages, so shall conclude my extracts with the following account of a singular association, the *MAN-HUNTING CLUB*.

"A parcel of wild young rakes, whose principal education had been in Chancery Lane, among those vertuous academies the sober offices of the law and equity, frequenting a tavern near the Tennis-court play-house, on the back of Lincolns-Inn Fields, at length settled a club there, that they might every evening project new extravagancies to exercise the ungovernable fury of their uncultivated youth. Among the rest of their wild maggots, and whimsical contrivances that they put in practice, to entertain the brutality of unpolish'd nature, they had form'd a new sort of pastime, which was hunting of men over Lincolns-Inn Fields, that they should happen to meet crossing at ten or eleven a clock at night; so that about those hours two or three couple of hair-brain'd puppies us'd frequently to be commanded out by the Chairman (to which honourable post the first comer was intituled), who were to beat about for game, and to report, upon their return, what sport they had met with, for the diversion of the company. When the

mischievous fools had thus shaken off their humanity, and taken upon 'em the bestial imitation of hounds, wolves, and tigers, they would lie perdu upon the grass in one of the borders of the fields, till they heard some single person treading along the path-way; then up would they all start with their swords drawn, and running furiously towards him, would cry aloud, "That's he; bloody-wounds, that's he:" Upon which, away would run the person, whether gentle or simple, as if the devil drove him, with the pack of two-leg'd whelps, making such a noise at his heels, that the persecuted mortal, to escape the fury of his followers, would spur on nature with his fear to such a violent speed, that, with overstraining, the poor hunted runaway, especially if a coward, generally drop'd something in his breeches that made him stink as strong as either a fox or pole-cat. Thus they scour'd him along like a buck in a paddy-course, till he had taken sanctuary in some of the adjacent streets, where he would run commonly into an ale-house, half dead with fear, to recover breath, and to mundify his breeches; and there amuse them with such a terrible story, as if he had not only run, but fought the gantlope thro' a regiment of ruffians, and bravely defended himself by his hands as well as his heels, from a gang of rogues, or a drunken company of madmen. If they happen'd to bolt upon a sturdy gentleman, that would rather chuse to die in the bed of honour than to owe his safety to a nimble pair of heels, the cowards would shear off; cry they were all mistaken; that it was not he: But who ever ran for it, they pursu'd as close as if they were fully resolv'd both for robbery and murder; that their game being terrify'd with dreadful apprehensions, would scour o'er the field like an insolvent debtor before a herd of bailiffs, or a new marry'd seaman from a gang of pressmasters. And when the rakehell hunters had thus delighted themselves with the mad recreation of three or four chases, then tir'd with their sport, they would return to the club, and entertain their associates with the particulars of their pastime."

ANALYTICAL ESSAYS ON THE EARLY
ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

No V.

The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona.—WEBSTER.

THIS Play is so disjointed in its action, —the incidents are so capricious and so involved, —and there is, throughout, such a mixture of the horrible and the absurd—the comic and the tragic—the pathetic and the ludicrous,—

that we find it impossible, within our narrow limits, to give any thing like a complete and consistent analysis of it. All we shall attempt, therefore, will be to present our readers with such specimens as may serve to characterise the peculiar genius of Webster.*

In the first scene, between Lodovico, a decayed Count, under sentence of banishment, and Antonelli and Gasparo, dependents of the Duke of Florence, we are told, that

Paulo Giordano Ursini,
The Duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,
And by close panderism seeks to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona.

Flamino, brother to Corombona, is secretary to the Duke of Brachiano, and basely lends his aid to accomplish the dishonour of his sister. He contrives to admit him into her chamber at night, when, after much loving dalliance, Vittoria thus speaks.

A foolish idle dream :
Methought I walk'd about the mid of night
Into a church-yard, where a goodly yew-tree
Spread her large root in ground : under that
yew,
As I sate sadly leaning on a grave,

* Webster seems to have estimated very highly this tragedy. "To the Reader.—In publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have taken before me; not that I affect praise by it, for *nos hæc novimus esse nihil*: only, since it was acted in so open and black a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting-out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that, since that time, I have noted most of the people that come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses (who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books), I present it to the general view with confidence:

*Nec rhoncos metues malignorum,
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.*

If it be objected this is no true dramattick poem, I shall easily confess it, *non potes in nugas dicere plura meas, ipse ego quam dixi*; willingly, and not ignorantly, have I faulted. For should a man present, to such an auditory, the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of stile, and gravity of person, enrich it with the passionate and weighty *Nuntius*; yet, after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum illia*, the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it; and, ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene this of Horace:

—*Hæc hodie porcis comedenda relinques.*"

Chequer'd with cross sticks, there came
stealing in
Your dutchess and my husband; one of them
A pick-ax bore, th' other a rusty spade,
And in rough terms they 'gan to challenge me
About this yew.

Brachiano. That tree?

Vittoria. This harmless yew;
They told me my intent was to root up
That well-grown yew, and plant i' the stead
of it
A wither'd black-thorn; and for that they
vow'd

To bury me alive: my husband straight
With pick-ax 'gan to dig, and your fell
dutchess

With shovel, like a fury, voided out
The earth, and scatter'd bones: lord, how
methought

I trembled! and yet for all this terror
I could not pray.

Flam. No; the devil was in your dream.

Vit. When to my rescue there arose, methought,

A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm
From that strong plant;

And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Flam. Excellent devil!

She hath taught him in a dream
To make away his dutchess and her husband.

Bra. Sweetly shall I interpret this your
dream.

You are lodg'd within his arms who shall
protect you

From all the fevers of a jealous husband;
From the poore envy of our flegmatick dutchess.
I'll seat you above law, and above scandal;
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,
And the fruition; nor shall government
Divide me from you longer, than a care
To keep you great: you shall to me at once,
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends,
and all.

Here Cornelia, the mother of Vittoria, who had suspected the unhalloved passion of Brachiano, rushes forward from her concealment.

Flam. What fury rais'd thee up? away,
away. [*Exit Zanche.*]

Cornelia. What makes you here, my
lord, this dead of night?

Never dropt mildew on a flower here till now.

Flam. I pray, will you go to bed then,
Lest you be blasted?

Cor. O that this fair garden
Had all with poison'd herbs of Thessaly
At first been planted; made a nursery
For witchcraft, rather than a burial-plot
For both your honours.

Vit. Dearest mother, hear me.

Cor. O, thou dost make my brow bend
to the earth,
Sooner than nature. See the curse of children!
In life they keep us frequently in tears,
And in the cold grave leave us in pale fears.

Bra. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Vit. Dear, my lord.

Cor. Where is thy dutchess now, adult-
rous duke ?

Thou little dream'st this night she is come
to Rome.

Flam. How ! come to Rome ?

Vit. The dutchess.

Bra. She had better—

Cor. The lives of princes should like dials
move,

Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right, or
wrong.

Flam. So, have you done ?

Cor. Unfortunate Camillo !

Vit. I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If any thing but blood could have allay'd
His long suit to me—

Cor. I will join with thee,
To the most woeful end e'er mother kneel'd :
If thou dishonour thus thy husband's bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
In great men's—

Bra. Fy, fy, the woman's mad.

Cor. Be thy act Judas like, betray in
kissing.

May'st thou be envy'd during his short breath,
And pity'd like a wretch after his death.

Vit. O me accurs'd !

The act ends with a conversation
between Flamineo and his wretched
mother, in which he boldly avows
his resolution to advance his own
fortunes, by the sacrifice of every
honourable principle that may stand
in his way, or in that of his patron's
licentious gratifications.

In act second, Francisco de Medicis,
Duke of Florence, upbraids Brachiano
with his designs against his sister, and
Monticelso, a cardinal, says,

It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you, having as 'twere enter'd the world
With a free sceptre in your able hand,
And have to the use of nature well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime
age

Neglect your awful throne, for the soft down
Of an insatiate bed. Oh, my lord,
The drunkard, after all his lavish cups,
Is dry, and then is sober : so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Plac'd in the adder's tail. Wretched are
princes

When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their unweildy crowns ; or ravisheth
But one pearl from their sceptres : but alas !
When they thro' wilful shipwreck lose good
fame,

All princely titles perish with their name.

Isabella, too, his injured wife, in a
scene of great tenderness and beauty,
tries to win back his estranged affec-
tions.

Isabella. O my lov'd lord,
I do not come to chide : my jealousy !
I am to learn what that Italian means.

You are as welcome to these longing arms,
As I to you a virgin.

Bra. O your breath !

Out upon sweet-meats and continu'd physick,
The plague is in them.

Isa. You have oft, for these two lips,
Neglected cassia, or the natural sweets
Of the spring-violet : they are not yet much
wither'd.

My lord, I should be merry : these your
frowns

Shew in a helmet lovely ; but on me,
In such a peaceful interview, methinks
They are too roughly knit.

Brachiano is immoveable, and the
interview thus terminates.

Bra. Your hand I'll kiss ;

This is the latest ceremony of my love.
Henceforth I'll never lie with thee : by this,
This wedding-ring, I'll ne'er more lie with
thee.

And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the judge had doom'd it. Fare you
well ;

Our sleeps are sever'd.

Isa. Forbid it, the sweet union
Of all things blessed ! why, the saints in
heaven

Will knit their brows at that.

Bra. Let not thy love

Make thee an unbeliever ; this my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With my repentance ; let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest, or sea-fight,
My vow is fix'd.

Isa. O my winding-sheet !

Now shall I need thee shortly. Dear, my
lord,
Let me hear once more, what I would not
hear.

Never ?

Bra. Never.

Isa. O my unkind lord ! may your sins
find mercy,

As I upon a woful widow'd bed
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.

Bra. No more ; go, go, complain to the
great duke.

Isa. No, my dear lord, you shall have
present witness

How I'll work peace between you. I will
make

Myself the author of your cursed vow,
I have some cause to do it, you have none ;
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your dukedoms, that you wrought
the means

Of such a separation : let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousy,
And think with what a piteous and rent
heart

I shall perform this sad ensuing part.

Brachiano now plots the murder of
Isabella his dutchess, and of Camillo
the husband of Vittoria. The whole
of this scene is so very singular and

fantastic, that we cannot do better than quote it.

Enter Brachiano, with one in the habit of a Conjuror.

Bra. Now, sir, I claim your promise; 'tis dead midnight,

The time prefix'd to shew me, by your art,
How the intended murder of Camillo
And our loath'd dutchess grow to action.

Conjuror. You have won me, by your bounty, to a deed

I do not often practise: some there are,
Which, by sophistic tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly lose, of necromancer;
As some that use to juggle upon cards,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat.
Others that raise up their confederate spirits
'Bout wind-mills, and endanger their own necks

For making of a squib: and some there are
Will keep a curtain to shew juggling tricks,
And give out 'tis a spirit. Besides these,
Such a whole ream of almanack-makers, figure fingers,

Fellows, indeed, that only live by stealth,
Since they do merely lie about stol'n goods,
They'd make men think the devil were fast and loose,

With speaking fustian Latin. Praysit down;
Put on this night-cap, sir, 'tis charm'd;
and now

I'll shew you, by my strong commanding art,
The circumstance that breaks your dutchess' heart.

A Dumb Shew.

Enter suspiciously Julio and Christophero; they draw a curtain where Brachiano's picture is. They put on spectacles of glass, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burn perfumes before the picture, and wash the lips of the picture; that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles, they depart laughing.

Enter Isabella in her night-gown, as to bedward, with light after her: Count Lodovico, Giovanni, Guid-antonio, and others waiting on her: she kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of the picture, does three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice: she faints, and will not suffer them to come near it; dies: sorrow express in Giovanni, and in Count Lodovico. She's conveyed out solemnly.

Bra. Excellent! then she's dead.

Con. She's poison'd

By the fum'd picture: 'twas her custom nightly,

Before she went to bed, to go and visit
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
On the dead shadow. Doctor Julio,
Observing this, infects it with an oil,
And other poison'd stuff, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits.

Bra. Methought I saw
Count Lodovico there.

Con. He was; and, by my art,
I find he did most passionately doat
Upon your dutchess. Now turn another way,
And view Camillo's far more politick face.

VOL. III.

Strike louder, musick, from this charmed ground,

To yield, as fits the act, a tragick sound.

The Second Dumb Shew.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with four more as captains: they drink healths, and dance: a vaulting horse is brought into the room: Marcello and two more whispered out of the room, while Flamineo and Camillo stript themselves into their shirts, as to vault; they compliment who shall begin. As Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him upon his neck, and, with the help of the rest, wriths his neck about: seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double, as 'twere under the horse; makes shew to call for help: Marcello comes in, laments; sends for the Cardinal and Duke, who come forth with armed men; wonders at the act; commands the body to be carried home; apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest; and goes, as 'twere, to apprehend Vittoria.

Bra. 'Twas quaintly done; but yet each circumstance

I taste not fully.

Con. O 'twas most apparent;

You saw them enter charg'd with their deep healths

To their boon voyage; and, to second that,
Flamieo calls to have a vaulting horse
Maintain their sport. The virtuous Marcello
Is innocently plotted forth the room,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can in-
form you

The engine of all.

Bra. It seems Marcello and Flamieo
Are both committed.

Con. Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to ap-
prehend

Your mistress, fair Vittoria: we are now
Beneath her roof. 'Twere fit we instantly
Make out by some back postern.

The third act opens with the arraignment of Vittoria for the murder of her husband, Francisco de Medicis and Monticelso presiding, and Brachiano present as an auditor. There is a great deal of wrangling between Vittoria and a foolish pedantic Lawyer, who acts as counsel for the crown) a sort of depute-advocate), till at length Monticelso exclaims—

Mont. Who knows not how, when several night by night

Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her rooms

Outbrav'd the stars with several kinds of lights;

When she did counterfeit a prince's court
In musick, banquets, and most riotous sur-
feits;

This whore forsooth was holy.

Vit. Ha! whore! what's that?

Mont. Shall I expound whore to you?
sure I shall!

I'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweet-meats which rot the eater: in man's nostrils
Poison'd perfumes. They are coz'ning alchymy;
Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell.
Worse than those tributes i'th Low-countries paid,

Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;
Ay, even on man's perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law,
Which forfeits all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,

At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion fill'd,
And empty'd by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies, which are begg'd
at th' gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore?
She is like the gilt counterfeited coin,
Which, whose'er first stamps it, brings in trouble

All that receive it.

The issue of the trial, which is throughout conducted according to the rules of a criminal code, with which we are not at all familiar, is the condemnation of Vittoria to imprisonment in a house of converts, for her licentious life.

Vit. Die with those pills in your most cursed maw,
Should bring you health! or while you sit o'th' bench,
Let your own spittle choak you!

Mont. She's turn'd fury.

Vit. That the last day of judgment may so find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before!
Instruct me, some good horse-leach, to speak treason;

For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words: O woman's poor revenge!
Which dwells but in the tongue. I will not weep.

No; I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice: bear me hence
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title?

Mont. Of converts.

Vit. It shall not be a house of converts;
My mind shall make it honest to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than my soul. Though thou art a cardinal,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.

Immediately after this, there occurs a little scene of much pathos. Lodo-

vico, in the presence of the Duke and Cardinal, speaks to Giovanni, the young son of Isabella, of his mother's death.

Lodovico. She's dead, my lord.

Francisco de Medicis. Dead!

Mont. Bless'd lady!

Thou art now above thy woes.

Wilt please your lordships to withdraw a little?

Giovanni. What do the dead do, uncle?
do they eat,

Hear musick, go a hunting, and be merry,
As we that live?

Fran. No, cuz; they sleep.

Gio. Lord, lord, that I were dead;

I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake?

Fran. When God shall please.

Gio. Good God, let her sleep ever!

For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow where she laid her head
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you, sir;

I'll tell you how they have used her, now she's dead;

They wrapp'd her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her.

Fran. Thou did'st love her.

Gio. I have often heard her say she gave me suck,

And it should seem by that she dearly lov'd me,
Sinces princes seldom do it.

Fran. O, all of my poor sister that remains!
Take him away for God's sake!

[Exit Giovanni.]

Mont. How now, my lord!

Fran. Believe me, I am nothing but her grave;

And I shall keep her blessed memory
Longer than thousand epitaphs.

In act fourth, we find that the Duke of Florence has fallen in love with Vittoria, and that he sends love-letters to the House of Converts, where she still continues to be visited by Brachiano. One of these letters, suggesting a plan of escape, falls into the hands of Brachiano, who adopts it, and carries her off to Padua. Monticelso, who has been created Pope, excommunicates the fugitives,—and Lodovico is bribed by Francisco to avenge the death of Isabella, by the murder of Brachiano. There is nothing at all striking in this act, except the lovers' quarrel between Brachiano and Vittoria at the House of Converts, where he suspects her of lending a favourable ear to the addresses of Francisco,—and that scene is written with wonderful power and spirit.

In the fifth act, Brachiano is married to Vittoria,—and the Duke of Florence, disguised like Mulinassar, a Moorish Captain in the service of Ve-

nice, and attended by Lodovico, Antonelli, and Gasparo, seek his court with intent to put him to death. It is arranged that an amicable tilting match shall take place, and Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano's beaver with a poison that causes his death.

Bra. O thou soft natural death ! that art joint-twin

To sweetest slumber !—no rough-bearded comet

Stares on thy mild departure ; the dull owl Beats not against thy casement ; the hoarse wolf

Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse, Whilst horror waits on princes.

Vit. I am lost for ever !

Bra. How miserable a thing it is to die 'Mongst women howling ! what are those ?

Flam. Franciscans.

They have brought the extreme unction.

Bra. On pain of death let no man name death to me ;

It is a word most infinitely terrible.

Withdraw into our cabinet.

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Flamineo.*]

Flam. To see what solitariness is about dying princes ! as heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorc'd friends, and made great houses unhospitable ; so now, O justice ! where are their flatterers now ? flatterers are but the shadows of princes bodies, the least thick cloud makes them invisible.

Fran. There's great moan made for him.

Brachiano on his death-bed is struck with a raving madness,—and Lodovico and Gasparo having been admitted to him in the habit of Capuchins, with crucifix and hallowed candle, throw off their disguise, and insult his dying agonies with reproaches and curses. Victoria enters just as they are strangling him, and Lodovico exclaims,

“ The snuff is out. No woman-keeper i' the world,

Tho' she had practis'd seven years at the pest-house,

Could have don't quaintier.

Omnès. Rest to his soul !

Vit. O me ! this place is hell.

The whole of this scene is distinguished by that sort of wild, grotesque, fantastical, and extravagant horror in which the strength of Webster lies—and which, in spite of ourselves, strikes us with the same feelings that are produced in real life by some strange and unnatural murder.

Previous to this catastrophe, Flamineo, the wicked son of Cornelia, had, in a fit of demoniacal passion, slain his brother Marcello. Few scenes in dramatic poetry surpass the following in pathos :

Fran. I met even now with the most pitteous sight.

Flam. Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful Degraded courtier.

Fran. Your reverend mother

Is grown a very old woman in two hours.

I found them winding of Marcello's corse ;

And there is such a solemn melody,

'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies ;

Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,

Were wont to outwear the nights with ; that, believe me,

I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,

They were so overcharg'd with water.

Flam. I will see them.

Fran. 'Twere much uncharity in you : for your sight

Will add unto their tears.

Flam. I will see them,

They ate behind the traverse. I'll discover

Their superstitious howling.

Cornelia, the Moor, and three other ladies, discovered, winding Marcello's corse. A song.

Cor. This rosemary is wither'd, pray get fresh ;

I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,

I'll tie a garland here about his head :

'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet

I have kept this twenty years, and every day Hallow'd it with my prayers ; I did not think He should have wore it.

Moor. Look you, who are yonder ?

Cor. O reach me the flowers,

Moor. Her ladyship's foolish.

Woman. Alas ! her grief

Hath turn'd her child again.

Cor. You're very welcome.

There's rosemary for you, and rue for you.

[*To Flamineo.*]

Heart's-ease for you. I pray makemuch of it, I have left more for myself.

Fran. Lady, who's this ?

Cor. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.

Flam. So.

Moor. 'Tis Flamineo.

Cor. Will you make me such a fool ? here's a white hand :

Can blood so soon be wash'd out ? let me see, Whenscreetch-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,

And the strange cricket i'th' oven sings and hops,

When yellow spots do on your hands appear, Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.

Out upon't, how 'tis speckled ! h'as handl'd a toad sure,

Cowslip water is good for the memory : pray buy me three ounces of't.

Flam. I would I were from hence.

Cor. Do you hear, sir ?

I'll give you a saying which my grand-mother Was wont, when she heard the bell, to sing o'er unto her lute.

Flam. Do and you will, do.

Cornelia doth this in several forms of distraction.

Cor. Call for the robin-red-breast, and the wren,

*Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto this funeral dole*

*The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm,*

But keep the wolf far thence: that's foe to men,

*For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel;*

But I have an answer for them.

*Let holy church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church-tithes truly.*

*His wealth is summ'd, and this is all his store,
This poor men get, and great men get no more,*

*Now the wares are gone, we may shut up.
Bless you all good people.*

[*Exit Cornelia and ladies.*]

Flam. I have a strange thing in me, to the which

I cannot give a name, without it be Compassion. I pray leave me [*Exit Fran.* This night I'll know the utmost of my fate, I'll be resolv'd what my rich sister means T'assign me for my service: I have liv'd Riotously ill, like some that live in court. And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,

Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast, Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures try, "We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry."

Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet. What a mockery hath death made thee! thou look'st sad.

Enter Brachiano's ghost, with a pot of lily-flowers, with a skull in't. The ghost throws earth upon him, and shews him the skull.

In what place art thou? in yon starry gallery? Or in the cursed dungeon?—no! not speak! Pray, sir, resolve me, what religion's best For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge

To answer me how long I have to live?

That's the most necessary question.

Not answer? are you still, like some great men

That only walk like shadows up and down, And to no purpose: say—

What's that? O fatal! he throws earth upon me,

A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers. I pray speak, sir; our Italian church-men Make us believe, dead men hold conference With their familiars; and many times Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.

[*Exit ghost.*]

He's gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanish'd.

This is beyond melancholy; I do dare my fate To do its worst. Now to my sister's lodging, And sum up all these horrors; the disgrace The prince threw on me, next the piteous sight Of my dead brother; and my mother's dotage; And last this terrible vision: all these Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good, Or I will drown this weapon in their blood.

There is little more in the play. Lodovico, instigated by Francisco, slays Flamineo and Vittoria—and so ends this irregular, confused, and unequal drama, of which we have scarcely found it possible to give any intelligible idea, but of which the excellence consists almost entirely in the passages which we have quoted.

There is great power in this drama, and even much fine poetry,—but, on the whole, it shocks rather than agitates, and the passion is rather painful than tragical. There are, in truth, some scenes that altogether revolt and disgust,—and mean, abandoned, and unprincipled characters occupy too much of our attention throughout the action of the play. There is but little imagination breathed over the passions of the prime agents, who exhibit themselves in the bare deformity of evil,—and scene follows scene of shameless profligacy, unredeemed either by great intellectual energy, or occasional burstings of moral sensibilities. The character of Vittoria Corombona, on which the chief interest of the drama depends, is sketched with great spirit and freedom,—but though true enough to nature, and startling by her beauty and her wickedness, we feel that she is not fit to be the chief personage of tragedy, which ought ever to deal only with great passions, and with great events. There is, however, a sort of fascination about this "White Devil of Venice," which accompanies her to the fatal end of her career,—and something like admiration towards her is awakened by the dauntless intrepidity of her death.

I will not in my death shed one base tear, Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.

H. M.

ON THE GREAT MADONNA OF DRESDEN.

[*Translated from a MS. Letter of the BARON VON LAUERWINKEL.*]

* * * * *

IT is pleasant to hear modern painters talk of the want of subjects for their

art. They are barren, and so were the poets of the last age. They have but to follow the footsteps of those divine spirits, who have rekindled the sleeping torches of Milton, Dante, Tasso, Guarini. The Muses must all be wooed, but they may all be won.

That secret which was coeval with the native glory of the Greeks, was recovered, after the lapse of ages, by the rising genius of the Italians. The aspirations of man are godlike; and the soul of art is religion. In Greece, indeed, to arrive at this centre-point of excellence, required neither the reflection of the profound, nor the inspiration of the happy. The gods themselves were Greeks; and the first movements of the heart, which are always patriotic, taught men, whose very temperament was genius, to embody—not to adorn—those personifications of might and beauty, which they regarded at once with the love of children and the reverence of worshippers. But beautiful as was that mythology, in which the countrymen of Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles believed, the power of the true faith is deeper. Its dealings are not with citizens, but with men. It grapples with the most artificial doubtless, but it is entwined with the most natural emotions. The painters of Italy arose in a happy age, when enthusiasm was not opposed, but wedded to wisdom—when devotion was the element of every grave spirit—when majestic intellects poured out the adoration of genius before unpolluted altars, in temples whose solemnity was beauty. The original conformation of the mind was not, indeed, obscured, amidst all its abandonment to a common faith. The stern found enough of grandeur, the mild enough of loveliness, in their religion. The “red fire and smouldering clouds” of Sinai, the dreamlike combats of Armageddon, the holy terrors of the Judgment, seized and possessed the souls of Mantegna and Buonarrotti. The softer spirits of Raphael and Correggio were subdued by the calmer but not less majestic mysteries of grief and mercy. The oracles are twofold, and the awful as well as the gentle voice found its interpreters.

The sentiment in which the early predilection originated, being founded in the purest and most sacred recesses of the mind, became a part of the intellectual existence of the artist.

The passion could not be extirpated; nay, scarcely could it be weakened. From youth to age he cultivated the same feelings, and he devoted, in every gradation of their strength, growing and expanding powers, to embody the same hopes, the same fears, the same aspirations.

The child was father of the man,
And he did wish his days to be
Bound each to each in natural piety.

The painter never grew weary of his subjects, for these, we should remember, were expressive not so much of tangible events, which may be told once and for ever, as of those great allegories of nature and religion, which are always alike beautiful, alike inexhaustible, alike new. In the subjects which he painted over and over again, the devoted artist was ever discovering new charms; his affection for them increased, instead of diminishing, by familiarity. The modern painter grows weary of his glaring, imposing, phantastic, unintelligible subjects, as a man does of rambling about from one gaudy heartless mistress to another. The love of the ancient was of a more connubial character—more pure and reverent, and therefore more intense and more abiding.

It was thus that the most graceful soul which ever united the power of man with the gentleness of woman—that the divine Raphael himself loved, worshipped, and painted the Madonna. If there be any charity among Protestants, they must envy—at the least they must pardon—that most touching of all our superstitions—(since so they will call them)—our adoration of the Virgin. I shall not enter into any theological discussion; but I cannot believe that any thing is impious, whose tendency is so mild, so comforting, so full of all gentleness and all repose. The symbol at once of maidenly purity, maternal love, and humble faith—what were Venus, Diana, Minerva, Juno, to the Christian Madonna? If so be, as it has been tauntingly told us, that our fathers first prayed to the Virgin, out of a half unconscious longing after the creations of the Grecian fancy, surely it will not be denied, that Christianity has been with us even in our errors, and that the result has been at least a lovely dream—a dream a thousand times more lovely than ever Greek contemplated. Doubts of this nature,

however, touched not the spirit of Raphael. He was contented with beauty, and inquired not into authority. He placed the mother and the child together, and scrupled not to blend into indistinctness the separation between the holy and the divine.

It is a delightful study to trace, in the series of his Madonnas, the progress of the mind of Raphael. The earliest which I have seen is that known by the name of *La Giardiniera*. Here the mother of Christ is represented as in a garden with her child. Had Eve borne a son in Eden, she might so have been depicted. Innocence, happiness, simplicity, motherly gentleness are there, but the Virgin is earthly in her aspect. Her eyes glow with the consciousness of a human passion. It is the beautiful mistress of Raphael. She is such a creature as Italy might be proud of, but she is too luxurious of visage for the mother of the Messiah. It may, however, be pardoned to him who died in the embrace of love, that his passion should have so far blinded his intellect, as to make him insensible for a moment to the mere humanity of his beloved.

The exquisite Madonna *dello Silenzio* is likewise a portrait, but the expression and attitude are conceived in a higher mood than those of the *Giardiniera*. The crown upon the head, and the symbolical colours of the drapery, mingle well with the modest coldness of the physiognomy. The beauty is that of a Naiad, the dignity surpasses not that of a Vestal.

It was in the great Madonna di Bologna (which has now been for more than half a century at Dresden) that the genius of Raphael attained its perfect triumph. Michael Angelo said, reproachfully, that he was *a fine miniature-painter*. But whoever had suspected that his passion for the beautiful might be inconsistent with the mastery of grandeur, must have been reclaimed from his error by one glance at this ethereal vision. I have trembled amidst the colossal forms of the Capella Sistina; I have gazed with a softer but not less profound emotion on the Venus and the Apollo; but no production, either of painting or sculpture—nay, I may add poetry to these—ever at once melted and elevated my mind with the sudden, irresistible, majestic, and yet soothing power of this Madonna. Whatever there is of

pleasing in beauty, of calming in modesty, of touching in sorrow, of commanding in majesty—all are poured out and blended together in this dithyrambic effusion of the spirit of Raphael. They who condemn our church for making art minister to piety, will recant their cold creed at the feet of the Madonna. The unbidden language of every heart, the expression of every tearful stedfast eye, gives the lie to doubt, and speaks triumphantly in submission—*Ave Maria, Mater Dei, Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*.

Who, after gazing upon such a picture, could talk of drawing, grouping, colouring, chiaroscuro,—contemplate separately what are glorious only in union,—or make room for disquisition where there should be no place, save only for reverent, for silent admiration? The spirit of criticism stands rebuked in the presence of genius. We must give up our souls to the master in his hour of might. To be humble is all that is requisite to be wise.

The “wedded maid and virgin mother” holds high in her pale arms her awful child. She is robed in a mantle of sapphire-blue, whose extremities vanish among grey mysterious clouds. Her pure unsandalled feet scarcely touch the cold earth beneath her. Her braided hair, of the softest brown, parts lightly on her calm forehead, and mingles with a sober solemn veil of regal purple. Her eyes are not cold and blue like those of Minerva—not black and proud like Juno’s,—they are of lucid crystal grey, shaded with long tender eye-lashes, and lids such as Raphael only drew, serene and steadfast as might befit a mother and a queen.

Looks commercing with the skies,
The rapt soul sitting in her eyes.

The Divinity is there; but it is incarnate divinity. He is not circled with the clear blue of the native empyrean,—he has descended to earth, and the misty atmosphere of the region of sorrows is around him. The clouds are dark above, below, and beside the Saviour; their only light is derived from the holy visitant, and that light is dim. Nevertheless, how majestic in his humiliation! He is wrapped in the darkness of our low vapours; but he is still the same “who boweth the heavens, and doth fly upon the

wings of the winds." The hair is already dark in his ringlets and eyebrows; innocence, gravity, majesty, are in his infant eyes. The wisdom of eternity is mingled with the emblems of childhood. The young affection of the mother is blended with the adoring reverence of a seraph. Her virgin bosom is an altar, her milk is a sacrifice. In Mary's eyes there is the meek gladness of one that feels and believes, but does not foresee. In those of Jesus, calm though they be, and kingly, there sits a prophetic pensiveness—a something which can belong only to him who is to be "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

There are a few beautiful cherub heads seen hovering indistinctly among the darkening shadows of the back ground; but these are a quiet retinue: they break not the repose and solitude which reign over the scene. The clouds themselves seem to be poised in solemn masses,—the robes of the virgin fall like those of a statue,—no breath of wind dares to ruffle the unbroken stillness of this presence. The conception of Raphael resembles that of the kindred spirit of Milton.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their Sovereign Lord
was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now had quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

This is the last and greatest of the many Madonnas of Raphael, the painter of woman,—the most Christian of painters. I have not described it, I have only mused upon its majesty. There are few things to which I could have willingly turned from its contemplation; but I was scarcely conscious of transition in looking round to the portrait of Raphael himself—so mild, so beautiful, so princely, smiling gravely on the world which he loved, although above it, in "sober cheer." The talkers dispute concerning his

merits; some place his excellence in design, others adore him for grace, a third set esteem him as the greatest master of the ideal. I believe that they are all in the right so far; but that the essential characteristic of his genius was its universality. Other painters devote long lives to their art, and leave behind them fine monuments of it, for the most part of one species. This prince of painters started at once to glory; having conquered one province of his art, he immediately invaded another, till none remained unsubmitted to his power. He has filled the world with his works—with easel paintings more graceful than Buonarrotti's, and frescos as sublime as Buonarrotti's. What a high, and, at the same time, what a humiliating thought, that this man should have died at thirty! So did Alexander. It would not be easy to find a third, worthy of being associated with these early-dead.

The image of Raphael's Madonna can never pass from my memory. I desire not to see her often,—those divine lineaments are ever present to my view. Her meek grace has taken possession of my bosom with an unobtrusive and indelible sway. Should I live for ages, those grey virgin eyes would still haunt me in visions, those dim wreathed clouds would still seem to expand before my sleeping eye, and give me glimpses of that holy loveliness. The earth was never trod by such a creature;—to have seen her is to have been nearer to the heavens.

*I' vidi in terra angelici costumi
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole,
Tal, che di rimembrar mi giova e duole.*

LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH OFFICER
TO A FRIEND IN LIVERPOOL.

MY DEAR SIR,

Of all the scenes I ever witnessed in this or any other country, that of yesterday was, beyond comparison, the most sublime. Indeed, it is vain for me to attempt its description, as it is beyond the power of language to do it any thing like justice; but as I promised to write to you of whatever should, from time to time, befall me, in this life of war and wandering, I cannot think of allowing this to pass

unnoticed. Waving all apology, therefore, for the insufficiency of language, I shall proceed at once with my narrative.

The brigade of the army to which I belong, composing part of the left of the force which covered the siege of St Sebastians, had been encamped for some time in the pass of Irun. The scenery around was grand and beautiful in the extreme, of which I must give you some little account, that you may, as far as possible, enter with me into the feelings which I am about to describe. Towards the coast, the Pyrenees, as you know, are of a much milder aspect than farther in the interior. Still they are lofty enough to strike even an inhabitant of the mountainous parts of Scotland or Wales with awe and wonder, and to me, who am unaccustomed to any thing beyond the green hills of England, they appeared quite stupendous. A little way in front of where we were encamped runs the Bidassoa, at present the line of separation between the French and allied armies. Of this, however, we could get a few glimpses only by ascending some of the surrounding eminences, otherwise the hills, towering one above the other, shut it entirely from our view. Close to our camp was the high road, which wound through the pass between mountains of a prodigious length and grandeur. Those on the right of the road are particularly sublime, but on the left they are gradually softened away, till they reach the sea. Bold and precipitous as they are, they are on both sides finely wooded, nor can any thing have a more striking effect than the manner in which their bare and rugged rocks jut out from among the forests which cover their sides. About eight miles in our rear lay the beleaguered town, of which, from our elevated situation, we commanded the most distinct view, and upon which the eyes and attention of all were now most anxiously turned, as being the only obstacle to our immediate entrance into France.

The new breach being at length deemed practicable, it was resolved that the storming of St Sebastians should take place on the 26th. Every preparation was accordingly made, and as the besieging army had suffered severely already, it was determined to reinforce it with volunteers and de-

tached corps from the other divisions. On this service, I, among others, was ordered, and marched on the 25th for the purpose. Having but a short way to go, we reached our place of destination early in the day, the remainder of which was spent by my superiors in reconnoitering the different points of attack, and by me in making preparations against the worst which might befall on the morrow. My preparations, however, as it turned out, were all unnecessary, an order arriving in the evening for our detachment to return to its former position; as a sufficient number of troops had already come up, and our assistance was of consequence unnecessary. We therefore lay down to sleep with feelings of mixed regret and satisfaction; regret that we should not share in the dangers and honour of the day, and satisfaction that we had the probability of wearing our heads upon our shoulders, at least for some time longer. Next morning we commenced our march back towards the front, and certainly the scene I that day witnessed beggars all description. The clouds, when we set out, were lowering and dark, and gave an air of awful magnificence to the naturally sublime scenery around us, which no one but an eye-witness can imagine. There was not a breath of wind, and nature herself seemed to be waiting in dreadful expectation of what was soon to follow. As we proceeded, a few passing gusts whirled the dust into the air, and shook the branches of the trees; and some large drops of rain fell, as it were, to warn us of the coming storm. By-and-by, we thought we could distinguish the sound of distant thunder, and what with the expectation of a hurricane, and the certainty that the storming would speedily begin, there was not, I assure you, a man who did not hold his breath, as if he were fearful that the slightest noise would betray him to some unseen danger. Whilst we were moving on in this state at an ordinary pace, we were met by a mounted officer at full speed, who urged us to make all the haste possible, as the enemy had attacked our line. This information was soon confirmed, for at every step the sound of firing became more and more distinct. Our pace was now quickened to the utmost, and we were soon in advance of our former encampment. Here an aid-

de-camp met us, and under his guidance we proceeded to the top of a height on the right of the road, where we were ordered to remain till wanted. Had I myself wished to select a spot from which to have the most perfect view, both of the front and rear, this was the place on which I should have fixed. We were in rear of the Spanish troops, which were now hotly engaged, and could distinctly see both them and the town; and you may imagine the state of our feelings, who appeared to be the only inactive persons in the whole scene. As yet all was quiet towards St Sebastians, but we had scarcely taken up our position, when the storm, which had been brooding over us all day, burst forth. It was without exception the most tremendous I ever beheld. The peals of thunder completely drowned the roar of artillery, and the vivid lightning shewed us every thing so distinctly for a moment, that, during its intervals, we could distinguish little else than the flashes of the guns. Things had been in this state for about an hour, when, on turning towards St Sebastians, we saw that there also the work of death had begun. The whole town appeared to be vomiting forth flames; and at every pause of the thunder the sound of firing succeeded. No words can picture what were now my sensations. I stood upon the top of a hill, and saw before me the French repeatedly endeavouring to take possession of heights, which might be safely considered impregnable; behind me the British assaulted, with the most determined courage, a town of great strength, and most resolutely defended; and the very clouds above me warring in the most tremendous manner. Take along with you, likewise, the place in which I was, in the midst of some of the grandest scenery in the world, and you will believe me, when I say that my feelings were wrought up to such a pitch, that it would have been quite impossible to have borne them long. For two hours, however, this continued, when a mine sprung in St Sebastians, the effect of which was beyond every thing. The storm had begun to abate, and the French, repulsed at every assault, appeared now to be on the eve of retiring. The firing at least had become more interrupted, and there seemed to be a better opportunity for something sudden

and awful than had yet been. At this moment the mine sprung with a dreadful explosion, and I am sure that, for at least three minutes after, there was a death-like pause. Not a shot was fired, either at the town or in the front, and the very elements were still, as if they waited for the issue. The pause, however, was but short. The British dashed through the smoke and ruins of the mine, and for a little while the sound of their battle was as loud as ever; the French made one more desperate charge, and the sky sent forth one other lengthened volley of thunder.

It was the last effort of all. The town was taken,—the enemy were routed,—and the storm died away, giving place to a heavy fall of rain. I cannot say whether the roar which had hitherto sounded in our ears, or the perfect silence which ensued, was the most horrible. It seemed as if every one, who, but a few minutes before, had been so busily employed, were swept from the face of the earth, and that we alone were left to tell that such things had been. From the nature of the country, we soon lost sight of that part of both armies which had been engaged; and in St Sebastians, nothing was now to be seen but the smoke ascending from the burning houses. The rain, too, now fell in such torrents, that I could not with any comfort remain longer without shelter. I accordingly returned to my tent, with a mind too much agitated to be at ease, but could not help saying, that I would rather have lived that one day, than two years of quiet insipidity in England.

August 27th 1813.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.*

THIS is an historical novel, illustrative of the character of our countrymen towards the middle, or somewhat earlier, of the last century. This species of composition has its advantages and disadvantages, in the course which it marks out for the writer, and the in-

* Tales of My Landlord, Second Series, (containing the story entitled *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*); collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, Schoolmaster and Parish-Clerk of Gandercleugh, 4 vols 12mo. Edinburgh, Constable & Co.

terest it excites in the reader. It is interesting from bringing before us traditional facts, which we have read or heard of in our earlier days, and which now present themselves to us with a pensive and tender remembrance, which we love to cherish in maturer years. It is confined by this circumstance, however, to certain prescribed limits, as it must not trespass too far beyond the bounds of what we have always acknowledged as historical truth.

This author has already given us what may be called a modern historical novel, in the story of *Rob Roy*. We ought, perhaps, to beg Mr *Cleishbotham's* pardon for taking a liberty against which he protests in his preface, of ascribing the present work to the author of *Rob Roy*. But we pay little regard to the sincerity of Mr *Cleishbotham's* indignant remonstrance. At the affirmations of authors or editors, as "at lovers' vows, Jove laughs," and even the printers' devils smile at their fallacy. The reader will find such strong resemblances in these volumes to the former productions of the author of *Waverley*, as to leave him little doubt of their being works of the same hand. Indeed we are inclined to find some fault with the resemblance, in as far as the author borrows from himself. There is, in the present tale, *doubles* (to borrow a theatrical term) of his *Meg Merrilies*, his *Burleigh*, and his *Fisherman's Old Mother*, brought down, indeed, from the heroic eminence on which their former characters stood, but with the same tone of sentiment, the same turn of thought, the same feelings, or the same want of feelings, which characterized those striking and truly dramatic personages.

Its title, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," is a cant appellation for the prison or tolbooth of Edinburgh, as it existed at the date of this narrative, and indeed till within these some months, when it found a different site. Many shocking incidents are connected with a prison so long employed in the confinement of some of the principal persons in a country, and at periods eminently productive of scenes both of public and private interest. Of these one is selected as the basis of this novel,—the story of *Captain Porteous*, a story deeply registered in the memory of many now living, some

few of whom witnessed, and others had an account of that transaction, not long after it happened, from persons connected with the actors or the sufferers; a transaction which characterized a Scots mob for the firmness of its purpose, the secrecy of its preparations, and the unbribable fidelity of its associates. On this remarkable event the author has founded his story, and, in the superstructure, its connexion with *Porteous's* mob is so far kept up, as to form part of a plan suggested, but not adopted, for making the discovery of the principal actor in that conspiracy (if it may be called by that name), a means of producing an important effect on the condition of some of the chief actors of his drama.

This story is told with almost strict historical accuracy and correctness, except in a few unimportant particulars, which, as they add nothing to the interest, and rather detract from the probability, are probably the result of the author's misinformation.

The hero of the piece, if he may be so called, is the leader of this mob. His name, in the beginning of the narrative, is *Robertson*, which was in truth the name of one of the two persons condemned to die for robbing a custom-house in Fife of their own smuggled goods seized and secured there, but who afterwards made his escape by the intrepid act of his associate, *Wilson*, who devoted himself to abide the sentence of the law, in order to save his companion, whom he conceived himself to have incited to the deed for which they were condemned to suffer. At *Wilson's* execution, *Porteous* apprehending, or pretending to apprehend, a rescue, fired cruelly and unnecessarily on the assembled crowd, and killed several innocent individuals. For this murder he was tried and condemned, but, on the eve of execution, obtained a pardon from *Queen Caroline*, then regent in the absence of the king in Hanover. This act of gross partiality and injustice, as it was conceived to be, so irritated the people, that a plan was formed to execute *Porteous*, in virtue of his sentence (notwithstanding of the *Queen's* pardon,) which was successfully accomplished by a series of management of the most artful kind. *Robertson*, to whom in the novel the character of leader of this mob is assigned, (with-

out any foundation in the real history of that event) and who takes this method of expiating the manes of his friend, is, as we have mentioned, one of the chief persons of this novel. Though dissipated, it may be said profligate, in conduct, he has winning and attractive qualities, which enable him to seduce a beautiful girl, the youngest daughter of *David Deans* (called *Douce Davie*, from the unbending puritanical severity of his character and demeanour), a wealthy cowfeeder in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. *Effie Deans*, this ill-fated daughter, was with child to this young man; but having never disclosed her pregnancy, and the child having disappeared, she was tried for its murder, of which, by a particular statute, she was presumed guilty, from that circumstance of concealment, which, of itself, without further proof, was sufficient for conviction and sentence of death of the offender. Her eldest sister, *Jeanie Deans*, was one of the witnesses cited for the exculpation of the prisoner; but with a rigid adherence to truth, which neither her warm affection for her sister, nor the persuasion nor the threats of her seducer, could overcome, gave her testimony against *Effie's* having ever told her situation even to her, and on that testimony the jury found her guilty, but earnestly recommended her to mercy.

A very remarkable circumstance, strictly historical in the story of *Porteous*, is, that the mob, preserving amidst their rage and thirst of revenge the sacred and solemn sentiment of religion, forced a clergyman, whom they met in the street, to officiate in prayer with their unhappy victim before his execution. This clergyman is personified in the Novel under the name of *Reuben Butler*, an infant companion of the heroine, *Jeanie Deans*, afterwards her faithful lover, and destined in the denouement to be her husband. He exerts himself in the service of this unfortunate family; and when *Jeanie*, with the firmness and intrepidity similar to that which charms the reader in the French story of *Elizabeth*, takes a journey to London to endeavour to procure a pardon for her sister, he furnishes her with a note of recommendation to *John Duke of Argyll*, then in the highest estimation of his country for his valour as a gen-

eral, and patriotism as a statesman, by whose intercession she at last obtains from the Queen the wished-for pardon. In the course of the story we learn, that the child of which *Effie Deans* was delivered, was taken away by a dissolute and desperate woman (the mother of another mistress of *Robertson's*), and supposed to be murdered by her, but in truth put into the hands of a smuggler and bandit, *Donachan Dhu*, by whom he is educated in the savage trade which this man carried on of smuggling and robbery. *Robertson* is, in truth, the son of a *Mr Staunton*, of a respectable and wealthy family in England, whom, like *Moor* in Schiller's tragedy of the Robbers, he had left to associate in the irregular courses of some dissolute young men,—as well as in the contraband trade which was carried on by *Wilson* and other persons on the coast of Scotland, against a revenue not then protected either by law, or such an armed force to enforce the law, as our later financiers have provided for the security of the revenue. After a variety of vicissitudes of fortune, *Staunton* becomes a baronet, the heir and representative of his family; marries *Effie Deans* and brings her to England, where the memory of his share in the affair of *Porteous* is forgotten, and traces his lost child in the person of a young ruffian, one of the outlaw *Donachan*. These banditti attack *Sir G. Staunton*, whom they suppose possessed of a large sum of money, and who, in the scuffle that ensues, is shot by his own son, ignorant of this person being his father. This young ruffian is afterwards taken by a party led by *Duncan Knock*, the Duke of *Argyle's* manager, or captain as he is called in that district, by whom the leader *Donachan* is killed in the rencounter, but the captive escapes by the indulgence of *Jeanie Deans*, and goes to America, where he is understood to die amongst a tribe of savages, to whom he had fled to escape punishment for an insurrection against his master. *Lady Staunton*, after the grief she feels for the unfortunate fall of her husband is allayed by time, leaves her relations in Scotland, with whom she had lived in seclusion, and removes to London to enjoy the gaiety of a wealthy widowhood, but never forgets her gratitude to her sister

Jeanie, who is married to Mr Butler, now possessed of a good Scots living by the kindness of the Duke of Argyle, and whom her liberality enables to purchase a small estate for her husband, whose virtues, as well as those of his wife, are rewarded by the happiness which the close of a novel generally distributes to its worthy characters.

Such is a brief outline of the story of this book, affording the field of action of its various personages. The most remarkable is Jeanie Deans, somewhat of a new character in novel writing, and certainly a very interesting one. Perhaps there is a little too much of it, as even with persons not very aristocratical, the attention may appear to be too long, and too diffusely called to the concerns of a cow-feeder and his daughter. Indeed, it must be remarked, that poetry (and we must claim the title of poetry for works like this) is of itself somewhat aristocratic. It is, as the poet said of Cæsar, "indocilis privati loqui," at least such was the critical creed of former times. A modern school has held a different line of orthodoxy, and carried the muse through all the back lanes and blind alleys, not only of low but of vulgar life. We humbly think, however, that in this process she has soiled her petticoats, if not dimmed her beauty.

If perhaps a little too much extended, however, the justice and keeping of the character is never lost or forgotten. It is preserved in situations very difficult to preserve it; and in this unity of character there is a merit additional to the skill of the artist, which is the excellent moral effect which the delineation presses on the mind of the reader. There is an undeviating rectitude, a conscientious discharge of duty, a sentiment of the purest piety, which run through every incident of Jeanie Deans' life and conduct, which every rank will feel their heart assent to and applaud; which from the most thoughtless will force the *bravo* of applause; from persons of sensibility will draw forth the tears of moral admiration and delight. In a situation of an unprecedented, we will not say of an improbable kind, Jeanie's conference with Queen Caroline, this moral and pious feeling is conspicuously displayed, in a speech

which we are sure we shall gratify our readers by quoting at large.

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, 'I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called up to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister—my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered!—She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can neither be ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Ledyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—O, my Liddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervined to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

"Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. 'Young woman,' she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife-case,' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; 'do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you that you had an interview with Queen Caroline.'

Every body will agree with the Queen, that "this is eloquence,"—eloquence of the truest kind, consist-

ing in the thoughts, not the mere language,—eloquence not of that far-fetched bombastic sort which some modern writers at the bar, as well as for the stage (“ay, and admired ones too,” as Hamlet says,) have adopted, but of the most simple and natural kind, and therefore equally affecting and sublime.

The father of *Jeanie*, David Deans, is a character which the author of *Waverley* has formerly exhibited, and which we believe his private reading enables him well to exhibit—a puritan of the 16th century at its close, and of the 17th at its beginning—stern, inflexible, and stubborn in what he conceives to be right, having scarce any of the milk of human kindness, or of the charities of social life, in his composition, and extending endurance, rather than attachment, only to a small sect of men as unfeeling and fanatical as himself. This character, true as it is to the place and time in which it is exhibited, presses rather too much, and too heavily, upon us in the course of this story.

The cant of the covenant, in which old Deans so largely deals, is a language which was indeed used by that sect more in the time in which the scene of this novel is laid than it is now, or than it was very soon after that period; but, like every other species of *slang*, rather disgusts, or at least tires, the reader, when it occurs so very often as it does in these volumes.

We think *Jeanie* Deans’s lover of the higher rank, the young laird of *Dumbiedikes*, is not so happily imagined or portrayed. He is so inferior to the *Will Wimble* of the *Spectator*, and the second brother of some other portrait painters, that we often feel a sort of uneasiness when he is brought upon the scene, and a relief as much as *Jeanie* does when he makes his exit. He is a timid rider, and lets his pony go where it likes, which is not at all a common nor a natural feature in those mere clodpoles, “*fruges consumere nati*,” who generally are (to use the expression of a coarse provincial wit, who was nearly of this character himself, only with a mixture of odd grotesque humour, which made him sometimes diverting,) “a beast among men, but a man among beasts.”

With another character, too, we are rather too often *trusted* (as the word

is used in some parts of this book), namely, *Saddletree*, the tradesman lawyer, who has got more real knowledge of good law than many of those young men who walk our Parliament-house with a two or three years old gown on their shoulders. It is rather out of the usual course of a tradesman’s eccentricities; and if so extravagant a lego-mania should seize an ignorant shopkeeper, he would make more mistakes than appear in the *dicta* of *Saddletree*, who seems to us to have either too much or too little sense, for the strange fancy he takes of giving law opinions without a fee, and pronouncing on cases before they come into court.

The fourth volume is rather *de trop*, as the French say, and we believe most readers wish that the greatest part of it had been spared. The winding up of a comedy or novel is generally despatched in a few pages, which are read rather with a languid assent than any interest in the events. The fortunately ending dramas, whether in the narrative or strictly dramatic form, are, we believe, now rather more the favourites of play and novel readers than they were in the times of Shakspeare or of Richardson; but this sunshiny denouement admits of little to move or to interest. We have some suspicion, that our good friend Mr Constable wished a fourth volume in the way of trade, that he might, with more shew of justice, charge the exorbitant price of £1, 12s. for a book which in former times would have been sold for little more than half that price. Modern publishers indeed publish for the aristocracy; and we would wish this highly popular author of *Waverley* to consider how many thousands of respectable readers, the prices of his books, and, beyond all the others, the price of this one, exclude from the perusal of his works. Nay, if we are to descend to so mean an object, we might say, that there is some doubt if, in the article of sale, there be so much profit from the exorbitant price at which the *Tales of my Landlord* are sold, as from a more moderate rate. People pause before they draw from their purses two guineas (though to get in eight shillings of change), though they might have laid down one with less calculation of the expense, and often trust to a loan or a reading from some richer friend,

of a book which at present they must read, in order to talk of, though they wisely think they need not buy to possess.

But though the fourth volume may in some sort be called unnecessary, a sort of *surplusage* in the language of the law of England, or, in the more elegant expression of Pope, "a needless Alexandrine to close the song;" yet there are parts of it with which one is so well pleased, as not to grudge reading the worsen parts to get at them.

One character is excellently conceived, as well as strongly brought out, that of *Duncan Knock*, the Duke of Argyle's captain above mentioned. It is the exact portrait of such a Highland functionary,—zealous for the interest of his principal, and not inattentive to his own,—highly obsequious to his chief, and requiring obsequiousness to himself—as the poet says, "giving and stealing odours."

Some of the minor characters are entitled to a proportionate degree of praise, such as *Sharpitlaw*, the procurator-fiscal, and *Fairservice*, the clerk; indeed, as to these, there would be no political or moral anachronism, in applying, to their successors in office, the same official qualities and dispositions with which this author has invested them in the earlier half of the last century.

The madness of *Madge Wildfire* is pushed rather far, and, if not unnatural, is at least somewhat overcharged, and not sparingly enough introduced. Insanity, as a disease, is always disgusting,—or, if not disgusting, it has a sacredness about it, like all other inflictions of Heaven, which should save it from being unnecessarily exhibited. In works like the present, it should only be exhibited in short and broken snatches, coloured by the ruling passion, or the ruling incidents, in the fate of the party. Such is that striking but terrible speech of this maniac, when conducting the clerk of the magistrates in pursuit of Robertson, to *Muschat's Cairn*, so called from one *Muschat* having murdered his wife on that spot.

" 'And what sort o' house does Nicol Muschat and his wife keep now?' said Ratcliffe to the mad woman, by way of humouring her vein of folly; 'they were but thrawn folk lang syne, an' a' tales be true.'"

" 'Ou, ay, ay, ay—but a's forgotten

now,' replied Madge, in the confidential tone of a gossip giving the history of her next-door neighbour—'Ye see I spoke to them myself, and tauld them byganes suld be byganes—her throat's sair misguggled and mashackered though; she wears her corpse-sheet drawn weel up to hide it, but that canna hinder the bluid seeping through, ye ken. I wussed her to wash it in St Anthony's Well, and that will cleanse, if ony thing can—But they say bluid never bleaches out o' linen claiith—Deacon Sanders's new cleansing draps winna do't—I tried them mysell on a bit rag we hae at hame, that was mailed wi' the bluid of a bit skirling wean that was hurt some gate, but out it winna come—Weel, ye'll say that's queer: but I will bring it out to St Anthony's blessed well some braw night just like this, and I'll cry up Ailie Muschat, and she and I will hae a grand bouking-washing, and bleach our claise in the beams of the bonny Lady Moon, that's far pleasanter to me than the sun—the sun's ower het, and ken ye, cummers, my brains are het enough already. But the moon, and the dew, and the night-wind, they are just like a callar kail-blade laid on my brow; and whiles I think the moon just shines on purpose to pleasure me, when naebody sees her but mysell.'

"This raving discourse she continued with prodigious volubility, walking on at a great pace, and dragging Ratcliffe along with her—while he endeavoured, in appearance at least, if not in reality, to induce her to moderate her voice.

"All at once, she stopped short upon the top of a little hillock, gazed upward fixedly, and said not one word for the space of five minutes. 'What the devil is the matter with her now?' said Sharpitlaw to Ratcliffe—'Can you not get her forward?'

" 'Ye maun just take a grain o' patience wi' her, sir,' said Ratcliffe. 'She'll no gae a foot faster than she likes hersel.'

" 'D—n her, I'll take care she has her time in Bedlam or Bridewell, or both, for she's both mad and mischievous.' In the meanwhile, Madge, who had looked very pensive when she first stopped, suddenly burst into a vehement fit of laughter, then paused and sighed bitterly,—then was seized with a second fit of laughter,—then fixed her eyes on the moon, lifted up her voice, and sung,—

'Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;

I prithee, dear moon, now show to me

The form and the features, the speech and degree,

Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

'But I need not ask that of the bonny Lady Moon—I ken that weel enough mysel—true-love though he wasna—But naebody shall say that I ever tauld a word about the matter—But whiles I wish the bairn had lived—Weel, God guide us, there's a hea-

ven aboon us a'—(here she sighed bitterly) and a bonny moon, and sterner in thy forbye'—(and here she laughed once more)."

The snatches of songs sung by this poor deranged girl, will call immediately to the recollection of the reader the same sort of warning strains sung by the unfortunate female, widowed by *Roderick Dow* for apprising the hero of the *Lady of the Lake* of his danger under the conduct of one of the clansmen of that Highland chief.

The eulogium of the Duke of Argyle is no more than just; and we feel indebted to the author for recalling, to the recollection of this age, one of the worthies of the last, of whom Scotland may fairly boast, both as a statesman and a soldier—a statesman without guile, and a soldier without fear.

Where strong emotion or deep feeling inspires the language of this author, it is not less appropriate than forcible—congenial to the rank as well as the situation of the speaker; but where there is no higher object than the ordinary occurrences of life, he is not so happy in adapting the dialogue to the situation of the speaker, when such person is above the common rank. In the Duke of Argyle's communication with the queen, he is peculiarly happy in the style of the conversation; it is such as a well-bred nobleman may hold with his sovereign; but in the lesser dialogues of the duke, and the duke's family, with Jeanie Deans, there is not quite so much propriety; a certain degree of vulgarity finds place in it, to which persons of that rank in society never descend. Their deportment and language is the ordinary costume of their lives, put on as naturally, and with as little effort, as the star and ribbon with which their sovereign has graced them, and which they never forget, except amidst the violence of passion, or the discomposure of some untoward and distressing incident.

In the graphic description of scenery, the author of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* shews the same power of eye and of pencil as in his former works. Take, for an example, the description of a place which his Edinburgh readers will recognise at once.

"If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild walk winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks, called

Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form, which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon; now, a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the varied and picturesque ridge of the Pentland mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime subjects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied,—so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime,—is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches nearer to enchantment. This path used to be my favourite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favourite author, or new subject of study. It is, I am informed, now become totally impassable,—a circumstance which, if true, reflects little credit on the taste of the Good Town or its leaders."

The following also is a portrait, true to the minutest feature, of the house of a laird of moderate fortune in the Lowlands of Scotland, at the period of this story.

"Dumbiedikes was what is called in Scotland a *single* house; that is, having only one room occupying its whole breadth, each of which single apartments was illuminated by six or eight cross lights, whose diminutive panes and heavy frames permitted scarce so much light to enter as shines through one well-constructed modern window. This inartificial edifice, exactly such as a child would build with cards, having a steep roof flagged with coarse grey-stone instead of slates; a half-circular turret, battlemented, or, to use the appropriate phrase, bartizan'd on the top, served as a case for a narrow turnpike-stair, by which an ascent was gained from storey to storey; and at the bottom of the said turret, was a door studded with large-headed nails. There was no lobby at the bottom of the tower, and scarce a landing-place opposite to the doors which gave access to the apartments. One or two low and dilapidated out-houses, connected by a court-yard-wall equally ruinous, surrounded the mansion. The court had been paved, but the flags being partly displaced, and partly renewed, a gallant crop of docks and thistles sprung up

between them; and the small garden, which opened by a postern through the wall, seemed not to be in a much more orderly condition. Over the low-arched gateway, which led into the yard, there was a carved stone, exhibiting some attempt at armorial bearings; and above the inner entrance hung, and had hung for many years, the mouldering hatchment, which announced unquhile Laurence Dumie, of Dumbiedikes, had been gathered to his fathers in Newbattle kirk-yard. The approach, to this palace of pleasure, was by a road formed by the rude fragments of stone gathered from the land, and it was surrounded by ploughed, but uninclosed land. Upon a baulk, that is an unploughed ridge of land interposed among the corn, the laird's trusty palfrey was tethered by the head, and picking a meal of grass. The whole argued neglect and discomfort; the consequence, however, of idleness and indifference, not of poverty."

There is equal feeling and descriptive skill in the following picture of a rural scene.

"In pursuing her solitary journey, our heroine, soon after passing the house of Dumbiedikes, gained a little eminence, from which, on looking to the eastward, down a prattling brook, whose meanders were shaded with straggling willows and alder trees, she could see the cottages of Woodend and Beersheba, the haunts and habitation of her early life, and could distinguish the common on which she had so often herded sheep, and the recesses of the rivulet where she had pulled rushes with Butler, to plait crowns and sceptres for her sister Effie, then a beautiful, but spoiled child, of about three years old. The recollections which the scene brought with them were so bitter, that, had she indulged them, she would have sate down and relieved her heart with tears.

"'But I kenn'd,' said Jeanie, 'that greeting would do but little good, and that it was mair beeseeming to thank the Lord, that had shewed me kindness and countenance by means of a man, that mony ca'ed a Nabal and churl, but wha was free of his gudes to me as ever the fountain was free of the stream. And I minded the Scripture about the sin of Israel at Mirebah, when the peopled murmured, although Moses had brought water from the dry rock, that the congregation might drink and live. Sae, I wad not trust mysell with another look at poor Woodend, for the very blue reek that came out of the lum-head pat me in mind of the change of market-days with us.'"

The illustrations or similes are generally forcible and appropriate, both to the person who speaks, and the subject spoken of, though sometimes, in attention to this principle, rather coarse and offensive. Such is that of sowfceding covenanting *Deans*, on the

character of the clergyman, *Butler*, whom he censured for trusting too much to human learning, and relying too little on the prompting of the spirit.

"'But,' added he, at seeing the old woman's uneasiness at his discourse, 'affliction may gi'e him a jagg, and let the wind out o' him as out o' a cow that's eaten wet clover, and the lad may do weel, and be a burning and a shining light; and I trust it will be yours to see, and his to feel it, and that soon.'"

Such homely passages, though strictly characteristic, are perhaps too often introduced. These are certain simple coarse kinds of fare which delight the most refined palates at times, but they would be disgusted by a daily meal of them.

In the construction of his fable, the author of this tale, as in his other works, is not so happy as in its details. Perhaps he writes too rapidly to entitle us to expect that species of excellence in his productions. Strokes of nature or of passion, in which every one must allow him to excel, may be struck off, in the vulgar phrase, at a heat; but the structure of a story requires deliberate thought, a proper adjustment of parts, a progressive development of events.

We would humbly advise this author, if we may advise one so justly celebrated (nor indeed have we ever found authors of any rank very open to advice), to be less hasty in publishing; it is tempting, perhaps, to take advantage of the public enthusiasm, as we may call it, about his works, not to suffer the ardour of its admiration to cool, or the beneficial consequences of its favour to cease; but there is some danger of lessening that admiration, and of provoking the censure of the less liberal among his readers. He must not forget how much he has to lose in fame, nor suffer himself to forget that amidst any calculations of profit. He must not purchase a pendicle or *poffle* of land (vide Mr Cleishbotham's introduction) at the expense of a pendicle or *poffle* of reputation. The more candid among his readers will say, in the good-natured words of the ancient critic, "*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*" The less favourable will "damn with faint praise, and hesitate dislike;" the more insidious and bolder detractors will broadly state, that the author of *Waverly* is "writing himself down."

PROPOSED REFORM OF THE BEGGAR'S
OPERA.

As we believe ourselves to have been exclusively favoured with the outline of this celebrated opera in its intended expurgated form, we conceive it our duty to immediately submit the same to the public, "without note or comment," in order that every individual may make up his own unbiassed opinion on its merits. We shall barely preface it by observing, that the plan seems to be of a much more extensive nature than the public was at first given to understand, amounting to a total change in the object and construction of the piece. The principal character is perhaps too manifestly founded on Miss H. More's excellent romance of "Cælebs."

Sir George Woodberry, a young gentleman of very considerable property in the west of England, a Member of Parliament, and of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, adorned with the most elegant and refined manners, and endowed with a true and lively sense of religion, happening by accident to meet with Miss Polly Peach'em in the Hampstead stage, and entering into conversation on the state of the weather, becomes enamoured of the beauties of her mind, and asks permission to visit her at her father's house. This proposal the lovely young creature, actuated by a lively sense of shame for the profligacy of her parents, finds herself obliged to decline; but Sir George, by some means which are unexplained, divining her real motive, becomes only the more seriously desirous of improving the acquaintance thus commenced, for the purpose of rescuing her from a situation so revolting to female purity, and so dangerous to those principles of piety which it seems had been early instilled into her by the precepts and example of a respectable maiden aunt, now deceased. While revolving in his mind the means of putting into execution this worthy design, he happens to be attacked one night, as he is returning on foot from a charitable visit to a poor sick man of the name of Moriton, in the neighbourhood of Bagnigge Wells, by a couple of foot-pads, whom, with singular dexterity and courage, he disarms, and, putting one to flight, forces the other to surrender at discretion; and brings him

back, a prisoner, to Moriton's house. He here conceives the first design of that which forms the subsequent plot of the opera. It happens that the Captain Ruffian is the identical Captain Macheath, whom Sir George, on condition of preserving his forfeit life, induces to instruct him in all the mysteries of his profession, so as to enable him to perform the part which he has recently determined to fill. Thus instructed, he introduces himself to Mr Peach'em, having previously ascertained that that worthy character was *personally* unacquainted with the Captain, although he had had frequent communications with him in the way of trade. Having frequent opportunities, under his assumed character, of improving the acquaintance with Miss Polly, so casually begun, and finding her, upon further intimacy, all that he had been led to expect from the first favourable impression, he makes his addresses to her in the character he has assumed, and is not a little pleased to witness the virtuous obstinacy with which she refuses to listen to them unless he shall first assure her of having abandoned his evil course of life. For the purpose of furthering this desired object, she is, however, prevailed upon to *pretend* to her parents that she is clandestinely married to him; and the instrument employed to bring this part of the project to bear, is a young man of good family and connexions, but of a roving and unsettled character, who has been disinherited by his father, and reduced, from distress, to associate with thieves and pickpockets, under the assumed name of Filch.

The further part of the plot is undertaken by Sir George Woodberry, in conjunction with this young man (whom he has benevolently included in his proposed views of general reformation and happiness), for the immediate purpose of trying the love and constancy of Miss Polly, whom he seriously intends making his wife in the end. Miss Grace Woodberry, Sir George's sister, is another main agent in this design; and Lockit, the rough and unpolished, but well intentioned and pious, keeper of Newgate, is also enlisted in the confederacy. The power of these new dramatis personee procures some of the upper girls of a neighbouring school, on the Madras system of education (to which both

Sir George and his sister are principal subscribers), to act the temporary parts of those poor deluded wretches who, in the old opera, used to afford so much licentious amusement to the galleries; but who, by this ingenious contrivance, are converted into a vehicle for much pious and grateful reflection. The part of Lucy Lockit is supported by Miss Grace herself; and thus the piece is naturally conducted to its catastrophe much in the same manner as in the original, proper respect being had to the strict propriety of the principal characters, who, only for a particular purpose, assume the temporary disguise of iniquity. Honest Lockit alone forgets, in one instance, the part he has undertaken to perform—it is when roused to a virtuous indignation by the profligate suggestions of Peach'em, who attempts to engage him as his associate in villainy; he collars the scoundrel, and would almost throttle him, but for the timely intervention of Sir George, who reminds him of the part he has undertaken to perform.

The conclusion may be easily anticipated. A pretended reprieve, proclaimed by a small number of persons paid to personate the rabble outside of the walls of the prison, having restored the fainting Miss Polly to life, she awakens to receive the passionate declaration of Sir George, of his real person and character, and his devotion to her. He procures for Filch the present of a Bible, from the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which he has long been a most worthy and active member; and upon the poor young man's sincere and genuine repentance, and promise to lead a new life, undertakes to procure for him the forgiveness of his friends, holding out, by way of further encouragement to well-doing, the prospect of being recompensed by the hand and fortune of Miss Grace Woodberry, whose heart, it seems, is deeply interested in his favour. Old Peach'em also repents, and is appointed bailiff of one of his son-in-law's estates in the west. Lockit is offered a noble independent provision, but prefers remaining in the situation in which providence has placed him, and with which he has learned to be content, principally with the view of continuing to contribute to the reform of prisoners committed to his charge.

We have been of course obliged to

omit several minor details in this general account of the plan. We have also been promised a sight of the songs, as they are proposed to be amended; and, if we are so far favoured, shall esteem it an essential part of the duty we owe to the public, to lay them before our readers.

DETAILS RESPECTING THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

[We have been favoured by Captain M'Konochie with the following details respecting the Spanish Philippine Islands, which were originally written out for his assistance in compiling his valuable work on the Statistics, &c. of the Principal Shores of the Pacific Ocean, but did not come to hand in time. They come from a gentleman who was long a resident in Manilla, and who realized a handsome fortune by his speculations there.—EDITOR.]

Upper Baker Street, London,
1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I NOW sit down to acquit myself of my promise, to give you such details respecting the Philippine Islands as my long residence in Manilla may have supplied me with. This, however, I must premise, by observing, on the one hand, that it is now nearly twenty years since I left it, during all which time I have had no such communication with any one still residing there, as to enable me in any material degree to correct my previous information, and bring it down to a more recent period; and on the other, however, that the progress of improvement, if indeed improvement be in any progress at all, is at least remarkably slow in these remote Spanish colonies. It is my belief, accordingly, that the picture I am now about to draw of them is still, in all its leading points, as correct as I know it was in 1798.

Your first question, with respect to the Spanish population, must refer to native Spaniards only; as their numerous descendants, through all the variety of half-casts, would include one-third at least of the whole population of Luconia. Of native Spaniards, accordingly, settled in the Philippine Islands, the total number may be stated at 2000, not military: the military, including all descriptions, men and officers, are about 2500; out of

which number the native regiments are officered. These last, in 1796-7, were almost entirely composed of South Americans, and were reckoned at 5000 men; making a military force of about 7500.

The casts bearing a mixture of the Spanish blood are, in Luconia alone, at least 200,000 souls: the Sanglays, or Chinese descendants, are upwards of 20,000: and Indians, who call themselves the original Tagalas, about 340,000:—making a total population in that island of about 600,000 souls. What may be the respective numbers in the other Philippine Islands, I never had any opportunity of learning. I may here further notice, with respect to the population of Luconia, that in the interior of that island alone, of all the Philippines, there is to this day found, exclusively of the Indian tribes, Tagalas, as already mentioned, a race of woolly-headed pigmies, who have no permanent residence, but take up their abode on any spot that strikes their fancy for the moment, moving about from one mountain to another. Sometimes the revenue officers, in quest of contraband goods, surprise some of these creatures, and bring them to Manilla, where I have seen them; but they either find a way to escape, although treated in the mildest manner, or, if too well looked after for that, pine away and die. They are called by the Spaniards *Negrettos di Montè*, and are wonderfully expert with the bow and arrow. Whether their language bears any affinity to the Papuan or Oceanic negro, the only other woolly-headed tribe found in these seas, I never learned: there is a tradition, however, among the Indians, of their being the aborigines of the island.

It is impossible to form any conception of a richer or more beautiful prospect, than meets the eye in every direction, on entering the Bay of Manilla. The country on the right hand slopes gradually down from a very considerable height, quite to the water's edge, and presents the appearance of being in the highest state of cultivation, although, on a nearer approach, the whole is discovered to be the mere work of nature. On the left the high mountains stand more detached and abrupt, but are equally clothed with verdure quite to the summit; the whole bay, which is about 28 leagues

round, presenting one of the most picturesque scenes I ever witnessed. Manilla lies in the south-east corner: its situation is very low, on the left bank of a river, which, at this point, is about as wide as the Thames at Vauxhall, and which divides the city from the suburbs. These again are connected, however, by a very handsome bridge. The customhouse, public buildings, and generally every thing relating to commerce, is in the suburbs, the population of which is estimated at 90,000 souls, while that of the city does not exceed 8000. Vessels ride about a mile and a half from the shore, in the road of Manilla; but in the S.W. monsoon, that is, from the middle of April to November, they are forced to take shelter in Cavita, a small but very secure port, about three leagues to the southward of Manilla.

The whole island of Luconia is capable of producing every article of the very best quality. As fine sugar, indigo, cotton, and spices, are brought to market in Manilla, as I ever saw in any part of the world; but the quantities cultivated of each are small. As a proof, however, of what the island is capable, were it properly administered, I shall only cite the following fact:—In 1793, only one annual cargo of sugar, consisting of about 5000 peculs of 140 weight each, was exported, owing to the Spaniards giving the Indians no encouragement to cultivate the cane. I laid myself out to cultivate an acquaintance with many respectable Indians; and by advancing small sums of money at proper periods, and receiving sugar in repayment, I was enabled to export 15,000 peculs in 1794, and in 1795 not less than 40,000. The cultivation of indigo was then much encouraged by the Philippine company: I think, in 1796, about 9000 quintals of 1 cwt. Spanish each were exported, of which something more than a half was on account of that company. But since 1798, as I learn, the quantity is reduced more than two-thirds from the want of hands, owing, in a great measure, to the great number of natives called out in 1797 as militia, these people never returning to their former industrious habits, after having been thus once enrolled. The same may be said respecting the cotton, pepper, and sugar, the cultivation and manufacture of all of which have suffered

from the same cause, the whole being manifestly, however, the fault of the government; for were their masters active, the Indians would be so too. It is their indolence and sluggishness which these poor people conceive enrolment in the militia gives them a right to imitate; nor will any degree of coercion, without example, eradicate the idea.

We now come to the articles of import, which consist principally of goods proper for the cargo of the Acapulco galleons, which is the great object which engages the attention of all. This cargo consists of about one-third in various goods from Madras, viz. Pungum cloths, long cloth, printed goods from Pulicat, &c., one-third in muslins, baftas, sannas, &c. from Bengal;—and one-third in silks, grass cloths, silk stockings, and other Chinese articles, the invoice being required by law not to exceed one million of dollars, but in general about doubling that sum.

The tonnage of the galleon is divided and subdivided into bolétas and parts of bolétas. The bolèta is almost equal to a ton, and almost every individual in Manilla has an interest in the vessel, each householder, according to his rank, civil or military, having his share, which is continued to his widow and children. Thus a merchant who wants so much tonnage in the galleon, is obliged to procure it from the various quarters whence it is to be had, according to the quota of each; by which means he may perhaps have to apply to 200 families for the bulk of 50 tons, and to make his separate bargain with them all, the value of the bolèta being only regulated by the demand for it. I have sometimes known 250 dollars given for one, the average price being, however, about 200. The usual time of sailing from Manilla is May, or early in June. The commandant is usually an officer of the navy, appointed by the governor. He has 50 tons privilege, and while on the voyage, is paid and ranks as a brigadier-general. The king pays all the ship's expenses, for which he levies 33 per cent. duty on the valuation of the cargo at Acapulco, which amply reimburses him.

All goods imported into Manilla pay a duty of 15 per cent. on the valuation at the custom-house. Bullion, if exported, pays 3 per cent. The re-

venue of the island is principally derived from a tax on tobacco, of which government has made a complete monopoly, any person using the tobacco growing even in his own fields, being liable to be exchequered. The manufactory for making segars employs at least from 4 to 500 people, so universal being their use, even children of five years of age carry one continually in their mouths.

Government also makes a monopoly of a spirit extracted from a kind of palmyra, which they call nepa, of which there is also a very considerable consumption. These, with the poll-tax, which is very inconsiderable, form the principal sources of revenue, amounting to a total of about one million of dollars, more than half of which is drawn from the tobacco alone. The nepa is calculated at 300,000 dollars. The import and export duties at 180,000, and the capitation tax at 20,000, making in all the sum above stated. The expenses of government are, on the other hand, estimated at two millions of dollars; so you see what a capital hand the Spaniards make of one of the finest islands in the world.

The Spanish alone, of all European flags, is admitted into the port of Amoy or Emouy, on the south east coast of China, but very little profit is derived from this indulgence, seldom more than one vessel proceeding thither annually, and her cargo is almost exclusively specie. A very considerable intercourse is, however, maintained on the whole with the east coast of China as far north as Nankin, from twenty to thirty Chinese junks of very considerable tonnage each being constantly employed in the trade. Their cargoes consist principally of pottery, silks, cooking utensils, &c. averaging 5 or 6,000 dollars each, parcelled out among forty or fifty pedlars, who generally work their passage, and frequently remain behind at Manilla, with a further view to trade among the Indian islands, giving up their places to others desirous of returning with the proceeds of a previous trip of the same nature. The returns from Manilla are spices, dried hides, safron, wood, &c.

I forgot to mention, that timber for ship-building, as fine as any in the world, is to be found in Luconia. It is of various kinds, but that called Mo-

laria is, I think, superior to the teak wood of Malabar. They have likewise the pala maria for masts, which grows to an immense height and thickness. Of this the galleon is entirely masted. Fine timber is to be found in all the islands; also dammer, a species of pitch, abacca, a kind of hemp, with every other article requisite to send a vessel to sea. There are also mines of iron and copper which might be worked to advantage, although both these articles are now imported. The brass pieces of ordnance made at the arsenal are very complete. At Cavita there is an excellent wharf for careening vessels, and the storehouses are in general well supplied with marine stores, both European and Philippine Island growth and manufacture. The natives, with very little instruction, make most excellent ship-wrights.

A number of small galleys, of from twenty to fifty tons each, are constantly kept in a state of equipment at Manilla to act against the Moors, as they are called, or Malay pirates, from the Sooloo Archipelago and Mindanao, who cruize about in proas which row and sail very fast, and sometimes land in the night, and carry off the natives from under the very walls of the forts. These galleys are of more expense than use, as I never heard of their taking any of these depredators. As some further check, the Spaniards also maintain a fort and garrison, consisting of a commandant and 250 men, at Sambongan, on the south-west coast of Mindanao; but this too is mere form, for they dare not venture any distance into the country, the natives being resolute in their resistance, when they can, making them prisoners, even from under their own walls; nor will they ever give them up without a ransom suited to their rank. There is a particular fund from the Order of Mercy, at Manilla, which is solely appropriated to aid the private funds of those who are thus unfortunate, and to obtain their release. The monks of this order are generally sent over in the negotiation.

With respect to the climate of Luconia, forming the last item in your inquiries, it is in general very wholesome for nine months in the year, and during the rains the air is cool and fresh. There is some difference, however, according to the situation. In Cagayan and the other northern dis-

tricts it is most healthy, and invalids are frequently sent thither accordingly, particularly from the immediate vicinity of Manilla, which lies low, and is occasionally very sultry. During the rains, however, the southern districts of the island are preferred, as being more sheltered from the strong westerly gales prevalent at that season. The months of December, January, February, and March, are uncommonly fine,—April is variable, towards the end especially, when there are frequent gales of wind from all quarters; and sometimes a typhoon, or hurricane, generally commencing from the north-west, and completely making the circle of the compass. No description of the typhoon you can ever have met with can exceed the reality; any vessel encountering it may be considered fortunate, if she save but one lower mast to assist in repairing the wreck on the return of fine weather. Nothing in nature can be more terrible than these gales.

About the middle of May, the south-west monsoon is well set, and continues till the first week in October, when the weather becomes again variable. Generally speaking, October and November are the most unhealthy months in the year, the sun being still nearly vertical and very hot, and the exhalations arising from the moist state of the earth after the rains, producing fevers, fluxes, and many other complaints. It is in these months also, that earthquakes are generally felt in Luconia; there were no less than seven severe shocks in November 1796, when I was there. The fine weather commences again in December, and continues as I have said, making, on the whole, a soil and climate by no means disagreeable in themselves, and capable of producing every thing which may be attempted to be reared in them, in a profusion, and of a quality, which but few places can equal, and certainly none excel.—I remain, &c.

J. G.

REMARKS ON CURRENTS.

WE know of no subject connected with the mighty deep, which has involved greater diversity of opinion among philosophers, or more perplexed and bewildered unthinking navigators,

than that of currents. In the books which treat of that most important subject, we meet with irreconcilable and conflicting theories.

In the infancy of navigation, when nautical instruments, books, charts, &c. were in a rude and imperfect state, the errors committed by navigators not only excited sympathy and compassion, but also unluckily obtained the sanction and belief of well-informed men. While the art remained in this state, we cannot be surprised to find, in the writings of many eminent authors, theories of currents which had no other existence than in the minds of ignorant and superstitious seamen, or in the reveries of the imagination of the learned.

As the art of navigation improved, and nautical instruments, &c. became more accurate, it might have been imagined, that the knowledge of the phenomena of currents would have kept pace with the progress of science. This, however, is not the case;—and however extraordinary it may appear, it is undoubtedly true, that our present knowledge of currents in the Atlantic Ocean, is not much better than it was in the 17th century.

In confirmation of this, we shall quote a few passages from the writings of the celebrated Humboldt, and contrast them with those of an experienced, and I may add, scientific navigator.

“In latitude,” says Humboldt, in his *Personal Narrative*, p. 44, “39° 50' north, longitude 16° 10' west from Paris, we began to feel the effects of the great current, which, from the Azores, directs itself towards the straits of Gibraltar and Canary Islands. Comparing the place deduced by the time-keeper with the pilot's reckoning, I was able to discover the smallest variation in the direction and velocity of the currents; and from 37° to 30° of latitude I found a current from 18 to 26 miles to the east.”

Such evidence, particularly from so able an observer as Humboldt, would, it might be imagined, be conclusive. But it is not so; for up starts Mr Bain, the navigator above alluded to, who says, in his ingenious and original essay on the variation of the compass, in answer to the above passage,

“Now, without attempting to derogate from the universally recognised abilities of this celebrated philosopher, I am inclined to suspect, that had he been aware of the local attraction of his ship acting on the magnetic needle directing his course (which must have been west), he would not have considered this 18 or 26 miles error in the

reckoning as being entirely the effect of currents.”

After this, what are we to think? Humboldt stands unrivalled in this, or any other age, for extent of knowledge, variety of learning, indefatigable activity, zeal, and enterprize; yet, with all his acknowledged acquirements and talent, he seems to have been ignorant of the phenomenon in the magnetic system, originally developed by the genius of *Flinders*, and since more fully illustrated by Bain, which, on ship-board, exerts a local influence over the magnetic needle, according as the ship's head is more or less deflected from the magnetic meridian, thereby producing an error in the reckoning to the *east*, in the northern hemisphere, and to the *west*, in the southern hemisphere. If Humboldt was ignorant of this law, and if the compasses on board his ship were so influenced at the time he made these remarks, (and we have little doubt but they were,) the 18 or 26 miles of current alluded to, must be reduced to 6 or 8, according to the necessary allowance pointed out in Bain's Essay for correcting this error. If *Flinders*' system be true, Humboldt has ascribed to currents that which is attributable only to a phenomenon in the magnetic system on ship-board. If, on the other hand, Humboldt is correct, and *Flinders*' and Bain's system a mere chimera, his beautifully illustrated theory of currents in the Atlantic Ocean, is to the philosopher, as well as to the practical navigator, a valuable treasure. The system of *Flinders* and Bain may yet require to be authenticated by a further series of observations; and we are in confident hopes, that the period is not far distant when this subject will receive, from the illustrious Humboldt, the attention due to its great importance.

As, however, the generality of our readers may not have had an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the different theories here alluded to, we shall first state the substance of Humboldt's theory, and make some observations on it, and then give that of Bain's, that the reader may draw his own conclusions.

“My chief view,” says Humboldt, in his *Personal Narrative*, “in tracing a sketch of the currents of the Atlantic, is to prove, that the motion of the waters towards the south-

east, from Cape St Vincent to the Canary Islands,* (from Canary Islands towards Cape St Vincent,) is the effect of the general motion which the surface of the ocean feels at its western extremity. We have just seen, that between the parallels of 11 and 43 degrees, the waters of the Atlantic are drawn on by the currents in a continual whirlpool. Supposing that a molecule of water returns to the same place from which it departed; we can estimate, from our present knowledge of the swiftness of currents; that the circuit of 3800 leagues is not terminated in less than two years and ten months. A boat, which may be supposed to receive no impulsion from the winds, would require thirteen months from the Canary Islands to reach the coast of Caraccas,—ten months to make the tour of the Gulf of Mexico and reach Tertoise shoals opposite the port of Havannah,—while forty or fifty days might be sufficient to carry it from the Straits of Florida to the bank of Newfoundland. It would be difficult to fix the rapidity of the retrograde current from this bank to the coast of Africa; estimating the mean velocity of the waters at seven or eight miles in the 24 hours, we find ten or eleven months for this last distance."

This view of the continued rotation of the currents of the Atlantic Ocean is at first sight plausible; yet, when we contemplate the immensity of water which, even at the moderate calculation of seven or eight miles in the twenty-four hours, must arrive from the east coast of America upon that of the west of Europe and Africa, we find some difficulty in adopting it. It seems natural enough, that the body of water which the opening of the Straits of Gibraltar refuses, may find an easy egress, by bending its direction along the coast of Africa, and may thence again return to the shores of America. Such, indeed, may be the true theory on which the currents in the Atlantic are constituted; but we apprehend, if the whole of this immense body of water was prevented from entering the Straits of Gibraltar, and the residue obliged to take the course assigned it, the torrent continually rushing through the Pillars of Hercules would as far exceed the torrent issuing out of the Gulf of Florida, as the width of the latter exceeds that of the former. This, however, is by no means the case; for, on the contrary, Humboldt himself assures us, (and we know that he is correct,) that the mean velocity of the currents, in

the parallel of Cape Canaveral, resembles that of a torrent, and runs five miles an hour; and, in the 26th and 27th degrees of latitude, at the rate of five feet every second, or eighty miles in the twenty-four hours: whereas, we believe, the mean velocity of the currents running through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean Sea, even in the narrowest place, seldom exceeds two or three miles an hour. Besides, from the bearing of the coasts between the British Channel and Cape St Vincent, may it not with great probability be assumed, that the northern part of the stream, which is separated in its course by Cape St Vincent on the north, Cape Cantin on the south, and the Straits of Gibraltar in the centre, would, like the southern branch, pass to the northward with the bending of the coasts of Portugal and Spain? Experience, however, proves this not to be the fact; and navigators, at least such as can be relied on, find the currents in that part of the Atlantic setting one way as often as they do the other. But this, like the other point in dispute, must also be left to time and further experience to determine.

We may however remark, before quitting this part of the subject, that the most careless observer of the phenomena of currents must have often witnessed one or two tides, during a N.W. gale on the eastern coast of Scotland, and during a S.W. gale on the western coast of England, rise so unusually high as to be productive of much serious mischief. Both phenomena are entirely owing to the first impulse of the gale forcing the surface of the sea, until turned by the windings of the coast, towards that point of the horizon to which the wind is directed; but no sooner does the gale cease, than the tides assume their usual appearance,—nay, often much sooner; for the gale may continue weeks, without producing more than one or two extremely high tides; which sufficiently shews, that the body of waters thus impelled out of its course by the beginning of the gale, returns almost instantaneously to fill the vacuity made by its own unnatural departure. A S.E. gale on the east coast of Scotland; and a N.E. gale on the west coast of England, produces a contrary effect at these places respectively; which is

* This error must have originated either with the translator or the printer.

a still further corroboration of the causes being entirely local, and totally unconnected with any hypothesis founded or theory whatever.

We still remember the dreadful effects produced on the weak and ignorant minds of seamen by "Renell's current." This fable, which got an easy admission into nautical books, and, strange to tell, occupies fifteen pages of the seventh volume of "Campbell's Lives of the Admirals," just published, was calculated to do, and certainly did do, incalculable mischief. It is now happily exploded; and we have alluded to it now, merely to shew how very cautious navigators ought to be, before they adopt into their calculations systems and theories which are not founded in truth, and verified by experience.

On these principles we have no hesitation in saying, that whatever may be the laws which give effect to currents without the tropics,—whether by external impulse, by a difference of heat or saltness, by the periodical melting of the polar ice, by the inequality of evaporation, or by the variable pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the sea,—this we are pretty certain of, that the currents within the tropics undoubtedly receive the first impulse from, and are set in motion by, the *trade* and *monsoon* winds. This is a fact so universally acknowledged, since first stated by Dampier, as to require no illustration.

"Local situations," says Mr Bain, "produce local currents; and there are few capes or promontories where currents are not more or less experienced. But if those capes or promontories are situated within the influence of trade or monsoon winds, the direction of the waters follow that of the winds. These currents are, however, very superficial; and we frequently observe two different currents in the same place, the upper part of the cable of a ship at anchor being sometimes carried one way, whilst the lower part is carried another. Even on the shores of the Florida channel, the most remarkable in the world for its currents, a ship may pass the opposite way, by the revulsion of the waters close in shore.

"The trade-winds which blow between the coast of Africa and Brazil, and the southerly winds which prevail on the former, (both of which phenomena are perhaps owing to the opposite rotation of the earth,) undoubtedly force along the surface of the ocean towards the coast of Brazil, which, stopping in its direct progress, it diverges towards the north and south. The greater

part passes into the Gulf of Mexico, and hence, by the famous gulf stream, is again thrown into the Atlantic. A lesser portion passes west, through the Straits of Magellan, and round Cape Horn. On these different coasts of America, the currents are generally pretty strong; but twenty, thirty, and fifty leagues off the coast, they are scarcely discernible. At Barbadoes there is very little current.

"In the East Indies, the N.E. monsoon, which blows from October to April, and the S.W. monsoon, which blows from April to October, have very considerable effect on the waters over which they respectively pass. From the east coast of China, during the N.E. monsoon, the waters are impelled with considerable velocity along the coasts of Tonquin, Cochin-China, across the Gulf of Siam, towards the Malacca peninsula; and from thence they pass through the different straits west of Borneo, into the Java Sea, and are again carried by the N.W. winds (which prevail during the period the N.E. monsoon continues in the China Sea) eastward. Hence the impracticability of making a passage, during the N.E. monsoon, up the China Sea, or one down the Java Sea during the same period; although a passage is to be made either way, by going out of the one sea into the other.

"The S.W. monsoon has the same effect, but in a contrary direction. But it is to be observed, that at some distance from the respective shores just mentioned, the currents are weak and feeble, when compared with their force in shore, and in the different straits through which they pass.

"From the west side of the great Asian Archipelago, and eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, the waters, during the N.E. monsoon, are forced round the island of Ceylon, across the Arabian Sea, until turned to the S.W. by Cape Guardafici. From thence they follow the direction of the coast, and run with considerable rapidity towards the Cape of Good Hope, where they are again turned, by the westerly winds, eastward towards New Holland; but in this last track their force is extremely weak; for it has been repeatedly observed, that after passing to the southward or eastward of the great bank of Agulhas, the currents are hardly perceptible; whereas a ship on the bank will be sometimes set twenty, forty, and often sixty miles in the twenty-four hours to the S.W., against a heavy gale of wind from that quarter. On the coast of Chili and Peru, from 30° of south to 4° of north latitude, the constant southerly winds force a current along that coast; and off Cape St Francis, Cape Passao, Cape St Lawrence, and Cape Blanco, they are generally very strong; but forty or fifty leagues from the shore they are extremely weak. At the Gallapagos Islands they are hardly perceptible. On the coasts of Peru and Mexico the same thing is observed."

DISCOVERY OF HAÜYNE, IN THE
ISLAND OF TIREE.

HITHERTO in Scotland the attention of mineralogists has been principally directed to the investigation of the structure, relative position, and mode of formation of mountain rocks. This branch of mineralogy, it must be confessed, is more generally interesting than any of the others. The mind delights more in tracing out those grander features and relations in the mineral kingdom, exhibited in the structure and arrangement of mountainous and alpine country, than in decyphering the minute, although very interesting, connexions observable among simple minerals. We have accurate geognostical descriptions of many extensive tracts of country in Great Britain, but the history of the simple minerals contained in the rocks of these districts is but imperfectly known. It is therefore with pleasure that we communicate to our readers the following notice, given to us by the celebrated professor Pictet of Geneva.

Description of a Mineral nearly resembling Häüyne, found in primitive Limestone, in the Island of Tiree, one of the Hebrides. By Professor L. A. NECKER:

Colour—Pure sky-blue, sometimes slightly greenish.

Lustre—Shining and vitreous.

Transparency—Translucent.

Fracture—Conchoidal.

Hardness—Scratches glass.

Form—Massive, and in roundish grains.

Chemical Characters.

Before the blow-pipe it becomes white and opaque, but does not melt. It dissolves in acids, but we could not, from the smallness of the quantity, determine if it formed with them a jelly.

Geognostic Situation.

It occurs in very minute grains in the contemporaneous masses of felspar, mica, sahlite, and augite, which are imbedded in a primitive limestone contained in gneiss.

Geographic Situation.

It occurs in the limestone or marble rocks at the farm of Balephetrich in Tiree.

Observations.

If this mineral, as we suppose to be the case, should prove to be the true
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Häüyne, it will be the first instance of its occurring in a primitive district, the varieties hitherto described having been met with in lavas, basaltes, and rocks thrown out by volcanoes*.

A Word to the rival Huttonian and Wernerian Disputants.

It may appear somewhat like presumption in a nameless observer to attempt to direct the attention of two sects so violent in controversy, and so impatient of contradiction, to any geological appearances that equally support the truth of both the theories of the earth contrived by their ingenuity. But a natural wish on my part to repress the over-weening confidence of both, and thus to lead more certainly to a true judgment in mineralogical subjects, induces me to request, Mr Editor, your countenance to the short statement I am about to give. If the phenomena I propose to mention were distant from this city, and concealed in a wild and inaccessible part of the country, I know well what would happen;—both fire and water philosophers would join against me, and would say this anonymous scribbler knows nothing of the matter—he cannot distinguish one rock from another, and it is quite evident that he is ignorant of the most obvious distinctions known to every tyro in mineralogy. They would spurn from them such information as that we are about to communicate, because it would shew that both are in the right, and both in the wrong, and thus force them to abandon the fantastic field of geological romance. But the geological appearances are neither distant nor difficult of access; on the contrary, they are open to the hourly inspection of all the numerous geologists of this intellectual city.

* *Note.*—Some mineralogists maintain that all the basaltes and ejected rocks containing Häüyne are true lavas. This we deny, because these basaltes and ejected rocks are different in their external and physical characters from lavas. It is said, for instance, that the Monte Somma at Vesuvius, which contains these ejected masses, is the old crater of that volcano, and in some drawings it has certainly a very crater-like aspect. We see no evidence for the volcanic origin of Somma, and, until such is produced, shall be contented to consider it as an unaltered portion of the general crust of the earth.

They are to be seen in the grand section of the Calton Hill, at the site of the proposed Waterloo hotel. The whole mass of rock in that part of the hill is composed of a substance known under the popular name of whin-stone, or, to speak more scientifically, green-stone. Now this whin-stone, or green-stone, according to the Huttonians, is a lava which has been projected from the grand repository of that matter in the interior of the earth,—while the Wernerians maintain, that it is a rocky substance deposited from the original waters of the globe, when this submundane system was emerging from its chaotic state. This green-stone is traversed by three veins of green-stone, that exhibit many interesting phenomena, of which the most striking are those which are at present to claim our attention. For the previous information of your readers it may be remarked, that both theories are considered to depend very much on the appearances presented by veins. The Huttonians maintain, that veins were formerly open fissures or rents, widening towards the interior of the earth, but becoming gradually narrower, and terminating upwards; these fissures are supposed to have been filled with the matter they now contain by the injection of melted lava from below. Hence, according to the Huttonian view, veins always widen as they go downwards, but become narrower and narrower, and at length terminate above in some rock or other. The Wernerians agree with the Huttonians, in considering all veins as having been originally open fissures or rents, but maintain, that these rents or fissures are wide above, but become gradually narrower and narrower, at length terminate below. These rents are supposed to have been filled from above, from the waters of the ancient ocean, with the minerals they now contain.

What then are the peculiarities of the veins of the Calton Hill? These may be stated in a few words. One of the veins is wide above, but as it descends, becomes narrower, and at length terminates in a narrow wedge. This is an example of a vein filled from above, or of a *Wernerian vein*. Another vein of green-stone, which is wide below, but narrow and terminated above, is a short distance from that just mentioned, and is an example of a *Huttonian vein*, or one filled from below. The

third vein, in its present condition, cannot be considered either as Wernerian or Huttonian, for it has no visible beginning nor end. If we had an opportunity of seeing it in its whole length, it might either terminate above or below, and thus afford, according to circumstances, an illustration of either of the rival theories. The facts we have just stated are very fearful in their consequences to both theories, in short, involving nothing less, in my feeble comprehension, than their utter destruction. But we must have something in their place, we cannot exist, geologically, without a theory of veins. We have heard it whispered, that all veins of this description terminate, both above and below, in the rock in which they are contained, and that in their original state neither communicated with the infernal regions nor with the wild and tumultuous water of the superincumbent ocean.

On the Use of Petrifications as a Character in the Discrimination of Rock Formations.

It was my intention, Mr Editor, to have indulged in this Number of your Magazine, in a series of observations on petrifications, with the view of proving, that *rock formations are in every case to be determined by their mineralogical characters alone*,* and that therefore the attempts which have been lately made of separating and classifying them by the fossil organic remains they contain, must be abandoned as incorrect and unphilosophical, but want of leisure prevents me entering on the subject at present. I am aware of the opinions of Cuvier, Blumenbach, Spix, and many others, and still I believe in the accuracy of the opinion just stated. These zoological gentlemen will not readily acquiesce in a doctrine which takes so much from the importance they have lately assumed in mineralogical matters; but I am inclined to think, that our friends the Huttonians and Wernerians, who are sensible and well disposed as long as they are kept out of reach of fire and water, will hear reason, and agree with us in en-

* A position I have heard proposed and illustrated in Professor Jameson's lectures.

deavouring to keep the zoological geologists within proper bounds.

On the Vertical Strata of the Isle of Wight.

SIR H. Englefield and Mr Webster, in their splendid and curious work on the geology of the Isle of Wight, give sections of vertical strata, of chalk, clays, and sands of various kinds, as seen at Alum Bay. These vertical clays, sands, and chinks, are supposed to have been originally horizontal, but have been brought into their present highly inclined position by some mechanical force acting on them after their formation. Now, although we amuse ourselves with the Huttonian theory, we are not inclined to admit the plausibility of the explanation it offers of the vertical strata of the Isle of Wight. These vertical beds of clay, sand, and chalk, do not differ, in a geological sense, as to position, from those of quartz, gneiss, or mica slate; and hence are to be considered as having been formed from a state of chemical solution, and that therefore their present position is their original one. The system of breaking, and compression; of roasting and melting of the Huttonians, has had its day,—that of mechanical and chemical action of the Neptunists, is at present much in repute,—but we suspect ere long it will be forced to yield to that of general chemical action. We cannot at present anticipate what will be the next member of the series of geological hypothesis. All these fancies do good if not pushed to an extravagant length, as has been occasionally done by those glib of tongue—ready with the pen—but ignorant of nature.

ON SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

SHAKSPEARE'S poems are almost all lost in the glory of his Divine Dramas. Even they who know them, and are capable of understanding and feeling their numerous beauties, do not, unless we greatly err, recur so often as they ought to do to their perusal; while the ordinary readers of poetry are satisfied with believing, that they are every thing that good judges have said of them—but go no farther. It is with Shakspeare as with a great con-

queror, whose many inferior achievements are forgotten in the fame of his splendid and decisive victories.

It was the fashion of critics, not long ago, to speak of Shakspeare's Sonnets as poor compositions; and Steevens, who probably was just as well qualified to judge of their merits as of his tragedies, condemned them as utterly contemptible, and not possible to be read, even under the compulsion of an act of parliament. This was an attempt at wit—worthy of the man who thought Hamlet a most immoral young gentleman, whose example was enough to corrupt the principles of the rising generation. He was, however, a person of no small authority in his day—and it therefore passed current with many, for a sober and serious truth, that Shakspeare could not write sonnets worthy the perusal of Mr Steevens. The said Mr Steevens was a man somewhat difficult to be pleased. Milton's sonnets he declares to be "*composed in the highest strain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense!*"

Wyat, Surrey, Watson, Sidney, Daniel, Spenser, and Drayton, had all written beautiful sonnets before Shakspeare,—and if his be compared with the finest of those writers, it will be at once seen, that while there is nothing in which he does not equal them, he far excels them all in originality of illustration, ingenuity of sentiment, delicacy of pathos, strength of passion, and profound reflection on human life.

A question of much difficulty, and certainly of no little interest, has long existed among critics, as to the person to whom these Sonnets were addressed. Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, though differing in opinion concerning some other points connected with the dispute, agree in believing, that the greatest number of them were addressed to a man, and perhaps twenty-eight to a lady. But Mr George Chalmers sagaciously smells out, that the whole of the Sonnets had been addressed to no less a person than Queen Elizabeth,—and that article of his creed is illustrated by tolerably bulky commentaries.

To render his theory capable of being swallowed, Mr Chalmers begins with changing the sex of Queen Elizabeth, which, notwithstanding the energetic character of that illustrious personage, is not very consistent with his usual gallantry. Dr Drake very

wisely observes, "that she should be thus metamorphosed, for the express purpose of wooing her by amatory Sonnets, is a position which cannot be expected to obtain credit;" and so far as we have heard, it is a position which never has obtained any credit. Before Mr George Chalmers could have believed his own theory, he must have believed (or overlooked it) that Shakspeare was guilty of every imaginable kind of folly, stupidity, nonsense, and downright raving. Now, for our own parts, we would rather think George Chalmers guilty of all this, than a writer of acknowledged talents and good sense like William Shakspeare.

Dr Drake is of opinion, that the subject of Shakspeare's Sonnets, from the 1st to the 126th inclusive, or, more correctly speaking, the person to whom they are addressed, was Lord Southampton—and we think that he has succeeded in proving his point. The Doctor writes in a somewhat heavy manner, but prolixity may be excused in all details relative to any of the works of Shakspeare, and we should have no objection to a couple of other quartos about Him and his times.

It is truly wonderful, with what boundless ingenuity and power Shakspeare has filled Sonnets, addressed to his patron, and therefore, as it might seem in a great degree limited by the very nature of their subject, to feelings of partial and transitory interest, with the most various and the richest poetry. They are full of wisdom; a single line often expresses a volume of truth,—and many single lines might afford theses for the illustrations of the moralist or metaphysician. It is true, as has been well remarked by Wordsworth and Frederick Schlegel, that these sonnets are invaluable, beyond any thing else of Shakspeare's poetry, because they give us little notices, and occasional glimpses of his own kindred feelings, and of some of the most interesting events and situations of his life. They are, however, admirable compositions in themselves; and Wordsworth, in one of those philosophical notes to the collected edition of his poems, in which he frequently embodies so much obvious, but at the same time so little understood truth, mentions those which he thinks most truly Shakspearean. The readers of poetry may wish to know what Sonnets are Wordsworth's prime favourites,—

they are, 27, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 64, 66, 68, 73, 76, 86, 91, 92, 93, 97, 98, 105, 108, 109, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 129. Of these we shall quote five that seem to us exquisitely beautiful.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends
possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's
gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth
brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,
And weep a fresh love's long since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous
seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds
discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours
made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your
truth.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay;
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
 That time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with
 him.

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where
 they grew :

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away.
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

Our readers will be pleased to hear what Frederick Schlegel has so well said of Shakspeare's Sonnets.

“ It is in these minor pieces of Shakspeare that we are first introduced to a personal knowledge of the great poet and his feelings. When he wrote sonnets, it seems as if he had considered himself as more a poet than when he wrote plays; he was the manager of a theatre, and he viewed the drama as his business; on it he exerted all his intellect and power; but when he had feelings intense and secret to express, he had recourse to a form of writing with which his habits had rendered him less familiar. It is strange but delightful to scrutinize, in his short effusions, the character of Shakspeare. In them we see that he who stood like a magician above the world, penetrating with one glance into all the depths, and mysteries, and perplexities of human character, and having power to call up into open day the darkest workings of the human passions—that this great being was not deprived of any portion of his human sympathies, by the elevation to which he was raised, but preserved, amidst all his stern functions, a heart overflowing with tenderness, purity, and love. His feelings are intense, profound, acute, almost to selfishness; but he expresses them so briefly and modestly, as to form a strange contrast with most of those poets who write concerning themselves. For the right understanding of his dramatic works, these lyrics are of the greatest importance. They shew us, that in his dramas he very seldom speaks according to his own feelings, or his own thoughts, but according to his knowledge.”

It is not very pleasant to fall from the lofty sentiments of Wordsworth

and Schlegel, “ sheer o'er the crystal battlements,” down upon the hard stones of Mr Hazlitt's mind. But he too must talk about Shakspeare, and therefore we must talk about him. It is unlucky for Mr Hazlitt's character as a literary man, that his own observations are uniformly very bad ones, and that he rips up the seams of all his stolen speculation, which might otherwise look very decent. He has got possession of a very simple recipe to make original criticism,—namely, to say the reverse on all subjects, of what the best critics have said before him,—he has thus, with weak people, acquired the credit of ingenious paradox; but, with all persons of sense, the discredit of perverse and wilful misrepresentation of the truth. To him truth and falsehood are indifferent. He cannot write one syllable on any subject, unless he has an opinion before him, and then he very magnanimously and intellectually contradicts that opinion. He stands with his back turned on the whole writing world, and need not therefore be surprised to get an occasional kick or two. William Shakspeare would have been afraid to open his mouth in the company of William Hazlitt. Hear how the Cockney rates the bard of Avon!

“ Our idolatry of Shakspeare (not to say our admiration) ceases with his plays. In his other productions *he was a mere author!* though not a common author. It was only by representing others that he became himself. He could go out of himself and *represent the soul of Cleopatra*, but in his own person *he appeared to be always waiting for the prompter's cue!* In expressing the thoughts of others, he seemed inspired—in expressing his own, *he was a mechanic!* In his poems he appears to be ‘cooped and cabined’ by *all the petty intricacies of thought and language*, which poetry had learned from the *controversial jargon of the schools!*”

Now of what is Mr Hazlitt talking in this very impudent way? In the poems which, with his usual ignorance and arrogance, he thus condemns, Shakspeare does not “ express his own thoughts,” but he writes of those of others as much as in his plays. His two principal poems are *Venus and Adonis*, and the “ Rape of Lucrece,” and Mr Hazlitt quotes from them. Neither the one nor the other has any thing to do with “ his own thoughts.” It is distressing to hear a gander thus gabbling at “ that divine swan,” as he floats down “ his own majestic river.”

And what may Mr Hazlitt say of the Sonnets in which Shakspeare does speak of himself? He says, "of the Sonnets we do not well know what to say," (see page 350 of Observations of Shakspeare's Plays, by W. Hazlitt,) a most luminous piece of philosophical criticism indeed, and only to be equalled, in truth and self-knowledge, by the following confession in his "Article" on Lear: "To attempt to give a description of the play itself, or of its effect on the mind, is mere impertinence: yet we must say something." After such a solemn promise—would you believe it—he says nothing. This is the man whom the Edinburgh Review calls an enthusiastic and judicious lover of Shakspeare.

PROH PUDOR!

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MR J. RUSSELL, who had been a great favourite in Edinburgh, made his first appearance, we believe, in London, at this theatre, on Wednesday the 15th July, in the character of Ollapod, in the Poor Gentleman. The part seemed judiciously selected to give a favourable idea of Mr Russell's comic powers. His fears however prevented him from giving the character that breadth (to use a painter's phrase,) which is required to make it quite effective; before the conclusion of the piece, however, he recovered himself, and the performance went off with great spirit and effect. The characteristic of Mr Russell's acting appears to be a smart sensible liveliness, and a manner altogether more genteel than is generally thought requisite in low-comedy. This we conceive to result in some measure from his carrying his natural habits into the business of his profession,—it gave his apothecary a kind of consequence which is not to be found in perusing the part; it also added to that insinuation of manner, which we should conceive indispensable in a person who is employed as the confidant and Mercury of a man of fashion; in short, he was altogether a more respectable personage than we have been in the habit of considering Ollapod. Mr Russell introduced "the cosmetic song," which we never heard before. It is like the greater number of those songs which are written expressly for

particular performers, and more calculated to make us stare at their volubility, than to please us by any of the usual qualities or properties of a song; it served to show, however, that Mr R. has an excellent voice, a good ear, and a good taste, qualifications which do not always fall to the lot of what are called comic singers. Storace was the first comic singer on the English stage, who thought it necessary to be a musician, and to cultivate his taste. Since his time the ladies have been labouring with various success to improve in these particulars, but the gentlemen appear to think this quite unnecessary. Mr R. however, appears to be an exception, and we confidently anticipate his complete success in burletta-singing,—his attention also to the business of the scene was unremitting. He seems aware, that if an actor does not endeavour at least to appear to consider the audience as a fourth side to the room, the illusion (if any,) is completely destroyed.

Mr Russell's next appearance was in the little character of Smellfee, a Bow-street officer, in the new and very trifling play of "Nine Points of Law." In this he had very little to do, but even that little was done in a judicious and artist-like manner. He appeared as a fac-simile of Townsend, and the two Sosias were not more alike. But it was in the Sleep-walker that he made his most powerful impression upon the audience. We do not, indeed, recollect to have seen what is called a *greater sensation* produced in a theatre. The character is well known, and had acquired such celebrity in the hands of Matthews, that it appeared presumptuous in a young actor to attempt it. The event, however, proved Mr Russell right. On his first set out, indeed, some one in the pit began a furious hiss. This was instantly resisted by the audience, who had the scoundrel turned out before they would suffer the piece to go on. Notwithstanding this very astounding circumstance, Somno proceeded with great deliberation in his part, and gave imitations of Kemble, Cooke, Inledon, &c. in a manner which equally surprised and pleased us. The style of these imitations was altogether novel, as it was a successful attempt to represent the precise manner of each performer, with as little caricature as possible. That of Inledon in particular, even in

the singing, was so very correct, that we could have almost persuaded ourselves that our old favourite was actually and unaccountably before us. It is but justice to state, that this is perhaps the best bit of imitation which was ever performed in London. We were completely taken by surprise, and shall not soon forget it. This kind of equivocal excellence, which is considered as the essential and difficult part of the character of Somno, was completely sustained throughout.—Octavian came back from the side-wing to give the trembling Agnes, and the no less apprehensive Sadi, his assurances of protection, as if John Kemble himself had done it; and when Sir Pertinax desired “Ronald to bring the carriage at aught o’clock,” we were not quite certain that Cooke was not behind the scenes. Mr Russell certainly deserved all the extraordinary applause he received.

On the 27th July, the Duke and Dutchess of Kent commanded “Teasing made Easy” and “Killing no Murder.” This brought together a very fashionable and crowded audience. Mr Russell on that evening appeared in two new characters, viz. Gammon in the play, and Buskin. Gammon is merely a dapper barrister’s clerk, who thinks he has made an impression on an heiress, who turns out to be the daughter of the Rising Sun, a small ale-house fifty miles from London. Some of the situations are very well managed, and Mr Russell made the most of the part. It used to be played by Matthews, who always, to our thinking, looked like the young lady’s papa. Without the slightest disrespect to that most excellent comedian, it must be admitted, that Russell was the very thing, and the other was not; and it seemed that the audience felt it so, because we never saw it produce any effect before. In the farce Russell had to do his best, and he did it so well, that we question if Buskin ever produced more entertainment, or obtained more applause. The several characters he assumes were sustained in the happiest manner,—whether as *Boots* the waiter, French hair-dresser, or little Boy, he appeared equally at home. In the second act he had the powerful assistance of Liston’s Apollo, who certainly topped his part on that evening. Of course the audience were kept in per-

fect good humour by their united exertions. The duet was certainly never so well sung—in this Mr Russell was at home; and if great and unqualified applause can content either actor, artist, or poet, he must have been satisfied. Even the Royal Personages joined in the feeling of the audience, and seemed to call for a repetition of the duet with as much good humour as the most humble amongst us. The imitations on this evening were as happy as on his first performance, and produced even a greater effect.

On a subsequent repetition of Somno, he introduced a new imitation of Kemble in Coriolanus, in the fine speech when Aufidius taunts him with the appellation of *Booy*. It was certainly very correct, and forcibly recalled to us the pleasure we used to receive from that great actor’s most masterly performance,—a performance which we can scarcely hope to see equalled, certainly never surpassed.

These are, we believe, all the characters in which Mr Russell has appeared; for our own parts, we long to see him attempt some of Shakspeare’s clowns, as, since the days of King and Bannister, they appear to have taken leave of the stage.

PHANTASMAGORIANA;

Ou Recueil d’Histories d’Apparitions, de Spectres, de Revenans, Fantomes, &c. Traduit de l’Allemand, par un Amateur. Paris. 2 tomes 12mo.

TALES OF THE DEAD, PRINCIPALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE empire of imagination was some time ago exposed to all the horrors of an invasion, which appeared destined to wrest the sceptre of one of its most extensive and fertile provinces for ever from the grasp of its sovereign. What other effect could possibly have been predicted to ensue from an essay, written by a physician, at the commencement of the 19th century, with the avowed design of affording an easy practical solution at once applicable to all cases of spectral appearances, invisible spiritual agency, and magical delusion, past and to come? We would by no means be thought to undervalue the advantages of so great a discovery,

of so valuable a conquest. To be enabled to cross a church-yard, planted with yew-trees, "in the very witching time of night," of a cold, damp, gusty, gloomy December, without any *worse* apprehension than that of mere mortal rheumatism or asthma—or to descend from the highest to the lowest apartments of an ancient family mansion alone, when all the rest of the house is asleep, without a candle, under the persuasion that one runs no *greater* risk than that of breaking a neck or a leg over the staircase—this indeed were a blessing, the full extent and magnitude of which we are far from being so philosophically hardy as to deny. But then, when we came to reflect on all that must be sacrificed for the attainment of such beatitude, supposing it to be attainable,—the thrilling delight of a ghost-story by a Christmas fire-side,—the more exalted sense which a lurking tendency to superstitious apprehension adds to our relish of the sublime in poetry,—nay, the very pleasure which in some unaccountable manner mingles itself with the real terrors which situations such as above described are calculated to engender,—we found ourselves necessarily driven to the conclusion, that the exemption, which before appeared so enviable, might be too dearly purchased. So far from hailing with triumphant expectation, we began to anticipate, with fear and concern, this decisive victory of the genius of physiology over the Prince of Darkness; we opened the important volume in a state of suspense, which, in conformity with the approved usage of our best novel writers, we may venture to term "agonizing;" and were really relieved to a degree far exceeding what we at that time thought it prudent to avow, when we found, after perusing it, that, notwithstanding the doctor's eminent professional skill and sagacity, we were still able to address him in the words of Hamlet—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy."

Shall we confess still further? It was already late in the evening when we laid down Dr Ferriar, intending to close our labours for the night; but our hands, carelessly wandering over the table, chanced to encounter "Tales of the Dead," which lay at that time uncut before us. What a providen-

tial opportunity for making trial of Horatio's philosophy! We drew our chairs nearer the fire, snuffed our candles, replenished our cups, and never budged from our positions till the clock struck two, by which time we had clean forgotten all the lessons our good physician had been giving us, and,

"distilled

Almost to jelly by the act of fear," slowly and reluctantly departed to our beds; nor, if we had then met a legion of spectres at the stair's head, waiting our arrival, would it have occurred to any of us to explain the phenomenon upon the principle of *hallucination*.

The "Pleasures of Superstition" form a distinct and peculiar class of those of the imagination; and, in a philosophical investigation of the sources from which they are derived, we soon discover that even those others which appear most of kin to them, must be traced in their descent through very different channels. The species of delight afforded by a tragedy, or an execution, may, to an unreflecting observer, appear very similar to that communicated by a well-authenticated ghost-story; yet, if the nature of the sentiment is at all to be inferred from its degrees of intensity, it will necessarily follow that the two cases are totally heterogeneous. To mention no other proofs of dissimilarity, a certain dignity of character and circumstances has always been considered as essential to the support of tragic interest, which loses its effect in proportion as it mixes itself with the every-day concerns of middling life, with customary scenes, and modern manners. So of an execution.—The impression produced upon the mind, by the idea of a dozen ordinary felons turned off in one morning before the door of Newgate, will not bear an instant's comparison with that made by the similar situation of a Russel or a Sydney—a Marie Antoinette or a Louis Seize. The force and vividness of our superstitious impressions is varied according to the converse of this rule. A single example will suffice. Our souls are wrought to the height of tragic terror and pity by the murder of Prince Arthur, or of the "royal babes" in the Tower; while, if any author were so mad as to think of framing a tragedy upon the subject of that worthy Vicar of Warblington in Hants, who

was reported, about a century ago, to have strangled his own children, and to have walked after his death, he would assuredly be laughed to scorn by a London audience, whatever success he might hope to meet with at Berlin or Weimar. On the other hand, let it be ever so confidently reported that King John is to be seen every Christmas-eve eating stewed lampreys among the ruins of Swineford Abbey, or that King Richard may be met riding White Surry at the first mile-stone on the high road from Bosworth, on every Whitsunday, at one o'clock in the morning,—and, we will venture to say, not a hair on the head of the most credulous listener will be displaced, or even put out of curl, by the narrative. Nay, not a whit the less would the haunted spots be traversed at all hours, and at all seasons, without fear of consequences; while the most hardened sceptic may safely be defied, after reading the plain and unpoetical narrative of the reverend spectre in gown and cassock (which is to be found in Mr Cumberland's *Observer*), to pass by the parsonage house at Warblington aforesaid, at any hour after the curfew, without so much at least of the sensation, to which we are now adverting, as would induce him to quicken his pace, wipe his forehead, and perhaps whistle “Lillibulero.”

Upon this subject then, it may be laid down as an undeniable axiom, that the more common and familiar, the more terrific is the apparition,—the more powerful, therefore, the effect of the story which is built upon such a foundation,—which is the same thing that was meant by the writers on demonology in the time of our good, believing King James, when they uniformly attribute to the class of spirits, which they entitle *Παροιδίαι*, (domestics, sitting close at your elbow,) the chief and most constantly prevailing influence over mankind. In short, with all due reverence for the old established requisites of rusty armour, and clanking chains, of winding-sheets, dry bones, and fleshless skulls, what we mean to assert is, that, at least in the present refined state of the social feelings, none of all these spectral appendages are calculated so to thrill the soul with that pleasurable horror of which we are speaking, as the simple and unostentatious narration of the re-

turn of a beloved friend, or near relation, from the world of spirits, in the precise form and likeness of his living self, in his customary habiliments, and, if altered at all in appearance, only so in the assuming a more than ordinary seriousness and solemnity of voice, countenance, and gesture. The fact perhaps is, that the progress of philosophy, which has, within the last century, destroyed almost the vestiges of gross and vulgar credulity, has hitherto spared the final retreat of (what, in compliance the usage of this civilized world of ours, we must nevertheless entitle) ancient superstition; or rather, that the impossibility of a visit from the grave has never been so fully demonstrated, as to render even the most sceptical mind completely proof against the impressions of so qualified, and seemingly probable, an imagination.

The nature of the circumstances by which such stories are generally accompanied, also adds considerably to their credibility, as well as the very names of the actors, both the dead and the living. When Mr Naylor appeared to his friend, Mr Shaw, in his rooms at St John's College,* he was neither “armed cap-à-pié,” nor “Wrapp'd in the mouldering cerements of the grave,”

but accoutred in canonical gown and cassock, the living fellow being, at the same time, seated at his library-table, reading and smoking tobacco. They conversed together, the dead and the living, for some time very freely, says the story. At last, being informed by his ghostly visitant, that he was himself “well and happy” in that other world of which he spoke, Mr Shaw ventured to ask him, “whether any of his old acquaintance were with him?” —“The answer was, that there was not one of them; which answer, Mr Shaw said, *struck him to the heart* ;” —and, so related, we will venture to say, it must strike every hearer with almost equal solemnity.

We might multiply examples without end; but as our only object, by all these profound reflections, is to recommend the study of the familiar and the adoption of ordinary occurrences, and a plain unambitious phra-

* See *Gent. Mag.* for May 1783, for this extraordinary, and, to all appearance, undeniably, authenticated story.

seology, as the best for the production of superstitious impressions in works of pure invention, we have already, perhaps, said more than enough for our purpose. The little publication which stands at the head of our present article, and which, whether it be originally of French or of German extraction we are unable to decide, was that which gave rise to our argument. The English which follows it is a translation of the best parts of its contents, to which is added, a single additional story of the same nature, for which we are indebted to the translator.

These tales, which we shall not injure by attempting to analyze, are conceived and executed precisely in that style which we have just been recommending, and have long recognised, as alone suitable at the present day to the purpose for which they are intended. In the first,* which is entitled, "The Family Portraits," we are called back, it is true, to the ages of almost forgotten antiquity, to the Saxon Otho, and the founder of the abbey of St Gal; but the occurrences of these dark and uninteresting periods are connected, in a manner equally intricate and *yearful*, with the incidents of modern life, and the little peculiarities of modern manners and habits. The scene is alternately the parlour of a village pastor and the chateau of a German gentleman, the dramatic personæ perfectly appropriate, and the main agent in the catastrophe nothing more or less than a portrait in an old family picture gallery. Lewis's inimitable tale of the "Bleeding Nun" owes much of its power to thrill and harrow up the imagination to a similar combination of the manners of easy and familiar life, with the legendary terrors of exploded superstition.

The portrait, painted by the hand of a spectre, and the phantom, whose occasional appearance on earth is mysteriously connected with that terrible portrait, and whose kiss is the signal of death to every successive member of the family to which it belongs, are manifest improvements on such tradi-

* Our references will henceforward be to the English translation only. It is needless, in this slight article, to notice those stories in the original French which were judged to be less worthy of being transferred to our language.

tions as those of the White Lady of the house of Brandenburg, the Fairy Melusine, whose appearance used constantly to prognosticate the recurrence of mortality in some noble family of Poitou; and the White Bird which, as Prince records in his Worthies of Devon, was in the habit of performing the same office for the worshipful lineage of Oxenham.

Analogous to this last story is that related by one Vincentius, that,

"In the Councill of Basil, certain learned men taking their journey through a forest, one of these Spirits (*of the Aire*) in the shape of a nightingall, uttered such melodious tones and accents, that they were all amazed, and stayed their steps to sit down and hear it. At length one of them, apprehending that it was not possible that such rarities of musicke could be in a bird, the like of which he had never heard, demanded of it, in the name of God, what or who it was. The Bird presently answered, I am the soule of one that is damned, and am enjoyned to singe thus till the last day of the great judgment. Which said, with a terrible shriek which amazed them all, he flew away and soon vanished. The event was, that all that heard those syrennicall notes, presently fell into grievous sicknesses, and soon after died."

The authority of a Doge of Venice is surely sufficient to shake the most resolute sceptic. What, therefore, can be alleged to the disparagement of what is related by Cardanus, from the mouth of the Doge, Jacobus Donatus? viz. That the said Doge,

"Sleeping one night with his wife in an upper bed, where two nurses lay with a young childe, his sole heire, in the lower, which was not a full yeare old, he perceived the chamber door, by degrees, first to be unlocked, then unbolted, and after unlatched, one thrust in his head, and was plainly seene of them all, himselfe, his wife, and the nurses, but not known to any of them. Donatus, with the rest, being terrified at this sight, arose from his bed, and snatching up a sword and a round buckler, caused the nurses to light either of them a taper, and searcht narrowly all the roomes and lodgings nere, which he found to be barred and shut, and he could not discover where any such intruder should have entrance. At which, not a little wonder-strocke, they all retired to their rests, letting the lights still burne in their chamber. The next day, the infant (who was then in health, and slept soundly) died suddenly in the nurse's arms; and that was the successe of the vision."

"Horatio," no doubt, will call this "hallucination." But what will he say to the wealthy Stephanus Hubne-

rus of Trautonavia in Bohemia, who, after spending his life in building "sumptuous houses and palaces,"—(better for him had they been churches)—after his death, took it into his head most uncivilly to walk the streets of the city, and salute his friends and acquaintance, who all died, one after another, as certainly as he touched them? We quote from "The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels," by Thomas Heywood (folio, 1635), a most learned demonologist, whose accuracy we see no reason to call in question.

The second tale, "The Fated Hour," is calculated to affect the mind with a yet more vivid impression of terror, as it has reference to a species of belief, not so popular as that in the Spirits of the Dead, but yet sufficiently common, especially among nations of a melancholy and reflective cast, as for instance our old Scottish Highlanders. It is the spectral appearance, or *wraith*, of a person yet living.

A young and beautiful girl, on the eve of marriage to the man she loves, is represented as suddenly becoming a prey to the most unaccountable melancholy and abstraction of thought. Being rallied by her most intimate female companions, she gives obscure intimations of her own approaching death, which, however discredited by them, naturally inspire a poignant and even distressing sensation of curiosity and wonder. They require, in short, an explanation, which the unhappy victim of these second-sighted impressions at length consents to give, and which she commences in the following manner:

"You are acquainted with my sister Seraphina, whom I had the misfortune to lose; but I alone can boast of possessing her confidence, which is the cause of my mentioning many things relative to her before I begin the history I have been promised, in which she is the principal personage.

"From her infancy Seraphina was remarkable for several singularities. She was a year younger than myself; but frequently, while seated by her side, I was amusing myself with the playthings common to our age, she would fix her eyes, by the half hour together, as if absorbed in thought: she seldom took any part in our infantine amusements. This disposition greatly chagrined our parents; for they attributed Seraphina's indifference to stupidity; and they were apprehensive this defect would necessarily prove an obstacle in the education requisite for the distinguished rank we held in society.—my father being, next the

prince, the first person in the country. They had already thought of procuring for her a canonry from some noble chapel, when things took an entirely different turn.

"Her preceptor, an aged man, to whose care they had confided her at a very early age, assured them that, in his life, he had never met with so astonishing an intellect as Seraphina's. My father doubted the assertion; but an examination, which he caused to be made in his presence, convinced him that it was founded in truth.

"Nothing was then neglected to give Seraphina every possible accomplishment:—masters of different languages, of music, and of dancing, every day filled the house.

"But in a short time my father perceived that he was again mistaken: for Seraphina made so little progress in the study of the different languages, that the masters shrugged their shoulders; and the dancing-master pretended, that, though her feet were extremely pretty, he could do nothing with them, as her head seldom took the trouble to guide them.

"By way of retaliation, she made such wonderful progress in music, that she even excelled her masters. She sung in a manner superior to that of the best opera-singer.

"My father acknowledged that his plans for the education of this extraordinary child were now as much too enlarged as they were before, too circumscribed, and that it would not do to keep too tight a hand over her, but let her follow the impulse of her own wishes.

"This new arrangement afforded Seraphina the opportunity of more particularly studying the science of astronomy, which was one they had never thought of as needful for her. You can, my friend, form but a very indifferent idea of the avidity with which (if so I may express myself) she devoured those books which treated on celestial bodies; or what rapture the globes and telescopes occasioned her, when her father presented them to her on her thirteenth birth-day!

"But the progress made in this science in our days did not long satisfy Seraphina's curiosity. To my father's great grief, she was wrapped up in reveries of astrology; and more than once she was found in the morning occupied in studying books which treated on the influence of the stars, and which he had begun to peruse the preceding evening.

"My mother, being at the point of death, was anxious, I believe, to remonstrate with Seraphina on this whim, but her death was too sudden. My father thought that, at this tender age, Seraphina's whimsical fancy would wear off: however time passed on, and he found that she still remained constant to a study she had cherished from her infancy.

"You cannot forget the general sensation her beauty produced at court; how much the fashionable versifiers of the day

sang her graceful figure and beautiful flaxen locks; and how often they failed, when they attempted to describe the particular and undefinable character which distinguished her fine blue eyes! I must say, I have often embraced my sister, whom I loved with the greatest affection, merely to have the pleasure of getting nearer, if possible, to her soft angelic eyes, from which Seraphina's pale countenance borrowed all its sublimity.

"She received many extremely advantageous proposals of marriage, but declined them all. You know her predilection in favour of solitude, and that she never went out but to enjoy my society. She took no pleasure in dress; nay, she even avoided all occasion which required more than ordinary expense. Those who were not acquainted with the singularity of her character, might have accused her of affectation.

"But a very extraordinary particularity, which I by chance discovered in her just as she attained her fifteenth year, created an impression of fear on my mind which will never be effaced.

"On my return from making a visit, I found Seraphina in my father's cabinet, near the window, with her eyes fixed and immovable. Accustomed from her earliest infancy to see her in this situation, without being perceived by her, I pressed her to my bosom, without producing on her the least sensation of my presence. At this moment I looked towards the garden, and I there saw my father walking with this same Seraphina whom I held in my arms!

"'In the name of God, my sister!' exclaimed I, equally cold with the statue before me, who now began to recover.

"At the same time my eye involuntarily returned towards the garden where I had seen her, and there perceived my father alone, looking with uneasiness, as it appeared to me, for her who, but an instant before, was with him. I endeavoured to conceal this event from my sister; but in the most affectionate tone she loaded me with questions to learn the cause of my agitation." p. 69—73.

This quotation is rather of the longest: but it will serve as a specimen of the art with which these written stories are contrived to excite the interest of familiarity, by dwelling on circumstantial details, apparently of no importance, but which are in reality inseparable from the impressions which they are designed to awaken.

We must not quit this chapter without reminding our sceptical readers, that the spectral apparition of persons yet living is a fact sanctioned by authority of no less eminence in the church than that of St Augustin, who relates of himself, that he appeared at two several times, without being con-

scious of it, to persons with whom he was not acquainted, but who afterwards satisfied him of the truth by the most unequivocal evidence. In like manner St Benedict shewed himself to certain master builders for the purpose of giving them instructions in the edification of a monastery; and St Meletius, while in residence at his episcopal palace of Antioch, invested Theodosius the Great with the imperial purple at Constantinople.

The "Death's Head," though sufficiently *horrific* (we believe that is the established phrase), is not quite equal in interest to the other pieces in the collection. The idea of a phantom appearing to claim the property of its own bones, and rescue them from violation by the living, is not original, though capable of being worked upon to good effect. The antiquary who carried off a tooth in triumph from one of the Wiltshire Barrows, only *dreamed* that he saw a Roman soldier by his bed-side, who horribly whistled through the gap which its absence produced in the front of his mouth, "Redde mihi quod abstulisti!"

The "Death-bride" is somewhat obscure; and besides, it is hardly sufficiently varied from the subject of the Fated Hour. It brings, however, various legends of "the olden time" to our recollection, and particularly, as the origin perhaps of all later fictions of the same class, the singular narrative of Phlegon, the freedman of the Emperor Hadrian, respecting the loves of Machates and Philinnion. The reverend father Dom. Augustin Calmet pretends indeed to reconcile this extraordinary story to the common course of nature, by supposing, that the "Death-bride" had by accident been buried alive, and that her resurrection from the tomb was only that of a living person recovered from a trance resembling death; and he cites a parallel circumstance from the "*causes celebres*" of a young woman, a merchant's daughter of the Rue St Honoré in Paris, who, having been married against her inclination, fell sick shortly after, and falling into a swoon, was put in her coffin for dead, and so buried, who nevertheless recovered, and, escaping from the tomb by the assistance of her lover, who came to mourn over her, afterwards married her deliverer, and by so doing,

gave rise to a famous lawsuit, in which it was strenuously debated whether her burial had not released her *à vinculo matrimonii*, so as to render her second spousals valid.

But whether the bride of Machates was a dead or a living one, the nature of the skeleton lady who danced at the wedding of Alexander III. King of Scotland, according to that grave historian Hector Boethius, can hardly admit of a question, any more than of the skeleton knight, of whom mention is made in one of the ballads of that equally grave chronicler and contemporary of our own, Matthew Lewis, Esq. We would cite, to the same purpose, another story of "a certain Frenchman of noble family," related by our friend Thomas Heywood, in the curious work already mentioned, only, that, as we cannot with perfect decency relate it in his own words, we content ourselves with referring to the place, (page 542, 543.)

The short story of "the Storm," which is added to the collection by the English translator of the others, is said by him to be "founded on an incident similar in its features, which was some time since communicated to me by a female friend of very deserved literary celebrity, as having actually occurred in this country;" and it forms a very fit companion to those by the side of which it is now placed.

"The Spectre-barber," which is the last in the volume, is of a ludicrous cast, but not unentertaining. The idea of a familiar spirit or goblin (here indeed it is the ghost of a departed barber) who makes it his amusement to *shave* such persons as happen to come within the reach of his jurisdiction, is supported by classical authority. The younger Pliny mentions a well-attested occurrence of this nature in his epistles, (Lib. 16. Ep. 27.) The operation seems, it is true, to demand something more of real flesh and blood in the agent than is usually attributed to spectres; but perhaps we labour under an error on this subject, and that real substantial phantoms, like the Vampires of Hungary and Moravia, and the Vroucholachis of the modern Greeks, are more common in their appearance than we are at all aware of. That spirits may be fattened by good living, and again reduced to circumstances more befitting their ghostly character, by an alteration of diet, is

a fact of which we have the most unquestionable evidence; and, if they have one, it is fair to conclude they may, upon occasion, be invested with all the other properties of common humanity. We wish it were consistent with the limits we must prescribe to a disquisition of this nature to quote from our most excellent author, Thomas Heywood, aforesaid, the whole of his very edifying history of the "Spirit of the Buttery;" but if our present author ever adds to his collection of "Tales of the Dead," we would earnestly recommend it to him, as a fit companion for the tale which has given us occasion to introduce the mention of it. It is to be found, set down at full length "in most delicate verse," at page 557—9, of the work so often referred to.

We have taken occasion, from the publications before us, to justify our decided *anti-ferriarism* by examples; and we have surely advanced enough, and more than enough, to prove that the philosophical principle of "Hallucination" will not answer its turn; at best, not in one out of a dozen commonly alleged instances of spectral apparitions. For the sake of that noble faculty of our souls, the imagination, we are not ashamed to confess, that we take greater pleasure in hearing of one story of the sort which defies the attempt of a probable natural solution, than twenty of which the physician or moralist may pique himself upon being able to finish the explanation. There is too much philosophy stirring in our days, and has been for this last century at least; too much for the free indulgence of our poetical power. Nay, we are not sure but we may call the whole world at present a world of accountants and botanists, with at least as much justice as Bonaparte used to call this nation a nation of shopkeepers. We cordially wish, for the happiness of the rising generation, that some things at least may still remain unexplained for their forces to work upon.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood, lest in our zeal for the interests of the imagination, we may be conceived to turn rebels to the established empire of reason. That the last wish we expressed may be carried into effect as far as we have any power or influence, we will leave our own opinions in that enviable state of mys-

tery which may exercise the imaginations of posterity, whenever posterity shall take the trouble (as doubtless will one day be the case) to inquire into them. But, for the satisfaction of the botanists and accountants, we will so far declare it, as that, notwithstanding our dissent from Dr Ferriar, we are still not altogether of the persuasion of another physician, eminent in his day, whose words we nevertheless think very fit for the winding-up of this desultory treatise.

"It is a riddle to me," says Sir Thomas Brown (*Religio Medici* 6th edition, p. 24.) "how so many learned heads should so far forget their metaphysics, and destroy the ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of spirits. Those that, to confute their incredulity, desire to see apparitions, shall questionless never behold any; the devil hath them already in a heresie as capital as witchcraft, and to appear to them were but to convert them."

EXTRACTS FROM GOSSCHEN'S DIARY.

No I.

[The following striking narrative is translated from the MS. Memoirs of the late Rev. Dr Gottlieb Michael Gosschen, a Catholic clergyman of great eminence in the city of Ratisbonne. It was the custom of this divine to preserve, in the shape of a diary, a regular account of all the interesting particulars which fell in his way, during the exercise of his sacred profession. Two thick small quartos, filled with these strange materials, have been put into our hands by the kindness of Count Frederick von Lindénbäumenberg, to whom the worthy father bequeathed them. Many a dark story, well fitted to be the groundwork of a romance,—many a tale of guilty love and repentance,—many a fearful monument of remorse and horror, might we extract from this record of dungeons and confessionals. We shall from time to time do so, but sparingly, and what is still more necessary, with selection.]

EDITOR.

NEVER had a murder so agitated the inhabitants of this city as that of Maria von Richterstein. No heart could be pacified till the murderer was condemned. But no sooner was his doom sealed, and the day fixed for his execution, than a great change took place in the public feeling. The evidence, though conclusive, had been wholly circumstan-

tial. And people who, before his condemnation, were as assured of the murderer's guilt as if they had seen him with red hands, began now to conjure up the most contradictory and absurd reasons for believing in the possibility of his innocence. His own dark and sullen silence seemed to some, an indignant expression of that innocence which he was too proud to avow,—some thought they saw in his imperturbable demeanour, a resolution to court death, because his life was miserable, and his reputation blasted,—and others, the most numerous, without reason or reflection, felt such sympathy with the criminal, as almost amounted to a negation of his crime. The man under sentence of death was, in all the beauty of youth, distinguished above his fellows for graceful accomplishments, and the last of a noble family. He had lain a month in his dungeon, heavily laden with irons. Only the first week he had been visited by several religionists, but he then fiercely ordered the jailor to admit no more "men of God,"—and till the eve of his execution, he had lain in dark solitude, abandoned to his own soul.

It was near midnight when a message was sent to me by a magistrate, that the murderer was desirous of seeing me. I had been with many men in his unhappy situation, and in no case had I failed to calm the agonies of grief, and the fears of the world to come. But I had known this youth—had sat with him at his father's table—I knew also that there was in him a strange and fearful mixture of good and evil—I was aware that there were circumstances in the history of his progenitors not generally known—nay, in his own life—that made him an object of awful commiseration—and I went to his cell with an agitating sense of the enormity of his guilt, but a still more agitating one of the depth of his misery, and the wildness of his misfortunes.

I entered his cell, and the phantom struck me with terror. He stood erect in his irons, like a corpse that had risen from the grave. His face, once so beautiful, was pale as a shroud, and drawn into ghastly wrinkles. His black-matted hair hung over it with a terrible expression of wrathful and savage misery. And his large eyes, which were once black, glared with a light in which all colour was lost, and

seemed to fill the whole dungeon with their flashings. I saw his guilt—I saw what was more terrible than his guilt—his insanity—not in emaciation only—not in that more than death-like whiteness of his face—but in *all* that stood before me—the *figure*, round which was gathered the agonies of so many long days and nights of remorse and phrenzy—and of a despair that had no fears of this world or its terrors, but that was plunged in the abyss of eternity.

For a while the figure said nothing. He then waved his arm, that made his irons clank, motioning me to sit down on the iron frame-work of his bed; and when I did so, the murderer took his place by my side.

A lamp burned on a table before us—and on that table there had been drawn by the maniac—for I must indeed so call him—a decapitated human body—the neck as if streaming with gore—and the face writhed into horrible convulsions, but bearing a resemblance not to be mistaken to that of him who had traced the horrid picture. He saw that my eyes rested on this fearful mockery—and, with a recklessness fighting with despair, he burst out into a broken *peal* of laughter, and said, “to-morrow will you see that picture drawn in blood!”

He then grasped me violently by the arm, and told me to listen to his confession,—and then to say what I thought of God and his eternal Providence.

“I have been assailed by idiots, fools, and drivellers, who could understand nothing of me nor of my crime,—men who came not here that I might confess before God, but reveal myself to them,—and I drove the tamperers with misery and guilt out of a cell sacred to insanity. But my hands have played in infancy, long before I was a murderer, with thy gray hairs, and now, even that I am a murderer, I can still touch them with love and with reverence. Therefore my lips, shut to all beside, shall be opened unto thee.

“I murdered her. Who else loved her so well as to shed her innocent blood? It was I that enjoyed her beauty—a beauty surpassing that of the daughters of men,—it was I that filled her soul with bliss, and with trouble,—it was I alone that was privileged to take her life. I brought

her into sin—I kept her in sin—and when she would have left her sin, it was fitting that I, to whom her heart, her body, and her soul belonged, should suffer no divorcement of them from my bosom, as long as there was blood in her’s,—and when I saw that the poor infatuated wretch was resolved—I slew her;—yes, with this blessed hand I stabbed her to the heart.

“Do you think there was no pleasure in murdering her? I grasped her by that radiant, that golden hair,—I bared those snow-white breasts,—I dragged her sweet body towards me, and, as God is my witness, I stabbed, and stabbed her with this very dagger, ten, twenty, forty times, through and through her heart. She never so much as gave one shriek, for she was dead in a moment,—but she would not have shrieked had she endured pang after pang, for she saw my face of wrath turned upon her,—she knew that my wrath was just, and that I did right to murder her who would have forsaken her lover in his insanity.

“I laid her down upon a bank of flowers,—that were soon stained with her blood. I saw the dim blue eyes beneath the half-closed lids,—that face so changeful in its living beauty was now fixed as ice, and the balmy breath came from her sweet lips no more. My joy, my happiness, was perfect. I took her into my arms—madly as I did on that night when first I robbed her of what fools called her innocence—but her innocence has gone with her to heaven—and there I lay with her bleeding breasts prest to my heart, and many were the thousand kisses that I gave those breasts, cold and bloody as they were, which I had many million times kissed in all the warmth of their loving loveliness, and which none were ever to kiss again but the husband who had murdered her.

“I looked up to the sky. There shone the moon and all her stars. Tranquillity, order, harmony, and peace, glittered throughout the whole universe of God. ‘Look up, Maria, your favourite star has arisen.’ I gazed upon her, and death had begun to change her into something that was most terrible. Her features were hardened and sharp,—her body stiff as a lump of frozen clay,—her fingers rigid and clenched,—and the blood that was once so beautiful in her thin blue veins was now hideously coagulated all over

her corpse. I gazed on her one moment longer, and, all at once, I recollected that we were a family of madmen. Did not my father perish by his own hand? Blood had before been shed in our house. Did not that warrior ancestor of ours die raving in chains? Were not those eyes of mine always unlike those of other men? Wilder—at times fiercer—and oh! father, saw you never there a melancholy, too woful for mortal man, a look sent up from the darkness of a soul that God never visited in his mercy?

“I knelt down beside my dead wife. But I knelt not down to pray. No: I cried unto God, if God there be—‘Thou madest me a madman! Thou madest me a murderer! Thou foredoomedst me to sin and to hell! Thou, thou, the gracious God whom we mortals worship. There is the sacrifice! I have done thy will,—I have slain the most blissful of all thy creatures;—am I a holy and commissioned priest, or am I an accursed and infidel murderer?’

“Father, you start at such words! You are not familiar with a madman's thoughts. Did I make this blood to boil so? Did I form this brain? Did I put that poison into my veins which flowed a hundred years since in the heart of that lunatic, my heroic ancestor? Had I not my being imposed, forced upon me, with all its red-rolling sea of dreams; and will you, a right holy and pious man, curse me because my soul was carried away by them as a ship is driven through the raging darkness of a storm? A thousand times, even when she lay in resigned love in my bosom, something whispered to me, ‘Murder her!’ It may have been the voice of Satan—it may have been the voice of God. For who can tell the voice of heaven from that of hell? Look on this blood-crusted dagger—look on the hand that drove it to her heart, and then dare to judge of me and of my crimes, or comprehend God and all his terrible decrees!

“Look not away from me. Was I not once confined in a madhouse? Are these the first chains I ever wore? No. I remember things of old, that others may think I have forgotten. Dreams will disappear for a long, long time, but they will return again. It may have been some one like me that

I once saw sitting chained, in his black melancholy, in a madhouse. I may have been only a stranger passing through that wild world. I know not. The sound of chains brings with it a crowd of thoughts, that come rushing upon me from a dark and far-off world. But if it indeed be true, that in my boyhood I was not as other happy boys, and that even then the clouds of God's wrath hung around me,—that God may not suffer my soul everlastingly to perish.

“I started up. I covered the dead body with bloody leaves, and tufts of grass, and flowers. I washed my hands from blood—I went to bed—I slept—yes, I slept—for there is no hell like the hell of sleep, and into that hell God delivered me. I did not give myself up to judgment. I wished to walk about with the secret curse of the murder in my soul. What could men do to me so cruel as to let me live? How could God curse me more in black and fiery hell than on this green and flowery earth? And what right had such men as those dull heavy-eyed burghers to sit in judgment upon me, in whose face they were afraid to look for a moment, lest one gleam of it should frighten them into idiocy? What right have they, who are not as I am, to load me with their chains, or to let their villain executioner spill my blood? If I deserve punishment—it must rise up in a blacker cloud under the hand of God in my soul.

“I will not kneel—a madman has no need of sacraments. I do not wish the forgiveness nor the mercy of God. All that I wish is the forgiveness of her I slew; and well I know that death cannot so change the heart that once had life, as to obliterate from THINE the merciful love of me! Spirits may in heaven have beautiful bosoms no more; but thou, who art a spirit, wilt save him from eternal perdition, whom thou now knowest God created subject to a terrible disease. If there be mercy in heaven, it must be with thee. Thy path thither lay through blood: so will mine. Father! thinkst thou that we shall meet in heaven. Lay us at least in one grave on earth.”

In a moment he was dead at my feet. The stroke of the dagger was like lightning, and—

* * * * *

THE WORKS OF CHARLES LAMB.*

THESE are two very delightful and instructive little volumes. Mr Lamb is without doubt a man of genius, and of very peculiar genius too; so that we scarcely know of any class of literature to which it could with propriety be said that he belongs. His mind is original even in its errors; and though his ideas often flow on in a somewhat fantastic course, and are shaded with no less fantastic imagery, yet at all times they bubble freshly from the fountain of his own mind, and almost always lead to truth. It is pleasant to know and to feel that we have to do with a man of originality. Much may be learned even from the mistakes of such a writer; he can express more by one happy word than a merely judicious or learned man could in a long dissertation; and the glimpses and flashes which he flings over a subject, shews us more of its bearings than a hundred farthing candles ostentatiously held up by the hands of formal and pragmatical literati.

Mr Lamb, however, never has been, and we are afraid never will be, a very popular writer. His faults are likely to be very offensive to ordinary readers; while his merits are of so peculiar a kind, that it requires a peculiar taste to feel them justly. We are sorry, too, to observe among his admirers persons whose favourable opinion will be apt to prejudice the public against him; and we wish that the Editor of the Examiner and Mr Hazlitt had not affected to love and admire that which we are sure they cannot at all understand. Mr Hunt says, with his usual vulgar affectation, "Charles Lamb, a single one of whose speculations on humanity, unostentatiously scattered about in comments and magazines, is worth all the *half-way-house gabbling* of critics on the establishment;" and Mr Hazlitt places him, as a critic, far above William Schlegel. The truth is, that Charles Lamb is felt to be a man of genius, and these two pretenders would fain claim alliance with him. Probably his good nature endures their quackery; but even his simplicity is not thus to be deceived. And though he lives, we believe, in famous London

city, and has a little too much of a town air about him, we do not find in his volumes any interchange of civilities with these sons of sedition. Once, and once only, he alludes to Hunt, in some very beautiful verses, addressed to the child of that person when in prison with his unhappy father; but to "pimpled Hazlitt," notwithstanding his "coxcorn lectures" on Poetry and Shakspeare, he does not condescend to say one syllable. Mr Lamb's Parnassus is not in the kingdom of Cockaigne.

We have said that there is something very peculiar in the genius of this writer. His mind has not a very wide range; but every thing it sees rises up before it in vivid beauty. He is never deceived by mere seeming magnitude. He tries every thing by the standard of moral worth. Splendid common-places have no charm for the simplicity of his mind. He has small pleasure in following others along the beaten high-road. He diverges into green lanes and sunshiny glades, and not seldom into the darker and more holy places of undiscovered solitude. He never utters any of that dull or stupid prosing that weighs down the dying Edinburgh Review,—never any of those utterly foolish paradoxes which Hazlitt insidiously insinuates into periodical publications,—never any of those flagitious philippics against morality and social order that come weekly raving from the irascible Hunt. There is in him a rare union of originality of mind with delicacy of feeling and tenderness of heart. His understanding seems always to be guided by the kindest affections, and they are good and trusty guides; so that there is not in these two volumes a single sentiment or opinion which does not dispose us to love the pure-minded and high-souled person who breathes them out with such cordial sincerity.

We are aware that by these remarks we have by no means succeeded in giving our readers a very distinct notion of Mr Lamb's peculiar merits as an author; but we shall enable them to form one for themselves, from various specimens, both of his prose and verse. The style of his prose seems to us exceedingly beautiful; sometimes, perhaps, savouring of affectation, or at least of too studious an imitation of those rich elder writers of

* The Works of Charles Lamb. 2 vols folscep 8vo. C. & J. Ollier, London.

ours ; but almost always easy, simple, graceful, and concise. It often reminds us of that exquisite little volume noticed by us in a former Number,* and from which we enriched our pages with the tale of the "One Night in Rome." It is a style well worthy of all commendation in these days, when grace, elegance, and simplicity, have been sacrificed to false splendour and an ambitious magnificence.

Mr Lamb first of all comes before us in these volumes as a Poet. He has reprinted several compositions which formerly appeared along with those of his friends Coleridge and Lloyd, and added a few others of great merit. He is far indeed from being a great Poet, but he is a true one. He has not, perhaps, much imagination ; at least he takes but short flights, but they are flights through purest ether. There is a sort of timidity about him that chains his wings. He seems to want ambition. In reading his Poems, we always feel that he might write far loftier things if he would. But in his own sphere he delights us. He is the very best of those Poets who are Poets rather from fineness of perception, delicacy of fancy, and pure warmth of heart, than from the impulses of that higher creative power that works in the world of the imagination. We know that no man is more beloved by his friends than Charles Lamb ; and it is impossible to read a page of his poetry without feeling that he deserves all their love. In the following little Dialogue between a Mother and her Child, much is said in few words. A chord is touched, and it vibrates.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MOTHER AND CHILD.

Child.

"O lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride."

Mother.

Wherefore to-day art singing in mine ear
Sad songs, were made so long ago, my dear ;
This day I am to be a bride, you know,
Why sing sad songs, were made so long ago ?

Child.

O, mother, lay your costly robes aside,
For you may never be another's bride.
That line I learn'd not in the old sad song.

Mother.

I pray thee, pretty one, now hold thy tongue,
Play with the bride-maids, and be glad, my
boy,
For thou shalt be a second father's joy.

Child.

One father fondled me upon his knee.
One father is enough, alone, for me.

The pathos of the following stanzas is, to our ears, much increased by the air of antique quaintness which glimmers over their structure.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Each of the following sonnets is in its own way excellent.

I.

TO MISS KELLY.

YOU are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honour down

To please that many-headed beast *the town*,
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain ;

By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
You keep your native dignity of thought ;
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,
As tributes due unto your natural vein.

Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow ;
Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace,

That vanish and return we know not how—
And please the better from a pensive face,
A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

XI.

WE were two pretty babes, the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,

* Fragments and Fictions, &c. Macredie, Skelly, and Muckersy, Edinburgh.

And INNOCENCE her name. The time
has been,
We two did love each other's company ;
Time was, we two had wept to have been
apart.

But when by show of seeming good beguil'd,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—
In what delicious Eden to be found—
That I may seek thee the wide world around ?

The lines entitled " Sabbath Bells " may be read with pleasure even after those of Cowper, Bowles, and Grahame, on the same subject.

The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the
voice

Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion : chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have
chanced to lure

Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and
tired

Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music ; his relenting soul
Years after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

The sonnet which follows seems to us very beautiful, though it may provoke a smile from readers of sterner judgment. It has about it an air of fantastic beauty, yet surely the *idea* is natural.

ON THE SIGHT OF SWANS IN KENSINGTON GARDEN.

QUEEN-BIRD that sittest on thy shining
nest,

And thy young cygnets without sorrow
hatchest,

And thou, thou other royal bird, that watchest
Lest the white mother wandering feet molest :
Shrined are your offspring in a crystal cradle,
Brighter than Helen's ere she yet had burst
Her shelly prison. They shall be born at
first

Strong, active, graceful, perfect, swan-like,
able

To tread the land or waters with security.
Unlike poor human births, conceived in sin,
In grief brought forth, both outwardly and in
Confessing weakness, error, and impurity.
Did heavenly creatures own succession's line,
The births of heaven like to yours would
shine.

It requires a practised ear to enjoy the delicious harmony of the following lines, which are full of a divine spirit of piety.

LINES

On the celebrated Picture by Lionardo da Vinci, called the Virgin of the Rocks.

WHILE young John runs to greet
The greater Infant's feet,
The Mother standing by, with trembling
passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play, and
pretty adoration ;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings,
From whence we date our winnings,
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that strange
child-worship meant.

But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy,
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should ensue,
Or he had lately left the upper sphere,
And had read all the sovran schemes and
divine riddles there.

These specimens may suffice to shew the peculiarities of Mr Lamb's genius and manner: but the charm of his Poetry pervades the whole bulk of the volume, and it is as impossible fully to comprehend that charm from a few partial passages, as it would be from a few casual smiles to understand the full expression of an intellectual and moral countenance.

Before we leave Mr Lamb's Poetry, however, we must remark, that there can be no greater folly than to talk of him as being one of the Lake School of Poets. He has a more delicate taste, a more graceful and ingenious turn of mind, than any one of them ; but he bears no resemblance to Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Wilson, in those peculiar talents, peculiar theories, and peculiar poetical habits of life, in which all these poets agree, and which have given to their compositions a character so easily distinguishable from all the other Poetry of the age. Hunt places Mr Lamb between Wordsworth and Coleridge, and he might as well have placed him between Belfast and Londonderry.

We regret that our scanty limits must prevent us from giving a detailed

account of the Tragedy of John Woodville. It is, throughout, deficient in vigour, and now and then so very simple as to be almost silly, though even in the worst passages there is a redeeming charm in the diction and versification. It seems to have been written when its author's mind teemed with the fresh beauties of the ancient drama, and many of those beauties are transfused into the piece. Nothing can excel the delicate skill with which he has imitated the finer under tones of the best old dramatists, and many of its scenes are eminently distinguished by tenderness and pathos. The tragedy is founded on a tale of domestic sorrow, and the only female character, Margaret, is conceived and drawn in a manner worthy of Massinger himself. We cannot afford a long extract, and therefore shall give none. We wish Mr Lamb would write another tragedy. Let him put a little more force into it—widen the range of his action and characters—be less under the constraint of imitation—and dismiss a few little womanish affectations and weaknesses—and he really has so much tenderness, delicacy, nature, and even passion, that if he gives himself fair play, he is sure to produce a domestic tragedy that would universally touch and affect the minds of men. We are disposed to doubt the truth of those assertions we hear on all sides, of the total decay of dramatic genius. Certainly the poetical current has not strongly set in towards the regular drama; but that is all. These are Miss Baillie's plays, at least, which will bear a comparison with our best poems. They probably approach as near to Shakspeare as Southey to Spenser, Wordsworth to Milton, Scott to Ariosto, Byron to Dante. They alone can support the tragic drama of this age against that of almost any preceding one since the restoration. Byron's drama of Manfred exhibits the powers of a giant. Millman's Fazio is also a drama of great power. Maturin's Bertram of still greater. Coleridge's Remorse, though a bad acting play, and deficient in truth, both of sentiment, passion, and character, is yet a rich and splendid poetical drama, full of beautiful imagery, and most musical with the breath of sweetest words. Wilson's City of the Plague, though rather a phantasmagorical spectacle than a dra-

ma, and evidently written in defiance or ignorance of all stage rules, yet displays many of the essential qualities of deepest tragedy; and the character of the sainted Magdalen is a fine and touching union of human with divine beauty, innocence, and virtue. All the great poets of the day, too, have shewn strong dramatic power in their narrative or heroic poems; and above all, Scott and Byron want little, perhaps nothing, to become surpassing tragic dramatists. We see no reason why Mr Lamb should not be classed along with those writers. He is probably better acquainted, and more deeply imbued with the spirit of the tragic genius of England than any of them. He is a man of fancy and a man of heart,—why then may he not—why will he not, write a good domestic tragedy, that might take and keep possession of the stage.

Another division of Mr Lamb's works consists of Letters on Various Subjects, that were formerly inserted in that unfortunate periodical publication, the Reflector, which Hazlitt and Hunt very speedily damned, not by criticising it, but by contributing to it. Some of them are lively, and all of them elegant. But to speak the truth, Mr Lamb's humour, though always somewhat original, is often very forced and unnatural. When he gets hold of an odd and outrageously absurd whim or fancy, he is beside himself, and keeps in an eternal dalliance with it till it is absolutely pawed into pieces. This fault infects all his humorous epistles more or less. That, "On the Inconveniency of being Hanged," has some capital strokes, but it is overlaboured. A gentleman who, after having been hanged for four minutes, is cut down on the tardy arrival of a free pardon, and restored to animation, recounts to the editor of the Reflector the sad series of insults to which he is subjected, notwithstanding his admitted innocence, from the prejudices of the public respecting that ignominious form of punishment. At last, he is about to wed a young lady superior to them all, when he receives this letter:

"SIR,—You must not impute it to levity, or to a worse failing, ingratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel myself compelled by irresistible arguments to recall a vow which I fear I made with too little consideration. I never can be yours. The reasons of my decision, which is final, are

in my own breast, and you must everlastingly remain a stranger to them. Assure yourself that I can never cease to esteem you as I ought.

CELESTINA.'

"At the sight of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to Celestina's lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite mortification, that the mother and daughter were set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to visit a relation, and were not expected to return in less than four months.

"Stunned by this blow, which left me without the courage to solicit an explanation by letter, even if I had known where they were, (for the particular address was industriously concealed from me) I waited with impatience the termination of the period, in the vain hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of softening the harsh decision by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But before three months were at an end, I learned from the newspapers, that my beloved had—given her hand to another!

"Heart-broken as I was, I was totally at a loss to account for the strange step which she had taken; and it was not till some years after that I learned the true reason from a female relation of hers, to whom, it seems, Celestina had confessed in confidence, that it was no demerit of mine that had caused her to break off the match so abruptly, nor any preference which she might feel for any other person, for she preferred me (she was pleased to say) to all mankind; but when she came to lay the matter closer to her heart, she found that she never should be able to bear the sight (I give you her very words as they were detailed to me by her relation) the sight of a man in a night-gown, who had appeared on a public platform, it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed."

There is a letter "On the Melancholy of Tailors," which, overlooking its heterodoxy, is very humorous. Town tailors may be melancholy, Mr Lamb's tailor may be melancholy, but your rural Snip, your Snip of hamlet and of grange, is in general a person of great activity, mental and bodily, and, though sober and well-conditioned, full of fun and anecdote. But we have said that Mr Lamb is a good deal of a town man. A country tailor, working on his own bottom, and sitting enthroned among the family with whom he is an inmate, is a very different personage indeed from any one of fifty fractions of men placed rank and file in a sky-lighted garret in the city of London. However, let us hear Mr Lamb.

"This characteristic pensiveness in them being so notorious, I wonder none of those

writers, who have expressly treated of melancholy, should have mentioned it. Burton, whose book is an excellent abstract of all the authors in that kind who preceded him, and who treats of every species of this malady, from the *hypocondriacal* or *windy* to the *heroical* or *love melancholy*, has strangely omitted it. Shakspeare himself has overlooked it. 'I have neither the scholar's melancholy (saith Jacques), which is emulation; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is politic; nor the lover's, which is all these:—and then, when you might expect him to have brought in, 'nor the tailor's, which is so and so'—he comes to an end of his enumeration, and falls to a defining of his own melancholy.

"Milton likewise has omitted it, where he had so fair an opportunity of bringing it in, in his *Penseroso*.

"But the partial omissions of historians proving nothing against the existence of any well-attested fact, I shall proceed and endeavour to ascertain the causes why this pensive turn should be so predominant in people of this profession above all others.

"And first, may it not be, that the custom of wearing apparel being derived to us from the fall, and one of the most mortifying products of that unhappy event, a certain *seriousness* (to say no more of it) may in the order of things have been intended to be impressed upon the minds of that race of men to whom, in all ages, the care of contriving the human apparel has been entrusted,—to keep up the memory of the first institution of clothes, and serve as a standing remonstrance against those vanities which the absurd conversion of a memorial of our shame into an ornament of our persons was destined to produce? Correspondent in some sort to this, it may be remarked, that the tailor sitting over a cave or hollow place, in the cabbalistic language of his order, is said to have *certain melancholy regions* always open under his feet.—But waving further inquiry into final causes, where the best of us can only wander in the dark, let us try to discover the efficient causes of this melancholy.

"I think, then, that they may be reduced to two, omitting some subordinate ones, viz.

The sedentary habits of the tailor.—

Something peculiar in his diet.—

"First, his *sedentary habits*.—In Doctor Norris's famous narrative of the frenzy of Mr John Dennis, the patient, being questioned as to the occasion of the swelling in his legs, replies that it was 'by criticism;' to which the learned doctor seeming to demur, as to a distemper which he had never heard of. Dennis (who appears not to have been mad upon all subjects) rejoins with some warmth, that it was no distemper, but a noble art! that he had sat fourteen hours a day at it; and that the other was a pretty doctor, not to know that there was a communication between the brain and the legs.

“When we consider, that this sitting for fourteen hours continuously, which the critic probably practised only while he was writing his ‘remarks,’ is no more than what the tailor, in the ordinary pursuance of his art, submits to daily (Sundays excepted) throughout the year, shall we wonder to find the brain affected, and in a manner over-clouded, from that indissoluble sympathy between the noble and less noble parts of the body, which Dennis hints at? The unnatural and painful manner of his sitting must also greatly aggravate the evil, inasmuch that I have sometimes ventured to liken tailors at their boards to so many envious Junos, *sitting cross-legged to hinder the birth of their own felicity*. The legs transversed thus \times cross-wise, or decussated, was among the ancients the posture of malediction. The Turks, who practise it at this day, are noted to be a melancholy people.

“Secondly, his *diet*.—To which purpose I find a most remarkable passage in Burton, in his chapter entitled ‘Bad diet a cause of melancholy.’ ‘Amongst herbs to be eaten (he says) I find gourds, cucumbers, melons, disallowed; but especially CABBAGE. It causeth troublesome dreams, and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *loc. affect. lib. 3. cap. 6.* of all herbs condemns CABBAGE. And Isaack, *lib. 2. cap. 1. animæ gravitatem facit*, it brings heaviness to the soul.’ I could not omit so flattering a testimony from an author, who, having no theory of his own to serve, has so unconsciously contributed to the confirmation of mine. It is well known, that this last-named vegetable has, from the earliest periods which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people. BURTON, *Junior*.”

Mr Lamb has also written a farce, called Mr H., which was damned. He has done unwisely, we think, in publishing it. The hero has so ugly a name, that he calls himself by the initial letter H., and lives in constant trepidation lest his real name be detected. On this trepidation the farce hinges. Detected it is at last,—*Hogs-flesh!* Men of genius are apt, very apt, to mistake their talent. The author has every reason to be ashamed of this farce, yet we fear he plumes himself greatly upon it. The prologue is worth the farce itself ten times over.

“If we have sinn’d in paring down a name,
All civil well-bred authors do the same.
Survey the columns of our daily writers—
You’ll find that some Initials are great
fighters.

How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,
When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.
With two stout seconds, just of their own
gizard,
‘Cross Captain X. and rough old General
Izzard!

Letter to Letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the Alphabet is up in arms.
Nor with less lustre have Initials shone,
To grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.
Where the dispensers of the public lash
Soft penance give; a letter and a dash—
Where vice reduced in size shrinks to a fail-
ing,

And loses half her grossness by curtailing.
Faux pas are told in such a modest way,—
The affair of Colonel B— with Mrs A—
You must forgive them—for what is there,
say,

Which such a pliant Vowel must not grant
To such a very pressing Consonant?
Or who poetic justice dares dispute,
When, mildly melting at a lover’s suit,
The wife’s a Liquid, her good man a Mute?
Even in the homlier scenes of honest life,
The course-spun intercourse of man and wife,
Initials, I am told, have taken place
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old-fashioned
race;

And Cabbage, ask’d by Brother Snip to tea,
Replies, ‘I’ll come—but it don’t rest with
me—

I always leaves them things to Mrs C.”
O should this mincing fashion ever spread
From names of living heroes to the dead,
How would Ambition sigh, and hang the
head,

As each lov’d syllable should melt away—
Her Alexander turned into Great A—
A single C. her Cæsar to express—
Her Scipio shrunk into a Roman S—
And nick’d and dock’d to these new modes
of speech,

Great Hannibal himself a Mr H.—.”

But by much the best part of Mr Lamb’s book is his serious Essays, and more especially his “Characters of Dramatic Writers contemporary with Shakspeare,” the Essay on the “Tragedies of Shakspeare,” and that on the “Genius of Hogarth.”

We observe that a writer in this Magazine has occasionally quoted passages from the first of these, in his Analytical Essays on the Old English Drama, and therefore we need not now give any additional extracts. But we cannot help remarking, that Mr Lamb, from his desire to say strong and striking things, and to represent the objects of his enthusiasm as deserving even of his idolatry, has often pushed his panegyrics on the ancient English Dramatists beyond all reasonable bounds. In some few cases, his extravagant zeal has led him into expressions of his feelings most indefensible and offensive. Mr Lamb is, we know, a man of virtue, and, we doubt not, a man of religion. He ought not, therefore, in speaking of mere human feelings and passions, ever so far to forget himself as to

hazard allusions to the awful mysteries of Christianity, which, when brought into contact with our sympathies for mere humanity, cannot but wear an air of irreverence. Thus, when speaking of the "Broken Heart," by Ford, he says, in reference to the death of Calantha, "the expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me in imagination to Calvary and the cross; and I seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which I am here contemplating, and the real agonies of that final completion to which I dare no more than hint a reference." Mr Lamb has here dared to hint a great deal too much—far more than Ford himself would have hinted, or Shakspeare. Such a passage must shock every heart; and we implore Mr Lamb, for whom we entertain sincere respect and affection, to obliterate, in a future edition, this most unadvised, irreverent, and impious allusion. He is a Christian: let him therefore beware of offending his fellow Christians—of offending his God. Let him leave open blasphemy, or, what is as bad, affected and hypocritical piety, to such reckless unbelievers as Hazlitt and Hunt.

In his "Essay on the Tragedies of Shakspeare," he adopts a paradox, namely, "that they are less calculated for performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever."

"Their distinguishing excellence is a reason that they should be so. There is so much in them, which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye, and tone, and gesture, have nothing to do.

"The glory of the scenic art is to personate passion, and the turns of passion; and the more coarse and palpable the passion is, the more hold upon the eyes and ears of the spectators the performer obviously possesses. For this reason, scolding scenes, scenes where two persons talk themselves into a fit of fury, and then in a surprising manner talk themselves out of it again, have always been the most popular upon our stage. And the reason is plain, because the spectators are here most palpably appealed to, they are the proper judges in this war of words, they are the legitimate ring that should be formed round such "intellectual prize-fighters." Talking is the direct object of the imitation here. But in all the best dramas, and in Shakspeare above all, how obvious it is, that the form of *speaking*, whether it be in soliloquy or dialogue, is only a medium, and often a highly artificial one, for putting the reader or spectator into possession of that knowledge of

the inner structure and workings of mind in a character, which he could otherwise never have arrived at *in that form of composition* by any gift short of intuition. We do here as we do with novels in the *epistolary form*. How many improprieties, perfect solecisms in letter-writing, do we put up with in *Clarissa* and other books, for the sake of the delight which that form upon the whole gives us.

"But the practice of stage representation reduces every thing to a controversy of elocution. Every character, from the boisterous blasphemings of Bajazet to the shrinking timidity of womanhood, must play the orator. The love-dialogues of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, those silver-sweet sounds of lovers' tongues by night; the more intimate and sacred sweetness of nuptial colloquy between an *Othello* or a *Posthumus* with their married wives, all those delicacies which are so delightful in the reading, as when we read of those youthful dalliances in *Paradise*—

—As beseem'd

Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone:

By the inherent fault of stage representation, how are these things sullied and turned from their very nature by being exposed to a large assembly; when such speeches as *Imogen* addresses to her lord, come drawing out of the mouth of a hired actress, whose courtship, though nominally addressed to the personated *Posthumus*, is manifestly aimed at the spectators, who are to judge of her endearments and her returns of love.

"The character of *Hamlet* is perhaps that by which, since the days of *Betterton*, a succession of popular performers have had the greatest ambition to distinguish themselves. The length of the part may be one of their reasons. But for the character itself, we find it in a play, and therefore we judge it a fit subject of dramatic representation. The play itself abounds in maxims and reflections beyond any other, and therefore we consider it as a proper vehicle for conveying moral instruction. But *Hamlet* himself—what does he suffer, meanwhile, by being dragged forth as the public schoolmaster, to give lectures to the crowd! Why, nine parts in ten of what *Hamlet* does, are transactions between himself and his moral sense, they are the effusions of his solitary musings, which he retires to holes and corners and the most sequestered parts of the palace to pour forth; or rather, they are the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting, reduced to *words* for the sake of the reader, who must else remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light-and-noise-abhorring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them out before an audience, making four hundred people his

confidants at once. I say not that it is the fault of the actor so to do; he must pronounce them *ore rotundo*, he must accompany them with his eye, he must insinuate them into his auditory by some trick of eye, tone, or gesture, or he fails. *He must be thinking all the while of his appearance, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it.* And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet."

All this is very ingenious, and it is also, to a certain extent, very true. Many profound and philosophical reflections follow this, on the character of Hamlet; and Mr Lamb considers in succession, and with reference to their unfitness for the stage, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, the Tempest, &c. We can only make room for the following extracts.

"It requires little reflection to perceive, that if those characters in Shakspeare which are within the precincts of nature, have yet something in them which appeals too exclusively to the imagination, to admit of their being made objects to the senses without suffering a change and a diminution,—that still stronger the objection must lie against representing another line of characters, which Shakspeare has introduced to give a wildness and a supernatural elevation to his scenes, as if to remove them still farther from that assimilation to common life in which their excellence is vulgarly supposed to consist. When we read the incantations of those terrible beings the Witches in Macbeth, though some of the ingredients of their hellish composition savour of the grotesque, yet is the effect upon us other than the most serious and appalling that can be imagined? Do we not feel spell-bound as Macbeth was? Can any mirth accompany a sense of their presence? We might as well laugh under a consciousness of the principle of Evil himself being truly and really present with us. But attempt to bring these beings on to a stage, and you turn them instantly into so many old women, that men and children are to laugh at. Contrary to the old saying, that "seeing is believing," the sight actually destroys the faith: and the mirth in which we indulge at their expense, when we see these creatures upon a stage, seems to be a sort of indemnification which we make to ourselves for the terror which they put us in when reading made them an object of belief,—when we surrendered up our reason to the poet, as children to their nurses and their elders; and we laugh at our fears, as children who thought they saw something in the dark, triumph when the bringing in of a candle discovers the vanity of their fears. For this exposure of supernatural agents upon a stage is truly bringing in a candle to expose their own delusiveness. It is the solitary taper and the book that generates a faith in these ter-

rors: a ghost by chandelier light, and in good company, deceives no spectators,—a ghost that can be measured by the eye, and his human dimensions made out at leisure. The sight of a well-lighted house, and a well-dressed audience, shall arm the most nervous child against any apprehensions: as Tom Brown says of the impenetrable skin of Achilles with his impenetrable armour over it, "Bully Dawson would have fought the devil with such advantages."

"Much has been said, and deservedly, in reprobation of the vile mixture which Dryden has thrown into the Tempest: doubtless without some such vicious alloy, the impure ears of that age would never have sate out to hear so much innocence of love as is contained in the sweet courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda. But is the Tempest of Shakspeare at all a subject for stage representation? It is one thing to read of an enchanter, and to believe the wondrous tale while we are reading it; but to have a conjuror brought before us in his conjuring-gown, with his spirits about him, which none but himself and some hundred of favoured spectators before the curtain are supposed to see, involves such a quantity of the *hateful incredible*, that all our reverence for the author cannot hinder us from perceiving such gross attempts upon the senses to be in the highest degree childish and inefficient. Spirits and fairies cannot be presented, they cannot even be painted,—they can only be believed. But the elaborate and anxious provision of scenery, which the luxury of the age demands, in these cases works a quite contrary effect to what is intended. That which in comedy, or plays of familiar life, adds so much to the life of the imitation, in plays which appeal to the higher faculties, positively destroys the illusion which it is introduced to aid. A parlour or a drawing-room,—a library opening into a garden,—a garden with an alcove in it,—a street, or the piazza of Covent-garden, does well enough in a scene; we are content to give as much credit to it as it demands; or rather, we think little about it,—it is little more than reading at the top of a page, "Scene, a Garden;" we do not imagine ourselves there, but we readily admit the imitation of familiar objects. But to think by the help of painted trees and caverns, which we know to be painted, to transport our minds to Prospero, and his island and his lonely cell;* or by the aid of a fiddle dexterously thrown in, in an interval of speaking, to make us believe that we hear those supernatural noises of which the isle was full:—the Orrery Lec-

* "It will be said these things are done in pictures. But pictures and scenes are very different things. Painting is a world of itself, but in scene-painting there is the attempt to deceive; and there is the discordancy, never to be got over, between painted scenes and real people.

turer at the Haymarket might as well hope, by his musical glasses cleverly stationed out of sight behind his apparatus, to make us believe that we do indeed hear the crystal spheres ring out that chime."

Much as we admire such speculation as this, we cannot think that Mr Lamb has at all made good his point. It is true, that in Shakspeare's tragedies there are innumerable beauties,—more by far than in any other dramas,—which must be lost or marred in stage-representation. But grant this; and do not more and higher beauties still remain, fit for such stage-representation, than in any other plays? Shakspeare wrote for the stage, and no man ever saw so profoundly as he did into the natural laws and boundaries of the scenic world. His poetical soul lavished in profusion over all his dramas the ethereal flowers of poetry, and these, it is possible, may sometimes be too delicate, or too gorgeous, to endure an abiding place in the broad glare of a theatre. Their native air, under which they most beautifully bloom and most fragrantly breathe, may be that of seclusion and peace. Yet, even on the stage, probably where they may seem but little congenial with the character of much that surrounds them, these divine beauties of poetry startle us into sudden delight; and we feel, while they come glistening and shining upon us, as if conscious of a purer and heavenly life. With respect, too, to those nicer and finer shades of character and passion which Mr Lamb thinks cannot be expressed by any actors,—we have frequently glimpses even of them; and though there are many of these in Shakspeare that can never be brought over the form or the face, nor into the voice or eye of any human being, yet the soul of every enlightened auditor in a great measure conceives them for himself, and they accompany him silently, and perhaps unconsciously, throughout all the scenes of the acted drama. It would, we humbly think, be a little unreasonable to maintain, that in real life, Grief weeping and wailing before us, was not so affecting as some imagined tale of distress might be,—because that in grief there are thoughts that lie too deep for expression of voice or feature, and that, therefore, real sufferers are in fact but indifferent actors, give us only imperfect symbols—general representations of human

calamity. Shakspeare gives us in his plays all that is in the power of human actors to express, every variety of human passion that can be shewn by the voices, countenances, or bodies of men. If he gives us a great deal more than this, so much the better; but we are at a loss to conceive why that should make his plays worse fitted for representation. We agree with Mr Lamb, that Shakspeare's plays read better in the closet than those of any other writer, and this is all that his argument seems to us to prove: we cannot see, that merely because they read better in the closet, they should *therefore* act the worse on the stage.

It is true, and Mr Lamb has very elegantly and philosophically shewn it to be so, that some of Shakspeare's finest plays must afford us greater delight in the closet than they possibly can do on the stage. The *Tempest*, without doubt, is one of these. But even here, we think Mr Lamb has pushed his argument too far. The imagination is a very kind and accommodating faculty. There is so little for it to work upon in the events of our own daily life, that it springs passionately to grasp at whatever may seem to be illusion. It would fain throw aside the dull drapery of ordinary existence. Give it but some excuse for forgetting this jog-trot world of ours, and it will be well contented to do so. It will overlook many glaring realities for the sake of a few seeming fictions. It makes the food it feeds upon. Imagination is not that fastidious—that solitary power which Mr Lamb seems to believe. It can work in crowds, almost with the same free energy as in solitude,—in the pit of Covent-Garden Theatre as among the ruins of Tadmor. It is idle to say that the stage is not an enchanted island—John Kemble, not Prospero—Miss —, not Miranda,—nor Miss —, Ariel. We surrender ourselves up as eagerly and engrossingly to the feeling that they are so, as we do to the representation of historical facts, and the personification of historical characters. Indeed, we can safely say of ourselves, that the consciousness of sitting on a bench of the pit, with a free ticket in our pockets, and looking at a number of men and women all paid so much per week, never does so utterly forsake us, as during the exhibition of some spectacle connected

with preternatural or supernatural agents. Such a play, therefore, as the *Tempest*, may impart the most exquisite delight. The vision of the Poet cannot be realized—but something may be given—something we have seen given—like the shadow of its enchantment. Wild airs and sounds, though Mr Lamb seems to think otherwise, have a wonderful effect on the senses and the imagination in a theatre. Music never so touches us as when it steals up like a faint and far-off echo from behind the scenes. It gives us thoughts and feelings of another world.

If there be any truth in these remarks, Mr Lamb's objections to *MACBETH* as an acting play, have still less weight. For, first of all, the Witches, whose appearance on the stage he asserts must necessarily be poor and contemptible,—though, doubtless, they are essential to the wild character of the drama, appear but for glimpses; and, although, during their appearance, they may create no strong and lasting preternatural emotions, yet is the belief in unearthly agency so much a part of the creed of nature, that in spite of the inadequate apparent personality of these creatures to our conceptions of their ideal nature, that ideal nature haunts us throughout the play,—and we look on Macbeth as a man doomed to misery and crime, beneath their malignant influence. This would therefore be a terrible drama, even although Shakspeare had not brought the Witches into action before our eyes at all, but had merely described the Thane as having had an unwitnessed and unrepresented interview with them on the blasted heath.

It is most true, that every thing about the Witches, as they are painted in this drama, is terrible as poetry can render superstition. But even in reading *Macbeth*, it is by no means the case, that the influence of the written scenes, wherein the Witches exist, is essential to the passion with which we watch the progress of the drama. All that is necessary is to feel that Macbeth is under their power, and the victim of a wild national superstition. Shakspeare takes care to preserve this feeling in us, because he preserves it in Macbeth himself; and there can be no doubt, that a person who had never seen or heard of Macbeth, and came to witness the representation of that first of all tragedies after the

witch-scene was over,—and who did not even know distinctly that such a scene was in the drama, would nevertheless be speedily carried away by the deep interest of the tragedy,—an interest founded on the general belief of preternatural agency, and the subjection of the fate of kings and kingdoms to its empire.

But farther, though the witch-scenes in *Macbeth* have at all times, when we witnessed them, been vulgarly ludicrous, there can be no reason why that should be so; nay, on the contrary, it seems to us that these wild anomalies, and all the accompanying terrors of the superstition in which they have their existence, are admirably well adapted for shadowy representation on a wide and darkened stage, and might be arrayed, even to the eye, in something of that formless terror in which the phantoms glide before the imagination, in the deepest darkness of midnight solitude.

We have no intention of searching this subject to the bottom. But we may add, that the *acted* tragedy of *Macbeth* curdles our blood, whether the Witches be ludicrous or fearful,—and that it is more terrible on the stage than any other creation of genius, dallying with crime, death, and judgment. The *idea* of murder cannot be more fearful in the soul, during its most hideous dreams, than is its *reality* when the murderer comes staggering before us, with his “hangman's hands,” or when sleep, getting into the grasp of its noiseless clutches, that woman, whom, when awake, nothing could appal, carries her with quaking bosom, and eyes held open by horror, to and fro before our sight, in vain striving to wring from her quivering joints the ineffaceable stain of blood. But we have carried this discussion too far, and have no doubt that Mr Lamb himself was aware that he was embodying truth in the attractive form of a paradox, when he threw out so many admirable reflections to support a position which never can be supported, and which is overthrown by the universal consent of mankind,—namely, that Shakspeare's plays are not well adapted for representation. For our own parts, we think that no man can know how awful human life is, that has never seen its pageants of fear, terror, and despair, gliding before him in the imaginary, but, at the same time,

intensely real, world of Shakspeare. No man has so powerful an imagination as not to require and feel the advantage of the visible personifications, on the stage, of the poet's ideal creations,—while, on the other hand, persons, in whom that faculty is but weak, see in those personifications a far more vivid and impressive existence, than they could ever see in the silent words of an unacted tragedy.

Far as this article has exceeded the bounds we had first assigned to it, we cannot dismiss these volumes without more particularly directing the attention of our readers to the admirable essay on the genius of Hogarth. Mr Lamb considers that great man, with good reason, as in many things a kind of Shakspeare; and the following parallel displays, we think, truth and originality.

“ I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the *Timon of Athens* of Shakspeare, (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of deserts, and on the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation, into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature. The levee of the Rake, which forms the subject of the second plate in the series, is almost a transcript of *Timon's* levee in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet, and other similar characters in both.

“ The concluding scene in the *Rake's Progress* is perhaps superior to the last scenes of *Timon*. If we seek for something of kindred excellence in poetry, it must be in the scenes of *Lear's* beginning madness, where the King and the Fool and the Tom-o'-Bedlam conspire to produce such a medley of mirth checked by misery, and misery rebuked by mirth; where the society of those “ strange bed-fellows” which misfortunes have brought *Lear* acquainted with, so finely sets forth the destitute state of the monarch, while the lunatic bans of the one, and the disjointed sayings and wild but pregnant allusions of the other, so wonderfully sympathize with that confusion, which they seem to assist in the production of, in the senses of that “ child-changed father.”

“ In the scene in *Bedlam*, which terminates the *Rake's Progress*, we find the same assortment of the ludicrous with the terrible. Here is desperate madness, the overturning of originally strong thinking faculties, at which we shudder, as we contemplate the duration and pressure of affliction which it

must have asked to destroy such a building;—and here is the gradual hurtless lapse into idiocy, of faculties, which at their best of times never having been strong, we look upon the consummation of their decay with no more of pity than is consistent with a smile. The mad taylor, the poor driveller that has gone out of his wits (and truly he appears to have had no great journey to go to get past their confines) for the love of *Charming Betty Careless*,—these half-laughable, scarce-pitiable objects take off from the horror which the principal figure would of itself raise, at the same time that they assist the feeling of the scene by contributing to the general notion of its subject.”

“ Is it carrying the spirit of comparison to excess to remark, that in the poor kneeling weeping female, who accompanies her seducer in his sad decay, there is something analogous to *Kent*, or *Caius*, as he delights rather to be called, in *Lear*,—the noblest pattern of virtue which even Shakspeare has conceived,—who follows his royal master in banishment, that had pronounced *his* banishment, and forgetful at once of his wrongs and dignities, taking on himself the disguise of a menial, retains his fidelity to the figure, his loyalty to the carcass, the shadow, the shell and empty husk of *Lear*?”

He then goes over all the principal pictures of Hogarth, and brings out into clear and steady light the vast treasures of profound passion and moral truth, that strew the surface, and lie hidden, as it were, in the heart of those astonishing creations.

“ It is,” says Mr Lamb, “ the fashion with those who cry up the great Historical School in this country, at the head of which Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed, to exclude Hogarth from that school, as an artist of an inferior and vulgar class. Those persons seem to me to confound the painting of subjects in common or vulgar life with the being a vulgar artist. The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture, would alone *unvulgarize* every subject which he might choose.

“ We are for ever deceiving ourselves with names and theories. We call one man a great historical painter, because he has taken for his subjects kings or great men, or transactions over which time has thrown a grandeur. We term another the painter of common life, and set him down in our minds for an artist of an inferior class, without reflecting whether the quantity of thought shewn by the latter may not much more than level the distinction which their mere choice of subjects may seem to place between them; or whether, in fact, from that very common life a great artist may not extract as deep an interest as another man from that which we are pleased to call history.”

With all this we perfectly agree; but we wish that Mr Lamb had stopped here, and not allowed his passion-

ate admiration of Hogarth to have not only exaggerated some of his merits, but to have made the critic unconsciously unjust to the genius of Reynolds. He speaks of the '*staring and grinning despair* which Reynolds has given us for the faces of Ugolino and dying Beaufort," and asks if in them there be any thing

"Comparable to the expression of the broken-hearted rake, in the last plate but one of the '*Rake's Progress*, where a letter from the manager is brought to him to say that his play will not do?"

Yes; there is in those direful countenances something far beyond that to which Mr Lamb considers them so much inferior. Ugolino, in that hungry cell, is past the yearning tenderness of paternal love—past sorrow for the dying or dead corpses at his feet—past the steady consciousness of his own horrible doom—it may be said, past despair. He is a skeleton in which there is yet a heart, but through which no blood seems to flow. In that face, there is no fluctuation—no shadow of change,—only a fixed stare that betokens a wild dream of horror preying on an unstruggling victim. In that figure, the idea of life is lost in that of misery. The madness of lean famine has overcome and killed all the passions. He is a father, for these are his children. But hunger and thirst have disinherited them in Ugolino's heart; it is childless, and, first hardened into stone, it seems next to be mouldering into clay, dust, and ashes.

Nor is the countenance of the dying Cardinal much less terrible. True, that it is, as Mr Lamb says, a grinning countenance. It indeed grins horribly, a ghastly smile. Sin is there, more convulsive than pain, more ghastly than death. It would almost seem the face of one beyond redemption. It is the face of one possessed, bought, tormented, by an evil spirit. And there is the evil spirit. That fiend is privileged to stand visibly before us. It is such a fiend as our soul might, in its fit of fear, conjure up beside the death-bed of such a sinner. Nature, in such a mood prone to superstition, saw the grisly phantom; and genius gave it that mean, hideous, cruel, devilish "*leer of hell*." There is nothing in all Hogarth so terrible as this. Had

there been, Mr Lamb would neither have past it over in silence, nor would have sneered at the "*grinning despair of the dying Ugolino*"!

We must also dissent from Mr Lamb when he speaks so rapturously of Hogarth's sense of beauty. That admiration, he informs us, was given to him by Mr Coleridge, a man whose opinions always bear the stamp of genius, but are, not seldom, fantastic and sophistical exaggerations. Hogarth had but one idea of the loveliness of a female face. That one idea is far from being very beautiful. The beauty may indeed be considered as perfect in its kind,—that is, so far as it goes. It is the beauty of well-formed features, clear skin, sparkling eyes, healthy complexion: it is the beauty of fine temper, youthful spirits, and health, which last is of itself, beauty in one sense of the word. But there is not in any female of Hogarth a single trait of expression undefineable, a single look which we cannot analyze to its elements, a single breathing of that inspiration, whose workings are felt, not criticised. Look, for instance, at his Sigismunda. Here is passion, strong passion, but it is polluted with the intermixture of essential vulgarity. Or look at his Garrick in Richard. We are not old enough to have seen Garrick, but surely he never so debased Shakspeare's idea of a royal villain,—or, if he did, it is the privilege of art to adorn, and Hogarth has either not known, or despised the finest part of his birthright. The truth is, he had not the divine spark, the *Θεῖον πῦρ*, within him. When we turn from such beauty as he could create to that imagined—loved—worshipped, by Raphael, we feel how much was wanting in Hogarth's soul, of the divine and angelical nature of man,—that there is a sphere of thought and feeling which he never dreamt of; and that, with all his power, and all his passion, it is, notwithstanding Mr Lamb's strenuous efforts to prove the contrary, true that his works do not belong to the very highest provinces of the art.

We must now reluctantly take leave of Mr Lamb and his many speculations, with gratitude for the pleasure he has afforded us, and not without hope that, ere long, that pleasure may be renewed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Echinite in Obsidian.—Dr Mitchell of New York, in the American edition of Professor Jameson's Illustrations of the Theory of the Earth of Cuvier, announces that he has seen a specimen of obsidian containing an echinite, a fact which militates against the volcanic origin of that substance.

Professor Jameson's System of Mineralogy has been translated into the Italian.

Dr Murray's System of Chemistry has been translated into the German.

The third edition of Professor Jameson's Translations and Illustrations of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, has been reprinted in America. To the American impression, the Honourable Dr Mitchell has added, "Observations on the Geology of North America."

Sugar of the Beet-root.—The endeavours that were made in France, during the war, to produce sugar from the beet-root in sufficient quantity to satisfy the demands of the population, were very successful, and it was procured of excellent quality. The peace, however, by re-opening the ports, and allowing the introduction of the cane-sugar, tended to paralyze that branch of agricultural industry, for which, however, some strong exertions have since been made by the philosophers of France.

The following is given as the statement of the expense and returns of the manufactory of M. Chaptal, and if there are no unstated objections to its introduction, it is difficult to account for the preference given to cane-sugar.

Forty-five French acres were sown with beet-root; the produce equalled 700,000 lbs.

	<i>frances.</i>
Sowing, pulling, carriage, and expenses of the manufactory for seventy-nine days of actual work	7000
Workmen	2075
Fuel	4500
Animal Charcoal	1100
Repairs, interest of capital, &c.	4000

	<i>frances</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
	18,675	
<i>Produce.</i>		
Rough sugar of the first crystallization		29,132
Sugar obtained by further processes from the molasses		10,960

Total of rough sugar 40,092

Besides which, there were 158,000 lbs. of refuse, which was excellent food for cattle, and a large quantity of exhausted molasses, which might be converted into spirit.

Reduction of Chloride of Silver by Hydrogen.—The following method of reducing chloride of silver, is perhaps not sufficient-

ly known. It was communicated by M. Arfwedson. Liberate hydrogen in contact with chloride of silver, as by mixing the chloride, zinc, sulphuric acid, and water together, and the silver will be reduced to the metallic state; the zinc is easily dissolved out by excess of acid, and the metal obtained by filtration or decantation.

Boiling point of Fluids.—M. Gay Lussac has, in a late Number of the Annales de Chimie, shewn that the boiling point of water and other liquids varies independently of atmospheric pressure. The circumstances which influence it appearing to be the nature of the body which is in contact with the boiling fluid, the cohesion of the fluid, and the resistance which is opposed to a change of state, as in the cases of every other equilibrium of forces.

Water boiled in a glass vessel rises to a temperature of more than one degree of the centigrade thermometer higher than when boiled in a metallic vessel; and the effect appears to be due to the nature of the surface in contact with the fluid; this is rendered evident by placing a metallic surface in contact with water boiled in a glass vessel. If a flask of water be placed over a lamp until its temperature be raised to the point of ebullition, and it be noticed, and then a portion of iron filings thrown in, the temperature will fall, and the boiling will go on, as in a metallic vessel.

It is to be observed that this effect of difference of temperature appears to be not so much a constant and specific effect as the apparent result of other circumstances. Water boiled in a glass vessel and open to the air, is continually changing its temperature, sometimes rising and sometimes falling within a certain minute range, and these changes accord with the evolution of vapour from the fluid. Either water or alcohol, when boiled in glass vessels, do not generally give off vapour in a regular uniform way, but whole torrents rise at once from the under surface with great force, producing a kind of explosion; the fluid is then quiet for a moment, and then another gust of vapour rises up. Now, during the time the vapour rises the temperature falls, and whilst the fluid is quiet the heat rises, so that it is continually changing; and as the lowest point is the true boiling point, it is evident that the mean temperature of water boiled in a glass vessel must be above that point. In a metallic vessel, on the contrary, as soon as the water or fluid has attained the boiling point, the conversion into vapour commences, and if the heat is continued, the steam is constantly and regularly generated and given off.

M. Gay Lussac seems inclined to account for the effect in glass vessels by the cohesion of the fluid to the surface of the vessel. It is evident that when vapour is formed in the interior of a liquid body, one force to be overcome is the cohesion of the particles of the liquid; this force will of course be constant for the same liquid in vessels of every material. An analogous force is that exerted between the liquid and the substance of the vessel, and this will vary with the substance; and as the vapour is generated at the point of contact between the fluid and the vessel, the variation of this force will vary the temperature at which vapour will be formed.

M. Gay Lussac also gives, as another power which has influence in these phenomena, the resistance to a change of state; but observes, that it is difficult to analyze and describe; and he concludes in this part, that the conducting power for heat, and the nature of the surface, appear to exert an influence on the boiling point of water; and that every thing else being equal, water boils more readily on a metallic surface than on a glass surface, and more readily in a glass vessel containing glass in powder, than in a glass vessel containing nothing but the fluid.

The application which M. Gay Lussac proposes to make of the property which metals have of inducing ebullition before glass or earthen ware vessels, is to prevent those sort of explosions which take place in distillations. If into a retort, or flask, containing alcohol, water, or particularly sulphuric acid, some little pieces of platinum wire be put, the concussions, which are so violent as sometimes to break the vessels, will be prevented, and the vapour formed and liberated in a regular manner. This mode has been adopted for some years in this country by the makers of vitriol, where glass vessels are used to distil in. Where the retort is made of platinum, it is obviously unnecessary.

M. Gay Lussac observes, that an important consideration in the graduation of thermometers arises from the above facts, and that the variation pointed out ought to be guarded against, as a source of error.

Crystallized Iodine.—Some curious observations on the forms of crystallized iodine have been published in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*. Crystals had formed on the surface and at the bottom of a solution of iodine, by slow evaporation, and were all of them cubes. In another solution they had formed in great abundance on the surface, and in the upper part of the bottles; and with the exception of a single crystal, which was rhomboidal, were perfect cubes; some of them were as much as half a line in the side. The crystals increased rapidly in size, although the temperature of the place was never above 45°, 5 of Fahrenheit, and was frequently at the freezing point of water.

Chinese mode of making Sheet Lead.—Two large tiles perfectly flat, are covered on

one side, each with very thick paper; they are then placed horizontally with the paper surfaces together. The workman lifting up one angle of the uppermost plane, introduces a sufficient quantity of melted lead to make a sheet, and immediately lowering the tile, jumps upon it, and presses it strongly with his feet; the metal is thus extended into an irregular sheet.

To prevent the oxydation of the lead, they employ a kind of resin called *dummer*.

Meteoric Iron.—There is a character first pointed out in Germany, belonging to meteoric iron, which is, perhaps, not very generally known. It consists in the production of regular figures and crystalline facets on the polished surface of the iron, when moistened with nitric acid, analogous to those produced in the *moiré métallique*. This character has been found to belong to all the well-known specimens of meteoric iron that have been tried, and as distinctly in the grains found in meteoric stones, as in larger masses of the metal; but it has been looked for in vain in the native iron of Charlesdorf, of Vciben, of the hill of Birandi (de Chladni) of Peru, and in the mass at the Cape, first made known by Barrow and Dankelmann.

Pompeia, Herculaneum, &c.—The idea that Pompeia and Herculaneum were destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, has been very generally received. A new opinion however has been advanced respecting the destruction of these two cities, which attributes it to a rising of the waters of the sea, and a deposition of finely divided matter from them. It is asserted, that a formation similar to that which covers Pompeia is daily forming on the shores at Naples, and that Herculaneum is covered by a mass of tufa, and not by lava. There is little doubt but that Herculaneum has been buried in consequence of the action of water, but whether by a wave of the sea, or by torrents thrown out from the volcano, is uncertain. Pompeia has probably been covered by a gradual fall of ashes.

*Method of making Salt in the Great Loo-choo Island.**—Near the sea, large level fields are rolled or beat so as to have a hard surface. Over this is strewn a sort of sandy black earth, forming a coat about a quarter of an inch thick. Rakes and other implements are used to make it of a uniform thickness, but it is not pressed down. During the heat of the day, men are employed to bring water in tubs from the sea, which is sprinkled over these fields by means of a short scoop. The heat of the sun in a short time evaporates the water, and the salt is left in the sand, which is scraped up and put into raised reservoirs of masonry about six feet by four, and five deep. When the

* Extracted from Captain Hall's "Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea, and the Great Loo-choo Island."

receiver is full of the sand, sea water is poured on the top; and this, in its way down, carries with it the salt left by the evaporation. When it runs out below at a small hole, it is a very strong brine; this is reduced to salt by being boiled in vessels about three feet wide and one deep. The cakes resulting from this operation are an inch and a half in thickness.

Mr Gough has favoured the public with the following account of a child *nine* years old, at present residing in Kendal. Thomas Gasking is the son of an industrious and ingenious journeyman shoemaker, of Penrith; and I now proceed to notice his literary attainments, which he has acquired in the course of two years. He has learned to read correctly and gracefully; he writes a good hand with surprising expedition; and he has made some progress in the English grammar. The boy went through this part of his education in a day-school at Penrith; but he is indebted for his mathematical knowledge to the tuition of his father, who, though in low circumstances, has laudably dedicated his hours of leisure to scientific pursuits, as I am informed. Little Gasking seems well acquainted with the leading propositions in Euclid; he reads and works algebra with the greatest facility, and has entered upon the study of fluxions. I am aware that this report will appear incredible to those who are acquainted with the different subjects which have been enumerated; but the following instance of his wonderful proficiency will, in all probability, remove any doubts that competent judges may entertain. A stranger gentleman, who was invited, with myself, to examine the boy, requested him to demonstrate the thirteenth proposition of the first book of Euclid; which he did immediately. The demonstration of the twentieth proposition of the same book was next proposed: he drew out the figure; and though he failed in his first attempt, he soon recovered the train of reasoning, and went through the demonstration correctly. Being asked, if he had two sides of a triangle and the angle included given, how he would proceed to find the third side? the process appeared quite familiar to him, and we found, upon inquiry, he was acquainted with logarithms, and was able to use them. In spherical trigonometry, he solved two cases of right-angled triangles by Lord Napier's rules. His skill, and the rapidity of his operations, in algebra, created more surprise than his knowledge of geometry;—he solved a number of quadratic equations with the greatest ease, and extracted the square roots of the numbers which resulted from his operations. Several questions were put to him which contained two unknown quantities; these he also answered without difficulty. Being asked if he had been taught the application of algebra to geometry, he answered in the affirmative, and immediately solved the following problem:—Given one leg of a right-angled

triangle, and the excess of the hypotenuse above the other leg, to construct the triangle. He answered two or three problems relating to the maxima of numbers and of geometrical magnitudes with ease, and took the fluxions, which were not difficult, correctly. When the age of this child is compared with his scientific attainments, we can look on him in no other light than as a literary phenomenon, who promises to become an ornament to one of the British universities, unless his progress should unfortunately be checked by indigence, or the vigour of his mind should be enfeebled by some sinister accident.

New South Wales.—A discovery has been made in New South Wales, which must materially affect the future advancement of that colony. "A river of the first magnitude" has been found in the interior, running through a most beautiful country, rich in soil, limestone, slate, and good timber. A means of communication like this has long been anxiously searched for without success, and many began to entertain an apprehension that the progress of colonization in New Holland would be confined to its coasts.

Mr Oxley, the surveyor-general, was sent out with a party in an expedition to the westward of the Blue Mountains, to trace the course of the lately discovered river Lachlan, and to ascertain the soil, capabilities, and productions, of the country through which it was expected to pass in its course to the sea. Mr Oxley left Bathurst on the 30th April 1817. He proceeded down the Lachlan until the 12th May, the country rapidly descending until the waters of the river rose to a level with it, and, divided into numerous branches, lost itself among the marshes. Mr Oxley quitted the river on the 17th May, taking a S.W. course towards Cape Northumberland. He continued this course until the 9th June, when he was induced to change his course to north. On this course he continued till the 23d June, when he again fell in with a stream, which he could with difficulty recognise as the Lachlan, it being little larger than one of the branches of it where it was quitted on the 17th May. He kept along the banks of this stream till the 8th July, when the whole country became a marsh altogether uninhabitable. This unlooked-for and truly singular termination of a river filled the party with the most painful sensations. They were full 500 miles west of Sydney, and nearly in its latitude; and it had taken them ten weeks of unremitting exertion to proceed so far. Returning down the Lachlan, he recommenced the survey of it from the point on which it was made the 23d June. The connexion, with all the points of the survey previously ascertained, was completed between the 19th July and the 3d August. It was estimated that the river, from the place where first made by Mr Evans, had run a course, taking all its

windings, of upwards of 1200 miles, a length of course altogether unprecedented, considering that the *original* is its only supply of water during that distance.

"Crossing at this point," says Mr Oxley in his Report, "it was my intention to take a N.E. course to intersect the country, and if possible to ascertain what had become of the Macquarrie River, which it was clear had never joined the Lachlan. This course led us through a country to the full as bad as any we had yet seen, and equally devoid of water, the want of which again much distressed us. On the 7th August the scene began to change, and the country to assume a very different aspect. We passed to the N.E. of the high range of hills which on this parallel bounds the low country to the north of that river. To the N.W. and N. the country was high and open, with good forest land; and on the 10th we had the satisfaction to fall in with the first stream running northerly. This renewed our hopes of soon falling in with the Macquarrie, and we continued upon the same course, occasionally inclining to the eastward, until the 19th, passing through a fine luxuriant country well watered, crossing in that space of time nine streams, having a northerly course through rich valleys, the country in every direction being moderately high and open, and generally as fine as can be imagined.

"No doubt remained upon our minds that those streams fell into the Macquarrie, and to view it before it received such an accession was our first wish. On the 19th, we were gratified by falling in with a river running through a most beautiful country, and which I should have been well contented to have believed the river we were in search of. Accident led us down this stream about a mile, when we were surprised by its junction with a river coming from the south, of such width and magnitude as to dispel all doubts as to this last being the river we had so long anxiously looked for. Short as our resources were, we could not resist the temptation this beautiful country offered us, to remain two days on the junction of the rivers, for the purpose of examining the vicinity to as great an extent as possible.

"Our examination increased the satisfaction we had previously felt. As far as the eye could reach in every direction, a rich and picturesque country extended, abounding in limestone, slate, good timber, and every other requisite that could render an *uncultivated* country desirable. The soil cannot be excelled; whilst a *noble river* of the first magnitude afforded the means of conveying its productions from one part to the other. Where I quitted it, its course was northerly, and we were then north of the parallel of Port Stephens, being in latitude 32° 45' S. and 148° 58' E. longitude.

The course and direction of this river is to be the object of an early expedition.

Destructive Water-spout.—On the 18th

June, a water-spout of immense diameter inundated great part of the arrondissement of Auxerre. The rain, accompanied by large hailstones, fell in torrents for thirty minutes. The whole harvest in nineteen communes is destroyed. In some quarters the water was six feet deep; at Fontenai a house was thrown down, and four children killed, and several other edifices were much damaged.

New Discovery in Optics.—A very interesting and important discovery is said to have been made on the increase and projection of light, by Mr Lester, engineer.—Mr Lester being engaged at the West India Docks for the purpose of applying his new mechanical power, *The Converter*, to cranes, by which the labour of wenches is performed by rowing, &c.; on taking a view of the immense spirit vaults, he was forcibly struck by the inefficient mode adopted to light those very extensive and wonderful depôts,* which is by a cast-iron cylinder of about two feet in diameter, and two feet deep, placed in lieu of a key-stone in the centre of each arch;—these cylinders are closed at their tops, and each furnished with five plano-convex lenses (bull's eyes) of Messrs Pellatt and Green's patent, which are admirably adapted to the conveying of light in all situations, except down a deep tube or cylinder, where the refraction they produce (in consequence of their convex form) betwixt the angles of incidence and reflection, prevents the rays from being projected into the place intended to be lighted. This refraction throws the light upon the concave sides of the cylinder, where it is principally absorbed, instead of keeping the angles of incidence and reflection equal.

From these observations Mr Lester concluded, that a lens might be so constructed as to prevent this refraction, and commenced a course of experiments for that purpose. He succeeded by obtaining the proper angle of the incidental rays with a mirror, and finding the scope of the cylinder sufficiently copious to admit the reflected rays into the vault, provided the refraction of the lens did not intervene. The same angle produced by the mirror he endeavoured to retain upon the sides of the lens, by giving it a different form, a peculiar part of which he intended to foliate. But having met with insurmountable difficulties in this process, he concluded, from the striking appearance of silvery light upon the interior surface of that part he intended to silver, that metal would represent the light by retaining that form, and, brought down below the edges of the lens, might produce the desired effect. In his attempt to accomplish this purpose, by holding the body in a vertical position between

* One of which is nearly an acre and an half in area, and it is supported by 207 groined arches and 207 stone pillars.

the eye and a candle, a flash of light was instantly produced, by representing the flame of the candle magnified to the size of the whole of the inner surface of this piece of metal, and gave an increased light upon the wall opposite to him. After this discovery, he had several pieces of metal formed, retaining the same angle, but of various diameters, and found, to his great surprise, that, although their area were greatly increased, the representation of the flame still filled them without the least diminution in the quality of the light, but with an increased light against the wall, in proportion to the increased area of the surface of the metal.* How far this power and effect may extend, is not a present ascertained; but it is believed, that a zone of light of the same quality and effect may be produced to an inconceivable extent. Some idea may be formed of the powerful and important results that may be derived from this discovery, by reasoning philosophically on its principles:—Let a candle, or any other light, be represented in a mirror at a given distance from the flame, and the eye of the spectator be placed so as to view its reflection nearly in the cathetus of incidence. Let him mark the quantity of light represented in the mirror, and such will be its true quality when forming a zone of represented flame of double the diameter of the distance betwixt the real flame and the mirror.

If a candle be placed before a mirror, its flame will be represented; and if a thousand mirrors are placed in a given circle round a candle, the candle will be represented a thousand times, and each representation equal in brilliancy, if the mirrors are at equal distances from the flame. Suppose that the thousand mirrors were united in such a form as to bring all the represented

* This invention is not confined solely to light, but the increase of heat keeps pace with the increase of light, and both in the ratio of the area of the surface.

The apparatus is so constructed as to be placed upon a candle, and sinks down with the flame, without either flooding or waste.

flames into one flame, of equal brilliancy with the real flame of the candle. For the same law of nature by which the flame is represented a thousand times in as many mirrors so united, it would be represented in one flame if the mirror be made of a proper form, and placed in a proper position to receive the rays of light that emanate from the candle in the direction of the angle of this peculiar formed mirror.

As the light of a small candle is visible at the distance of four miles in a dark night, what must the diameter or circumference of that zone of flame be that is produced by this discovery from one of the gas lights in the streets of London? Thus two lamps or stations would be sufficient to light the longest street, when its position approaches to a right line, as the diameter of the zone may be made of the same diameter as the street; and as the rays of light that are increased by this invention diverge from the luminous body, all parts of the street would be filled with light. Many are the minor advantages that will be derived from its application to domestic purposes, for writing, reading, and working by candle or lamp light. This, like Dr Brewster's kaleidoscope, is another instance of the effects to be produced by mirrors.

It appears that the great impediment to improvement and discovery in this branch of the science of optics, has arisen from the difficulty of foiling glass to the various forms necessary, in lieu of which we have been compelled to use metallic substances. These difficulties once removed, a vast field of important discovery will be opened on the nature and effect of light. May not many of the phenomena that are observed in the air, such as *halos* round the sun, be produced by this principle, the rays falling upon a denser medium than air, and thus producing a zone of light, &c.

We have given the preceding account of Mr Lester's discovery, without being able thoroughly to understand it, or to perceive that it contains any principle; but we have no doubt that this arises from the brevity and obscurity of the statement.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

THE Philosophy of Chemistry, which does not consist in being an Improvement on the Opinions of others, much less a Copy of them, but is an entire New System of the Science of Nature; by T. H. Pasley, H. M. Dock-yard, Chatham.

Sir Charles Morgan, already so well known to the literary world by his appen-

ces to Lady Morgan's work on France, has just put to press his Sketches of the Philosophy of Life.

M. Kotezebue is preparing for publication, his Account of the Russian Embassy to Persia. It will appear at the same time at London and Weimar.

Another National Novel, from the pen of Lady Morgan, is now in the press, entitled, Florence Macarthy. A correspondent ob-

serves, that the style of Romance, of which the author of the *Wild Irish Girl* was the original inventor, still remains in her exclusive possession; for though Miss Edgeworth has depicted with great fidelity and incomparable humour the manners of the lower classes of the Irish,—and though the author of *Waverley* has left imperishable monuments of Scottish peculiarities, yet the illustration, by example, of the consequences of great errors in domestic policy, with a view to internal amelioration, has not apparently entered into the plans of those authors.

The Rev. Mr Evans of Islington, has in the press, the *Progress of Human Life*, or *Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man*; illustrated by a Series of Extracts, in Prose and Poetry, upon the plan of his *Juvenile Tourist* and his *Excursion to Windsor*, with a view to the rising generation.

Mr Chamlent, author of a *History of Malvern*, is engaged in a *History of Worcester*, which is now in the press; it will contain the principal matter of Nash and Green, with the addition of much original information, and a copious Index.

The *Telegraphist's Vade-Mecum*, a more simple, comprehensive, and methodical Telegraphic Work than any hitherto offered, is announced for publication, by Mr Joseph Conolly, author of the *Telegraphic Dictionary*, and *Essay on Universal Telegraphic Communications*, for which he has received the gold and silver medals from the Society of Arts.

John Galt, Esq. is preparing the *Second Part of the Life of Benjamin West*, Esq.

The *Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*; by Thomas Hartwell Horne, A.M. illustrated with maps and fac-similes of Biblical Manuscripts, in 3 vols 8vo, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr John Nichols is preparing for publication, in 3 vols 8vo, the *Miscellaneous Works of the late George Hardinge*, Esq.

Captain Golownin, the *Narrative of whose Captivity has been recently published*, is printing *Recollections of Japan*, comprising an Account of the People and of the Country.

Mr Chalmers has in the press, an *Abridgement of Todd's Edition of Dr Johnson's Dictionary*.

Speedily will appear, *Sermons*, by the Rev. C. R. Maturin, Curate of St Peters, Dublin, in 8vo.

In the press, uniform in size and execution—*I.* The most approved Versions of the Holy Scriptures, in the Modern European Languages, viz. French, Italian, Spanish, and German;—*II.* A Polyglott Common Prayer Book, in Eight Languages at every opening of the Volume, viz. Greek, Modern Greek, by Mr A. Calbo, French, English, Italian, Latin, Spanish, and German.—Each of the Volumes may be separately subscribed for; and the List of Subscribers will be published.—The Polyglott

Bible, already in part published, will be completed in Five Parts, at One Guinea each; the Volume of Modern European Languages, in Five Parts, at 18s. each; and the Polyglott Common Prayer, of Eight Languages, in Five Parts, at 10s. 6d. each.—With the above Quarto Edition, are regularly published, separate Pocket Editions of the Bible, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English; French, Italian, Spanish, and German; and also of the Common Prayer, in Greek, Modern Greek, Latin, English, Italian, Spanish, French, and German; or any Two Languages may be interleaved in one Pocket Volume.

Directions for the Treatment of Persons who have taken Poison, and those in a State of Suspended Animation, &c.; by M. P. Orfila; translated from the French.

Observations on the Symptoms and Specific Distinctions of Venereal Diseases; interspersed with Hints for the more effectual Prosecution of the present Inquiry into the Uses and Abuses of Mercury in that Treatment; by Richard Carmichael, M. R. I. A. one of the Surgeons of the Richmond Hospital, House of Industry, Dublin, &c.

A Succinct Account of the Contagious Fever of this Country, as exemplified in the Epidemic now prevailing in London, with the appropriate Method of Treatment, as practised in the House of Recovery; to which are added, Observations on the Nature and Properties of Contagion, tending to correct the popular Notions on this Subject, and pointing out the Means of Prevention; by Thomas Bateman, M.D. F.L.S. Physician to the Public Dispensary, and Consulting Physician to the Fever Institution in London, &c.

Letters on French History, for the Use of Schools; by J. Bigland, author of Letters on English History, &c.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, 4to, with numerous engravings.

A Second Memoir on Babylon; containing an Inquiry into the Correspondence between the Ancient Descriptions of Babylon and the Remains still visible on the Site; suggested by the "Remarks" of Major Rennel, published in the *Archæologia*; by Claudius James Rich, Esq.

Dawson Turner, Esq. will soon publish the remaining portion of his *Coloured Figures*, and Descriptions of the Plants referred, by Botanists, to the Genus *Fucus*.

The Rev. H. J. Todd is preparing a Work on Original Sin, Freewill, Grace, Regeneration, Justification, Faith, Good Works, and Universal Redemption, as maintained in certain Declarations of our Reformers.

The Rev. Dr John Fleming will soon publish, a General View of the Structure, Function, and Classification of Animals, illustrated by engravings.

Miss Trimmer is preparing a Sequel to Mrs Trimmer's Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature and the Scriptures.

Memoirs of Count Las Casas, up to his

return from St Helena, communicated by himself, are printing in an octavo volume.

Mr Mascall, a Barrister of Lincolns-Inn, has in the press, a Digest of the Law of the Distribution of the Personal Estates of In-testates.

Mr Soane has in the press, Udine, a Fairy Romance, translated from the German of Baron de la Motte Fouque.

The Rev. J. Bellamy is printing a Second Edition of his Concordance to the Bible, in quarto; and another Edition in an octavo volume.

EDINBURGH.

Preparing for publication, an Essay on the Office and Duties of the Eldership in the Church of Scotland; to which is added, an Account of the Management of the Poor in the Parishes of Paisley, Greenock, &c. with various observations on the Comparative State of the Poor Laws in England and Scotland,—on the Different Plans proposed for behoof of the Poor,—on the Assembly Report of the State of Pauperism in Scotland,—and on other topics connected with the several subjects of Charity, and the Moral and Political State of the Lower Classes

of the Community. By the Rev. Robert Burns, one of the Ministers of Paisley, Author of a letter to the Rev. Dr Chalmers of Glasgow, on the Distinctive Characters of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Religion.

Dr Brewster has in the press, a Treatise on the Kaleidoscope; including an Account of the different forms in which some ingenious opticians have fitted up that Instrument.

Dr Andrew Duncan will soon publish an Account of the Life, Writings, and Character, of the late Dr Alexander Monro, delivered at the Harveian Oration at Edinburgh for 1818.

An Account of the Small Pox, as it appeared after Vaccination, will shortly appear, by Alexander Monro, M.D. Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh; including, among many cases, three which occurred in the author's own family.

A Geographical and Statistical Description of Scotland, is in the press; by James Playfair, D.D. F.R.S. and F.A.S.E. Principal of the United College of St Andrew, and Historiographer to the Prince Regent.

An Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia; by Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E. will speedily be published.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

Letters and Papers on Agriculture, Planting, &c. selected from a correspondence of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, Vol. XIV. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ANTIQUITIES.

The Cathedral Antiquities of England; by J. Britton, F.S.A. No XVII. being No III. of York Cathedral.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of her Royal Highness the late Princess Charlotte; by T. Green, 8vo. 12s.

Biographical Conversations on the most eminent Voyagers of different nations, from Columbus to Cooke; by the Rev. W. Bingley. 12mo. 7s.

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The Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London, Part I. of Vol. III. 4to. £1, 10s.

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A Complete Survey of Scripture Geography: containing an Historical Account of Primitive Nations, and of all the Countries and People mentioned in Sacred History. To which is prefixed, an Introductory Essay concerning the Origin, Occasion, Character, and Meaning of each Book or Writing in the Holy Bible; wherein also the most difficult subjects of the Mosaic History are clearly and fully confirmed by physical reasons and proofs, deduced from the present improved state of science: with a List of Texts, Versions, Paraphrases, and Targums, in all languages into which the Holy Writings have been translated or converted: illustrated by a set of maps and a chart of the world. By Thomas Heming of Madg. Hall, Oxon. royal 4to. £3, 10s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

John Bernard Gilpin, Esq. is appointed his Majesty's Consul for the State of Rhode Island.

Charles Rushworth, Esq. is appointed Commissioner for the affairs of Taxes, vice Davis Lamb, Esq. deceased.

Charles Dawson, Esq. is appointed his Majesty's Consul for the Provinces of Biscay and Guipuscoa.

Mr Joseph Uiale is approved as Vice-Consul at Gibraltar for the King of the Two Sicilies.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Kinnoull has presented Mr Russel, preacher of the Gospel, some time assistant at Abergeldie, to the church and parish of Dunning, vacant by the translation of Mr Grierson to the church and parish of Dumblane.

John Guthrie, Esq. of Guthrie, has presented Mr John Bruce, preacher of the Gospel, to the church and parish of Guthrie, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Will.

John Robertson, Esq. of Tullibolton, has presented Mr David Black, preacher, to the parish and church of Kilsindy, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Dr Dow to the parish and church of Kirkpatrick, Irongray.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. John M'Ra, 1 F. to be Major in the Army 2d June 1818

— Geo. Fitz Clarence, 24 Dr. to be Maj. in the Army 16th do.

1 L. Gd. Ens. H. D. Campbell, from 20 F. to be Cornet and Sub-Lt. vice Wombwell, ret. 27th do.

8 Drs. J. Robinson to be Cornet by purch. vice Cochrane, prom. 2d July

9 Cornet J. Greenwood to be Lieut. by purch. vice Maberly, 100 F. 11th June

C. T. Jones to be Cornet by purch. vice Greenwood do.

10 Cornet C. Harvey to be Lieut. by purch. vice Arnold, 99 F. 9th July

Lord George Bentinck to be Cornet by purch. vice Harvey do.

11 R. J. Gulston to be Cornet by purch. vice Jenkins, 1 Dr. 25th June

Gen. Cadet G. Hobart to be Cornet by purch. vice Paxton, prom. 3d July

18 Rob. Hackett to be Cornet by purch. vice Hackett, ret. 11th June

S. C. C. R. Lawrence to be Vet. Surg. vice Barrington removed to Maidstone 2d July

1 F. Capt. Mosse's appointment antedated to the 4th Feb.

Ensign E. Mainwaring to be Lieut. vice M'Leod, killed 24th June

— J. D. Morris to be Lieut. vice Bell, killed 25th do.

2 — C. Tolcher to be Lieut. vice Adams, dead 9th July

G. C. Harvey to be Ensign, vice Tolcher do.

19 Bt. Lt. Col. L. Hook, from 2 Ceylon Reg. to be Maj. vice M'Nabb, dead 5th Jan.

Capt. M. Prager, from h. p. 3 Ceylon Reg. to be Capt. vice M'Glashan, dead 5d Dec. 1817

20 — E. Jackson to be Major by purch. vice Murray, ret. 11th June 1818

Lieut. R. L. Lewis to be Capt. by purch. vice Jackson do.

Ensign A. Tovey to be Lieut. by purch. vice Lewis do.

A. Congreve to be Ensign by purch. vice Tovey do.

21 As. Surg. W. Stevenson, from 60 F. to be As. Surg. vice Berry, ret. on h. p. 60 F. 8th July

24 Lieut. J. Blake to be Capt. vice Warburton, dead 25th June

Ensign T. F. Smith to be Lt. vice Blake, do.

28 Wm Nicholson to be Ensign by purch. vice Lister, prom. 2d July

37 Ensign R. N. Lee, from h. p. 81 F. to be Ensign, vice Bentham, 52 F. 25th June

40 Lieut. Gen. Sir B. Spencer, G. C. B. from Rifle Brig. to be Colonel, vice Sir G. Osborn, dead 2d July

44 Lieut. T. Mackrell to be Capt. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Johnson, dead 11th June.

Ensign G. Dunlevie to be Lieutenant, vice Mackrell do.

T. Eastwood to be Ensign, vice Dunlevie do.

47 Lt.-Col. Cheyne's appointment antedated to the 23d Sept. 1815

50 Ensign D. Bateman to be Lieutenant, vice Swayne, dead 20th June 1818

Gen. Cadet G. Flude to be Ensign, vice Bateman do.

52 Ensign J. Bentham, from 37 F. to be Ensign vice Hayes, ret. on h. p. 81 F. do.

72 Capt. J. Doyle, from h. p. 47 F. to be Capt. vice Somerset, Cape Corps do.

73 Lieut. H. Munick, from 1 Ceylon Regt., to be Lieut. vice Taylor, dead 1st Jan.

2d Lieut. G. Minter, from 1 Ceylon Regt., to be Lt. vice Maclaine, killed 15th do.

90 Lieut. C. Le Hunte to be Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Warc, ret. 25th June

Ensign J. Ker to be Lieut. by purch. vice Le Hunte do.

J. H. White to be Ensign by purch. vice Ker do.

96 Ensign G. Roch to be Lieut. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 9th July

99 Lieut. R. Arnold, from 10 Dr. to be Capt. vice Ritter, ret. do.

— J. N. Fox, from h. p. to be Lieut. v. Driscall, rem. from the serv. 2d April

Rifle B. Maj.-Gen. Sir J. Oswald, K.C.B. to be Col. vice Sir B. Spencer 40 F. 2d July

1 W. 1 Reg. Lieut. G. Ledgingham, fm. h. p. Cape Rt. to be Paym. v. Burke 18th June.

2 Robert Alpherth to be Ensign, vice Armstrong, cancelled do.

1 Cey. Reg. 2d Lieut. T. Hogg, from h. p. 3 Cey. Regt. to be 2d Lieut. vice Minter, 73 F. 15th Jan.

2 Capt. G. Stewart, fm. h. p. 3 Cey. Rt. to be Capt. vice Hook, 19 F. 5th do.

Cape Corps, Capt. H. Somerset, from 72 F. to be Capt. of Cav. 25th June

Maidstone.

Vet. Surg.—Barrington, from Staff C. of Cav. to be Vet. Surg. vice Steed, h. p. 2d July

Garrisons.

Lieut.-Gen. W. Knolls to be Lieut.-Gov. of St John's, vice Elford, dead 11th June

Capt. W. Boycraft to be Adj. of Chelsea Hosp. vice Aeklom, super-annuated do.

Hospital Staff.

Apoth. W. Lyons to be Surg. to the Forces 11th do.

As. Surg. S. Burd, M.D. from 61 F. to be Surg. to the Forces, vice Storey, dead 9th July

Hosp. As. T. G. Stephenson to be As. Surg. to the Forces, vice M'Nulty, dead 2d do.

— J. Farquhar, from h. p. Hosp. As. to the Forces 6th June

Exchanges.

Brevet Col. Rainsford, from 19 F. with Lieut. Col. Macbean, 89 F.
 Major Purvis, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay of Cav. and Inf. with Major Wallace, h. p. Canadian Fenc.
 — Brunt, from 85 F. rec. diff. with Brevet Lt. Col. Kelly, h. p. 4 Ceylon Regt.
 — M'Gibbon, from 57 F. with Lieut.-Colonel Carey, h. p. 62 F.
 Brevet Major A. Stewart, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Docwra, h. p. 4 Ceylon Regt.
 — Elliot, from 85 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Smith, h. p. 60 F.
 Capt. Gethin, from 60 F. with Capt. Cameron, 72 F.
 — Yorke, from 13 F. with Brevet Maj. R. Campbell, 52 F.
 — Rawson, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Chitty, h. p. 27 F.
 — Owen, from 72 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Read, h. p. 12 F.
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 Lieut. Fisk, from 1 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Blathway, h. p. 23 Dr.
 — Sunboif, from 24 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Watson, h. p. 53 F.
 — Theballier, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Tennant, h. p.
 — Wm Cox, from 46 F. with Lieut. Prior, h. p. 12 F.
 — Davis, from 47 F. with Lieut. Watts, 4 W. I. R.
 — Henderson, from 72 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Jervis, h. p.
 — James, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieutenant Schonfeldt, h. p. Cape Regt.
 — Eastwood, from 75 F. with Lieut. Thistleton, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
 — Hay, from 2 Ceylon Regt. with Lieut. Gill, h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt.
 — Boltero, from 25 F. with Lieut. Millar, h. p. 27 F.
 — Perry, from 50 F. rec. diff. with Lieutenant Craigie, h. p. 52 F.
 — M'Donald, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M'Conchy, h. p. 52 F.
 — D. M'Donald, from 92 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hon. J. Sinclair, h. p.

Lieut. Dowd, from 5 W. I. R. with Lieut. Collins, h. p. 1 F.
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Resignations and Retirements.

Major Murray, 20 F.
 — Ware, 90 F.
 Lieutenant Wombwell, 1 L. G.
 Cornet Hackett, 18 Dr.

Appointments Cancelled.

Ensign Money, 38 F.
 Ensign Armstrong, 2 W. I. R.

Cashiered.

Lieut. Harrison, 9 F. | Lieut. Lahrbusch, 60 F.
Officers Wounded in the late Operations in India.
 Lieut. Warrand, 22 Dr. | Ensign Newhouse, 65 F.

Deaths.

General.
 Sir George Osborn, Bt. 40 F.
 29 June 18
Lieut. Colonels.
 M'Nabb, 19 F. 4 Jan 18
 Johnston, 44 F. 5 June
 A. Baron Linsingen, late 2 Hus-
 sars, K. G. L. 12 Dec. 17
Captain.
 Warburton, 24 F.

Lieutenants.
 Goate, 3 Dr. G. 25 May 18
 Adams, 2 F. 14 April
 Swayne, 50 F. 15 June
 Taylor, 75 F. 30 Dec. 17
 Maclaine (killed in action), 73 F.
 13 Jan. 18
 Weiss, late 5 Line K. G. L.
Paymaster.
 Russell, Leeds Rec. Dist.

Surgeons.
 Crake, 67 F. 12 Jan. 18
 Muston, So. Line. Mil. 3 June

Miscellaneous.
 Griffith, Hosp. Mate at Trinidad
 22 April 18
 Rev. Geo. Pidgeon, officiating
 chaplain at New Brunswick
 6 May 18

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Aug. 11, 1818.

Sugar. Towards the close of last month, the demand for Sugars, notwithstanding the numerous arrivals, became extremely lively, and extensive sales were effected in all the different ports at advanced prices. In London 6000 hogsheads were sold in one day. Since then the demand has been limited, and the market rather on the decline. The importation is now at its height, and the arrivals numerous. Owing to the backward season, crops were very late this year; and as the rains were commenced at the date of the last advices from the Leeward Islands, fears are entertained that part of the crop would be left on the ground—certainly it could not be finished without injuring the crop of the succeeding year. Foreign Sugars are in good request. Refined are more in demand.—
Coffee. In this article there has been great fluctuations. The price advanced uncommonly high; and notwithstanding repeated depressions, it still recovers, and even goes higher than before. The price at one period exceeded 170s. per cwt. The demand from the Continent has been very great. The late high prices can scarcely be mentioned. The

market lately has become more languid, and prices have given way. Sales are dull at our present quotations.—*Cotton.* The transactions in this article have been extensive, and prices on the advance. On the week ending the 1st August, the sales in Liverpool amounted to 14,300 bags. The importations continue to be very extensive, yet the price advances, a clear proof of the prosperity of that branch of our manufactures.—*Tobacco.* There has been considerable sales made in this article, and at improved prices. The market, upon the whole, may be stated lively.—*Corn.* The prices of grain, owing to the extensive supplies, both foreign and domestic, have given way. The markets every where are dull, and looking downwards. The present remarkable fine warm weather cannot fail to secure an early harvest. Already the fields are very generally assuming the livery of autumn. The crops of all kinds in Scotland will be most abundant. In the South of England and Ireland, it is said that some counties have suffered by drought. This, however, cannot be very great. The harvest, all over the Continent of Europe, and also of North America, is represented as most abundant and fine. The prices of grain must therefore soon give way still more considerably than these have yet done.—*Oils.* There has been extensive purchases in these articles, chiefly on speculation. The prices have consequently advanced. It may be doubted, however, how far and how long these may be maintained, as the accounts of the Greenland Fisheries, so far as these are yet received, are highly favourable.

Irish Provisions. There has been a considerable demand for prime Mess Beef. Mess Pork has been more inquired after. Butter has rather given way in price, and Bacon is steady.—*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.* There has been several considerable purchases of Rum, made chiefly on speculation. The imports have as yet been smaller than usual, and holders calculate upon the supply being greatly deficient. Brandy is dull, though prices have advanced abroad. Geneva is without variation.—*Wines.* A reduction is expected in the prices of French Wines, owing to the appearance of a most abundant vintage—greater than has been known for many years. In Portugal the appearance of the vintage is favourable, though it is not calculated to be any thing remarkable, as the vines suffered considerably from frosts in the spring. From the unfavourable state of the Exchange, Sherries have advanced fully ten per cent.

In other articles of trade, the alterations, one way or other, is so trifling as not to merit particular notice. The market, for all descriptions of *Dye-woods*, continues dull. In *Ashes* there has been little doing; and *Naval Stores* continue in their former state.

Since the Royalists began to obtain the ascendancy in the Caraccas, and adjoining provinces of South America, the trade with the West India Islands has become more secure and extensive. On the other hand, the late accounts from Chili, so unfavourable to the Royal cause, must be very prejudicial to the trade with Jamaica. It must spread alarm and insecurity over the American coasts of the South Pacific Ocean, and consequently not only lessen the trade, but render any that is carried on very uncertain and insecure. Any farther revolution in that quarter,—or should the flames of civil war be lighted up in Peru,—it would go nigh to ruin the Commercial Establishments in Jamaica. As the Royalists possess the Isthmus of Darien, through which that trade is carried on, so the moment the Independents succeeded in Peru they would completely close up the route. Under these circumstances, no road would remain open but the tedious one round Cape Horn; and then the business would be carried on not as now, with people living in peace and quietness, but with nations divided into parties, and engaged in the horrors of war. Nor would the total stoppage of this lucrative trade, or driving it into a more tedious and expensive route by Cape Horn, be the only loss, for the trade of late years has been carried on to a considerable extent by giving the Spaniards credit. Thus, at the time they pay for a former cargo, they carry away a new assortment upon credit. Thus the latter amount would run a great risk of being irrecoverably lost, or the time of payment protracted to a period very remote.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 29th July 1818.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.	29th.
Bank stock,	—	—	—	277	—
3 per cent. reduced.....	78 ³ / ₄				
3 per cent. consols,.....	—	77 ³ / ₄	78	77 ³ / ₄	76 ³ / ₄
4 per cent. consols,.....	96 ³ / ₄	96 ³ / ₄	97 ¹ / ₄	97 ³ / ₄	96 ³ / ₄
5 per cent. navy ann.	—	—	—	—	—
Imperial 3 per cent. ann. ...	—	—	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	90 pr.	99 pr.	94 96 pr.	96 pr.	92 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2 ¹ / ₂ d.	15 17 pr.	20 21 pr.	20 21 pr.	19 20 pr.	19 21 pr.
Consols for acc.	79 ¹ / ₂	79 ¹ / ₂	79 ¹ / ₂	79	77 ³ / ₄
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6 per cent.	—	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—	76 f. 90 cts.

Course of Exchange, Aug. 4. Amsterdam, 36:10. B. 2 Us. Antwerp, 11:10. Ex. Hamburg, 34: 2: 2½ Us. Frankfurt 142½. Ex. Paris 24:40. 2 Us. Bordeaux, 24: 40. Madrid, 39 effect. Cadiz, 39 effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 51½. Genoa, 47. Malta, 50. Naples, 44. Palermo, 129 per oz. Rio Janeiro, 68. Oporto, 58½. Dublin, 11. Cork, 11. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0, 0s. 0d. Foreign gold, in bars, £4, 1s. 6d. New doubloons, £4, 0s. 0d. New Dollars, 5s. 5½d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 5d. New Louis, 0s. 0d.

PRICES CURRENT.—August 1, 1818.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.
SUGAR, Musc.					
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	80 to —	79 to 82	71 to 80	80 to 82	} £1 10 0
Mid. good, and fine mid.	86 90	85 92	80 83	83 85	
Fine and very fine, .	92 96	—	90 94	87 93	
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150 155	—	—	— 155	
Powder ditto, .	124 126	—	—	— 122	
Single ditto, .	120 122	119 124	124 126	— 120	
Small Lump, .	116 118	114 116	125 128	— 120	
Large ditto, .	114 115	110 112	114 120	— 112	
Crushed Lump, .	— 68	66 67	70 72	—	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	— 40	37 37 6	41	— 38	0 7 6½
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.					
Ord. good, and fine ord.	138 150	156 148	140 146	145 155	} per lb. 0 0 7½
Mid. good, and fine mid.	151 164	149 162	148 157	159 168	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	130 140	—	130 140	120 133	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	142 149	—	142 149	145 149	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	150 158	—	150 158	160 165	
St Domingo, .	145 148	—	143 148	150 154	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	— 11	10½	— 10½	11 10½	0 0 9½
SPIRITS,					
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	5s 8d 3s 10d	3s 5d 3s 8d	3s 5d 3s 10d	3s 0d 3s 4d	{ B.S. } 0 8 1½
Brandy, .	9 0 10 0	—	—	8 5 8 4	{ F.S. } 0 17 0½
Gencva, .	3 5 5 7	—	—	3 6 5 8	{ F.S. } 0 17 11½
Grain Whisky, .	7 8 7 9	—	—	—	
WINES,					
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	50 54	—	—	£50 —	{ B.S. } 143 18 0
Portugal Red, pipe.	48 54	—	—	46 50	{ F.S. } 148 4 6
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	—	—	26 60	{ B.S. } 95 11 0
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 55	—	—	23 34	{ F.S. } 98 16 0
Madeira, .	60 70	—	—	55 65	{ B.S. } 96 13 0
					{ F.S. } 99 16 6
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£9 9 —	8 15 9 0	8 0 8 5	7 15 8 0	
Honduras, .	10 —	8 8 9 0	8 10 8 15	8 0 —	} 0 9 1½
Campeachy, .	10 10 —	10 0 10 10	9 10 10 0	9 0 —	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	12 —	—	10 0 12 0	10 10 11 0	} 1 4 6½
Cuba, .	15 —	—	15 0 15 10	14 0 15 0	
INDIGO, Caracac fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	8 6 9 6	—	11 0 11 6	} 50c.f. 0 0 4½
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 2 2 3	—	2 6 2 8	2 6 —	
Ditto Oak, .	4 5 4 6	—	—	3 2 —	} 0 2 4½
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 2 2 4	—	—	—	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	10 0 1 8	1 3 1 5	1s 8 —	} ton. 3 16 0
St Domingo, ditto	— —	1 2 3 0	1 9 2 3	1 8 —	
TAR, American, . brl.	— —	— —	14 6 18 0	18 0 —	{ B.S. } 1 1 4½
Archangel, .	25 24	—	17 0 19 0	21 0 —	{ F.S. } 1 2 11½
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 11	—	—	12 —	{ B.S. } 1 8 6
					{ F.S. } 1 10 1
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	77 78	80 82	82 —	77 —	} 0 3 2
Home Melted, .	77 78	—	—	68 79	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	45 49	50 51	—	£49 —	{ B.S. } 0 9 1½
Petersburgh Clean, .	47 —	50 51	48 50	47 —	{ F.S. } 0 10 0½
FLAX,					
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	76 77	—	—	78 80	} cwt. 0 0 4
Dutch, .	60 120	—	—	80 81	
Irish, .	56 61	—	—	—	{ B.S. } 0 0 7½
					{ F.S. } 1 3 9
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	105 110	—	—	— 105s	{ B.S. } 1 4 11½
					{ F.S. } 0 3 6½
BRISTLES,					
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0 16 0	—	—	— £14 10 15 0	{ B.S. } 0 3 11½
					{ F.S. } 0 4 6½
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	50 51	—	—	50s 51	{ F.S. } 0 6 4
Montreal ditto, .	57 58	56 57	54 55	57 —	} 0 1 7
Pot, .	50 54	47 50	44 45	52 —	
OIL, Whale, . tun.	35 —	53 34	40 42	— —	
Cod, .	54 (p. brl.)	—	35 —	— —	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	9½ 10½	11 0 8½	0 10½	0 10½ 1 0	} 0 10
Middling, .	8½ 9	9 0 7	0 8	0 9 0 10½	
Inferior, .	7½ 8	8½ 9	0 6½	0 8 0 8½	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.					
Sea Island, fine, .	—	1 9 1 10	1 8 1 9½	— —	} per 100 lbs. 0 8 7
good, .	—	3 6 3 9	3 4 3 5	— —	
middling, .	—	3 3 3 5	2 0 2 3	— —	
Demerara and Berbice,	—	2 0 2 3	1 11 2 4	1 11 2 3	
West India, .	—	1 8 2 0	1 9 1 10	1 7½ 1 11	
Pernambuco, .	—	2 2½ 2 3½	2 0½ 2 1½	— —	
Maranham, .	—	2 1½ 2 2	1 11½ 2 0½	— —	

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st July 1818, extracted from the London Gazette.

Ashworth, A. Swan, York, fustian-manufacturer
 Ashworth, J. Manchester, grocer
 Armitage, Wm. Senior, Thorn, Yorkshire, mariner
 Abbot, S. New-court, St Swithin's Lane, merchant
 Alcock, E. Atherstone, Warwickshire, hat-manufacturer
 Ball, J. Watling Street, straw-hat manufacturer
 Baron, M. Coleford, Gloucestershire, scrivener
 Barton, J. St James' Place, St James' Street
 Butt, J. Wapping, common-brewer
 Blore, R. Craven Place, Bayswater, stone-mason
 Booth, W. & G. & R. Bishop-Wearmouth, ship-builders
 Barlow, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, bookbinder
 Clegg, C. J. Manchester, timber-merchant
 Curllife, R. Astley, Lancashire, shop-keeper
 Cooke, T. and M. E. Brennan, Strand, music-dealers
 Colbourn, J. Pudding-lane, London, fish-monger
 Coward, T. Laugholm-bridge, Ulverston, Lancashire, miller
 Dawson, W. Witherby, Yorkshire, innkeeper
 Ford, J. Bidborough-street, Burton-crescent, builder
 Gibbs, J. Bishopsgate-without, grocer
 Godwin, E. Tottenham-court-road, cheesemonger
 Hornsby, F. Cornhill, stock-broker
 Hall, M. & T. Kingston-upon-Hull, woollen-draper
 Hadingham, Mary, West Smithfield, harness-makers, dealer, and chapwoman
 Jones, J. Cambridge, cabinet-maker
 Knight, A. Stonebreaks, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier
 Lindars, W. Tetsworth, Oxfordshire, innkeeper
 Lee, R. Great Winchester-street, underwriter
 Lippat, W. Kinicot, Somersetshire, tallow-chaudler
 Moly, T. B. Haukechurch, Dorsetshire, baker
 Oakley, G. and J. Evans, Old Bond-street, upholsterers
 Oliver, J. R. Blackheath, mariner
 Prichard, J. Church-lane, Whitechapel, cooper
 Phillips, T. Haking, Pembrokehire, merchant
 Pearson, J. W. Great Marlborough-street, dentist
 Reeves, J. Hornblotom, Somersetshire, victualler
 Ranford, J. Bermondsey-street, Surrey, tripeman
 Rowbotham, J. Butley, Cheshire, timber-dealer
 Rudge, W. Carburton-street, Fitzroy-square, horse-dealer
 Selden, D. Liverpool, merchant
 Stevens, J. Collbrook, Devonshire, maltster
 Sherry, J. Ramsay, Southampton, hatter
 Tickell, J. Brighouse, Crosthwaite, Cumberland, broker
 Tomlinson, W. Nottingham, haberdasher
 Taylor, L. Liverpool, chemist and druggist
 Todd, J. & J. Wright, Tichborne-street, haberdashers
 Taylor, J. Lewisham, Kent, linen-draper
 Tomling, J. Chad's Row, Gray's-inn-lane, brick-layer
 Watkins, J. & W. and R. Careless, Aldermanbury, merchants
 Walker, J. George-street, St Mary-le-bone, haberdasher
 West, T. Manchester, joiner
 Wheeler, A. S. Birmingham, merchant
 Walcott, T. Portsea, linen-draper
 Wright, R. Liverpool, merchant

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st July 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Auld & Meiklejohn, merchants, Inverkeithing, and Jabez Auld, one of the partners of said company, as an individual
 Anderson, George, upholsterer, Edinburgh
 Durie, Wm. grain and cattle-dealer, Firhill
 Hewat, Wm. merchant, Netherbow, Edinburgh
 Hamilton, Wm. merchant or grocer, Glasgow
 Muirhead, Thomas & Co. bleachers at Greenhead, and Thomas Muirhead, senior, and Thomas Muirhead, junior, the individual partners of that company
 Smith, Thomas, grocer and spirit-dealer, Glasgow
 Scott, John, and Archibald Muir, carrying on business as a company at the Monkland Canal-basin, near Glasgow, as coal-merchants and dealers in coal, under the firm of John Scott and Archibald Muir, and John Scott and Archibald Millar, the individual partners of that concern
 Wilson, James, in Knowhead, near Strathaven
 Monteath, Duncan, & Co. late grocers, Glasgow, and John Duncan, individual partner thereof; by Gilbert Sanders, accountant, Glasgow
 Nicoll, George, tenant in Newry, county of Forfar, deceased: a dividend of 3s. 5d. per pound—6th August
 Ross, John, coal and wood-merchant, Inverness; by Anderson & Shepherd, solicitors there: a dividend of 1s. 6d. per pound
 Stevenson, Robert, spirit dealer, Glasgow: a final dividend—24th August; by Gilbert Sanders, accountant, Glasgow
 Smith, Neil, lately lint and yarn-merchant, Glasgow: by John Fergusson, writer, Glasgow—11th August
 Struthers, John, Wright, some time in Tradestown, now in Anderston; by John Fergusson, writer, Glasgow—20th August
 Scott, Burt, & Co. tanners in Kilconquhar, and John Scott, Alexander Scott, and John Cooper, the individual partners of that company; by Wm Inglis, tenant in Ardross, by Elie
 Strachan, Wm. saddler, Arbroath; by Wm. Bailie, leather-merchant, Brechin
 Turnbull, Thomas, printer, Edinburgh: a third and final dividend; by John Greig, accountant, Edinburgh
 Whyte, David, late of Blair, farmer, grain-merchant, and cattle-dealer, at Turnberry-lodge: a final dividend; by Wm. Fergusson, Maybole
 Wood & Son, merchants, Glasgow; by John Ewing, merchant, Glasgow—18th August

EDINBURGH.—AUG. 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....43s. Od.	1st,..... Os. Od.	1st,.....26s. Od.	1st,.....28s. 6d.
2d,.....40s. Od.	2d,..... Os. Od.	2d,.....24s. Od.	2d,.....27s. Od.
3d,.....35s. Od.	3d,..... Os. Od.	3d,.....22s. Od.	3d,.....26s. Od.

Average of wheat, £1 : 17 : 10 : 2-12ths per boll.

mean of ten morning and evening differs from the mean of the maximum and minimum only about half a degree. The rain that fell early in the month proved very beneficial to crops of every kind—that of the latter part of the month has been very much the reverse.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

JULY 1818.

Means.			Extremes.		
THERMOMETER.		Degrees.	THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,		68.3	Maximum,	17th day,	80.5
..... cold,		52.2	Minimum,	1st,	38.5
..... temperature, 10 A. M.		63.0	Lowest maximum,	31st,	55.5
..... 10 P. M.		56.4	Highest minimum,	15th,	61.0
..... of daily extremes,		60.3	Highest, 10 A. M.	17th,	77.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.		59.7	Lowest ditto,	5d,	50.5
..... 4 daily observations,		60.0	Highest, 10 P. M.	15th,	67.0
Whole range of thermometer,		501.5	Lowest ditto	1st,	48.0
Mean daily ditto,		16.1	Greatest range in 24 hours,	24th,	27.5
..... temperature of spring water,		56.5	Least ditto,	31st,	5.0
BAROMETER.		Inches.	BAROMETER.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 64)		29.867	Highest, 10 A. M.	15th,	30.200
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 64)		29.894	Lowest ditto,	25th,	29.595
..... both, (temp. of mer. 64)		29.881	Highest, 10 P. M.	14th,	30.230
Whole range of barometer,		5.425	Lowest ditto,	25th,	29.620
Mean daily ditto,		.175	Greatest range in 24 hours,	30th,	.423
			Least ditto,	16th,	.010
HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.)		Degrees.	HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.		25.4	Highest, 10 A. M.	1st,	50.0
..... 10 P. M.		13.1	Lowest ditto,	31st,	2.0
..... of both,		19.3	Highest, 10 P. M.	1st,	32.0
..... point of deposition, 10 A. M.		54.5	Lowest ditto,	7th,	2.0
..... 10 P. M.		51.5	Highest P. of D. 10 A. M.	17th,	67.0
..... of both,		53.0	Lowest ditto,	2d,	32.2
Rain in inches,		3.985	Highest P. of D. 10 P. M.	16th,	63.4
Evaporation in ditto,		2.610	Lowest ditto,	1st,	29.0
Mean daily Evaporation,		.084			
WILSON'S HYGROMETER.			WILSON'S HYGROMETER.		
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.		27.7	Greatest dryness, 2d, 10 A. M.		47.0
..... 10 P. M.		18.7	Least ditto,	7th, 10 P. M.	1.0

Fair days 13; rainy days 18. Wind West of meridian, 26; East of meridian, 5.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
July 1	M.62	29.839	M.62	Cble.	Warm, clear	M.83	29.962	M.77	N.W.	Warm, clear.
	A.49½	.858	A.64			A.57	.870	A.72		
2	M.62½	.920	M.63	E.	Very warm.	M.68½	.870	M.71	Cble.	Cloudy fore. Thun. after.
	A.42	.922	A.62			A.56½	.704	A.65		
3	M.56	.952	M.58	W.	Cloudy, rain foren.	M.62½	.702	M.65	E.	Rainy.
	A.42	.766	A.60			A.52½	.840	A.59		
4	M.65	.789	M.62	N.W.	Very warm, clear.	M.65½	.840	M.59	E.	Clear.
	A.51½	.818	A.65			A.49	.816	A.60		
5	M.75	.822	M.66	N.W.	Warm, cloudy.	M.67	.502	M.59	S.W.	Cloudy.
	A.51½	.823	A.66			A.51½	.534	A.62		
6	M.71	.872	M.62	W.	Warm, cloud shower even.	M.66	.589	M.61	N.W.	Cloudy.
	A.49	.826	A.66			A.54½	.642	A.63		
7	M.59	.682	M.66	W.	Showery.	M.72	.859	M.67	N.W.	Very warm, light night.
	A.52½	.461	A.61			A.55	.757	A.72		
8	M.60½	.694	M.62	N.W.	Showery.	M.72	.509	M.67	Cble.	Cloudy, thunder.
	A.50½	.815	A.62			A.59½	.566	A.71		
9	M.65½	.790	M.62	N.W.	Warm, cloudy.	M.69	.470	M.68	Cble.	Cloudy, rain aftern.
	A.45½	.576	A.62			A.48½	.429	A.67		
10	M.60½	.576	M.62	N.W.	Warm, clear.	M.65½	.557	M.65	N.W.	Rain.
	A.50½	.576	A.62			A.59	.546	A.60		
11	M.61½	.505	M.62	N.W.	Warm, cloudy.	M.57	.665	M.59	N.W.	Showery.
	A.48	.505	A.61			A.51	.790	A.60		
12	M.55	.579	M.62	N.W.	Changeable, rain even.	M.67	.955	M.60	N.W.	Warm, clear.
	A.46	.526	A.60			A.45	.955	A.65		
13	M.66	.651	M.59	Cble.	Warm, clear.	M.68	.738	M.60	N.W.	Show. fore. fair after.
	A.47½	.830	A.63			A.47	.632	A.65		
14	M.70	.972	M.66	W.	Warm, clear.	M.68	.630	M.65	S.E.	Clear.
	A.54½	.984	A.70			A.46	.868	A.65		
15	M.74	.975	M.70	N.W.	Warm, clear.	M.58	.714	M.60	S.E.	Rainy.
	A.53½	50.262	A.74			A.50½	.612	A.58		
16	M.79	29.987	M.72	N.W.	Warm, clear.					
	A.59½	.983	A.73							

Average of Rain, 3.4 inches.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 25. At Preston, the lady of Major Shum, 6th dragoon guards, a son.
 — At Gate house, in the parish of Bellingham, the wife of Mr R. Gillespy, farmer, two sons and one daughter. The three infants and their mother are all doing well.

26. At Barbreck, Argyleshire, Mrs Captain Campbell, a son.

29. Mrs Smith, 13, Hope-street, a son.

30. At Garpel, Mrs Adam, a daughter.

— At Knowsouth, the lady of William Oliver, Esq. of Dinlabyre, a son.

— Mrs Darling, of the Post-office, Kelso, a daughter.

July 2. At Hilabank, the lady of Peter Wedderburn, Esq. a son.

3. At Stranraer, the lady of Colonel M'Nair, 90th regiment, a son.

— At Shandwick-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Miller of Glenlee, a son.

5. At Ashby de la Zouch, in Leicestershire, the lady of the Rev. William M'Douall, a son.

— Mrs James Campbell, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

7. The wife of James Simpson, farm-servant to Mr Moffat, Provan-mill, about two miles from Glasgow, was safely delivered of three children, two girls and a boy, who, with the mother, are doing well.

— Sarah Dullerson, wife of James O'Brien of Derrygault, within a mile of Strabane, Ireland, was delivered of four female children, one of whom was still born. The mother is in a fair way of recovery, and the three children are likely to do well.

— At her father's, James Haig, Esq. Lochrin, Mrs M. E. Fell, a son,

10. At Edinburgh, the lady of Robert Montgomery, Esq. a son.

12. At Shandwick-place, Edinburgh, the lady of Major James Lee, a daughter.

— At 51, George-street, the lady of Captain Butler, 88th regiment, a daughter.

14. In Great King-street, Mrs Captain Kerr, R. N. a daughter.

15. At Belleside, Mrs Ferrier, a son, which only survived a few hours.

16. In Miller's Yard, Tollhouse-hill, Nottingham, Mrs Bell was delivered of three fine children, two girls and a boy. The mother and children are all likely to do well. Her husband was a private in the 53d regiment of foot, but died about two months ago.

18. Mrs Cathcart, Gayfield-square, Edinburgh, a daughter.

20. At her house, Upper Seymour-street, London, Viscountess Torrington, a son.

23. At Castle-hill, Edinburgh, Mrs Snell, a daughter.

24. At Durie, Mrs Christie, a son.

26. At Teviotbank, the Hon. Mrs Elliott, a son.

— In George Street, Edinburgh, Lady Anne Wardlaw, a daughter.

27. At Cargen, the lady of William Stothert of Cargen, Esq. a daughter,

30. At Stockbridge, Mrs John Laidlaw, a son.

— The lady of Maj.-Gen. Balfour, a daughter.

Last week, the wife of a shepherd, employed by Mr Hawkins of Newport, Monmouthshire, was delivered of two boys and two girls at a birth, who are in a thriving way. The parents are poor, and keep them in coal-baskets instead of cradles.

MARRIAGES.

March 29. At Buenos Ayres, Thomas Fair, Esq. merchant, to Miss Harriott Kendall.

June 1. At the house of the British Ambassador, Paris, John M'Pherson, Esq. eldest son of Charles M'Pherson, Esq. late inspector-general of barracks for North Britain, to Marian Cotelle, daughter of John Addison, Esq. chief resident of Bauleah, Bengal.

3. Berkeley Buckingham Smith Stafford of Maine, in the county of Louth, Esq. to Anne Tytler, daughter of Lieutenant-colonel Patrick Tytler.
 6. James Spence, Esq. Broughton Place, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of the late Thomas Hughton, Esq. of Airds.

8. At Wooden, Captain Thomas Hood of the 75th regiment, eldest son of Thomas Hood of Hardacres, to Rebecca, eldest daughter of Robert Walker of Wooden.

22. At Speldhurst, near Tunbridge, Kent, Lord Cochrane, to Miss Catherine Corlett Barnes, late of Bryanstone-street, London, a young lady of small fortune but good family.

— At Bath, Roderick Maeneill, Esq. younger of Barra, to Isabella Caroline, eldest daughter of C. Brownlow, Esq. of Lurgan, county of Armagh.

30. Robert Christie, Esq. accountant, Edinburgh, to Isabella, daughter of Mr George Hewet, Grizzlefield, Berwickshire.

July 1. At Biggar, Mr Thomas Calder of West Barns Distillery, East Lothian, to Jean, third daughter of James Hamilton, Esq. of Baden's Gill.

— At Dundee, John Maxwell, Esq. late of Jamaica, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. Mr James Stormonth of Kinlune, minister of Airlry.

— At Ayr, the Rev. George Bell of Longformacus, to Mrs Elizabeth Watson.

2. At St George's church. Hanover-square, London, Peter Langford Brook, Esq. of Mere-hall, Cheshire, to Elizabeth Sophia Rowley, eldest daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Rowley.

6. At Ford church, Thomas Hutchison, Esq. of North Shields, to Miss P. Carr, eldest daughter of John Carr, Esq. Ford.

7. Mr William Ford, merchant, Leith, to Miss Barbara Johnston, second daughter of Mr William Johnston, merchant there.

9. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Russell, merchant, Falkirk, to Janet, fourth daughter of the late Mr Robert Melville, merchant, Falkirk.

14. At Dundee, the Rev. John Shaw of Bracondale, in the Isle of Skye, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Malcolm Colquhoun of Dundee.

— At Mullicartin, near Lisburn, Joseph Campbell, aged 77, to Catherine Jameson, aged 74. This is the third time that the bridegroom, and second that the bride, have presented an offering at the shrine of Hymen.

15. At Jedburgh, Mr Thomas Oliver, farmer in Lanton-mill, to Miss Thomson, daughter of the late Mr Thomson, Lanton.

— At Wells, Richard Burford, Esq. formerly of the royal North British dragoons, to Harriet, one of the daughters of the late Robert, and sister of the present J. P. Tredway, Esq. M. P. for Wells.

— Lord James Stuart, brother to the Marquis of Bute, to Miss Tighe, only daughter of the late W. Tighe, Esq. of Woodstock.

16. At Kelso, Mr Robert Marshall, merchant in Berwick-upon-Tweed, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr James Swan, farmer in Banbeath, Fife.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr John Torrance, Hanover street, to Jane, daughter of Andrew Veitch, Esq. Dalry Mills.

21. At Edinburgh, Robert Filson, Esq. Madras medical establishment, to Maria Euphemia, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-colonel Flint, 25th regiment.

— At Culter, John Gibson, jun. Esq. W. S. to Catharine, third daughter of John Dickson of Kilbucho, Esq. advocate.

25. At Hammersmith, Edmund Ronalds, Esq. to Eliza, only daughter of Dr Anderson of Hammersmith.

27. At Edinburgh, Elias Cathcart, Esq. younger of Alloway, to Miss Janet Dunlop, only daughter of the late Robert Dunlop, Esq. of Clober.

28. At Leith, the Rev. James Beckwith, to Miss Cumming, daughter of Mr Cumming, late royal veterans.

29. By special license, at St George's church, Hanover-square, London, the Marquis of Bute, to the lady Maria North, eldest daughter of the late George Earl of Guildford. The bride was given away by the Duke of York.

29. At Ayston, Lord Viscount Cranley, eldest son of the Earl of Onslow, to Mary, eldest daughter of George Fludger, Esq. M. P.

— At London, Captain Crawford, only son of Sir J. Crawford, to Lady Barbara Coventry, daughter of the Earl of Coventry.

31. At Edinburgh, David, eldest son of Mr W. Thomson, victual-merchant, Edinburgh, to Ann, daughter of Mr Robert Dott, residing there.

DEATHS.

Nov. 20. At Calcutta, David Threipland, Esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for that city, and son of the late Sir Stuart Threipland of Fingask, Bart.

April 26. At Rio Janeiro, aged 62, Commodore John Douglas, in the service of his Majesty the King of Portugal, and master and commander R.N.

June 1. At Campie-house, David Milne, Esq. father of Rear-admiral Sir David Milne, K. C. B.

1. At Cobham Park, Surry, after a very long illness, in the 67th year of his age, Harvey Christian Combe, Esq. for many years one of the representatives in parliament for the city of London.

16. At Dalkeith, Mrs Margaret M'Lellan, wife of Mr John Downs Scrutton, flax-dresser.

19. At Kirkmaiden, the Rev. Thomas Young, minister of that parish.

21. After a long and painful illness, Mrs Macnamara, relict of the late John Macnamara, Esq. of St Christopher's, and mother to the present Lady Cranstoun.

22. At Garscube, near Glasgow, Catharine Donald MacLaine, youngest daughter of Mr Robert Hart, manufacturer in Glasgow.

23. George Parys, Esq. army agent, of Craven-street, London, after a severe illness of three months.

— At Forfar, Mr John Mann, writer there.

24. At Montrose, Mr James Dempster, jun. ship-master, aged 36.

— At Siston, in England, aged 100, Richard Kew, a pauper. He lived to be grandfather to a grandfather, being five generations.

— On board his Majesty's ship Forth, upon the Halifax station, by the bursting of a blood vessel, Lieutenant Alexander Home, R. N. a deserving young officer, third son of the Earl of Marchmont. His confirmation as lieutenant was intimated from the Admiralty only fourteen days before Admiral Sir David Mills communicated to his friends the account of his untimely death. Lieutenant Home was six feet two inches tall, and the strongest man in the ship.

25. At Morebattle Mains, near Kelso, in the 37th year of her age, after a painful illness of only 24 hours, Mrs Margaret Scott, wife of Mr John Hills.

— At her house, Royal Exchange, Edinburgh, Miss Katharine Waddell.

— John, fourth-son of Lieutenant-general Hunter of Burnside.

— At Oreston, near Plymouth, in his 80th year, Lieutenant John Burrows of the royal navy, in which he served 64 years, 56 of which were as a lieutenant. Excepting three in Greenwich hospital, he was the oldest in the lieutenant's list, and preferred continuing so, though twice offered the rank of a master and commander.

— At his seat Springfield, near Charleville, county of Cork, the Right Hon. Baron Muskerry, governor and custos rotulorum of the county of Limerick, and colonel of the county of Limerick militia, &c.

— Mr William Hutchison, fish-curer, Burntisland, in the prime of life, universally regretted. He was unfortunately lost on returning from Newhaven to Burntisland, in the passage boat which foundered in the Frith of Forth. His remains were found on the 1st, and interred at Burntisland on the 4th July.

26. At Cumbernauld, the Rev. George Hill, in the 68th year of his age, and 37th of his ministry. Mr Hill was ordained at Cumbernauld in the year 1782, and during the lapse of 36 years, there was not a single Sabbath on which he was incapable of officiating in public, and only three Sabbaths during his last illness, that he was unable for duty.

— At Paris, the infant daughter and only child of Lord William Russell, son to the Duke of Bedford, aged three months.

— At Merehiston, Mrs Rynie, wife of Mr S. Rynie of the commissariat.

25. At Roxburgh Manse, Mrs Bell, wife of the Rev. Andrew Bell, aged 63 years.

— At his Lordship's seat, Port Elliot, Cornwall, the Countess of St Germans.

27. In King's College, Old Aberdeen, in the 75th year of his age, Mr John Gray, many years school-master of Old Machar, and long an useful and respectable magistrate of the city of Old Aberdeen.

28. At Aberdeen, Janet Youngson, at the very advanced age of 101 years. She was a native of the parish of Logie, and was able to go about until a day or two before her death, being on the streets on Friday se'nnight. Her mother, Margaret Milne, a native of the neighbouring parish of Foveran, lived also to the age of 101.

29. At Birgham, Mrs Christian Bell, relict of the Rev. Adam Murray, minister of Eccles, aged 90.

— At Overton, Lanarkshire, John Ingles Crawford, the infant son of Captain James Couits Crawford of Overton.

— In George's-square, Eliza Catherine, the infant daughter of Captain Elliott Baugh, R. N.

— At Chicksands Priory, Bedfordshire, in the 77th year of his age, Sir George Osborn, Bart. a general in the army, and colonel of the 40th regiment of foot.

July 1. At Greenock, after a short illness, on his way to join the Halifax staff, Deputy-assistant-commissary-general Bisset.

3. At her son's house of Sand-lodge, Shetland, Mrs Bruce of Sumburgh, mother of Mrs Admiral Fraser.

4. At Spittal, East Lothian, Mr James Bairns father, farmer.

— At his house, Hampton-court Green, Francis Thomas Fitzmaurice, Earl of Kerry. Upon the loss of his wife, April 1799, his lordship retired to privacy and seclusion. Duly attentive to the ties of blood and the calls of friendship, he has bequeathed a considerable sum to public charities. Mrs Hinde, his near relative, is nominated sole executrix.

— At Henderland, William, only son of Mr John Anderson, in the 15th year of his age.

5. At the house of Mr Ross of sound, in Zetland, in the 47th year of his age, George Linklater, Esq.

— At Elgin, the Rev. Thomas Duncan, who had been for about 48 years pastor of the first associate congregation there.

6. At Lowick, Mrs Jameson, wife of Mr Jameson, town clerk of Berwick, aged 39.

— At Mossburnford, near Jedburgh, Miss Margaret Purves, daughter of the late Mr Wm Purves.

— At Glasgow, Mr William Milne, merchant there.

— At her house, in Prince's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Bruce, eldest daughter of the late David Bruce of Kinnaird, Esq.

— Mrs Luey Walker, widow of William Walker, writer in Edinburgh.

7. At Sunning hill, Berks, Lady Lindsay, widow of General Sir David Lindsay, Bart.

— At Preston-grange, the Countess of Hyndford.

— Thomas Brown, Esq. of Johnstonburg, East Lothian, aged 82 years.

8. At Linlithgow, suddenly, Alexander Learmonth, Esq. of Cross-flats.

— At her house in Falkirk, Mrs Marion Meek, relict of Dr John Corbet, physician there.

— At Ferrybridge, Yorksire, Lieutenant-general William Simson of Pitcorthy.

— At his father's house, College-street, John, only son of Mr John M'Diarmid, writer in Edinburgh.

9. At Edinburgh, James Kennedy, student of medicine, eldest son of James Kennedy, merchant.

— At Fountainbridge, Margaret Henderson Miller, eldest daughter of the late Mr David Miller.

10. At Springhill, Thomas Nesbit, Esq. of Mersington.

— At his house, Clapham Common, John Sprot, Esq.

11. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Blyth, widow of Mr Brodie.

— At Stewartfield, Caroline Cornelia, eldest daughter of James Elliot, Esq. younger of Woollic.

12. Richard Johnson, Esq. aged 75, treasurer for the county, and one of the aldermen of the borough of Lancaster. He was the father of the corporation, having served the office of mayor three times, viz. in 1795, 1805, and 1815.

— At London, in consequence of a blood-vessel bursting, Mr John Ledingham, son of the late Mr George Ledingham, merchant, Leith.

12. At Leith, Jane Kirkwood, aged 66, wife of William Dods, smith there.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Mansfield, wife of William Mackenzie, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Glasgow, Hamilton Macfarlane, merchant.

13. At Boroughmuirhead, near Edinburgh, Miss Christian Campbell, only daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. Perth.

— Mary Jane, aged 11, youngest daughter of John Thomson, Esq. Forth-street, Edinburgh.

— Sarah Firth of Bradley, Yorkshire, aged 75, who, within the last 16 years, had been persecuted as a witch by an illiterate set of people.

14. At Edinburgh, Mr James Welsh, late baker there.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Campbell, daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. cashier of the royal bank of Scotland.

— At Leith, Alexander Shirreff, Esq. merchant there, aged 68.

— At Maryfield, near Edinburgh, aged 19, Agnes, only daughter of Mr William Elder, Leith.

16. At 134, George-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Constable, wife of Mr Robert Cadell, bookseller.

17. Of a fit of apoplexy, at the house of the Rev. Christopher Bird, High Hoyland, where he was receiving his education, Richard Henry Lulphus Lumley, third son of the Hon. and Rev. John Lumley Savile of Rufford, Notts. He was born September 16, 1800. His remains were deposited in the vault of the Savile family, at Thornhill.

18. At her house, 3, Roxburgh-place, Mrs Ann Allan, relict of Mr William Dick, attorney at law in Gibraltar.

— At the Manse of Buncle, the Rev. John Campbell, minister of that parish.

19. Christina Do-othca Hamilton, infant daughter of Thomas Ewing, teacher, 41, North Hanover-street.

— At Ayr, aged 15, Mary Riddell, daughter of the late Dr David Linton, physician in the island of Grenada.

20. At Edinburgh, aged 16, John Henderson, only child of Mr Henderson of Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.

21. At Edinburgh, aged 19, Agnes, second daughter of Dr William Farquharson, physician.

21. At his house, in the Caungate, Mr John Henderson, tailor, aged 76.

23. At Bellwood, Henrietta Anna Jane, only daughter of John Young, jun. Esq.

24. At Argyle house, London, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Catherine Gordon, second daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.

— William Hutton, engraver in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Patrick, the infant son of John Campbell, Esq. of Achalader.

— At Goodrich-house, near Ross, Herefordshire, Miss Ann Colquhoun Bruce, eldest daughter of Sir William Bruce of Stenhouse, baronet.

25. At Edinburgh, Marion, daughter of Mr John Nicol, Buccleuch-street.

26. At Edinburgh, William Jeffrey, Esq.

28. At Edinburgh, Alexander Hamilton Morehead, youngest son of the Rev. Robert Morehead.

29. At Ormsary, Miss Katherine Campbell, daughter of the deceased William Campbell, of Ormsary.

30. At No 2, Mound-place, Eliza Orr, relict of William Raeburn, perfumer, Edinburgh.

— At Drumsbeugh, Jemima Barbara, youngest daughter of Sir John Hay of Smithfield and Hays-town, Bart.

Lately—Mr Henry Richardson of Northallerton, Yorkshire, well known to the sporting gentlemen as an extensive breeder of game dogs.

In Barcelona, Captain-General Castanos, the commander-in-chief at the celebrated battle of Baylen.

At Eye, Thomas Wayth, Esq. solicitor. He was attending the election ball given in honour of the newly-elected members for the burgh of Eye, and partaking of the amusement of dancing, when he in a moment fell motionless, and instantly expired.

At Portobello, near Sheffield, Mr Joseph Youle, a self-taught mathematician of some eminence in that neighbourhood, and an able instructor. His death was caused by keeping the windows of his school-room open during the whole of the Wednesday preceding, to avoid as much as possible the inconvenience of the intense heat of that day, by which he caught an inflammatory fever, which occasioned his death.

At Ferncy Green, on the banks of Windemere, Westmorland, the seat of the late Mr Pringle, Robert Allan, Esq. banker, Edinburgh, aged 72.

At Greenhill, in the parish of Ruthwell, Andrew Rome, in the 76th year of his age. This old man, with his brother, who still survives, and is about 10 years older, is among the last of a daring and enterprising race of smugglers, who carried on an extensive contraband trade in Ammandale, before the exclusive privileges of the Isle of Man were bought up and regulated by government. He was a native of the border parish of Dornock, but for the last 40 or 50 years resided in the parish of Ruthwell, where he rented a farm under the Earl of Mansfield. The character of this old smuggler was strongly marked with the peculiar features of his illicit occupation, and would have formed a fine subject for the graphic pen of the author of Guy Ranning.

Count Kalkreuth, the governor of that city. This distinguished officer lived to his 83d year, having spent no less than 67 years in the Prussian service, and been actively employed during the whole military career of his great friend and instructor, Frederick II.

At Calcutta, Sir John Hadley D'Oyly, Bart.

At Bombay, David White, Esq. second member of the medical board of the Bombay presidency.

Richard Miles Wynne, Esq. of Eyart-house, many years governor of Cape Coast Castle, Africa.

At Leamington Spa, Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. D. C. L. long and deservedly celebrated for his philanthropic labours and writings for promoting the public charities and other useful institutions of the kingdom.

At Pisa, where she went for the recovery of her health, the Hon. Charlotte Plunkett. She was sister to Lord Cloncurry, and married, in 1805, Edward, eldest son of Lord Dunsany, by whom she has left two sons and one daughter.

At Dundee, in the 100th year of his age, John Fraser, a native of Strathpey, and one of the few remaining adherents of Prince Charles Stuart, having fought under that unfortunate Prince during the whole of the rebellion in 1745 and 1746. He was buried at the church-yard of Logie; and the company who attended his remains to the grave followed the ancient Highland custom of drinking some bottles of whisky before leaving the burying-ground.

On his passage home from Jamaica, the celebrated author, M. G. Lewis, Esq. well known by the name of Monk Lewis.

At Lynn Regis, Mr Gavin Mitchell, son of the deceased Dr Mitchell, minister of Kinellar.

At Newport, in this county, after a lingering illness, the Hon. Andrew Foley, M. P. for Droitwich, in Worcestershire, brother of the late Lord Foley, and father of Colonel Foley, one of the county members in the last parliament.

At Trinidad, in the end of March last, Thomas Bogue, eldest son of Jacob Bogue, lieutenant of police, Edinburgh.

At Trieste, a Greek, at the great age of 125. He lived in three centuries.

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OBSERVATIONS ON MADAME DE
STÆL'S POSTHUMOUS WORK.*

THE long dreaded but at last very sudden death of Madame de Stael, has recently taken one of its brightest ornaments from the literature of Europe, and the idol and centre of attachment from a circle of personal friends and admirers, wide beyond all example since the days of Ferney. Her birth, her family connexions, her residence, and the objects of her literary labours, had rendered this extraordinary woman almost equally the denizen of France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and Sweden. Even we, the most jealous of all nations, had relaxed our rules in her favour. Many of her greatest works were first published in England, and she was universally regarded among us with a feeling of partiality, which, laying every other reason out of the question, might not insufficiently be accounted for by the uniform and intelligent zeal, with which she was accustomed to hold up to the admiration and imitation of foreigners the severe beauty of our institutions, the consequent firmness, dignity, and generosity of the English character, as well as the varied strength and splendour of that literature which has been one of the noblest effects, and which is still one of the most powerful supports of that character and those institutions.

The lamentations of her devoted friends and worshippers arose loudly from every region of Europe; nor in truth can those who have studied the remarkable works of her genius be supposed to find much difficulty in lending, at the least, a very large share of sympathy to their affliction. We know of no author whose personal character may be guessed from his writings more safely than that of Madame de Stael from her *Life* of her Father, her book *De l'Allemagne*, and her *Corinne*. "Femina pectore, vir ingenio," she displays everywhere in her works, and in her own person she embodied, a most rare and graceful amalgamation of many of the best qualities of both the sexes,—the warmth, the tenderness, the submissive veneration of woman,—adorning, not weakening, a depth, energy, and refinement of intellect, such as have been possessed by few men of any age, certainly surpassed by none of ours. Uniting within herself so many sources of attraction; bearing firmly but meekly the highest honours of genius; adorning and delighting every society with her wit, grace, and elegance; the most pious of daughters; the most tender of mothers; the most faithful of friends; the most generous of patrons; is it strange that she should have excited in all that approached her a mingled feeling, made up in different proportions, no doubt, but still the same in its elements—a mingled feeling of love, wonder, and reverence?—Her faults, for faults she had, were unobtrusive; and they who were best able to comprehend her, never suspected that they touched her heart. She was

* Considerations sur les Principaux Evénemens de la Revolution Française. Ouvrage Posthume de Mad. La Baronne De Stæel, Publié par M. Le Duc de Broglie et M. Le Baron A. De Staël. 3 vol. 8vo. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, London. 1818.

worshipped and loved by all; but by few, very few, was she understood. The expression of one of her heroines was suggested, we doubt not, by her knowledge of herself; "il est des choses qui ne s'expliquent pas; et je suis peut-être une de ces choses là."

A Treatise on the Life and Writings of Madame de Stael has already been promised to the world by her illustrious friend William Augustus Schlegel, whose kindred genius and attainments, and long domestic intimacy with the family of Copet, may certainly well entitle us to expect from him a most interesting as well as masterly specimen of biography and criticism. During the expectation of a work such as this is likely to prove, there would be presumption, as well as idleness, in any elaborate investigation which we might institute, either into the personal or the literary history of its subject. In the mean time, however, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of devoting a few pages to the consideration of her posthumous work on the French Revolution—a performance less finished indeed in its style, but containing, we imagine, more true wisdom than any of its predecessors—composed during the intervals of disease,—in great part under the near expectation of death,—and forming, indeed, a legacy worthy of being bequeathed by Madame de Stael, and of being received with the admiration of England, and the gratitude of France.

This book, by whomsoever it might have been written, must always have been a most valuable present to the world; for it embodies, we think, more good observation and practical sense, in regard to the events of the revolutionary period, than we have elsewhere met with. But it is doubly interesting, and doubly instructive withal, when considered as the last work of this remarkable person, the whole of whose feelings and thoughts had been developed or tinged by the incidents of that strange time—whose life and genius bear vividly the stamp of that unequalled convulsion, which has run first like a fever, and then like a palsy, through the whole moral and intellectual circulation of her country. Into whichever of the works of Madame de Stael we may look, we shall be at no loss to detect the traces of this great presiding influence. The

first of all her writings, her Essay on the character of Rousseau, shews how early she had seized the full scope and tendency of those fervent declamations which first incited, not the light and the sarcastic, but the meditative and enthusiastic spirits of the world to a crusade of Change.* Her celebrated *Defense de Marie Antoinette*, which appeared a few years afterwards, is filled with the expressions of a wise and thoughtful generosity, and—where could higher praise be found?—is worthy of being read and admired, even by those who are familiar with the still more energetic masterpiece of Burke. The same may be said of her "*Reflexions sur la paix adressees a M. Pitt et aux Francois*," which were published in the year 1795. Neither is the bent of her spirit, the main and centre point of all her thoughts, less distinguishable even in those of her works which are not professedly or formally political. In Delphine, the agitation of generous souls deprived of the star and compass of principle and religion, and abandoned to the mingling winds and waves of scepticism and passion, is depicted with a power which can never be undervalued but by the obtuse, and a purpose which has never been

* In this work, which is not much read in our country, but which, when regarded as the first effort of a female author of twenty, must always be worthy of much attention, we find the character of Jean Jacques portrayed at least as well as it has ever since been by more mature critics. "Rousseau," says she, "devoit avoir une figure qu'on ne remarquoit point, quand on le voyoit passer, mais qu'on ne pouvoit jamais oublier quand on l'avoit regardé parler; de petits yeux qui n'avoient pas un caractère à eux, mais recevoient successivement celui des divers mouvemens de son âme. Il portoit presque toujours, la tête baissée; mais ce n'étoit point la flatterie ni la crainte qui l'avoit courbée; la méditation et la mélancolie l'avoient fait pencher comme une fleur que son propre poids ou les orages ont inclinée. Ses traits étoient communs; mais quand il parloit, ils étinceloient tous. Son esprit étoit lent, et son âme ardente: à force de penser, il se passionnoit; il n'avoit pas de mouvemens subits du moins en apparence, mais tous ses sentimens s'accroissoient par la réflexion. Je crois que l'imagination étoit la première de ses facultés, et qu'elle absorboit même toutes les autres. Il rêvoit plutôt qu'il n'existoit, et les événemens de sa vie se passaient dans sa tête, plutôt qu'au-dehors de lui, &c."

misrepresented but by the cold, the heartless, or the hypocritical. In the *De l'Allemagne*, but above all in the *Corinne*, (perhaps the most original work, either of poetry or of prose, which has appeared in our time) a depth of feeling and reflection, and a strength of glowing and tender eloquence, such as have scarcely ever been conjoined in the person of any writer besides herself, are poured out to express the sorrow with which she had witnessed, in her own country, the deadening influence of the philosophy of *persiflage*, and the ardent zeal with which she contemplated the effects of the old and more generous habitudes of religious and poetical enthusiasm upon the souls and characters of men. Other romances are read, because they please the comparatively trivial faculties by portraiture of comparatively trivial feelings; but, with the exception of a few of the fine solemn passages in *Don Quixote*, and some things in the works of the author of the *Tales of my Landlord*, we recollect of nothing in that department of literature which touches the nobler and more mysterious parts of the spirit so powerfully as the representation of filial piety, and of the sentiments of Christianity in *Corinne*.

In each and all of these works, there prevails a tone of thought and passion which cannot be supposed to have existed at any period other than a revolutionary one. It is evident from every page, that the author lived among men whose intellects had been all unhinged by some extraordinary concussion, whose feelings, opinions, principles, had all been taken out of their order, and jumbled together, to use a vulgar simile, like the stones upon a necklace, by the cutting of the string. From the earlier of her writings, it must be admitted, there appears reason to conclude, that she herself had been drawn, for a season, within the circle of the mental anarchy around her. She soon escaped from the evil, and in so doing, she parted not with the good which was to be learned from the doctrines of the times. The original principle of the French Revolution she always continued to defend, and who, excepting perhaps a Spanish monk, or an old French emigrant, will now have the boldness utterly to condemn it? But from the moment she began to consider things maturely and

calmly, she never for a moment swerved from the conviction, that no revolution could be conducted well, or be expected to end well, in the hands of a set of men devoid of firmness of principle and depth of knowledge, like the demagogues of France—babblers, who talked of virtue, while they hated it,

“And honour, which they did not understand.”

She was of the same opinion which Burke expressed concerning not the first speculative, but the first active movers of the Revolution.* She

* “The legislators who framed the antient republics knew that their business was too arduous to be accomplished with no better apparatus than the metaphysics of an under graduate, and the mathematics and arithmetick of an exciseman. They had to do with men, and they were obliged to study human nature. They had to do with citizens, and they were obliged to study the effects of those habits which are communicated by the circumstances of civil life. They were sensible that the operation of this second nature on the first produced a new combination; and thence arose many diversities amongst men, according to their birth, their education, their professions, the periods of their lives, their residence in towns or in the country, their several ways of acquiring and of fixing property, and according to the quality of the property itself, all which rendered them as it were so many different species of animals. From hence they thought themselves obliged to dispose their citizens into such classes, and to place them in such situations in the state as their peculiar habits might qualify them to fill, and to allot to them such appropriated privileges as might secure to them what their specifick occasions required, and which might furnish to each description such force as might protect it in the conflict caused by the diversity of interests, that must exist, and must contend, in all complex society: for the legislator would have been ashamed, that the coarse husbandman should well know how to assort and to use his sheep, horses, and oxen, and should have enough of common sense not to abstract and equalize them all into animals, without providing for each kind an appropriate food, care, and employment; whilst he, the œconomist, disposer, and shepherd of his own kindred, subliming himself into an airy metaphysician, was resolved to know nothing of his flocks but as men in general. It is for this reason that Montesquieu observed very justly, that in their classification of the citizens, the great legislators of antiquity made the greatest display of their powers, and even soared above themselves. It is here that your modern legislators have gone deep into the negative series, and sunk even below

expected not that the poverty of Plebeian heads and hearts could be covered long or effectually with the "all atoning name" of liberty. She had some idea what virtue and virtuous liberty are, and could not endure to see these sacred names taken into the polluting mouths of those whose love of change sprung only from their meanness and their envy.

There may be some little danger of our speaking too much from our partialities, but we imagine that the perpetual admiration of England expressed in this work, is not, after all, better adapted for pleasing us, than for instructing our neighbours. The impression which had been made upon her imagination by the character and effects of our public institutions, had already, as we have hinted above, been abundantly testified in her *Corinne*. But in the *Considerations*, she has proved that her love was not blind; that the most masculine part of her nature had been consulted in its formation; and that the zeal with which she every where preached up the imitation of England, was not that of a mere wild enthusiast, but of a convinced and rational believer. In truth, the whole scope of the book is to shew, in the course of an unaffected narrative, the progress of her own thoughts—the nature of the successive impressions to which, in the midst of continual observation, her mind became

their own nothing. As the first sort of legislators attended to the different kinds of citizens, and combined them into one commonwealth, the others, the metaphysical and alchemical legislators, have taken the direct contrary course. They have attempted to confound all sorts of citizens, as well as they could, into one homogeneous mass; and then they divided this their amalgama into a number of incoherent republics. They reduce men to loose counters, merely for the sake of simple telling, and not to figures whose power is to arise from their place in the table. The elements of their own metaphysics might have taught them better lessons. The trol of their categorical table might have informed them that there was something else in the intellectual world besides *substance* and *quantity*. They might learn from the catechism of metaphysics that there were eight heads more,* in every complex deliberation, which they have never thought of, though these, of all the ten, are the subject on which the skill of man can operate any thing at all."

* Qualitas, Relatio, Actio, Passio, Ubi, Quando, Situs, Habitus.

subjected—the steps, as it were, by which her first ebullient and generous hatred of despotism came slowly and modestly to be subdued into a temperate and wise love of that authority which is according to the laws. These things are still too near to us to be very dispassionately or very leisurely contemplated. But what a rich present to posterity! with what gratitude will the studious and reflective of after times peruse these portraits of one of the greatest and most illustrious spirits which ours has produced, presenting her in every variety of colouring and attitude, and affording, as it were, a perpetual index and commentary to the more formal chronicles which may come into their hands. Madame de Stael might, without arrogance, have concluded her work in the language of the greatest genius that ever wrote history. "The strict fidelity of my narrative may render it less amusing than it might have been. But they who read in order that they may know the past, and be wise as to the future, when similar events, as is the nature of human affairs, may happen to recur, will not on that account despise it. I have been ambitious to form a possession for eternity, rather than an amusing tale for the ears of my contemporaries."

We cannot find opportunity within the limits of such a work as this, either to give a complete analysis of the book, or to supply that defect by means of very copious extracts from its pages. We shall, however, venture upon transcribing a few of the most interesting and graphical passages, and shall begin with the description of the Baroness's feelings on the first opening of the States General, on the 5th of May 1789.

"I shall never forget the hour that I saw the twelve hundred deputies of France pass in procession to church to hear mass, the day before the opening of the assembly. It was a very imposing sight, and very new to the French; all the inhabitants of Versailles, and many persons attracted by curiosity from Paris, collected to see it. This new kind of authority in the state, of which neither the

Το μη μυθωδες αυτων απιστησειον φανισται. Οσοι δε ευληθονται των γινομενων το σαφες σκοπειν, και των μιλλωντων ποσι αιδισ, κατα το ανθρακωνιν, ταιτων και παραπλησιων εισοδαι, αφελιμα κρινει αυτα ακριβως εξει. κτημα δε εσ αις μαλλον η εσ το παραχηρμα αγωνισμα ακειν συγκριται. Thucyd. lib. I.

nature nor the strength was as yet known, astonished the greater part of those who had not reflected on the rights of nations.

“ The higher clergy had lost a portion of its influence with the public, because a number of prelates had been irregular in their moral conduct, and a still greater number employed themselves only in political affairs. The people are strict in regard to the clergy, as in regard to women; they require from both a close observance of their duties. Military fame, which is the foundation of reputation to the *noblesse*, as piety is to the clergy, could now only appear in the past. A long peace had deprived those noblemen who would have most desired it of the opportunity of rivalling their ancestors; and the men of the first rank in France were nothing more than *illustres obscurs*. The *noblesse* of the second rank had been equally deprived of opportunities of distinction, as the nature of the government left no opening to men of family but the military profession. The *noblesse* of recent origin were seen in great numbers in the ranks of the aristocracy; but the plume and sword did not become them; and people asked why they took their station with the first class in the country, merely because they had obtained an exemption from their share of the taxes; for in fact their political rights were confined to this unjust privilege.

“ The nobility having fallen from its splendour by its courtier habits, by its intermixture with those of recent creation, and by a long peace; the clergy possessing no longer that superiority of information which had marked it in days of barbarism, the importance of the deputies of the *Tiers Etat* had augmented from all these considerations. Their imposing numbers, their confident looks, their black cloaks and dresses, fixed the attention of the spectators. Literary men, merchants, and a great number of lawyers, formed the chief part of this order. Some of the nobles had got themselves elected deputies of the *Tiers Etat*, and of these the most conspicuous was the Comte de Mirabeau. The opinion entertained of his talents was remarkably increased by the dread excited by his immorality; yet it was that very immorality that lessened the influence which his surprising abilities ought to have obtained for him. The eye that was once fixed on his countenance was not likely to be soon withdrawn: his immense head of hair distinguished him from amongst the rest, and suggested the idea that, like Samson, his strength depended on it: his countenance derived expression even from its ugliness; and his whole person conveyed the idea of irregular power, but still such power as we should expect to find in a tribune of the people.

“ His name was as yet the only celebrated one among the six hundred deputies of the *Tiers Etat*; but there were a number of honourable men, and not a few that were to be dreaded. The spirit of faction began to hover over France, and was not to be over-

come but by wisdom or power. If, therefore, public opinion had by this time undermined power, what was to be accomplished without wisdom?

“ I was placed at a window near Madame de Montmorin, the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I confess I gave myself up to the liveliest hope on seeing national representatives for the first time in France. Madame de Montmorin, a woman nowise distinguished for capacity, said to me, in a decided tone, and in a way which made an impression upon me, ‘ You do wrong to rejoice; this will be the source of great misfortunes to France and to us.’ This unfortunate woman perished on the scaffold along with one of her sons; another son drowned himself; her husband was massacred on the 2d of September; her eldest daughter died in the hospital of a prison; and her youngest daughter, Madame de Beaumont, an intelligent and generous creature, sunk under the pressure of grief before the age of thirty. The family of Niobe was not doomed to a more cruel fate than of this unhappy mother; one would have said that she had a presentiment of it.

“ The opening of the States General took place the next day; a large hall had been hastily erected in the avenue of Versailles, to receive deputies. A number of spectators were admitted to witness the ceremony. A platform floor was raised to receive the King's throne, the Queen's chair of state, and seats for the rest of the royal family.

“ The Chancellor, M. de Barentin, took his seat on the stage of this species of theatre; the three orders were, if I may so express myself, in the pit, the clergy and *noblesse* to the right and left, the deputies of the *Tiers Etat* in front. They had previously declared that they would not kneel on the entrance of the King, according to an ancient usage still practised on the last meeting of the States General. Had the deputies of the *Tiers Etat* put themselves on their knees in 1789, the public at large, not excepting the proudest aristocrats, would have termed the action ridiculous, that is, wholly inconsistent with the opinions of the age.

“ When Mirabeau appeared, a low murmur was heard throughout the assembly. He understood its meaning; but stepping along the hall to his seat with a lofty air, he seemed as if he were preparing to produce sufficient trouble in the country to confound the distinctions of esteem as well as all others. M. Necker was received with bursts of applause the moment he entered; his popularity was then at its height; and the King might have derived the greatest advantage from it, by remaining steadfast in the system of which he had adopted the fundamental principles.

“ When the King came to seat himself on his throne in the midst of this assembly, I felt for the first time, a sensation of fear. I observed that the Queen was much agi-

tated; she came after the appointed time, and her colour was visibly altered. The King delivered his discourse in his usual unaffected manner; but the looks of the deputies were expressive of more energy than that of the Monarch, and this contrast was disquieting at a time, when, nothing being as yet settled, strength was requisite to both sides.

“The speeches of the King, the Chancellor, and M. Necker, all pointed to the re-instatement of the finances. That of M. Necker contained a view of all the improvements of which the administration was capable; but he hardly touched on constitutional questions; and confining himself to cautioning the assembly against the precipitation of which it was too susceptible, he made use of a phrase which has since passed into a proverb, ‘*Ne soyez pas envieux du temps,*’—‘do not expect to do at once that which can be accomplished only by time.’”

Madame de Stael dwells, with not a little of the partiality of a first love, on the beneficial effects produced by the labours of the meeting thus assembled. Had they been a little more temperate in their measures; above all, had they avoided the fatal sin of taking away the church lands in the spirit not of equity but of cruelty, there can be no doubt that the services rendered to the main body of the people, by the decrees of the Constitutional Assembly, the only one of all the revolutionary meetings where the nation could be said to be represented, were great and admirable. The introduction of a free press, and of a criminal jurisprudence, more nearly resembling the model of England; the abolition of many odious and unequal taxes; and of the absurd privileges which were claimed, not only by the old legitimate *noblesse* of France, but by a swarm of *novi homines*, who owed their envious elevation to all the arts of money-making, court intrigue, and civil profligacy,—these alone, had they done nothing more, might have been services sufficient to entitle the members of that memorable senate to the everlasting gratitude of their countrymen.

“On all sides,” says Madame de Stael, were diffused life, emulation, and intelligence; there was a France instead of a capital, a capital instead of a court. The voice of the people, so long called the voice of God, was at last consulted by government; and it would have supplied a wise rule of guidance, had not, as we are doomed to repeat, the Constitutional Assembly proceeded with too much precipitation in its reform from

the very commencement of its power; and had it not soon fallen into the hands of factious men, who, having nothing more to reap in the field of beneficence, endeavoured to excite mischief, that they might enter on a new career.”

The whole history of the Assemblies, down to the death of Mirabeau, and those other remarkable occurrences which characterised the close of the year 1791; the emigration of the noblesse; the opening of the revolutionary war, and overthrow of the monarchy; all that series of events which terminated in the trial and death of the King, are depicted in a manner equally abounding in liveliness and in feeling. For the details we refer to the work itself, but we must extract the very original chapter on the comparative characters of Charles I. and Louis XVI., with which she pauses over the catastrophe to which she has conducted us.

“Many persons have attributed the disasters of France to the weakness of the character of Louis XVI.; and it has been continually repeated, that his stooping to recognise the principles of liberty was one of the essential causes of the Revolution. It seems to me then a matter of curiosity, to show to those, who believe that in France, at this crisis, such or such a man would have sufficed to have prevented every thing; or, that the adoption of such or such a resolution would have arrested the progress of events;—it seems, I say, a matter of curiosity to show them, that the conduct of Charles I. was, in all respects, the converse of that of Louis XVI., and that, nevertheless, two opposite systems brought about the same catastrophe; so irresistible is the progress of revolutions caused by the opinion of the majority.

“James I., the father of Charles, said ‘that men might form an opinion on the conduct of kings, since they freely allowed themselves to scrutinize the decrees of Providence; but that their power could no more be called in question than that of God.’ Charles I. had been educated in these maxims; and he regarded as a measure equally inconsistent with duty, and with policy, every concession made by the royal authority. Louis XVI., a hundred and fifty years later, was modified by the age in which he lived; the doctrine of passive obedience, which was still received in England in the time of Charles, was no longer maintained even by the clergy of France in 1789. The English parliament had existed from time immemorial; and although it was not irrevocably decided that its consent was necessary for taxation, yet it was customary to ask its sanction. But as it granted subsidies for several years in anticipation, the King of England was not, as now, under

the necessity of assembling it annually; and very frequently taxes were continued without having been renewed by the votes of the national representatives. The parliament, however, on all occasions, protested against this abuse; and upon this ground commenced the quarrel between the Commons and Charles I. He was reproached with two taxes which he levied without the assent of the nation. Irritated by this reproach, he ordered, in pursuance of the constitutional right vested in him, that the parliament should be dissolved; and twelve years elapsed before he called another; an interruption almost unparalleled in the history of England. The quarrel of Louis XVI. began, like that of Charles I., by financial embarrassments; and it is always these embarrassments that render kings dependant upon their people; but Louis XVI. assembled the States General, which, for nearly two centuries, had been almost forgotten in France.

“ Louis XIV. had suppressed even the remonstrances of the parliament of Paris, the only privilege left to that body, when he registered the bursal edicts. Henry VIII. of England had caused his proclamations to be received as laws. Thus then, both Charles and Louis might consider themselves as inheriting unlimited power; but with this difference, that the people of England always relied, and with reason, upon the past to reclaim their rights, while the French demanded something entirely new, since the convocation of the States General was not prescribed by any law. Louis XVI., according to the constitution or the non-constitution of France, was not under any obligation to assemble the States General; Charles I., in omitting for twelve years to convoke the English parliament, violated privileges which had been long recognized.

“ During the twelve years' suspension of the parliament under Charles, the Star-Chamber, an irregular tribunal which executed the will of the English Monarch, exercised every imaginable species of rigour. Prynne was sentenced to lose his ears for having written, according to the tenets of the puritans, against plays and against hierarchy. Allison and Robins endured the same punishment, because they expressed an opinion different from that of the Archbishop of York; Lilburne was exposed on the pillory, inhumanly scourged, and gagged, because his courageous complaints produced an effect upon the people. Williams, a bishop, underwent a similar punishment. The most cruel tortures were inflicted upon those who refused to pay the taxes imposed by a mere proclamation of the King; in a multitudinous variety of cases ruinous fines were levied on individuals by the same Star-Chamber; but, in general, it was against the liberty of the press that the utmost violence was displayed. Louis XVI. made scarcely any use of the arbitrary measure of *lettres de cachet* for the purpose of exile or

imprisonment; no one act of tyranny can be laid to his charge; and, far from restraining the liberty of the press, it was the Archbishop of Sens, the King's prime minister, who, in the name of his Majesty, invited all writers to make known their opinions upon the form and the manner of assembling the States General.

“ The Protestant religion was established in England; but as the church of England recognised the king as its head, Charles I. had certainly much more influence over his church than Louis had over that of France. The English clergy, under the guidance of Laud, although Protestant, was not only in all respects more independent, but more rigid than the French clergy; for the philosophic spirit had gained a footing among some of the leaders of the Gallican church; and Laud was more decidedly orthodox than the Cardinal de Rohan, the principal bishop of France. The ecclesiastical authority and the hierarchy were supported by Charles with extreme severity. The greater part of the cruel sentences, which disgraced the Star-Chamber, had for their object the enforcing of respect for the clergy. That of France seldom defended itself, and never found defenders in others: both were equally crushed by the Revolution.

“ The English nobility did not resort to the pernicious measure of emigration, nor to the still more pernicious measure of calling in foreigners: they encircled the throne with constancy, and combated on the side of the King during the civil war. The principles of philosophy, which were in vogue in France at the commencement of the Revolution, excited a great number of the nobles themselves to turn their own privileges into ridicule. The spirit of the seventeenth century did not prompt the English nobility to doubt the validity of their own rights. The Star-Chamber punished with extreme severity some persons who had ventured to ridicule certain lords. Pleasantry is never interdicted to the French. The nobles of England were grave and serious, while those of France were agreeable triflers; and yet both the one and the other were alike despoiled of their privileges; and, widely as they differed in all their measures of defence, they were strikingly assimilated in their ruin.

“ It has often been said, that the great influence of Paris over the rest of France, was one of the causes of the Revolution. London never obtained the same ascendant over England, because the principal English nobility lived much more in the provinces than those of France. Lastly, it has been pretended, that the prime minister of Louis XVI., M. Necker, was swayed by republican principles, and that such a man as Cardinal Richelieu might have prevented the Revolution. The Earl of Strafford, the favourite minister of Charles I. was of a firm, and even despotic character; he possessed one advantage over Cardinal Richelieu, that

of a high military reputation, which always gives a better grace to the exercise of absolute power. M. Necker enjoyed the greatest popularity ever known in France; the Earl of Strafford was always the object of popular animosity; yet each was the victim of a revolution, and each was sacrificed by his master: the former because he was denounced by the Commons, the latter because the courtiers demanded his dismissal.

“Lastly (and this is the most striking point of contrast), Louis XVI. has been always blamed for not having taken the field, for not having repelled force by force, and for his insuperable dread of civil war. Charles I. began the civil war with motives doubtless very plausible, but still he began it. He quitted London, repaired to the country, and put himself at the head of an army, which defended the royal authority to the last extremity. Charles I. refused to recognise the competency of the tribunal which condemned him; Louis XVI. never made a single objection to the authority of his judges. Charles was infinitely superior to Louis in capacity, in address, and in military talents;—every thing, in short, formed a contrast between these two monarchs, except their unhappy catastrophe.”

We suspect that the mere temper of either monarch, and it was in temper chiefly that they differed, was not a matter of so very great importance as many reasoners have appeared inclined to imagine. They were both placed in a situation which implies difficulties, such as most probably not even the iron decision of a Bonaparte could have overcome. Each had to oppose to the stream of an age the feeble barrier of a simple will; and we suspect that we should be over-rating the power of human nature, were we to suppose that the inherent inefficacy of such resistance could be much mended by any infusion of vigour such as one individual above another might command. The hard and the soft material were found equally unavailing against the weight of waters: it is well, that in either instance, after the fury of the flood had gone by, it has been found possible to rebuild a new barrier out of the best and most enduring fragments of the venerable pile in whose ruin they had been disunited.

It is not our purpose to trace the progress of Madame de Stael in her animated and terrible description of the subsequent workings of

“The exasperated spirit of that land
Which turned an angry beak against the
down

*Of its own breast, as if it hoped thereby
To disencumber its impatient wings—*

—Till all was quieted by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions, and high attributes,
Of civil action, yielded to a power
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.”*

The character of Napoleon is represented by our author as it must be conceived of by every one who is capable of comprehending the power without being dazzled by the success of evil genius. The enmity which he felt and expressed towards her as an individual, has not been allowed to tinge the colours under which she has wished to paint him to posterity. She has done justice to his nature, and condemned his wickedness. Comparing, calmly and deliberately, what he might have done with what he did, it is no wonder that she has at last closed her eyes upon him more in sorrow than in anger.

The closing part of the work is devoted to a description of the events of the last years of the life of the author,—the causes, circumstances, and effects, of those almost momentary and miraculous revolutions by which the exiled heir of the Bourbons has been recalled, expelled, and once again recalled, to take possession of the throne which for nearly a thousand years had been filled by his fathers. Equally free from the haughty and ignorant prejudices of the long expatriated courtiers, and the meaner bigotries of the military aristocracy created by Bonaparte, Madame de Stael was not ashamed to contemplate the return of the son of St Lewis as the best omen of a quiet and happy termination to all the troubles of her country. She is in no danger of being suspected to wish the restoration of discarded follies, vices, tyrannies; but she was wise enough to separate these things from much of good, noble, and generous, which had originally been swept away along with them, but which were well worthy of being gathered and brought back from the common shipwreck. The period which elapsed between the death of Louis XVI. and the restoration of Louis XVIII. and the studies and experience of her own life, were sufficient to convince Madame de Stael, that without some return to what the first Revolutionists derided and despised, without some

* Excursion.

reclaiming of the old recollections, and feelings, and pride, of the ages that had gone by, her countrymen might indeed become a skilful, powerful, and formidable association of human beings, but they could never gain possession of that generous consciousness of old ancestral growth and greatness, which constitutes the true nobility, loftiness, and essence of a nation. In her mature view, it was a thing not to be thought of, that Christianity should be banished because it had been linked with superstition, or that France should blot out her heroic history, and consent to be a bare naked mother of mushrooms, merely because the prerogatives of her hereditary kings, and the privilege of her time-hallowed nobility had been unjustly and unwisely extended and abused. To one who felt and understood the value of the nobler part of man, it could not appear less than sacrilege to tear down from the halls of her country,

“The armoury of the invincible knights of old;”

or to pluck from the soil in which they had thriven for centuries, the stems of that venerable faith without which human nature is undignified, and human hopes are barren.

It is from the powerful impression of such thoughts as these, that our authoress turns on every occasion to our happy island, and points it out to her own countrymen as the model of their emulation, the mistress of their wisdom. She regards England as having been, during the whole of the revolutionary tempest, the single solitary planet, which sent a blessed beam of light and hope

“To all that on the wide deep wandering were.”

She thanks us in the name of humanity, and is proud, on the grounds of that largest and noblest of connexions, to claim a share in our virtuous and unselfish triumphs. She looks up to the calm star of our freedom like a worshipper, and rejoices like a child in beholding the splendour of her

“Glorious crest
Conspicuous to the nations.—”

“In the year 1813, the English had been twenty-one years at war with France, and for some time the whole Continent had been in arms against them. Even America, from political circumstances foreign to the

interests of Europe, made a part of this universal coalition. During several years the respectable monarch of Great Britain was no longer in possession of his intellectual faculties. The great men in the civil career, Pitt and Fox, were now no more, and no one had yet succeeded to their reputation. No historical name could be cited at the head of affairs, and Wellington alone attracted the attention of Europe. Some ministers, several members of the Opposition, lawyers, men of science and literature, enjoyed a great share of the public esteem; and if, on the one hand, France, in bending beneath the yoke of one man, had seen the reputation of individuals disappear; on the other, there was so much ability, information, and merit, among the English, that it had become very difficult to take the first rank amidst this illustrious crowd.

“On my arrival in England, no particular person was present to my thoughts: I knew scarcely any one in that country; but I went with confidence. I was persecuted by an enemy of liberty, and therefore believed myself sure of an honourable sympathy in a country where every institution was in harmony with my political sentiments. I reckoned also greatly on my father's memory as a protection, and I was not deceived. The billows of the North-Sea, which I crossed in going from Sweden, still filled me with dread, when I perceived at a distance the verdant isle that had alone resisted the subjugation of Europe. Yet it contained only a population of twelve millions; for the five or six additional millions which compose the population of Ireland, had often, during the course of the last war, been a prey to intestine divisions. Those who will not acknowledge the ascendancy of liberty in the power of England are perpetually repeating that the English would have been vanquished by Bonaparte, like every continental nation, if they had not been protected by the sea. This opinion cannot be refuted by experience; but I have no doubt that if, by a stroke of the Leviathan, Great Britain had been joined to the European continent, she would indeed have suffered more; her wealth would, no doubt, have been diminished; but the public spirit of a free nation is such, that it would never have submitted to the yoke of foreigners.

“When I landed in England, in the month of June 1813, intelligence had just arrived of the armistice concluded between the Allied Powers and Napoleon. He was at Dresden, and it was still in his power to reduce himself to the miserable lot of being Emperor of France as far as the Rhine, and King of Italy. It is probable that England would not subscribe to this treaty; her position was therefore far from being favourable. A long war menaced her anew; her finances appeared exhausted; at least if we were to judge of her resources according to those of every other country of the world. The bank-note, serving instead of coin, had

fallen one-fourth on the Continent; and if this paper had not been supported by the patriotic spirit of the nation, it would have involved the ruin of public and private affairs. The French newspapers, comparing the state of the finances of the two countries, always represented England as overwhelmed with debt, and France as mistress of considerable treasure. The comparison was true; but it was necessary to add, that England had the disposal of unbounded resources by her credit, while the French Government possessed only the gold which it held in its hands. France could levy millions in contributions on oppressed Europe; but her despotic Sovereign could not have succeeded in a voluntary loan.

“ From Harwich to London you travel by a high road of nearly seventy miles, which is bordered, almost without interruption, by country houses on both sides; it is a succession of habitations with gardens, interrupted by towns; almost all the people are well clad; scarcely a cottage is in decay, and even the animals have something peaceful and comfortable about them, as if there were rights for them also in this great edifice of social order. The price of every thing is necessarily very high; but these prices are for the most part fixed: there is such an aversion in that country to what is arbitrary, that when there is no positive law, there is first a rule, and next a custom, to secure, as far as possible, something positive and fixed, even in the smallest details. The dearness of provisions, occasioned by enormous taxes, is, no doubt, a great evil; but if the war was indispensable, what other than this nation, that is this constitution, could have sufficed for its expenses? Montesquieu is right in remarking, that free countries pay far more taxes than those who are governed despotically: but we have not yet ascertained, though the example of England might have taught us, the extent of the riches of a people who consent to what they give, and consider public affairs as their own. Thus the English nation, far from having lost by twenty years of war, gained in every respect, even in the midst of the Continental blockade. Industry, become more active and ingenious, made up in an astonishing manner for the want of those productions which could no longer be drawn from the Continent. Capitals, excluded from commerce, were employed in the cultivation of waste lands, and in agricultural improvements in various counties. The number of houses was every where increased, and the extension of London, within a few years, is scarcely credible. If one branch of commerce fell, another rose forthwith. Men whose property was increased by the rise of land, appropriated a large portion of their revenue to establishments of public charity. When the Emperor Alexander arrived in England, surrounded by the multitude, who felt so natural a cagerness to see him, he inquired where the lower

orders were, because he found himself surrounded only by men, dressed like the better class in other countries. The extent of what is done in England by private subscription is enormous: hospitals, houses of education, missions, Christian societies, were not only supported but multiplied during the war; and foreign countries who felt its disasters, the Swiss, the Germans, and the Dutch, were perpetually receiving from England private aid, the produce of voluntary gifts. When the town of Leyden was almost half destroyed by the explosion of a vessel laden with gunpowder, the English flag was soon after seen to appear on the coast of Holland; and as the Continental blockade existed at that time in all its rigour, the people on the coast thought themselves obliged to fire on this perfidious vessel: she then hoisted a flag of truce, and made known that she brought a considerable sum for the people of Leyden, ruined by their recent misfortune.

“ But to what are we to attribute all these wonders of a generous prosperity? to liberty; that is to the confidence of the nation in a government which makes the first principle of its finances consist in publicity; in a government enlightened by discussion, and by the liberty of the press. The nation, which cannot be deceived under such a state of things, knows the use of the taxes which it pays, and public credit supports the amazing weight of the English debt. If, without departing from proportions, any thing similar were tried in the governments of the European Continent that are not representative, not a second step could be made in such an enterprise. Five hundred thousand proprietors of public stock form a great guarantee for the payment of the debt, in a country where the opinion and interest of every man possess influence. Justice, which in matters of credit is synonymous with ability, is carried so far in England, that the dividends due to French proprietors were not confiscated there, even when all English property was seized in France. The foreign stockholder was not even made to pay an income tax on his dividends, though that tax was paid by the English themselves. This complete good faith, the perfection of policy, is the basis of the finances of England; and the confidence in the duration of this good faith is connected with political institutions. A change in the ministry, whatever it may be, occasions no prejudice to credit, since the national representation and publicity render all dissimulation impracticable. Capitalists who lend their money are of all people in the world the most difficult to deceive.

“ In England, rank and equality are combined in the manner most favourable to the prosperity of the state, and the happiness of the nation is the object of all social distinctions. There, as every where else, historical names inspire that respect of which

a grateful imagination cannot refuse the tribute; but the titles remaining the same, though passing from one family to another, there results from this a salutary ignorance in the minds of the people, which leads them to pay the same respect to the same titles, whatever may be the family name to which they are attached. The great Marlborough was called Churchill, and was certainly not of so noble an origin as the ancient house of Spencer, to which the present Duke of Marlborough belongs; but, without speaking of the memory of a great man, which would have sufficed to honour his descendants, the people of the better classes only know that the Duke of Marlborough of our days is of more illustrious descent than the famous General, and the respect in which he is held by the mass of the nation neither gains nor loses from that circumstance. The Duke of Northumberland, on the contrary, descends, by the female branch only, from the famous Percy Hotspur; and, nevertheless, he is considered by every body as the true heir of that house. People exclaim against the regularity of ceremonials in England; the seniority of a single day, in point of nomination to the peerage, gives one peer precedence of another named some hours later. The wife and daughter share the advantages of the husband or father; but it is, precisely this regularity of ranks which prevents mortification to vanity; for it may happen that the last created peer is of a nobler birth than he by whom he is preceded; he may at least think so: and every one takes his share of self-love without injuring the public.

“In England they have made respect for ancestry serve to form a class which gives the power of flattering men of talents, by associating them with it. In fact, we cannot too often ask, what folly can be greater than that of arranging political associations in such a way as may lead a celebrated man to regret that he is not his own grandson; for, once ennobled, his descendants of the third generation obtained by his merit privileges that could not be granted to himself. Thus, in France, all persons were eager to quit trade, and even the law, whenever they had money enough to purchase a title. Hence it happened that no career, except that of arms, was ever carried as far as it might have been; and it has thus been impossible to judge how far the prosperity of France would extend, if it enjoyed in peace the advantages of a free constitution.

“All classes of respectable individuals are accustomed to meet in England in different committees, when engaged in any public undertaking, in any act of charity, supported by voluntary subscriptions. Publicity in business is a principle so generally admitted, that though the English are by nature the most reserved of men, and the most averse to speak in company, there are always seats for spectators in the halls where

the committees meet, and an elevation from which the speakers address the assembly.

“I was present at one of these discussions, in which motives calculated to excite the generosity of the hearers were urged with much energy. The question was, sending of relief to the inhabitants of Leipsic after the battle fought under the walls of that town. The first who spoke was the Duke of York, the King's second son, and the first person in the kingdom after the Prince Regent, a man of ability, and much esteemed in the direction of his department; but who has neither the habit of, nor a taste for, speaking in public. He, however, conquered his natural timidity, because he was thus hopeful of giving useful encouragement. Courtiers in an absolute monarchy would not have failed to insinuate to a king's son, first, that he ought not to do any thing which cost him trouble; and, secondly, that he was wrong to commit himself by haranguing the public in the midst of merchants, his colleagues in speaking. This idea never entered the Duke of York's mind, nor that of any Englishman, whatever might be his opinion. After the Duke of York, the Duke of Sussex, the King's fifth son, who expresses himself with great ease and elegance, spoke in his turn; and the man the most respected and esteemed in all England, Mr Wilberforce, could scarcely make himself heard, so much was his voice drowned in acclamations. Obscure citizens, holding no other rank in society than their fortune, or their zeal for humanity, succeeded these illustrious names; every one, according to his powers, insisted on the honourable necessity in which England was placed, of succouring those of her allies who had suffered more than herself in the common contest. The auditors subscribed before their departure, and considerable sums were the result of this meeting. It is thus that are formed the ties which strengthen the unity of the nation; and it is thus that social order is founded on reason and humanity.

“These respectable assemblies do not merely aim at encouraging acts of humanity; some of them serve particularly to consolidate the union between the great nobility and the commercial class, between the nation and the government; and these are the most solemn.”

Nothing, we think, can be more delightful than such praise from such lips,—we shall make room for another passage.

“That which is particularly characteristic of England is a mixture of chivalrous spirit with an enthusiasm for liberty, the two most noble sentiments of which the human heart is susceptible. Circumstances have brought about this fortunate result, and we ought to admit that new institutions would not suffice to produce it: the recollection of the past is necessary to consecrate

aristocratic ranks; for if they were all of the creation of power, they would be subject, in part, to the inconveniences experienced in France under Bonaparte. But what can be done in a country where the nobility should be inimicable to liberty of every kind? The *Tiers Etat* could not form a union with them; and, as it would be the stronger of the two, it would incessantly threaten the nobility until the latter had submitted to the progress of reason.

“The English aristocracy is of a more mixed kind in the eyes of a genealogist than that of France; but the English nation seems, if we may say so, one entire body of gentlemen. You may see in every English citizen what he may one day become, since no rank lies beyond the reach of talent, and since high ranks have always kept up their ancient splendour. It is true that that which, above all, constitutes nobility, in the view of an enlightened mind, is the being free. An English nobleman or gentleman (taking the word gentleman in the sense of a man of independent property) exercises, in his part of the country some useful employment to which no salary is attached: as a justice of the peace, sheriff, or lord lieutenant in the county, where his property is situated; he influences elections in a manner that is suitable, and that increases his credit with the people; as a peer or member of the House of Commons, he discharges a political function, and possesses a real importance. This is not the idle aristocracy of a French nobleman, who was of no consideration in the state whenever the king refused him his favour; it is a distinction founded on all the interests of the nation: and we cannot avoid being surprised, that French gentlemen should have preferred the life of a courtier, moving on the road from Versailles to Paris, to the majestic stability of an English Peer on his estate, surrounded by men to whom he can do a thousand acts of kindness, but over whom he can exercise no arbitrary power. The authority of law is in England predominant over all the powers of the state, as Fate in ancient mythology was superior to the authority of the gods themselves.

“To the political miracle of a respect for the rights of every one founded on a sentiment of justice, we must add the equally skilful and fortunate union of equality, in the eye of the law, to the advantages arising from the separation of ranks. Every one in that country stands in need of others for his comfort, yet every one is there independent of all by his rights. This *Tiers Etat*, which has become so prodigiously aggrandized in France, and in the rest of Europe, this *Tiers Etat*, the increase of which necessitates successive changes in all old institutions, is united in England to the nobility, because the nobility itself is identified with the nation. A great number of Peers owe the origin of their dignity to the law, some to commerce, others to a military

career, others to political eloquence; there is not one virtue, nor one kind of talent, which has not its place, or which may not flatter itself with attaining it; and every thing in the social edifice conduces to the glory of that constitution, which is as dear to the Duke of Norfolk as to the meanest porter in England, because it protects both with the same equity,

“Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sorrow, and none more than
mine:

Yet, being free, I love thee. . . . *

“These verses are by a poet of admirable talents, but whose happiness was destroyed by his extreme sensibility. He was labouring under a mortal disease of melancholy; and when love, friendship, philosophy, every thing, added to his sufferings, a free country yet awakened in his soul an enthusiasm which nothing could extinguish.

“All men are more or less attached to their country; the recollections of infancy, the habits of youth, form that inexpressible love of the native soil which we must acknowledge as a virtue, for all true feeling constitutes its source. But in a great state, liberty, and the happiness arising from that liberty, can alone inspire true patriotism: nothing accordingly is comparable to public spirit in England. The English are accused of selfishness, and it is true that their mode of life is so well regulated that they generally confine themselves within the circle of their habits and domestic affections; but what sacrifice is too great for them when the interest of their country is at stake? And among what people in the world are services rendered, felt, and rewarded, with more enthusiasm. When we enter Westminster Abbey, all those tombs, sacred to the men who have been illustrious for centuries past, seem to reproduce the spectacle of the greatness of England among the dead. Kings and philosophers repose under the same roof: it is there that quarrels are appeased, as has been well observed by the celebrated Walter Scott.† You behold the tombs of Pitt and Fox beside each other, and the same tears bedew both; for they both deserve the profound regret which generous minds ought to bestow on that noble portion of our species, who serve to support our confidence in the immortality of the soul.

“Let us recollect the funeral of Nelson, when nearly a million of persons, scattered

* Cowper.

† Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where, taming thought to human pride,
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'T will trickle to his rival's bier.

throughout London and the neighbourhood, contemplated in silence the passage of his hearse. The multitude were silent, the multitude evinced as much respect in the expression of its grief as might have been expected from the most polished society. Nelson had given as a signal, on the day of Trafalgar, 'England expects every man to do his duty;' he had accomplished that duty, and when expiring on board his vessel, the honourable obsequies which his country would grant him presented themselves to his thoughts as the beginning of a new life.

"Nor yet let us be silent on Lord Wellington, although in France we cannot but suffer by the recollection of his glory. With what transport was he not received by the representatives of the nation, by the Peers and by the Commons. No ceremony was required to convey this homage rendered to a living man; but the transports of the English people burst forth on all sides. The acclamations of the crowd resounded in the lobby before he entered the House; when he appeared, all the members rose with a spontaneous motion, unrequired by any formality. The homage which is dictated elsewhere was here inspired by emotion. Yet nothing could be more simple than the reception of Lord Wellington: there were no guards, no military pomp, to do honour to the greatest general of the age in which Bonaparte lived: but the day was celebrated by the voice of the people, and nothing like it could be seen in any other country upon earth.

"Ah! what a fascinating enjoyment is that of popularity! I know all that can be said on the inconstancy, and even the caprice of popular favour; but those reproaches are more applicable to ancient republics, where the democratic forms of government led to the most rapid vicissitudes. In a country governed like England, and, moreover, enlightened by that torch, without which all is darkness, the liberty of the press, men and things, are judged with the greatest equity. Truth is submitted to the observation of every one, while the various constraints that are employed elsewhere, produce necessarily great uncertainty in judgments. A libel, that glides across the compulsory silence to which the press is condemned, may change public opinion in regard to any man, for the praise or the censure ordered by government is always suspicious. Nothing can be clearly and solidly settled in the minds of men, but by free discussion."

"If any thing can seduce the English nation from equity, it is misfortune. An individual, persecuted by any power whatever, might inspire an undeserved, and consequently a fleeting interest. But this noble error belongs, on the one hand, to the generosity of the English character, and, on the

other, to that sentiment of liberty which makes all feel the desire of defending themselves mutually against oppression; for it is in that respect especially that, in politics, we should treat our neighbour as ourselves.

"The state of information, and the energy of public spirit, is more than a sufficient answer to the arguments of those men who pretend that the army would overpower the liberty of England, if England were a continental state. It is, without doubt, an advantage to England, that her strength consists rather in her marine than in her land forces. It requires more knowledge to be a captain of a ship than a colonel; and none of the habits acquired at sea lead one to desire to interfere in the interior affairs of the country. But were nature, in a lavish mood, to create ten Lord Wellingtons, and were the world again to witness ten battles of Waterloo, it would never enter the heads of those who so readily give their lives for their country, to turn their force against it; or, if so, they would encounter an invincible obstacle among men as brave as themselves, and more enlightened, who detest the military spirit, although they know how to admire and practise warlike virtues.

"That sort of prejudice which persuaded the French nobility that they could serve their country only in the career of arms, exists not at all in England. Many sons of lords are counsellors; the bar participates in the respect that is felt for the law; and in every career civil occupations are held in esteem. In such a country there is nothing as yet to be feared from military power: ignorant nations only have a blind admiration for the sword. Bravery is an admirable quality when we expose a life dear to our family, and when, with a mind filled with virtue and knowledge, a citizen becomes a soldier to maintain his rights as a citizen. But when men fight only because they will not take the trouble to employ their minds and their time in some steady pursuit, they cannot be long admired by a nation where industry and reflection hold the first rank."

Manners, above all in the eyes of a Frenchwoman, are matters of importance enough to entitle them to be considered in immediate connexion with subjects of more apparent dignity. Our readers will be delighted to see what kind of impression our manners, so little understood among the Continental nations, made upon the mind of one who had travelled so much, and with such opportunities and faculties of observation.

"The science of liberty (if we may use that expression), at the point at which it is cultivated in England, supposes in itself a very high degree of information. Nothing

can be more simple than that doctrine, when once the principles on which it reposes have been adopted; but it is nevertheless certain, that, on the Continent, we seldom meet with any person who, in the heart and mind, understands England. It would seem as if there were moral truths, amidst which we must be born, and which the beating of the heart inculcates better than all the discussions of theory. Nevertheless, to enjoy and practise that liberty, which unites all the advantages of republican virtues, of philosophical knowledge, of religious sentiments, and monarchical dignity, a great share of understanding is requisite in the people, and a high degree of study and virtue in men of the first class. An English minister must unite with the qualities of a statesman the art of expressing himself with eloquence. It thence follows, that literature and philosophy are much more appreciated, because they contribute efficaciously to the success of the highest ambition. We hear incessantly of the empire of rank and of wealth among the English; but we must also acknowledge the admiration which is granted to real talents. It is possible that, among the lowest class of society, a peerage and a fortune produce more effect than the name of a great writer; this must be so; but if the question regards the enjoyments of good company, and consequently of public opinion, I know no country in the world where it is more advantageous to be a man of superiority. Not only every employment, every rank may be the recompence of talent; but public esteem is expressed in so flattering a manner, as to confer enjoyments more keenly felt than any other.

“The emulation which such a prospect naturally excites, is one of the principal causes of the incredible extent of information diffused in England. Were it possible to make a statistical report of knowledge, in no country should we find so great a proportion of persons conversant in the study of ancient languages, a study, unfortunately, too much neglected in France. Private libraries without number, collections of every kind, subscriptions in abundance for all literary undertakings, establishments for public education, exist in all directions, in every county, at the extremity as in the centre of the kingdom: in short, we find at each step altars erected to understanding, and these altars serve as a support to those of religion and virtue.

“Thanks to toleration, to political institutions, and the liberty of the press, there is a greater respect for religion and for morals in England than in any other country in Europe. In France people take a pleasure in saying, that it is precisely for the sake of religion and morals that censors have been at all times employed; but let them compare the spirit of literature in England since the liberty of the press is established there,

with the different writings which appeared under the arbitrary reign of Charles II. and under the Regent, or Louis XV. in France. The licentiousness of published works was carried among the French in the last century to a degree that excites horror. The case is the same in Italy, where, however, the press has at all times been subjected to the most galling restrictions. Ignorance in the bulk of the people, and the most lawless independence in men of superior parts, is always the result of constraint.”

* * * * *

“In every country the pleasures of society concern only the first class, that is, the unoccupied class; who, having a great deal of leisure for amusement, attach much importance to it. But in England, where every one has his career and his employment, it is natural for men of rank, as for men of business in other countries, to prefer physical relaxation—walks, the country; in short, pleasure of any kind, in which the mind is at rest; to conversation, in which one must think and speak with almost as much care as in the most serious business. Besides, the happiness of the English being founded on domestic life, it would not suit them that their wives should, as in France, make a kind of family selection of a certain number of persons constantly brought together.

“We must not, however, deny, that with all these honourable motives are mixed certain defects, the natural results of all large associations of men. In the first place, although in England there is much more pride than vanity, a good deal of stress is laid on marking by manners the ranks which most of the institutions tend to bring on a level. There prevails a certain degree of egotism in the habits, and sometimes in the character. Wealth, and the tastes created by wealth, are the cause of it: people are not disposed to submit to inconvenience in any thing; so great is their power of being comfortable in every thing. Family ties, so intimate as regards marriage, are far from intimate in other relations, because the entails on property render the eldest sons too independent of their parents, and separate also the interest of the younger brothers from those of the inheritor of the fortune. The entails necessary to the support of the peerage ought not, perhaps, to be extended to other classes of proprietors; it is a remnant of the feudal system, of which one ought, if possible, to lessen the vexatious consequences. From this it happens likewise that most of the women are without portions, and that in a country where the institution of convents cannot exist, there are a number of young ladies, whom their mothers have a great desire to get married, and who may, with reason, be uneasy as to their prospects. This inconvenience, produced by the unequal partition of fortunes,

is sensibly felt in society: for the unmarried men take up too much of the attention of the women, and wealth in general, far from conducing to the pleasure of social intercourse, is necessarily hurtful to it. A very considerable fortune is requisite to receive one's friends in the country, which is, however, the most agreeable mode of living in England: fortune is necessary for all the relations of society; not that people are vain of a sumptuous mode of life; but the importance attached by every body to the kind of enjoyment termed comfortable, would prevent any person from venturing, as was formerly the case in the most agreeable societies in Paris, to make up for a bad dinner by amusing anecdotes.

“ In all countries the pretensions of young persons of fashion are engrafted on national defects; they exhibit a caricature of these defects, but a caricature has always some traits of an original. In France the pretenders to elegance endeavoured to strike, and tried to dazzle by all possible means, good or bad. In England this same class of persons wish to be distinguished as disdainful, indifferent, and completely satiated of every thing. This is disagreeable enough; but in what country of the world is not foppery a resource of vanity to conceal natural mediocrity? Among a people where every thing bears a decided aspect, as in England, contrasts are the more striking. Fashion has remarkable influence on the habits of life, and yet there is no nation in which one finds so many examples of what is called eccentricity, that is, a mode of life altogether original, and which makes no account of the opinion of others. The difference between the men who live under the control of others, and those who live to themselves, is recognized every where; but this opposition of character is rendered more conspicuous by the singular mixture of timidity and independence remarkable among the English. They do nothing by halves, and they pass all at once from a slavish adherence to the most minute usages, to the most complete indifference as to what the world may say of them. Yet the dread of ridicule is one of the principal causes of the coldness that prevails in English society: people are never accused of insipidity for keeping silence; and as they do not require of you to animate the conversation, one is more impressed by the risks to which one exposes one's self by speaking, than by the awkwardness of silence. In the country where people have the greatest attachment to the liberty of the press, and where they care the least for the attacks of the newspapers, the sarcasms of society are much dreaded. Newspapers are considered the volunteers of political parties, and, in this, as in other respects, the English are very fond of keeping up a conflict; but slander and irony, when they take place in company, irritate highly the delicacy of the women, and the pride of the men. This

is the reason that people come as little forward as possible in the presence of others. Animation and grace necessarily lose greatly by this. In no country of the world have reserve and taciturnity ever, I believe, been carried so far as in certain societies in England; and if one falls into such companies, it is easy to conceive how a disrelish of life may take possession of those who find themselves confined to them. But one of these frozen circles, what satisfaction of mind and heart may not be found in English society, when one is happily placed there? The favour or dislike of ministers and the court are absolutely of no account in the relations of life; and you would make an Englishman blush, were you to appear to think of the office which he holds, or of the influence he may possess. A sentiment of pride always makes him think that these circumstances neither add to nor deduct in the slightest degree from his personal merit. Political disappointments cannot have any influence on the pleasures enjoyed in fashionable society; the party of opposition are as brilliant there as the ministerialists: fortune, rank, intellect, talents, virtues, are shared among them; and never do either of the two think of drawing near to or keeping at a distance from a person by those calculations of ambition which have always prevailed in France. To quit one's friends because they are out of power, and to draw near to them because they possess it, is a kind of tactics almost unknown in England; and if the applause of society does not lead to public employment, at least the liberty of society is not impaired by combinations foreign to the pleasures which may be tasted there. One finds there almost invariably the security and the truth which form the bases of all enjoyment, because they form their security. You have not to dread those perpetual broils which, in other countries, fill life with disquietude. What you possess in point of connexion and friendship, you can lose only by your own fault, and you never have reason to doubt the expressions of benevolence addressed to you, for they will be surpassed by the actual performance, and consecrated by duration. Truth, above all, is one of the most distinguished qualities of the English character. The publicity that prevails in business, the discussions by which people arrive at the bottom of every thing, have doubtless contributed to this habit of strict truth which cannot exist but in a country where dissimulation leads to nothing but the mortification of being exposed.

“ It has been much repeated on the Continent, that the English are unpolite, and a certain habit of independence, a great aversion to restraint, may have given rise to this opinion. But I know no politeness, no protection, so delicate as that of the English towards women in every circumstance of life. Is there question of danger, of trouble, of a service to be rendered, there is no-

thing that they neglect to aid the weaker sex. From the seamen who, amidst the storm, support your tottering steps, to English gentlemen of the highest rank, never does a woman find herself exposed to any difficulty whatever, without being supported; and every where do we find that happy mixture which is characteristic of England, a republican austerity in domestic life, and a chivalrous spirit in the relations of society.

“A quality not less amiable in the English, is their disposition to enthusiasm. This people can see nothing remarkable without encouraging it by the most flattering praises. One acts then very rightly in going to England, in whatever state of misfortune one is placed, if conscious of possessing in one’s self any thing that is truly distinguished. But if one arrives there, like most of the rich idlers of Europe, who travel to pass a carnival in Italy, and a spring in London, there is no country that more disappoints expectation; and we shall certainly quit it without suspecting that we have seen the finest model of social order, and the only one which for a long time supported our hopes of human nature.”

Upon the whole, we close the work of Madame de Stael with increased admiration for her talents,—with greatly increased regret, that she should have been cut off at a period of life when the direction of these talents had begun to be more strictly useful than ever,—when, if her imagination and enthusiasm might be supposed likely to decline, there might have lain before her so large a prospect of strengthening reason, and improving wisdom. The impression which her work is calculated to produce in her own country, is a sober and salutary one of hope and patience. In ours, we trust it will be read and studied by those whose ignorance renders them unconscious, or whose meanness renders them unthankful observers of the blessings they enjoy.

The progress and results of the French Revolution should produce on us no other effect than that of a firm and tranquil joy in the contemplation of our own condition at home. The idea of establishing in modern Europe a system of polity upon any thing like the model or principles of the commonwealths of antiquity, however fascinating the first idea of such a thing might have appeared, has been proved, by the experience of France, to be essentially unprofitable and absurd. It is too late to change the nature of Christendom. We have lived for more than a sixth of the whole age of the world in the cultivation of a set of

ideas and principles, which have been proved capable of producing every thing that is great and good in human intellect and action, and it is not to be endured that we should part with our heritage. Let those whose reason is too refined to bear with our Gothic prejudices, fly to the shores of another continent, where they may have in abundance all physical accommodations, and all that they are pleased to consider as freedom, in the midst of uncut forests and untilled savannahs,—in a land where there are neither castles nor cathedrals,—among men that, puffed up with an ignorant and contemptible vanity, are contented to consider themselves as the aboriginal *επιγυγοφοροι* of a new land, rather than to glory in the recollection that they speak the language of England, and

“Are sprung
From earth’s first blood.”

Let such depart, and let us bid God speed to their journey. But let us not be deceived into any participation of their paltry phrenzy. Let us rejoice in the memory of great and virtuous ages; let us not separate ourselves from our fathers, or be the robbers of our children.

We cannot close our paper more appropriately, than with the following pathetic and sublime sonnet of the most meditative and English of our living poets.

“Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,
Our aged Sovereign sits;—to the ebb and flow
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
Insensible;—he sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapped in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived,—whose
mind ensued,
Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
Peace, that should claim respect from law-
less Might.

Dread King of Kings! vouchsafe a ray divine
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace
(Though were it only for a moment’s space)
The triumphs of this hour; for they are
THINE.”

SOME REMARKS ON THE USE OF THE
PRETERNATURAL IN WORKS OF
FICTION.

SOME have thought that, in modern works of fiction, there should be no gratuitous introduction of the preternatural, and that superstitious tales are only to be tolerated when they

form a part of some picture of past ages, during which such things were universally believed. But, even in the most enlightened ages, so desirous is the human mind of an outlet by which to escape from the narrow circle of visible things into the unknown and unlimited world, that surely poets should be permitted to feign all wonders which cannot be proved to be impossible, and which are not contradictory to the spirit of our religion.

To this class belong the re-appearance of the dead, and the struggle of evil beings for an ascendancy over human nature. The eastern talismanic theory of sorcery supposed that superhuman powers were acquired by discovering and taking advantage of the occult laws of nature to compel the service of spirits; but the notion of a voluntary assistance lent by wicked angels to wicked men is much more sublime, and agrees better with the spirit of modern thought. The one is a childish idea founded on the mechanical operation of causes which have never been proved to exist; but the other has a moral interest, being conformable to our knowledge of character and passion.

That there exists in this country that strength of imagination which delights in the feeling of superstitious horror, is proved by the practice of our ancient dramatists; and of all those authors who wrote in the original English spirit down to the end of last century, when, partly from the revival of old ballads, and partly from the importation of German books, there sprung up an immense number of romances and fictions, the interest of which was founded almost entirely upon apparitions and the mysteries of haunted castles, or prophecies, dreams, and presentments.

Every sort of machinery of this kind was put in requisition; till, by the unskilfulness of the artists, and the unsparing manner in which their resources were employed, the superstitious branch of romance writing fell gradually into disrepute; and probably among the immense number of novels published, there are now six that represent modern manners, for one that resorts to the old machinery of spectres and mysteries. The greatest poets of the present time, however, have not disdained to continue the use of it; and indeed some of Scott's

works excite the feelings of superstitious fear and traditional awe in a degree that has never been surpassed. Wordsworth's fictions in this line have exquisite beauty, and may be said to represent the spontaneous and creative superstition of the human mind, when acted upon by impressive circumstances. The poems of the Thorn, Lucy Gray, and Hartleap Well, are instances of this. The poem of the Danish Boy is a beautiful superfluity of fancy, but is too entirely poetical to please common readers. Lord Byron's strength lies in a different direction; and the spectres which appear in his poetry are not the product of imagination working upon what is unknown and invisible, but are created by the passions of the heart striving to embody their own objects. The world of spirits is not an object of interest to him for its own sake, and when he resorts to it, he does so only for the images of what he loved or hated on earth. Mr Coleridge has perhaps the finest superstitious vein of any person alive. The poem of *Christabel* is the best model extant of the language fit to be employed for such subjects. It was the greatest attempt, before Walter Scott's poems, to turn the language of our ancient ballads to account in a modern composition, and is perhaps more successful in that respect than the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* itself. Indeed *Christabel* may be considered as a test by which to try men's feeling of superstition, and whoever does not perceive the beauty of it, may rest assured that the world of spectres is shut against him, and that he will never see "any thing worse than himself."

To make the marvellous a means of producing the ludicrous; that is to say, to arrive at new and diverting situations, by feigning a suspension of the laws of nature, has not been much attempted in English literature, and is perhaps rather a cheap species of wit, since it supposes more fancy than knowledge or penetration. At the same time it has its attractions; for it gives the mind a pleasing respite from the inexorable tyranny of facts, and flatters us for a time with the appearance of vivid and immoveable nature relaxing from its severity, and ceasing to present the usual barriers to our wishes. The tale of *Vathek*, in which these things are well exem-

plified, has never been very popular in this country. It would appear that such painted air-bubbles are too childish for our taste, and that the marvellous is only relished here when linked to the higher and more serious feelings. Macbeth is deeply and universally understood; but there is reason to suspect that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is more talked of than read, and talked of chiefly by persons who wish to lay claim to an uncommon share of fancy.

The ancients had their fauns, satyrs, and nymphs, with which they peopled the more sequestered retreats of nature; and whose casual intercourse with mortals supplied a thousand beautiful fables. The fairies and mermaids of modern times cannot be compared with them. To be sure, some very pretty stories are told of mermaids drawing nigh to solitary shores, under the guidance of tender impulses, and making their sentiments known to the favoured mortal in the form of a song; but surely their long fish-tails are insufferable, whatever may be thought of them by the young Highlanders in the Island of Skye, or the shepherds of the Orkneys. The whole conception of a mermaid is displeasing, and savours of the coarse taste of Northern mythology. On the other hand, nothing can be more beautiful than the ancient conception of wood nymphs, whose tenderness was by no means so obtrusive as that of the northern mermaids; so that persons taking a walk in a forest were frequently shunned by them, and left to find their way home again without ever having a second sight of them. The fairy tribe of later times is a fiction without interest, and seems hardly capable of answering any purpose as a species of poetical machinery.

It is evident that gay and lively fictions, founded on popular superstitions, admit of much greater variety than serious and terrible ones. The objects by which superstitious terror is excited, being always obscure and indefinite, present but a limited range to the poet, and should be sparingly used, in order to avoid monotony, and prevent the disgust which is always sure to be felt, when they are no longer regarded with astonishment. Observation and reflection can be fed for ever by the infinite variety of particulars and their relations; and the sen-

timent of love possesses the divine privilege of dwelling upon its objects with increasing delight; but fear and wonder are transitory movements of the mind, and depend for the most part on the suspension of curiosity.

Upon the whole, romance writers ought to look jealously after their privileges, and prevent the use of apparitions from incurring prescription in these latter days of the scoffers, who think it no great matter to take the bread out of the mouths of an hundred industrious persons in Grub Street, for the sake of shewing themselves above vulgar prejudices. Surely romance writers are far more numerous than philosophers, and might be well able to mob any prating son of Epicurus who attempted to undermine the credit of their machinery.

SELECTIONS FROM ATHENÆUS.

No I.

[THE learned need not be told who Athenæus was, though the English reader has hitherto had but very little opportunity of knowing much about him. His "*Deipnosophists*, or the *Sophists discoursing at Table*," is the only one, among his numerous works, that remains; it contains a vast fund of amusement and information concerning the customs, the manners, and the sentiments of the Greeks, with a multitude of valuable facts and anecdotes, illustrative of the history of their literary and moral character; besides many elegant specimens of ancient poetry, and quotations from old Greek and Roman authors, whose writings have long been lost.

Athenæus was born at Naucratis, in Egypt, in the second century of the Christian era. He was considered as a man of great learning—had read much, and possessed an extraordinary memory, as the numerous anecdotes he relates, and the pieces of poetry he quotes, abundantly testify. Several editions of his *Deipnosophists* have appeared on the Continent; the last in fourteen volumes octavo, by Schweighæuser of Strassburgh, in 1807.

The translation of select passages from this entertaining author, from which we mean occasionally to give a certain portion, was the work of an elegant scholar, and an amiable man, who, alas! is no more: he occasionally entertained and instructed his countrymen, but never intruded his name on public notice; and it is from that consideration alone we feel it right now to withhold it.

EDITOR.]

TIMOCRATES asks Athenæus, whether he was present at the banquets of the learned, or whether he trusted to the report of others, in the account he had given of them? Athenæus assures him that he was present, then speaks warmly of Laurentius, and the elegant entertainments given at his house, during which the most curious questions were proposed and discussed. He likewise informs him, that Laurentius had been appointed to superintend the religious ceremonies and sacrifices, by that excellent prince, Marcus Aurelius, because he was acquainted with the customs of the Greeks and Romans, and spoke both languages with equal purity; on which account he had the name given him of *Ἀστροπῆ*,* or *ambidexter*.

He then speaks of the library of Laurentius, which contained such a number of the best Greek authors that it would bear a comparison with the most celebrated public collections of antiquity. He was so distinguished for his urbanity, that at his table every one felt himself at his ease, and Rome appeared to be the country of the human race. The hospitality of his house was such, as to justify the application of the following description from the comic poet, Apollodorus:†

“Approaching a friend’s house, we see at once

A welcome at the gate. The porter stands
With open cheerful face to meet the guests;
Old Keeper wags his tail: as he proceeds,
Some kind domestic, with officious zeal,
Places his chair unbidden;—all is done
Prompt, and at once, from feeling, not direction.”‡

To Laurentius might be applied these lines of Antiphanes:

* In allusion to this line in Homer’s *Iliad*, φ L. 163.

“*Ἥρως Ἀστροπαῖος ἐπεὶ περιεῖξός τε*.”
Heros Asteropæus, *ambidexter* enim erat.

† Apollodorus, a comic poet of Gela, in Sicily, of the age of Menander. He is said to have written forty-seven plays. Donatus intimates that Terence took from him his *Phormio* and *Hecyra*.

‡ This fragment of Apollodorus reminds us of the following beautiful passage in the *Heauton* of Terence.

“*Domum revertor mœstus, atque animo fere
Perturbato, atque incerto præ ægritudine;
Adsidō; accurrunt servi; soccos detrahunt;
Video alios festinare; lectos sternere;
Cœnam apparare; pro se quisque sedulo
Faciebat, quo illam mihi lenirent miscram.*”

Act I. S. 1.

“Books, and the Muse’s love, his sole delight:

With them true wisdom lies.”

As well as the following from the Theban bard:

“As in the sweet society of friends

We feel true pleasure, so his joy was found
Within the Muse’s garden; there to stray,
And cull the sweetest flowers.”

The author then gives the examples of other great men who had distinguished themselves by their liberality and magnificence—such as Alexander, Conon, Alcibiades, &c. and cites the following passage from Antiphanes:*

“Good gods! why seek we riches and abundance,

If not to succour our poor friends withal,
And show Heaven’s bounties in the fairest light?

To eat and drink are but the common wants
That Nature warrants, and all feel alike:
We need no splendid feast to satisfy—
Such appetites as these.”

The Cynic (Cynulcus), who had acquired the name of *Τριχέδαιπνος*, or the Supper-hunter, said, that Clearchus related, that Charmus of Syracuse applied mottos to almost every dish that was served up. For instance, if a fish:

Ἡ καὶ λιπῶν λιγαῖον ἀλμυρὸν βαδός.†

* Antiphanes of Smyrna, or, as some say, of Rhodes, was born in or about the ninety-third Olympiad. His father’s name was Demophanes, and his mother’s *Ἄνός*; people of servile degree. However, he so signalized himself by his genius, and was held in such respect by his Athenian patrons, that a public decree was made for the removal of his remains from the Isle of Chios, where he died at the age of seventy-four, and for depositing them in the city of Athens, where his funeral honours were sumptuously performed at the charge of the state.

“He ranks very high in the middle comedy. The lowest list of his plays amounts to two hundred and ninety; and some contend that he actually composed three hundred and sixty five. He is said to have obtained the prize for thirty comedies. Several fragments of his have been selected by various authors of the lower ages; but they do not comprise such a portion of the dialogue, as to open the character, style, and manner of this writer, so as to enable us to pronounce upon his comparative excellence with any critical precision.”—*Cumberland’s Observer*, vol. iv. p. 78.

† It is not mentioned from what author this is taken. It appears to be a parody on the first line of the *Hecuba* of Euripides:

*Ἡ καὶ νεκρῶν Κεῦθμονα καὶ σκοτὸς πύλας
Λιπῶν.*

Porson refers, in his note upon this passage, to two other parodies in Athenæus, but not to this.

“ Scap'd from the salt deep of th' Ægean sea,
Behold me here——”

And so on to others, which, though in the original the terms bear some analogy, would be entirely lost in translation.

Athenæus relates, that it was customary with many of the guests who frequented the table of Laurentius, to bring sentences of this kind as the price of their admission, but that Charmus, who was a man of great learning, excelled them all, as scarcely a dish was served up to which he did not apply some pointed allusion. He then speaks of the munificence of Tellias of Agrigentum, who, in the middle of winter, entertained five hundred knights of Gela, and presented to each a tunic and a mantle.

The greater part of the guests praised very highly the lampreys and eels of the Straits of Sicily—the paunch or stomach of the tunny from Cape Pachynus—kids from the Isle of Melos—mullets from the Simæthus (a river in Sicily)—oysters from Cape Pelorus—pilchards from Lipara—turnips from Mantinea, and beet from Asora.

Archestratus of Syracuse, or Gela, composed a poem on good eating. Chrysippus says it was called *Γαστρονομία*, others gave it different titles. It began thus:

“ To universal Greece these rules I give,
That each may know the proper mode to live;
In number let the guests be three or four,
Five at the most, and not a creature more:
A crowded table is a vile excess,
No banquet, but a soldier's noisy mess——”

Athenæus supposes that Archestratus was ignorant that at the banquet of Plato there were twenty-eight guests.

Antiphanes says there are persons,
“ Who know for certain where a feast is held,
And, uninvited, sit them down as guests.”*

He adds further:

“ 'Twere well if fellows of this sort were fed
At the state's charge, or as they treat the flies
When at Olympia they slay an ox,
And leave the carcass, for this very purpose,
To such unbidden guests.”

* “ Men of this description were, by the Greeks, called *μῆνας*—by the Latins, *muscæ*, flies, which was a general name of reproach for such as insinuated themselves into company where they were not welcome. In Plautus, an entertainment, free from such unwelcome guests, is called ‘*hospitium sine muscis*.’ In Egypt, a fly was the hieroglyphic of an impudent man.”—*Vide Potter, of Miscellaneous Customs of Greece.*

Other authors are then mentioned, who had written on good cheer, with several quotations and anecdotes. Amongst others, he speaks of a glutton called Philoxenus, after whom certain cakes were named. Chrysippus speaks of him thus:—“ I knew a glutton, a fellow of consummate impudence, who paid so little regard to the accommodation of others, that it was his practice, in the bath, to immerse his hands in water heated to a great degree; to continue them for a long time, and wash his mouth with the same, to prevent, by use, their being injured by the hottest food, and to enable him to endure a greater degree of heat than others.” It is moreover said, that he used to bribe the cooks to serve up the dishes as hot as possible, so that he might devour what he pleased before the other guests could touch any thing.

“ Clearchus says, of Philoxenus of Cythera, that having one day embarked for Ephesus, he no sooner arrived than he went to the fish-market. On finding it empty, he inquired the reason. The people told him that all the fish were bought up for the celebration of a wedding. He immediately goes to the bath, from thence to the house of the married couple, and, without invitation, takes his place at the table. After supper he sings an extempore epithalamium, for he was a dithyrambick poet. The company were delighted, and the bridegroom gave him an invitation for the next day. ‘ Yes,’ said Philoxenus, ‘ if there be no fish in the market.’ ”

“ We should not,” says Theophilus, “ imitate Philoxenus, the son of Eryxis, who, not content with the common gifts of nature, complained that he had not the neck of a crane, to prolong the pleasure of tasting his food. If he had petitioned to be transformed to an ox, a camel, a horse, or an elephant, he would have done better. These animals have more voracious appetites, and the enjoyment is augmented in proportion to their strength and avidity.”

“ Phantias relates the following anecdote of this Philoxenus of Cythera, who was a poet, and a notorious lover of good eating. Supping one evening with Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily, he observed a large mullet served up to the prince, and a very small one placed before him. In sight of Dionysius he took up the little fish, and held it to his ear. The prince asked him why

he did this? Philoxenus answered, that he was then engaged in the composition of his *Galatea*, and was inquiring of the little fish for some particulars relating to *Nereus*, but could obtain no satisfaction; he therefore supposed the fish was too young to give him the necessary information; 'but I am persuaded,' added the poet, 'that the elder one, which stands before you, is fully acquainted with what I wish to know.' Dionysius smiled at the jest, and ordered the large mullet to be placed before Philoxenus.*

"This prince often drank freely with Philoxenus; but having detected him in an illicit amour with his mistress, *Galatea*, he sent him to prison, where he composed his *Cyclops*, taking his own misfortunes for the argument. The *Cyclops* was Dionysius—the flute player *Galatea*, and the poet himself *Ulysses*."

"There lived at Rome, in the time of *Tiberius*, a voluptuary of great wealth, named *Alpicius*, after whom certain cakes were called. In the gratification of his appetite he spent immense sums. He usually resided at *Minturnum*, a town in *Campania*,

* In an old book, under the title of "Wits, Fitts, and Fancies, &c. printed at London, by Richard Johnes, at the sign of the Rose and Crowne, next above St Andrew's Church, in Holborne," 1595, 4to, in the chapter which treats of "Table matter," many ancient witticisms are given; and, amongst others, the following, which is evidently borrowed from this anecdote of Philoxenus.

"At a nobleman's banquet, a ship of marchpane stuffe was set upon the board, wherein was all manner of fishes in the like stuffe. Every one snatched thereat—a sea captain, sitting far off, could not reach thereunto; but one of the company gave him a sprat, which hee receiving, helde it a good space to his ear. The nobleman seeing it, asked him his conceipt therein. He then, in reference to the little portion that came to him out of that marchpane, thus merrily answered: 'And like your grace, my father before me (as your honour knows), was sometimes a sea captain; and it was his mischance, and my hard hap, that since his last undertaken voyage at sea, which was some twelve years ago, I never since could heare what was become of him; wherefore of every fish that falleth into my hands I still aske, whether it can tell me any news of him? and this pettie sprat (my lord) saith he was then a little one, and remembers no such matter."

where he regaled himself with shrimps, or prawns, which he bought at a great price. They were so very large, that neither those of *Smyrna*, nor the crayfish of *Alexandria*, were to be compared to them. When he was informed that prawns of an immense size were to be had in *Africa*, without delaying a single day, he embarked for the coast of *Lybia*. As he approached the land, where his fame had arrived before him, having experienced a dreadful storm in the course of his voyage, the fishermen came on board his vessel, and offered him the best of their fish. 'Have you none of a larger size?' said he.—'None larger are to be met with on this coast,' they replied. Recollecting the delicious prawns of *Minturnum*, he ordered his pilot to steer immediately for the coast of *Italy*, without approaching nearer to that of *Africa*."

"*Aristoxenus* of *Cyrene*, a voluptuous philosopher, used to sprinkle the lettuces in his garden every evening with wine mixed with honey; and gathering them early in the morning, called them the green cakes which the earth produced for his use."

"*Nicomedes*, king of *Bithynia*, being at a great distance from the sea, expressed a desire to eat the small fish called *αψυρα*, or anchovy; his cook, not being able to procure them, contrived to imitate this fish so well, that he deceived his master; which, by a fragment from the comic poet, *Euphron*, was thus accomplished: He took a turnip, and cut it into small pieces, imitating, as much as possible, the form of the anchovy. These pieces he fried in oil, with a sufficient quantity of salt, then sprinkled them with the seed of twelve black poppies. By this ingenious artifice he deceived and gratified the palate of the king, who was at that time on the confines of *Seythia*, so that he boasted to his friends of the excellent anchovies which he had eaten."

DAVID HUME CHARGED BY MR COLERIDGE WITH PLAGIARISM FROM ST THOMAS AQUINAS.

IN that rambling, confused, and inconclusive work, Mr Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, there is, nevertheless, to be found a vast quantity of

singularly acute metaphysical disquisition; and there occur many very amusing illustrations and anecdotes. In his sixth chapter, where he treats of Hartley's system, and undertakes to shew that, as far as it differs from that of Aristotle, it is neither tenable in theory, nor founded on facts, he relates the following curious instance of delirium, in which, according to his belief, the ideas, or relicks of long-before-received impressions, exactly imitated the order of those impressions,—the will and reason being to all appearance wholly suspended.

“A case of this kind occurred in a Catholic town in Germany a year or two before my arrival at Göttingen, and had not then ceased to be a frequent subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever; during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks in the neighbourhood, she became *possessed*, and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. This possession was rendered more probable by the known fact, that she was or had been an heretic. Voltaire humorously advises the devil to decline all acquaintance with medical men; and it would have been more to his reputation, if he had taken this advice in the present instance. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and cross-examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences, coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connexion with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small portion only could be tracéd to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the rabonical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been an harmless, simple creature; but she was evidently labouring under a nervous fever, in the town, in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived: travelled thither, found *them* dead, but an uncle surviving; and from him learnt, that the patient had been charitably taken by an old protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. Of

this pastor the uncle knew nothing, but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much search, our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's, who had lived with him as his house-keeper, and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related, that her venerable uncle had been too indulgent, and could not bear to hear the girl scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that after her patron's death, the girl herself refused to stay. Anxious inquiries were then of course made, concerning the pastor's habits; and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared, that it had been the old man's custom, for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice, out of his favourite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession. She added, that he was a very learned man and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of rabonical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bed-side, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.”

Mr Coleridge observes, that this *authenticated case* furnishes both proof and instance that relicks of sensation may exist, for an indefinite time, in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; for, it cannot be supposed that, in a case like this, the feverish state of the brain would act in any other way than as a stimulus. Mr Coleridge therefore thinks it probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable, and that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization, the *body celestial* instead of the *body terrestrial*, to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. “And all this,” he adds, “perchance is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded.”

We fear that this extraordinary story will not greatly benefit the science of metaphysics; for, in the first place, all we know of it is, that it is said to have occurred in a Catholic town in Germany, a year or two before Mr Coleridge's arrival at Göttingen, and on such a vague and indefinite statement, no true philosopher could, we think, venture to found any serious specula-

tion. But, in the second place, the power or faculty here ascribed to the young German girl seems to remain altogether unaccounted for by any theory—whether of Hartley—Aristotle—or Mr Coleridge. Had this girl been taught by the old Protestant Pastor a number of Hebrew words and sentences,—and afterwards seemingly forgotten them,—till, in a nervous fever she again uttered them in her delirious ravings,—the fact would have been curious,—and, even without satisfactory explanation, would have been credible. For it would have amounted only to this,—the sudden resuscitation of ideas apparently dead, and the sudden reappearance of impressions apparently effaced. But as the story stands, we are forced to believe that this girl possessed, in her delirium, a *knowledge* which she never did possess at any previous period of her life. The Hebrew language is not to be acquired by any young servant girl whatever, when at work in the kitchen, from the recitations of her learned master declaiming rabbinical wisdom to and fro before the said kitchen-door. Doubtless a word or two might so be picked up—but that long sentences and harangues from the Rabbins, and the Greek and Latin Fathers, afterwards capable of filling whole sheets with ravings, should have been distinctly, and accurately, and grammatically committed to memory by a girl who could neither read nor write, and under such circumstances, cannot be thought possible but by the most credulous. Mr Coleridge does not seem to think the acquisition of such knowledge, in the first case, any way remarkable; at least he makes no allusion to so wonderful a phenomenon. We suspect, indeed, that he is of opinion that the girl repeated, in her delirium, that which she never could repeat in her sound senses. If so, we do not comprehend his philosophy. The sounds uttered by a Protestant Pastor struck the ear of the girl, an impression was therefore made on her sense of hearing. But does Mr Coleridge believe that this impression was that of distinct and separate sounds, of syllables, words, sentences, periods? It could not so have been. Her ravings must have borne some resemblance to the impression formerly received. But, if in her delirium she spoke good Hebrew and excellent Greek, she must

have spoken what she never could have learned. This story, therefore, seems to us to prove a great deal too much—certainly much more than that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state. If it be a true story, the wonder seems to us greater, that the girl should have ever acquired such knowledge by such means, than that the knowledge having been seemingly lost should, in delirium, have been restored.

A very singular case of sudden obliteration of the deepest impressions occurred in Oxford, somewhat later than the middle of the last century. The present writer heard it narrated by the late Mr Wyndham, and the fact is well known to many persons yet living. A woman, who was there executed, was restored to animation. She completely recovered her health—married—bore children—and conducted herself respectably through life. But the effect produced on her memory by the shock which her bodily frame had sustained was most extraordinary. She recollected every thing distinctly up to the day of her trial; but from that day she recollected nothing; and the period between her trial and execution for ever after remained a blank in her memory. She had behaved in prison with great composure and resignation—had partaken of the sacrament on the morning of execution—sung a hymn on the scaffold—taken a calm farewell of her friends—and betrayed no symptoms of terror. But all these scenes were for ever effaced from her mind—nor had she ever afterwards the faintest glimmer of recollection that she had been placed in such jeopardy. Her memory with regard to every thing else was unimpaired. It would seem as if the ideas that possessed her mind during her imprisonment, and were uppermost on it, had literally been all wiped away.

In Mr Coleridge's chapter on the Law of Association, in which he traces its history from Aristotle to Hartley, he relates an anecdote of David Hume, which is so curious, that we wish Sir James M'Intosh would either confirm or deny its truth. It is as follows:

“In consulting the excellent commentary of St Thomas Aquinas on the *Parva Naturalia* of Aristotle, I was struck at once with its close resemblance to Hume's es-

say on association. The main thoughts were the same in both, the *order* of the thoughts was the same, and even the illustrations differed only by Hume's occasional substitution of modern examples. I mentioned the circumstance to several of my literary acquaintances, who admitted the closeness of the resemblance, and that it seemed too great to be explained by mere coincidence; but they thought it improbable that Hume should have held the pages of the angelic Doctor worth turning over. But some time after Mr Payne, of the King's mews, shewed Sir James M'Intosh some odd volumes of St Thomas Aquinas, partly perhaps from having heard that Sir James (then Mr) M'Intosh had in his lectures past a high encomium on this canonized philosopher, but chiefly from the fact, that the volumes had belonged to Mr Hume, and had here and there marginal marks and notes of reference in his own hand-writing. Among these volumes was that which contains the *Parva Naturalia*, in the old Latin version, swathed and swaddled in the commentary afore mentioned!"

Mr Coleridge does not say, that this anecdote was communicated to him by Mr Payne, nor yet by Sir James M'Intosh; and therefore it may, after all, be merely an idle piece of floating literary gossip. The anecdote would have been more valuable had Mr Coleridge, instead of dealing in such very general terms, quoted from the "excellent commentary of St Thomas Aquinas on the *Parva Naturalia* of Aristotle," that part from which David Hume is said to have so freely borrowed or stolen. This we shall now do. In Chap. V. of the said Commentary "*de Memoria et Remiscentia*" there is the following passage:

"*Similiter etiam quandoque reminiscitur aliquis incipiens ab aliqua re, cujus memoratur à qua procedit ad aliam triplici ratione. Quandoque quidem ratione similitudinis, sicut quando aliquis memoratur de Socrate, et per hoc occurrit ei Plato, qui est similis ei in sapentia; quandoque vero ratione contrarietatis, sicut si aliquis memoratur Hectoris et per hoc occurret ei Achilles; Quandoque vero ratione propinquitatis cujusque, sicut cum aliquis memor est patris, et per hoc occurrit ei filius. Et eadem ratio est de quacunq; alia propinquitate vel societatis, vel loci, vel temporis, et propter hoc fit remiscentia, quia motus horum se invicem consequuntur.*"

It is needless to quote more, for this is the whole theory; and, without doubt, it bears a very strong resemblance to that of Hume. Mr Coleridge, however, ought to have said, that there is also

a very considerable difference between the Scottish sceptic and the angelic doctor, and he ought not to have said, that the illustrations of Hume differed only in the occasional substitution of more modern examples, for that is not the case, and such a groundless assertion is calculated to give a most false impression of Hume's beautiful essay to those who may not have read it, or who, like Mr Coleridge, may have wholly forgotten it. Hume thus states his theory,

"To me there appear to be only three principles of connexion among ideas, namely, *resemblance, contiguity* in time and place, and *cause and effect*. That these principles serve to connect ideas, will not, I believe, be much doubted. A picture naturally leads our thoughts to the original (*resemblance*). The mention of one apartment in a building naturally introduces an inquiry or discourse concerning the others (*contiguity*). And if we think of a wound, we can scarcely forbear reflecting on the pain which follows it (*cause and effect*)."

In a note to another passage in his essay, Hume adds,

"Contrast, or contrariety, is a connexion among ideas which may perhaps be considered as a mixture of causation and resemblance. When two objects are contrary, the one destroys the other, i. e. is the cause of its annihilation, and the idea of the annihilation of an object implies the idea of its former existence."

Hume therefore agrees with St Thomas Aquinas in thinking *resemblance* and *contiguity* two principles of connexion among ideas. He holds a somewhat different view with regard to the principle of *contrariety*, and he adds that of *cause and effect*. Hume expressly says, "*I do not find that any philosopher has attempted to enumerate or class all the principles of association.*" If he indeed had read and studied the commentary of Aquinas, this way of talking is not very candid, and therefore it would be important, both to his originality and fair-dealing, that the world should be told, by the only person who can tell them, if there be any truth in this anecdote.

This however is certain, that Mr Coleridge's dislike to Hume has betrayed him into a most unjust charge against that philosopher. It is absolutely false, that "the main thoughts are the same in both, the *order* of the thoughts the same, and that even the illustrations differ only in Hume's occasional substitution of more modern

examples." We have read the whole commentary of St Thomas Aquinas, and we challenge Mr Coleridge to produce from it a single illustration, or expression of any kind, to be found in Hume's essay. The whole scope and end of Hume's essay is not only different from that of St Thomas Aquinas, but there is not, in the commentary of the "angelic doctor," one idea which in any way resembles, or can be made to resemble, the beautiful illustration of the prince of sceptics. Hume says, that instead of entering into a detail of instances, "which would lead into many useless subtleties, we shall consider some of the effects of this connexion upon the passions and the imagination, where we may open a field of speculation more entertaining, and perhaps more instructive, than the other." He then proceeds to shew the operation of the principles of connexion among ideas in the composition of history, and of epic and tragic poetry. In this inquiry the whole essay consists, and there is not a single syllable in St Thomas Aquinas' commentary on such subjects.

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REMARKS ON MR MACVEY NAPIER'S ESSAY ON THE SCOPE AND INFLUENCE OF LORD BACON'S WRITINGS, IN THE LAST VOLUME OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

"It was prettily devised of Æsop—the fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot-wheel, and said, 'What a dust do I raise!' so there be some vain persons who, whatsoever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think that it is they that carry it." So says Bacon, in one of those immortal essays which men should read in order to know themselves, before they think of writing books for the instruction of others. In glancing over the very pompous and imbecile essay which we have named at the head of this paper, we could not help recollecting these short and pithy words of the Prince of modern Philosophers, and saying to ourselves, "The axle-tree of Bacon's genius has at last found its fly." Lost amidst that

cloud which it would fain believe to be its own creation, the fluttering exulting insect does not indeed attract to itself the attention of ordinary passengers. It requires the organs of an entomologist to descry the tiny buzzer glittering in the dim light of an ephemeral existence, and clapping its gauzy winglets as if it had flown over the Atlantic. But it is the nature of those enthusiastic in pursuits such as ours, to find interest enough, and to spare, in matters derided as utterly insignificant by the uninitiated. We do not expect, indeed, that most of our readers will at all sympathise with us in the pleasure which we have had in pinning into our portfolio this new specimen of the humming tribe,—this stridiferous and blustering Lilliputian,—this champion and guardian of the fame of Bacon. They must, however, bear with our infirmity, and task themselves to be listeners for a few moments while we comment, not perhaps without the self-importance of discoverers, on the shape and vocation of our new found fly.

Mr Macvey Napier, Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies of Edinburgh, has then, be it known to all those whom it may concern, filled fifty-four quarto pages of the Transactions of the former of these most illustrious associations, with an essay intended to enlighten the world at large in regard to two subjects, whereon the said Mr Macvey Napier very sagaciously supposes the said world to have great need of illumination. The first of these is the scope, and the second is the effect, of Lord Bacon's labours as a philosophical writer. Now we, innocent as we are of any connexion with the Royal, the Antiquarian, or even the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh, were really so much in the dark before the publication of Mr Napier's very important essay, as not to know that any dispute had of late arisen among the members of those truly venerable and august institutions, touching either the nature or influence of the philosophy of Bacon. The dissertation of Mr Stewart, wherein the character of Bacon's works is described with so much philosophical eloquence, had indeed been attacked on some points by a writer in the Quarterly Review; but we, like the rest of the world, had no difficulty in perceiving that the assault of the

critic had originated only in misconception, and we considered the whole matter as long since at an end. Mr Napier, however, is Editor of the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and felt himself called upon to vindicate from stain, however slight, the character of a writer whose dissertation had been published under his auspices. Watching, with all the grave amplitude of his Editorial wing, over the Stewarts, the Playfairs, and other helpless creatures, who it seems put their trust under his shadow, the indignant Conductor sits like the rampant lion of his country's scutcheon, with a "*nemo nos impune lacesset*" in his mouth. With the attitude and motto, however, the parallel must stop; our Encyclopædial lion is fangless and toothless; and those who look for his protection must be content to take the will for the deed.

The idea of Macvey Napier defending Dugald Stewart against the Quarterly Review, reminds us of a story to be found, we believe, in one of the popular sixpenny histories of British Admirals. During a great conflict between two French and English men-of-war, an unlucky shot came athwart the hen-coop of our vessel, and set at liberty such of its captives as it did not kill or maim. Among the first to escape was a little insignificant pullet, which immediately flew as high as its wings could carry it; and having taken its station exactly above the British Jack, there established itself as commander-in-chief on the occasion—repelling the French shots with a feeble scream, and backing the English broadsides with a crowing *Io Triumphe* at the very top of its treble.

The same ludicrous idea reminds us of what we have ourselves often witnessed, the absurdly important manner in which a little messin-whelp discharges the duties of a watch-dog. The noble mastiff lurks couchant in his lair, ready to spring forth when there comes an occasion, but not fancying or fearing an enemy in every one whose footstep approaches his habitation. The *Catulus* is a more obstreperous, if not a more effective guardian. There it sits snuffing the wind for offence, and pursuing, with a yelp from the house-top, every traveller upon the highway. Such defenders are more trouble than benefit to those

who have a good house over their heads. Mr Stewart has such a covering. But a truce to similitudes. We leave them to old Timothy Tickler, who, we doubt not, will soon favour the world with "Letters to eminent Literary Characters, No VI.—to Mr Macvey Napier."

As to the contents of Mr Napier's Essay, it is, in the first place, no easy matter to get at them. The fifty-four pages are like so many harlequins, for the motley patches and quotations with which they are covered; but notwithstanding this diversity of raiment, the said fifty-four pages co-operate, like so many brothers, in drawing the eyelids together. Candour, however, obliges us to confess, that their conjoined exertions have by no means a soothing influence; but, on the contrary, an irritating and teasing effect. If we had been merely doomed to hear them read aloud, it is possible that we might have enjoyed the same sweet and refreshing slumber, which is said to have visited the members of the Royal Society, upon the 16th February, anno domini 1818, when the whole composition was delivered, in due form, over a green table, by the monotonous lips of Mr Napier himself. Upon the whole, the 16th February is still remembered with pleasure at the Royal Society, as a day of respite from quartz, and mica-slate, and oyster-shells; but the case is very different with such readers as have had to go through the Essay by dint of spontaneous study, and who have sat down with an intention of ascertaining what the fifty-four harlequins would be at.

To have done with metaphors, Mr Napier proposes to illustrate, first the scope, and then the influence, of Lord Bacon's philosophy. With regard to its scope, his remarks are in the last degree heavy, superfluous, and unprofitable; and it is with a miserable bad grace that he comes hobbling in the wake of such a writer as Mr Stewart. All that Mr Napier advances on this subject, has the same character of second-hand feebleness and tarnished repetition. It operates like an anticlimax, and has the absurd aspect of a smaller wedge put into the empty space which has already been opened by a larger one. Surely no person, endowed with any force of mind, could occupy such

a situation without impatience and chagrin; at least, if he perceived in what circumstances he stood. To assist in diffusing truths not generally known, is an office which no one need disdain, although these truths may be the production of another's lucubrations; but to state in an inferior form what has been already well stated and understood, betrays a degree of humility for which a person will hardly obtain much approbation in this wicked world—except, perhaps, in the Royal Society of Edinburgh, or the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

As to Mr Napier's illustrations of the influence of Lord Bacon's philosophy, they are certainly misnamed. They are not illustrations of the manner in which his writings operated in advancing the progress of science, but a mere mechanical collection of quotations, loosely strung together, and tending to shew, that Lord Bacon's writings were known and admired by the learned throughout Europe, more extensively, and at an earlier period, than is generally supposed. Perhaps Mr N. deserves some small credit for his industry in bringing them together from Brucker and the Dictionaries, for rather more instances are adduced, we believe, than those cited in Mr Stewart's dissertation. But it is rather too much to give this species of piddling the imposing title of illustrations of Lord Bacon's philosophy. The suffrages of the learned among Bacon's contemporaries, or the succeeding generation, are of little importance, when we know that all the most important discoveries in physics, in this country, have confessedly been made under the immediate influence of the Verulamian philosophy; and that the discoveries of foreigners, if not all made under the guidance of that system, were not accomplished by the light of any different and better system of logic, but by the unaided ingenuity and good fortune of the inventors themselves. The ponderous machinery, got up by Mr Napier, works very hard upon the fulcrum of the reader's patience, but answers hardly any purpose in the end. The incidental mentions of Bacon, which have been collected by him from foreign works, prove almost nothing, since the greater number of the writers he quotes were speculative men, and not experiment-

ers themselves, or concerned in particular discoveries or additions made to science.

In order to satisfy our readers that we have not been misrepresenting the merits of this illustrious F. R. S. E. we shall quote one of the most prominent, elaborate, and imposing of his paragraphs, which for crudeness, tameness, obscurity, triteness, and all the other magnificencies of dulness, seems to us to be well nigh entitled to the reputation of an unique. The satisfied air with which he hugs himself upon his *nothings*, reminds us of that merciful arrangement of Providence, in virtue of which parents are commonly most fond of the most rickety of their children—perpetually pluming themselves upon what procures for them, if they knew it, not the envy, but the pity, of their neighbours.

“It would require a complete analysis of the *Novum Organum* to furnish an adequate idea of the value of Bacon's services in this important department of philosophy; but the *fundamental* rules of his method may be comprehended in a few sentences. They seem all to be founded upon the following principles: first, That it is the business of philosophy to discover the laws or causes that operate in Nature, in order thereby to explain appearances, and produce new effects: next, That we are incapable of discovering these laws or causes in any other way than by attending to the circumstances in which they operate: and, lastly, That the mind is naturally disposed to run into general conclusions, and to form systems, before having made all the inquiries necessary to truth. In conformity with these principles, he shows, that all sound philosophy must proceed *from* facts; that the facts in every case must be carefully collected and compared; and that in all our reasonings about them, the natural tendency of the mind to generalize must be carefully repressed. The *spurious* method of induction is that which proceeds suddenly from particulars scantily collected or ill examined to the most general conclusions. The *true* method is that which lays a wide basis in observations and experiments, and which generalizes slowly; advancing gradually from particulars to generals, from what is less general to what is more general, till the inquiry ends in truths that appear to be universal.”

It is pleasing, after speculating for a few moments on the pert and useless productions of a pretender, to turn to something like the sincerity of real study, and the simplicity of real wisdom. To an edition of the *Essays*

published last year in Edinburgh,* there is prefixed a short life of Bacon, which, so modest in the manner in which it was announced, has not as yet, we believe, attracted any public attention.

We shall take the liberty to quote, from the anonymous and unobtrusive production, a few sentences, which we are quite sure will afford great pleasure to Mr Dugald Stewart, if indeed he has not already seen them. We trust they will be perused with not a little of what Homer calls "*useful shame*," by Mr Macvey Napier. Before parting, however, with our pompous essayist, we must express our wish, that he, and such as he, would in future confine their labours, or rather their pretensions, to "such things as are meet for them," and not insult the character of our country, by presuming to approach the to them forbidden ground of true scholarship and true philosophy. But now for our contrast.

"The sum of Lord Bacon's philosophy may be stated in a few propositions. He tells us,

"I. That the ultimate aim of philosophical investigation is to bring the course of events, as much as possible, under our own control, in order that we may turn it to our own advantage.

"II. That, as each event depends upon a certain combination of circumstances which precede it, and constitute its cause, it is evident we shall be able to command the event, whenever we have it in our power to produce that combination of circumstances out of the means which nature has placed within our reach.

"III. That the means of producing many events which we little dream of, are actually placed within our reach; and that nothing prevents us from using those means, but our inability to select them from the crowd of other circumstances by which they are disguised and surrounded.

"IV. That therefore we should endeavour, by diligent observation, to find out what circumstances are essential, and what extraneous, to the production of each event; and its real cause being stripped free from all the perplexing concomitants which occur in nature, we shall perceive at once whether we can command the circumstances that compose it or not. This, in short, is to generalize; and having done so, we shall sometimes discover, that objects which of all others appeared the most useless, remote and inapplicable to our purpose, possess the

very properties we are in search of. Nature stands ready to minister to our designs, if we have only the sagacity to disentangle its operations from one another, to refer each event to its real source, and to trace the powers and qualities of objects into their most abstract form.

"In pursuing the dictates of this noble philosophy, man is no longer impotent and ridiculous. He calmly vanquishes the barriers which oppose his wishes—he eludes the causes of pain—he widens the range of enjoyments, and, at the same time, feels the dignity of intellect, which, like a magician's talisman, has made all things bow before his feet. Lord Verulam was the man who first taught us to cultivate this magic with success. When we visit his monument, it should be with a sacred awe, which forbids us to remember his frailties. Envy loves to whisper, that he died in disgrace, but gratitude proclaims, that he still lives and flourishes in the advancement of science; and when we behold around us the giant powers of nature performing whatever tasks man chooses to assign them, we may say to the departed philosopher, in the words of Shakspeare, 'Oh, St Alban's, thou art mighty yet, thy spirit walks abroad!'

"To this extraordinary individual we are indebted also for an attempt to reduce the chaos of literature into some degree of order; and to shew, that notwithstanding the multiplicity and variety of books, there are only three different objects, to one or other of which the contents of every book must apply. According to Lord Bacon, human knowledge is resolvable into history, philosophy, and poetry. By history, is meant a statement of particular events which have occurred in past time. By philosophy, is meant the knowledge of general facts, concerning the relation of one phenomenon to another. By poetry, is meant an assemblage of ideas brought together for the purpose of exciting emotion.

"In contemplating this arrangement, however, we should attend to the distinction between poetry, and the science of making poetry, which last, is nothing but a branch of philosophy: that is to say, the art, in so far as it has been reduced into general principles, comes under the same head as any other science; and may be denominated the theory of producing emotion in the human mind, by means of an artificial assemblage of ideas. Poetry bears the same relation to the art of poetry, as a machine bears to the science of mechanics.

"At the same time it may be remarked, that poets in general do not compose their pieces theoretically, and by means of calculations *à priori*, but by an exercise of the principle of association, in summoning up ideas, and by observing what feeling is excited by those ideas in their own minds. They adopt or reject, not for scientific reasons, but according to a trial of their

* Macredie, Skelly, and Muckersey, 1817. 8vo.

properties made on the occasion, and with a view to the particular case in what they are to be employed. Hence it may be said, that what is done in this art, is for the most part done empirically. When a poem is finished, it frequently happens that another person is better able to explain how it produces its effects, than the author himself.

“No one of the fine arts has ever been so thoroughly digested into general principles, as to be entitled to the name of a science. At the same time it is obvious, that every effect which is produced in the fine arts, must depend upon some general fact, which, if known, would furnish, *à priori*, the reason for preferring one combination to another. Hence it may be said, that the sciences and the fine arts have no real difference in their own nature, but that the difference lies in the nature of the human mind, which is less able to ascertain a complete system of general facts in the arts than in the sciences.

“To reduce poetry into a science, it would be necessary first to have a list of those original ideas to which our different emotions respectively owe their birth, before any casual association has linked them to other ideas. Secondly, to have a statistical account of the associations of that portion of mankind for whom we write. And thirdly, as a certain physical affection of the bodily system is necessary for the continuance of every emotion, it would be necessary for us to understand how long the physical affection can be sustained without becoming morbid; as also, what emotions are best calculated to relieve each other's effects on the bodily system, since it is the body, not the mind, that requires change of feeling.

“Lord Bacon's Essays are by no means the least part of his philosophy. As they apply to the common affairs of life, and the common motives of human action, it would be ridiculous to expect in them the formality of science. Wisdom has never appeared in a garb so closely adapted to her person. Every subject is treated with a clear and luminous brevity, which places the propositions side by side, without any intermediate ornament. A florid discourse may astonish us, but it is a simple one like this which enables us to arrive at conclusions. Perhaps in most of the essays of the present day, the leading propositions are too far separated from each other; and it would be well if the authors would remember, that to reason is to compare ideas.

“In the mind of Lord Bacon, the characteristic of a powerful and searching intellect predominate almost to a preternatural degree. Perhaps it enfeebled the rest of his qualities, and gave rise to the errors of his life. Indeed we seldom find great strength of volition united to a fondness for contemplation for its own sake. Lord Bacon was contemplation personified. He lived only to observe, and was satisfied if he knew the

theory of the conduct of others, without seeking to distinguish himself by the firmness or prudence of his own. The bias of our characters is derived from the turn of our ambition, and Lord Bacon's ambition was purely intellectual.”

THE MINSTREL OF BRUGES.

[THE following version, of a most amusing old French story, was executed by the late Mr Johnes of Hafod, the well known translator of Froissart, &c. We are indebted for this, and several other pieces of the same description, to the gentleman to whom they were given some years ago by his friend Mr Johnes. The Minstrel of Bruges is composed in six parts. We shall insert the remaining parts in our next Number.]

Part First.

A YOUTH of Cambray, setting out from that town on a party of pleasure, overtook a wretched looking set of travellers in a hollow way not far from Cambray, at the source of the Scheldt. This company consisted of an old man about seventy, a woman of fifty, a young girl of eighteen, and two ragged boys of fifteen and sixteen years of age, who were amusing themselves with gathering nuts.

The old man had the black collar of his coat hung round with shells, and at his feet (for he was seated) lay his pilgrim's staff and a bagpipe. He was humming an air to the tune of the Dutchess Golande; the old woman was complaining of her misery; the young girl seemed lost in thought; and the boys were bawling loud enough to stun one,—while the Cambresian observed, from a small eminence, this discordant group.

The woman spoke to her husband. —“How can you thus sing in our wretched situation?” —“It is to drive away sorrow,” replied he. —“Your songs have not that virtue. You must allow that you have made choice of a pretty trade.” —“It is a gay one however.” —“To turn Minstrel, and run about the world like a vagabond.” —“I have always loved geography and travels.” —“I do not love them for my part; you only think of yourself; and what a fine education are you giving your children.” —“Neither you nor myself have had a better; in truth, our children are grown up.” —“Yes, but they have not a farthing.” —“I

never received more from my parents." One of the little nut-gatherers now interrupted the conversation, by calling out, "Mother, do not scold thus loudly, for here is a gentleman listening to you."

The Cambresian, at these words, advanced, and saluted the Minstrel, who rose up with dignity, seized his staff, and, preparing his bagpipe, said, "Sir, what air would you wish to hear—gay, tender, or grand? say, for I can satisfy your taste, however difficult it may be." The Cambresian presented him with a skelein, and replied, "Play whatever air, Minstrel, you may like—I am not difficult to please, having never heard other music than the plain chant of our church of St Geri." The Minstrel struck up a Virelais of the Count of Barcelona. "That is very melancholy," said the Cambresian; "can not you make me laugh instead of making me cry?" The Minstrel played off a Biscayan air, which delighted the young man; and as he had found out his taste, he continued so many of these airs that the Cambresian no way regretted his skelein.

Perhaps there is no good thing that people so soon tire of as music. The Cambresian, struck with what he had heard of the dispute between the Minstrel and his wife, said to him, "If I have distinctly understood the conversation between you and your wife, that has just passed, it seems that your noble profession does not gain you a great number of ducats."—"No, certainly," replied the Minstrel, "but one cannot enjoy every happiness at the same time; rich or poor I am always gay; I have seen a variety of countrys, and have lived more happy than many kings; but, sir, every thing must have an end; I am now thinking to retire, and am on my road to end my days in tranquillity at Bruges, my native country."—"You have more than time for that," interrupted the Cambresian; "and were I not afraid of being troublesome, I would request an account of your adventures, which assuredly must be very interesting."—"I will cheerfully comply with your wishes, sir," said the Minstrel, "for I am always thankful when any one shall have the goodness to set me talking."

"I was born, as I before said, at Bruges, and in my younger days was

one of the best archers of that town; but having received from Nature a strong taste for music, I laid the bow aside, and swelled the bagpipe. Unfortunately at that period Bruges swarmed with Minstrels, and their harmony soon overpowered mine. It was in vain that I presented myself at the palaces of the Duke of Brabant and Earl of Hainault—they laughed at my harmony, and plainly told me that I played most wretchedly on the pipes. Finding, therefore, from my own experience, that a prophet has no honour in his own country, I left Belgium and went into Picardy.

"One day as I was playing an air at the foot of the walls of the castle of Coucy, the generous Raoul appeared on the battlements; he called me to him, and said, 'Young Minstrel, four leagues hence lies the town of St Quentin; and having passed through it, you will see the fortunate castle of Fayel a quarter of a league off, seated on an eminence, wherein resides my love. Go thither, and play off, under the walls, such discordant sounds as you have done here; my love may perhaps come to listen to them as I have done; thou wilt present her with this letter: she may perhaps have the kindness to reply to it, which thou wilt return here with, and I will recompense thee more magnificently than if thou hadst been the first musician in the world.' Delighted with so lucky an adventure, I took the letter from Sir Raoul, passed through St Quentin, and was soon at the walls of the castle of Fayel. My music resounded like that of the God Pan, when a young lady appeared at her turret with a face as brilliant, and with eyes as bright, as those of the red-breast when seen in winter in the midst of bushes. I ceased playing on her appearance, to offer her the letter;—imprudent as I was—for I had been watched—old Fayel was at hand—he seized the letter, ordered his daughter to retire, and commanded his pages and bachelors to put me into confinement. Shortly after I was brought before this Argus, who was foaming with rage; I attempted to soften, or to put him to sleep, with my pipe, as Mercury had done to the original Argus with his flute; but, alas! the Lord de Fayel was no lover of music; he had me bound by his valets, and, regardless of my talents,

had the barbarity to order me one hundred lashes. I was then thrown into a dark hole, with a bundle of straw and a most frugal supper, and on the morrow dismissed, with the advice to examine well all the avenues to the castle, for if I were again found within its purlieus, the world would for ever be deprived of so great a musician, and Raoul of so faithful a servant. They positively assured me, that I should then be delivered over to the high-bailiff of the Vumandor's, from whose clutches I might get out as well as I could.

"I dared not return to Coucy, but crossed the Somme; and having heard that the Lord of Pequigny, a patron of the fine arts, had a large party of Minstrels at his court, I ventured thither to make him a judge of my talents.

"Vanity has ever been my failing, as it is said to be that of my brethren; I must therefore own, that the Lord of Pequigny was far from considering me as a first-rate performer; on the contrary, he told me that I played very badly, and recommended my quitting a profession for which I was not born. His advice, however, was vain; I remained constant to my pipes, and resolved to make them celebrated throughout the universe.

"I went thence to Paris; and I know not how it happened, but I was well received there, and I was thought to possess talents, although I had not made any new acquirements. Astonished at this unexpected success, I was forming the most brilliant expectations, when one of my friends said to me, 'You must not be too much intoxicated with your success, for in this place moderate abilities only are encouraged;—make hay while the sun shines, for perhaps your fame may on the morrow vanish away like a dream.'

"What he said was true, for the public was, if possible, more suddenly disgusted with me than it had before been delighted. 'Ah! the comical town,' said I, on quitting it, when I found there was nothing more to be gotten; but fortunately I had collected some few crowns in my pocket.

"I was told that the court of the Count of Poitiers was the usual resort of the Troubadours. From time immemorial Troubadours and Minstrels have been brethren; for whilst the

first were chanting their *tensons* and lays to the sound of their instruments in the Cisalpine provinces, our ancestors were gayly swelling their pipes to the merry dance of the *Courante* in our marshes of Belgium.

In the hope, therefore, of meeting brethren of the pipe, I set out for Poitiers; and whether I really did possess a certain degree of merit, or whether the Poiterians, not much famed for talents, had not the injustice to exact from others what they were wanting in themselves, I soon acquired a tolerable degree of fame,—became acquainted with several inhabitants of the country, who danced to my music—Was my wife not listening, I could tell you, sir, some humorous adventures that happened to me in that fine country.

"I now began to compose music; and should you ever visit Poitiers, you may hear several of my innocent airs sung in the villages. I believe I should have made my fortune in that province, had not my ruling passion for travelling caused me to leave it. I traversed Languedoc and Provence, where the inhabitants have so much wit, and such eagerness to show it, they never wait to see whether others may not be equally gifted. Afraid of my success in these countries, I went into Gascony; but that was ten times worse. Nothing, however, could equal the petulance of the people of Biscay, whither I next directed my steps; but I soon fled from a country where every one seemed bitten by a tarantula. I began to breathe in Arragon. Here, said I to myself, is a wise people, who are never too much hurried to act or talk. I almost thought myself in my native country; but I did not add to my riches there.

"I heard great talk of Barcelona, where every one, even a player on the bagpipes, could make his fortune. I went thither, and began to blow away on my pipes at the neat tippling-houses in the suburbs of this capital of Catalonia. One day, while I was playing to a brilliant company of both sexes, and they amusing themselves in dancing, the lady whom you see by my side, hearing me utter some words in bad French (see how wonderful is the love of one's country), felt for me an instantaneous passion, at least so she has assured me since. For my part, sir, I no way shared her flame, for

the lady was scarce handsomer then than now, when she can count half a century; but charmed and most grateful to see a woman in love with me, which had never happened to me before, I told her that I should be extremely sorry she should consume herself in vain for my bright eyes, and that since she would absolutely have my hand, I could not have the cruelty to refuse it to her. She assured me that her birth was above the common—that her family, originally from Berny, still were held in great consideration at Châteauroux. But, sir, the privilege of a traveller is well known in regard to truth, and I soon discovered that the lady had taken advantage of my youth.”

At these words the old woman interrupted her husband, who was too discourteous for a Minstrel.—“Do you hear this wretched Flemish bagpiper, who dares to insult a woman whose sole misfortune has been caused by her weakness in marrying him? Accursed be the fatal moment when I first thought of fixing on such a husband. If you knew, sir, all the rambles I have been forced to make with this wild fellow—“Softly, madam, if you please, replied the Minstrel, it belongs to me to relate them to the gentleman. When I had married madam,” continued he, “it was necessary that my pipes should furnish us with subsistence for both. I quitted Catalonia, where I gained but little, and conducted my lady to Toledo, where I formed for her a handsome establishment. Had she not been so extravagant in that town, and had she not unexpectedly made me father of that girl there, I should have become the richest musician in both Castiles. But in short, every thing may be expected in a married state. Do not, however, suppose, sir, that I was angry with my wife on this account—Thanks to Heaven for having given me a sweet temper—She might have done much worse before I should have found fault with her. Events will prove what I have said: for instance, examine the features of these young nut-crackers, and tell me, on your honour, if you can discover any likeness between their faces and mine. That, however, makes no difference to me—here they are, and I love them just the same as if they were my own blood. When I perceived them

coming into life, although I had no hand in it, I swelled my bagpipe the merrier, to gain wherewith to support them, and to make a stand against our creditors.”

Here the wife interrupted this indiscreet babbler.—“Have you not sufficiently stunned the gentleman with your impertinences? and do you forget that we have not tasted a morsel all this day, while you hear the bell at the neighbouring monastery ring for evening prayers?”

“You are in the right,” replied the docile Minstrel, “let us go and breakfast with the money this generous gentleman has just given me,—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,—we may possibly find, before night, some other charitable person not invincible to the charms of music.”

“You may keep your money in your pocket,” replied the Cambresian, “the monastery, whose bell you now hear, is Vaucelles, where I have some friends; let us go thither together, and we shall be well received, for the pious children of St Bernard, to whom the convent belongs, are famous for their hospitality.”

The Minstrel takes up his pilgrim’s staff, slings his pipes on his back, and offers his arm to his wife, who accompanies him limping and scolding; the two boys run before them like two young greyhounds; the girl is silent and sighs; and thus the Cambresian conducts the limping caravan to the monastery.

Part Second.

HAPPY were the pilgrims of good old times, who, when worn down with fatigue and hunger, on discovering the towers of a monastery, entered instantly its gates, and were received as part of the family. It is said that great changes have since happened, and that convents are not now so charitably inclined; this may, perhaps, be caused by pilgrims not being so worthy and good as in old times.

However this may be, our Minstrel met with a favourable reception; for the Lord Abbot, having noticed the company from his narrow painted window, descended the stair-case, and met at the bottom of it his nephew. He, the young Cambresian, had the honour so to be. He presented to his uncle his vagabond companions, who

were conducted by the steward into the hall for the reception of guests, and instantly served with a dinner, during which the Minstrel never said a word; but by degrees, as his hunger was satisfied, and the wine raised his spirits, he began to talk away as usual at all rates.

“Sir Minstrel,” said the Cambresian, “with the permission of madam, have the goodness to continue your history, which is very interesting, and will certainly afford pleasure to the steward, who has taken such good care of you.”

“I will cheerfully comply,” answered the Minstrel, “but I forget where I left off.”—“You were,” replied the Cambresian, “in the act of swelling your pipes at Toledo.”

“Good,” said the Minstrel; “you have heard nothing as yet. I was forced to quit Toledo, like as I had quitted many other towns, without finding myself the richer. I went thence to Madrid, where novelty gave me a good reception. All the capitals of the world afford great resources to every new comer in the folly of their inhabitants. At this time I was followed at Madrid, as so many others had been, who possessed no greater talents than myself. A slight quarrel arose, however, in our own family: my wife accused me of poisoning her,—I, who never had courage to poison a rat,—was it probable that I should attempt such a thing? I was nevertheless thought guilty, arrested, and thrown into prison, where I languished for six months. A thousand captious questions were put to me, to make me own myself guilty of so horrid a crime; but when they were perfectly convinced that I had not sense enough to do such an act, I was restored to my liberty.

“I instantly hurried to my lodgings, whence I had been taken to have the honour of being made the inhabitant of a royal mansion, eager to embrace my wife and these three children: but, sir, my wife was not there; for she had found means to interest in her behalf an officer of the holy inquisition, and, if she pleases, she can tell you more on that head than I can. All that I know is, that she was an inmate of his house when I left prison. I hastened thither, and found her with that officer, who turned pale at sight of me; but without no-

ticing his paleness, I embraced my wife with tenderness, and without anger, which the more astonished the alguazil. She burst into a loud fit of laughter; her friend followed her example; and I also joined in the laugh. These good people were very kind, to have me imprisoned for such a trifle.

“This connexion was lucky; for the officer of the holy inquisition took charge of my wife; so that I had one mouth the less to fill, and only these three brats to maintain. My pipes began to bring in a tolerable revenue, as there were at that time at Madrid some very pretty romances, which I played moderately well, and not a night passed without my being called upon to give a serenade. In the evenings I went to the Prado, where I was eagerly sought after, sometimes by a duenna, sometimes by a lord of the court, knights of the order of Calatrava, members of the council of Castile; at other times by ladies of easy virtue, who are as common at Madrid as in other countries.

“Sir, I witnessed daily all the tender and most irritable passions in action, during my walks up and down the allies of the Prado;—gallants puffing themselves out like frogs, or like my bagpipe, to give themselves the appearance of the most desperate lovers. I joined in sentiment with all that employed me, or rather I acted my part after the example of others, and my pockets were consequently well filled. But I must tell you, sir, an adventure that happened to me on the Prado. I had formed an arrangement with a little poet from Andalusia, whom I ordered to write verses, as I would order a coat from a tailor. One evening as we were on the Prado, a man, whom I took at least for a grandee of Spain, although the obscurity prevented me from observing his features, called out to me, with a deep and commanding voice, ‘Minstrel, compose and play me instantly a romance.’—‘Very willingly, my lord,’ replied I; ‘on what subject do you wish it?’—‘On a blockhead of a husband, who is forced to sing the praises of another, who plays his part in regard to his wife.’ I pressed my little Andalusian to make haste with the words, and as he repeated them to me, I adapted a proper tune to them. I wish I could now remember them, sir, for they were very fine, and I would

sing them to you with my own accompaniment. When I executed them to my noble patron, and the handsome lady that was with him in an unfrequented part of the walks, they were so greatly delighted, they were almost suffocated with laughing. Shall you be able to guess who this brilliant couple were? Ask the lady here, for it was herself, well wrapped up in her veil, with the officer of the sacred troop, her favourite, and my substitute, who had dressed himself up in the clothes of some major-domo. It was these two honest creatures who were playing me this trick; however, they paid me as generously as those would have done whose clothes they wore, and this was some consolation to me."

The Minstrel was thus far advanced in his history, when the bell rang for prayers, to the great disappointment of the steward, who, for the last quarter of an hour, had crammed his napkin into his mouth to prevent himself from laughing out loud. He had reason to be sorry to leave it thus half untold, for the history increased in interest.

"My wife," continued the ingenuous musician, "grew tired of her friend, or he grew tired of her, I know not which in this respect had the advantage; but one fine morning, madam paid me a visit when I least expected it, and said that she was returned to live with me. 'Madam,' said I, 'you do me a great deal of honour.' From that time my house had all the character belonging to a musician; for whilst I was attempting to play some new romances with my Andalusian, she was making a variety of noises; distributing, with an ease that I never saw equalled by any one, a box on the ear to her daughter, kicks on the breech to her sons, breaking and throwing down the furniture, and a variety of other elegant deeds that I suppress. Our neighbours thought our household somewhat too noisy, and made such complaints as forced us to dislodge. None would admit us into their houses from our bad reputation, so that we were forced to sleep under gateways, or on benches before the doors, and the wicked children of the town called us the Benchers of Madrid.

"Ah, sir! I was undeserving of this contempt; for I had in truth collected

a handsome purse during my widowhood; but my wife, on her return, took possession of it as the seal of our reconciliation, and in less than six weeks it was all dissipated. To add to my misfortune, we were the public laughing-stock at Madrid. Convinced that no artist ought to remain long in any town where the public take such license in regard to him, I packed up my alls, and set out for Grenada. I had been told that the Abencerragoes were as great admirers of music as of the fair sex and tournaments. A desire to be the Orpheus of some of these gallant Moors had determined me to undertake the journey. But, sir, I was in no imposing equipage when I made my entry into Grenada; and my fate was like that of Homer, who was forced to ask alms by holding out the same hands that have transmitted to us his immortal poems. Poverty only excites pity, which rather borders on contempt; and although alms be given to a poor person, the giver scarcely ever supposes him to have any merit; for to gain even the appearance of abilities, a man must be as well dressed at Grenada as any where else. I was almost naked; my wife had no longer those charms that won the affections of the officer of the holy office; our two brats were in a state of nature; and my Andalusian poet, who was in such vogue at Madrid, seemed a blockhead at Grenada. In a word, this great theatre was too brilliant for us.

"Despised by the Abencerragoes, guess how low I was sunk in my own mind, sir, and what steps I took? You have heard of the Zegrís, the second faction at Grenada, and know that these proud Zegrís despise all knowledge in literature, the fine arts, or in music. It was to one of these, however, that I was forced to attach myself; but, just Heavens! in what a situation! Alas! one day, almost sinking through hunger and thirst, I was leaning against a wall, when a Zegrís, passing by, noticed me, and said, 'Thou sufferest: I have compassion on thee; follow me.' I did so, and he conducted me to his stable, when, pointing to two Arabian horses, and six Andalusian mares, he said: 'Lay aside thy pipes, which will make thee starve, and dress my horses, which will afford thee a sustenance.'

"Judge, sir, of my surprise and

humiliation at these words. Fallen from all my flattering hopes, and turned into a groom! Another more afflicting thought crossed my mind, that I could not even fulfil this vile employment; for I had never bridled an ass, and, moreover, my master seemed to be the most impatient of all the Zegriss. What was to be done? It is said that man accustoms himself to any thing; I had, nevertheless, the utmost difficulty to become a jockey.

“ I had for subaltern-master a groom, called Ismael Sabaoth, who was assuredly the most discourteous and most disagreeable Saracen of all Grenada. Imagine, sir, a pigmy in shape, a giant in head, a mole in the smallness of his eyes, a goat in beard, an Ethiopian in colour,—a very hobgoblin, who would have frightened a Cæsar in the night-time. Add to this, a fox in cunning, wicked as a monkey, and brutal as a hound. This animal, however, was the lover of the wife of the Zegriss; you may judge, therefore, of the good taste of the lady, and of the comforts that awaited me.

“ This wretch would fancy, that, without ever having served an apprenticeship, I was as well acquainted as himself in the business of the stable. He was incessantly scolding; but not content with that, he beat me. It was necessary that I should always have the currycomb in my hand, and be mounted on base villanous beasts, which were constantly prancing, and seemed to take delight in throwing me sometimes on the dunghill, at others in the cess-pool, although I hung on as long as I could by their manes. On my return to the stable, without ever giving me a minute to wipe and clean myself, I was forced to measure out oats, cut down hay, spread straw, which brought on quarrels with the purveyor. I was then sent to collect herbs, and to select the most proper to purge my animals, who enjoyed far better health than I did.

“ It was with the utmost difficulty that, in the course of a week, I could steal a single quarter of an hour to myself for repose. This I constantly employed in the keeping up my knowledge in my original profession, and with inconceivable pleasure swelled my pipes with the most harmonious tones. I cannot, however, flatter myself that I produced the same effect in taining my animals as my predecessor,

Orpheus, experienced with tigers and lions. On the contrary, my barbarous beasts accompanied me with their heels, and made several desperate attempts to kick me.

“ One day while thus playing, and my horses capering like mad things, Sabaoth entered the stable, and having gone too near one of the Arabians, he received a severe kick on the belly. Sabaoth roared loud enough to wake the dead, and his cries brought all the stable boys around him. He accused me of having played him this trick in revenge for the many thrashings he had given me. I can assure you, sir, that such a wicked thought never entered my mind; but, notwithstanding my innocence and my protestations, the whole Mahometan race fell upon my Christianity, and overpowered me with blows. I was driven from the stables without their giving me a real, and it was with difficulty I was permitted to carry away my pipes.

“ I searched through the whole town of Grenada for my wife and children, and for my Andalusian, and collected them as well as I could, all except the latter, whom I never saw more. They had suffered as many miseries as myself, and having compared them together, we set off with sorrow for the kingdom of Murcia. I addressed myself to the company of whom I was again become the head: ‘ A truce to sighing, children; let us assist each other, and gayly too; for cheerfulness is, above all, most necessary when in misery. It is useless to the opulent, and that is the reason why they possess so little of it. Here is my faithful bagpipe, my dear patrimony, and our constant resource against all the calamities of this life.’

“ My wife answered me rather uncivilly: ‘ Assuredly that must be a grand resource, which has raised you to the eminent rank of a stable boy, and reduced us to beggary. Find some other profession, for this is worn out.’ Providence, sir, has formed me a very gentle clay. To soften my wife’s temper, I replied, ‘ If you think that my pipes cannot gain enough for our subsistence, you have only to speak, madam, and I will turn physician.’ My proposal pleased her: music leads to beggary, and physic to wealth.

“ I became then a doctor of physic, and established myself in Murcia,

where, by dint of killing, I learned how to cure, and was in great vogue. I was consulted by all, ten leagues round; my house began to fill, my wife to smile, and my lot was more fortunate than that of many of the most celebrated doctors of Salamanca. You shall judge by the following fact, how great my reputation must have been:

“One day, this same Zegrís, my late master at Grenada, passed through Murcia as commander-in-chief of the army that was marching against the Castilians. He was suddenly taken ill, and on his inquiring for a physician, every voice united in recommending me as the most able doctor in Christendom. In the honour of attending him, I cured him in eight days, at the end of which I called on him to take my leave. During his convalescence he had fixed his eyes on me with attention and embarrassment, and when I was going away, he said, on giving me more money than my pipes had ever brought me since I had first played upon them, ‘Doctor, I think I have seen you somewhere before, but cannot recollect where.’ At these words I gave myself up for an undone man, and threw myself at his feet. ‘You have been in my service,’ continued he, ‘but I cannot remember in what capacity.’ ‘As your groom, my lord,’ replied I, striking my sides to gain more assurance; ‘excuse me, and condescend to hear me. Honest Sabaoth, your renowned head groom, while he leathered me with a thong, had, at the same time, the charity to teach me somewhat of horse botany: from a horse to a man, my lord, there is no great stride, and I thought that what was good for one could not do much harm to the other. I applied, therefore, to mankind, I applied to your lordship’s self, what I used to administer in your stables to your Arabians, stallions, and Andalusian horses, and you see yourself that I have been perfectly right.’ ‘Wonderfully so,’ said the Zegrís, laughing; ‘and I am now no longer surprised at the infernal strength of your medicines.’ ‘Your lordship judges right; they were to kill or cure you,—for it is the same as to physic and as to morality; we should be firm in both,—this is my manner.’

“He left the town, and I pocketed his money. I soon became rich and

unfortunate, as is too frequently the case in this vale of misery.” The Minstrel here made a pause, and said to the Cambresian, “I know not well whether I should continue my story or not; I am gay at present, and I shall become melancholy.”

The Cambresian insisted on his going on, and the old man thought himself bound to obey him.

Part Third.

LOVE, thou powerful governor that influenceth every condition of life, thou couldst not gain any sway over our Minstrel, who steadily braved thy power,—but thy fatal shafts did not spare his daughter, or rather the daughter of his wife. We have seen, at the beginning of this story, that while her brothers were gathering nuts at the source of the Scheldt, she was sighing, and not without cause, for she had left all her happiness behind in Murcia.

Ernestine, for that was the name of this unfortunate girl, had looked too long, and listened too much, to a young and handsome Moor of Murcia for her repose. He had gained admittance into the house of the Minstrel, now turned doctor, under pretext of pounding his drugs, and of learning the art of physic under so able a master; but the real cause of attraction were the bright eyes of the fair Ernestine. He very soon persuaded the simple maid, as lovers easily do, that no passion was ever so strong as his, and that Heaven was not purer than his heart, and that he adored her, and should never adore any one but her; in short, he used all those common-place expressions that are employed on such occasions; but we must do the young Moor the justice to say, that he really felt every thing he said, as we shall show in the course of the history. Ernestine believed too much this flattering language; her heart was already lost, but her innocence no way affected, and she suffered the more. It was impossible for her to command her eyes; involuntary sighs broke from her bosom, so that every one guessed at the cause of her pain. Her mother had long discovered the secret of her heart, but the father alone had not the least suspicion of it.

One fine morning his wife entered his chamber, and made him acquaint-

ed with her discovery. We have repeatedly shewn that the Minstrel was good-nature personified, but like a good Christian, he would not bear any joking on the subject of religion. At the mention of this insolent Moor, this unworthy child of Mahommed, who had dared to fall in love with the daughter of an old Christian, he, for the first time in his life, flew into a violent rage. His wife, astonished at this extraordinary emotion, but incapable of changing her opinion, said, "Why, you are like the blackguards, who no sooner become rich than they are become insolent; how can the love of the handsome Amurat put you into such a passion?" "He is a Mahomedan." "Well, will he be the first Moor who has turned Christian? and then, would his marriage with our daughter be so disproportionate? You own yourself, that Amurat understands physic almost as well as you do; he will continue to improve himself under your instructions, and when Heaven shall dispose of you, he will be then our support." "I don't mean to die," retorted the Minstrel, "nor do I mean to have any Moor in my family."

Such was the introduction to the details the self-dubbed physician was about to give the Cambresian; he thus continued:

"Sir, I have said that chagrin and opulence entered my house hand in hand. I told my wife, in a resolute tone, that I would never have a Moor for a son-in-law; she had the impudence to reply, it was not quite clear that I was the father of her daughter. 'That does not signify, madam,' replied I, with dignity, 'so long as I bear the honour of being so in public.' 'Very well,' replied she, 'we shall see.' On hearing this menace, I broke, through rage, a phial that was in my hand, and called my daughter, to whom I spoke as follows: 'Ernestine, how dare you fall in love without my leave?' She blushed, wept, and threw herself at my feet; I raised her up and wiped her eyes, and said it is no purpose crying, but give me an answer. 'Father, I could not help it.' I proved to her that it was very possible for her to have helped it, since I had never been in love in my life. I talked to her of the infidel she had made choice of; had he been a Christian, said I, that might have been something, but an enemy to God! I

then described to her my situation, and hinted to her the possibility of my marrying her one day to a bachelor of Salamanca.

"'Father,' replied she, 'I am very sorry to give you any chagrin, it is my ill fortune that forces me; if I could, I would no longer love Amurat; I even wish I had strength to hate him, and I would do it to please you, but I feel it quite impossible. You talk to me of marriage with a bachelor of Salamanca, I would not accept of the hand of the King of Grenada were he to offer it. Father, I am very unhappy in loving Amurat, I will not, if you insist upon it, see him any more; I shall die, but I will obey your orders, and that is the whole I can do.'

"Her discourse affected me much; but seeing Amurat, my rage returned, and I stooped down to pick up the broken glass of the phial to throw in his face; but he looked so afflicted and humble, that I, who am naturally kind, instead of throwing the glass in his face, broke it in my hand. It was then that I witnessed the sweet dispositions of those children whom I was persecuting; Amurat picked all the broken glass out of my hand, which Ernestine washed, wiped, and kissed.

"I believe I should then have pardoned them, but madam entered with her usual noise, which brought back all my indignation,—I punished the innocent for the guilty, and swore this marriage should never take place.

"My wife had made a joke of me throughout life,—she declared herself the protectress of these two children, and determined to marry them privately. I perceived that some plot was carrying on, but as I am not curious, I did not pay much attention to it. On awakening one morning, I found that I was the only inhabitant of my house. It was in vain I searched for my wife; she, Ernestine, the two brats, all the family, had dislodged during the night. I ran to my strong box; the lock had been forced, and my treasure, the fruit of so much labour, had disappeared with my fugitives. I was so thunderstruck, that when I attempted to move, my legs failed me. I remained fixed to the spot, and passed the most melancholy day of my life. But Heaven had provided me an avenger. At this period the holy office was most attentive in watching and preventing the Moors

from carrying off poor Christian women. A detachment of these honest defenders of our religion, noticing an old woman, a young girl, and the handsome Amurat, who had thoughtlessly kept on his turban, arrested all three. Heavens! what must have been the surprize of my wife, when she found the commander of the troop was no other than the officer, her former friend. When recovered from her astonishment, she had recourse to her ancient blandishments; but perhaps the season of love was passed, or that the commander in such a holy service had repented his former amours, for he said to her, in a tone to convince her that her smiles were vain, 'Madam, I am very sorry for you; but I am forced to execute my office: it pains me, I assure you, to deliver you up to the holy inquisition; and in spite of my pity, you must permit me to put on handcuffs.' 'My dear Don Pedro,' replied my wife, 'is there no method to soften you?' 'None, madam,' answered the officer. 'What, not even with this gold,' continued my wife. The sight of gold has a charm, the effect of which is more rapid than light or thought. The hardened features of the stern countenance of the officer were instantly softened into smiles. He pocketed the gold, and sent my wife, daughter, and the two brats, back to me again in Murcia. But he was inflexible in detaining the handsome Amurat, in spite of the cries and lamentations of Ernestine, when he tore him from her." At the recital of this scene by the Minstrel, the amiable girl began to sob as loudly as at the moment of separation.

Evening prayers being ended, the steward hastily returned to the hall for strangers; but was not a little astonished to find all in tears, whom so very lately he had left full of gayety, when he had gone to attend his duty at chapel. "Ah, what sudden misfortune can have happened unto you, then, during the recital of three psalms, and the performance of a single obituary?" "Reverend father," replied the Minstrel, 'you have lost nothing by your absence; it was only the relation of innocent amours of this simple girl, and some trifling chagrins which I experienced myself, that I have been telling during the time you were psalm-singing.' "Oh, if it is only that," said the steward, "I

have indeed lost nothing, and I am not sorry to have missed hearing of your grievances, for I like much better your gayeties." "As for gayety," answered the Minstrel, "thank Heaven, I am well enough provided with that, and with patience too, as you shall hear.

"When I saw my wife and children return so melancholy in the evening, I was much surprised, and calmly asked them whence they came? My wife, gentlemen, does not want effrontery, and nothing embarrasses her; she plainly told me the whole of her plot, the carrying away my treasure, the meeting of the holy brotherhood, and added what had been the price for her fetters being struck off. 'Vastly well, madam,' said I, 'and it is I then who pays for your folly; we have not now a maravidi, and your prank has made so much noise, we cannot longer remain here,—What's to be done?' 'Resume your bagpipe,' replied she, 'you know that that is our faithful nurse.'

"I resumed my pipes, and went playing away on all the high roads of Spain: but, sirs, one cannot hunt two hares at once; the time which I had given to physic was prejudicial to my first profession, which requires constant and perpetual cultivation. Add to this, that I was become somewhat asthmatical, and could no longer draw out those fine and lengthened tones which, in my younger days, went to the heart. The pipe, they say, resembles love, and youth is required in both. I hastened therefore to quit Spain, and on our arrival at the Pyrenees, we clambered over those black and formidable rocks, and crossed those immense heaps of snow, that have lain there since the creation of the world, as well as we could, and saw France once again. We prostrated ourselves before the first flower-de-luce we saw. Were I to say that my talents received greater honour in France than in Spain, I should lie; but this I am bound to say, that in France they were more ready to assist us with their charity.

"On approaching Berry, I recollected that my wife had told me that her relations held a very respectable situation at Châteauroux." At these words this discreet woman, wearied for some time by all the indiscretions of her husband quitted the apart-

ment, under pretext to amuse her daughter, and to make the boys play on the pipes. When she was gone, the Minstrel thus continued,—“Sirs, my wife is a liar—no one had ever heard of her, nor of her relations, nor of the great state they kept at Châteauroux. It would seem that she had never before, any more than myself, set foot in Berry. Believe women who please on their word. My reverend father, you have acted wisely not to marry.”

The Cambresian nodded his head by way of civility, thinking on the extraordinary adventures he had heard. But let us for a while leave the Hall of Guests at Vaucelles, and speak of other works connected with the subject.

HISTORY OF THE BERNACLE AND MACREUSE.

ONE of the most singular instances of credulity on record, is that contained in the early history of the Tree Goose or Bernacle. There is nothing peculiar in the habits of this bird which would seem to account, in a sufficiently satisfactory manner, for the origin of those fictions which for so long a period constituted its natural history, and yet its alleged mode of production certainly surpasses in absurdity even the exploded doctrine of fortuitous generation. According to the accounts to which we allude, this bird was not produced, as in ordinary cases, from the egg of an animal like itself; but derived its origin, either from a sea shell found growing upon floating timber and the trunks of trees, from foam or slime generated on the ocean, or from certain fruits, which, falling into the water, were there metamorphosed into geese. These opinions were not, like many others, confined to the vulgar and uneducated. Grave historians handed down to posterity, as a truth, a fable which derived its origin from ignorance and credulity. Naturalists did not hesitate to copy the relations of preceding writers, or to increase their currency by the weight of their own authority; while physiologists, without inquiring into the truth of the facts advanced, reasoned regarding them with as much confidence as if they had formed the foundation of an established law of nature. The following curious ac-

count is given by Gerard, in his *Herbal*:

“Having travelled from the grasses growing in the bottom of the fenny waters, the woods and mountains, even unto Libanus itself; and also the sea and bowels of the same, wee are arrived at the end of our history, thinking it not impertinent to the conclusion of the same to end with one of the marvels of this land (we may say of the world). The history whereof to set forth according to the worthinesse and raritie thereof, would not only require a large and peculiar volume, but also a deeper search into the bowels of nature, than my intended purpose will suffer me to wade into, my sufficiency also considered; leaving the history thereof rough hewen, unto some excellent man, learned in the secrets of nature, to be both fined and refined: in the mean space take it as it falleth out, the naked and bare truth, though unpolished. There are found in the north parts of Scotland, and the islands adjacent, called Orchades, certaine trees, whereon do grow certaine shells of a white colour tending to russet, wherein are contained little living creatures; which shells in time of maturity doe open, and out of them grow those little living things, which, falling into the water, do become fowles, which we call barnacles; in the north of England, brant geese; and in Lancashire, tree geese: but the other that do fall upon the land perish and come to nothing. Thus much by the writings of others, and also from the mouthes of people of those parts, which may very well accord with truth.

“But what our eyes have seen, and our hands touched, we shall declare. There is a small island in Lancashire, called the Pile of Foulders, wherein are found the broken pieces of old and bruised ships, some whereof have been cast thither by shipwracke, and also the trunks and bodics with the branches of old and rotten trees, cast up there likewise; whereon is found a certain spume or froth, that in time breedeth unto certaine shells, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour; wherein is contained a thing in forme like a lace of silke finely woven as it were together, of a whitish colour, one end whereof is fastened unto the inside of the shell, even as the fish of oistres and muskles are: the other end is made fast unto the belly of a rude masse or lumpe, which in time commeth to the shape and forme of a bird: when it is perfectly formed the shell gapeth open, and the first thing that appeareth is the foresaid lace or string, next come the legs of the bird hanging out, and as it groweth greater it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth, and hangeth onely by the bill; in short space after it commeth to full maturitie, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a fowle bigger than a mallard, and lesser than a goose,

having blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such a manner as is our magpies, called in some places a pie-annet, which the people in Lancashire call by no other name than a tree goose; which place aforesaid, and all those parts adjoining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for three pence. For the truth hereof, if any doubt, may it please them to repaire unto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimony of good witnesses.

“Moreover, it should seem that there is another sort hereof, the history of which is true, and of mine own knowledge; for travelling upon the shore of our English coast, between Dover and Rumney, I found the trunk of an old rotten tree, which (with some help that I procured by fishermen’s wives that were there attending their husbands’ returne from the sea) we drew out of the water upon dry land. Upon this rotten tree I found growing many thousands of long crimson bladders, in shape like unto puddings newly filled, before they be sodden, which were very clere and shining. At the nether end whereof did grow a shell fish, fashioned somewhat like a small muskle, but somewhat whiter, resembling a shell fish that groweth upon the rocks about Garnsey and Garsey, called a lymptit; many of these shells I brought with me to London, which, after I had opened, I found in them living things without forme or shape; in others which were neerer come to ripeness, I found living things that were very naked, in shape like a bird; in others, the birds covered with soft downe, the shell halfe open, and the bird ready to fall out, which no doubt were the fowles called barnacles.”

He adds, in regard to the period of their exclusion,

“They spawne as it were in March or Aprile; the geese are formed in May and June, and come to fulness of feathers in the moneth thereafter.”

How such a fable could have originated, it is not very easy to determine. The reasons which seem to have induced authors to seek the origin of these birds elsewhere than in the ordinary course of nature, are the large flocks of them which are occasionally observed along the coasts and islands of the northern parts of Scotland and some other countries, where they are at the same time never known to deposite their eggs or rear their young; and this circumstance, combined with the peculiar appearance of the bernacle shell, no doubt, in the first place, gave rise to the belief at one time so common, more especially among the elder French writers, “que cette sorte d’oyes naissent sans pere et sans mere, sans etre ny pondus ny

couvés.” Few subjects in natural history have been so much involved in error, or have given rise to a greater diversity of opinion, than this. At the present period it appears absurd that such opinions should ever have been uttered, or, being so, that they should have been deemed worthy of a serious refutation. Yet the fact is certain, that a few centuries ago, there was scarcely an individual whose works have descended to our own times, who did not either give credit to this fiction, or at least feel inclined to do so. We shall now give a few extracts from the different authors who have treated of this singular subject, at the same time acknowledging our obligations to the posthumous work of Monsieur de Graindorge, entitled, “*Traité de l’origine des Macreuses*,” published at Caen by Dr Maloüin, in the year 1680.

Among the earliest notices of this opinion, is that given by Sylvester Giraldus, in his *Topography of Ireland*:

“Sunt et aves multæ quæ bernacæ vocantur, quas mirum in modum contra naturam natura producit. Non ex earum coitu ut assolet ova gignuntur, non avis in earum procreatione unquam ovis incubat, unde et in quibusdam Hiberniæ partibus, avibus istis tanquam non carneis quia de carne non natis jejuniorum tempore vesci solent.

Some years later, Vincent of Burgundy, bishop of Beauvais, speaking of certain birds which appear to have been Bernacles, makes the following observation:

“De iis itaque certum est, quod in orbe nostro circa Germaniam nec per coitum gignunt neque gignuntur: sed neque earum concubitum apud nos ullus hominum vidit, unde et carnis earum in quadragesimâ nonnulli etiam Christiani in nostra ætate in locis, ubi avium hujusmodi copia est uti solebant: sed Innocentius Papa in Lateranensi Concilio Generali hoc ne ulterius fieret vetuit.”

It is somewhat surprising that Albertus Magnus, than whom so few were more attached to every thing extraordinary and supernatural, should have been the only person of this period who continued adverse to the prevailing belief. He condemns it as a vulgar error, and adds, that the only reason for supposing that these birds derive their existence from certain trees or shells, or from wood in a state of decay, is founded on the general belief, “quod nemo unquam vidit eas

coire vel ovare." The truth of this alleged circumstance in their history he contradicts on his own authority, treating it as quite absurd, "quia ego et multi mecum de sociis vidimus eas et coire et ovare, et pullos nutrire."

In this opinion he was, some time after, followed by Kircher (whom one has so seldom occasion to accuse of being incredulous), who doubted the relations of preceding writers and of his contemporaries, and gave it as his idea, that the eggs of these birds may occasionally float from the northern seas towards our coasts, and there hatching upon planks, trees, and the bottoms of ships, might thereby have given rise to the origin of the fable. To make use of Mathiew Wright's well-known expression when he was about to be hanged, we really think the remedy worse than the disease.

M. Graindorge observes, "Un medecin Anglois suivant l'opinion commune dit, Nidum barniclæ aut ovum nemo vidit, nec mirum, cum spontaneam habent generationem: et si le passage qu'on attribue a Isidore etoit de luy, mais il ne se trouve point dans ses ouvrages, il y auroit bien plus longtemps que cette opinion auroit cours."

Regarding the growth of the bernacle there were, properly speaking, three opinions entertained by the old naturalists, all of which, however, are founded on one belief, that this bird is produced by a mode of generation known in the schools under the name of equivocal or spontaneous. According to the first idea, it was maintained, that along the shores of Britain there are certain trees which, in due season, bear birds instead of fruit. Those who espoused the second doctrine, asserted that these birds spring up from the surface of decayed planks, to which they are fixed by the beak, and from which they detach themselves, as soon as they are full fledged, and capable of providing for their own sustenance; others again who inclined to neither of these theories, laboured to establish the existence of certain shells (the conchæ anatifere of authors) in which these birds were formed, and from which they were excluded whenever they had attained perfection.

It is amusing to observe with what implicit confidence these absurd fictions were received for a long period of time, and handed down progressively by different writers, for the most part with-

out doubt or challenge. They even went so far as to publish engravings of this goose-bearing tree, with fruit in a state of maturity, ready to wing its flight into the air, or dive among the subjacent waves. Such representations may be found in the works of Aldrovandus, and among the figures of plants by Pena and Lobel.*

Munster, in his Universal Geography, mentions, that he found in Scotland certain trees, the fruits of which, on becoming mature, dropt into the

* In Gerard's Herbal, there is an engraving of the dragon tree, with a section of the fruit, in the interior of which is represented a fierce dragon, the figure of which is said to be always contained therein. He gives the following description of it:—"This strange and admirable tree groweth very great, resembling the pine tree, by reason it doth alwaies flourish, and hath its boughs or branches of equal length and bignesse, which are bare and naked, of eight or nine cubits long, and of the bignesse of a man's arme: from the ends of which do shoot out leaves of a cubit and a halfe long, and full two inches broad, somewhat thick, and raised up in the middle, then thinner and thinner like a two-edged sword: among which come forth little mossie flowers, of small moment, and turn into berries of the bignesse of cherries, of a yellowish colour, round, light, and bitter, covered with a threefold skin or film, wherein is to be seen, as Monardus and divers others report, the form of a dragon, having a long neck and gaping mouth, the ridge or back armed with sharp prickles, like the porcupine, with a long tail and four feet very easy to be discerned; the figure of it we have set forth unto you according to the greatness thereof, because our words and meaning may be the better understood; and also the leafe of the tree in his full bignesse, because it is impossible to be expressed in the figure; the trunk or body of the tree is covered with a tough bark, very thin and easie to be opened or wounded with any small toole or instrument; which, being so wounded in the dog days, bruised or bored, yields forth drops of a thick red liquor, of the name of the tree called dragon's tears, or *sanguis draconis*, dragon's blood: divers have doubted whether the liquor or blood were all one with *cinnabaris* of Dioscorides (not meaning that cinabar made of quick-silver); but the received opinion is, they differ not, by reason their quality and temperature worke the like effect. This tree groweth in an island which the Portugals call Madera, and in one of the Canary Isles, called *Insula Portus Sancti*; and as it seems it was first brought out of Africke, though some are of a contrarie opinion, and say that it was first brought from Carthage in America, by the bishop of the same province."

water, and were converted into living birds; and lest this opinion should be regarded as a recent fabrication, he adds, that many of the ancient cosmographers, especially Saxo Grammaticus, relate the same thing. Another author indeed considers the proofs of the anomalous origin of the macreuse so firmly established, that he proceeds to generalize on this principle of generation, and gravely deduces from it the probable existence of the famous Lamb of Scythia.

According to Chassaveur, in his catalogue de la Gloire du Monde, there grows by the banks of a river in Scotland a vast tree, the ripe fruits of which drop off in the form of ducks; those which fall upon the ground decay, but such as fall into the water do both swim and fly. On which Antony of Torquemada, who, being a Catholic, naturally coveted a greater supply of those birds which are allowed during Lent, observes, that many people wish there were more trees of this species than one. Jacobus Aconensis agrees with Chassaveur in thinking, that such as drop on the ground must necessarily perish, "quoniam in aquis est nutrimentum earum et vita." The leaves of a tree which grows by the banks of an Irish river, of which Julius Cæsar Scaliger speaks, seem to be more independent in respect of their localities, as those on the land become birds, those in the water, fishes. A similar fancy has occurred to Du Bartas in the lines quoted by M. Graindorge.

"J'entens l'arbre aujourd'hui en Inturne vivant,
Dont le feuillage epars par les soupirs du vent,
Est metamorphosé d'une vertu feconde
Sur terre en vrais oyseaux, et vrais Poissons
sur l'onde."

And in another passage he alludes more directly to the prevailing belief regarding the barnacle or macreuse:

"Ainsi le vieil fragment d'une Barque se change
En des Canards volans, ô changement etrange!
Même corps fut jadis arbre verd, puis vaisseau,
N'aguere Champignon, et maintenant oyseau."

In a curious old book, called "Northern Memoirs, calculated for the Meridian of Scotland," written in the year 1658, by Richard Franck, Philanthropus, there is a discussion between Theophilus and Arnoldus,

concerning the Scots barnacle. In our quotation from this work, we trust that our Northern readers and correspondents will not take amiss the peculiar view which is given of their character in the commencement of the passage. They must bear in mind that it was written by a Cockney visitant, a great while ago.

Arnoldus observes:

"The next curiosity to entertain you with, is the county of Southerland, which we enter by crossing a small arm of the ocean from Tain to Dornoch. So from thence we travel into Cathness and the county of Stranavar, where a rude sort of inhabitants dwell (almost as barbarous as Cannibals), who, when they kill a beast, boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, browis of his bowels, drink of his blood, and bread and meat of his carcase. Since few or none amongst them hitherto have as yet understood any better rules or methods of eating. More north, in an angle of Cathness, lives John a Groat, upon an isthmus of land that faceth the pleasant Isles of Orkney, where the inhabitants are blest with the plenty of grass and grain, besides fish, flesh, and fowl in abundance. Now that barnicles (which are a certain sort of wooden geese), breed hereabouts, it's past dispute; and that they fall off from the limbs and members of the fir-tree is questionless; and those so fortunate to espouse the ocean (or any other river or humitactive soil), by virtue of Solar heat, are destined to live; but to all others so unfortunate to fall upon dry land, are denied their nativity.

"Th. Can you credit your own report, or do you impose these hyperbole's ironically upon the world, designedly to make Scotland appear a kingdom of prodigies?"

"Ar. No, certainly! and that there is such a fowl I suppose none doubts it; but if he does, let him turn to Cambden, Speed, or Geerhard's Herbal, and there he shall find, that in Lancashire thousands were gathered up adhering to the broken ribs of a ship wrecked upon that coast; but these are not like the barnacle-geese I speak of: the like accident happened in Kent some time past, and in many other parts of England, &c. so that few ingenious and intelligible travellers doubt a truth in this matter; and the rather because, if sedulously examined, it discovers a want of faith to doubt what's confirmed by such credible authority. But if eyesight be evidence against contradiction, and the sense of feeling argument good enough to refute fiction, then let me bring these two convincing arguments to maintain my assertion; for I have held a barnicle in my own hand, when as yet unfledged, and hanging by the beak, which, as I then supposed of the fir-tree, for it grew from thence as an excrescence grows on the members of an animal; and as all things have periods, and in time drop off, so doe's

the barnacle, by a natural progress, separate itself from the member it's conjoined to.

“But further, to explicate the method and manner of this wooden goose more plainly. The first appearing parts are her rump and legs; next to them her callous and unploomed body; and, last of all, her beak, by which she hangs immature, and altogether insensible, because not as yet having any spark of life hitherto discovered to shine about her. Then, like the leaves in October, that leisurely drop off (since predestinated to fall), even so the barnacle drops off from the twig of the tree to which nature had fastened her, and gave her a growth and an inanimate being. Where note, to so many as providentially fall into water, protection is immediately sent them to live; but to all others as accidentally encounter dry land, such, I presume, are doomed to die without redemption. And though some of them are commissioned to live, yet how difficult is it to preserve life, when hourly sought after by the luxurious devourer.”

Even Conrad Gesner (called by Thomas Johnson a very learned, painful, honest, and judicious writer, and by Dr Robinson, the most learned, diligent, and faithful of any that ever meddled with the history of animals) fell into the same error. He appears to have been chiefly misled by an epistle of Turncrus.

The second theory regarding the production of these birds, is that which maintains, that they are produced from a thickish slime or froth, which gathers on the surface of putrescent wood, especially fir, when floating on the sea. Thus Campden, in his description of the British Isles, makes mention of a bird, very abundant near the Isle of Man, which the English call barnacles, and the Scotch, Clakers. In like manner, the Scots Chronicles are quoted by Wormius as follows:

“Ad septentrionalem Scotiae plagam in mari magna reperitur lignorum copia, quibus adnascitur mirum Anseris genus, quod rostro ligno adhæret donec ad perfectionem devenit. Claike Geese vocant quod ob mirum generationis modum omnes in stuporem convertit.”

And again, in *Museo*, page 257, this passage occurs.

“De harum avium generatione variant autores. Quidam more aliarum avium per coitum propagari putant, quidam ex ligno putri nasci volunt, alii ex corruptis arboris cujusdam pomis, alii ex conchis. Quorum sententias et rationes expendere hoc loco, nostri non est instituti. Ut nihil de iis ditam, qui statuunt diversas esse aves, quæ ex conchis proveniunt, ab iis, quæ ex putridis lignis aut pomis ortum trahunt. Im-

mo non desunt, qui ex quovis ligno nasci posse adstruant, dummodo in mari et undis juxta Hebrides putredinem concipiunt.”

The opinion of Scaliger appears to have been somewhat dubious regarding the history of these birds; some authors asserting, that he merely reports the sentiments of others, without stating his own. Not to mention what Libavius has said on this subject, we think that the passage pointed out by Graindorge is quite sufficient to prove, that in his commentaries on the books of Aristotle, he inclined to the current belief.

“Tertius progressionis modus naturæ est rarior, veluti quæ circumferentur de Phœnice, verè autem de Britannici Anatibus Oceani, quas Aremorici partim Crabrant, partim Bernachias vocant, cæ creantur è putredine naufragiorum, pendentque rostro à matrice quoad absolutæ decidunt in subjectas aquas, unde sibi statim victum quarant visendo intereà spectaculo pensiles, motitentesque tum crura, tum alas.”

It was the opinion of Aristotle, and many of the ancient writers, that oysters, and likewise eels, were formed from the mud; although Ovid more wisely has it, in limo non ex limo. Indeed the generation of almost all the inferior orders of creation was very generally considered as entirely fortuitous. Nothing can more clearly prove the universality of such sentiments, than the persevering labour which was required on the part of Malpighi and Swammerdam to accomplish the overthrow of this most unphilosophical doctrine. Perhaps no one ever did more to establish this important branch of physiology on a proper basis than the great Rhedi; and yet it is true, that he who so long stood forward as the most zealous antagonist of those vicious doctrines, which Kircher and Bonani vainly attempted to revive, was himself obliged to have recourse to an equally delusive system. He bestowed a vivifying power on the juices of those plants which produce gall-nuts, and similar excrescences; and with a view to account satisfactorily for the origin of the insects which they contain, he forgot the principles of that theory of generation, by supporting which, in all other instances, he had rendered himself so illustrious. Rondeletius observes, that there is no occasion to be surprised at the opinion of Aristotle regarding the oyster and other testaceous animals, when in England there are birds resembling

ducks, which spring from the decay of wood; and he thus ingeniously endeavours to prove the existence of one absurdity by mentioning another.

The last opinion is that which assigns the generation of these wonderful birds to the shells mentioned in our quotation from Gerard. These shells we have frequently examined, and no doubt the animal which they contain bears a sufficient resemblance to a young bird, to confirm the prejudices of an ignorant person.

"This peculiar creature," says Pontoppidan, "is of about a finger's length and a half, and an inch broad, and pretty thick; it is brown and spongy—a little curled or shrivelled like an apple when it is dried; so that at first it may be twice the length. Its neck is tough and hollow, like the finger of a glove: when it is opened there is nothing to be seen, but some small and fine deep black filaments; these are like bunches of flax all through. The one end of the neck is made fast to the timber, in manner of a sponge; the other, or the end that hangs down, has a double shell, of a light blue colour, and of a substance like a muscle-shell, but much less, about the size of an almond, and, like it, of a sharp oval figure. When this shell is opened, there is found in it the little creature reported to be a young wild goose. Almost its whole substance, which is composed of small toughish membranes, represents some little crooked dark feathers, squeezed together, their ends running together in a cluster; hence it has been supposed to be of the bird kind. At the extremity of the neck also, there is something that looks like an extreme small bird's head; but one must take the force of imagination to help to make it look so: this I have constantly found on many examinations; and in all mine inquiries, I cannot learn that any one has ever seen any thing more, though there are many who pretend to appeal to witnesses for the fact, that have seen this young goose, as they call it. I will allow that they have seen in this shell a living sea insect, as it certainly is, but nothing else. When the duck's egg is opened, the young one is never found like this, consisting of nothing but feathers; they on ducklings come afterwards, in the place of the down, which appears first; but here is no down, and there seems to be no body, nothing but long, crooked, squeezed up feathers, with a little point, or small button, at the end, that may resemble a head, if fancy will have it so, as has been said."—*Pontopp.* vol. 2d, p. 53.

Here, as in many other instances, the learned bishop shews a cautious and philosophical spirit, for which, on account of certain extraordinary things which he has related, little credit has been assigned him. We have always

considered the character of Pontoppidan's Works as by no means duly appreciated. In his History of Norway there is much curious and valuable information regarding almost all the animals of the North Sea, and of the Scandinavian Peninsula; but combined with this, there is, at the same time, such a mixture of good sense and credulity, that we are too often left in a state of perplexity and doubt. Concerning matters of fact he is usually accurate; although, from a peculiar bias of his own mind, he is not always sufficiently careful in separating exaggeration from truth. The character of his work, however, is far from being generally understood, which is not to be wondered at, when we consider how few people are acquainted with it, farther than by means of some extracts from the most remarkable passages regarding the Norwegian traditions of mermaids and other extraordinary animals. Pontoppidan's credulity, in fact, consisted more in the belief of certain mysterious powers and attributes, which he supposed nature to have bestowed upon particular animals, whose existence has never been doubted, than in the adoption and narration of anecdotes tending to confirm the opinion of the vulgar regarding the more wonderful inhabitants of the deep. His mind was imbued with a religious feeling, which in its essence bordered on superstition; and during his solitary excursions through those sublime though desolate regions of Norway, which constituted part of his diocese, who can wonder that to his ears the wild tales of the shepherd and the wandering hunter found easy access? Besides, those tales had their very foundation in piety and virtue. They were associated with the kindest and most beautiful affections of our nature; and on the belief of which depended, in a great measure, the continuance of that moral purity which was the delight and the glory of the venerable bishop.* He seems, too, to

* As an instance of the feeling to which we allude, we may mention, that in Norway it is the custom, during the summer months, to drive the cattle to places called sæters, among the mountains, for the sake of pasture. There they are tended merely by shepherdesses, who, from the remote situation of their huts or shealings, might be considered as too much exposed to the dangerous attacks of the bear, and other fierce

have been fond of reflecting on the exaggerated statements of the mental powers of the animal creation, generally with a view to exalt our ideas of the wisdom of the Deity manifested towards his creatures. He possessed indeed all the piety of Ray, Derham, or Paley, though unequal to these men in the rigour of his inductions. But we must leave this digression.

The testimony of Giraldus is sufficiently decided regarding the last mentioned origin of the bernacle: "Vidi multoties oculis meis plusquam minuta hujusmodi avium corpuscula in littore maris ab uno ligno dependentia, testis inclusa et jam formata." And Scaliger, though not so fortunate as to have been an eye-witness of this incipient transformation, mentions both the bird and the shell which produces it.

The authors whom we have hitherto mentioned, have treated this subject merely in a cursory manner, and as it were *en passant*. There was, however, a distinct treatise written on the subject, by Michael Meyerus, under the title, *De Volucris Arborea*, in which that author zealously, and we may say successfully, endeavoured to maintain the popular origin of the

animals. It is currently reported in the country, and firmly believed by the bishop, that as long as they remain in a state of innocence, no animal dare injure them. This affords a beautiful illustration of the sublime conceptions of Milton in the *Comus*:

"She that has that, is clad in complete steel;
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd
heaths,

Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there where very desolation dwells
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid
shades,

She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn inlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen
o' the woods."

macreusc. The most curious thing in the history of this production is, that by a public sentence pronounced on it in the Sorbonne at Paris, it was declared, that for the reasons therein contained, these geese were no longer to be considered as birds, and were therefore allowed to be eaten in Lent, and during all fasting seasons. This is not the only instance of a law of nature being set aside by a religious edict. It is, however, rather amusing to observe, that the birds (or fish, as they are considered), which are allowed by the Catholic Church, are all of the flat billed kind, which, feeding less upon fish (properly so called) than upon shell-fish, grain, and various other substances, have a much more delicate and palatable flesh. The flavour of such kinds as feed solely on fish, is, as Ray has well observed, "rank, ferine, and piscose," which would probably have been sufficient to exclude them from the Pope's bill of fare, even if they had not been, according to the Bishop of Beauvais, a most learned Dominican, "*nais de la chair*." Certain it is, that such as may be eaten without offence, are much less fishy in their composition than the tridactylous web-footed birds, and the mergansers. Some time also will probably elapse before the Pope feels inclined to dine upon a cormorant.

Here follow parts of a relation concerning bernacles, by Sir Robert Murray, one of his Majesty's council for the kingdom of Scotland, published in the year 1678.*

"Being in the Isle of East, I saw lying upon the shore a cut of a large fir-tree, of about 2½ foot diameter, and 9 or 10 foot long; which had lain so long out of the water, that it was very dry: and most of the shells that formerly covered it, were worn, or rubbed off. Only on the parts that lay next the ground, there still hung multitudes of little shells, having within them little birds perfectly shaped, supposed to be barnacles. These shells hang at the tree by a neck longer than the shell, of a kind of filmy substance, round, and hollow, and creased, not unlike the windpipe of a chicken, spreading out broadest where it is fastened to the tree, from which it seems to draw and convey the matter, which serves for the growth and vegetation of the shell, and the little bird within it.

"This bird, in every shell that I opened, as well the least as the biggest, I found so curiously and completely formed, that there

* Phil. Trans. vol. xii. p. 925.

appeared nothing wanting as to the external parts, for making up a perfect sea fowl; every little part appearing so distinctly, that the whole looked like a large bird seen through a concave or diminishing glass, colour and feature being every where so clear and neat. The little bill like that of a goose, the eyes marked, the head, neck, breast, wings, tail, and feet formed; the feathers every where perfectly shaped, and blackish coloured; and the feet, like those of other water-fowl, to my best remembrance. All being dead and dry, I did not look after the inward parts of them. But having nipt off and broken a great many of them, I carried about twenty or twenty-four away with me. The biggest I found upon the tree, was but about the size of the figure here representing them. Nor did I ever see any of the little birds alive, nor met with any body that did. Only some credible persons have assured me, they have seen some as big as their fist."

The only other quotation which we consider it necessary to make, in order to complete the relations given of these birds by the older writers, is a very amusing one, prefixed to Bellenden's Translation of Boece's "History and Croniklis of Scotland," which, on account of its minuteness and curious style, we shall give at full length. This venerable person seems to have been equally fortunate with some of the preceding authorities, having had "ane notable example schawin afore his een."

"Nestis now to speak of the geis generit of the see namit clakis. Sum men belevis that thir clakis growis on treis be the nebbis. Bot thair opinion is vane. And becaus the nature and procreatioun of thir clakis is strange, we have maid na lytyll lauboure and deligence to serche ye treuth and verite yairoff; we have salit through the seis quhare thir clakis ar bred, and fynd, be great experience, yat ye nature of ye seis is mair relevant caus of thir procreatioun than ony other thying. And, howbeit, thir geis ar bred mony sundry ways, thay are bred ay allenarly be nature of the seis. For all treis that ar cassin in the seis be process of time apperis first worme etin, and in the small boris and holis thairof growis small wormes. First, thay schaw thair heid and feit, and, last of all, thay schaw thair plumis and wyngis. Finally, quhen thay ar cumin to the just mesure and quantite of geis, thay fle in the aire, as ither fowlis dois, as was notably provyn in the yeir of God, ane thousand iiii hundred lxxx, in sicht of mony pepyll besyde the Castle of Petslego ane gret tree was brocht be allusion and flux of the see to land. This wonderful tree was brought to the lard of the ground quihilk sone efter gart devyde it be

ane saw. Apperit thair ane multitude of wormis throwing thaym self out of syndry hollis and boris of this tree. Sum of thaym war rude as thay war bot new schapin. Sum had baith heid, feit, and wyngis, bot thay had na fadderis. Sum of them were perfect schapin fowlis. At last the pepyll havund ylk day this tree in mair admiration, brocht it to the kirk of Sanct Androis beside the town of Tyre, quhare it remains zit to our days. And within two zeirs after hapnit sic ane lyk tree to cum in ye firth of Tay, besyde Dundee, worme etin, and hollit full of zoung geis, in the samen maner. Sicklike in the port of Leith, beside Edinburgh, within few zeirs after hapnit sic ane lyke cais. Ane schyp, namit the Cristofir, (after that scho had lyn iiii zeirs at ane ankir in ane of thir isles,) was brocht to Leith. And becaus hir tymmer (as apperit) failzett scho wus brokin down. Incontinent apperit (as afore) al the inwart partis of hir worme etin, and all the hollis thairof full of geis, on the samyn maner as we have schawin. Attoure gif ony man wald allege be vane argument, that this Cristofir was made of sic tries as grew allenarly in the Ilis, and that all the rutis and treis that growis in the said Iles, are of that nature to be finally be nature of the seis resolvit in geis, we preif the cuntre thairof be ane notable example schawin afore our een. Maister Alexander Galloway, person of Kynkell, was with us in thir Iles, gevund his mynd with maist ernist besynes to serche the verite of thir obscure and mysty dowitz, and be adventure liftit up ane see tangle hyngand full of mussil shellis fra the rute to the branchis. Sone after he opnit ane of thir mussil schellis, bot thair he was mair astonit than afore, for he saw na fische in it, bot ane perfit schapin fowle, small and gret, ay eferferyng to the quantite of the schell. This clerk knowing us richt desirus of sic uncouth thingis, cum haistely with the said tangle, and opnit it to us with all circumstances afore rehersit. Be thir and mony other reasionis and examples we can not beleif, that thir clakis are productiv by ony nature of treis, or rutes thairof, bot allenarly be the nature of the oceane sea, quihilk is ye caus and production of mony wonderful thingis. And becaus ye rude and ignorant pepyl saw oftymes ye frutis that fel of ye treis (quihilkis stood neir ye see), convertit within schort tyme in geis, yai belevit that yir geis grew upon ye treis hingand be yair nebbis, siclik as appillis and ither frutis hingis be yair stalkis, bot thair opinion is nocht to be sustenit. For alsone as thir appilis or frutis fallis of the tree in the see flude, thay grow first worme etin, and, be short proces of time, ar all alterit in geis."

Such were the opinions entertained regarding the origin of these birds, which, for several centuries, passed as

currently as the most received axiom in philosophy. It now only remains for us to mention, that the two birds, whose singular history we have traced, do not, as supposed by Sir Robert Sibbald and others, belong to the same species. We have ourselves referred to them somewhat indiscriminately, as, indeed, the distinctions which subsist between them, were, for the most part, unknown to the writers whom we have quoted,—most of whom regarded the oye d'Ecosse, clark goose, or barnacle, as synonymous with the French macreuse. The former (*Anas Erythropus*) is now well known,—it bears no resemblance to the macreuse, and could never have been confounded with it had not the principle of fortuitous generation been equally applied to both. The latter was for a long time considered, as well by M. Cattier as our own Willoughby, to be synonymous with the greater coot of Bellonius, an opinion which prevailed till such time as the birds themselves were brought over from Paris by Mr. Charlton, whom Dr. Tancred Robinson calls “a most curious and worthy gentleman.” It was found to be the Scoter, or black diver, a species distinguished in the Linnæan nomenclature by the name of *Anas nigra*, and still called macreuse by the French.*

CHRISTIAN WOLF,

A True Story.—From the German.

THE arts of the surgeon and the physician derive their greatest improvements and discoveries from the beds of the sick and the dying. Physiologists draw their purest lights from the hospital and the madhouse. It becomes the psychologist, the moralist, the legislator, to follow the example, and to study with like zeal dungeons and executions, above all

courts of justice, the dissecting rooms of guilt.

In the whole history of mankind, there is no chapter more abounding in instruction, both for the heart and the intellect, than that which contains the annals of their transgressions. In every great offence some great power is set in motion; and that machinery which escapes observation in the dim light of ordinary transactions, when its operations are commanded by some stronger passion, gains from their influence the distinctness of colossal magnitude. The delicate observer, who understands the mechanism of our nature, and knows how far we may venture to reason by analogy from one man to another—from great guilt to small—may learn much from contemplating these terrible displays.

By those who study the hearts of men, at least as many points of likeness as of contrast will be discovered. The same inclination or passion may display itself in a thousand different forms and fashions, produce a thousand apparently irreconcilable phenomena, be found mixed up in the texture of a thousand characters, apparently of the most opposite conformation. Two men may, both in action and character, be essentially kindred to each other, and yet neither of them for a moment suspect the resemblance. Should men, like other departments of the kingdom of nature, be at any time so fortunate as to find a Linnæus, one who should classify them according to tendencies and inclinations, how would individuals stare at the result of his labours? how, for example, should we be astonished to find some quiet paltry shopkeeper arranged under the same head with a Borgia, just as we find the edible and the poisonous heads of Fungus classed together in the manuals of Botany?

Nothing can be more useless, more absurd, than the manner in which history is commonly written. Between the strong and excited passions of the men of whom we read, and the calm meditative state of mind in which we read of them, there exists little sympathy. The gulf between the historical subject and the reader is so wide, that things which ought to excite in our breasts emotions of a very different character, are passed by with a far-off shudder of unconcern. We shake the head coldly when the heart

* Some ornithologists have been of opinion, that the macreuse is the same as the puffin of the Scillies and Isle of Man; it has also been referred both to the Colymbi and Mergi; but these opinions are sufficiently refuted in Dr. Robinson's observations, and in Mr Ray's letter, published in the 15th vol. of the Philosophical Transactions, pp. 1036 and 1041.

should be alive and trembling. We contemplate the unhappy being who, in the moment of conceiving, planning, executing, expiating his guilt, was still a man like ourselves, as if he were some creature whose blood flowed not with the same pulses, whose passions obeyed not the same law with ours. We are little interested in his fortunes, for all sympathy with the fate of our neighbour arises from some remote belief in the possibility of its becoming one day our own; and we are very far, in instances such as these, from desiring to claim any such connexion. It is thus that the instruction is lost, and that what might have been a school of wisdom, becomes merely a pastime for our curiosity.

We are more interested in discovering how a man came to will and conceive a crime, than how he perpetrated it. His thoughts concern us more than his deeds, and the sources of the former much more than the consequences of the latter. Men have scrutinized the depths of Vesuvius, in order to learn the cause of its burning: Why is it that moral attract less attention than physical phenomena? Why is it that we are contented to observe nothing in the human volcano but its eruption?

How many a maiden might have preserved her innocent pride, had she learned to view with somewhat less of horror and of hatred her fallen sisters, and to regard their experience as something that might be useful to herself. How many a careless man might save himself from ruin, would he condescend to hear and study the history of the prodigal, whom folly has already made a beggar! If from contemplating the slow progress of vice, we derive no other lesson, we must at least learn to be less confident in ourselves, and less intolerant towards others.

Whether the offender, of whom I am about to speak, had lost all claim to our sympathy, I shall leave my reader to decide for himself. What we think of him can give himself no trouble; his blood has already flowed upon the scaffold.

Christian Wolf was the son of an innkeeper at Bielsdorf, who, after the death of his father, continued till his 20th year to assist his mother in the management of the house. The inn

was a poor one, and Wolf had many idle hours. Even before he left school he was regarded as an idle loose lad; the girls complained of his rudeness, and the boys, when detected in any mischief, were sure to give up him as the ringleader. Nature had neglected his person. His figure was small and unpromising; his hair was of a coarse greasy black; his nose was flat; and his upper lip, originally too thick, and twisted aside by a kick from a horse, was such as to disgust the women, and furnish a perpetual subject of jesting to the men. The contempt showered upon his person was the first thing which wounded his pride, and turned a portion of his blood to gall.

He was resolved to gain what was every where denied him; his passions were strong enough; and he soon persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he selected treated him coldly, and he had reason to fear that his rivals were happier than himself. Yet the maiden was poor; and what was refused to his vows might perhaps be granted to his gifts; but he was himself needy, and his vanity soon threw away the little he gained from his share in the profits of the Sun. Too idle and too ignorant to think of supporting his extravagance by speculation; too proud to descend from *Mine Host* into a plain peasant, he saw only one way to escape from his difficulties—a way to which thousands before and after him have had recourse—theft. Bielsdorf is, as you know, situated on the edge of the forest; Wolf commenced deer-stealer, and poured the gains of his boldness into the lap of his mistress.

Among Hannah's lovers was one of the forester's men, Robert Horn. This man soon observed the advantage which Wolf had gained over her, by means of his presents, and set himself to detect the sources of so much liberality. He began to frequent the Sun; he drank there early and late; and sharpened as his eyes were both by jealousy and poverty, it was not long before he discovered whence all the money came. Not many months before this time a severe edict had been published against all trespassers on the forest laws. Horn was indefatigable in watching the secret motions of his rival, and at last he was so fortunate as to detect him in the very fact. Wolf was tried, and found guilty; and the

fine which he paid in order to avoid the statutory punishment amounted to the sum-total of his property.

Horn triumphed. His rival was driven from the field, for Hannah had no notion of a beggar for a lover. Wolf well knew his enemy, and he knew that this enemy was the happy possessor of his Hannah. Pride, jealousy, rage, were all in arms within him; hunger set the wide world before him, but passion and revenge held him fast at Bielsdorf. A second time he became a deer-stealer, and a second time, by the redoubled vigilance of Robert Horn, was he detected in the trespass. This time he experienced the full severity of the law; he had no money to pay a fine, and was sent straightway to the house of chastisement.

The year of punishment drew near its close, and found his passion increased by absence, his confidence buoyant under all the pressure of his calamities. The moment his freedom was given to him, he hastened to Bielsdorf, to throw himself at the feet of Hannah. He appears, and is avoided by every one. The force of necessity at last humbles his pride, and overcomes his delicacy. He begs from the wealthy of the place; he offers himself as a day-labourer to the farmers, but they despise his slim figure, and do not stop for a moment to compare him with his sturdier competitors. He makes a last attempt. One situation is yet vacant—the last of honest occupations. He offers himself as herdsman of the swine upon the town's common; but even here he is rejected; no man will trust any thing to the jail-bird. Meeting with contempt from every eye, chased with scorn from one door to another, he becomes yet the third time a deer-stealer, and for the third time his unhappy star places him in the power of his enemy.

This double backsliding goes against him at the judgment-seat; for every judge can look into the book of the law, but few into the soul of the culprit. The forest edict requires an exemplary punishment, and Wolf is condemned to be branded on the back with the mark of the gallows, and to three years hard labour in the fortress.

This period also went by, and he once more dropt his chains; but he was no longer the same man that en-

tered the fortress. Here began a new epoch in the life of Wolf. You shall guess the state of his mind from his own words to his Confessor.

"I went into the fortress," said he, "an offender, but I came out of it a villain. I had still had something in the world that was dear to me, and my pride had not totally sunk under my shame. But here I was thrown into the company of three and twenty convicts; of these, two were murderers*, the rest were all notorious thieves and vagabonds. They jeered at me if I spake of God; they taught me to utter blasphemies against the Redeemer. They sung songs whose atrocity at first horrified me, but which I, a shamefaced fool, soon learned to echo. No day passed over, wherein I did not hear the recital of some profligate life, the triumphant history of some rascal, the concoction of some audacious villainy. At first I avoided as much as I could these men, and their discourses. But my labour was hard and tyrannical, and in my hours of repose I could not bear to be left alone, without one face to look upon. The jailors had refused me the company of my dog, so I needed that of men, and for this I was obliged to pay by the sacrifice of whatever good there remained within me. By degrees I grew accustomed to every thing; and in the last quarter of my confinement I surpassed even my teachers.

"From this time I thirsted after freedom, after revenge, with a burning thirst. All men had injured me, for all were better and happier than I. I gnashed my fetters with my teeth, when the glorious sun rose up above the battlements of my prison, for a wide prospect doubles the hell of du-rance. The free wind that whistled through the loop-holes of my turret, and the swallow that poised itself upon the grating of my window, seemed to be mocking me with the view of their liberty; and that rendered my misery more bitter. It was then that I vowed eternal glowing hatred to

* In some parts of Germany no man can suffer the last severity of the law, unless he confess his guilt. The clearest evidence is not received as an equivalent. Even murderers have right to this indulgence, if indeed (considering what they suffer in lieu of immediate death) indulgence it may be called.

every thing that bears the image of man—and I have kept my vow.

“ My first thought, after I was set at liberty, was once more my native town. I had no hope of happiness there, but I had the dear hope of revenge. My heart beat quick and high against my bosom, when I beheld, afar off, the spire arising from out the trees. It was no longer that innocent hearty expectation which preceded my first return. The recollection of all the misery, of all the persecution I had experienced there, aroused my faculties from a terrible dead slumber of sullenness, set all my wounds a-bleeding, every nerve a-jarring within me. I redoubled my pace—I longed to startle my enemies by the horror of my aspect—I thirsted after new contempts as much as I had ever shuddered at the old.

“ The clocks were striking the hour of vespers as I reached the market-place. The crowd was rushing to the church-door. I was immediately recognized; every man that knew me shrunk from meeting me. Of old I had loved the little children, and even now, seeking in their innocence a refuge from the scorn of others, I threw a small piece of money to the first I saw. The boy stared at me for a moment, and then dashed the coin at my face. Had my blood boiled less furiously, I might have recollected that I still wore my prison beard, and that that was enough to account for the terror of the infant. But my bad heart had blinded my reason, and tears, tears such as I had never wept, leaped down my cheeks.

“ ‘The child,’ said I to myself, half aloud, ‘knows not who I am, nor whence I came, and yet he avoids me like a beast of prey. Am I then marked upon the forehead like Cain, or have I ceased to be like a man, since all men spurn me?’ The aversion of the child tortured me more than all my three years slavery, for I had done him good, and I could not accuse him of hating me.

“ I sat down in a wood-yard over against the church; what my wishes were I know not; but I remember it was wormwood to my spirit, that none of my old acquaintances should have vouchsafed me a greeting—no, not one. When the yard was locked up, I unwillingly departed to seek a lodging; in turning the corner of a street,

I ran against my Hannah: ‘Mine host of the Sun,’ cried she, and opened her arms as if to embrace me—‘You here again, my dear Wolf, God be thanked for your return!’ Hunger and wretchedness were expressed in her scanty raiment; a shameful disease had marred her countenance; her whole appearance told me what a wretched creature she had become. I saw two or three dragoons laughing at her from a window, and turned my back, with a laugh louder than theirs, upon the soldiers’ trull. It did me good to find that there was something yet lower in the scale of life than myself. I had never loved her.

“ My mother was dead. My small house had been sold to pay my creditors. I asked nothing more. I drew near to no man. All the world fled from me like a pestilence, but I had at last forgotten shame. Formerly I hated the sight of men, because their contempt was unsufferable to me. Now I threw myself in the way, and found a savage delight in scattering horror around me. I had nothing more to lose, why then should I conceal myself? Men expected no good from me, why should they have any? I was made to bear the punishment of sins I had never committed. My infamy was a capital, the interest of which was not easy to be exhausted.

“ The whole earth was before me; in some remote province I might perhaps have sustained the character of an honest man, but I had lost the desire of being, nay, even of seeming such. Contempt and shame had taken from me even this last relic of myself,—my resource, now that I had no honour, was to learn to do without it. Had my vanity and pride survived my infamy, I must have died by my own hand.

“ What I was to do, I myself knew not. I was determined, however, to do evil; of so much I have some dark recollection. I was resolved to see the worst of my destiny. The laws, said I to myself, are benefits to the world, it is fit that I should offend them; formerly I had sinned from levity and necessity, but I now sinned from free choice, and for my pleasure.

“ My first step was to the woods. The chase had by degrees become to me as a passion; I thirsted, like a lover, after thick brakes and headlong leaps; and the mad delight of rushing

along the bare earth beneath the pines. Besides, I must live. But these were not all. I hated the prince who had published the forest edict, and I believed, that in injuring him, I should only exercise my natural right of retaliation. The chance of being taken no longer troubled me, for now I had a bullet for my discoverer, and I well knew the certainty of my aim. I slew every animal that came near me, the greater part of them rotted where they died; for I neither had the power, nor the wish, to sell more than a few of them beyond the barriers. Myself lived wretchedly; except on powder and shot, I expended nothing. My devastations were dreadful, but no suspicion pursued me. My appearance was too poor to excite any, and my name had long since been forgotten.

“This life continued for several months.—One morning, according to my custom, I had pursued a stag for many miles through the wood. For two hours I had in vain exerted every nerve, and at last I had begun to despair of my booty, when, all at once, I perceived the stately animal exactly at the proper distance for my gun,—my finger was already on the trigger, when, of a sudden, my eye was caught with the appearance of a hat, lying a few paces before me on the ground. I looked more closely, and perceived the huntsman, Robert Horn, lurking behind a massy oak, and taking deliberate aim at the very stag I had been pursuing—at the sight a deadly coldness crept through my limbs. Here was the man I hated above all living things; here he was, and within reach of my bullet. At this moment, it seemed to me as if the whole world were at the muzzle of my piece, as if the wrath and hatred of a thousand lives were all quivering in the finger that should give the murderous pressure. A dark fearful unseen hand was upon me; the finger of my destiny pointed irrevocably to the black moment. My arm shook as if with an ague, while I lifted my gun—my teeth chattered—my breath stood motionless in my lungs. For a minute the barrel hung uncertain between the man and the stag—a minute—and another—and yet one more. Conscience and revenge struggled fiercely within me, but the demon triumphed, and the huntsman fell dead upon the ground.

“My courage fell with him—*Murderer!*—I stammered the word slowly. The wood was silent as a church-yard, distinctly did I hear it—*Murderer!*—As I drew near, the man yielded up his spirit. Long stood I speechless by the corpse; at last I forced a wild laugh, and cried, ‘no more tales from the wood now, my friend!’ I drew him into the thicket with his face upwards! The eyes stood stiff, and staring upon me. I was serious enough, and silent too. The feeling of solitude began to press grievously upon my soul.

“Up till this time I had been accustomed to rail at the over severity of my destiny; now I had done something which was not yet punished. An hour before, no man could have persuaded me that there existed a being more wretched than myself. Now I began to envy myself for what even then I had been.

“The idea of God’s justice never came into my mind; but I remember a bewildered vision of ropes, and swords, and the dying agonies of a child-murderess, which I had witnessed when a boy. A certain dim and fearful idea lay upon my thoughts that my life was forfeit. I cannot recollect every thing. I wished that Horn were yet alive. I forced myself to call up all the evil the dead man had done when in life, but my memory was sadly gone. Scarcely could I recollect one of all those thousand circumstances, which a quarter of an hour before had been suffered to blow my wrath into phrenzy. I could not conceive how or why I had become a murderer.

“I was still standing beside the corpse,—I might have stood there forever,—when I heard the crack of a whip, and the creaking of a fruit wagon passing through the wood. The spot where I had done the deed was scarcely a hundred yards from the great path. I must look to my safety.

“I bounded like a wild deer into the depths of the wood; but while I was in my race, it struck me that the deceased used to have a watch. In order to pass the barriers, I had need of money, and yet scarcely could I muster up courage to approach the place of blood. Then I thought for a moment of the devil, and, I believe, confusedly, of the omnipresence of God. I called up all my boldness, and strode towards the spot, resolved to dare earth

and hell to the combat. I found what I had expected, and a dollar or two besides, in a green silk purse. At first I took all, but a sudden thought seized me.—It was neither that I feared, nor that I was ashamed to add another crime to murder. Nevertheless, so it was, I threw back the watch and half the silver. I wished to consider myself as the personal enemy, not as the robber of the slain.

“Again I rushed towards the depths of the forest. I knew that the wood extended for four German miles* northwards, and there bordered upon the frontier. Till the sun was high in heaven I ran on breathless. The swiftness of my flight had weakened the force of my conscience, but the moment I laid myself down upon the grass, it awoke in all its vigour. A thousand dismal forms floated before my eyes; a thousand knives of despair and agony were in my breast. Between a life of restless fear, and a violent death, the alternative was fearful, but choose I must. I had not the heart to leave the world by self-murder, yet scarcely could I bear the idea of remaining in it. Hesitating between the certain miseries of life, and the untried terrors of eternity, alike unwilling to live and to die, the sixth hour of my flight passed over my head—an hour full of wretchedness, such as no man can utter, such as God himself in mercy will spare to me—even to me, upon the scaffold.

“Again I started on my feet. I drew my hat over my eyes, as if not being able to look lifeless nature in the face, and was rushing instinctively along the line of a small foot-path, which drew me into the very heart of the wilderness, when a rough stern voice immediately in front of me cried, ‘Halt!’ The voice was close to me, for I had forgotten myself, and had never looked a yard before me during the whole race. I lifted my eyes, and saw a tall savage-looking man advancing towards me, with a ponderous club in his hand. His figure was of gigantic size, so at least I thought, on my first alarm; his skin was of a dark mulatto yellow, in which the white of his fierce eyes stood fearfully prominent. Instead of a girdle, he had a piece of sail-cloth twisted over his green woollen coat, and in it I saw a

broad bare butcher’s knife, and a pistol. The summons was repeated, and a strong arm held me fast. The sound of a human voice had terrified me,—but the sight of an evil-doer gave me heart again. In my condition, I had reason to fear a good man, but none at all to tremble before a ruffian.

“‘Whom have we here?’ said the apparition.

“‘Such another as yourself,’ was my answer—‘that is, if your looks don’t belie you.’

“‘There is no passage this way. Whom seek ye here?’

“‘By what right do you ask?’ returned I boldly. The man considered me leisurely twice, from the feet up to the head. It seemed as if he were comparing my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure—

“‘You speak as stoutly as a beggar,’ said he at last.

“‘That may be—I was one yesterday.’

“‘The man smiled—‘One would swear,’ cried he, ‘you were not much better than one to-day.’

“‘Something worse, friend—I must on.’

“‘Softly, friend. What hurries you? Is your time so very precious?’

“‘I considered with myself for a moment. I know not how the words came to the tip of my tongue. ‘Life is short,’ said I at last, ‘and hell is eternal.’

“‘He looked steadily upon me. ‘May I be d——d,’ said he, ‘if you have not rubbed shoulders with the gallows ere now.’

“‘It may be so. Farewell, till we meet again comrade.’

“‘Stop comrade,’ shouted the man: He pulled a tin flask from his pouch, took a hearty pull of it, and handed it to me. My flight and my anguish had exhausted my strength, and all this day nothing had passed my lips. Already I was afraid I might faint in the wilderness, for there was no place of refreshment within many miles of me. Judge how gladly I accepted his offer. New strength rushed with the liquor into my limbs—with that, fresh courage into my heart, and hope and love of life. I began to believe that I might not be forever wretched, such power was in the welcome draught. There was something pleasant in finding myself with a creature of my own stamp. In the state in which I was, I

* Nearly twenty, English measure.

would have pledged a devil, that I might once more have a companion.

“The man stretched himself on the grass. I did the like. ‘Your drink has done me good,’ said I, ‘we must get better acquainted.’

“He struck his flint, and lighted his pipe. ‘Are you old in the trade,’ said I.

“He looked sternly at me,—‘What would you say, friend?’ ‘Has that often been bloody,’ said I, pointing to the knife in his girdle.

“‘Who art thou?’ cried he fiercely, and threw down his pipe. ‘A murderer, friend, like yourself—but only a beginner.’ He took up his pipe again.

“‘Your home is not hereabouts?’—said he, after a pause.

“‘Some three miles off,’ said I; ‘did you ever hear of the landlord of the Sun at Bielsdorf?’

“The man sprung up like one possessed—‘What! the poacher Wolf?’ cried he hastily.

“‘The same.’

“‘Welcome! comrade, welcome! and give me a shake of thy hand; this is good, mine host of the Sun. Year and day have I sought for thee. I know thee well. I know all. I have long reckoned upon thee, Wolf.’

“‘Reckoned on me?—and wherefore?’

“‘The whole country is full of you, man; you have had enemies, Wolf; you have been hardly dealt with. You have been made a sacrifice. Your treatment has been shameful.’

“The man waxed warm—‘What! because you shot a pair of boars or stags it may be, that the prince feeds here on our acorns; was that a reason for chasing you from house and hold, confining you three years in the castle, and making a beggar of you. Is it come to this, that a man is of less worth than a hare? Are we nothing better than the beasts of the field, brother? and can Wolf endure it? I can’t.’

“‘Who can alter these things?’

“‘Ha! that we shall presently see—but tell me, whence come you, and what are you about?’

“I told him my whole story. He would not hear me to an end, but leaped up, and dragged me along with him. ‘Come, mine host of the Sun,’ said he, ‘now you are ripe, now I

have you. I shall look for honour from you, Wolf!—follow me.’

“‘Whither will you lead me?’

“‘Ask no questions. Follow.’ And he pulled me like a giant.

“We had advanced some quarter of a mile. The road was becoming every step more thick, wild, and impassable. Neither of us spake a word. I was roused from my reverie by the whistle of my guide. I looked up, and perceived that we were standing on the edge of a rock, which hung over a deep dark ravine. A second whistle answered from the root of the precipice, and a ladder rose, as if of its own motion, from below. My guide stepped upon it, and desired me to await his return. ‘I must first tie up the hounds,’ said he; ‘you are a stranger here, and the beasts would tear you in pieces.’

“Then I was *alone* upon the rock, and I well knew that I was *alone*. The carelessness of my guide did not escape my attention. With a single touch of my hand I could pull up the ladder, and my flight was secured. I confess, that I saw this—I began to shudder at the precipice below me, and to think of that depth from which there is no redemption. I resolved upon flight—I put my hand to the ladder, but then came there to my ear, as if with the laughter of devils, ‘What can a murderer do?’ and my arm dropt powerless by my side. My reckoning was complete. Murder lay like a rock behind me, and barred all retreat for ever. At this moment my guide re-appeared and bade me come down. I had no longer any choice—I obeyed him.

“A few yards from the foot of the precipice the ground widened a little, and some huts became visible. In the midst of these there was a little piece of smooth turf, and there about eighteen or twenty figures lay scattered around a coal-fire. ‘Here, comrades,’ cried my guide, leading me into the centre of the group; ‘here, get up and bid the landlord welcome.’

“‘Welcome, good landlord,’ cried all at once, and crowded around me, men and women. Shall I confess it? Their joy appeared hearty and honest: confidence and respect was in every countenance; one took me by the hand, another by the cloak;—my reception was such as might have been expected by some old and valued friend. Our

arrival had interrupted their repast—we joined it, and I was compelled to pledge my new friends in a bumper. The meal consisted of game of all kinds; and the bottle, filled with good Rhenish, was not allowed to rest for an instant. The company seemed to be full of affection towards each other, and of good-will towards me.

“They had made me to sit down between two women, and this seemed to be considered as a place of honour. I expected to find these the refuse of their sex, but how great was my astonishment, when I perceived, under their coarse garments, two of the most beautiful females I had ever seen. Margaret, the elder and handsomer of the two, was addressed by the name of Miss, and might be five-and-twenty. Her language was free, and her looks were still more eloquent. Mary, the younger, was married, but her husband had treated her cruelly and deserted her. Her features were perhaps prettier, but she was pale and thin, and less striking, on the whole, than her fiery neighbour. They both endeavoured to please me. Margaret was the beauty, but my heart was more taken with the womanly gentle Mary.

“‘Brother Wolf,’ cried my guide, ‘you see how we live here—with us every day is alike—Is it not so, comrades?’

“‘Every day like the present,’ cried they all.

“‘If you like our way of life,’ continued the man, ‘strike in, be one of us—be our captain. I bear the dignity for the present, but I will yield it to Wolf. Say I right, comrades?’—A hearty ‘Yes, yes,’ was the answer.

“My brain was on fire, wine and passion had inflamed my blood. The world had thrown me out like a leper—here were brotherly welcome, good cheer, and *honour!* Whatever choice I might make, I knew death was before me; but here at least I might sell my life dearly. Women had till now spurned me,—the smiles of Mary were nectar to my soul. ‘I remain with you, comrades,’ cried I, loudly and firmly, stepping into the midst of the band—‘I remain with you, my good friends, provided you give me my pretty neighbour.’—They all consented to gratify my wish, and I sat down contented, lord of a strumpet, and captain of a banditti.”

The following part of the history I shall entirely omit, for there is no instruction in that which is purely disgusting. The unhappy, sunk to this hopeless depth, was obliged to partake in all the routine of wickedness; but he was never guilty of a second murder; so at least he swore solemnly upon the scaffold.

The fame of this man spread, in a short time, through the whole province. The highways were unsafe—nocturnal robberies alarmed the citizens—the name of Christian Wolf became the terror of old and young—justice set every device at work to ensnare him—and a premium was set upon his head. Yet he was fortunate enough to escape every attempt against his person, and crafty enough to convert the superstition of the peasantry into an engine of defence. It was universally given out that Wolf was in league with the devil—that his whole band were wizards. The province is a remote and ignorant one, and no man was very willing to come to close quarters with the ally of the apostate.

For a full year did Wolf persist in this terrible trade, but at last it began to be intolerable to him. The men at whose head he had placed himself, were not what he had supposed. They had received him at first with an exterior of profusion, but he soon discovered that they had deceived him. Hunger and want appeared in the room of abundance; he was often obliged to venture his life for a booty, which, when won, was scarcely sufficient to support his existence for a single day. The veil of brotherly affection also passed away, and beneath it he found the lurking paltrinesses of thieves and harpies. A large reward had been proclaimed for him that should deliver Wolf alive into the hands of justice—if the discoverer should be one of his own gang, a free pardon was promised in addition—a mighty search for the outcast of the earth!—Wolf was sensible of his danger. The honour of those who were at war with God and man seemed but an insufficient security for his life. From this time his sleep was agony; wherever he was the ghost of suspicion haunted him—pursued his steps—watched his pillow—disturbed his dreams. Long silenced conscience again raised her voice, and slumbering remorse began to awake and mingle her terrors in the universal

storm of his bosom. His whole hatred was turned from mankind, and concentrated upon his own head. He forgave all nature, and was inexorable only to himself.

This misery of guilt completed his education, and delivered at last his naturally excellent understanding from its shackles. He now felt how low he had fallen; sadness took the place of phrenzy in his bosom. Cold tears and solitary sighs obliterated the past; for him it no more existed. He began to hope that he might yet dare to be a good man, for he felt within himself the awakening power of being such. It may be that Wolf, at this the moment of his greatest degradation, was nearer the right path than he had ever been since he first quitted it.

About this time the seven years' war broke out, and the German Princes were every where making great levies of troops. The unhappy Wolf shaped some slight hope to himself from these circumstances, and at last took courage to pen the following letter to his sovereign.

* * * * *

"If it be not too much for princely compassion to descend to such as Christian Wolf, give him a hearing. I am a thief and a murderer—the laws condemn me to death—justice has set all her myrmidons in search of me—I beg that I may be permitted to deliver up myself. But I bring, at the same time, a strange petition to the throne. I hate my life, I fear not death, but I cannot bear to die without having lived. I would live, my prince, in order to atone, by my services, for my offences. My execution might be an example to the world, but not an equivalent for my deeds. I hate the wretchedness of guilt, I thirst after virtue. I have shewn my power to do evil—permit me to shew my power to do good.

"I know that I make an unheard of request. My life is forfeit; it may seem absurd for me to state any pretensions to favour. But I appear not in chains and bonds before you—I am still free—and fear is the least among all the motives of my petition.

"It is to mercy that I have fled. I have no claim upon justice—if I had, I should disdain to bring it forward. Yet of one circumstance I might remind my judges—the period of my outrages commenced with that of my

degradation. Had their sentence been less severe, perhaps I should have had no occasion to be a supplicant to-day.

"If you give me my life, it shall be dedicated to your service. A single word in the gazette shall bring me immediately to your feet. If otherwise you have determined—let justice do her part—I must do mine. * * *

"CHRISTIAN WOLF."

This petition remained without an answer; so did a second and a third, in which Wolf begged to be permitted to serve as a hussar in the army of the prince. At last, losing all hope of a pardon, he resolved to fly from the country, and die a brave soldier in the service of King Frederick.

He gave his companions the slip, and took to his journey. The first day brought him to a small country town, where he resolved to spend the night.

The circumstances of the times, the commencing war, the recruiting, made the officers at every post doubly vigilant in observing travellers. The gate-keeper of the town had received a particular command to be attentive. The appearance of Wolf had something imposing about it, but, at the same time, swarthy, terrible, and savage. The meagre boney horse he rode, and the grotesque and scanty arrangement of his apparel, formed a strange contrast with a countenance whereon a thousand fierce passions seemed to lie exhausted and congealed, like the dying and dead upon a field of battle. The gate-keeper started at the strange apparition. Forty years of experience had made the man, grown gray in his office, as sharp-sighted as an eagle in detecting offenders. He immediately bolted his gate and demanded the passport of Wolf. The fugitive was however prepared for this accident; and he drew out, without hesitation, a pass which he had taken a few days before from a plundered merchant. Still this solitary evidence was not able entirely to satisfy the scruples of the practised officer. The gate-keeper trusted his own eyes rather than the paper, and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the town-house.

The chief magistrate of the place examined the pass, and declared it to be in every respect what it should be. It happened that this man was a great politician,—his chief pleasure in life consisted in conning over a newspaper, with a bottle of wine before him.

The passport shewed forth that its bearer had come from the very centre of the seat of war. He hoped to draw some private intelligence from the stranger; and the clerk, who brought back the pass, requested Wolf to step in, and take a bottle of Mark-brunner with his master.

Meantime the traveller had remained on horseback at the door of the town-house, and his singular appearance had collected about him half the rabble of the place. They looked at the horse and his rider by turns,—they laughed,—they whispered,—at last it had become a perfect tumult. Unfortunately the animal Wolf rode on was a stolen one, and he immediately began to fancy that it had been described in some of the prints. The unexpected invitation of the magistrate completed his confusion. He took it for granted that the falsity of his pass had been detected, and that the invitation was only a trick for getting hold of him alive. A bad conscience stupefied his faculties—he clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped off without making any answer to the clerk.

The sudden flight convinced all that had before suspected him. “A thief, a robber!” was the cry, and the whole mob were at his heels. Wolf rode for life and death, and he soon left his pursuers breathless behind.—His deliverance is near; but a heavy hand was upon him—the hour was come—unrelenting destiny was there.

The road he had taken led to no outlet, and Wolf was obliged to turn round upon his pursuers.

The alarm of this incident had, in the mean time, set the whole town into an uproar; every road was blockaded, and a whole host of enemies came forth to receive him. He draws out a pistol; the crowd yields; he begins to make a way for himself through their ranks.

“The first that lays a finger on me—dies,” shouted Wolf, holding out his pistol. Fear produced an universal pause. But a firm old soldier seized him from behind, and mastered the hand which held the weapon. He knocks the pistol from his grasp; the disarmed Wolf is instantly dragged from his horse, and borne in triumph back to the town-house.

“Who are you?” said the magistrate, in a stern and brutal tone.

“One who is resolved to answer no

questions, unless they be more civilly put.”

“Who are you, sir?”

“What I said I was. I have travelled through all Germany, and never found oppression till now.”

“Your sudden flight excites suspicion against you. Why fled you?”

“Because I was weary of being mocked by your rabble.”

“You threatened to fire——?”

“My pistol was not loaded.” They examined it and found no ball.

“Why do you carry such weapons?”

“Because I have property with me, and I have heard a great deal of one Wolf that haunts in the woods here.”

“Your answers prove your courage, but not your honesty, friend. I allow you till morning. Perhaps you will then speak the truth.”

“I have already said all.”

“Take him to the tower.”

“To the tower?—I beg you would consider, sir. There is justice in the country, and I will demand satisfaction at your hands.”

“I shall give you satisfaction, friend, so soon as you find justice on your side.”

Next morning the magistrate began to suspect that, after all, the stranger might be an honest man, and that high words might have no effect in making him alter his tone. He was half inclined to think that the best way might be to let him go. He called together the councillors, however, and sent for the prisoner.

“I hope you will forgive us, if we dealt somewhat hardly with you yesterday evening.”

“Most willingly, since you ask me to do so.”

“Our rules are strict, and your conduct gave rise to suspicion. I cannot set you free without departing from my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you would say something, which might satisfy us of your good character.”

“And if I should say nothing?”

“Then I must send your passport to Munich, and you must remain here till it returns.”

Wolf was silent for a few minutes, and appeared to be much agitated; he then stepped close up to the magistrate.

“Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?”

The councillors looked doubtfully,

at each other ; but the magistrate motioned to them, and they withdrew.

“ Now, what will you ? ”

“ Your conduct yesterday evening, sir, could never have brought me to your terms, for I despise violence. The manner in which you treat me to-day has filled me with respect for your character. I believe you to be an honourable man.”—

“ What have you to say to me ? ”

“ I see you are an honourable man. I have long wished to meet with such a man. Will you give me your right hand.”

“ What will you, stranger ? ”

“ Your head is gray and venerable. You have been long in the world—you have had sorrows too—Is it not so ?—and they have made you more merciful ? ”

“ Sir, what mean you ? ”

“ You are near to eternity—yourself will soon have need of compassion from God. You will not deny it to man. Am I not right ? To whom do you suppose yourself to be speaking ? ”

“ What is this ?—you alarm me.

“ Do you not guess the truth ?—Write to your prince how you found me, and that I have been my own betrayer. May God’s mercy to him be such as his shall be to me. Entreat for me, old man—weep for me—my name is WOLF.”

* * * * *

LETTER TO THE REVEREND PROFESSOR LAUGNER, OCCASIONED BY HIS WRITINGS IN THE KÖNIGSBERG REVIEW.

By the BARON VON LAUERWINKEL.*

SIR,

My first letter was addressed to one who is, like you, a man of genius, a clergyman of the Lutheran church, and a supporter of the Königsberg Review ;

* Note to the Editor, enclosing the Letter of the Baron von Lauerwinkel.

The excellent letter to Dr Chalmers from *Idoloclastes*, published in Number XIV. of your Magazine, recalled to my recollection two or three somewhat similar ones in a German periodical work which I have long been in the habit of taking in. The occasion of their composition was this : The Königsberg Review, conducted by the late ingenious M. Mundwerk, was a few years

ago very much admired in Germany by numerous readers, who took delight in seeing infidel and unpatriotic opinions maintained by men of acknowledged wit and talent. Strange as the circumstance may appear, it is nevertheless true, that this journal numbered among its supporters several clergymen of the Lutheran church. One of these was the late celebrated preacher *Hammerschlag*, another was Professor *Laugner* of the University of Königsberg. The indignation of the zealous and worthy Baron of *Lauerwinkel* was excited by the apparently inexcusable conduct of these gentlemen, and he addressed each of them a letter upon that subject in “ *Der Durchscher*,” (The Through-looker). The first letter I cannot now lay my hands upon, having by some accident lost the Number of the *Miscellany* in which it is contained ; but I think there is a very considerable likeness between the general strain of its admonition and that of *Idoloclastes*’ letter to Dr *Chalmers*. The second letter to Professor *Laugner*, the well-known mathematician, I have now translated and sent to you, in the hope that you may perhaps judge it worthy of a place in your Magazine. Those who blamed the letter of your correspondent as being too keen, will observe that a similar cause had already drawn from an author of a more phlegmatic nation, at least an equal portion of severity. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

I. S.

Cambridge, Aug. 1, 1818.

worthy of his assistance. I was well aware that the personal friends of the good and great man whom I had approached, would, if asked for their advice, echo the same opinion which I had ventured to express, and perhaps back it with arguments more convincing than I, in the public pages of this Miscellany, had been willing to adduce. I address you, Reverend Sir, neither for the same purpose, nor with the same hope. My object is not to withdraw you from the band of infidel wits who have waged so long and so determined a warfare against that faith, of whose holy mysteries and sublime doctrines you were, at one period of your life, by your own desire, and with every circumstance of awful solemnity, set apart to be the minister and the defender. Such a wish were foolish, and doubtless, at this time of day, such an attempt were fruitless. Nevertheless my intentions are friendly; and if you will listen to my words, I trust you shall have no reason to complain of them as disrespectful.

No man can be less inclined than I am to refuse either to old age or to genius, the natural and fitting homage of reverence. Uniting, as you do, in one person, two claims so powerful, it is fair that you should expect to receive honour, even from those of your contemporaries, who may disapprove of the purposes to which you have rendered your high character subservient. But, sir, if, in the eyes of the posterity that are hereafter to judge of all your merits, it should appear that you perverted your genius, by rendering it the engine of corruption among those who bowed to its pre-eminence, or that you abused the dignity of your hoary head by venting, under its authority, the accents not of gravity but of derision, not of truth but of vanity, expect not that their forbearance shall be as great as mine, or that the grave shall afford you the same protection, which you now receive from the partiality, or, it may be, from the pity of the living.

The facts on which the world grounds its censure of your conduct and character are few and simple; they are not denied, nay, scarcely is their force palliated, even by your warmest friends; and your enemies, if you have any, can be under no temptation either to mis-state their nature, or to exaggerate the inferences to which they must so indubitably lead. In early life you

devoted yourself to the holy offices of the ministry, pledged yourself by every solemnity of oath and adjuration to be a faithful servant of Christ, and received from the authority of your national church, that sacred and dignified station to which you appeared so vehemently to aspire. You executed for some years the laborious but most respectable functions of a parish priest; you expounded the Scriptures; you lent words and direction to devout souls in prayer; you visited the sick and the afflicted; you baptized children in the name of the Triune Godhead, and imposed awful vows on the heads of their parents; you took into your hands the bread and the cup, and distributed the symbols of the noblest and the most affecting of all Christian mysteries, to a simple, remote, and pious congregation. It is possible that, from the summit of your scientific fame, you look back with some contempt to duties apparently so humble as these—duties so well performed by men who inherit no spark of the mathematical or geological genius of Mr Laugner. Notwithstanding, however, all your self-complacent contempt, they are duties which have been performed throughout long and glorious lives, by men whose genius was as much above the measure or the comprehension of yours, as your own is superior to that of the most plain and unpretending among those simple rural pastors, whom you, and the *scavants*, your brethren, think yourselves entitled so thoroughly to despise. Be this as it may, however, you quitted in a few years your sacred office, and ascended, if so it must be called, to that of a Mathematical Professor in the University of Königsberg. Having attained to this happy elevation, you manifested every possible eagerness to banish from the view and recollection of the public every trace of your previous habits and situation. You disclaimed every relic of that character, which, in spite, or in ignorance of the existence of such men as you, the wisdom of the Legislature has declared to be indelible. From one step to another you went on, till at length you entered upon that series of most audacious offences, which has called for this late and unwelcome, but, I believe, unanswerable address. Your support of the Königsberg Review has not been, like that of Hammerschlag,

casual and short-lived; it has been long, steady, and deliberate. You have mingled irrevocably your reputation with that of this organ of infidelity. The productions which have the most tended to establish your individual fame have, at the same time, such was your imprudence or your boldness, been rendered the main and most effectual conduits through which the poisonous stream of its impiety has been circulated and diffused. Your brethren had jokes, and sarcasms, and sneers at will, but you were the chief pillar of their rebellious strength, because you alone were to bring argument, and demonstration, and philosophy into the field. The Northern Encyclopædiasts might look elsewhere for their Diderot and their Voltaire, and find, without difficulty, pretension to represent knowledge, and smartness to represent genius; but in you they were proud to discover and to proclaim their D'Alembert. You were gratified with their applauses, and bore your honours meekly. Let us see whether the laurel with which they have crowned you be a branch of the real Daphne, or whether it be not rather a twig of that mimic shrub of hell, whose leaves, as Dante has assured us, moulder into dust the moment they are fingered.

There can be no occasion for enlarging upon the magnitude of that inconsistency between the Clergyman and the Reviewer, which all your admirers, of whatever opinion, acknowledge, and which I do not imagine it will ever suit your own inclinations to deny. All that they or you can attempt, is to explain this inconsistency, in such a way as may leave, in the minds of those to whom the explanation is addressed, some portion of respect for the personal character, the moral feeling, of the individual who has, *ex facie*, exhibited so Proteus-like a variety in his proceedings. After a candid and leisurely consideration of the matter, it seems to me that the utmost ingenuity of your advocates cannot suggest more than two solutions of the difficulty. The one is, that the Clergyman was a hypocrite, and embraced the first possible opportunity of releasing himself from the obligation to preach doctrines which his reason never had approved. The other is, that the Clergyman was, during the period of his ministration, a

sincere believer in the faith which he professed, and that the writings which, as a Professor and a Reviewer he has since given to the world, express opinions which his mind has embraced in the course of subsequent and more mature investigations of the Christian system. It does not appear to me, I must confess, that on either of these suppositions your conduct has been such as might have become an honest, to say nothing of a great man. I shall examine, in a very few words, the rival theories in the order wherein I have mentioned them, that you may know precisely on what grounds I found my objections to recognise the validity of any apology which you might endeavour to extract from their admission.

Between my sentiments, indeed, and those of the persons who would rest their defence of you on the first of these suppositions, I cannot expect that on any point there should exist much harmony; nor am I ambitious that it should be so. The man who can undertake for a bit of bread to wrap himself in deceit as in a garment,—who can sport and dally in derision with the most sacred and awful feelings of the human soul,—who can chuckle with impious satisfaction over the success with which he imposes on the credulity of the simple, and draws to himself, as to a rock of security, the wavering, hoping, and unsuspecting mind,—that man, if such there be, is, inasmuch as eternity is greater than time, a fouler hypocrite than the most pernicious miscreant who ever practised, under the mask of kindness, either upon the property or the life of his fellow-men.

Εχθρὸς γὰρ μοι κείνος ὁμῶς ἄλδοα πύλησιν,
Ὅς ἔ' ἐπεὶ μὲν κίεθαι ἐν φρεσὶν ἀλλοῦ δι' βλάζει.

Of all that deserve the fervent execration of Achilles, none seems to me to be so contemptible as the insincere, and therefore the traitorous, unmanly, and ungenerous Clergyman. I know that you will spurn with indignation at the idea of such baseness, and stand boldly, at whatever risk, on the assertion that, when you acted as clergyman, your heart and your lips went together. You will not care although we should suppose your intellect to have been at that period immature; but you will deny with vigour, and I doubt not with truth, that you were

at any time capable of such solemn meanness, such laborious duplicity, such consummated and essential parricide, as must mingle together in the heartless bosom of him who is at once a sceptic and a priest.

The second theory is, I make no question, the true one. It preserves you from the stigma of indelible disgrace, which would follow, beyond all possibility of a doubt, the recognition of the former; but even it leaves you, unless I be very widely mistaken, with a degree of reputation which few will envy. The dilemma has two horns, but either of them will gore you. It may be admitted without difficulty, that one who has entered upon the office of the sacred ministry, without due knowledge or experience of his own capacity for exercising its functions, may withdraw himself, without any imputation on the sincerity of his Christian zeal, to some occupation for which he feels his nature to be more fitted. Those who can appreciate the services which you have rendered to the science of your country, are not likely to regret the change that took place in the destination of your life, or to blame you for following, with ready ardour, the voice of that powerful genius which addressed you from within. You did well, then, in leaving the pulpit for the chair; so far our approbation may attend you; but, being there, the manner in which you conducted yourself was not, I strongly suspect, such as became either what you had been, or what you were. Your sentiments with regard to religion underwent a great and remarkable change. Even although no one article had ever been detected or recognised as yours, the uniform and zealous support which you have lent to the Königsberg Review, leaves no doubt as to that fact upon any mind which is capable of balancing the weight of *moral evidence*. That one who believed sincerely in those doctrines which it is the duty of a clergyman to circulate and enforce,—that any genuine and ardent disciple and follower of Christ,—any man who considered the Bible as the “Book of Life,”—any one who rested his hopes of immortality on the promises of the Gospel, and, despising the wisdom of man, looked only for salvation to the cross of his Redeemer,—that any such person

should, for a period of nearly twenty years, uphold and strengthen the fame and success of such a journal as this Review, is a supposition so monstrous, that the bare mention of it at once reveals to the most obtuse the fulness of its absurdity. As well might we believe that Pascal, or Fenelon, or Bossuet, would have assisted, had they lived somewhat later, the impious manufacturers of the French Encyclopædia; or that Racine would have polluted the muse of Athalie, by allowing her to mingle her inspirations with those which dictated the Pucelle; or that Milton would have prompted rhymes to clothe the vulgar ribaldry of Rochester, or the wittier obscenity of Congreve,—as that any grave, devout, and serious Christian should grow gray beneath the unholy banners of this

“————impia gente
Bestemmiaiore sempre e mai benedicente.”

You may prefer, perhaps, that I should draw my illustrations from philosophers rather than from poets and divines. Europe can boast of many names in your own department, before the splendour of whose majesty those of you and all your contemporaries must be contented to grow dim. Newton—Locke—and there are more behind; but what, when measured by the standard of these men, is Mr Professor Laugner? That they were ten thousand times greater men than you, is nothing to my present purpose. Like you they were philosophers, and, Reverend Sir, they were Christians. If you do not acknowledge on the instant, that, being as they were Christians, they would have scorned to render their science or their philosophy subservient to the purposes of such a journal as this, I abandon my argument, and confess that you have done right.

It is wasting words, however, to prove, what is as notorious as the noon-day sun, that the Königsberg Review has all along been a great organ and receptacle of infidelity, and that, therefore, most assuredly, even were there no other proof or presumption, its principal supporters and advocates are not the friends, but the enemies of Christianity. These are things which it might be difficult to prove to the satisfaction of an old and bigotted geometrician; but which are just as well known, and as universally admitted,

by the world at large, as that the French *Encyclopædie* spoke the genuine sentiments of those clever and unprincipled men who filled its pages with their contributions. I shall not scruple to take that for granted which all the world allows; nor shall I hesitate to state, in a few sentences, why it is that I have singled you out from a herd of coadjutors, to bear the chief portion of that blame wherein I admit all its members are so well entitled to have a share.

I am so well acquainted with the weakness and perversity of the human understanding, and I have so much sympathy with the mysterious sufferings to which its self-sufficiency exposes it, that I shall say nothing against the possibility of an ardent and ingenious, even a generous mind, working itself into all the uncertain anguish of infidelity. That this mind should be that of one who had formerly exercised the functions of a Christian priest, is also possible; that circumstance would however add, beyond all doubt, a keener pang to the self-inflicted torments of the generous sceptic. These torments he would have no ambition to see partaken of by others. In the midst of his own uncertainty, he would still preserve a feeling of no ordinary respect for the salutary influence which the Gospel exerts over the moral feelings and habits of those who bow to its authority. He would not forget in a moment all those scenes of human misery wherein he had seen, while yet a minister of Christ, the poor man and the afflicted seeking and finding consolation in his Bible. He would not easily or hastily banish from his recollection the meek resignation of the suffering, or the holy confidence of the dying, Christian. He would say to himself, in the words of the poet,—

“ ———— Where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

He would bury the secret of his doubt within, and not seek to take from less active or less sagacious minds, that stay and strong-hold of security which he himself had once recommended, and which now, with all his added wisdom, he would feel himself to be incapable of worthily replacing. The generous infidel would be far above coveting the paltry triumphs of a proselyte-maker, where he knows that ev-

ery convert must be robbed and plundered by his apostle. Lamenting, it is probable, the change in himself, or feeling, at least, that, to minds less cultivated than his own, a similar change might be fatal,—he would scorn to gather food for his vanity at the expense of the virtue or the happiness of others. He might not be able to overcome the difficulties he had started: year after year might pass over his head, and find him and leave him ever the same restless, unsatisfied, and doubting man. He might never again recover the sure hope of the Christian, and be as he has been in times past. But in all his doubts, and all his perplexities, there would haunt him a shadow of reverence for the pure faith which he had deserted, and of love for those with whom of old his prayers and praises had been mingled. His soul, his feeling soul, would be filled with solemn thoughts: he would be a sorrowful, at the least he would be a silent sceptic.

By some of a cold unfeeling temperament, thoughts and sentiments such as these might, indeed, be rejected as womanish and unwise. I can conceive the existence of an honest, heavy, dogged understanding, which, having once got rid of Christianity, might look upon it as a matter of right, and even duty, to endeavour to extend the benefits of so blessed an emancipation,—which, to scruples from within, or reproaches from without, might find alike an answer and a defence in the old maxim of the Stagyrite, “*αμφότερον φιλον όσον προτιμῶν την αληθειαν.*” Such a mind as this might perhaps dictate a grave treatise, in which, on grounds of metaphysical or historical argument, the authority of the Christian revelation might be calmly and dispassionately denied. I can suppose it possible that such a man might come to reason against Christianity in the manner of a Mendelsohn or a Spinoza; but I cannot for a moment sympathize with any feelings which might induce him to become an infidel writer of the school of Voltaire or Gibbon, or, to come nearer home, of Pigault le Brun and the Königsberg Review.

There may, I must confess, appear to be something not unlike absurdity in describing to Professor Laugner what has been the method of attacking Christianity adopted by that once au-

toctrical journal, to the establishment of whose authority his own labours so largely contribute. The Königsberg Review has never said boldly and candidly—"the religion of the Bible is founded upon fables;" nay, it has even rebuked at times some writers (such as the puling and contemptible Kotzebue), who are so indiscreet as to express, without cloak or circumlocution, dogmas, for the reception of which the majority of readers are as yet so imperfectly prepared. The characteristic prudence of our nation has been sufficient to preserve the Review from the scandal of open and undisguised blasphemy. Its conductors sought and found gratification for their vanity, in being able slyly to insinuate, and widely to disseminate, what they wanted courage to avow. Every man of common sense rises from the perusal of a number of their journal with the most perfect conviction and certainty that he has been reading the writings of men, who are not only infidels themselves, but using what they conceive, justly or unjustly,—it is no matter which,—to be the most efficacious means of rendering their readers infidels. There are many avowed infidels in Germany. Did any one of these ever doubt that, in the Königsberg Review, his unbelief has its firmest and most faithful ally? Thank God, there are many more sincere and rational Christians in Germany: Did any one of them ever doubt,—does any one of them at this moment hesitate to express his thorough belief, that this journal is, and has always been, a skulking and insidious, but a skilful and an unwearied partizan of the same rebel host which once sent forth more fearless, but not more affectionate, champions in the persons of Hume, Voltaire, Gibbon, Condorcet, Diderot, and La Clos.

I am not so fond of writing as to waste many words upon what you and all rational men perfectly understand. I repeat, and I think few out of your own crew or circle will hesitate to agree with me, that one who had been a sincere and zealous Christian Clergyman, whatever change his own sentiments might have undergone, could never be excusable in rendering himself the aider and abettor of a set of cunning, dissembling, undermining, jeering, jesting, cynical antagonists of Christianity. There is no sophistry

which can palliate or conceal his guilt. It must stand in eternal association with his dishonoured name, that he conducted himself not with the open valour of a generous foe, but with the bitterness and the rancour of a mean and envious renegade. Some apology might indeed be offered, perhaps accepted, from him, had his guilt been shared only by spirits of the nobler order,—by men whose private purity, worth, and gentleness, might be supposed capable of covering, from partial eyes, the enormity of their public offences, or even of making fond friends careless whither they should follow them. Even this faint apology cannot, alas! be yours. You are at no loss to guess what I mean. To other ears I shall hereafter speak more plainly. It is sufficient, in the mean time, to whisper into yours, that such names as Laugner and Mundwerk can gain nothing but disgrace from being joined with those of certain tuneless advocates of lewdness—still more with those of certain most abject, crouching, and plebeian profligates, whose object and ambition it is to cultivate in the loose soil of the vulgar spirit (where alone their ministrations could be wittingly admitted), the congenial and fraternal plants of irreligion, immorality, and sedition.

The Friends and Disciples of your Review will doubtless exclaim that these are hard words, and cry shame upon him that has employed them. Of all the strange phenomena which human inconsistency has ever exposed to the gaze of the curious, one of the most amusing and absurd is the extreme aversion to being attacked, manifested on many remarkable occasions by persons who have spent the greater part of their own lives in attacking others. The Cyclopes, who arrayed your Review for the combat, were lavish of their spears and darts, but they neither tempered the buckler, nor dipt the champion in Lethe. He is skilful in the practice of offensive warfare, but approach, and he lies every where open to a wound. It is not, however, till his arms be thrown down, that his defencelessness can be pitied, and his cry for quarter heard. You must be content, in one word, in spite of all your repugnance and all your indignation, to gather as ye have sown.

The Friends and Disciples of Chris-

tianity have no reason to be chary in their attacks on you. Through them chiefly have their cause and their Master been assaulted. The adversaries that durst not advance boldly to the celestial citadel, were unwearied in plying, with every engine of obloquy, those whose business and glory it was to be the defenders of the outposts. It was no difficult matter to understand your wearisome cant about Missionaries, Enthusiasts, Bigots, and High-churchmen. It was easy to feel (and it was meant that it should be so) the cause of your real aversion, and your pretended contempt, for every association and every institution which your knowledge or your fears represented as powerful and zealous on the side you hated. I admit that your talents are great, but I cannot say that they are at all of that majestic order whose privilege it is to inspire reverence. Even your ridicule is, I think, a feeble weapon: upon the whole, you are not, except in intention, very formidable enemies of Christianity among men of sense and education. But tame as your ridicule is, the literature of our country has long been poor in mirth; and people laughed at your jokes chiefly because they were printed, just as that witticism may be sufficient to set a Court of Justice in a roar, which would scarcely provoke a single simper if uttered in a street or in a tavern. This engine you directed upon us with unceasing vigour; and even now, after some pretty severe lessons which you have got, you cannot forbear from levelling it ever and anon against the same favourite marks. Be assured, you have at least succeeded in stirring up the wrath of a foe who will give stroke for stroke,—who will watch every sally from the rebellious gate, and compel the aggressor to retire howling to his concealment.

You perceive, Reverend Sir, that though my letter is addressed to you, it is in fact the common property of all your coadjutors. I am extremely sorry that I should have been compelled to make your name so prominent; for, excepting Mr Mundwerk himself, there is none of all the avowed or suspected supporters of the Königsberg Review for whom I, in common with the rest of the world, entertain so genuine a respect as for you. Could I hope that the words I have spoken might have

any tendency to excite in you, or in him, a little calm reflection, with regard to the use which you both have made of your learning and your genius,—could I hope that you might perceive your errors, and resolve no longer to do evil, what satisfaction should be mine! The Religion whose cause I advocate is full of mildness, hope, and consolation. There are no offences which it pronounces to be irretrievable—no sinners to whom it does not offer pardon.—“Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord.”—Believe me to be, Sir, with much admiration and much regret, your most obedient humble servant,

FREDERICK BARON V. LAUERWINKEL.
Osmanstadt, June 1808.

SUMMARY VIEW OF THE STATISTICS
AND EXISTING COMMERCE OF THE
PRINCIPAL SHORES OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.*

IN our last Number we took occasion to insert a short account of the Spanish Philippine Islands, with which we had been favoured by Captain M'Konochie, and which had been sent to him by a gentlemen long a resident at Manilla, for his assistance in the composition of the work, the somewhat ample title of which we recite below. We now propose to give the public an account of this work itself, premising, however, that we shall attempt little more than a mere analysis of its principal contents; the nature of its pretensions being such, our readers will see, as to supersede, very nearly altogether, the exercise of *literary criticism* in their review.

“There are two principal objects,” says

* A Summary View of the Statistics and Existing Commerce of the Principal Shores of the Pacific Ocean. With a Sketch of the Advantages, political and commercial, which would result from the Establishment of a Central Free Port within its Limits; and also of one in the Southern Atlantic, viz. within the Territory of the Cape of Good Hope, conferring on this latter, in particular, the same Privilege of Direct Trade with India and the Northern Atlantic, bestowed lately on Malta and Gibraltar. By Captain M'Konochie, royal navy. London, Richardson; Edinburgh, Blackwood. 8vo. pp. 366.

Captain M. in his Introduction, "besides some others of lesser note, contemplated in this work; and as I am unable adequately to set them forth in a title page, however copiously worded, I beg leave to prefix to the whole, the following summary exposition of them:—

"The first is an attempt to fix public attention on the Pacific Ocean,* that immense gap in our commercial relations, whose shores extend to every habitable degree of latitude in our globe, and teem with every valuable article of exchange, and which yet hitherto have been scarcely visited once in a season by a British merchant ship, unless on one obscure point, where a Colony for the reception of Convicts has been established. This singular apathy and indifference, it has appeared to me, are in part owing to our inadequate knowledge, in general, of the various resources, commercial and political, of this Great Ocean, as it is also emphatically styled; and I endeavour to combat them accordingly, in the first instance, by a summary digest of the leading features of the Statistics of its principal shores; of their means of foreign communication, whether maritime or overland; and of the extent to which these are as yet improved—in other words, of the amount of their existing Commerce. My first chapter, then, is consumed in these details, which I seek still further to illustrate, by prefixing a skeleton chart of the whole Ocean, coloured to indicate the principal divisions of its shores, and the sovereign powers, whether Native or European, by whose subjects they are severally occupied; thus supplying, at a single glance, a distinct idea of the pro-

* The Pacific Ocean, as our readers well know, is that immense sea, the theatre of the exploits of Drake, Dampier, and Cook, which, extending north and south even to the polar ice of either hemisphere, washes to the eastward the western shores of America; and is bounded to the west by that continued series of islands, which, commencing near the south point of the Peninsula of Kamtschatka, in 51° north latitude, stretches thence in a line nearly south as far as 43° south; its extreme groups forming that division of our globe to which some modern geographers have given the name of Australasia. Thus defined, the Pacific is continuous with the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, and comprises, within its limits, the Spanish provinces of Chili, Peru, New Grenada, Guatimala, and Mexico; the North West Fur Coast of America; the Russian Settlements of Kodiak, Kamtschatka, &c.; the Japanese and Loo-Choo Islands; the Indian, Malay, or Oriental Archipelago; New South Wales, &c.; and, although somewhat strongly characterised in our text as one entire "gap in our commercial relations," contains undoubtedly many objects of interesting speculation, as yet entirely novel to the British merchant.

portion and degree to which these latter have as yet extended their dominion within its limits. In the second, I pass on to the consideration of the benefits which, it would appear to me, would result to this country from the establishment of a Colony in one of those Islands with which its surface is studded, selecting, of course, a point whence an easy communication may be instituted with every considerable market within its scope. I further propose, that this point be declared a free port to all and every speculation; and that it should thus not only be an emporium whence our own exportations would readily diverge to their several destinations within its horizon, but also a conduit by which the whole speculations of these seas would be conveyed to the European and other Atlantic markets. To the Commercial views opened by this speculation, I add a few Political considerations in its favour; but of these I shall here only quote two,—the expediency of providing a bulwark to India on the side of the Spanish South American colonies, in the event of their effecting their emancipation, and becoming consequently young and ambitious states; and of imposing a curb on the piracy of their Marine, should that grow desperate by their defeat, and attempt to renew in the Pacific, those buccaneering scenes which were so long the disgrace and terror of the Caribbean Sea.

"Thus far, then, the work proceeds in the two first chapters; and with them I conclude nearly all that on the present occasion I propose to advance in relation to the Pacific Ocean. The third commences the second principal discussion which I would introduce, and which, I am inclined to think, will be, for the present at least, much more interesting than the other. It is entitled, 'On the policy of forming a similar establishment also in the Southern Atlantic, (viz. within the territory of the Cape of Good Hope,) and of conferring on that particularly the privilege of direct trade with India, lately bestowed on Malta and Gibraltar.' Now, it is impossible in this Introduction to enter into the entire argument which I have adduced in its place in favour of this whole proposal, that indeed is of an extent and variety, to which I can only now generally allude; but there is a primary recommendation of at least the last clause of it, which I can here venture to detail, prefacing it, however, with some little necessary explanation. It will be within the knowledge, then, of all commercial readers, that ever since we were possessed of transmarine Colonies, it has been a principle rigidly maintained in our policy respecting them, to oblige their produce to repair first to England as to a great emporium, whence, after first paying import duty, and then receiving a portion of this again as a drawback, it finds its way to its ultimate market. This passage through England is familiarly called the transit of

colonial produce; and the excess of the import duty above the drawback is equally known by the name of the transit duty. With respect to East Indian produce, this transit was long confined exclusively to London, that port alone possessing the right of trading to our Indian possessions; but this right was, some few years ago, extended also to certain other domestic ports, the original principle being yet still maintained, requiring transit through England. Last session of Parliament, however, a Right Honourable Member, high in the ranks of administration, rose in his place, and having represented the inconvenience and loss entailed on British merchants carrying East Indian produce to the Mediterranean from the necessity of taking England in their way, all the ports of which lay most remote from the direct track; (an inconvenience which was enabling foreign merchants, particularly the subjects of the United States, to undersell them at every point;) he concluded by moving, that the same privilege of direct trade with India, formerly conceded to other domestic ports than London, should now also be extended to Malta and Gibraltar; in other words, that transit through them should be made equivalent, in all respects, to transit through any port in England. The motion passed almost unanimously, was carried through the usual forms of legislative enactment, and the corresponding statute now stands on the record as law.

“Such then are the facts on which I found, *prima facie*, the proposal contained in the last clause of the title of the third chapter of this work, the proposal, namely, to extend the same privilege also to a port within the territory of the Cape of Good Hope. I argue, that if the English domestic ports are remote from the direct track from India to the Mediterranean, they are even more so from every route to the American and West Indian markets; and I assert, that, in consequence of this very remoteness, we have no share whatever in the supply of any of them with East Indian produce, unless only such as are subject to our legislative enactments, while even in these a very considerable contraband trade is carried on by means of the neighbouring port St Thomas’. If, then, there was an extreme case made out with respect to the Mediterranean, it equally, or even in a still greater degree, applies to these other markets, to those, namely, of Buenos Ayres, Brazil, Caraccas, New Grenada, Mexico, the West Indies, United States, &c. in the supply of all of which we might pretend to a share, by advancing a port near the Cape of Good Hope to the rank of a transit port. This, however, is, after all, only one argument among many in favour of such a measure; for the consequences to which it would seem inevitably to lead, particularly when further developed by the additional gift to the proposed point of an absolute-

ly free trade, the consequences, I say, to which it would then seem inevitably to lead, are of a weight and importance which can only be seen by a reference to the third chapter itself, but which sink every consideration of mere competition in the supply of the American market with East Indian produce, even as nothing in the comparison.

“The fourth and concluding chapter of the whole contains a slight review of those merely local and adventitious circumstances, which would seem to dictate our selection of the several points, the Society and Sandwich Islands in the Pacific, and Saldanha Bay within the territory of the Cape of Good Hope in the Southern Atlantic Ocean, as the sites of the free ports which it is recommended to establish; and comprising, accordingly, a slight review of the capacities of this latter to become the centre of a great Commerce, concludes with a brief recapitulation of the scope and leading features of the whole argument in favour of both measures. I shall not, however, anticipate any part of these discussions in this place.” &c. &c.

Such being the outline of our author’s plan, in his own words, we now proceed to fill up the most important details of the speculative portion of his work, to which the summary view, or narrative part, is evidently only subsidiary and subordinate.

The first proposal submitted to us, as we have seen, is, that we should establish one or more central free ports in the Pacific Ocean; and the argument by which Captain M. seeks to recommend this measure, may thus be condensed. Whoever will examine the commercial history of the several shores of this sea, will readily be satisfied that none of them have ever enjoyed the benefits of any mutual or neighbouring traffic, although such is, unquestionably, the most powerful agent in eliciting the mercantile resources of an infant state, through the quick circulation of capital which it produces. Even those points, which have been either occupied by Europeans, or are regularly visited by their shipping, have yet only had their means developed by their intercourse with these their remote masters or visitants. Even this market has been, at the same time, narrowed in every instance by some motive or maxim of jealous and exclusive policy; while, on the other hand, those portions of these distant shores which have either not been occupied, or are not regularly visited by Europeans, have absolutely had no principle of improve-

ment applied to them at all. Their savage inhabitants have been rather nurtured, in all time past, in the habits of rapacity, violence, and deceit, to which many of them seem naturally very prone, by the circumstance of their having been subjected to the occasional and incidental sight of objects of extreme desire to them, but which, if they could not succeed in obtaining at the instant by favour or fraud, they could have no assurance that they would ever again behold. Now these several wants of mutual and permanent traffic, each of most injurious effect to the wealth, morals, and happiness of those subjected to their operation, are those precisely which the proposed establishments would altogether obviate. To them the merchants and agents of every several point would readily and habitually repair, secure of meeting in their markets the buyers and sellers, not only of every other corner of the Pacific itself, but of the Atlantic world also; which latter, on the other hand, instead of traversing, as at present, each shore of the Pacific themselves, would in such case naturally look to these emporia alone for their sales and supplies. The innovation, accordingly, would not only bestow on the several shores of the Pacific that contiguous traffic which none of them have ever enjoyed, but would improve also materially their European communications. The whole operating, in the first place, to their own incalculable advantage, and then benefiting, in an equal, or even superior degree, that great manufacturing and commercial empire (Great Britain), whose subjects would assuredly engross the greater share of the entire carriage and agency, whose wares would equally supply the principal demand, and whose revenue, finally, would be essentially recruited, by even the most moderate impost on the whole transit. This anticipation would appear so certain, it might safely be left, as thus stated, in only its most general form; but we may add, that in the work before us it is considered in great detail, and its interest essentially heightened by the connexion of its operation with a great many local objects of pursuit, such as Captain M.'s minute research into the history and statistics of the several shores of the Pacific has assisted him in discerning,

and in the consideration of which his previous summary enables his readers to accompany him. These, however, we can only recommend to the attention of mercantile men, our limits will not allow us to enter on them ourselves.

Captain M.'s second proposal is, that we should establish another free port at Saldanha Bay, within the territory of the Cape of Good Hope, bestowing on it, in particular, the privilege of receiving the transit duty on Indian importations in British bottoms, in like manner as was lately conferred on Malta and Gibraltar. The arguments adduced in behalf of this measure are of a much more complex nature than those we have just reviewed, and must be stated accordingly more at length, particularly as they lead to conclusions of an infinitely more important cast, involving at least as much of national as of commercial policy in their details. The first step of the entire anticipation is the probability, or rather certainty, that through means of the proposed privileges, the trade of the Cape of Good Hope with both hemispheres would speedily so increase, as that our free port or city within its limits, would become a complete emporium of their respective productions; would become, as Captain M. expresses it, "Europe to Asia, and Asia to Europe," uniting at only half the distance at which they are themselves removed, a variety and assortment of the productions of both, such as no one point in either could offer the other. Hence, it is argued, may be deduced the positive conclusion, that in time, this point would bound the speculations of both extremities, the traders of each being naturally led to resort thither for a market both of sale and supply, in preference to making the whole voyage; the rather, as there can be no doubt but that the superior economy of thus dividing that into two portions, of which the resident merchants of both hemispheres would each navigate the half contiguous to their own homes and resources, the superior economy, we say, of such a division, aided by the quicker circulation of capital which it would occasion, would infallibly enable us to offer there any species of produce, even although saddled with a small transit duty, at a rate infinitely cheaper than

any for which it could be procured at either extremity, burthened with the risk and expenses of so much longer a voyage. These deductions may be considered as our author's premises. The ideas are not in fact new thus far, for they were frequently agitated while yet the Cape of Good Hope belonged to Holland, and would have been acted on, we believe, in 1802, had it not been for the strenuous interposition of the British cabinet, the existing leader of which, the present Lord Sidmouth, readily foresaw the fatal consequences of such a measure, if undertaken by a rival, to the best interests of our trade. Granting them however now, and keeping in mind, moreover, that the Cape of Good Hope is at present an integral portion of the British empire, subject, accordingly, in every respect, to our management and control, the following is the very interesting series of conclusions which Captain M., in the work before us, draws from them:

1. We should acquire, by means of the proposed measure, an immense revenue, levied alike on foreign and domestic speculation, without calculation of drawback, or other material expense in collection, and averaging accordingly, a nett return to the treasury, nearly equal to the gross sum levied on the merchant.

2. It would bestow on us a sort of neutral ground, where all duties and obligations would be at least equal, allowing even we did not choose to give our own merchants an advantage, and where, accordingly, British capital, industry, and enterprise, but too often fettered at home by injudicious regulations, would have full scope and play, especially as they would have the advantage of pre-occupying the ground.

3. The political sovereignty of this almost exclusive medium of communication between the two hemispheres, would give us the power of directing its whole course by mere financial regulations. This power, Captain M. acknowledges to be of very delicate administration, inasmuch as we must never compromise the general interests of the port itself for the sake of any minute object of revenue or regulation; but its acquisition is at least certain, and it might, he thinks, be judiciously exercised in encouraging the export of our manufactures, and in sup-

porting our East India Company's Chinese trade.*

4. The comparative proximity of such a market for oriental productions, he next observes, would encourage the merchants of continental Europe to do their own work with their own shipping, and would thus proscribe and finally ruin that carrying trade which first aggrandized the Dutch, and is now again fostering the maritime resources of the United States of America.

5. The interposition of this market, by cutting off all direct communication with India, would secure our dominion there, whether we chose to colonize it or not. This last measure, however, Captain M., as we think, somewhat too decidedly recommends, arguing that it is called for by a great many considerations regarding the internal state both of England and India, and that it might be done with perfect security to ourselves, if we foster, as proposed, the resources of the Cape of Good Hope, the prosperity of that in our hands being not less a tie than a security to these our distant possessions.†

* On this last point we differ from our author; we would rather purchase up this monopoly altogether, by granting the Company a per centage on the transit duty on all other Chinese trade. Indeed we think nothing could be conceived more delicate than the administration of the power in question at all. There is but one prospective case, and that not noticed by Captain M., in which we might be reconciled to it, we mean its application to that proscription of carrying trade, which forms the subject of the immediately following sentence in our text.—But even this would require to be very cautiously done.

† We could have wished that Captain M., for the sake of his own argument, had studied the historical details on which this portion of it is founded, with more minute attention, it could not then have escaped him in how much stronger a light he might have placed it. As it now stands, we have the fortune to concur with both his principal conclusions, viz. the expediency of colonizing India, and the security with which such a measure might be adopted, in concurrence with his schemes for developing the commerce of the Cape of Good Hope: but we arrive at them by a series of assumption and consequent argument, very different from what he has thought proper to employ. For instance, we do not think North America was lost to us exclusively, though the taxation bills against which the thunders of

6. The sovereignty of so principal a medium of communication between the two hemispheres, as this port is again contemplated, would now further bestow on us a preponderating power and influence in both, not more founded on our ability to injure any point which might excite our displeasure, than on the habitual good will which all would feel towards the state, the protecting privileges conferred by which, would thus constitute the foundation of their individual prosperity. In our author's own words, "the breasts of all would progressively warm to the port and country which

Lord Chatham's eloquence were directed; neither do we believe that any such peremptory and permanent lesson of *moderation* has been taught us by that catastrophe, as would of itself secure to us, *ceteris paribus*, the prolonged dominion of India, were it colonized; or still less, that such an effort could be guaranteed from any conceivable military or political ascendancy acquired by the Cape of Good Hope over it. On the contrary, we are of opinion that our North American colonies were lost to us through the operation of a long series of injudicious restrictions imposed by us on their trade generally, but particularly on that maintained by them with the French West Indies;—restrictions, the impolicy of enforcing which was seen by Sir Robert Walpole, but overlooked by Mr Secretary Pitt, (Lord Chatham), who thus himself contributed equally with others to produce the ultimate separation.—(See Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, vol. 8. *passive*, but especially p. p. 330—414.) And arguing thence, we would infer, that it is the lesson of *liberality* in our *mercantile* and colonial policy generally, not that of mere *moderation* in minute questions of executive control, which is the "true practical instruction to be drawn from this page of history;" and that it is to the general freedom of trade which Captain M.'s schemes would disseminate throughout the whole southern hemisphere, and which would render the recurrence of similar mistakes *impossible*. That we would have to look, were they to be adopted, for the continued affection and allegiance of India, colonized or not colonized, neither to any supposed, but in truth, problematical wisdom, in future administrations, founded on a long, past, misunderstood, and almost forgotten experience, nor to any control or power of control over our Indian empire, which our policy might bestow on any other portion of our dominion. And hence, as we think, might have been drawn, a very strong argument indeed in favour of the whole schemes in question, but of which our author has almost entirely neglected to avail himself.

still divide their time and their domestic associations: they would be half our subjects, to whatever other lord the remainder of their fealty might incontestably be due."

7. This power and influence will, however, Captain M. observes next, always be exactly commensurate with the degree to which the facilities which we may afford at this point shall be improved, "will just fall short of the unbounded extent to which they might be carried by the precise sum of competition which these may not yet be able to supersede, and by the precise deficit of those points in either hemispheres, which may yet continue to have no share in the mutual communication." Hence he argues, our acquisition of this medium, this free port, which we have thus considered in so many points of view, would give us a strong interest, a very strong interest in the prosperity of all, thus identified with that of this point, the fulcrum, as it were, of this immense lever; an interest rivetted, it is true, "by another link than this, for the revenue arising from the contemplated transit of the produce of both hemispheres, though its stores would always be equally dependent on the same circumstance," but which, he maintains, would be quite as strong in war as in peace, "unless we would deem it good policy to lessen our power, diminish our influence, and curtail our revenue, precisely at the moment when their whole united strength may be strained to the uttermost to cope with the blow levelled at our existence." At this point, accordingly, he proposes, as an improvement on his entire scheme, that we should adopt, and openly declare our resolution to rescue this precious trade from the vacillations even of our military policy, by exempting it in all time to come, (unless we see occasion, on experiment, to alter our policy; the declarations of such change however to be equally explicit) by exempting it in every case from that confiscation of private property, which we inflict on all other branches of foreign commerce, on every occasion of national hostility.

"Whatever," he observes, "may be the advantages of situation, or freedom of trade, or moderation of impost, which we may be able to offer at this point, it can never presume to hope for the monopoly of the whole communication between the two he-

misphears, unless we cast into the balance with it this privilege also, which we alone of all the world can bestow. Without this, the principle of its establishment would be adopted on other points by other powers; and the sum of benefit which it is calculated to confer, not merely on ourselves, who would be its masters, but on those also who, under the shadow of our power, would enjoy its privileges, would be dissipated and destroyed by the endless jarrings which competition is ever calculated to excite among rival powers. With this high privilege, on the other hand, there would be no room for these sources of contention, these occasions of inimical discussion, the pretexs for bloodshed and strife. The subjects of all powers alike would seek this neutral bound, within which war could find no place, and the very idea of competition would vanish from their minds."

"8. If the foregoing reasoning be correct," Captain M. proceeds, "then would our acquisition of such a free port as has been contemplated be in the very highest degree acceptable to every humane mind, of whatever country or clime, inasmuch as it would develope the principle, and illustrate the facility, with which we might give up altogether the practice of confiscating private property as an engine of public hostility; as it might tempt us accordingly to the more general experiment; and as it would thus strip war of half its horrors and miseries, while it at the same time removed many of the temptations which usually excite to its renewal."

* We wish it were in our power to extract the whole passage (p. 310—329.) in which this portion of the subject is considered in the work before us, both as it would give us a very favourable specimen of its general style of execution, and as it relates to a proposal which peculiarly excites our interest and attention, and to which accordingly we shall certainly recur, when we shall have prepared materials for placing it in the point of view it seems to merit. We cannot meddle with it however now; and must content ourselves therefore with this simple recommendation of it to our reader's attention, expressing, at the same time, our surprise at a contemporary criticism of the whole work, in the main very favourably couched, but which censures this particular passage, as conveying a proposal, that "free bottoms should make free goods, or something very like it." This is a complete and even very gross mistake. The proposal really made by Captain M., as we have seen, is, that free British ports should make free goods; in other words, that if our enemies choose to purchase from us, and thereby benefit our resources, national and individual, equally with their own, they shall, in such case, enjoy a trade, even under their own flag, protected and assured to them by British honour and maritime superiority; o-

And lastly, "The measures thus successively proposed for the promotion of our commercial and political interest in the Pacific and Atlantic Ocean, their colonies, and the minute and permanent intercourse which they would necessarily occasion with even the most remote points of both hemispheres, would facilitate the preaching and propagation of Christian knowledge throughout the world, and thus accomplish readily, and without difficulty, that most important object which our Missionary Societies profess indeed as the ultimate end of all their labours, but which it is but too evident to even the slightest examination, their limited powers are utterly unable without assistance to attain."

Such are the principal speculations contained in this very interesting and entertaining little volume, and which are illustrated in its pages with considerable variety of historical anecdote and allusion, and their effect further heightened by an exceedingly precise and perspicuous general arrangement.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE LOVE OF FAME ON GENIUS.

ONE of the most philosophic writers of antiquity, the poet Virgil, has made the love of men's applause a part of the highest virtue acknowledged among his countrymen—representing the two passions, the love of country and the thirst of renown, as united even in the awful character of the first Brutus, and co-operating as the motives of his great and unhappy sacrifice.

"—— Utcunq; ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriæ laudumque immensa
cupido."

To our conceptions, certainly there is something repugnant in the idea of making the passion for men's praise a motive of that action, or a principle of

therwise they shall go without it altogether, and shall not even have the privilege of complaint, for the result, whatever it be, will have been their own choice. Surely nothing would appear more reasonable than this, nothing more gratifying to British pride than its general acceptance; need we add, nothing more essentially different than its adoption, from any acquiescence with those neutral pretensions, the object of which, on the contrary, it would totally defeat. It is in fact the cause of belligerent direct, not that of neutral carrying trade, which is here advocated; to this last Captain M. shews himself peculiarly hostile in every part of his work.

that character. We can bear, we can revere the virtue for which we have no sympathy, and justify the father who gave up his children to his country; but we should turn from him with loathing if he could immolate them to his own renown.

The nature of the sacrifice appears sufficiently to condemn this passage, as assigning such a motive for such an action. But, taking it more largely, as a sort of general conception of the character of Roman patriotism, from their philosophic poet, it would yield matter of more doubtful and curious inquiry. I have no intention of pursuing the inquiry. What interested me at the moment in the passage, and induced me to cite it, was the singular discrepancy it suggests between our conception of the character of Brutus, and that of the Roman poet,—implying, as it would seem to me, a purer imagination of heroic virtue received among us than has found its place even in the loftiest strains of Roman poetry.

I say a purer imagination of heroic virtue. We require, in our idea of virtue of any kind, more singleness of affection, as well as more exaltation. We imagine that there existed in the mind of the highest Romans, an image of their country as of a being—a power—a Rome deified in deep passion, and which in deep passion they worshipped. We conceive of their patriotism not as a love merely, but as an obedience of duty to highest law, and as such it appears to us a virtue. I am not now speaking of our historical intelligence of their patriotism, but of its aspect to our imagination. That idea, beautiful, august, and stern, seems altered in its purity the moment there is seen to mingle in it the desire of human applause.

It is not that we slight the passion for praise—the desire to live in the voice of men. We acknowledge the love of glory as a passion of high and generous natures. We do not separate it at all from our general conception of the Roman character; only, we exclude it from the purest character and the highest acts of their virtue.

Something analagous to this will be found in our conception of the same passion, as part of the character of genius.

In our reverent admiration of ge-

nius, the love of fame finds no place. We conceive of exalted minds, dwelling as spirits among men, exempt from their infirmities, though possessing and rejoicing in their nature. From the intermingled weaknesses, the mournful oppressions, the enthralling passions of our nature, they seem to us gloriously free. Free in the purity, the power, and the bliss of their ethereal being, they seem to us to walk in the midst of men as visitants, yet to have their place among them as brothers. I am now speaking of our imagination of genius,—not of our knowledge of philosophic belief, but of that momentary ideal belief which is impressed upon our minds during the contemplation of its perfect works. Then, while we are held in wonder and strong delight by the power present upon the soul, and by the sense of its great creations, what is our thought of the mind which gave those creations birth? Perhaps there is some illusion in our thoughts; but, if so, rather in what they exclude than in what they shew. They discover to us the human soul in exaltation of pure delight—genius in the height of its power—only they do not discover to us the whole human being, the man in whom that state of power, that “access of mind,” must of necessity pass away. We believe, then, that at times a nature is given to genius higher than our own, in its majesty of undishonoured power, in its immunity from our weaknesses—and we may take this feeling as our guide, at least to know what the temper of the mind may be for the hour while its own genius fills it.

Trusting to this feeling, it may be safely said, that we have no conception during our admiration of genius in its highest acts of power, that it acts under the desire of fame. It seems to act in the delight and glory of its own conceptions. If the man himself, with his whole life, can seem to us, when under the impressions of that transport, to be exempted and lifted up from his human passions,—far more must the soul in its acts of power, and rejoicing in its ideal worlds, be freed from them. For a time, at least, the earth is forsaken, and this terrestrial life. For a time the spirit feels its wings, mounts in its own region, shapes its path in light, and looks solely on the forms that are kindred to its own essence. How can

we imagine that mind, in the very act of conceiving and embodying those creations which lift us up out of our ordinary life, which really awaken in our souls the sense of their highest powers, constrain us from the habitual temper of our minds, and force upon us a momentary consciousness of exaltation and purity in ourselves—how can we imagine that such a mind should yet be occupied at the very time by the working of the passions from which it delivers us? Conceiving in their entire beauty, and moulding into material elements those wondrous creations, can we believe that in that act it has sense for other thoughts and other feelings? Can we believe, that Homer, Phidias, Michael Angelo, Shakspeare, Milton, while contemplating within their own souls, or in dawning existence, in marble under their hands, or in words flowing in inspiration through their lips, those forms of being and embodyings of power which have held nations in wonder, and impressed a permanent spirit on the minds of the people to whom they were given,—can we believe that those mighty spirits were themselves possessed with emotion, not from the grandeur of their ideal creations, but from the passions of their human life?

The poet and the mighty sculptor return from their ideal world into their human life. They are men once more, and they resume the feelings and the frailties of men. In their human life, and not in their ideal world, they find again their love of fame, their wishes and their hopes of immortal praise.

Is this frailty, or is it lofty passion? It is human passion at least—a passion of that life which binds them to their race, not of that which lifts them above it. There is a sphere to their souls in which their highest powers move, and in which this desire has no power to act. But they descend into the life of men, and feel again the sun that shines on that life. No human soul is at all times superior to the sad realities and necessities of our mortal existence. Milton was not always rapt in the highest heavens. Pure as he was, his life bears many an earthly stain.

What then may be the nature of this gratification of renown, this love of glory, to these great minds? It is

the acknowledgment of their power. They could not chuse, they could not endure to close up that power within themselves. They must pour it forth upon the world. It is not enough to them to have felt and known; but that which they have felt and known they will bring into being. They will do so, not for themselves, and that it may endure for themselves; but that it may be an enduring power among the spirits of other men and other generations. They passionately desire that their thoughts may not pass away from the earth, but that they may live as powerful, as full of life, as glowing as in the first conception, during endless ages. They passionately desire that the joy, the greatness, the dilatation of thought, the truths which have been imparted to them, may have a permanent dwelling on the earth, through them and by their act. It is fit that they who felt should perpetuate—that they to whom it was given should bestow—and that they should feel that what they have received they have not suffered to perish. From the depths of being which were discovered to them, they have brought forth, by their own act and power, wealth to their whole kind. They feel, that the powers by which they were honoured among their people—among their race—and by which they were made accountable to men for its use, have not been wasted in their possession, but that they have done work answerable to those powers. This assurance, that what they have felt and known they have given to be felt and known for ever, they receive from their fame.

Such, it is conceived, is the nature of the love of fame felt by men of genius. It is a noble feeling, but having intensity of self. The emotion of genius, during production, is or ought to be purely impersonal. It is in the intense feeling of his individual life, and of his relations to men, that a man of genius feels his power, after that power has been gloriously exercised. Whereas he felt it, during his inspiration, in the might of absolute life, and a life without any distinct relations.

But their fame—the light of their glory is something more to such minds than an acknowledgment of their powers. It is something more tender, more endearing. It is felt by them as in part of their sympathy with

their kind. By this they feel, think, act, not in individual exertion, but as participators in universal existence. I do not now speak of their power to bow down the spirits of others before their own—to make their minds a law to the minds of men to come—but of the feeling they have of a community with all spirits—of their consciousness of living with men by one common law. These acts of power by which they manifest the common nature of men, prepare for them a deep-felt consciousness of their own kindred with the race of beings with whom they share this nature. Thus, then, is a deep and mighty sympathy engendered to the poet with his species, by his acts as a poet. And his fame is dear to him, as an acknowledgment on their part, an answer to this sympathy, as ratifying a commutual bond, or covenant of human faith and feeling, between them.

Thus it appears difficult to conceive that a mind of great genius should be indifferent to fame; and that there are powerful and honourable causes for a deep impassioned interest in fame. The love of fame beyond the tomb can seem absurd only to those who know not what constitutes the mystery of life.

It must be apparent, however, that there is great danger of this principle becoming exceedingly injurious in minds which have genius, but have not, altogether, the very highest constitution of passions and powers. Minds of the very first order are calm in their thoughts of glory. They feel a secret possession, enthroned in the hearts of men. But, if the desire be greater than the power,—if distempered sensibilities,—or if those more ignoble motives to the desire of fame, which it is needless to speak of, rising into strength, pervert the nature of the passion, then, not only may great misery be cast upon life, instead of a light of happiness, but the faculty of genius itself will be disturbed in its most proper acts. Then will the love of fame, a restless uneasy feeling, intrude upon and profane the holiest acts of its worship. There is, in that case, no spirit rejoicing to ascend into its native empyreal day, but a man of troubled heart, compelling his genius to work for purposes not its own,—enslaving his noblest powers to the passions of his lower life—and, like

the master of a spell, tasking good spirits to work his unworthy will, and minister to his debased desires.

If the love of fame be subsequent and subordinate to might, and arise out of it, then will it necessarily be calm; and being of noble origin, it will maintain its nobility. If the love of fame be paramount, it must be restless and distempered. It is a lower principle that has got, by usurpation, the place of the higher. The love of fame as a law of action—is restless, because it is an undetermined, fluctuating, unself-sufficient law. And genius, subjected to it, not only partakes of its painful and troubled unrest, but has also in that subjection the separate and proper pain and self-disturbance of its own dishonour.

The whole argument is this: virtue and genius are each, to our conception, a pure and entire affection of the soul. To do the acts of either for men's praise destroys their essence. I have been led to illustrate this in one kind of virtue—heroic patriotism—by the accidental recollection of a case in which that particular virtue is falsely described as capable of acting *for* fame. I have allowed, that a patriotism doing acts of splendid power might be blended with the love of glory, and it certainly was so, to a great extent, in the general Roman character. But in their greatest men, those whose patriotism we are required to revere as an awful virtue, the desire of fame, as a part of that patriotism, and a motive of its actions, is not to be conceived of. Each alike is a pure affection of the soul. Patriotism is a love of country deified. Genius, or the essential affection of genius, is a love of beauty and greatness in their perfect idea. But each of them, as being a pure affection or passion, must have within itself its law of action. Hence, to act from the desire of praise is necessarily repugnant to the essence of each, for that is to accept a law of action from the mind of others. In neither, then, can the love of fame be a constituent part of power.

So far genius and virtue are alike. But there is between them an essential difference. Virtue occupies the whole life. The virtuous man can never leave his virtue. All his feelings and passions must conform to its highest law. And, therefore, what is true of him in his highest acts of

virtue, is true of him generally and absolutely. But genius comes and goes. It possesses the mind and leaves it. Hence, the life of the man is by no means conformed to the highest law of genius. In his highest acts of power he is lifted out of passion, to which he returns when the act is over. Thus the love of fame may be a strong passion of his life, though it cannot enter into his acts of power. It will be a strong passion of his life, for the same elements of his nature which constitute (in part at least) the power of his genius, demand and produce, as we have seen, the love of fame. They demand it not in the first place—but afterwards—after the genius is formed, and the power exerted. The love of fame, therefore, is a passion of secondary formation—it is the sequel to genius—and woe to him in whom it precedes genius, or bears an undue proportion to its power. The pure idea of good, like a good angel slighted, forsakes him. His sun, light, guardian, guide, is gone. He is a slave driven by blind and erring forces. His human hopes, passions, and fears, come up into his acts of genius, bewildering and defeating them. He is subjected to the race whom he ought in his power to have uplifted. It is possible that, having begun life well and purely, he may come to this, if the sense of fame becoming an anxious, uneasy, fearful, painful passion, or if self-admiration, growing up, a monster, in his heart—oppress, disturb, and overpower genius, and bring up among its creations feelings that once had no place there.

Let me conclude with a suggestion, that in different ages, according to the different manners and characters of society, there will be a tendency to produce a difference upon genius—one age, namely, the simple and powerful favouring the sublime character of the love of fame, and another, namely, the more artificial and complex irritating it into uneasy, anxious, bitter, pernicious action. N.

STORY OF AN APPARITION.

MR EDITOR,

OBSERVING that you have frequently introduced into your Miscellany popular fables collected from various quarters, I send you the following, which I so-

lemnly protest is no invention of mine, but a ghost-story of natural growth, which I heard in conversation. If you can find room for it, it will probably afford more amusement than the Welsh superstitions you published some time ago, which were rather heavy. I am, yours, &c. A. B.

About the fall of the leaf, in the year 1737, Colonel D. went to visit his friend Mr N. at his country seat in the north of England. As this country seat was the scene of a very singular adventure, it may be proper to mention its antiquity and solemnity, which were fitted to keep in countenance the most sombre events. The following circumstances were well known in the family, and are said to have been related by one of its members to a lady much celebrated in the literary world, but now deceased.

Upon arriving at the house of his friend, Colonel D. found there many guests, who had already got possession of almost all the apartments. The chillness of an October evening, and the somewhat mournful aspect of nature, at that season, collected them, at an early hour, round the blazing hearth, where they thought no better amusement could be found than the ancient and well approved one of story-telling, for which all mankind seem to have a relish. I do not mean the practice of circulating abominable slanders against one's friends, but the harmless, drowsy, and good-natured recreation of retailing wonderful narratives, in which, if any ill is spoken, it is generally against such as are well able to bear it, namely, the enemy of mankind, and persons who, having committed atrocious crimes, are supposed, after death, to haunt the same spots to which their deeds have attached dismal recollections.

While these tales went round, the evening darkened apace, and the windows ceased any longer to contrast the small glimmerings of external twilight with the bright blaze of the hearth. The rustling of withered leaves, casually stirred by the wind, is always a melancholy sound, and, on this occasion, lent its aid to the superstitious impressions which were gaining force by each successive recital of prodigies: One member of the family began to relate a certain tradition, but he was suddenly stopped by their host, who

exhibited signs of displeasure, and whispered something to him, at the same time turning his eyes upon Colonel D. The story was accordingly broken off, and the company went to supper with their hair standing on end; but so transitory are human impressions, that in a few minutes they had all recovered their gaiety, except the Colonel, who was unable to comprehend why any tradition should be concealed from him in particular.

When they separated to go to sleep, he was led by Mr N. (as the reader will probably anticipate), to a chamber at a great distance from the other bed-rooms, and which bore evident marks of having been newly opened up, after remaining long unoccupied. In order to dissipate the confined air of the place, a large wooden fire had been lighted, and the gloomy bed-curtains were tucked stiffly up in festoons. I have not heard whether there was tapestry in the room or not; but one thing is certain, that the room looked as dreary as any tapestry could have made it, even if it had been worked on purpose by Mrs Ann Radcliffe herself. Romance writers generally decorate their imaginary walls with all the wisdom of Solomon; but, as I am unable to vouch for the truth of every particular mentioned in this story, I mean to relate the circumstances faithfully as they were told me, without calling in so wise a man to lend his countenance to them.

Mr N. made apologies to Colonel D. for putting him into an apartment which was somewhat uncomfortable, and which was now opened only because all the rest were already filled. With these excuses, and other suitable compliments, he bade his guest good night, and went away with a good deal of seriousness in his countenance, leaving the door a-jar behind him.

Colonel D——, observing that the apartment was large and cold, and that but a small part of the floor was covered with carpet, endeavoured to shut the door, but found he could only close it half way. Some obstacle in the hinges, or the weight of the door pressing upon the floor, opposed his efforts. Nevertheless, being seized with some absurd fancies, he took the candle, and looked out. When he saw nothing, except the long passage and the vacant apartments beyond, he went to bed, leaving the remains of

the fire still flickering upon the broad hearth, and gleaming now and then upon the door as it stood half open.

After the Colonel had lain for a long while, ruminating half asleep, and when the ashes were now nearly extinguished, he saw the figure of a woman glide in. No noise accompanied her steps. She advanced to the fire-place, and stood between him and the light, with her back towards him, so that he could not see her features. Upon observing her dress, he found that it exactly corresponded in appearance with the ancient silk robes represented in the pictures of English ladies of rank, painted three centuries ago. This circumstance filled him with a degree of terror which he had never experienced before. The stately garniture of times long past had a frightful meaning, when appearing, as it now did, not upon a canvass, but upon a moving shape, at midnight. Still endeavouring to shake off those impressions which benumbed him, he raised himself upon his arm, and faintly asked "who 'was there?" The phantom turned round—approached the bed—and fixed her eyes upon him; so that he now beheld a countenance where some of the worst passions of the living were blended with the cadaverous appearance of the dead. In the midst of traits which indicated noble birth and station, was seen a look of cruelty and perfidy, accompanied with a certain smile which betrayed even baser feelings. The approach of such a face near his own, was more than Colonel D—— could support; and when he rose next morning from a feverish and troubled sleep, he could not recollect how or when the accursed spectre had departed. When summoned to breakfast, he was asked how he had spent the night, and he endeavoured to conceal his agitation by a general answer, but took the first opportunity to inform his friend Mr N——, that, having recollected a certain piece of business which waited him at London, he found it impossible to protract his visit a single night. Mr N—— seemed surprised, and anxiously sought to discover whether any thing occurred to render him displeased with his reception; but finding that his guest was impenetrable, and that his remonstrances against his departure were in vain, he insisted upon shewing Colonel

D—the beauties of his country residence, after which he would reluctantly bid him farewell. In walking round the mansion, Colonel D— was shewn the outside of the tower where he had slept, and vowed, mentally, never to enter it again. He was next led to a gallery of pictures, where Mr N— took much delight in displaying a complete series of family portraits, reaching back to a very remote era. Among the oldest, there was one of a lady. Colonel D— had no sooner got a glimpse of it, than he cried out, “May I never leave this spot, if that is not she.” Mr N— asked whom he meant? “The detestable phantom that stared me out of my senses last night;” and he related every particular that had occurred.

Mr N—, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed that, to the room where his guest had slept, there was attached a certain tradition, pointing it out as having been, at a remote period, the scene of murder and incest. It had long obtained the repute of being haunted by the spirit of the lady, whose picture was before him; but there were some circumstances in her history so atrocious, that her name was seldom mentioned in his family, and his ancestors had always endeavoured as much as possible to draw a veil over her memory.

OF A NATIONAL CHARACTER IN LITERATURE.

It would appear, that the pleasure we receive from making ourselves acquainted with the literature of a people, and more especially with their literature of imagination, is intimately connected with an impression, that in their literature we see the picture of their minds. Every people has, to our conception, its own individual character; and in virtue of that character, is the interest inspired by their fortunes. Even that strong sympathy which waits upon the events of life, is not sufficient in itself entirely to attract us; and our interest in their history is imperfect, except when the distinct individual conception of their character as a people accompanies the relation. Whatever the nature of that interest may be which is thus demanded even

by our human sympathy, it is far more important towards constituting that peculiar power which a people hold over our imagination, or over our mind altogether. Every one who has applied himself with interest to the theory of a nation's literature, will, on looking back to the impressions with which he engaged in it, and to the feelings by which he was led on, recognise in himself the effect of such a persuasion. He will most probably remember, that in the works he then read, there seemed opening up to him, not the mind of a new author, but the mind of another nation; that he seemed to make himself acquainted with a people of whom he had heard, but whom he had not known; that his pleasure was more than belonged to the beauty,—as he could discern it,—of the works; that their interest and importance were far beyond what their intrinsic character and kind would justify. He will recollect, that besides the thoughts which were unfolded to his intelligence—and the appeal of feeling and passion to his sensibilities—besides the hold on his imagination which belonged to the events which he had read, and to the genius under which perhaps he was held captive—that beyond and above all these, there was a charm thrown over him—a new and strange feeling of visiting an unknown land, and of standing for the first time among an unknown people. What he then felt resembled that wild and delightful impression with which a traveller finds himself on a foreign shore, where all that he sees is alike strange—with one entire power subverts his previous associations, and violently, as it were, throws open his mind to a sense of new existence, and to the apprehension of a new world. In such a situation, there is something that so calls the imaginative faculty out of the mind into the midst of open realities, that even the ordinary life of men seems a scene of enchantment,—and thought, feeling, purpose, and desire, are all suspended in mere wondering sight. Something, faint indeed in comparison, yet assuredly of the same kind, accompanies the mind on its intellectual voyage, visiting and exploring a new people.

It is not the dignity—the beauty—the importance of what it sees, that alone demands the interest and admiration of the delighted mind. That which is unimportant and common, is

invested with an indescribable charm, while that which is inherently great and beautiful, appears in a still more gorgeous light flung over it by our own imagination. It is the sense of treading in another region—of beholding and knowing another mighty race of mankind—that possesses the spirit, and throws into all their life, and over all its appearances, the same power with which nature has endowed the people, and the land which she has given to be their seat. That spell which holds the traveller—by which he walks in high imagination through the paths of common life, is granted to the still and solitary student when his mind goes forth on its adventurous speculation, ranging the records of men. To him new scenes are disclosed—a new people arise. He owns the power of their spirit—the very voice of their speech is in his ears—and his imagination fills itself from their life, from the emotions of their bosoms, from their whole world of existence. These feelings, in more or less force, according to the character of the mind, attend upon the communication and intercourse which, through their language, is opened up to us with another people. They are an essential part of the interest with which we pursue such studies, though frequently they are not so fully unfolded or developed, and almost rest in the mere strong general impression of communication held with another people.

In whatever way, however, such impression is made, it is very powerful. It is one independent altogether of literature, and belongs to the feelings with which, as men, we look upon men. In literature, it assumes a modification especial to the faculties that are there in play. It enters with deep power into the imagination, and blends itself in subtle combination with the subtlest workings of intelligence. The language itself—the instrument—the express work and the mirror of the mind, invests itself, especially to the intellectual thought, with this character, and takes the interest of these feelings. It is so directly the voice of the mind—it so shapes its subtle being, and receives its colours from the very breath that gives it forth, that it cannot but speak to the mind of the mind from which it springs. Fine, shadowy, and evanescent, as the motions of apprehension are which accompany the flow of language through

the mind,—inapplicable perhaps to intellect, and scarcely to be retraced, even by imagination returning upon itself—yet, these most faint, light, delicate arts of mind answering to mind, are all deeply impregnated with this great feeling of communion with another race. Let the thoughtful and feeling scholar tell—for he only knows—how curiously minute these impressions are in their blending with language. He knows, indeed, beyond what he can tell, how language has discovered to his thought its wonderful being; how intimately he has beheld its minute intricate structure,—how, to intuitive and unconscious analysis, to apprehension that seemed almost fanciful in its exceeding subtlety, the properties, relations, and powers of language, its intense, complex, infinitely divided, and yet comprehensive significance of mind have been disclosed. He knows this far beyond what he can tell: he knows it in degrees, which, if he were to attempt to speak of them, would appear quite illusory and fantastical. He knows, too, that with this extreme metaphysical division of the acts of mind in language, there exists the feeling, strong and entire, that this language is the language of the mind of another people.

If it be true, that even in these extreme abstractions of intellectual thought, there is no separation effected of this peculiar feeling from the perception of language, far less can it be separated from those stronger, fuller, more embodied acts of the mind, into which imagination enters in its own dimensions, into which sentiment and passion infuse their living blood,—those acts of the aroused, kindling, agitated intellect,—those workings of the moved soul which attend upon the creations of the highest arts, and upon all the imaginative literature of a people, upon their eloquence, and their poetry.

The strong interest of this feeling of knowing and discerning the mind of another people, arises not merely out of a precedent knowledge of the greatness of that people—it is not the offspring of former associations—but it springs up at the moment, instinct with life of its own, from present discernment of their character. The mind is not merely satisfying itself in acquiring new evidence of what it believed before: it is making discovery

of what it did not know—it is creating its knowledge by its own momentary acts—it apprehends, discerns, reads the mind which it had never apprehended, contemplated, studied before. What is this feeling—this interest? What is the strong power by which, as human beings, we are held in the contemplation of individual character? Why are those qualities of the mind, which are visibly its own,—those virtues, powers, which seem to have their birth within itself, and to be the living inherent tendencies of its own nature,—why are these so peculiarly beautiful? What is that charm of a native grace that is felt in them all? Why, in short, is every manifestation of the unforced, uncontrolled self-development of the soul so strangely interesting? We all know, at least, that it is so. And we see, therefore, a principle in our nature sufficiently operative and powerful to explain (if the fact be so) the strong interest that is felt in discerning and considering the native character of a people in their native literature.

If what has now been advanced be true, in any thing like the extent to which we believe it to be true, we have a reason why no access can ever be obtained to the wealth of a people's literature in any language but their own. All argument for or against the cultivation of classical literature is vain and idle. If it be of importance that we should know who and what the Greeks and Romans were, and what they did, it is of importance that we know their language. Without that knowledge, all else that is worth being known is to us dark as night.

A reason also springs out of this speculation, much more essential than the mere difficulties of language, why the early study of language is often so repulsive to minds of imagination and sensibility? It is because they have not yet enough of acquired intelligence to discern in that language its characters of life. They afterwards come to possess that intelligence, and then the study of language changes to them its nature.

We also perceive a reason much deeper than lies in our clearer intelligence merely, why no language can ever exert over us the power of our own. In none can there be to us such deep consciousness and such subtle apprehension of the acts of another mind,

as in that which, from the dawning of life, has been blended with all the thoughts and feelings of our own.

If there be this power in native language and native literature, two questions seem to arise, which we may afterwards discuss at some length,—first, What is it that gives such force to the principle in our nature now alluded to, our delight in our individual character? And, secondly, How are we to estimate the benefit to the literature of a people from the influx upon them of the literature of another, even though that other have far surpassed them in all intellectual cultivation?

REMARKS, BY THE EDITOR OF THE HISTORY OF RENFREWSHIRE, ON THE LETTER FROM MR J. R. TO SIR HENRY STEUART OF ALLANTON, BART.

MR EDITOR,

By a letter in your Magazine for July last, addressed to Sir Henry Stuart, Bart. and subscribed J. R., I find that that gentleman is much "surprised" that I should presume to publish (without first asking his permission, I suppose), in my account of the house of Stuart, a genealogical deduction of the Stuarts of Allanton, Coltness, Goodtrees, Allanbank, and others, a subject, it seems, which he has thought fit to interdict to all writers except himself. This no doubt is abundantly dictatorial. But I, on the other hand, am surprised that he should not have written directly to myself, who am alone responsible for my publication, instead of addressing a gentleman who has nothing to do with it, although he undoubtedly assisted, along with others, in furnishing me with the materials from which the article is drawn up. Moreover, I am surprised, that, when Mr J. R. did write, he did not do it with greater accuracy, considering the lofty pretensions which he makes to that necessary qualification in a genealogist.

On inquiring of the Honourable Baronet, to whom the letter is addressed, whether he meant to reply to it, he said, "Certainly not—that about twenty years ago he had a genealogical dispute with a gentleman now deceased—that he had then resolved never to have another, and having ever since

adhered to that resolution, he had not the slightest intention of departing from it on the present occasion."

For this reason I feel myself unavoidably called upon to offer you a few observations on the letter of Mr J. R.

In the accounts which I have given of the many ancient and noble families in the late History of Renfrewshire, authenticity and candour have been my principal objects. In all these accounts, I have quoted charters, where charters were to be found; and I have referred to tradition, or family history, where other documents were wanting, leaving it to the candid reader to judge for himself, and give or withhold his assent, as he might see cause, or might feel inclined. What, I would ask, is the chief ground on which accounts of early ages of almost all families rest, when we go back only three or four centuries? Unquestionably tradition; that is, the narratives of early annalists, or local and domestic historians. How is the descent of the noble families, for instance, of Hamilton, of Douglas, of Cathcart, of Ross, and many others, for the first two or three hundred years supported? By tradition. How is that of Walkinshaw, of Whiteford, of Houston, of Achirnames, &c. some of them for two, and some of them for nearly three centuries? By tradition. How are the wide chasms in the genealogy of these, and of almost all ancient families filled up? Still by tradition. I mention these few examples in my own work, and I could add innumerable instances from the works of others, to shew that no genealogist, any more than myself, ever dreamed of being able to authenticate, by charters, every link in a chain of ancient descent, or that any candid reader ever doubted the general truth of a genealogy, because a "charter, with seals appended," could not in every instance be quoted. History, and private memoirs, and local names, and circumstances, are often found, when taken together, to furnish as satisfactory proofs as charters themselves. If this were not the case, what would become of the bulky tomes of Archdall and Dugdale, of Crawford, of Douglas, or of Wood, in respect of the early ages? It is plain, that they would soon be reduced to the size of a single pamphlet.

There are two circumstances that

have together concurred in occasioning a want of evidence respecting the more early ages of our Scottish families. The first is the general sweep which was made of the archives of the nation by Edward I. of England, in his insidious policy to annihilate the very remembrance of Scottish independence. The second is the little attention that our ancient barons paid to the preservation of their family papers. *Their charters were their swords.* "By these we gained our lands, and with these we will defend them," was their spirited reply to one of the most energetic of their monarchs, who made inquiry as to their title-deeds. This anecdote itself is traditional, and there is no direct testimony of it preserved, to satisfy the fastidious critic. Even where families have been fortunate enough to preserve some of their most ancient charters, it is still a difficult task to arrange them in succession, and properly to identify the different individuals. This must be apparent to any one who reads attentively the genealogical deductions of the families of the Peers and Barons of Scotland, although given with all the care and acuteness of the above-mentioned genealogists.

All this Mr J. R. knows as well as I do; and he further knows, that there is not, in the great mass of genealogies recorded in the Renfrewshire History, probably half a dozen that are better authenticated than the one which he has been at so much pains to vilify and refute. But he seems to have been resolved, at all events, to make the attempt, however little creditable it might be to himself; for, instead of that fairness and candour to have been expected from a gentleman and a scholar, on such a subject, we meet with little else than captious remarks, dogmatical assertions, and vulgar petulance; and, above all, with an overweening self-sufficiency, that pervades the whole. In fact, it seems to be a *genealogical persecution*, set on foot before this time, and still kept up, against the Honourable Baronet, in a style the most virulent and illiberal, and at times even ludicrous, as in the attempt to stigmatise his ancestors for the great offence of being cultivators of the Shotts Moors; a district, by the bye, which none of them ever inhabited.

But, sir, how stands the fact? The

Steuarts of Allanton, Coltness, Goodtrees, Allanbank, and their cadets, I must maintain, are one of "the most ancient and respectable branches of the house of Stuart; and, next to the descendants of King Robert II. they are perhaps the most extensive branch of that great family. According to most genealogists, they are descended from the sixth son of Sir John Stuart of Bonkle; and, according to others, from a younger branch of the house of Darnley; either of which origins is sufficiently illustrious. I have distinctly proved, and by charters too, that they have held lands in Lanarkshire for more than 400 years back—that no fewer than four baronetages have been conferred on them, and three of the number above a century ago—that since the above period, they have intermarried with some of the first families in this kingdom, producing men who, according to the acknowledgment of Mr J. R. himself, "have opened up and enlarged various spheres of useful knowledge, and proved, in many great and public situations, eminently serviceable to their king and their country." See Mag. No XVI. p. 445.

Having said thus much on the subject in general, I shall now proceed, shortly, to notice a few instances, in which this gentleman has either misconceived or misrepresented my account. Thus, in the *continuation* of the History of Renfrewshire, p. 477, —not the *appendix*, as Mr J. R. calls it,—I have the following note: "The account of the early ages of *this* most extensive branch of the house of Stuart is not so fully or correctly given, as the editor would have been enabled to do, had some very important documents from a respectable quarter arrived in time to be introduced into this account."—On this passage Mr J. R. makes the following remark (see Mag. No XVI. pp. 438, 439): "It is with no small surprise," says he, "that I this moment have perceived, in the *appendix* to a late edition of Crawford's History of Renfrewshire, a new statement of the pedigree of what is there styled '*the most extensive branch of the house of Stuart*,' for it is thus that your family are designated, &c. &c.; in short, all the exploded nullities which, as I imagined, I had for ever swept away."—Now, independent of the ludicrous

self-sufficiency implied in supposing, that no one is to presume to state a fact which he has called "a nullity," I have said nothing like what is here alleged. I have said merely, that the family in question is a *most* extensive, that is, a *very* extensive branch of the house of Stuart, which is entirely a different thing. To misquote a man first, and then to reprehend him for saying what he never said, is an old but rather a stale trick in controversy, which I could scarcely have expected Mr J. R. to have been so weak as to have had recourse to.

At the same page, 439, in the footnote, what is quoted from me there does not apply to the Steuarts at all, but "to the proprietors of the county of Renfrew," among whom I do not understand that there ever was a single Stuart of the house of Allanton. This trick is pretty nearly of the same complexion as the preceding.

Respecting the Celtic compounds supposed to be connected with the conflict of Morningside, Mr J. R. asks, with an air of triumph, "what would Mr John Pinkerton say, should he hear of Celtic compounds framed in the parish of Shotts at the end of the fourteenth century?" Here he gets into his favourite haunt of the *Shotts* again, in which parish not one foot of the places mentioned exist. As to Mr Pinkerton, that learned writer knows very well, if Mr J. R. does not know, that it is not easy to determine at how late a period Celtic compounds may have been framed for the names of places, and that these may have been framed for many places, even in the low country, after the fourteenth century.

At p. 440, Mr J. R. accuses me of making a fallacious reference to Robertson's Index to Ancient Charters, p. 143. "Where, I ask," says he, "in the whole compass of that page, or indeed in any part of the work, is there the faintest allusion to the valorous knight," Sir Allan Stuart of Daldowie? But I maintain, that the fallacy here lies solely in his own objections. Who, let me ask in return, ever thought of looking into an index for the *contents* of a charter? But the Index is quoted to shew that such a charter *existed*, and that it was seen, and had passed through the hands of Mr Robertson, a most accurate man, at the time the Index was compiled;

and it is immediately added, that it is to be found in the possession of either the Earl of Glasgow or Lady Loudon, as the lands in question belong now to one or other of those noble persons. An appeal is farther made to a memoir found among the papers of the late Mr Geo. Crawford, by which it appears that he, as well as Mr Robertson, had seen the charter in question; and as they both are writers of character, and both take notice of it without any concert with each other, it affords the fullest proof of the existence of the charter, and, by consequence, of Sir Allan Steuart of Daldowie, in 1393. See Hist. of Renfrewshire, p. 470.

There is a gentleman in Edinburgh, by name John Riddel, Esq. advocate, supposed to be an accurate inquirer, and with whom Mr J. R. is perhaps acquainted, who drew up the genealogy of Lord Ross for my book, see p. 513; and in that article, this gentleman very properly makes use of the same sort of evidence with respect to the Rosses, as indeed is done by all genealogists.

“They,” says he, “certainly had fixed themselves in Ayrshire, as vassals of the Morvilles, soon after the middle of the twelfth century. For Sir James Dalrymple expressly says, that he had seen a charter by Richard de Morville, constable of Scotland, ‘Henrico de Sancto Claro,’ of the lands of Hirdmonston, which charter,” he adds, “must have been granted in the beginning of Richard de Morville (‘s time), who succeeded his father, Hugh, in 1162. Among the witnesses are, Robertus fillius Warnebaldi, the first of the family of Glencairn, and Godpidus de Ros. Crawford, the author of this history, being the same author whom I have quoted, also affirms in his M.S. baronetage, that Godfrey de Ros, Reginald de Ros, and James his brother, test another grant of the same personage to the ancestor of the family of Loudon, in the reign of King William the Lion. The existence of these individuals,” Mr Riddel adds, “and of two more named by him, may be found by other evidence:” But he, of course, thinks it quite superfluous to produce any other, after such *satisfactory* testimony. Thus, then, the same kind of evidence which is found to be satisfactory and conclusive by John Riddel, Esq. advocate, when drawing up, without prejudice or partiality, an account of the family of Ross, is loudly objected to, and held wholly inconclusive by Mr J. R. in the fulmination of his spite against

the Stuarts of Allanton, predetermined, right or wrong, to deny their very existence at this particular period of history!

In page 443, Mag. there is notice taken of the only real error I have fallen into, and which, though not very surprising, in so extensive a deduction of generations, Mr J. R. fastens upon with great avidity. He knew it was the only thing which could be *fairly* reprehended in the whole article, and thence his supercilious triumph becomes truly amusing. “You here,” says he, “force me to enlighten you (Sir H. Steuart meaning) as to your family, and therefore I shall disclose their *real* descendants, and the condition in life of the much misrepresented Allan.”—And what is the result of this grand disclosure? From the pompous annunciation that introduces it, I began to conceive that my entire statement was to be overturned, and a new and more authentic one substituted in its place. But to my surprise I found, that, in stating (in p. 472 Ren. Hist.) the sons of Allan Steuart of Allanton, Adam and Gavin, I had merely put the one for the other, and said that the *former* succeeded his father, and the *latter* died unmarried. Whereas, I probably ought to have said, that “Allan had two sons, Gavin and Adam, of whom the former got Daldowie, and the latter Allanton; that Gavin married Marion Lockhart of the Lee family, and died before 1558; and that, on the decease of Adam without issue, in 1574, James, the son of Gavin, succeeded to both properties.” That Adam married a Marion Lockhart, also of the Lee family, is sufficiently clear from his registered testament, quoted in note p. 472 of my book.

In p. 444, Mag. Mr J. R. says, that the name of Allan Steuart in Garbethill, brother to James Steuart of Allanton (the third of that name), is suppressed, this James being stated, as he asserts, to be “an only son.” Here is another instance of this accurate critic misquoting me first, and then correcting *what I never stated* I have expressly said, that James’s father had “other children who died in infancy or unmarried” (see p. 472, Ren. Hist.); and I did not consider it necessary, in the account of this family, more than of any other in the work, to notice *every* unmarried descendant.

In the same page, another notable

example occurs of the style of reasoning and criticism of Mr J. R. It is stated in page 473, that James Steuart of Allanton was a friend of the celebrated John Knox. This, it may very easily be conceived, might have been the case, and it is given on the authority of the MS. history of the family, which there is no reason to doubt. Mr J. R. however at once *proves*, that the statement is altogether unfounded, "because," says he, "Dr M'Crie, who wrote 250 years after, is unfortunately ignorant of the circumstance!" This, after all, might be meant as a display of wit; and as there is but a very scanty display of that article in the whole letter, it shall be allowed to pass.

In page 441, Mag. in the foot note, where those two very curious documents, the wills and testaments of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, and Allan Steuart of Allanton, are introduced and compared, Mr J. R., in his anxiety to vilify the latter, observes, that some *enemy* must have said, that the one was similar to the other, and that there may be regret that such "a *weapon* should have been put into his hands" (meaning Mr J. R.). Now I am of opinion that it must rather have been some *friend* who observed the similarity of the two documents; and as to *regret*, I feel none at all on the subject, as it has turned out to be a *very edgeless weapon* in his hands. Whoever will take the trouble to bring the accounts of the "geir and dettis" of the two parties into fair comparison, will find that the Laird of Allanton, in those times, ranked, in all probability, nearer, in regard to wealth (the only point in question), to the Knight of Buccleuch, than their respective representatives do to each other in the present day. For though, in one view of the account, there "restis of frie gier, dettis deducit,—nothing" on the part of Allanton, yet, it is expressly stated, that the stocking in Auchtermuir "is not valued;" besides which, there are the testamentary bequests to his wife and daughter afterwards specified. On the other hand, on the part of the "umquhile Walter" of Buccleugh, after all the splendid enumeration of his "guidis and gier, there rests only of frie gier, dettis deducit," £1385, 0s. 4d. Scots, equal to only £115, 8s. 8d. I am much mistaken if the present Baronet of Allanton would

not thank Mr J. R. very much if he could bring the "guidis and gier" of the two families *now* to the same proportional equality.

In the same spirit of detraction, at p. 444, Mag. he again brings forward the appellation of "Goodman" as an appropriate, and, as he means, a degrading name for Sir Walter Steuart of Allanton. Now, I can readily admit that, in the present time, it is seldom applied to any one above the rank of a husbandman or country farmer, and perhaps Mr J. R. may flatter himself, that it may go down with the general mass of his readers, as admitting of no other interpretation in ancient times. But this gentleman must be aware (or he must be much less informed than he professes to be) that, at the period in question, and long after, this appellation was appropriately bestowed on landed proprietors of very considerable rank. Thus, an instance occurs in the Continuation of the History of Renfrewshire, p. 301, where, at the meeting at Chitterfall in 1666, there was present, among other respectable landlords, "the goodman, younger of Caldwell Wester, or of that ilk," representative of a family of considerable eminence, and whose estate was considerably the largest of the two Caldwells, as may be still seen in the valuation roll of the parish of Neils-toun. Neither will it be difficult to shew, that in those ancient times the term "Goodman" was applied to persons of a higher rank still. Even the ancestors of nobility at present in the highest rank were so designated, and at a time too when their importance in the state was as great, or greater, than their descendants now enjoy, whilst their wealth was little, if at all less; but one example, in particular, must be still more conclusive than any, as it is of a proprietor contemporary with the Goodman of Allanton, namely, Sir James Hamilton of Broomhill, father to the first Lord Belhaven, who is styled "*the Goodman of Broomhill*," by the accurate and authentic Lord Somerville himself. See Mem. vol. ii. p. 406.

The smallness of the *valued rent* of the Allanton property in those ancient times, is another subject of exultation with Mr J. R. see p. 444, Mag., where, in affected derision, the family is stated "to be obviously increasing their means, for instead of a

five, or something more than a six merk land, they now aspire to a seven pound land." Can this profound critic (perhaps learned in the law too,) be ignorant, that in those days even a 40 shilling land (of old extent as now called,) was of equal importance with a £400 Scots valuation of more modern times? Even the six merk land, so scornfully thrown in their teeth, might now be equal to two freehold qualifications. The very rate of the various articles in the inventory of the "guidis and geir," shews decidedly that money was of vastly more value then than it now is.

But now comes the "main proposition" of Mr J. R., including the whole pith, sum, and substance of his argument. Therefore I shall state it fully in his own words:—"Your family (Allanton's) was scarcely emerging from obscurity, after the beginning of the 16th century," see p. 439, again more precisely, p. 445. "The genealogy of your family, subsequent to 1500, is abundantly clear—all previous is involved in obscurity." Again, Mag. V. p. 480, "I may here state, that as little elsewhere in any shape has the faintest notice been yet adduced of the family of Allanton *previous to the 16th century.*" This proposition, I must observe, is not only as he calls it, "a very simple one," but, what is worse, *it is not true.* Besides, the existence of Sir Allan Stewart of Daldowie in 1393, which is clearly proved by the charter quoted; it is stated by me, Hist. of Renf. sh. p. 472, that there is a charter still extant, by Walter Scott of Wesclenfar, to Adam, son and heir to James Stewart of Daldowie, (*Ade Stewart, filio et heradi Jacobi Stewart de Daldowe,*) of certain heritages at Lanark, dated 16th August 1493. For the authenticity of this document I can confidently vouch, having myself inspected it. Now, supposing this Adam to have been not older than one and twenty when the charter was granted in 1493; and further, supposing his father James, the second of that name, to have died in the very same year at the moderate age of 60, that would prove the *existence* at least of the family in 1433, even allowing this last mentioned gentleman to have had neither father nor grandfather at all!—and thus the main position of Mr J. R. *is completely annihilated.* But I

believe that I shall soon have put into my hands far older charters than this, whereby will be distinctly shewn, that the family possessed the same lands from a much earlier period, and before 1393.

Upon the whole, I presume to think that I have now pretty satisfactorily answered all the captious objections of this doughty critic, and have certainly detected some misrepresentations, and even fallacies.—Not that I impute designed falsity to him, but that, in the blind impetuosity of his zeal to vilify this family, he has overstretch'd the boundaries of sober reason, and, unwillingly it may be, even of truth itself.

Were I again to give an account of this ancient, respectable, and "most extensive" branch of the house of Stewart, for any thing that has been brought forward by him against its genealogy, I could alter little or nothing, far less suppress what has already been given. It might, however, be advantageously enlarged and illustrated, by introducing into it a full detail and comparative statement of the two testaments and inventories of the "guidis and geir belonging to the Knight of Buccleuch and the Laird of Allanton, and they might be made to move *pari passu* down the column," in the same manner as Mr J. R. has so obligingly pointed out.

To my late History of Renfrewshire, in spite of this gentleman's impotent attack, I take the liberty to consider the article in question as a most valuable addition; and I believe better judges than he is, and certainly more candid critics, are of the same opinion. It is with genealogical as it is with every other species of *intolerant persecution*; it only brings its objects into greater repute, and procures for them a greater share of the public partiality. Ten persons will now be attracted to read the fair and impartial account which is given of this distinguished branch of the Stewarts in this work, to one that would have read it, had he abstained from his injudicious censure; I therefore feel personally indebted to him in so far, for having contributed to bring my book into greater notice than it otherwise could have acquired by its own merit. I believe too, that the honourable Baronet should feel indebted to Mr J. R. for labouring to expose the errors of *Candidus*, who seems to have been but imperfectly

informed on the subject, and for inducing himself, as well as others of his family, to collect the ample and authentic materials from which my late account was drawn up. G. R.

Bower-Lodge, Sept. 8, 1818.

STATE OF PARTIES, AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE existence of Party, in a high and liberal sense of the term, is unavoidable under a free Government; and there have been periods in our history, and these not remote, in which the magnificent struggles for supremacy of lofty and surpassing talent have justly fixed the regard and admiration of mankind. When party spirit comes in this glorious shape, it has all the grace of patriotism and all the majesty of genius to recommend it. The purity and grandeur of the leading mind elevate the conceptions and dignify the sentiments, even of its most humble followers. The vulgar ambition of mere place and emolument, which forms the only living principle of every degraded faction, is despised by him who is enabled by the gifts of nature to tower above the sorry contention,—and called, imperiously called, by Providence to aspire after higher objects, and challenge a more glorious prize. What, to the illustrious party-leader whom we suppose, and of whom we have had more than one splendid example, is the petty triumph which would enable him to confer offices—to preside in the distribution of public spoils—to govern in the plenitude of despotism over the waste of corruption? what to such a man can all this be, compared with the conscious power of sustaining the glory or retrieving the fortunes of his country? Such has been the fortune of some illustrious party-leaders in this land of freedom—and it is impossible to dispute the virtue of that principle of public attachment which enabled them to give energy to the grandeur of their conceptions—and which, in these rare examples of high and patriotic exertion, was without the meanness that has too often distinguished and degraded political alliances.

But although there have been party connexions in this country, thus illustrious in their origin, and comparative-

ly pure, even in their course—connexions which have vindicated the principle of party attachment from the odium into which it might have fallen by the prevalence of political profligacy—it must be owned, that they have been of rare occurrence. It is difficult to seize the outward lineaments that stamp a character of purity and high-mindedness upon such connexions, and honourably distinguish them from the unprincipled combinations of mere faction. The undisturbed possession of power is far indeed from being an unequivocal criterion either of the patriotism or of the popularity of any body of public men; but it is a sure symptom that there is in the character and composition of a party something alien to the feelings of the people, and repugnant to the constitutional administration of Government, when they are permitted, without sympathy or concern, to struggle for a long course of years in all the impatient violence of opposition—to denounce their adversaries in terms of unmeasured indignation and menace without any preceptible effect—to outlive hundreds of their own predictions about the ruin of their country, and yet to see it maliciously reviving, even under their most formidable frowns—to call pathetically, but in vain, on the people for support to their struggling virtue, now well-nigh about to faint and die away, and to rise after each successive repulse and each new humiliation, with fresh claims upon the public confidence, which are answered only with colder indifference, or more bitter derision. Such is *not* the manner in which the people, that is, the spirit and intelligence of the country, are wont to treat those in whose struggles they feel a keen and generous interest, or upon whose talents they repose their hopes of national prosperity and glory.

Such, however, is the state of the Opposition Party in Parliament, which still fantastically retains the unsubstantial and unmeaning appellation of “The Whig Party.” Why should they profane this once venerable name? What have the Opposition of our times in common with the lofty and considerate spirit of the great authors of the English Revolution, the proud conquerors of the independence of Europe? Do *they* indeed, who, as a party, encumbered for more than twenty

ty, encumbered for more than twenty years the enterprize of their country in the most eventful period of history, represent the sages and conquerors who with one hand built up the august fabric of limited monarchy at home, and with the other wielded its thunders against an inexorable and overshadowing despotism abroad?—What would the majestic mind of Sommers have thought of the half-reclaimed panegyrist of the French Revolution? How would the heroic spirit of Marlborough have endured the calumnies of Wellington?

The present “Whigs,”—since, for the sake of distinction, they must be called by that name,—have forfeited the confidence of the country by a long course of action, the memory of which can never be obliterated. It signifies little what opinion may be formed of the *talents* of the Ministers in a question about the chances of Whig ascendancy; for even those who do not acknowledge the depth of Vansittart, nor admire the eloquence of Castlereagh, would tremble for a change, which, by displacing their useful and prosperous abilities, must open the road to power to a body of men, who, upon their accession, must either revolutionise the whole system of administration, or act before the world the most odious drama of political profligacy that has ever been exhibited. A change of administration, in the present state of political parties, would bear no resemblance to similar events in other times; for never before were political distinctions so radical or comprehensive; never were they confirmed or embodied in so long a course of action, and so mighty a series of events; never was the system to be supplanted so deeply interwoven with the actual existence of the country—with its conquests and triumphs—its exertions, sacrifices, and glory; and never was that which aspires to the succession so palpably and thoroughly estranged from every bright recollection upon which the larger and better part of the people fondly repose,—and to which they will recur with delight till all memory of the stupendous transactions of the past is lost in some new and more hideous convulsion. The choice betwixt the present Ministers and their opponents,—even if it were conceded to the matchless arrogance of Whiggism, that it is a choice of intel-

lect on the one side and imbecility on the other,—is still a choice betwixt established institutions and untried change—betwixt national glory and disgrace—betwixt the triumph and the fall of British pre-eminence—betwixt the majestic principles of order and the warring elements of revolution, once openly cherished by those to whom the present race of Whigs have succeeded, and in whose faith they were baptized,—and now more ambiguously indicated in the prudential moderation to which they have been confined by the course of events and the rising tide of public indignation.

It was the French Revolution that first severed the Whigs, as a body, from that system now well entitled,—from long experience—from general approbation—from final and triumphant establishment,—to the appellation of British. From the moment that Mr Fox, in a paroxysm of enthusiastic admiration, gave, before the House of Commons, and in the face of the world, the high sanction of his name to the insanity of the first constitution of the French Republic, he renounced his character of an English Whig, and became the champion of a new and irreconcilable system. His high talent saved him from the vulgarity, his generous heart shrunk from the atrocity, of Jacobinism. But although he may have shuddered at the means, his eloquence, so far as its power extended, consecrated the wild and impracticable end.

Mr Burke, on the memorable occasion of his separation from Mr Fox, declared, that he knew the value of what he had lost—he knew that he had lost an amiable and illustrious friend—but he must have felt also, that the cause of order and of genuine liberty had sustained an irreparable misfortune in the defection of a man who was born to sway inferior understandings, and who could not revolt from the legitimate authority of the Constitution, without spreading the flame of insurrection through a large portion of society, and stamping his own momentous errors in deep and enduring impression upon a powerful party in the state.

The result soon became visible; and the war of 1793—a war undertaken for the defence of order against the principles and progress of revolution—was strongly opposed by Mr Fox

and his party in all its stages. It was for his angry and vehement opposition to this war in its commencement—an opposition continued by himself and his successors down to the moment of its splendid termination—that Mr Fox himself lost the public confidence, and has entailed upon his adherents, as a party, this irredeemable forfeiture.

And where is the man capable of appreciating the events of the last thirty years, who can wonder at or lament this result? Was it wrong to resist that revolution which has filled the world with misery, and as to which, now that its fury is expended, we know not whether most to deride the extravagance of its pretensions, or detest the enormity of its crimes? Was it unwise to shut the barriers of this yet uncorrupted kingdom against the flood of vice and of folly which was fast rolling to its shores?—to denounce a system which, in the very act of declaring an insane equality, merged into the sternest and most odious tyranny?—which delivered over millions, in the frenzy of moral intoxication, to the craft and cruelty of its own unbelieving apostles?—was it wrong to oppose that monstrous system, which fixed the stamp of hypocrisy on social intercourse, and spread dishonour among nations?—which, in the accents of toleration, issued its code of proscription and murder?—which insulted thrones, contaminated the people, despised man, and disowned God? What privation,—what danger,—which even of the ordinary modes of destruction was not preferable to the contact of this foul pestilence, which never destroyed before it had first degraded its victims?

Nor can the English admirers of this Revolution plead that they were ever misled by its casual deviation into the paths of honour and morality. Its principle was, one and unchanged—working in different forms and by different instruments—but unchanged in its essence, and uniform in its tendencies—from the impurpled frenzy of Robespierre, to the more considerate and comprehensive desolation of Bonaparte. Sometimes it stooped to deceive,—oftener it rose in wild menace and defiance,—now it was a secret poison, stealing through every vein,—and again it was a volcano, blazing vengeance and ruin upon the nations. The long line of its heroes and martyrs

had all upon them the resemblance of family and the stamp of kindred; and in their unextorted confessions, as well as their wildest undertakings, throughout their whole career, whether of speculation or of practice, we discover only the varying passage towards that boundless ocean of blood in which their unmitigable spirits were to wash away the virtue and the piety of mankind.

The English Whigs, indeed, sometimes attempted to qualify their admiration of the French Revolution, by assigning natural limits to its influence—by describing it as well adapted to the actual condition of France alone. But could they seriously expect to see this Revolution, if once triumphant, confined within such limits? If there had been a chance that the fury of the Revolution would have expended itself within such limits, that the factions raging against each other in that devoted country would have become forgetful of foreign relations, and negligent of foreign conquest,—that other nations might have safely witnessed the career of infamy and crime without danger from the example, or injury from the shock,—that the energetic and sagacious rulers of this frightful intestine strife would not have provided for the stability of their system, by lavishing the raised spirit of an impetuous people in external aggression and remote violence;—if there had been a reasonable prospect that, terrified by the sanguinary apparition which they had called forth, they might have willingly assisted to quell it, had they not been provoked to madness by the insult of foreign aggression,—or that, renouncing their wild ambition, their visionary theories, and their practical enormities, they might have returned to a state of order and tranquillity, but for the uncompromising haughtiness with which they were excluded from the relations of policy and the intercourse of nations;—if there had been any ground for supposing that the French Revolution was to be flattered into quiescence, or persuaded into moderation, or desisted into self-destruction, then might the policy of England have merited reprobation, while the steady and unvarying opposition of the Whigs might have demanded the applause of their country. But nothing could have been more chimerical than such

expectations. What! talk of the self-destroying power of a system which was nourished by blood and matured by crime—which rose up to its most stupendous height on the swelling wave of carnage—which counted every actual sacrifice but as an insignificant unit in its infinite series of renovation, and made humanity the subject of callous and unshrinking experiment; talk of the possible forbearance and moderation, the virtuous abhorrence, the repenting terrors of the children and champions of Revolution, of the Robespierres, the Dantons, the Marats, the Carnots, most of whom expired in blasphemous devotion to their own profligate faith. To speak of alliance as desirable, or neutrality as possible, with these desperate men, and the gang whom they maddened into the ruffian sublimity of revolution, is an outrage on the indignant feelings of mankind.

As the war advanced, the real character of the enemy became more frightfully conspicuous; and although the British nation had now become nearly unanimous, the Whigs, still clinging to their original predilections, although under many professed modifications, opposed, as vigorously as ever, the principle of this mighty contest. Could they yet mistake the genius of that Revolution against which their country was struggling even for existence, and of which every day was deepening the unrivalled horrors? Absolutely towering in malevolent grandeur, above the vicissitudes of fortune, victory but kindled with scorn, while defeat redoubled its fury; and for a long series of dark and hopeless years, amid all the casualities of war and policy, there seemed to be in the world but one cloudy and progressive movement—the march and the triumph of revolution. All around seemed stationary or declining; revolution alone was making constant and rapid strides, not only surviving, but exulting in misfortune,—holding fast the language of enthusiasm in the very agony of disappointment,—vomiting its undisciplined hordes in terrible succession upon Europe, and inspiring them with a frenzy which appeared to rise with the carnage made in their impetuous masses,—drawing new and gratuitous horrors round the ordinary ravages of war, even in moments when a merit-

ed retribution appeared ready to envelope the sanguinary inventors,—rising in pride and defiance towards the mighty combination which its excesses had provoked, just when the stroke of fate appeared about to descend,—and, in spite of this insane trampling upon every principle of ordinary policy, fulfilling its arrogant prophecies of vengeance and of dominion by means which, as they contradicted all the ordinary principles of policy, and appeared to transcend in their operation the laws of nature themselves, filled every bosom with that instinctive horror which is felt in the very imagination of the resistless and preternatural supremacy of the genius of evil.

It were superfluous to follow the course of this awful visitation farther; its more recent transformations, exploits, and horrors, are fresh in the recollection of all. In its every shape—directorial, consular, imperial—in its republican agitations, as well as in its despotic and overshadowing stillness—the English Whigs found matter of qualified panegyric and of mitigated reproach; and their councils to England were ever—peace, submission, humiliation. Till the deep, and it is to be hoped final, descent of the destroyer into oblivion, their theme was his truly legitimate title—their boast his resistless supremacy. Nor were they roused from their profound speculations on the prospects of the 4th Gallic dynasty, but by the fatal thunders of Waterloo, which swept it forever from the earth.

England cannot take such a party into her councils at this moment. Although the power of revolution is broken, its spirit is not extinguished; the mighty arrangements which have been accomplished in the spirit of another system, yet require the sustaining agency of the same principles by which they have been established; the disordered aspect of Europe yet invites the vigilance of Britain, and may still demand new interposition of her power. It is to no purpose, that in these circumstances the Whigs still vehemently appeal to the settled indifference of the people—that deluded with the semblance of victory in the turbulent results of one or two rabble elections, they already indulge the hope of dissolving the administration—that, as if their talent as well as their credit were in rapid decline, they have eu-

cumbered the pages of their steady and once potent organ with a statement of their claims, in which presumption and dullness are combined in rare and whimsical proportions.

The last Number of the Edinburgh Review contains an article on the "State of Parties," which, as it probably escaped the notice of the ingenious and learned Editor in the hurry of his other employments, deserves attention rather as a tribute to the expiring celebrity of the work, than to the merits of this particular performance. The paper is, from beginning to end, a tissue of elaborate truisms and gratuitous assumptions, sprinkled with numerous and not unimportant misrepresentations. There are two leading propositions which it is the ambition of the author to illustrate—that party is in itself a good thing, and that the present Opposition constitute the best of all parties. But of the conclusion to which his tedious and involved argument necessarily leads, he was not perhaps aware, viz. that his Whig friends are alone qualified, by their virtue and talent, to sustain the character of a constitutional Opposition, without which the liberties of England must perish; and of course, that their continuance in their present condition of lofty and sullen independence, is required for the salvation of the country. It will be seen in the sequel how well he establishes this momentous position.

The author feels some difficulty in explaining his motives for stirring the question of party distinctions at the present moment, and has performed the task of apologising so indifferently, that he might as well have confessed at once the true source of the invidious movement—the ambition of place and of power. The return of peace, he says, has changed the relations—has alternately weakened and strengthened the distinctions among statesmen; the spirit of the people—the power of public opinion—is beginning to assert its ascendancy; and the inference is, that a review of the *State of Parties* is demanded. But the return of peace will not obliterate the remembrance of the war—of the principles developed, or the conduct pursued, during its progress—of the steady and indignant resistance made by one great party to every measure intended to avert from the state a catastrophe that

will ever appear more hideous the more mankind are enlightened, unless it be the effect of knowledge to corrupt every sentiment of national pride, and extinguish every spark of patriotism.

The advantage of party connexions, when founded on generous and lofty views, has never been disputed. It was superfluous, therefore, for this author to array, with all the minuteness of a mathematical demonstration, the elementary principles by which they are defended, and to ransack the political works of Burke for the details of an argument which, ever since it was illustrated by the splendour of his eloquence, has been familiar to every understanding. The passages selected by the Reviewer from that immortal writer, as an ornament to his own dreary speculation, are like flowers in a desert, breathing a sweet fragrance through the surrounding wilderness. But the argument about party connexions is not strengthened by such embellishment, and is neither expanded nor illustrated by the genius of the Reviewer. All that is old is familiar—and all that is new in his speculation is worthless and unprofitable. The *abuse* of party connexions is the only real question, and this abuse the author of the Review has done his utmost to defend.

He defends an *indiscriminate* opposition to all the measures, good or bad, which are proposed by another party, whose general principles and policy are condemned; he maintains, that every member of the opposing confederacy is bound to submit his private opinion on each particular question, to the will of the leader, or of the majority of the faction; he demands this corrupt submission upon the same principle upon which every citizen is bound to yield obedience to a law when once enacted, although he may have disapproved of its introduction; and, finally, he adds, that when a measure *in itself good* is proposed, a man "is liable to no charge of factious conduct, or of inconsistency, if he object to it in the hands of one class of statesmen, and afterwards approve of it in those of another and better description."* Here is a bold and startling avowal indeed. What—are the ties of political connexion irreconcilable to the purity of

* Edinburgh Review, No 59, p. 187.

private virtue and the sacred rights of conscience? Must a man who forms a party attachment give his morality into the keeping of an unscrupulous and daring leader, or consign it to the perilous guardianship of an obedient and uninquiring majority? Will even neutrality, after all but a poor and disreputable compromise betwixt profligacy and fear, not satisfy the cravings of party spirit; but must its votary speak, decide, vote, and act, in contradiction to the clearest dictates of his understanding, and sacrifice the present good of his country to the future triumph of his party? It is vain to compare this profligate conformity to the laws of a voluntary association, with that inevitable obedience due to the laws of society, into which we are cast by fortune, and from which we cannot be severed without ruin. Men of integrity seek party connexions for the general good alone; but how is that to be promoted by the means of particular crime? Is that systematic hypocrisy which has become so fatally prevalent among factions, as to have made the very name of party a byword and a reproach, favourable to private honour, to public virtue, to that lofty independence so proudly arrogated by the very men in whose name this profligate avowal has been made, and of whose public principles it must be considered as a solemn declaration put upon their most authentic and enduring record? The danger of "the establishment forever" (to use the words of the Reviewer), "of the bad system which all agree ought to be changed," will not justify—will not even palliate for a moment, this monstrous compromise, for that system is not so bad which may not be put down by other and more legitimate weapons,—and no system of public policy, how inexpedient soever, can be compared in magnitude of mischief to the fatal corruption of private honour. In vain will the Reviewer claim the sanction of Burke for this detestable sophism—in vain does he discharge his pointless sarcasm against the unsullied bosoms of those who shudder at the remorseless latitude of his party faith—who love to hold fast that integrity which is the living source of all public and private good—and would scorn to be seduced into the crooked passages of an unprincipled ambition, although they should conduct through their de-

vious windings to the most splendid pinnacle of worldly grandeur.

Who can be surprised, after such an avowal of principle, at the practices which are afterwards inculcated or defended? A party need not be ashamed, says this enlightened champion, of its most selfish and interested adherents.—The Ministers are surrounded and sustained by their hirelings; and would you range all the corruption on their side, and deny to their opponents the benefit of a share in the ample stock of available depravity? "When we see by what means, and by what persons, the worst of Ministers is always sure to be loaded (says the Reviewer), can there be a more deplorable infatuation than theirs, who would see him displaced for the salvation of the state, and yet scruple to obtain assistance in the just warfare waged against him, *from every feeling, and motive, and principle*, that can induce any one to join in the struggle?"*—It is known to all the world, that there are many base and selfish party attachments; and it has long been suspected, that they are not the least numerous in quarters where the reputation of purity and independence is most fiercely vindicated; but it never before occurred to any person to defend them on principle—to embody them in the shape of a political theorem—to admit them as a part of his serious and solemn profession of political faith. Why, this is the very unblushing nakedness of political profligacy—the callous unthinking prostitution of party—the open, avowed, vaunted, consecrated, triumph of vice, without one particle left of redeeming shame—the unveiled, unretiring, hideous display of unstinted corruption. While the base retainers of party were kept in the shade—while they were left to burrow under ground in its shameful and midnight work—while their very existence was considered a scandal to the confederacy, and all visible connexion with them was studiously avoided as a disgrace—there was still a semblance of virtue left to contract and overawe, if it could not extirpate the evil—and to secure the more distinguished and disinterested leaders from the infamy, if it could not wholly save them from the guilt of so foul a contamination. But here is an open and

* Edinburgh Review, No 59, p. 190.

absolute avowal of corruption—a published recruiting placard from the party of the “natural leaders of the people,” to intimate to the world that no high standard of moral principle is recognised by the corps, or demanded of its members, who shall be welcomed and cherished, whatever be their moral stature or constitution—nothing being required, but that they shall possess and exert in full vigour, the pugnacious principle against the existing Administration. Let the Whigs cease in future to talk of purity and independence.

The topics of coalition and of aristocratical influence are delicate ones for the party whose cause the Reviewer advocates; yet has he ventured to discuss them with the aid of his usual gratuitous assumptions and palpable mistakes as to the true nature of the question. The point for consideration is not, whether aristocratical influence, mingling itself with the other powers in a mixed government, be mischievous, or include the evils of a pure aristocracy; but whether this influence, if not mixed in due proportions, but absolutely predominant in the constitution of a party, can be restrained, in the natural arrogance of its career, by any of the barriers which the constitution opposes to the actual possessors of power, from giving full scope to its partial and domineering spirit—from *insulting the prince* and oppressing the people—from degenerating in substance, if not in name, into a detestable oligarchy? This question the Reviewer has not well solved. While upon the subject of coalitions, he has said no more but that they *may* by possibility be honest—a mode of reasoning not well adapted to defend some coalitions which it was probably his aim to justify, but upon which the public voice has long pronounced an unalterable judgment.

The Reviewer having thus “prepared the way (as he says), for the few observations which he has to offer upon the present aspect of politics in this country,” that is, having, under pretence of a general dissertation on party, attempted to apologise for some of the memorable errors with which his own party is chargeable, rushes “into the midst of things,” by the following panegyric on the short administration of 1806. “But where is the Ministry that ever did so much

for the country in so short a space of time? They introduced upon sound and enlightened principles a new military system; they raised the revenue to meet the extravagant demands occasioned by the unprovident schemes of their predecessors, until they could retrace their steps, and relieve the people, by economy and peace; they began those inquiries into public expenditure, which have since, in spite of their successors, produced a material saving to the country, and which, had they continued in power, would ere now have effectually relieved its burthens; they laid the foundation for peace with America, and of tranquillity in Ireland; finally, they abolished the slave trade, which had grown up to a horrible maturity under Mr Pitt’s eloquent invectives, and which he, in the plenitude of his authority, had never ventured even to abridge.”* The last item of this swelling enumeration is the only one deserving notice; and with most unfeigned gratitude do we thank that administration for the abolition of the slave trade, which the long predominance of selfish feeling and worse than barbarian prejudice alone compels us to call a glorious boon to humanity. Such was the palpable and stupendous character of the enormity. But as to the military system, by which they repressed the ardour, and almost dissolved the splendid voluntary array formed for the defence of the country—as to their financial doings under the inventive imbecility of their stripling Chancellor of the Exchequer—as to their invisible, and hitherto unrecorded operations in Ireland and America—their more characteristic and memorable expeditions—their negotiations with Russia, by which they committed a yet unexpiated treason to the interests of Europe, it is needless to say any thing, as there surely was more valour than discretion in the above ostentatious parade of the Reviewer, and his absolute challenge of comparison and inquiry.

How pitiful it is to see him exhaust the artillery of his eloquence against the harmless loquacity and stumbling latinity of poor Major Cartwright—Could not his gray hairs and expiring ardour have protected him from the rude assault of a fellow-labourer, although upon a lower slope, of the field

* Edinburgh Review, Vol. 59, p. 196.

of liberty? The Whigs indeed complain bitterly of the injury done them by the existing race of "Utopians," who are naturally more impatient under the repulse which they have received from an Opposition bound to them by many ties of kindred, than under the discountenance of a Ministry to whom they are, and ever must, remain entire strangers. Of this infatuated party, we pity the wild enthusiasm of some, and detest the malignant turbulence of others; but in the excess of their insanity, every one sees the promise of an approaching and speedy dissolution.

We engaged to shew, that the unwary zeal of the Reviewer had prompted him to state his case in such a manner, as to lead irresistibly to the inference, that the public interests demand the continuance of his friends *in Opposition*; and we proceed to fulfil our promise by quoting his own words: "As long as men are ambitious, corrupt, and servile," says he, "every sovereign will attempt to extend his power; he will easily find instruments wherewithal to carry on this bad work; if unresisted, his encroachments upon public liberty will go on with an accelerated swiftness, each step affording new facilities for making another stride, and furnishing additional confidence to attempt it."* Splendid as are the pretensions of his friends, the Reviewer does not, we presume, assert their *entire exemption* from the frailties and corruptions of human nature; it might be necessary, therefore, if they were in power, to watch even *their* operations. He admits as much, indeed, and eludes one of the difficulties of the discussion, by assuming the fact. "Of the imputations cast upon party men," says he, "for deserting their followers or their principles when they take office, it is the less necessary to speak at large; because, as soon as they have the government in their hands, they ought to be closely watched, and are pretty sure to be so by those whom they have dis-

placed."* But the present Ministers, who are, in the opinion of the Reviewer, "beyond all comparison the most contemptible, in pretensions, of any that have ever governed a great nation," would, in the supposed event, become the Opposition; and if the character thus given of them be just, it is impossible that men can be worse qualified for the undertaking. Nay, they have *in fact* discovered their utter incapacity, on a former occasion, for this great constitutional trust. "The risk," says the Reviewer, "would be considerable, of the new Opposition *rather encouraging than checking such a dereliction of duty*: they followed this course during the year 1806, when the country had not the benefit of a constitutional Opposition."† But how splendid are the qualifications of the Whigs for this great undertaking!—"It is certain," we are told, "that at no period of the English history was there ever embodied so formidable an association in behalf of the principles of civil and religious liberty, and, in general, of liberal, enlightened, and patriotic policy, as the great body of the Whigs now are."‡ The country, it would seem, has but a choice of evils; but as there can be no comparison betwixt the danger of having even a weak and corrupt Ministry, when overawed by the constitutional terrors of a formidable Opposition, and that of having an administration resistless in talent, and overwhelming in influence, which, instead of being retarded in a career of guilty ambition, would be more rapidly impelled by an under-current of sympathising corruption;—as there can be no comparison betwixt the occasional perversion of power and the utter extinction of liberty, the inference is irresistible, that things ought to remain as they are, and that the Whigs perform their best and noblest service to their country in the ranks of Opposition.

* Edinburgh Review, No 59, p. 195.

† Ibid. p. 195.

‡ Ibid. p. 197.

* Edinburgh Review, No 59, p. 184.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Platina.—A very singular mass of platinum has lately been found in South America, and is now deposited in the Royal Museum at Madrid. Dn. Ignacio Hurtado is the proprietor of certain lands in the Quebrada de Apotó, in the province of Notiva, in the government of Chocó. In this Quebrada is situated his gold mine, called Condoto. One of his negro slaves, named Justo, found this mass of platina in the year 1814, near the gold mine. Dn. Ignacio, most generously, and full of ardour for the sciences, presented this unequalled specimen to His Most Catholic Majesty, through his Excellency Sr. Dn. Pablo Morillo, commander-in-chief of the Royal Spanish armies in the province of Venezuela, who transmitted the same, together with other objects of natural history, belonging to the botanical department, under the Spanish naturalist, Dn. José Mutis, to Europe, through General Pascual Enrile, who brought it safely to Spain, and forwarded it to the hands of the king himself by Captain Antonio Van Halen. Being an unique specimen, his majesty gave it to the museum. Its figure is oval, and inclining to convex. The Spaniards term it "*Pepita*," which signifies water worn, and not *in situ*.

Its large diameter is two inches, four lines and a half, and its small diameter two inches. Its height is four inches and four lines. Its weight is one pound, nine ounces, and one drachm. Its colour is that of native silver. Its surface is rough, and here and there spotted with yellow iron ochre. The negro who found it suspected that it contained gold: he tried to fracture it, but he was only able to make a dent in the metal, which is, however, sufficient to show its character.

To avoid every possible doubt about the mass of platina, it should perhaps have been mentioned, that the Spanish Secretary of State, his Excellency Dn. José García de Leon and Pizarro, had taken all the measures to ascertain the fact of its being genuine native platina.

Precious Opal.—Two mines of precious opal have lately been discovered in the kingdom of Mexico, in the district of Gracias de Dios, sixty Spanish miles in the interior of Honduras. The opals are imbedded in Perulam earth, and are accompanied by all the other varieties of opal, but particularly with the sky blue Girasol, and the sun opal of Sonnenschmidt.

Parhelia at Gosport.—At half-past six, A. M. a fine parhelia appeared on a thin vapour passing to a *Cirrostratus* cloud; it was situated E. by N., and its altitude from

the horizon, allowing for the necessary corrections, was 15° ; its distance from the true sun, which bore E. by S. by the compass, was $22^{\circ} 30'$, and its continuance upwards of half an hour. No halo round the sun was perceptible at the time.

At half-past seven, a beautifully coloured *parhelia* appeared on an attenuated *Cirrostratus*, namely, one on each side of, and both horizontal with, and equidistant from, the real sun, which was then 22° in altitude. These two mock-suns sometimes appeared at the same time for two or three minutes, and at other times alternately, when their colours were brightest: they disappeared twice from the intervention of clouds; and, at the place of their re-appearance, a bright light was first perceived in the cloud, gradually forming into the shape of a cone lying horizontally, with its apex turned from the sun; and at the base of this cone, nearest the sun, there was a light red, a delicate yellow, and lastly, a pale blue, which altogether formed the mock-sun: when the *parhelia* appeared most perfect, they were circular, of an orange colour, and nearly as large again as the apparent size of the sun's disc: only two parts of the solar halo, in which they were situated, could be traced; and these were perpendicular through the *phenomena*, which did not disappear till after eight o'clock.

The State of the Clouds and Instruments.—During this rare and pleasing sight, there were, in the vicinity of the sun, *Cirrocumuli* and plumose *Cirri* descending to *Cirrostrati*, and *Cumulus* clouds rising in the W. from whence a fresh breeze and vapour sprang up. The barometer at 30 inches, but sinking slowly; the thermometer rose from 56° to 62° ; and De Luc's whalebone hygrometer receded from 65° to 60° . Before ten o'clock, the azure sky was completely veiled with compound modifications of clouds, followed by large passing *Nimbi* and a few drops of rain.

The Rhinoceros.—It has been questioned if a musket-ball would penetrate the hide of a rhinoceros. An opportunity lately occurred of making the experiment on the carcass of an old animal of uncommon size, which had been killed near Givalpara, on the border of the wild country of Asam, a spot where rhinoceroses abound. After repeated trials the bullet was found always to fly off, for the skin being very thick and extremely loose, it was constantly by that means put out of its course.

In that part of the country there are many rhinoceroses, and elephants in vast numbers. So numerous a flock was seen crossing the

Burhamputa River, at a breadth of two miles, that the channel seemed full; nor was the end of the line perceptible, although they had been some time passing. A boat, going down the river, was obliged to put about, as it was impossible to get by them; and it was a considerable time before the line had left the jungles of the eastern side, whilst the jungles on the western side prevented their course being traced by the eye.

The people of the country say, that the rhinoceros is much an overmatch for the elephant; as the former being very nimble, gets round the elephant, makes his attack in the same manner as the wild boar, and rips up the belly of his antagonist.

Gas Lights.—By the list of the Local Acts, it appears, that legal powers were obtained, in the last session of Parliament, to light with gas—

Bath,	Liverpool,
Leeds,	Edinburgh,
Nottingham,	Worcester,
Oxford,	Kidderminster,
Sheffield,	Brighthelmstone,

—ten of the most considerable and most intelligent cities and towns in the empire.

Gas Light Apparatus.—Mr Mair, of Kelso, has, by a simple process, constructed an apparatus which produces gas sufficient to supply ten different burners, the flame of each far surpassing that of the largest candle, and which completely illuminate his shop, work-shop, and dwelling-house, with the most pure pellucid brightness, the cost of which is only about three pence per night. Wax cloth bags have been invented, which, when inflated with gas, are removed at pleasure from place to place, and when ignited, they answer all the purposes of candles. By this process, it would seem that any person, with bags as above prepared, may be furnished with gas from the coal-pits, and apply the gas so procured to whatever number of tubes for lights he has occasion for.

Cow Tree.—M. Humboldt and his companions, in the course of their travels, heard an account of a tree which grows in the valleys of Aragua, the juice of which is a nourishing milk, and which, from that circumstance, has received the name of the *cow-tree*. The tree in its general aspect resembles the *chrysophyllum cainito*; its leaves are oblong, pointed, leathery, and alternate, marked with lateral veins, projecting downwards; they are parallel, and are ten inches long. When incisions are made into the trunk, it discharges abundantly a glutinous milk, moderately thick, without any acridness, and exhaling an agreeable balsamic odour. The travellers drank considerable quantities of it without experiencing any injurious effects; its viscosity only rendering it rather unpleasant. The superintendent of the plantation assured them that the negroes acquire flesh during the season

in which the cow-tree yields the greatest quantity of milk. When this fluid is exposed to the air, perhaps, in consequence of the absorption of the oxygen of the atmosphere, its surface becomes covered with membranes of a substance that appears to be of a decided animal nature, yellowish, thready, and of a cheesy consistence. These membranes, when separated from the more aqueous part of the fluid, are almost as elastic as caoutchouc; but at the same time they are as much disposed to become putrid as gelatine. The natives give the name of cheese to the coagulum, which is separated by the contact of the air; in the course of five or six days it becomes sour. The milk, kept for some time in a corked phial, had deposited a little coagulum, and still exhaled its balsamic odour. If the recent juice be mixed with cold water, the coagulum is formed in small quantity only; but the separation of the viscid membranes occurs when it is placed in contact with nitric acid. This remarkable tree seems to be peculiar to the Cordilliere du Littoral, especially from Barbula to the lake of Maracaybo. There are likewise some traces of it near the village of San Mateo; and, according to the account of M. Bredmeyer, in the valley of Cauagua, three days journey to the east of the Caracas. This naturalist has likewise described the vegetable milk of the cow-tree as possessing an agreeable flavour and an aromatic odour; the natives of Cauagua call it the milk-tree.

New Researches on Heat.—MM. Dulong and Petit have lately given to the world a Memoir on Heat, which gained the prize medal for 1818, of the Academy of Sciences. The title of the paper is, “*On the Measure of Temperatures, and on the Laws of the Communication of Heat.*”

Law 1. If the cooling of a body placed in a vacuum terminated by a medium absolutely deprived of heat, or of the power of radiating, could be observed, the velocity of cooling would decrease in a geometrical progression, whilst the temperature diminished in an arithmetical progression.

2. For the same temperature of the boundary of the vacuum in which a body is placed, the velocity of cooling for the excess of temperature, in arithmetical progression, will decrease, as the terms of geometrical progression diminished by a constant number. The ratio of this geometrical progression is the same for all bodies, and equal to 1.0077.

3. The velocity of cooling in a vacuum for the same excess of temperature increases in a geometrical progression, the temperature of the surrounding body increasing in an arithmetical progression. The ratio of the progression is also 1.0077 for all bodies.

4. The velocity of cooling due to the contact of a gas is entirely independent of the nature of the surface of bodies.

5. The velocity of cooling due to the con-

tact of a fluid (gas), varies in a geometrical progression, the excess of temperature varying also in a geometrical progression. If the ratio of the last progression be 2, that of the first is 2.35; whatever the nature of the gas, or whatever its force of elasticity. This law may also be expressed by saying, that the quantity of heat abstracted by a gas in all cases proportional to the excess of the temperature of the body raised to the power of 1.233.

6. The cooling power of a fluid (gas) diminishes in a geometrical progression, when its tension or elasticity diminishes also in a geometrical progression. If the ratio of this second progression be 2, the ratio of the first will be for air 1.366; for hydrogen 1.301; for carbonic acid 1.431; for olefiant gas 1.415. This law may be expressed in the following manner:—

The cooling power of gas is, other things being equal, proportionate to a certain power of the pressure. The exponent of this power, which depends on the nature of the gas, is for air 0.45; for hydrogen 0.315; for carbonic acid 0.517; for olefiant gas 0.501.

7. The cooling power of a gas varies with its temperature; so that, if the gas can dilate so as to preserve the same degree of elasticity, the cooling power will be found diminished by the rarefaction of the gas, just as much as it is increased by its being heated; so that ultimately it depends upon its tension alone.

It may be perceived, from the above propositions, that the law of cooling, composed of all the preceding laws, must be very complicated; it is not therefore given in common language, but may be found in a mathematical form in the body of the memoir.

Lithography.—The French Academy of Fine Arts, having appointed a Committee to examine the lithographical drawings of M. Engelmann of Mulhouse, in the Upper Rhine, have reported, that the stone must be rendered capable of imbibing water, and also of receiving all greasy or resinous substances. The first object can be effected by an acid, which will corrode the stone, take off its fine polish, and thus make it susceptible of water. Any greasy substance is capable of giving an impression upon stone, whether the lines be made with a pencil or with ink; or otherwise, the ground of a drawing may be covered with a black greasy mixture, leaving the lines in white.

Hence result two distinct processes: first, the engraving, by tracing, produced by the line of the pencil, or brush dipped in the greasy ink: secondly, the engraving by dots or lines, as is done on wood or copper.

Impressions of prints may be easily obtained without any reversing, by transposing on the stone a drawing traced on paper with the prepared ink.

All kinds of close calcareous stone, of an

even and fine grain, which are capable of taking a good polish with pumice-stone, and having the quality of absorbing water, may be used for lithography.

Composition of the Ink.—Heat a glazed earthen vessel over the fire; when it is hot, introduce one pound by weight of white Marseilles soap, and as much mastic in grains; melt these ingredients, and mix them carefully; then incorporate five parts by weight of shell lac, and continue to stir it; to mix the whole, drop in gradually a solution of one part of caustic alkali in five times its bulk of water. Caution, however, must be used in making this addition, because should the ley be put in all at once, the liquor will ferment and run over. When the mixture is completed by a moderate heat and frequent stirring, a proportionate quantity of lamp-black must be added, after which a sufficient quantity of water must be poured in to make the ink liquid.

Drawing.—This ink is used for drawing on the stone, in the same manner as on paper, either with a pen or pencil; when the drawing on the stone is quite dry, and an impression is required, the surface of the stone must be wetted with a solution of nitric acid, in the proportion of fifty to one of water; this must be done with a soft sponge, taking care not to make a friction in the drawing. The wetting must be repeated as soon as the stone appears dry; and when the effervescence of the acid has ceased, the stone is to be carefully rinsed with clean water.

Printing.—While the stone is moist, it should be passed over with the printer's ball charged with ink, which will adhere only to those parts not wetted. A sheet of paper, properly prepared for printing, is then to be spread on the stone, and the whole committed to the press, or passed through a roller.

To preserve the drawing on the stone from dust, when not in use, a solution of gum-arabic is passed over it, which can be easily removed by a little water. Instead of ink, chalk crayons are sometimes used for drawing upon the stone or upon paper, from which a counter-proof is taken upon the stone. The crayons are thus made—three parts of soap, two parts of tallow, and one part of wax, are all dissolved together in an earthen vessel. When the whole is well mixed, a sufficient quantity of lamp-black, called Frankfort black, to give it an intense colour, is added; the mixture is then poured into moulds, where it must remain till it is quite cold, when it will be proper to be used as chalk pencils.

French Kaleidoscopes.—Our readers will no doubt have seen the various paragraphs in the French papers respecting the improvements on the kaleidoscope, and will have formed their own opinion of the pretensions of that class of inferior opticians. We have had occasion to see several of their

instruments, and it is a remarkable fact, that not one of the makers of those which we have seen have the slightest knowledge of the principles or construction of the kaleidoscope. The very reflectors are placed at the wrong angle, the eye wrong placed, and the pictures destitute of symmetry. They are indeed inferior to the common kaleidoscopes made by the Jews in London, or the beggar boys in Edinburgh.

Improvement and Extension of Iron Railways.—The Highland Society of Scotland have recently announced the following premium, viz.

A piece of plate, of fifty guineas value, will be given for the best and approved essay on the construction of rail-roads, for the conveyance of ordinary commodities. In this essay it will be essential to keep in view, how far rail-roads can be adapted for common use in a country; the means of laden carriages surmounting the elevations occurring in their course; and whether rail-roads, or the wheels of carriages, may be so constructed as to be applicable to ordinary roads as well as to rail-roads, so that no inconvenience shall be experienced on leaving either to travel on the other: the essay to be accompanied with such models or drawings as shall be sufficient to illustrate the statements it contains.

It is desirable that some account should be given of the principal rail-roads in Britain, together with a brief history of their introduction. The premium not to be decided until the 10th November 1819.

And with the same view, the following circular letter has been addressed to the various iron-masters in Scotland and England, viz.

“SIR,—Although the railway that is now in contemplation in the vicinity of Edinburgh be entirely a matter of local concern, the peculiar plan of it is certainly to be viewed in a different light, as an object that well deserves the attention of the various classes of the community throughout the kingdom. Instead of insulated patches of railway here and there, for particular purposes, and for the conveniency of private individuals, as is now the case, it is here proposed, through the medium of rail-ways, to open extensive communications—to branch them out from the metropolis of Scotland in various directions, and to distant points—and thus to facilitate conveyance in general by an improved system of roads for heavy carriages.

“The Highland Society of Scotland have, in a very patriotic manner, offered a premium of fifty guineas for the best essay on the means of attaining so desirable an object as the introduction of railways for the purposes of general carriage.

“With a view to the establishment of the railway in question, for the conveyance of commodities to and from Edinburgh, and thereby to give a commencement to the

system generally, a subscription for a *survey* has been opened, and plans by Mr Stevenson, engineer, are in considerable forwardness.

“It seems to be desirable, that railways, for alternate carriage and general use, should proceed on a continued level, or upon successive levels; and a simple system of *lockage* (if it may be so called), by which loaded waggons may easily be elevated or depressed, from one level to another, would appear to be a desirable attainment. The edge railway is generally used and preferred in Scotland, as causing less friction and less expense of horse power; and it would tend to facilitate the general use of rail-ways, if, by some simple change, the wheel usually employed for the road or street could be made also to suit the rail-way, or the railway wheel be made to suit the road or street, so that the cart or waggon which brings the commodity from the colliery or stone-quarry, the farm-yard, or the manufactory, to the railway, might travel along it to the termination of the railway, and proceed from thence through the streets of the town to the dwelling of the consumer, without unloading or change of carriage.

“The general use of railways by iron-manufacturers, for their own peculiar objects, qualifies them in an eminent degree to afford valuable suggestions on the best means of perfecting the railway system; and from a desire to collect the general sense of enlightened and scientific men, we take the liberty of submitting the annexed queries to your consideration, and to request, if agreeable to you, that you will be pleased to favour us with any suggestions which may occur to you upon the subject.

“Nothing could give a stronger impulse to the iron-manufacture than the complete success of this scheme. It seems to claim the attention of the iron-manufacturers of Great Britain as a body, and to merit their individual and collective support.”
Edinburgh, March 25, 1818.

Queries.

1. What is the best breadth of railway, and the best form of a waggon or carriage, for the conveyance of commodities in general?

2. Supposing the trade *alternate*, it will be desirable that the railway should proceed on a continued level, or upon successive levels. What are deemed the best means, with reference to economy and despatch, for elevating or depressing the laden carriages from one level to another?

3. Supposing the edge railway, which is generally preferred in Scotland, to be adopted, can a wheel be so constructed as to be applicable to streets or ordinary roads, as well as to rail-roads, so that no inconvenience shall be experienced on leaving either to travel on the other?

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

THE continuation of Sir Richard Hoare's History of Ancient Wiltshire will, in the ensuing season, be presented to the public. It is written on the same plan as the South Wiltshire, and will describe the antiquities worthy of remark in the northern district of the county, and be accompanied by engravings by Messrs Cooke, Basire, &c.

A Description of the Islands of Java, Bali, and Celebes, with an account of the principal nations and tribes of the Indian Archipelago, is in preparation; by John Crawford, Esq. late resident at the court of the Sultan of Java.

Messrs Longman and Co. have lately received from America an interesting manuscript, containing a Narrative of the Wreck of the ship Oswego, on the coast of South Barbary, and of the sufferings of the master and the crew while in bondage among the Arabs; interspersed with numerous remarks upon the country and its inhabitants, and concerning the peculiar perils of that coast; by Judah Paddock, her late master. The work will be published in the course of the present month.

The Rev. H. J. Todd has a work in the press on Original Sin, Free-will, Grace, Regeneration, Justification, Faith, Good Works, and Universal Redemption, as maintained in certain declarations of our Reformers, which are the ground-work of the articles of the established church. It will be followed by an Account of the Subscription to the Articles in 1604, and an historical and critical introduction to the whole.

M. Kotzebue is preparing for publication his account of the Russian Embassy to Persia, which will appear at the same time in London and Weymar.

Dr James Johnson, author of "The Influence of Tropical Climates on European Constitutions," &c. will speedily publish a small work, entitled, The Influence of Civic Life, Sedentary Habits, and Intellectual Refinement, on Human Health and Human Happiness; including an Estimate of the balance of enjoyment and suffering in the different gradations of society.

Shortly will be published, Memoirs on the Present State of Science and Scientific Institutions in France; containing a descriptive and historical account of the Royal Garden of Plants; the Royal Institute; the Polytechnic School; the Faculty of Sciences; the College of France; and the Cabinet of Mineralogy: the Public Libraries; the Medical School; and the Hospitals; with plans of the latter; never before published, &c. &c.: illustrated by numerous plates and tables; by A. B. Granville, M.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. M.R.I., &c.

VOL. III.

Dr Spiker, one of the librarians of the King of Prussia, who recently visited this country for literary and scientific objects, has published, in German, the first volume of his Tour through England, Wales, and Scotland; a translation of which will be published here, under the authority of, and with some additional remarks by, the author.

Memoirs, Biographical, Critical, and Literary, of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of the present time in the United Kingdom; with a choice Collection of their Prescriptions, and a specification of the diseases for which they were given, forming a complete modern extemporaneous pharmacopœia: to which is added, an Appendix, containing an account of the different medical institutions in the metropolis, scientific and charitable.

The Rev. S. Clapham of Christ-church, Hants, will shortly publish the Pentateuch, or Five Books of Moses illustrated; containing an explication of the phraseology incorporated with the text, for the use of families and schools.

Underwood's Catalogue of Medical Books for 1818-19, with a List of the Lectures delivered in London, is in the press.

Anderson and Chase are preparing for publication their Annual Catalogue of New and Second-hand Medical Books, with a complete List of the Lectures delivered in London, their terms, hours of attendance, &c.

Dr Jones's new translation of the Four Gospels into Welsh, will be published in a few days.

Sermons, in two volumes, by the Rev. Charles Moore, are in the press.

Robert Southey, Esq. has in the press, in two octavo volumes, Memoirs of the Life of John Wesley, the founder of the English Methodists.

Mr G. Russell, of his Majesty's Office of Works, has in the press, a Tour through Sicily in 1815; performed in company with three German gentlemen of considerable literary attainments.

Mr H. B. Fearon will soon publish, in an octavo volume, Sketches of America, being the narrative of a journey of more than five thousand miles through the eastern and western states.

Two volumes of Sermons, by the late Rev. E. Robson, thirty-seven years curate of St Mary, Whitechapel, selected from his MSS. by the Rev. H. C. Donnoughue, are in the press.

Mr John Chalmers, author of a History of Malvern, is printing a History of Worcester, abridged from the histories of Dr Nash and Mr Green, with much additional information.

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Mr Henry Thomson will soon publish, *Remarks on the Conduct of a Nursery*; intended to give information to young mothers, and those likely to become such.

Mr A. T. Thomson has in the press, in an octavo volume, the *London Dispensatory*; containing the Elements and Practice of *Materia Medica* and Pharmacy, with a translation of the *London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Pharmacopœias*.

The Rev. Fred. Nolan is preparing a *Grammatical Analysis* (on a plan altogether new) of the French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Syriac Languages, with a *Classed Vocabulary*; to be printed in a duodecimo volume.

The third edition of the late Dr Saunders' *Treatise on Diseases of the Eye*, with a short account of his life by Dr Farre, will soon appear.

The fifth edition of the *History of the British West Indies*, by Bryan Edwards, continued to the present time, in four octavo volumes, with a quarto one of maps and plates, is expected early in next month.

EDINBURGH.

A MOST accurate Compendium of the Faculty Collection of Decisions, from its commencement in 1752 to the Session of 1817; by Mr Peter Halkerston, solicitor in the Supreme Courts.

Martin's *Voyage to St Kilda in 1697*, and *Supplement to the Feuds and Conflicts of the Clans*, from an original MS. in 1656.

A new edition of *Inquiry whether Crime*

and Misery are produced or prevented by our present system of prison discipline; by Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq. M. P.

Reports of Cases Tried in the Jury Court, from the Institution of the Court in 1815, to the sittings at Edinburgh ending in March 1818.

Mr Brydson, Edinburgh, is preparing for immediate publication, in 4to, a new work on *Distinctions of Rank*, as belonging to the Governments of Modern Europe, and derived from the Political and Military Institutions of the Feudal System. A part of this treatise, under the title of *Heraldry*, was formerly laid before the public, and met with a favourable reception. The present publication will include, 1. An historical deduction of the feudal system, in its territorial structure, and distinctive military constitution termed Chivalry—the former consisting of fiefs, or feudal possessions in land, the latter of incorporeal fiefs, or feudal possessions in dignity, rank, and precedence. 2. A view of the government of the British kingdoms, in reference to the general design of this work. 3. Of distinctions of rank as inseparable from the establishment of society. 4. The specific degrees of gentlemen and esquire, the dignity of knighthood, and the pre-eminent dignity of the peerage, belonging respectively to the political department of the feudal system, and designated by titles and symbols of Chivalry, which symbols are here exemplified in a series of vignette armorial engravings.

The Appeal, a tragedy; as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

The *History and Antiquities of Gainsborough*, in the county of Lincoln; together with a topographical account of Stow, principally in illustration of its claim to be considered as the Roman *Sidnacester*; by William Hett, M. A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Count de las Casas, communicated by himself, comprising a Letter from Count de las Casas, at St Helena, to Lucien Buonaparte, giving a faithful account of the voyage of Napoleon to St Helena, his residence, manner of living, and treatment on that island; also, a Letter addressed by Count de las Casas to Lord Bathurst, 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Memoirs of the public and private Life of John Howard, the philanthropist; compiled from his private diary and letters, the journal of his confidential attendant, the communications of his family and surviving friends, and other authentic sources of information; most of it entirely original; by James Baldwin Brown, Esq. of the Inner Temple, barrister at law, 4to.

DIVINITY.

Conder on Protestant Nonconformity, 2 vols 8vo. 14s.

Reflections concerning the Expediency of a Council of the Church of England and the Church of Rome being holden, with a view to accommodate Religious Differences, and to promote the Unity of Religion in the Bond of Peace; humbly but earnestly recommended to the serious attention of the Prince Regent, the archbishops, the bishops, the clergy, and all lay-persons who are able and willing dispassionately to consider the important subject; by Samuel Wix, A. M. F. R. and A. S. 3s.

The Protestant Church alone Faithful in Reading the Word of God, proved, by a contrast with the Church of Rome, in a Sermon by the Hon. and Rev. Edward John Turnour, A. M. 2s.

Discourses on several Subjects and Occasions; by the Rev. W. Hett, M. A. 2 vols 8vo. 18s.

On the Being and Attributes of God; by Wm Bruce, D. D. 8vo. 8s.

The Spirit of the Gospel; or the *Four Evangelists Elucidated*, by explanatory observations, historical references, and miscel-

Janeous illustrations; by the Rev. Stephen Gilly, M. A. Rector of Fanbridge, Essex, 8vo. 10s.

More Work for Dr Hawker, in Reply to his Misrepresentations of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; by the Rev. Thomas Smith, of St John's College, Cambridge, and Master of Gordon House Academy, Kentish Town, Middlesex.

The Scripture Testimony to the Messiah; an Inquiry with a view to a satisfactory determination of the doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures concerning the Person of Christ; including a careful examination of the Rev. Thomas Belsham's *Calm Inquiry*, and of the other principal Unitarian works on the same subject; by John Pye Smith, D.D. Vol. 1, 8vo. 14s.

DRAMA.

Lucretia; a tragedy, in five acts. 2s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

No X. of *Annals of the Fine Arts*. 5s.

Picturesque Delineations of the Southern Coast of England. Engraved by W. B. Cooke and G. Cooke, from original drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. and other eminent artists: containing East and West Looe, Cornwall; Ilfracomb, North Devon; and Tintagel Castle, Cornwall; with vignettes of the Logan Rocks, Cornwall, and Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight. Royal 4to (Prints) 9s. 6d. Imperial 4to (Proofs) 18s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Mappa Geohydrografico, Historico e Mercantel, contendo os Limites, Extanção, Provoação, Principaes Cidades, Medidas, Pezoz Moedas calculados para Portuguezas, Cambios e Possessoes Uultra-marinas na Asia, Africa e America, &c.; by Major G. P. C. C. Geraldez. Five atlas sheets, beautifully printed. 2s.

LAW.

A Digest of the Law of the Distribution of the Personal Estates of Intestates; by F. Mascal, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, 8vo. 6s.

The Practical Abridgement of the Laws of Customs and Excise relative to the import, export, and coasting trade of Great Britain and her dependencies; including tables of the duties, drawbacks, bounties, and premiums. Interspersed with the treaties with foreign powers, regulations of trading companies, proclamations, orders in council, reports of adjudged cases, opinions of law officers, and official documents. To which are now added, the Russia and Levant dues; duties of scavage, package, and ballage; and pilotage and dock rates; together with the American navigation laws and tariff. The statutes brought down to the end of 58. Geo. III. and the other parts to September 1, 1818; by Charles Pöpe, controlling surveyor of the warehouses in Bristol, and late of the customhouse, London, 8vo. £1, 15s.

*. The other additions embrace an enlarged statement of all the regulations at present affecting our West India and American possessions; the Liverpool dock laws; and a variety of miscellaneous matters.—

Should there be any consolidation of customs in the next Session, the same will be published separately, at about 3s. 6d.

MEDICINE.

An Experimental Inquiry into the Laws of the Vital Functions, with some observations on the nature and treatment of internal diseases; by A. P. Wilson Philip, M. D. F. R. S. E. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Medico-chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. 9, part 1, 8vo, 12s.

A Succinct Account of the Contagious Fever of this Country, as exemplified in the epidemic now prevailing in London, with the appropriate method of treatment, as practised in the House of Recovery. To which are added, *Observations on the Nature and Properties of Contagion, tending to correct the popular notions on this subject, and pointing out the means of prevention*; by Thomas Bateman, M.D.F.L.S. physician to the Public Dispensary, and consulting physician to the Fever Institution in London, &c. &c. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, the 38th volume, which completes the debates of the last Session of Parliament. £1:11:6.

Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey, and other Countries of the East; edited from manuscript journals, by Robert Walpole, M. A. second edition, 4to. £3, 3s.

Self-cultivation Recommended; or, *Hints to a Youth leaving School*. Third edition, foolscap 8vo. 5s. 6d.

A Full and Correct Account of the Trial which took place at the last Dorchester assizes, before Mr Justice Park and a special jury, in the case of the King on the prosecution of George Lowman Tuckett, Esq. v. James Bowditch and nine other defendants, upon an indictment for conspiracy, assault, and false imprisonment: taken from the short-hand notes of Mr Richardson. 3s. 6d.

Advice to the Teens; or, Practical Helps toward the Formation of One's Own Character; by Isaac Taylor of Ongar, foolscap 8vo. 5s.

NOVELS.

Memoirs of the Montagu Family; a novel, illustrative of the manners and society of Ireland, 2 vols 12mo. 21s.

ORNITHOLOGY.

The Natural History of the Birds of Paradise, Toucans, and Barbus, followed by that of the Promerops, Guepiers, and Couroucouis; by F. Levaillant. Thirty-three livraisons, 3 vols folio.

PHILOSOPHY.

Essays on the Proximate Mechanical Causes of the general Phenomena of the Universe; by Sir R. Phillips, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

The First Part of the Philosophical Transactions for 1818. £1, 10s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The History of the County Palatine of Chester; by J. H. Hanshall, editor of the *Chester Chronicle*, parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Encyclopædia; or, Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature; conducted by David Brewster, LL.D. F.R.S. Lond. & Edin. &c. &c. handsomely printed in quarto, and illustrated by a map of Italy, and 15 beautiful engravings from original drawings by Blore, Provis, P. Nicholson, Farey, &c. Volume XII. Part II. Price One Guinea, boards.

* * * A few Copies are splendidly printed on the finest royal paper, with proof impressions of the plates, price £2, 12s. 6d. each part, in boards.

Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy, and the Clan of Macgregor, including Original Notices of Lady Grange; with an Introductory Sketch, illustrative of the Condition of the Highlands prior to the year 1745; by K. Macleay, M.D. 12mo. 18s. boards.

* * * This very interesting volume contains the Account of Rob Roy which appeared some months ago in this Magazine. Dr Macleay has collected a great many additional Anecdotes of that extraordinary Personage, arranged them with judgment, and narrated them with spirit. A very curious account is appended of Lady Grange, and her singular fate. It is on the whole a most amusing work.

Life of James Sharp, archbishop of St Andrews, with an Account of his Death, by an Eye-witness.

Donald Monro's Description of the Western Isles in 1549, sewed, 12mo, 2s.—8vo, 4s.

* * * The above forms Part I. Vol. II. of a Series of Rare Scottish Tracts.

The Encyclopædia Edinensis, Part III. of Vol. II. 8s.

The Lonely Heath, and other Poems; by William Knox. 5s.

Practical Observations on the Extraction of the Placenta; by James Murdoch, M.D.

Traveller's Guide through Scotland and its Islands; containing the Shires of Edinburgh, East Lothian, Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles, Linlithgow, Lanark, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Wigton, Ayr, and Renfrew, 2 vols 12mo, seventh edition. 15s. boards.

A Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly, M.P. from Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P., on the Abuse of Charitable Funds. 2s. 6d.

Ministerial Qualification; a Sermon preached at the Opening of a Pro Re Nata Meeting of the Original Burgher Associate Synod, which met at Alloa on July 22d, 1818; by James Smith, A. M. Minister of the Gospel, Alloa, 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A Statement of the Results of Practice in Continued Fever, as it prevailed in Auchtermuchty and Neighbourhood, in 1817; with an Appendix, containing a few Practical Remarks on Measles, Scarlatina, &c.; by James Bonar, Surgeon. 3s. 6d. sewed.

The Standard Measurer; containing New Tables for the Use of Builders, Wood Merchants, Slaters, and all Persons concerned in Wood, Stones, &c. Also, a Ready Reckoner, for the Value of Buildings; with Explanations and Uses of the Tables, Observations on Measuring Timber, and Method of Measuring Artificers' Work; by Thomas Scotland, Ordained Land Surveyor and Measurer, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

His Grace the Duke of Gordon, Robert Viscount Melville, the Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Register; the Right Hon. Alexander Macdonochie, Lord Advocate; and the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk—are appointed Commissioners for keeping the Crown and Regalia of Scotland, by a warrant issued under the sign manual, and commission expedite under the Great Seal of Scotland.

The Commissioners have appointed Capt. Adam Ferguson to be Deputy-keeper.

Donald McIntosh, Esq. is appointed his Majesty's Consul for the State of New Hampshire.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Right Honourable Lord Napier has presented Mr John Bennet, preacher of the Gospel, to the church and parish of Ettrick, vacant by the death of the late Rev. Charles Paton.

The Magistrates and Town Council of Dumbarton have presented Mr William Jaffray, preacher of the Gospel at Stirling, to the church and parish of Dumbarton, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Oliphant.

The Right Honourable Lord Douglas of Douglas has presented the Rev. Archibald Macnechy, Glasgow, to the united parish and church of Bunclod and Preston, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Campbell.

III. MILITARY.

- 2 L. Gd. Major Hon. H. E. Irby to be Major and Lieut.-Col. 25d June 1818
- 2 D. G. Lieut. A. Bolton, from h. p. 23 Dr. to be Lieut. vice Goate, dead 6th August
- 5 Lieut. W. Hodgson, from 22 Dr. to be Lieut. vice Higginbotham, ex. 25d July
- 6 Lieut. J. W. Dunn, from h. p. 40 F. to be Lieut. vice Walker, ex. rec. diff. 30th do.
- 7 L. Dr. Lieut. F. Seymour, from 25 Dr. to be Lt. vice Custance, ex. 16th do.
- 9 Assist. Surg. E. Burton, from 12 F. to be Assist. Surg. vice Knox, h. p. 23d do.
- 11 Lt. T. B. Wall, from h. p. 23 Dr. to be Lt. vice Sicker, ex. rec. diff. 30th do.
- 15 Lt. J. Lynam, from 35 F. to be Lieut. vice Stopford, ex. 13th Aug.
- 20 Lt. W. H. Smith, from h. p. 103 F. to be Lt. vice Scott, ex. rec. diff. 30th July
- 22 Lt. H. Higginbotham, from 5 Dr. Gds. to be Lieut. vice Hodgson, ex. 23d do.
- 25 Lt. N. Custance, from 7 L. Dr. to be Lt. vice Seymour, ex. 16th do.
- Gr. Gds. Lord John Beutinek to be Ens. & Lt. by purch. vice Swann, 98 F. do.
- 1 F. Lt. G. Mathias, from h. p. to be Lt. vice Vallancey, ex. rec. diff. 23d do.
- J. M'Gregor to be Ens. vice Mainwaring, prom. 30th do.
- 5 Lt. J. S. Hughes, from h. p. to be Lt. vice Moore, ex. rec. diff. 23d do.

- 9 F. Capt. H. Hill, from h. p. 14 F. to be Capt. vice Hackett, ex. rec. diff. 6th Aug.
 Ens. G. G. Watkins to be Lieut. vice Harrison, cash. 23d July
 Ens. F. P. Clarkson, from h. p. 52 F. to be Ens. vice Watkins do.
- 12 Ass. Surg. J. Ligertwood, from h. p. to be Ass. Surg. vice Burton, 9 Dr. do.
- 13 Tho. Jervis to be Ens. by purch. vice Elderton, ret. 30th do.
- 20 G. Eyre to be Ens. by purch. vice Campbell, 1 Life Gds. do.
- 23 Ens. G. F. Mordeu, from h. p. 14 F. to be 2d Lieut. vice Poe, ex. rec. diff. do.
- 24 Lt. T. F. Smith to be Adj. vice Brooksbank, rec. Adj. only 23d do.
- 26 Capt. A. C. Drawater, from h. p. 62 F. to be Capt. vice Addison, ex. rec. diff. do.
- 27 Bt. Lt.-Col. J. Hare to be Major by purch. vice Sparrow, ret. 30th do.
 Lieut. R. Handcock to be Capt. by purch. do.
 Ens. W. B. Buchanan to be Lt. by purch. 13th Aug.
- 32 Bt. Major G. Elliot, from h. p. 60 F. to be Capt. vice Wallet, ex. rec. diff. 23d July
- 33 Lt. T. Stopford, from 13 Dr. to be Lieut. vice Lynam, ex. 13th Aug.
- 40 Lt. G. Hibbert, from h. p. 41 F. to be Lt. vice Lt. Gorman, ex. 16th July
 H. Master to be Ens. by purch. vice Corbet, ret. 30th do.
- 45 Capt. R. Houghton, from h. p. 3 F. to be Capt. vice Stewart, ex. rec. diff. 25d do.
- 52 Maj. J. M. Tylden, from h. p. 3 F. to be Maj. vice Mein, ex. rec. diff. 16th do.
 Lt. J. Montagu, from h. p. to be Lt. vice Cleghorn, ex. rec. diff. 25d do.
- 53 Paym. R. Monk, from h. p. Brunsw. Hus. to be Paym. vice Sherwood, ex. do.
- 58 Ens. F. J. Ranie to be Lieut. vice Rolfe, dead 6th Aug.
 H. Browne to be Ensign do.
 Quar. Mast. Howsman superseded, being absent without leave
- 64 Ens. A. J. M'Pherson, from 2 W. I. R. to be Ens. vice Moriarty, ex. 16th July
- 67 Ass. Surg. M. W. Kenny to be Surg. vice Crake, dead 25d do.
- 73 Ens. J. Atkinson to be Lt. vice M'Connell, dead 24th Jan.
 2d Lt. C. M. Mauger, from h. p. 3 Ceylon Regt. to be Ens. do.
- 76 Ens. H. Wood to be Lieut. by purch. vice Daniell, 99 F. 15th Aug.
 Ensign C. Tinling, from h. p. 14 F. to be Ens. vice M'Donald, ex. 25d July
 Goo. Stephens to be Qua. Mast. vice Bam- borough, res. 15th Aug.
- 80 E. Nixon to be Ass. Surg. vice Nicholls, prom. 6th do.
- 81 Surg. W. Cogan, from 97 F. to be Surg. vice Schooles, dead 30th July
- 82 Lt. G. O. Field to be Capt. vice Walmes- ley, dead 23d do.
 Ens. R. Elliot to be Lieut. do.
 Lord W. F. Montagu to be Ens. do.
- 87 Ens. J. Cates, from 60 F. to be Ens. vice Baylee, prom. 30th do.
- 90 Corn. S. W. Popham, from h. p. 13 Dr. to be Ens. vice Baylee, ex. rec. diff. do.
- 97 Lt. R. Bradish, from h. p. to be Lieut. vice Keen, ex. do.
 Surg. H. Cowen, from h. p. 73 F. to be Surg. vice Cogan, 81 F. do.
- 98 Lt. F. D. Swann, from Gren. Gds. to be Capt. by purch. vice Lidwell, ret. 16th do.
 Lt. C. Daniell, from 76 F. to be Capt. by purch. vice Burke, ret. 23d do.
- 2 W. I. R. Ens. W. L. P. Moriarty, from 64 F. to be Ens. vice M'Pherson, ex. 16th do.
- R.AfCor. Lieut. W. Gray to be Capt. vice Leman, dead 30th do.
 Ens. J. P. Sparks to be Lt. do.
 J. Chisholm to be Ens. do.
- R.Y.Ran. Lt. S. O'Grady, from h. p. 87 F. to be Lt. vice Platt, ex. 15th Aug.
- Staff. Col. J. Macdonald, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. to be Dep. Adj. Gen. vice Major Gen. Darling, appointed to Staff of Mauri- tius 14th do.
- Com. Dep. D. Rowman, appointment as Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. cancelled, having declined to proceed on Foreign Service.
- Med. Dep. Dep. Ins. of Local Rank A. West, Dep. Ins. by Brevet 29th April
 Dr J. Mackenzie, from h. p. to be Phys. to the Forces, vice Bancroft, ex. 13th Aug.
 Staff Surg. E. Doughty, from h. p. to be Surg. to the Forces do.
 Hosp. Mate R. Melin to be Ass. Surg. to the Forces 6th Aug.
 Disp. of Med. P. J. Macdonald to be Apothecary to the Forces, vice Lyons, prom. do.
 J. Perkins to be Hosp. Mate to the Forces 30th July
 Ass. Surg. J. Campbell, M.D. from h. p. 7 W.I.R. to be Supernum. Ass. Surg. in India, vice Ligertwood, cancelled 23d do.
- R. Art. Gen. Cadet R. C. Smyth to be 2d Lt. vice Watkins, prom. 8th do.
 S. A. Severne to be 2d Lieut. vice Cotton, prom. do.
 J. Hollingworth to be 2d Lt. vice Jago, prom. do.
 C. W. Wingfield to be 2d Lt. vice Palmer, prom. do.
 A. Tulloch to be 2d Lt. vice Griffin, prom. do.
 J. S. Farrell to be 2d Lt. vice Lethbridge, prom. do.
 S. W. May to be 2d Lt. vice Ryves, res. do.
 G. P. Heywood to be 2d Lt. vice Somerville, prom. do.
- Exchanges.*
 Major Mein, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Major Sir J. M. Tylden, h. p. 3 F.
 Capt. Adaison, from 26 F. rec. diff. with Captain Drawwater, h. p. 62 F.
 Wallet, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Bt. Major Elliott, h. p. 60 F.
 Stewart, from 45 F. rec. diff. with Captain Houghton, h. p. 3 F.
 Hackett, from 9 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hill, h. p. 14 F.
 Lieut. Walker, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dunn, h. p. 40 F.
 Sicker, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Wall, h. p. 23 Dr.
 Stopford, from 13 Dr. with Lieut. Lynam, 33 F.
 Scott, from 20 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Smith, h. p. 103 F.
 Hodgson, 22 Dr. with Lieut. Higginbotham, 5 Dr. Gds.
 Seymour, 25 Dr. with Lt. Custance, 7 Dr.
 Vallancey, from 1 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Mathias, h. p.
 Moore, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Hughes, h. p.
 Gorman, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hibbert, h. p. 41 F.
 Cleghorn, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Montagu, h. p.
 Keen, from 97 F. with Lieut. Bradish, h. p.
 Potts, from R. Y. Ran. with Lt. O'Grady, h. p. 87 F.
 2d Lieut. Poe, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Mordeu, h. p. 14 F.
 Ens. Moriarty, 64 F. with Ens. M'Pherson, 2 W.I.R.
 M'Donald, from 76 F. with Ens. Tinling, h. p. 14 F.
 Baylee, from 90 F. rec. diff. with Cornet Popham, h. p. 13 Dr.
 Paym. Sherwood, from 53 F. with Paym. Monk, h. p. Brunsw. Hus.
- Resignations and Retirements.*
 Major Sparrow, 27th F.
 Capt. Lidwell, 98 F.
 Burke, 99 F.
 Ensign Elderton, 13 F.
 Corbit, 40 F.
 Quart. Master Bam borough, 76 F.
- Appointments Cancelled.*
 Supernum. Ass. Surg. in India, Ligertwood
 Dep. Ass. Commis. Gen. Bowman, having declined to proceed upon Foreign Service.
- Superseded.*
 Quart.-Mast. Howsman, 60 F. being absent without leave.
- Cashiered.*
 Lieut. Harrison, 9 F.

Deaths.

General.	Captain.	Ensign.
Lord Muncaster, of late 4 Royal Vet. Bn. 29th July 1818	Leman, Royal. Af. Corps	Vernon, 80 F. 2 Aug. 1818
Majors.	Lieutenants.	Surgeons.
Walmesley, 82 F. 17th do.	Ferguson, 10 F.	Crake, 67 F.
Elder, h. p. 51 F.	Rolfe, 58 F. 24th May 1818	Schools, 81 F. 7th July
Butcher, h. p. 92 F. 16th Aug.	M'Connell, 75 F.	Armstrong, City of Dub. Mil.
Green, h. p. Portu. Service		

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Sept. 11th 1818.

Sugars. The market for Sugar has, during last month, been upon the whole lively, and the prices good. There has been some fluctuation in prices, but nothing of a magnitude to alter the general results. The stock on hand in London is 11,000 casks less than at the same period last year. As the greater proportion of the crops from the West Indies are now arrived, the prices can hardly fail to be maintained, if not to become higher. The crops this year in the Colonies have been unusually late, owing to the excessive wet weather in the early part of the season, which always injures the succeeding crop. When the first rains commence in June, if the canes cannot be got soon and regularly weeded, they get overrun with weeds, which prevent them from becoming as thick on the ground as they otherwise would. When employed in taking off the latter part of the crop at this period, as has been the case this season, this labour cannot be attended to. In consequence of which, an evil is sustained which cannot be remedied. The following crop, if good, can never be any thing uncommon. Sugars, therefore, may be expected to keep high prices from this cause alone, independent of any other cause which may occur to raise them.—**Coffee.** The prices of this article, as might have been expected, have fluctuated greatly. Prices have, however, given way considerably, and the market is at present heavy and dull. The stock on hand in London, is at present 5,400 tons, being 4,300 less than at the same period last year. The market for this article is likely to fluctuate considerably for some time, as the breath of speculation may move it, till it finds its proper level, and it is ascertained how far the supply is adequate to the demand. At present, it is a very unsafe article for the speculator to meddle with.—**Cotton.** The prices of this article have remained steady, and been fully supported, notwithstanding the total stagnation which had taken place in the spinning business in the chief manufacturing districts in England. Now that the unpleasant dispute between the masters and workmen are settled, or in a fair train of being so, it may reasonably be presumed, that Cotton will maintain its price, and the demand continue in full, if not in increased, activity. The quantity imported this year, exceeds that to the same period last year, by 130,000 bags. The crops in America are represented as having suffered considerably from excessive dry weather in June and July. The prices in the East Indies are raised to an unprecedented height, by native speculators, in consequence of the great demand from Europe. The consequences are likely to prove very injurious to those engaged, or newly engaging in that trade, as it is scarcely to be expected that they can obtain the high prices in this country, to which the first cost, freight, and charges, entitle them. The consequences also may be very various, in a political point of view, to our national interests in India. Cotton exported to Great Britain, from that portion of our empire, is allowed duty free, while for internal consumpt it bears a considerable tax. The produce of our Cotton manufactures is allowed to be imported duty free into India, while their own productions are heavily taxed. This cannot fail to make a deep and unfavourable impression upon the minds of the more active and intelligent classes in India; namely, the labouring and commercial bodies, to our interests, which they must consider as partial and oppressive to them.—**Corn.** Notwithstanding the favourable appearance of the Grain last month, it advanced in price. During last week, the prices have been steady, and the sales of Flour limited. The probability is, that Grain has reached its highest price for this season.—**Irish Provisions.** In the article of Beef few sales have been made. The holders, however, anticipate higher prices, from the high prices of Pork. This article is in brisk demand.—**Tobacco.** The prices for some days remain steady, and the demand good. A report was industriously circulated some weeks ago, of the great scarcity of this article, both in America and the different markets in Europe. This probably originated with some interested speculators, but it does not appear to have had the effect on the market which they anticipated.—**Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.** The latter article has been in great demand, and at a very considerable advance. Hemp is also in considerable request. Flax may be stated as formerly.—**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.** The price of Rum has lately advanced, but the prices at that advance are now become nominal. Brandy is more in demand, and at advanced rates. Owing to excessive dry weather, the vintage in France is greatly fallen off in quantity, which must have the effect of keeping the price of Brandy high. Geneva is without variation.—**Dye-woods.** Logwood has continued in demand. Considerable sales have been made in

Pimento. Ashes have been in good demand, and sold at advanced prices. *Carolina Rice* in bond, has brought from 45s. to 46s. *Lemon Juice* has been inquired for. *Oil*, of almost every description, has advanced in price, and considerable business has been doing in several kinds. *Saltpetre* is now chiefly in the hands of second holders, who are demanding advanced prices. There is little variation in the prices of other articles of commerce. *East India Indigo* goes off steadily. *Thick American Tar* has sold at 17s. 6d., and *Stockholm* at 17s. 9d. per barrel. *Molasses* have again advanced in price, but the sales are not brisk at our present quotations.

PRICES CURRENT.—Aug. 29, 1818.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.	DUTIES.	
SUGAR, Musc.						
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	80 to	78 to 81	74 to 82	80 to 82	} £1 10 0	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	86	82	90	83		
Fine and very fine, .	92	96	90	93		
Refined, Doub. Loaves, .	150	155	—	155		
Powder ditto,	124	126	—	124		
Single ditto,	120	122	119	124		
Small Lump,	116	118	114	116		
Large ditto,	114	115	110	112		
Crushed Lump,	—	67	66	72		
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	—	45	—	44	0 7 6½	
COFFEE, Jamaica, cwt.						
Ord. good, and fine ord.	144	156	142	154	} per lb. 0 0 7½	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	158	172	156	170		
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	134	146	—	134		
Ord. good, and fine ord.	148	156	—	143		
Mid. good, and fine mid.	158	172	—	158		
St Domingo,	154	158	—	155		
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	—	11½d	11	11½	0 0 9½	
SPIRITS,						
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 8d	3s 10d	5s 9d	3s 6d	} (B.S.) 0 8 1½ { (F.S.) 0 17 0½	
Brandy,	0 10 0	—	—	—		
Geneva,	3 5 3 7	—	—	—		
Grain Whisky,	7 6 8 0	—	—	—		
WINES,						
Claret, 1st Growth, hhd.	50	54	—	—	} (B.S.) 143 18 0 { (F.S.) 148 4 6	
Portugal Red, pipe.	48	54	—	—		
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	} (B.S.) 95 11 0 { (F.S.) 98 16 0	
Teneriffe, pipe.	50	53	—	—		
Madeira,	60	70	—	—	} (B.S.) 96 15 0 { (F.S.) 99 16 6	
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£9 0	—	8 15 9 0	8 10 8 15		
Honduras,	9 9	—	8 8 9 0	8 15 9 0	} 0 9 1½	
Campeachy,	10	—	10 0 10 10	9 10 10 0		
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	11	—	—	10 0 11 10		
Cuba,	14	—	—	14 0 15 0	} 1 4 6½	
INDIGO, Caracacas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	8 6 9 6	—		
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 2 2 3	—	—	2 7 2 9	} 50c. f. 0 0 4½ 0 2 4½ 0 5 6½	
Ditto Oak,	4 5 4 6	—	—	—		
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 2 2 4	—	—	—		
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	—	0 10 1 8	1 3 1 4	} 3 16 0 8 14 2	
St Domingo, ditto	—	—	1 2 3 0	1 9 2 3		
TAR, American, . brl.	—	—	—	15 17	} (B.S.) 1 1 4½ { (F.S.) 1 2 11½	
Archangel,	22	23	—	17 6 18 0		
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10	11	—	—	} (B.S.) 1 8 6 { (F.S.) 1 10 1	
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	85	—	80	82		
Home Melted,	83	80	—	—	} 87 88 6 89 72 74	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	48	49	50	51		
Petersburgh Clean, . .	47	48	50	51	} £50 49 — { (B.S.) 0 9 1½ { (F.S.) 0 10 0½	
FLAX,						
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	76	77	—	—	} 80 82 { (B.S.) 0 0 4 3 { (F.S.) 0 0 7 7½	
Dutch,	60	120	—	—		
Irish,	56	61	—	—		
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	105	115	—	—	} 110 — — { (B.S.) 1 3 9 { (F.S.) 1 4 11½	
BRISTLES,						
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 0	16 0	—	—		} 14 15 { (B.S.) 0 3 6½ { (F.S.) 0 5 11½
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	50	52	—	—		
Montreal ditto,	58	60	56	57	} 62 63 { (B.S.) 0 4 6½ { (F.S.) 0 6 4	
Pot,	52	54	50	52		
OIL, Whale, . tun.	42	—	38	—	} 45 — — { (B.S.) 0 1 7	
Cod,	80 (p. brl.)	—	—	40		
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	11	12	11½	12	} 0 9 0 11 1s 1d 1s 2d 0 7 0 8½ 10 11 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9	
Middling,	10	10½	9½	10½		
Inferior,	9	10	9	9		
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	—	—	1 9 1 10	1 7½ 1 9½	} — — — { (B.S.) 1 8 110½ { (F.S.) 11 2 2 0 3 10 per 100 lbs. 0 8 7 0 17 2	
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	3 10 4 0	3 5 3 7		
good,	—	—	3 6 3 9	3 3 3 4		
middling,	—	—	3 3 3 5	2 0 2 6		
Demerara and Berbace,	—	—	2 0 2 3	1 10 2 3		
West India,	—	—	1 8 2 0	1 9 1 10		
Pernambuco,	—	—	2 2 2 5½	2 1 2 2		
Maranham,	—	—	2 1½ 2 2	1 11½ 2 0		

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 4th to 25th August 1818.

	4th.	11th.	18th.	25th.
Bank stock,	275	275	273½	272½
3 per cent. reduced.....	78½	78	76½	76½
3 per cent. consols.....	77½	77½	76½	75½
4 per cent. consols.....	97½	97½	96½	95½
5 per cent. navy ann.....	106½	106	105½	105
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.....	—	—	—	—
India stock,	—	—	—	—
— bonds,	92	94	85 87	84
Exchequer bills,	19	19	19	19
Consols for acc.	77½	77½	76½	75½
American 3 per cent.	—	—	—	—
— new loan, 6 per cent.	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	79 f. 70 cts.

Course of Exchange, Sept. 8. Amsterdam, 37:10 B. 2 Us. Antwerp, 11:16. Ex. Hamburg, 35:1. 2½ Us. Frankfort 144½. Ex. Paris 25:10. 2 Us. Bordeaux, 25:10. Madrid, 33½ effect. Cadiz, 38½ effect. Gibraltar, 34. Leghorn, 50½. Genoa, 46. Malta, 50. Naples, 52½. Palermo, 129 per oz. Rio Janeiro, 67. Oporto, 58. Dublin, 10. Cork, 10. Agio of the Bank of Holland, 2.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £—. Foreign gold, in bars, £—. New doubloons, £4. New Dollars, —s. —d. Silver, in bars, 5s. 4½d.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st August 1818, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Chalmers, David & Co. linen and woollen-draperies in Lockerbie, and David Chalmers, the principal partner of that Company
 Ferguson & Kidston, wholesale grocers in Glasgow, and George Ferguson and Thomas Kidston, the individual partners of said Company
 Gardner, J. & J. mathematical instrument-makers in Glasgow, and John Gardner, senior, and John Gardner, junior, the partners thereof as individuals
 Mitchell, John, merchant in Glasgow
 Miller, Alex. & Co. merchants, St Andrew Street, and Kirkgate, Leith, and Alex. Miller and James Borthwick, the individual partners of that Company
 Scandret, James, painter and glazier in Peterhead
 Wilson, John, senior, grocer in Glasgow

DIVIDENDS.

Donaldson, George, draper in Edinburgh; by W Scott, accountant, Edinburgh
 Donald, William, merchant, Greenock; by the Trustee—25d Sept.
 Mitchell, Alex. farmer and cattle-dealer in Fiddesbeg of Foveran; by David Hutcheson, advocate, Aberdeen
 Miller, James, merchant, Glasgow; by Robert Aitken, merchant there
 Sim, Walter, & Co. grain-merchants, Aberdeen, and Walter Sim, brewer and grain merchant there; by John Duguid Milne, advocate there
 Taylor, John, late merchant, Arbroath; by John Airth, merchant, Arbroath—10th Sept.

EDINBURGH.—SEPTEMBER 2.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....45s. Od.	1st,.....41s. Od.	1st,.....28s. Od.	1st,.....35s. Od.
2d,.....40s. Od.	2d,.....39s. Od.	2d,.....26s. Od.	2d,.....32s. Od.
3d,.....38s. Od.	3d,.....37s. Od.	3d,.....24s. Od.	3d,.....30s. Od.

Tuesday, September 1.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	Os. 7d. to Os. 8d.	Quartern Loaf . . .	Os. 11d. to Os. Od.
Mutton	Os. 7d. to Os. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	Os. 10d. to Os. Od.
Lamb, per quarter .	2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.	Butter, per lb. . . .	1s. 8d. to Os. Od.
Veal	Os. 8d. to Os. 10d.	New Salt do. per st.	22s. Od. to 24s. Od.
Pork	Os. 6d. to Os. 8d.	Ditto per lb.	1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d.
Tallow, per stone . .	11s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen . . .	1s. Od. to Os. Od.

HADDINGTON.—SEPTEMBER 4.

Wheat.	Barley.	OLD Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....44s. Od.	1st,..... Os. Od.	1st,.....28s. Od.	1st,.....32s. Od.	1st,.....34s. Od.
2d,.....38s. Od.	2d,..... Os. Od.	2d,.....26s. Od.	2d,.....28s. Od.	2d,.....30s. Od.
3d,.....31s. Od.	3d,..... Os. Od.	3d,.....23s. Od.	3d,.....25s. Od.	3d,.....27s. Od.

NEW.

Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease.		Beans.	
1st,.....44s. Od.	1st,.....41s. Od.	1st,.....27s. Od.	1st,.....27s. Od.	1st,..... Os. Od.					
2d,.....42s. Od.	2d,.....37s. Od.	2d,.....24s. Od.	2d,.....24s. Od.	2d,..... Os. Od.					
3d,.....38s. Od.	3d,.....31s. Od.	3d,.....21s. Od.	3d,.....21s. Od.	3d,..... Os. Od.					

Average price, £1 : 19 : 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.

London, Corn Exchange, Sept. 4.

Liverpool, Sept. 5.

Foreign Wheat, s. s.		White Pease . s. s.		Wheat, s. d. s. d.		Rice, p. cwt. s. d. s. d.	
60 to 70	70 to 74	68 to 76	80 to 88	per 70 lbs.	11 0 to 12 6	—	—
—Fine 72 to 78	—Superfine 80 to 82	Boilers 80 to 88	Small Beans 70 to 86	English 12 0 to 12 6	—New 10 9 to 11 6	Flour, English, p.280lb.fine	—
—New 80 to 82	English, White, New 64 to 74	—Tick 65 to 70	—Fine 72 to 78	Scotch 11 0 to 11 6	Welch 8 6 to 10 0	—Seconds	—
—Fine 76 to 79	—Superfine 82 to 84	—New 82 to —	Feed Oats 26 to 30	Irish (old) 11 0 to 12 0	—New 12 0 to 12 6	—Irish	—
—Superfine 82 to 84	Rye (new) 42 to 50	—Fine 32 to 56	—Poland 30 to 32	Dantzie 11 9 to 12 3	Wismar 11 0 to 11 9	—American 46 0 to 48 0	—Sour 39 0 to 41 0
Barley (new) 40 to 50	—Fine 48 to 54	—Potato 53 to 55	—Superfine 53 to 66	American 11 0 to 11 9	Quebec 11 0 to 11 3	Clover-seed, p. bush.	—
—Fine 48 to 54	—Superfine 53 to 66	—Fine 38 to 40	Malt 66 to 80	Barley, per 60 lbs.	English 7 0 to 8 6	—White	—
—Superfine 53 to 66	—Fine 66 to 80	Fine Flour 70 to 75	—Fine 82 to 86	Scotch — to —	Irish 6 6 to 7 0	—Red	—
Hog Pease (new) 60 to 66	Maple 66 to 68	—Seconds 65 to 70	Bran 17 to 18	Irish 6 6 to 7 0	Malt p.9gls. 11 6 to 13 0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—
Maple 66 to 68	Fine Pollard 16 to 40	—	—	—	—	—	—

Seeds, &c.—Sept. 8.

Mustard, Brwn, 15 to 24	Hempseed 70 to 76
—White 7 to 17	Linseed, crush. 65 to 75
Tares 12 to 17	Ryegrass 5 to 32
Turnips 12 to 20	New Clover,
—Red — to —	—Red 28 to 130
—Yellow — to —	—White 50 to 130
Carraway 48 to 56	Coriander 18 to 22
Canary 100 to 130	New Trefoil 14 to 63

Rapeseed, £46 to £52.

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 29th August 1818.

Wheat, 80s. 1d.—Rye, 52s. 5d.—Barley, 53s. 3d.—Oats, 34s. 3d.—Beans, 70s. 5d.—Pease, 62s. 8d.—Oatmeal, 36s. 8d.—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 August 1818.

Wheat, 67s. 10d.—Rye, 58s. 5d.—Barley, 44s. 0d.—Oats, 30s. 11d.—Beans, 48s. 10d.—Pease, 49s. 6d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 10d.—Beer or Big, 39s. 9d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE month of August commenced with dry weather, which continued with little interruption throughout. Excepting some light showers on the 1st, 7th, 10th, 17th, and 21st, scarcely exceeding in all one tenth of an inch, there fell no rain till the 25th. On that day, and on the 27th and 28th, there fell altogether about half an inch, but the whole quantity still bears a very small proportion indeed to that of August last year. The temperature of the month has been uniformly elevated, the average being nearly 2½ degrees above that of the corresponding month 1817. The Thermometer rose twice above 70, frequently to 66, and every day to 60. The Barometer was steady at an elevation of about 30 during the first three weeks, so steady, indeed, that on some days the elevation or depression of the mercury in the space of twelve hours, was imperceptible even in Adie's delicate Barometer. The Hygrometer was also generally high, the average being about 7 degrees above that of August last year. It will be seen from the abstract, that the mean of the maximum and minimum temperatures for the month, differs from that of 10 and 10 only by about three-tenths of a degree; and that the point of deposition, according

to Anderson's formula, is only about one degree lower than the mean minimum, a quantity altogether inconsiderable, when the prevalence of dry east and north east winds is taken into the account.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

AUGUST 1818.

Means.		Extremes.	
THERMOMETER. Degrees.		THERMOMETER. Degrees.	
Mean of greatest daily heat,	64.5	Maximum, 5th day,	75.0
..... cold,	49.1	Minimum, 7th,	43.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M.	59.6	Lowest maximum, 1st,	60.0
..... 10 P. M.	53.5	Highest minimum, 4th,	59.5
..... of daily extremes,	56.7	Highest, 10 A. M. 5th,	69.5
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.	56.4	Lowest ditto, 1st,	51.0
..... 4 daily observations,	56.6	Highest, 10 P. M. 5th,	64.0
Whole range of thermometer,	471.0	Lowest ditto, 7th,	49.0
Mean daily ditto,	15.2	Greatest range in 24 hours, 5th,	22.5
..... temperature of spring water,	57.5	Least ditto, 31st,	7.5
BAROMETER. Inches.		BAROMETER. Inches.	
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 61)	29.901	Highest, 10 A. M. 11th,	30.200
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 61)	29.914	Lowest ditto, 28th,	29.292
..... both, (temp. of mer. 61)	29.907	Highest, 10 P. M. 11th,	30.200
Whole range of barometer,	4.178	Lowest ditto, 27th,	29.400
Mean daily ditto,	.135	Greatest range in 24 hours, 31st,	.465
		Least ditto, 50th,	.010
HYGROMETER (LESLIE'S.) Degrees.		HYGROMETER. Degrees.	
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	27.7	Highest, 10 A. M. 20th,	47.0
..... 10 P. M.	15.3	Lowest ditto, 4th,	7.0
..... of both,	21.5	Highest, 10 P. M. 2d,	25.0
..... point of deposition 10 A. M.	49.3	Lowest ditto, 27th,	2.0
..... 10 P. M.	46.8	Highest P. of D. 10 A. M. 5th,	64.0
..... of both,	48.0	Lowest ditto, 23th,	39.2
Rain in inches,	.690	Highest P. of D. 10 P. M. 5th,	61.2
Evaporation in ditto,	2.305	Lowest ditto, 19th,	38.8
Mean daily Evaporation,	.074		
WILSON'S HYGROMETER.		WILSON'S HYGROMETER.	
Mean dryness, 10 A. M.	51.0	Greatest dryness, 8th, 10 A. M.	45.0
..... 10 P. M.	22.2	Least ditto, 27th, 10 P. M.	2.0

Fair days 25; rainy days 6. Wind West of meridian 16; East of meridian 15.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Aug. 1	M.60 A. 49	29.795 .893	M.57 A. 59	S.E.	Rain morn. cloudy.	Aug. 17	M.58 A. 46	29.887 .888	M.60 A. 57	Cble.	Cloudy, showers.
2	M.65 A. 45	.973 .888	M.60 A. 59	S.E.	Clear.	18	M.59 A. 46	.867 .867	M.58 A. 57	N.	Changeable.
3	M.68 A. 50	.759 .759	M.59 A. 59	S. W.	Ditto.	19	M.65 A. 45	.872 .865	M.60 A. 61	N.W.	Cloudy, warm.
4	M.72 A. 54	.777 .766	M.63 A. 68	S. W.	Cloudy.	20	M.65 A. 45	.865 .865	M.57 A. 59	N.W.	Ditto.
5	M.75 A. 57	.692 .692	M.68 A. 70	W.	Warm, clear.	21	M.59 A. 45	.830 .830	M.60 A. 59	N.W.	Ditto/showers
6	M.65 A. 50½	.830 .877	M.66 A. 65	N.W.	Very cble.	22	M.59 A. 44	.905 .905	M.59 A. 61	Calm.	Warm, cloudy.
7	M.63 A. 49½	.680 .704	M.65 A. 61	N.W.	Ditto.	23	M.59 A. 49	.972 .888	M.60 A. 60	W.	Cloudy.
8	M.64 A. 43½	.852 .789	M.65 A. 61	Cble.	Mild.	24	M.60 A. 49½	.749 .720	M.58 A. 58	W.	Ditto.
9	M.66 A. 66½	.798 .759	M.64 A. 61	E.	Very warm, clear.	25	M.59 A. 45	.696 .666	M.57 A. 57	W.	Ditto.
10	M.65½ A. 46½	.804 .938	M.61 A. 60	E.	Cloudy.	26	M.60 A. 47	.579 .539	M.58 A. 59	N.	Ditto.
11	M.63 A. 46½	.998 .998	M.65 A. 62	E.	Warm, clear.	27	M.62 A. 49	.491 .569	M.59 A. 59	W.	Clear.
12	M.65 A. 46½	.999 .998	M.62 A. 61	E.	Ditto.	28	M.60 A. 52	.156 .552	M.60 A. 60	W.	Ditto.
13	M.66 A. 44½	30.154 .203	M.65 A. 65	E.	Ditto.	29	M.60 A. 50	.530 .414	M.58 A. 59	W.	Rain fore. clear after.
14	M.65 A. 50	29.995 .977	M.64 A. 65	E.	Ditto.	30	M.50 A. 45	.378 .666	M.59 A. 56	N.W.	Cloudy, showers.
15	M.58 A. 48	.977 .976	M.64 A. 61	E.	Ditto.	31	M.60 A. 45½	.593 .456	M.56 A. 60	W.	Clear.
16	M.58 A. 45	.954 .951	M.65 A. 60	E.	Ditto.						Average of rain at Nelson's monument .7.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

January 30. At Monghur, the lady of Archibald Dow, Esq. 19th Bengal Infantry, a daughter.

July 13. At Xeres, in Spain, the lady of John David Gordon, Esq. younger of Wardhouse, Aberdeenshire, a son.

28. In Old Broad-street, London, the lady of Alexander Gordon, Esq. a son.

30. At her mother's house, the Dowager Lady De Lawarr, in Saville-row, London, Lady Catherine D'Arcy, a son.

31. Mrs Ford, 68, George-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Rochdale, the lady of Mr Abraham Wood, surgeon, three fine children, who, with their mother, are doing remarkably well.

— At Gibraltar, the lady of Deputy-Commissary-General John Mackenzie, a son.

August 1. At Glengyle, Mrs M'Gregor, jun. of Glengyle, a son and heir.

3. At Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, the lady of Hope Steuart, Esq. of Hallechin, a daughter.

5. At Edinburgh, the lady of Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. Shandwick place, a son.

6. Mrs M'Hutchen, 60, Nicolson-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

7. At Edinburgh, the lady of James Wedderburn, Esq. his Majesty's solicitor-general for Scotland, a daughter.

8. Mrs Bridges, Duke-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

9. The lady of John Anstruther Thomson, Esq. of Chareton, a son.

11. Mrs William Tenant, jun. 12, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, a son.

10. At White-house, Mrs L. Horner, a daughter.

15. At the house of her mother, Lady Chalmers, Sloane-street, Chelsea, the lady of Captain John Mayne, East India service, a son.

16. Mrs Hope Johnstone, a daughter.

— Mrs Craufurd, Forth-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

17. At Edinburgh, the lady of William Robertson, Esq. 75, Great King-street, a daughter.

— In Dublin, the lady of the Lord Chancellor, a son and heir.

— At Arbutnot-house, the Viscountess of Arbutnot, a daughter.

19. In Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, the lady of Edward Seymour, Esq. a son.

— At Rosiere, near Lyndhurst, the Countess of Erroll, a daughter.

20. Mrs Ferrier, 45, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

20. In York-place, London, the Countess of Compton, a son.

— At Blackheath, the Countess of Huntingdon, a son. It is Lord Huntingdon's intention to commemorate his succession to the title, by naming this boy Robin Hood.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Corrie, a son.

— In Pilrig-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ewing, a daughter.

21. Mrs Thomas Johnstone, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

22. At Aytoun-house, Mrs Foydce of Aytoun, a daughter.

— At Bonnington-house, near Leith Fort, the lady of Captain W. Clibborn, of the royal artillery, a son.

23. At Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Andrew, a son.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, a daughter.

27. Mrs G. Hamilton Dundas, a son.

28. At Cockairney-house, Fifeshire, the lady of Lieutenant-colonel Moubray, a son.

— At Stirling, Mrs Captain Brown of Park, a daughter.

— At Coekenzie, Mrs H. F. Cadell, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 28. At Dunkirk, Samuel Christian, Esq. of Amsterdam, fourth son of Joseph Christian, Esq. of London, to Georgette Susanne Gregorie, youngest daughter of George Gregorie, Esq. of Ostend.

July 23. At Ballachroan, John M'Intosh, Esq. of Hohn, to Jessie, youngest daughter of Bailie Donald M'Pherson, Inverness.

— Captain Crawford, only son of Sir James Crawford, to Lady Barbara Coventry, fourth daughter of the Earl of Coventry.

29. At Barrisdale, Colonel Cameron of the 95th, or rifle corps, to Miss Macdonnell, only daughter of Coll Macdonnell, Esq. of Barrisdale.

August 1. John Toup Nicholas, Esq. a companion of the most honourable military order of the Bath, and a commander of the royal and military order of St Ferdinand and of Merit of the Two Sicilies, a post captain in the royal navy, to Frances Anna, eldest daughter of Nicholas Were of Landcox, Esq. near Wellington, in Somersetshire.

— G. Ambrose Goddard, Esq. of Swindon-house, to Miss Lethbridge, daughter of Sir Thomas Buchles Lethbridge, Bart. and niece of Sir Thomas Dalrymple Hesketh, Bart.

3. At Banff, Captain John Charles Griffiths, of the 94th regiment, to Miss Elizabeth Blane, daughter of the late Lieutenant-colonel Robert Blane of Springfield.

— At North Berwick Lodge, Major Madox, of the 6th Enniskillen dragoons, to Miss Williams.

4. Mr Andrew Peacock, merchant, to Catherine, only daughter of Mr Thomas Brown, Canongate, Edinburgh.

— At Linton, Henry Dinning, Esq. Newlands, Belford, to Miss Grace Rennie, Linton.

4. At Muircote, near Alloa, Alexander Dewar, Esq. M. D. to Margaret Rosamond Geddes, fourth daughter of William Geddes, Esq.

— At Glasgow, John Stenley Carr, of the 24th regiment, to Johanna, daughter of the late John Wallace, Esq. of Kelly.

11. At Braidwood, Mr Andrew Waugh, writer in Edinburgh, to Margaret, third daughter of Geo. Ferme, Esq. Braidwood.

— At Green Cottage, near Elgin, Lachlan Mackintosh, Esq. of Raigmore, to Margaret, daughter of Sir Archibald Dunbar, Bart. of Northfield.

12. At Fort-William, Thomas Macdonald, Esq. writer there, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-colonel John Cameron of Achnasaul.

— At Port Patrick, Dr Andrew Anderson, of the 92d regiment of foot, to Anne, second daughter of Mr James Cairns, writer, Peebles.

— At Lamesley, in the county of Durham, Viscount Normandy, eldest son of the Earl of Mulgrave, to Maria, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, Bart. of Ravensworth castle.

13. Mr Ab. Thomson, of Dundas-street, to Miss Elizabeth Wilson Duffin, eldest daughter of the late Mr Edward Wilson Duffin.

14. At Leith, Mr John Menzies, engraver, Edinburgh, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Mowat, rector of the grammar school, St Andrews.

— At Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr M'Lean, Lieut. Alexander Campbell, R. N. to Helen, third daughter of Duncan Turner, Esq. Castles, Glenurchy.

— At Longnewton-house, Mr David Simson, Bloodylaws, to Miss Rutherford.

15. Michael Bruce, Esq. to Lady Parker, widow of Captain Sir Peter Parker, Bart. of the royal navy.

Cornet Trollope of the Scots Greys, and son of the late Captain Trollope, who was killed at the head of his grenadier company in Flanders, to Miss Greathhead, daughter of — Greathhead, Esq. Hanp-

shire. The ceremony took place at Southampton, after which the married couple set off for Ireland, where his regiment is now quartered.

17. At Haddington, Mr Francis Wright, merchant, Edinburgh, to Alison, daughter of Mr Jas. Pringle.

— At Edinburgh, Captain John White, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Mr William Simpson, shipowner, Grangemouth.

18. At Stepany church, London, Mr David Walker, of Edinburgh, to Miss Anne Stewart, of Mile-end.

— At Slains Lodge, Mr John Baigrie, Mains of Kinmundy, to Miss Mina Ann Clarke.

— At Edinburgh, Richard Huie, M.D. Dundee, to Miss Eliza Syme, daughter of the late Mr Alex. Syme, merchant there.

— At John's church, Manchester, Wm M'Laren, Esq. Glasgow, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Robert Runcorn, Esq. Manchester.

19. At the Marine cottage, Pirniefield, Charles Anderson, M.D. Leith, to Mary, daughter of John Rhind, Esq.

20. At Dumfries, Captain Dougal Stuart, of the 1st battalion royal marines, to Miss Dalziel of Glenae.

21. At Bogend, Mr William Young, Stenhouse-muir, to Miss Elizabeth Bachop, second daughter of John Bachop of Bogend, Stirlingshire.

24. At Portobello, John Murray, Esq. W.S. to Miss Ann Jane Borland, youngest daughter of the late James Borland, Esq. Glasgow.

At Green Cottage, near Elgin, Lachlan Macintosh, Esq. of Raigmore, to Margaret, daughter of Sir Archibald Dunbar, Bart. of Northfield.

25. At Greenock, Mr Alexander Maclauchlan, merchant in London, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr John White, Greenock.

DEATHS.

February 13. At Calcutta, James Rattray, Esq. second in the East India Company's civil service, judge of circuit in the Dacca division, and eldest son of the late James Rattray of Arthurston.

May 6. Of a dysentery, which carried him off in the short space of two days, Mr Henry Alexander, the colonial secretary of the Cape of Good Hope.

30. At Barbadoes, of an apoplectic fit, the honourable Geo. Maynard, chief judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and of his Majesty's council in that island. He was proceeding home, when he fell off his horse, and, as was supposed, immediately expired.

June 25. At Grenada, West Indies, Mrs Agnes M'Mahon, spouse of Thomas Duncan, Esq. surgeon there.

July 6. At Warsovia, Lieut.-general Mickrelsky, at the age of 105 years. His first entry into the profession of arms was in the service of the Empress Anne and Elizabeth of Russia, under the command of Field-marshal Munich. He then passed into the Saxon service, and served every campaign of the seven years' war. He afterwards fought under the banners of Stanislaus, and did not quit the army till he had attained the age of 80 years.

8. Janet, (the infant daughter of Captain Deans Dundas, of his Majesty's ship Tagus.

12. At Baltimore, United States, America, Mrs Dr Davidge.

13. At Banff, Mrs Anna Fraser, relict of Æneas Macdonell, Esq. of Seothouse.

— Mr Abraham Thornton, sen. farmer, of Castle Broomwich, Warwickshire, father of Abraham Thornton, tried and acquitted of the murder of Mary Ashford.

17. At Lisburn, Ireland, Edward Givern, aged 114. His wife is still living and healthy in Lisburn, aged 109.

— At Inverness, Mrs Macbean, widow of the late Robert Macbean, Esq. of Nairnside.

19. At Grantham, on Sunday morning, Jane Watchorn. This young woman was working in the field on Thursday, and, while very hot, drank some cold water, which caused her death. There have been several instances of this sort, while others have lost their lives by plunging into the water when in a great heat.

20. At the pin-factory, Durham, in the 102d year of her age, Catherine Richard.

20. At Aberdeen, John R. Smith, Esq. of Con-craig.

22. At London, William Morrison, Esq. late of Calcutta. He has bequeathed to the poor of his native parish of Campsie £100; to the British and Foreign Bible Society £500; and to the Society in Calcutta for Educating the Native Indians £100.

24. At the manse of Glenmuick, the Rev. Geo. Brown, minister of the united parishes of Glenmuick, Glengarden, and Tullich.

26. At Kilgraston-house, in the 75d year of his age, Francis Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston.

27. At Streatham, in the 10th year of her age, Emma Drury, youngest daughter of Sir George Barlow, Bart.

— James Ferrusson, Esq. of Middlehaugh, late of Hanover, Jamaica.

— At Paisley, the Rev. Joseph Kitchen, one of the ministers of the Wesleyan Connexion, in the 48th year of his age, and 19th of his ministry.

— At New Galloway, after a tedious illness, attended with the most excruciating pain, Mr Robert Heron, weaver, aged 77. He was a man who possessed an extensive range of knowledge, superior to most men of his condition. It is worthy of notice to state, that this respectable tradesman was father to Major Heron, who fell, some years ago, at the taking of the Isle of Bourbon, and uncle to the unfortunate historian, Robert Heron, who died of a broken heart, at London, in the year 1807.

28. At Glasgow, Mr James Stewart, merchant in Doune.

29. At Knowsouth, William, eldest son of Wm Oliver, Esq. younger of Dinlabyre.

— The infant son of Thomas Newton, Esq. of Warwick-square, London.

30. At Edinburgh, aged 36 years, Mrs Christian Craw, wife of Mr Mein, surgeon-apothecary, Leith-street.

— At Brompton, in the 75th year of her age, Miss Pope of Newman-street, London, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

31. At his house in St James's-square, London, Viscount Anson.

— At Killechieran, Lismore, the Right Rev. Dr Æneas Chisholm.

August 1. At Edinburgh, Mr George Fordyce, writer there.

2. At Port-Glasgow, Robert Paton, Esq. writer. — At Balcaskie, Sir Robert Anstruther of Balcaskie, Bart.

3. At Houndwood-house, Elizabeth Ann, the infant daughter of Captain Coulson, royal navy.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Euphemia Mitchell, widow of Peter May, Esq.

4. At No 2, Davies'-place, Miss Elizabeth Noble. — At Galway, Ireland, in a room occupied by the band of the 77th regiment, where he had been maintained the last two months, and very humanely attended by three people of his colour, Molyneux, the celebrated pugilist. From his swolled state, it was deemed necessary that his almost immediate interment should take place. He was to have been interred on Wednesday. The expenses of his funeral were to be charitably defrayed by subscription in the 77th regiment—a tomb-stone is to be erected to his memory.

— At Melrose, Mr George Mercer, eldest son of the deceased Mr Mercer of Abbotslee, writer in Melrose.

5. In Grosvenor-place, London, after a lingering illness, the Right Hon. General Lord Muncester, aged 73. His lordship inherited the title and estates on the death of his brother in 1815, and is succeeded in both by his only son, the Hon. Lowther Augustus John Pennington, a minor.

— At Edinburgh, Admiral Alexander Grame of Grameshall.

6. In her 27th year, Miss Agnes Rawlinson, daughter of the late Mr John Rawlinson of Lancaster.

— At Gloucester-place, London, Gilbert Macleod, Esq. formerly of the East India Company's Bengal medical establishment.

7. At German-house, Brighton, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Eyre, second daughter of the Earl of Newburgh, aged 26.

— In Upper George-street, Edgeware Road, London, in his 50th year, Captain Henry Gordon, brother of the late Major James Gordon of North-wood, in the Isle of Wight.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Archibald Stewart, son of the late Balfour Stewart, Esq. of Burness, Orkney.

7. In Brook-street, London, the infant son of the Hon. Thomas Erskine, aged two months.

— In the 76th year of his age, Francis Newberry, Esq. of St Paul's Church-yard, London.

8. At Edinburgh, the Hon. Walter Charteris, second son of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Erskine, widow of the late Rev. James Erskine of Shielfield.

9. At Whitby, suddenly, Mr Thomas Nicholson, the oldest pilot in the place, having acted upwards of 43 years in that capacity. Immediately before his death, he walked home from the barber's shop.

— Of an apoplectic fit, Quintin Dick, Esq. of Montague-street, Russel-square, London, aged 74.

12. At Coleraine, in the 62d year of his age, John Cuthbert, Esq. surveyor-general of customs. He had retired to rest in apparent good health and excellent spirits, and was found dead in his bed on the following morning.

— At Hayfield, the Rev. F. M'Lagan, minister of Melrose.

14. At Aberdeen, in the 70th year of her age, Mrs Chalmers, widow of the late Mr James Chalmers, printer in Aberdeen.

— At Kilmarnock, at the advanced age of 76, John M'Rae, cooper there. He was only once married; but has left behind him 12 children, 69 grandchildren, and 5 great-grand-children, in all, 86 descendants.

15. In Hallgarth-street, Durham, Mr A. Featonby, aged 82. This person, who lived during the greater part of his life in a state of abject penury, is said to have died worth £20,000! He has not unfrequently accepted employment on the turn-pike roads, in the breaking of stones, &c.; and the coat which he wore, up to the time of his death, was so patched, that scarcely a particle of the cloth of which it was originally composed, could be discovered amongst the "shreds and patches" which it exhibited.

— At Limehouse, aged 69, Mr Thomas Gray, check-clerk in the West India docks since their first establishment.

16. At Brighton, John Palmer, Esq. of Bath, late comptroller-general of the Post-office.

— At Carphin, John Raitt, Esq. of Carphin.

17. Lady Wilson of Charlton-house, Kent, relict of the late General Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, Bart. in the 71st year of her age.

19. At Leith, Mr Robert Young, second son of the late Mr Alexander Young, ship-owner there.

20. At Castlehill, Mrs Begbie, wife of Patrick Begbie, Esq. Castlehill.

21. At Littlecott, Berkshire, Colonel Kellie, C.B. lieutenant-colonel of his Majesty's 24th regiment.

— At his house, King's-row, Pimlico, G. C. Ashley, Esq. the celebrated performer on the violin.

22. In London, Captain Henry Halkett, fourth son of the late Sir John Halkett, Bart. of Pitfrane.

— At his seat, Daylesford-house, Worcestershire, in the 86th year of his age, the Right Hon. Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, doctor of civil law, and one of his Majesty's most honourable privy councillors.

25. At his house, in Portman-street, London, in the 63d year of his age, Francis Perceval Eliot, Esq. He was the nearest representative of an ancient family, and allied to the present Earl of St Germans. Mr Eliot was formerly colonel of the Stafford militia, and for many years, until the period of his decease, was one of the commissioners of audit in Somerset-house.

— At Pitcaithly Wells, Mr Charles Ritchie, ironmonger, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Ewart.

24. At Dumfries, Mr William Wallace, writer.

27. At Edinburgh, William Bishop, sen. merchant there.

Lately—In the United States of America, Sir John Oldmixon, once known in fashionable life, but having retired from this country from pecuniary embarrassments about 25 years ago, he sunk into obscurity, and has died neglected and forgotten.

At Rome, in his 21st year, the Right Hon. Lord Henry de Roos.

At Hampstead, aged 79, Lady Colebrooke, relict of Sir George Colebrooke, Bart.

At the Ville of Dunkirk, near Bouhnton-under-the-Blean, David Ferguson, aged *one hundred and twenty-four* years. Ferguson was a Scotsman, but had resided in the Ville of Dunkirk between fifty and sixty years; he was, until a very few years back, a very industrious, active, and hard-working labourer. He was born at Netherald, in the parish of Kirkurd. He was at school at Dunsyre, in Lanarkshire, and was bred a shoemaker at Linton, on the Dumfries road. He entered into the army in a regiment of dragoons, called the Glasgow Greys (not the present Scots Greys); after this he served in the 70th regiment. He was about 12 or 13 years old at the battle of Sheriff Muir; remembered Queen Ann and the battle of Malplaquet; had seen the Duke of Marlborough in England; recollected Lord Stair calling upon his father, who was a farmer. The remains of the old man were interred in Broughton church-yard, attended by a numerous assemblage of both old and young persons, and one common sentiment of regret seemed to pervade all classes, at the last farewell of their old friend, who was universally regretted.

At York, Mr Thomas Wilkinson, formerly a saddler in that city, aged 66; an eccentric character, who for upwards of 20 years had never slept in a bed.

At the village of Leeds, in Kent, Mr James Barham, aged 92 years, gardener to the late Lord Fairfax, an eminent change-ringer and peal conductor. The deceased stood at one time 14 hours and 44 minutes at the bell.

In Dublin, in the 83d year of his age, Cornelly, the father of the Irish stage, and the contemporary of Edwin, Shuter, O'Reilly, and Rider. In his time he was an excellent comedian, and the particular friend and companion of O'Keefe.

At Kendal, in Westmoreland, William Gawthrop, Esq. formerly of the Cumberland militia.

At Greenfield, Mrs Logie, wife of Captain W. Logie of the 92d regiment.

At Baledgarno, J. Gourlay, Esq. Dundee, aged 83.

Death from Fright.—An inquisition was taken on Thursday night, at the Pine Apple, Pimlico, on the body of Mrs Mary Bandy, of No 6, Palace-street.—Sarah Garner deposed, that she was servant to the deceased, and had lived with her about nine years. On Tuesday about one o'clock, she heard a violent knocking at the street door, when she got up, opened her window, and saw two watchmen at the door. They called out that there were thieves in the house, and wished to come in and search it. She was going down stairs to let the watchmen in, when the deceased called to know what was the matter? She told her what the watchmen said, and the deceased went in an apparent fright to her chamber. Witness opened the door, and the watchmen searched about the premises, but could find no one, though a gentleman said he had seen a man get over the railings of the area. Witness returned up stairs, and the deceased seemed greatly frightened; she endeavoured to pacify her, but her terror was so great that she fell down on the floor, and soon became senseless. She died in three hours after, and her death was produced, in witness's opinion, by excessive fright.—Verdict—"Death by excessive fright."

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 INDEX TO PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

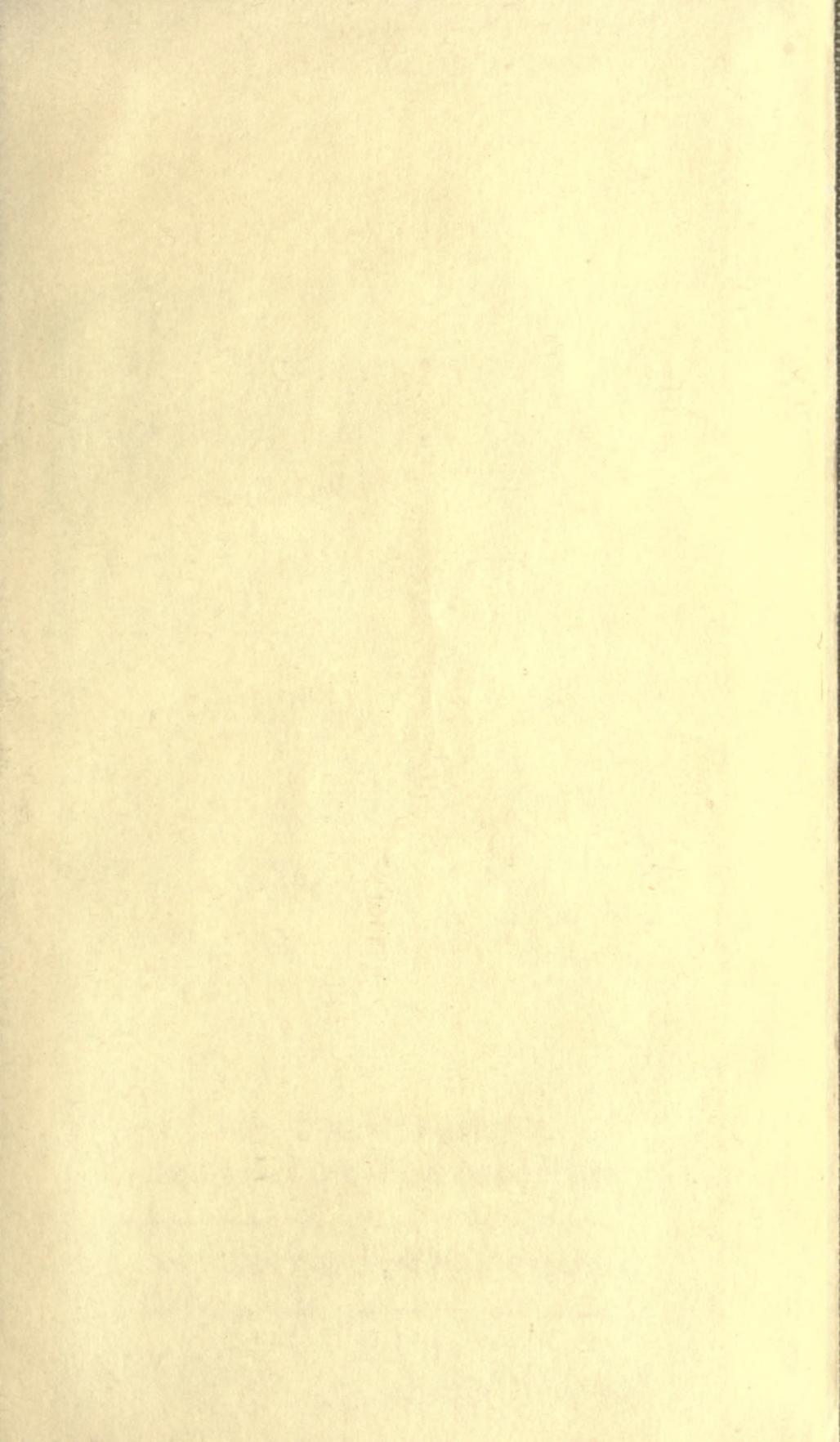
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